



BRIGGS

GEMS

— FOR —

Sabbath-Schools, Prayer-Meetings, Services of Song, Etc.

BY

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

PUBLISHED BY

CRIDER & BROTHER,

YORK, PENN'A.

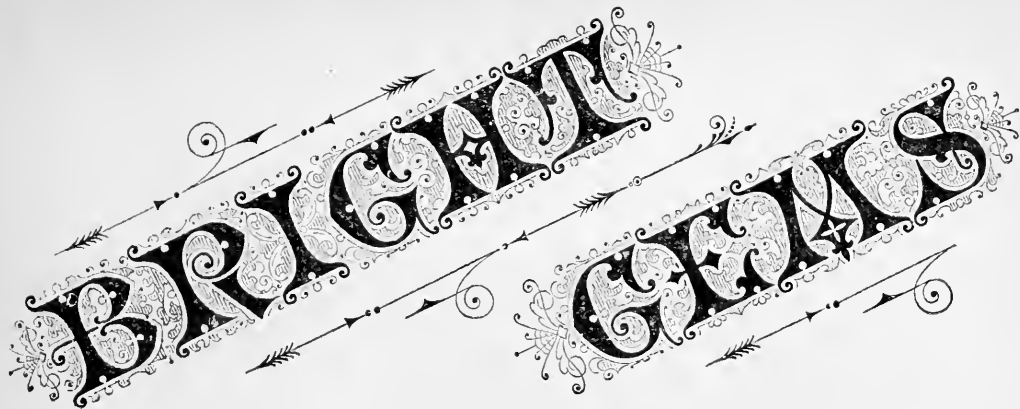
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PREFACE.

IN presenting this book to the public, we call attention to the large number of excellent authors, who have contributed their "GEMS," to increase its popularity; and also to the character of the *words*, to the selection of which special care has been given. In the last portion of the book will be found a number of old standard favorites, which are inserted to meet the growing demand for familiar hymns in connection with the new.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO SUNDAY-SCHOOL COMMITTEES, AND OTHERS.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

BRIGHT GEMS.

No. 1.

GEORGE S. HOLMES.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 *Bright Gems* we bring to deck the crown Of Him who mer - its all our praise ; *Bright Gems* of song to
 2 *Bright Gems* of song! oh, Sa - vour, take, And held them as Thy trib - ute due ; Since Thou hast sav'd us,

CHORUS.

add re-nown To Him toward whom our hearts we raise. } For lov - ing hearts, from thral - dom freed, Will
 for thy sake We would be - stow our hom - age true. } For loving hearts, from thraldom freed,

e'er be - stow at gifts they may ; And this we count our fit - test deed : *Bright Gems* of song to give to - day.
 And this we count our fittest deed :

MARY TORRENCE.

W. O. PERKINS.

1 Work while it is day, The Mas-ter did com-mand; Time floats fast a - way, Oh, work with heart and hand.
 2 Work while it is day, The sun is sink-ing fast; His bright beaming ray, Will soon be ov - er past.
 3 Work while it is day, It will not all be done; La - bor as we may, Un - til the set-ting sun.

Ev'ning shades are fall - ing, Night comes swiftly on; Us to work He's calling, Ere the day is gone.
 List - en what he's say - ing, As he sinks to rest, "Mor-tal, why de-lay-ing, View the gold-en west."
 Work un - til the gleaming Of the gold-en day, Time is fast ro - ced-ing, Coon 'twill pass a - way.

CHORUS.

Work, while it is day, Time floats fast a - way; Night is com-ing on, The day will soon be gone.
 Work, work, while it is day, Night, night is com-ing on,

No. 3. OBJECT OF OUR CREATION.

5

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Why have we lips, if not to sing The prais-es of our heav'nly King? Why have we hearts, if not to
 2 Why have we life,—if not to gain Im-mor-tal life, 'tis worse than vain: This is the end for which 'twas

CHORUS.

love Our Fath-er and our Friend a - bove? } Then sing, oh, sing Je - ho-vah's praise, For
 giv'n,—We live on earth to live in heav'n. } Then sing, oh, sing Je - ho - vah's praise,

good and kind are all his ways; Yes, we will praise him for his love, And serve him till we meet a-bove.
 Yes, we will praise him for his love.

3 Why did the Saviour leave the sky,
 Hung on a cross, and bleed, and die?
 And why are kind persuasions sent
 To call and win us to repent?

4 Surely it is—that robed in white,
 And made well-pleasing in his sight,
 Our souls may join the happy throng,
 And sing the everlasting song.

No. 4. THE PILGRIMS SONG.

JOHN CENNICK.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Child - ren of the heav'n - ly King, As we jour - ney let us sing; Sing our Sa - viour's worthy
2 We are trav'l - ing home to God, In the way our fath - er's trod; They are hap - py now, and

CHORUS.

praise, Glo - rious in his works and ways. } Glo - ry, glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, I am
we Soon their hap - pi - ness shall see. }

on my jour - ney home, Je - sus leads me, and I fol - low, Nev - er more from him to roam.

3 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son
Bids us undismayed go on.

4 Lord, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our Leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

No. 5. LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Sa - viour, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way; I am safe when by thy
 Sa - viour, lead me, lest I stray, Gent ly lead me all the way; I am

REFRAIN.

side, I would in thy love a-bide. Lead me, lead me, Sa - viour, lead me, lest I
 safe when by thy side, I would in thy love a-bide.

stray, Gen - tly down the stream of time, Lead me, Sa - viour, all the way.
 lest I stray, stream of time, all the way.

2 Thou the refuge of my soul,
 When life's stormy billows roll;
 I am safe when thou art nigh,
 All my hopes on thee rely.—*Refrain.*

3 Saviour, lead me, then, at last,
 When the storm of life is past,
 To the land of endless day,
 Where all tears are wiped away.—*Refrain.*

1 O Je - sus, my Sa - viour, I know thou art mine; For thee all the pleas - ures of earth I re - sign; Of
 2 Thy spir - it first taught me to know I was blind, And taught me the way of sal - va - tion to find; And
 3 In vain I at - tempt to de - scribe what I feel; The lan - guage of mor - tals for - ey - er must fail; My

CHORUS.

ob - jects most pleasing, I love thee the best; Without thee I'm wretched; but with thee I'm blest.
 when I was sinking in dread - ful de - spair, My Je - sus relieved me, and bid me not fear. } O praise the Lord, I'm
 Je - sus is pre - cious; my soul's in a flame; I'm raised in - to raptures while praising his name.

saved, I'm sav'd by the blood of the Lamb; I'm saved, I'm saved, O praise the Lord, I'm saved.

4 I find Him in singing, I find Him in prayer;
 In sweet meditation, He always is near;
 My constant companion, oh, may we not part;
 All glory to Jesus who dwells in my heart.—*Chro.*

5 O Jesus, my Saviour, in thee I am blest,
 My life and my treasure, my joy and my rest;
 Thy grace be my theme, and thy name by my song
 Thy love doth inspire my heart and my tongue.

No. 7. JESUS HOLDS MY HAND.

9

WILL M. MAY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 While I'm strug-gling in this life, In the paths of sin-ful strife, On the rock se-
 2 Though the way seems dark to me, I am ev-er close to thee; In my home I'll

CHORUS.

cure I stand, For 'tis Je-sus holds my hand. } On the Rock se-cure I stand, For 'tis
 safe-ly land, For 'tis Je-sus holds my hand. }

Je-sus holds my hand; Storms may beat and clouds may frown, I shall gain the vic-tor's crown.

3 Dark and gloomy is the way,
 Yet there is a brighter day;
 Soon I'll be in holy band,
 For 'tis Jesus holds my hand.

4 Now my heart does burn within,
 While I walk so close to Him;
 Soon I'll see the holy strand,
 For 'tis Jesus holds my hand.

No. 8. I ONCE WAS BLIND, BUT NOW I SEE.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

When Je - sus came I can - not tell, Nor why he came to me; One thing I know, and

CHORUS.

know it well, Though I was blind, I see. I see, I see, I see, I see, I once was blind but now I

see; I see, I see, I see, I see, And that is fact e-nough for me.

BASS SOLO.

When all was dark, one

touch'd my eyes, And that is all I know; For light came down from Par - a - dise, And set my soul a-glow.

I ONCE WAS BLIND, BUT NOW I SEE. Concluded

11

TENOR OR SOPRANO SOLO.

It is the Son of God; His grace makes trembling weakness strong; Wipes tears a-way from

sor - rows face, And teach - es grief a song. The law of sight I may not guess,

TRIO.

The law of sight

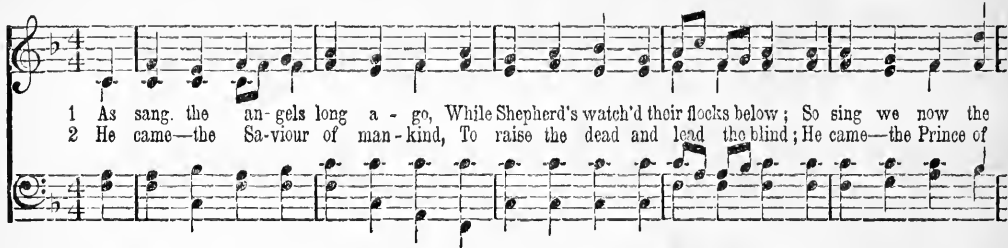
Nor reas-on cut my views; For faith it - self is meaning - less, to Phar - a - sees and Jews.

I may not guess, Nor reason out my views; For faith it - self is meaningless, To Pharasecs and Jews.

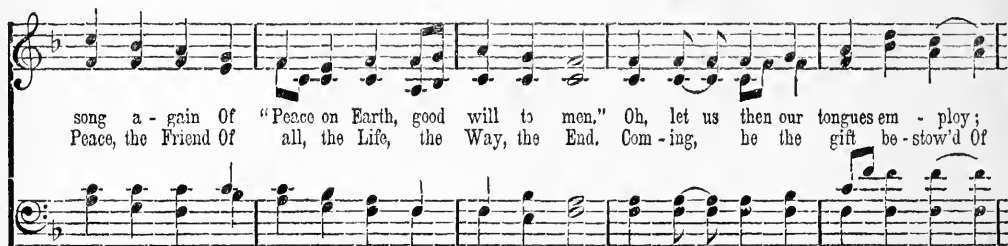
The law of sight, I may not guess, Nor reason out my views; For faith it-self is meaningless, To Pharasees and Jews.

GEORGE S. HOLMES.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.



1 As sang the an-gels long a - go, While Shepherd's watch'd their flocks below; So sing we now the
2 He came—the Sa-viour of man-kind, To raise the dead and lead the blind; He came—the Prince of



song a - gain Of "Peace on Earth, good will to men," Oh, let us then our tongues em - ploy;
Peace, the Friend Of all, the Life, the Way, the End. Com-ing, he the gift be - stow'd Of



Christmas brings the day of joy; When men with angels join in glee, To tell of peace while sor-rows flee.
Light a - long the Earth's dark road; Of com-fort here, and home beyond; Of blissful peace, and love profound.

MERRY' CHRISTMAS. *Concluded.*

13

CHORUS.

Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas sing we then, Peace on earth, good will to men;

Mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas, mer - ry, mer - ry Christ - mas, Mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas, o - ver a - gain.

No. 13. ACCEPT OUR EVENING SONG.

GEORGE S. HOLMES.
Andante.

S. R. ELLENBERGER.

1 In thy name we've met this hour, Trusting in thy love and pow'r; Oh, our Father, great and strong, Now accept our ev'ning song.

2 Through this day thine arm hath been
Our protector, though unseen;
Through the night our spirits keep,
While our bodies rest in sleep.

3 All through life thy care bestow
Upon us thou lovest so;
And when death at last shall come,
Let it bear our spirits home.

No. 11. THE BLEEDING LAMB.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

Arr. by
S. B. ELLENBERGER.

CHORUS.

1 Be-hold the Sa-viour of man-kind Nail'd to the shameful tree;
How vast the love that him in-clined To bleed and die for thee!

2 Hark! how he groans, while nature shakes, And earth's strong pillars bend:
The tem-ple's veil in sun-der breaks,—The solid mar-bles rend.

0 the bleeding Lamb, 0 the

bleeding Lamb; 0 the bleeding Lamb, He was found worthy.

3 'Tis done! the precious ransom paid!
Receive my soul! he cries:
See where he bows his sacred head:
He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envions
And in full glory shine: [chain,
O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
Was ever love, like thine?

No. 12. WHO SHALL WEAR THEM?

HENRY HOGG.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Who shall win them, who shall wear them, Crowns immor-tal, gold-en, glo-ri-ous? Reap their ripen'd sheaves and

2 Shall we, Lord, who faint and fal-ter, Droop and doubt, dismayed and daunt-ed? Shall we round that golden

No. 13. HE IS LOFTY, I AM LOWLY.

ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

W. O. PERKINS, by per.

1 Je - sus, might - y Prince of glo - ry, Look on me, a sin - ful child; Look and lis - ten to my
2 Je - sus ev - er will de - fend me From the dan - gers of the way; He will ev - er more be -

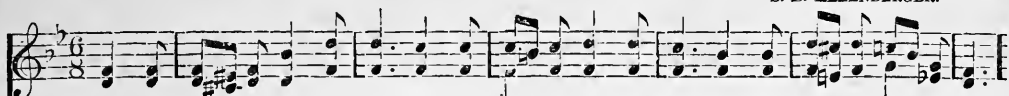
CHORUS.

sto - ry, Though I am by sin de - filed. } Ho is loft - y, I am low - ly, Yet his
friend me, Seek me when I go a - stray. }

blood was shed for me; Lov - ing Je - sus, Sa - viour ho - ly, Let me ev - er cling to thee.

3 Jesus is my help in sorrow,
For his strength shall never fail;
From his tender love I borrow,
All that makes my love prevail.

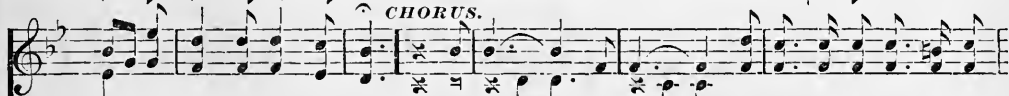
4 Jesus will not let me wander,
He will keep me by his side
Till he finds a place up yonder,
For my spirit to abide.



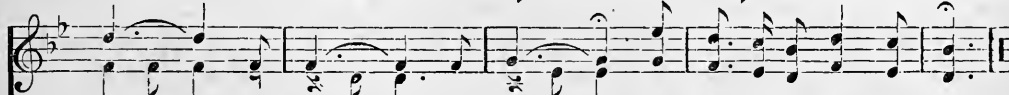
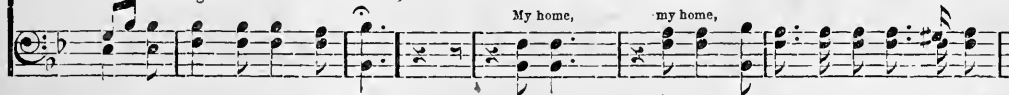
1 On the banks be-yond the stream, Where the fields are ev - er green, There's no night, but end-less day,
 2 There's no sor - row, pain, or fear, There's no part-ing fare-well tear, There's no cloud, no darkness there,



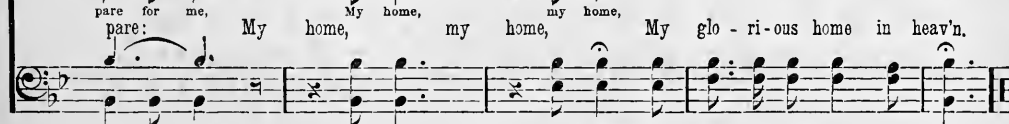
CHORUS.



There is where the an - gels stay. } My home, My home, my home, Which Je - sus has gone to pre-
 All is bright and clear and fair. } My home, my home, my home,



pare for me, My home, My home, my home, My glo - ri - ous home in heav'n.
 pare: My home, my home, my home, My glo - ri - ous home in heav'n.



3 Soon from earth I'll soar away,
 To the realms of endless day;
 Soon I'll join the ransom'd throng,
 Sing with them redemption's song.

4 Pearly gates stand open wide,
 Just beyond death's chilling tide,
 There my mansion bright I see,
 There the angels wait for me.

No. 15. *EVENING SONG.*

MASON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Now from the al - tar of our hearts, Let warm-est thanks a - rise; As - sist us, Lord, to
 2 This day God was our Sun and Shield, Our Keep - er and our Guide; His care was on our

of - fer up Our ev'-ning sac - ri - fice.
 weak-ness shown, His mer - cies mul - ti - plied.

3 Minutes and mercies multiplied,
 Have made up all this day;
 Minutes come quick, but mercies were
 More swift and free than they.

4 New time, new favors, and new joy,
 Do a new song require;
 Till we shall praise thee as we would,
 Accept our hearts desire.

GEORGE S. HOLMES.

No. 16. *P.M. REDEEMED.*

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Peace within my heart is dwell-ing, Peace un-mix'd with earth's alloy; As a spring for - ev - er swelling, Fill'd with
 2 Christ hath spok-en peace and par - don, All my sins hath wash'd away; And hath ope'd the way to heav-en, Realm of

I AM REDEEMED. Concluded.

19

sweetest, purest joy. Would you know from whence it springeth, All this wealth of perfect bliss? 'Tis the
 ev - er - lasting day. He hath died that I might nev - er Feel the pang of endless death, And for

CHORUS.

Saviour's love that bringeth Such a hap - piness as this. Oh, this joy, all joys ex - celling, I'm re -
 mer - cy for all sin - ners, Pray'd e'en with his dy - ing breath.

p Ritard. *f a tempo.* *Ritard.*

deem'd, yes, I'm re - deem'd, This my song, for - ev - er tell - ing, With my Saviour's blood re - deem'd.

3. Storms may rise, and foes may threaten,
 But 'tis peace that crowns my brow;
 God is stronger than all others,
 And his arm protects me now.

In his love I'm sweetly resting,
 Christ is mine, and I am his;
 I am ransomed by my Saviour,
 God my Lord and Father is.—Chorus.

No. 17. THE KING'S OWN HIGHWAY.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

W. K. GROFF.

1. From glo - ry un - to glo - ry, be this our joyous song, As on the king's own highway we bravely march along ;
3. Our own be - lov - ed Master has man - y things to say, Look forward to his teaching, un - folding day by day,

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry, O word of stirring cheer, As dawns the solemn brightness of an - oth - er glad New Year.
To whispers of his spir - it, while resting at his feet, To glowing rev - e - la - tions, to insight clear and sweet.

CHORUS.

From glo - ry un - to glo - ry, be this our joyous song, As on the king's own highway, we bravely march a - long.

3 From glory unto glory, our faith has seen the king ;
We own his matchless beauty, as adoringly we sing ;
But he has more to show us, O thought of untold bliss,
And we press on exultingly in certain hopes of this.

4. To marvellous outpourings of his treasures new and old,
To largeness of his bounty, paid in the king's own gold,
To glorious expansion of his mysteries of grace,
To radiant unveilings of the brightness of his face.

No. 18. CHRIST, THE SOURCE OF EVERY BLESSING.

21

RALPH WARDLAM.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy; Still in thee may
 2 Foun - tain of o'er - flow - ing grace, Free - ly from thy ful - ness give; Till I close my

CHORUS.

I be found, Still for thee my pow'rs em - ploy. } Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my -
 earth - ly race, May I prove it "Christ to live." }

self in thee; Ro of A - ges, cleft for e, Let me hide my - self in thee.

3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
 Nothing shall my heart confound;
 Safely I shall pass the flood,
 Safely reach Inmanuel's ground.—*Cho.*

4 Thus, oh, thus an entrance give
 To the land of cloudless sky;
 Having known it "Christ to live,"
 Let me know it "Gain to die."—*Cho.*

No. 19. OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

GEORGE S. HOLMES.

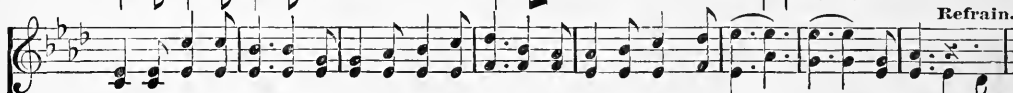
W. K. GROFF.



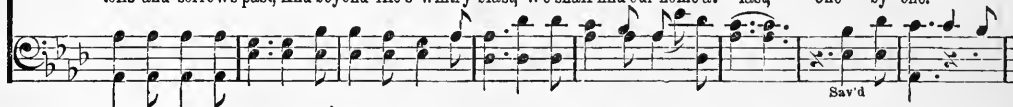
1. There's a land of light and glo-ry, Far a-bove, Where the angels chant the sto-ry, God is love; And the
 2. In that land our friends all meeting, One by one; And the throngs of angels greeting, One by one; With our



Refrain.



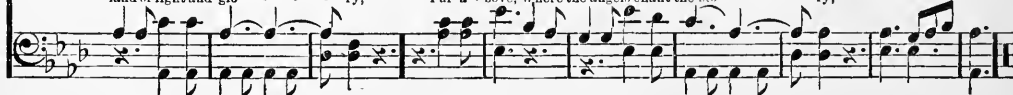
pur-i-fied and blest, Leaning on the Saviour's breast, Safe within its portals rest, Sav'd through love. There's a
 toils and sorrows past, And beyond life's wintry blast, We shall find our home at last, One by one.



Sav'd

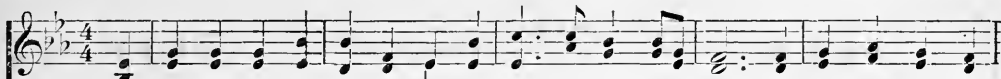


There's a land of light and glory, Far a-bove, Where the angels chant the story, God is love.
 land of light and glo-ry, Far a-bove, Where the angels chant the sto-ry,

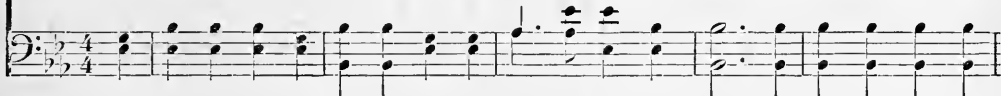


3. Through eternal ages singing,
 Round the throne,
 With our voices tribute bringing,
 To the throne,

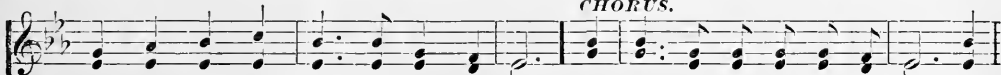
We will join in endless praise,
 And our loudest accents raise,
 Through the everlasting days,
 Round the throne.



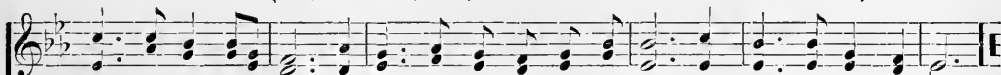
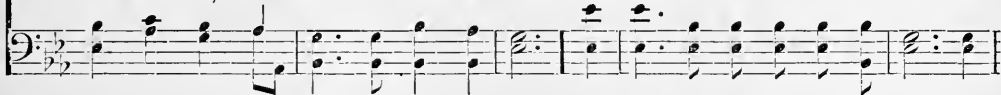
1. Lord, I ap-proach the mer-cy-seat, Where thou dost an-swer prayer; There hum-bly fall be-
 2. Bowed down be-neath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sore-ly pressed, By war with-out, and



CHORUS.



fore thy feet, For none can per-ish there. Thy prom-ise is my on-ly plea: With
 fears with-in, I come to thee for rest.



this I ven-ture nigh; Thou call-est bur-dened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, am I.



3. Be thou my shield and hiding-place:
 That, sheltered near thy side,
 I may rejoice in Jesus' grace,—
 In Jesus crucified.—Chorus.

4. O wondrous love! to bleed and die,
 To bear the cross and shame,
 That guilty sinners, such as I,
 Might plead thy gracious name.—Chorus.

HURN.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 An - gels re-joiced and sweetly sung At our Re-dee-mer's birth; Mur-tals, a-wake! let ev - ry tongue Pro-
 2 Glo - ry to God, who dwells on high, And sent his on - ly Son To take a servant's form, and die, For
 3 Good-will to men; ye fall-en race! A - rise, and shout for joy; He comes, with rich a-bound-ing grace, To
 4 Lord, send the gracious tid-ings forth, And fill the world with light; That Low and Gentile, thro' the earth, May

CHORUS.

claim his match-less worth.
 e - vils we have done.
 save, and not de - stroy.
 know thy sav - ing might.

Ring the mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry Christmas bells;

Chime on, chime on; Glo - ry, glo - ry,
 Mer - ry, mer - ry bells, chime on, chime on, Mer - ry, mer - ry, mer - ry bells, chime on;

glo - ry, glo - ry be to God who dwells on high; Good will to men, ye fall-en race, A - rise, and shout for joy.

No. 22. NO NIGHT IN HEAVEN.

F. D. HUNTINGDON.

1 There is no night in heav'n, In that blest world above; Work never can bring wear-i-ness, For
2 There is no grief in heav'n, For life is one glad day; And tears are of those former things, Which

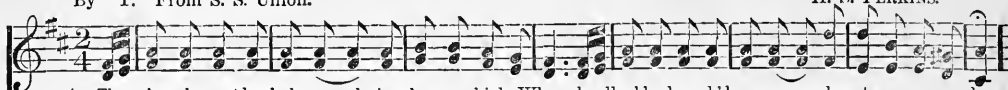
work it - self is love; Work nev - er can bring wear - i - ness, For work it - self is love.
all are pass'd a - way; And tears are of those firm - er things, Which all are pass'd a - way.

3 There is no sin in heaven;
Behold that blessed throng,
All holy in their spotless robes,
All holy in their song.

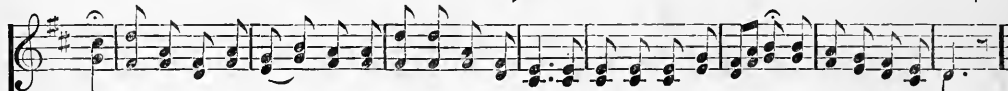
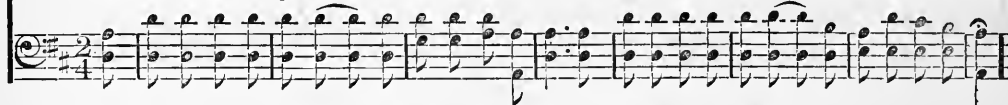
4 There is no death in heaven,
For they who gain that shore
Have won their immortality,
And they shall die no more.

By "T." From S. S. Union.

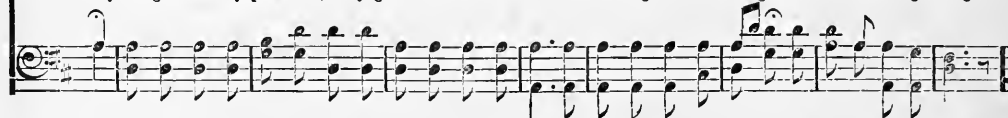
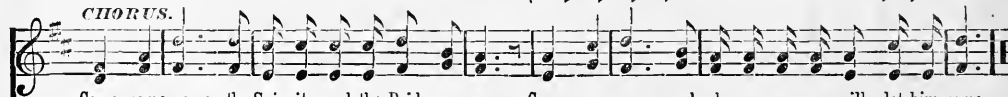
H. S. PERKINS.



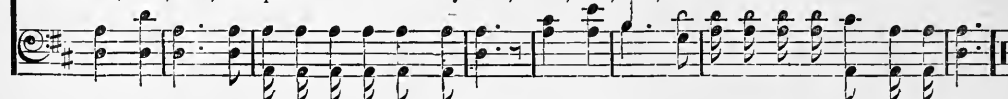
1 There is a pleasant land above, a glorious home on high, Where dwell a blood wash'd company, whose tears are ever dry;
 2 Je - sus is there in glo - ry; he calls for thee to come, And says, "Be happy ev - er, come to my heav'nly home."



No sin can ev - er enter there, but on the Saviour's breast, "The wicked cease from troubling, the weary be at rest."
 Why cling to earthly pleasures, why grovel still below? All that is bright and dazdling will soon take wings and go.

**CHORUS.**

Come, come, come, the Spir - it and the Bride say come; Come, come, come, and who-so - ev - er will let him come.



3 For thee I now am pleading, before my Father's throne,
 That thou should'st be of those that hear the blessed word, well done;
 For thee the gates are open, for thee bright angels wait,
 To raise their songs of gladness; come, ere it be too late.

4 For thee a robe is waiting; and shall it ne'er be worn?
 Oh come; why wilt thou tarry, so weary and forlorn?
 Why linger? come, and wait not to cast thy sins away,
 If thou stay till thou art better; ah! thou wilt forever stay.

No. 24. OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.

27

GEORGE S. HOLMES.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Out of the land of bond-age and sin; Out of the shadows of night; Out of the dark-ness

CHORUS.

just to come in, To the land of glo-ry and light. Out of the dark-ness in- to the light,

Out of the fire-some way, In- to the joys of Heav-en so bright, Yes, in- to the per- fect day.

2 Out of the sorrow, out of the care,
 Out of the valley so drear;
 Out of the wearisome gloom of toil
 To the light of Heaven so clear.—*Chorus.*

3 Out of the scenes of earth some day;
 Out of the tomb to come;
 Out of our pilgrimage by the way,
 A sweet rest to find at home.—*Chorus.*

J. HOWARD WERT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1 Trust in Je - sus, when the bil - lows Toss thee on life's o - cean: Trust in

CHORUS.
Je - sus, when a - round thee Is the world's com - mo - tion. Je - sus died to save our souls, And

land them safe in glo - ry; Love and serve him ev'-ry day, And tell the gladsome sto - ry.

2 Trust in Jesus, when the darkness,
Thick and fast descending,
Tells of hopes forever shattered,
And of earth-dreams ending.—*Chorus.*

3 Trust in Jesus, when the ebbing
Tide of life is flowing,
For, beyond the mist of death, the
Other shore is glowing.—*Chorus.*

No. 26. THE CRIMSON STREAM.

29

REV. W. J. STEVENSON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. I stand be-side the crim-son stream, That flows from Calv'-ry's mount, And long to wash a-
 2. The blood of Christ a-lone will save From guilt, and fear, and care, His blood will sweetly

CHORUS.

way all sin, with-in its cleansing fount. Now wash me, now wash me, And
 pu-ri-fy, When sought in earn-est pray'r.

cleanse me from sin; Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.

3. I claim the promised blessing now,
 Freedom from ev'ry sin,
 The pow'r to lead a holy life,
 With Christ in God shut in.—*Chorus.*

I rise again, redeemed by him,
 And wholly purified.

Hallelujah! hallelujah!
 I'm wash'd from all sin,
 Hallelujah, hallelujah!

4. I sink into the crimson stream,
 Christ's blood is now applied;

Yes! now I am clean.

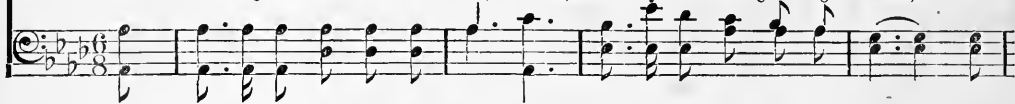
No. 27. AWAY WITH OUR SORROW.

C. WESLEY.

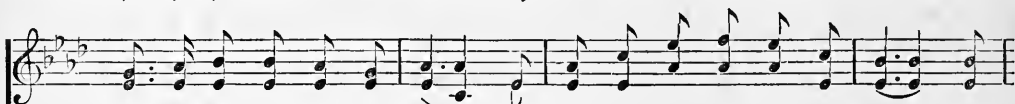
W. K. GROFF.



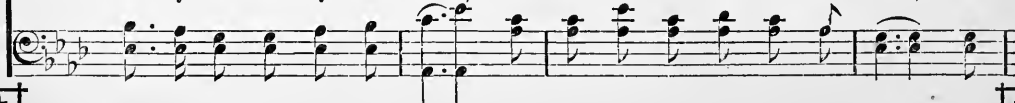
1. A - way with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall re - cov - er our home; The
 2. Our mourning is all at an end, When, raised by the life - giv - ing word, Wo



cit - y of saints shall ap - pear, The day of e - ter - ni - ty come. From
 sce the new cit - y de - scend, A - dorned as a bride for her Lord, The



earth we shall quick - ly re - move, And mount to our na - tive a - bode, The
 cit - y so ho - ly and clean, No sor - row can breathe in the air; No



AWAY WITH OUR SORROW. *Concluded.*

31

house of our Fath - er a - bove, The pal - ace of an - gels and God.
gloom of af - fic - tion or sin; No shad - ow of e - vil is there.

CHORUS.

A - way with our sor - row and fear, We soon shall re - cov - er our home;

The cit - y of saints shall ap - pear, The day of e - ter - ni - ty come.

3. By faith we already behold
That lovely Jerusalem here;
Her walls are of jasper and gold;
As crystal her buildings are clear.

Immovably founded in grace,
She stands as she ever has stood
And brightly her Builder displays,
And flames with the glory of God.—Chorus.

F. W. FABER.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

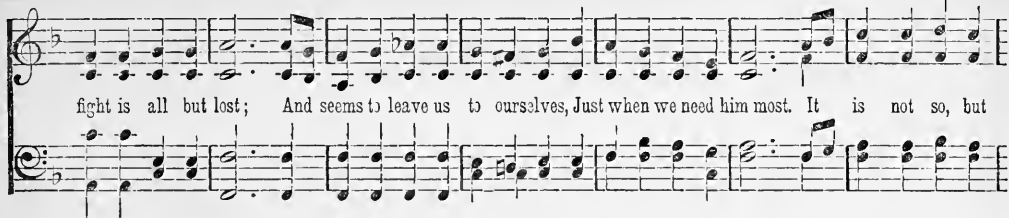
Oh, it is hard to work for God, To rise and take his part Up - on this bat - tle -

field of earth, And not sometimes lose heart. He hides him - self so won - drous - ly, As though there was no

God; He is least seen when all the pow'rs Of ills are most a - broad; Or he de - serts us in the hour The

IT IS NOT SO, BUT SO IT LOOKS. *Concluded.*

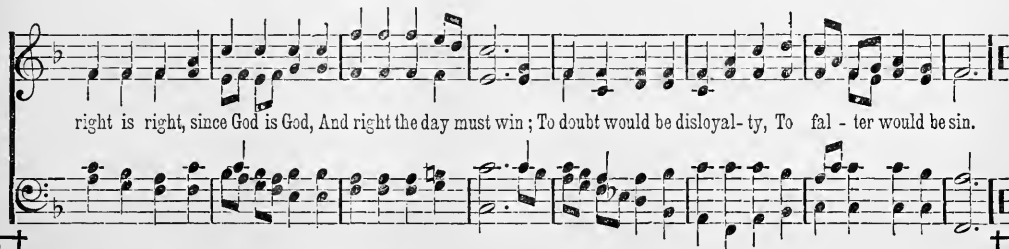
33



fight is all but lost; And seems to leave us to ourselves, Just when we need him most. It is not so, but



so it looks; And we lose cour - age then; And doubts will come if God hath kept His prom - is - es to men. But



right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win; To doubt would be disloyal - ty, To fal - ter would be sin.

Male Voices.

1 Much in sor-row, oft in woe: On-ward, Chris-tian, on-ward go;
 2 Shrink not, Chris-tians—will ye yield? Will ye quit the bat-tle-field?
 3 Chris-tian, let your heart be glad! March in heav'n-ly arm-our clad;
 4 On-ward, then, to bat-tle move! More than con-queror you shall prove;

Let not fears your course im-pede; Great your strength if great your need.
 Fight till all the con-flicts o'er, Nor your foes shall ral-ly more.
 Christ, your Cap-tain, shall be-stow Crowns to grace the con-querors brow.
 Though op-posed by many a foe, Chris-tian war-rior, on-ward go.

CHORUS.

On-ward, on-ward, Chris-tian, on-ward go, Join the war and face the foe;
 On-ward, on-ward, on-ward, on-ward, Chris-tian, on-ward, on-ward go.

Fight, nor think the bat - tle long, On - ward go, On - ward, on - ward, Vic - t'ry soon will tune your song.
on - ward, on - ward, on - ward, on - ward,

NICOLAUS L. ZINZENDORF.

No. 30. ERASTUS. L. M.

ARR. BY W. A. TARBUTTON.

1 A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wakes to weep;
2 A - sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet;

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing, That death has lost his ven - cmed sting!

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blessed:
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
That so displays the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high!

REV. W. W. NEWTON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. God of thy peo - ple, hear our prayer. Ac - cept the praise the na - tion brings
2. Led by thy hand, our fa - thers raised In sol - emn vows, their hopes to thee;

CHORUS.

For all thy prov - i - den - tial care, Thou Lord of lords and King of kings. Then hail! hail! hail! This
And now from sea to sea thou'rt praised, Thou Auth - or of our Liberty!

glo - rious ju - bi - lee; Our thanks we raise in songs of praise, Our fa - thers' God, to thee.

Great Giver of all Good, be thou
For days to come our Fortress sure;
And while to thee, our God, we bow,
Protect our land, and make it pure.

In future days of strife and storm,
Tossed by the tempest's angry blast,
May Truth stand, like an angel's form,
To guide us safely home at last!

No. 32. SWEET MOMENTS OF PRAYER.

37

FRANK M. DAVIS.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1 Oh, how sweet are the mo-ments of pray'r, When the heart to the Lord low-ly bends; Oh, what comfort and

CHORUS.

joy to be there, To commune with the dear-est of friends. Mo-ments of pray'r, sweet moments of

pray'r, A-way from this world and its care; How the spir-it is cheered by sweet moments of pray'r.

2 Oh, how sweet are the moments of prayer,
When the soul is o'er burdened with grief;
On the Saviour to cast all our care,
And receive there the sweetest repose.

3 Oh, how sweet are the moments of prayer,
To the soul that is tempted to stray;
Gaining strength to withstand every snare,
That would lead from the heavenly way.

C. WESLEY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Come, let us join our friends a - bove, That have ob - tained the prize; And
 2 One fam - i - ly we dwell in him, One church a - bove, be - neath; Though

That One church have ob - tained the prize; a - bove, be - neath;

on the ea - gle wings of love, To joys ec - ces - sial rise.
 now di - vid - ed by the stream, The nar - row stream of death.

To The joys nar - row stream ec - ces - sial rise. of death.

Let all the saints ter - res - - - trial sing, With those to glo - ry
 One ar - - - my of the liv - ing God, To his com - mand wo

Let all the saints ter - res - trial sing, Let all the saints ter - res - trial sing, With those to glo - ry gone;
 One ar - my of the liv - ing God, One ar - my of the liv - ing God, To his command we bow;

rall.

ONE FAMILY IN HIM. Concluded.

39

a tempo. ³ ³

gone; For all the ser-vants of our King, In heav'n and earth are one, In heav'n and earth are one.
bow; Part of his host have cross'd the stream, And part are crossing now, And part are crossing now.

3 Ten thousand to their endless home,
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.
His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand;
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach the heavenly land.

4 Our old companions in distress,
We haste again to see;
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.
E'en now by faith we join our hand,
With those that went before;
And greet the blood-besprinkled band,
On the eternal shore.

No. 34. LEAVES HAVE THEIR TIME TO FALL.

JUNIATA.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Leaves have their time to fall, And so have I; Soon will the summons come, Thou, too, must die.
2 Dross'd in their gorgeous robes, Soft - ly they fall; So may my soul be robed, When death shall call.

3 Gently the leaves do fall
On the cold ground;
Soon I shall sleep beneath
Your grassy mound.

4 Unnoticed though they fall,
They murmur not;
Am I content to die,
And be forgot?

5 Wafted by Heaven's breath
Each to its rest:
Angels shall bear me home
To Jesus' breast.

1 The waves were dashing loud and high, My child look'd on with me; "Father," she cried, "why may not I Trust
2 "Was it not lack of faith a-lone That made th'a-pos-tle sink? By faith, therefore, it may be done; Fa-

God, and walk the sea?" } Look to Je - - sus, weary one, Though the storm may be sc-
ther, what should I think?" } Look to Je - sus, wea-ry one, wea-ry one, Though the storm may be se-

vere; Look to Je - - sus, he is near, He is with you, do not fear.
vere, be se-vere; Look to Je - sus, he is near, he is near, He is with you, do not fear, do not fear.

rit.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Who from yon bright world above, Ever watchful o'er our race, Still to man extends his grace:
2 Heav'n and earth by him were made, He by all must be obeyed; What are we, that he should show So much love to us below!

CHORUS.

Sing, my soul, his won - drous, won - drous love. Sing, my soul, his wondrous love, Praise, oh, praise the God above.
Sing, my soul, his won - drous love,

3 God, thus merciful and good,
Bought us with a Saviour's blood;
And, to make our safety sure,
Guides us by his Spirit pure.—*Chorus.*

4 Sing, my soul, adore his name,
Let his glory be my theme;
Praise him till he calls thee home,
Trust his love for all to come.—*Chorus.*

CONCLUDED FROM OPPOSITE PAGE.

3 "The Lord bade Peter go, my child;
And should he thee command,
Thy feet would on these waters wild,
Be firm as on the sand."—*Chorus.*

4 But life has storms more awful yet;
Waves rougher than yon sea;
Then do not thou in these forget
That Jesus is with thee.—*Chorus.*

No. 37. *THERE IS REST AWAITING.*

1. Midst the wea - ry wand'rings of my earth-ly life, When my heart is heav-y
 2. In a heav'nly man-sion, where no trou-bles come. Safe beyond all sor-rows

with its toil and strife; Sweet-ly to my spir - it comes this cheer-ing thought,
 I shall find my home; And when darkness gath - ers and obscures my sight,

There is rest a - wait - ing those whom Christ has bought, There is rest a -
 'Tis His hand shall lead me to that world of light, 'Tis His hand shall

THERE IS REST AWAITING. *Concluded.*
REFRAIN.

43

wait - ing, those whom Christ has bought. We will rest by and by,
lead me, to that world of light.

We will rest by and by When we meet on yon - der shore with our loved ones

gone be - fore. We will rest by and by, We will rest by and by.

3 There with all the ransomed, saved forevermore,
I shall meet my Saviour on the golden shore ;
And shall spend the ages, nevermore to roam
From the shining portals of my heav'nly home.

4 Loved ones there shall greet me who have reached that place ;
Others then shall follow who have found this grace.
There no separation with its pain and tears,
E'er shall come and part us for the endless years.

No. 38. HE GUIDES US.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Peace de - parts where God is not; Wealth with-out him nought is worth; Vain, with
2 Clouds, in - deed, may bar our view; Weak-ness mark our foot-steps here; But the

God and Christ for - got, Were the rich - est bliss of earth. But, when
Lord, strong, wise, and true, Sees, rules all, both far and near. For the

deep - est our dis - tress, Joy springs up our breasts to cheer; If in
Fath - er's heart on high, Watch-es o'er the child's be - low; Fath - er-

HE GUIDES US. *Concluded.*

45
CHORUS.

grief and hap - pi - ness, We a - like his voice can hear. } For the
hand, and Fath - er - eye, Guides us where - so - e'er we go. }

Fath - er's heart on high, Watch-es o'er the child's be - low; Fath-er-
Fath - er's heart on high, Watch-es o'er the child's be - low; o'er the child's be - low; Fath - er-

rit.
hand and Fath - er - eye, Guides us where - so - e'er we go.
hand and Fath - er - eye, Guides us where - so - er we go, where - so - e'er we go.

F. M. PEELER.

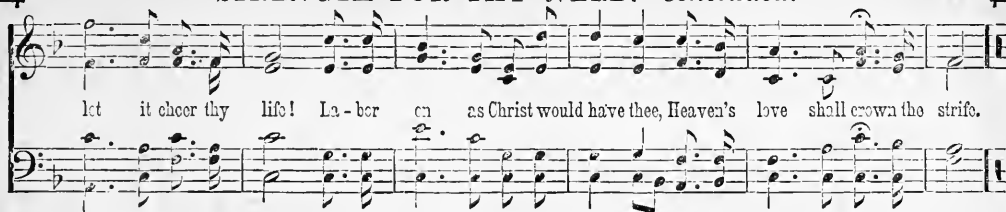
W. K. GROFF.

1 "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," Spake the gift-ed one of old, As he bless'd the tribes of Is - ra-el,
 2 "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," Rings it down the "steep of time," Mak-ing light the heart of ser - row,
 3 "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," Fainting one, 'twas spoken for thee! Looking up - ward, never doubt-ing,

Naming all the precious fold. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," He had tried it—found it gold, While he
 Pointing to God's lovesub-lime. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," Precious words to all mankind! Presage
 Thou the truth thyself shalt see. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," With new courage, bear thy part! Mos-es

CHORUS.

led Jo - ho - vah's peo-ple Through sore tri - als un - fore - tld. }
 of the com-ing Sa - viour, How they soothe the wearied mind. } "As thy days, so shall thy strength be," Toil - er
 is thy God in - spir-ed, Ash - er's prom - ise greets thy heart. }



let it cheer thy life! La-bor on as Christ would have thee, Heaven's love shall crown the strife.

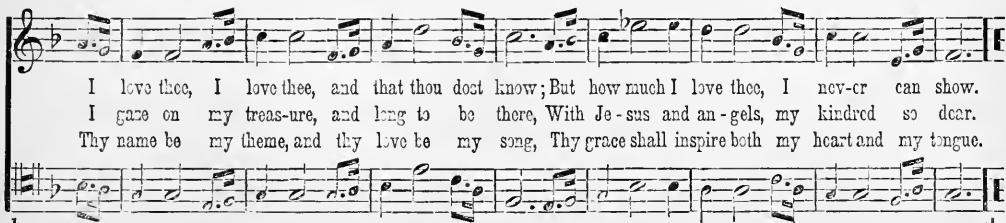
DUET.

No. 40. I LOVE THEE.


S. B. ELLENBERGER.



1 I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee, my Sa-viour, I love thee, my God.
 2 I'm hap-py, I'm hap-py, oh, wondrous ac-count; My joys are im-mor-tal, I stand on the mount;
 3 O Je-sus, my Sa-viour, with thee I am blest! My life and sal-va-tion, my joy and my rest;



I love thee, I love thee, and that thou dost know; But how much I love thee, I nev-er can show.
 I gaze on my treas-ure, and long to be there, With Je-sus and an-gels, my kindred so dear.
 Thy name be my theme, and thy love be my song, Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.



1. On this auspicious day, Let all his power proclaim Who in the whirlwind hath his
2. The foes of Zi-on failed Her glo-ry to con-sume; Our fa-thers faith in God pre-

CHORUS.



way vailed And in de-vour-ing flame. All praise is due to him; For
To bring up-on them doom.



Lord of lords! he! With cho-ra him and ser-aphim We sing his ma-jes-ty.

Her battlements mount high;
Her gates are guarded well;
And all her foes can she defy,
If God within her dwell.

Be it our chief delight
In Zion's court to raise
To him who keeps her by his might
Triumphant songs of praise.

1. Je - sus, full of all com-pas-sion, Hear thy hum-ble suppliant's cry: Let me know thy
 2. Guil - ty, but with heart re-lent-ing, O - verwhelmed with help-less grief, Pros - trate at thy

CHORUS.

great sal - vation. See! I lan - guish, faint, and die.
 feet re - pent-ing, Send, oh, send me quick re - lief. Save oh, save, bless - ed Je - sus, save me,

Save, oh, save, save me, or I die.

3. Whither should a wretch be flying,
 But to him who comfort gives?
 Whither from the dread of dying,
 But to him who ever lives?

4. Saved,—the deed shall spread new glory
 Through the shining realms above!
 Angels sing the pleasing story,
 All enraptured with thy love!

1 There is beau - ty at dawn where the dark - ness hath fled; There is beau - ty when noon shineth
 2 Oh, the face of my Lord is so wond - rous - ly fair, That it seat - ters the shadows of
 3 Blessed Sun of all na - tions, a - rise on Thy way, Till the darkness of earth shall be

bright ov - er head; And fair is the day when its last glo - ries fall; But the Sun of my Soul, He is
 doubt and despair; While the ter - rors of death, and the gloom of the grave, Are lost in the glo - ry that
 turned in - to day; Till the ban - ner of truth shall be bright - ly un - furled, And Thou shalt reign ev - er, the

CHORUS.

fair - er than all.
 shin - eth to save. } Hal - le - lu - jah! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! O Sun of the Soul with healing in Thy wings;
 "Light of the World." }

Hal - le - lu - jah! glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! Thou hast made me whole, and my heart in rap - ture sings.

F. BERNARD.

No. 44. *THY WAY, NOT MINE.*

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Thy way, not mine, dear Lord, Tho' dark it seems to me; I ask Thy wisdom to ap - point My steps where'er I be.
2 Thy time, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er long and drear; Teach me to patient - ly en - dure, And wait till Thou appear.

CHORUS.

Thy will, not mine, be done, If hard to understand; Still with submission meek, I place in Thine my hand.

3 Thy faith, O Son of God,
Be this my motive power,
To breast the mightiest waves,
And live by every hour!—*Chorus.*

4 Thy mind may I possess,
And thus thy image bear;
Suffer with thee awhile,
Then all thy glories share.—*Chorus.*

No. 45. HE BIDS THE CHILDREN COME.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. Our Sa- viour bids the children come; He bids us come to him; And, as in oth - er
 2. For - ev - er bless - ed be his name; No earth - ly love like his! Oh, may it draw our
 3. There may we come at last to sing In no - bler strains of praise; And join the lit - tle

We are com - ing, blessed
CHORUS.

days, he spreads His arms to take us in. We are coming, we are coming, we are
 hearts to him And to the world of bliss.
 ones who stand Be - fore our Fa - ther's face.

Je - sus, We are com - ing now to thee.

coming now to thee; We are coming, we are coming, we are coming now to thee.

HE BIDS THE CHILDREN COME. *Concluded.*

53

In thine arms, O Saviour, take us!

Musical score for the first piece, featuring a treble and bass staff. The melody is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "In thine arms, O Saviour, take us! In thine arms, O Saviour, take us! Let us never stray from thee!"

No. 46. I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

1. Come un-to me when shadows darkly gath-er, When the sad heart is wea-ry and oppressed—
2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken, When the ripe fruit fell rich-ly to the ground;
3. Large are the man-sions in thy Father's dwell-ing; Bright are the homes that sorrows nev-er dim;

4. There, like an E-den, blossm'ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair flowers this earth too rudely pressed :

Seek-ing for com-fort from your heav'nly Fath-er; Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.
When the loved slept in brighter homes to wa-ken Where their pale brows with spirit wreaths are crowned.
Sweet are the harps in ho-ly mus-ic swell-ing, Soft are the tunes which raise the heav'nly hymn.

Come un-to me, all ye who droop in sad-ness; Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.

1 "My times are in thy hand;" My God, I wish them there; My life, my friends, my
 2 "My times are in thy hand;" What-ev-er they may be; Pleas-ing or pain-ful,

CHORUS.

soul, I leave en-tire-ly to thy care. } "My times are in thy hand;" I'll
 dark or bright, As best may seem to thee.

al-ways trust in thee; I'll trust in thee; I'll trust in thee; I'll al-ways trust in thee.

3 "My times are in thy hand;"
 Why should I doubt or fear?
 My Father's hand will never cause
 His child a needless tear.—Chorus.

4 "My times are in thy hand;"
 Jesus, the crucified!
 The hand my cruel sins had pierced
 Is now my guard and guide.—Chorus.

No. 48. COME TO-DAY.

55

BARBAULD.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

Duet.

1. Come, said Je - sus' sa - cred voice; Come, and make my paths your choice. I will guide you to your
 2. Thou who, home - less and for - lorn, Long hast borne the proud world's scorn, Long hast roamed this bar - ren

CHORUS.

home. Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come.
 waste, Wea - ry pil - grim, hith - er come. Come to Je - sus, bur - dened one: He will

take your sins a - way. Je - sus calls: oh, will you come! Wea - ry one, oh, come to - day!

3 Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
 Guilt, in strong remorse, who mourn,
 Here repose your heavy care;
 Conscience wounded who can bear?

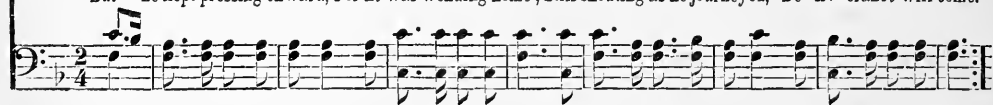
4 Sinner, come! for here is found
 Balm that flows for ev'ry wound;
 Peace that ever shall endure;
 Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

No. 49. DELIVERANCE WILL COME.

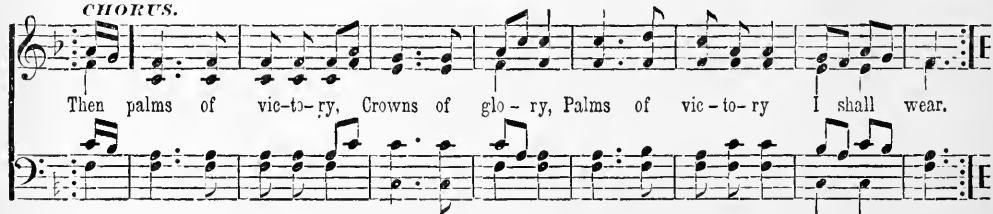
Arr. by Rev. W. McDONALD.



1. I saw a wayworn trav'ler In tattered garments clad; And struggling up the mountain, It seemed that he was sad.
His back was la-den heav-y; His strength was almost gone; Yet he shouted as he journeyed, Deliverance will come.
2. The summer sun was shining; The sweat was on his brow. His garments worn and dusty, His step seemed very slow.
But he kept pressing onward, For he was wending home; Still shouting as he journeyed, De-liv-erance will come.



CHORUS.



I saw him in the evening. The sun was bending low,—
Had overtopped the mountain and reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city, his everlasting home,
And shouted loud hosanna! Deliverance will come.

While gazing on that city just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels came from the throne of God.
They bore him on their pinions safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph. Deliverance has come.

I heard the song - triumph they sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us, to suffer never more;
Then, casting his eyes backward on the race which he had run,
He shouted loud hosanna! Deliverance has come.

No. 50. OH, RECEIVE A WANDERER.

57

GEORGE S. HOLMES.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Sa-viour, while thou giv-est thy dear love to all, And on all that liv-eth let thy mer-cies
2 E'en a-mong the num-ber who by thee are-bless'd, Oh, re-ceive a wand'rer, who by sin op-

fall; Passing through the num-ber call-ing un-to thee, As thou giv'st thy bless-ings, Je-sus, give to me.
press'd, Weary with his sin-ning, burden'd with his grief, Comes to thee sin-cere-ly ask-ing for re-lief.

REFRAIN.

Ev-en me, ev-en me, As thou giv'st thy bless-ing, Je-sus, give to me. Ev-en me, ev-en me.

3 Thou hast died for sinners—this includeth me,
For thy word hath promised, unto all shall be
E'en thy fullest pardon sent them from above,
If, the terms accepting, they receive thy love.

4 Help me, oh, my Saviour, even now to give
My poor broken spirit, for thee to receive;
And as thou art calling, "Wanderer, come home."
Oh, my blest Redeemer, help me, for I come.

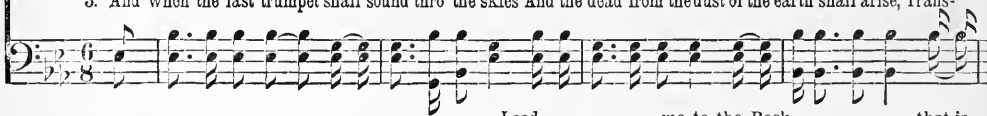
LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I.

No. 51.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.



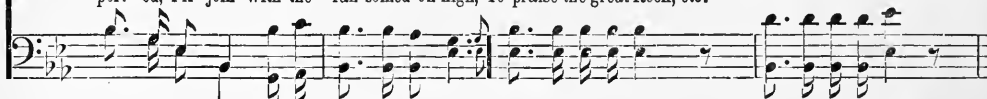
1. In sea-sons of grief to my God I'll repair, When my heart is o'erwhelmed with sorrow and care. From the
2. When Sa-tan the temp - ter comes in like a flood, To drive my poor soul from the Fountain of good, I'll
3. And when the last trumpet shall sound thro' the skies And the dead from the dust of the earth shall arise, Trans-



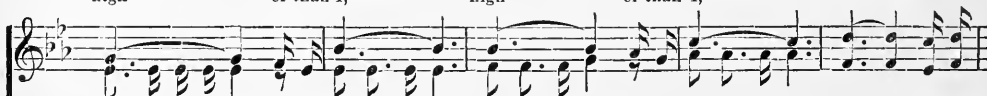
Lead me to the Rock that is



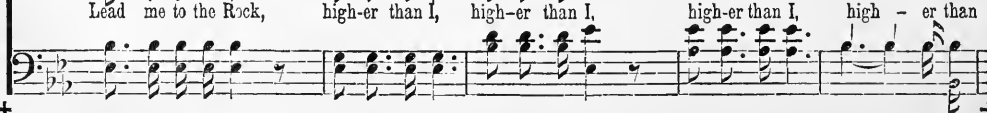
ends of the earth un-to thee will I cry, Lead me to the Rock, Lead me to the Rock,
 pray to the Lord who for sin-ners did die, Lead me to the Rock, etc.
 por-ted, I'll join with the ran-somed on high, To praise the great Rock, etc.



high - - - er than I, high - - - er than I,



Lead me to the Rock, high-er than I, high-er than I, high-er than I, high - er than



LEAD ME TO THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER THAN I. *Concluded.* 59

Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I.

Musical score for the first system, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in G major with a key signature of one flat (F major) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is in the same key and time signature. The lyrics are: "I, Lead me to the Rock Lead me to the Rock that is high - er than I."

MISS ANNIE E. DUNN.

No. 52. ONE BY ONE.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

Musical score for the second system, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (F major) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "1. One by one the ties are sundered—Ties that make the earth so dear; Loves that bind us each to oth-er, 2. One by one as friends we're severed, Sundered far by miles and years; Bit-ter part-ings must be spo-ken, 3. Yes, we'll meet no more to sev-er, Nev - er-more to say fare-well; None shall part us then for-ev-er;"

Musical score for the third system, featuring a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (F major) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics are: "One by one are riven here; But by and by they'll, one by one, Be linked again before the throne. Caus-ing flow of floods of tears; But by and by we'll, one by one, Meet a-gain before the throne. Then again our thoughts we'll tell When we're gath-ered, one by one, Safe at home before the throne."

HARRY SANDERS.

1 "Lost for want of a word!" Fallen 'mong thieves and dy-ing; Priests and Levites passing; The
 2 "Lost for want of a word!" All in the black night straying, Among the mazes of thought; The
 3 "Lost for want of a word!" A word that you might have spoken. Who knows what eyes may be dim, Or what

place where he is ly - ing; He is to faint to call: Too far off to be heard. There are
 false light e'er betray - ing, Oh, that a hu - man voice, The murk - y darkness had stirred, For the
 hearts may be aching and broken? G) scatter beside all waters, Nor sick - en at hope de - ferred; Let

those be - side life's highway, Lost for want of a word: Lost! Lost! Lost, for want of a word.
 lost and ruined for - ev - er! Lost for want of a word: Lost! Lost! Lost, for want of a word.
 ne'er a soul by thy dumbness, Be lost for want of a word. Lost! Lost! Lost, for want of a word.

No. 54. FILL ME WITH THY HEAVENLY LOVE.

61

JOHN STOCKER.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Gra - cious Spir - it, Love di - vine, Let thy light with - in me shine;
2 Speak thy pard - 'ning grace to me; Set the bur - den'd sin - ner free;

CHORUS.

All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with thy heav'n - ly love. } Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine,
Lead me to the Lamb of God; Wash me in his pro - cious blood. }

rit.

Let thy light within me shine; All my guilt - y fears re - move; Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

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

4 Let me never from thee stray;
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine.—Chorus.

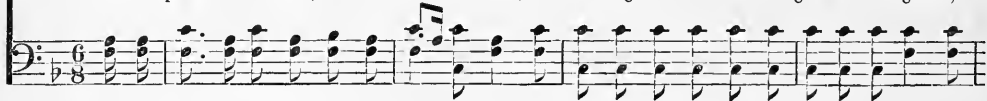
GEORGE S. HOLMES.
Moderato.

No. 55. BEAUTIFUL HOME.

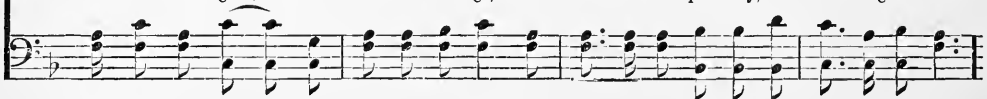
S. B. ELLENBERGER.



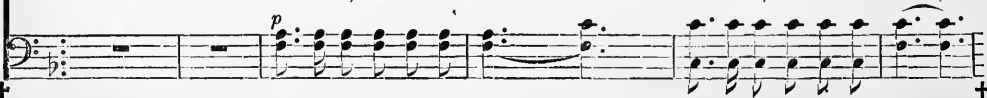
1. There are man-sions of glo-ry in heav'n prepared, By fol-l'wers of Je-sus to ev-er be shared; His
2. He has prom-ised to come, and then take us home, And walking with Je-sus the grave has no gloom; For



own hand so lov-ing, is keep-ing a place For those who will en-ter, ac-cept-ing his grace.
where he has gone, we al-so shall go, Him-self the true pathway, whom lov-ing we know.



Home, sweet home, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home, beau-ti-ful home,
Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home. Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home,



BEAUTIFUL HOME. Concluded.

63

Repeat pp

Shall we meet in that beau-ti-ful home, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful home?
 We shall meet in that beau-ti-ful home, sweet home, beautiful home.

No. 56. A LITTLE WHILE.

BONAR.

WM. A. TARBUTTON.

1. Beyond the smiling and the weeping, I shall be soon. Beyond the waking and the sleeping, Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
 2. Beyond the blooming and the fading, I shall be soon. Beyond the shining and the shading, Beyond the hoping and the dreading,

CHORUS.

I shall be soon. Love, rest, and home! Sweet home! Lord, tar-ry not, but come.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting,
 I shall be soon.
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,
 Beyond remembering and forgetting,—*Cho.*
 I shall be soon.

Home

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting,
 I shall be soon.
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,—*Cho.*
 I shall be soon.

ANNE STEELE.

R. G. STAPLES.

1 Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On thee when sor - rows rise, On thee when waves of
2 But, oh! when gloom - y doubts pre - vail, I fear to call thee mine; The springs of com - fort

trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies. To thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For
seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline. Yct, gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou

thou a - lone canst heal; Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev' - ry pain I feel.
art my on ly trust; And still my soul would cleave to thee, Though pres - trate in the duct.

J. HOWARD WERT.

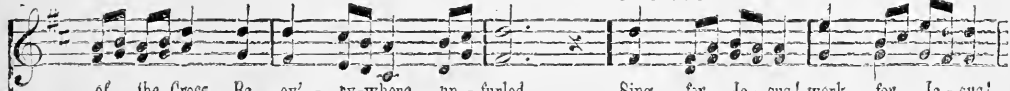
S. B. ELLENBERGER.



1 When Je - sus died up - on the cross. He died for all the world; Then let the ban - ner



CHORUS.



of the Cross Be ev' - ry-where un - furled. Sing for Je - sus! work for Je - sus!



Shut - ting as we go: Sing for Je - sus! work for Je - sus! Ev' - ry-where we go.



2 He tells us to unfold the flag,
And speak his precious love;
Each moment of our stay below,
'Till crowned in bliss above.—*Chorus.*

3 Obedient to the gracious call,
We'll work while yet we may;
We'll shout, "Salvation's free to all,"
Upon our heavenly way.—*Chorus.*

ABBIE MILLS.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Oh, blessed toil! 'Tis all for Thee; 'Tis Love commands my feet; And there's no wear-
 2 And when sharp pain my spir- it knows, That makes my song a sigh, Be- cause of wounds re-

CHORUS.

ness for me, But finds a rest most sweet. } Oh, blessed rest! Oh, blessed toil! And
 ceived from foes, I find Thee ev- er nigh. }

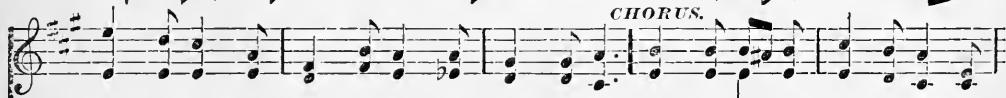
blessed wait- ing time! The sowings here in wintry soil Shall bloom in Heaven's clime.

3 Oh, blessed promises! My own—
 While trusting I am brought
 Where Beulah's blessings, thickly strewn,
 Are freely mine unbought.—*Chorus.*

4 My springs, all flowing forth from Thee,
 Give constant strength and joy;
 And whereso'er Thou leadest me,
 Naught can my peace destroy.

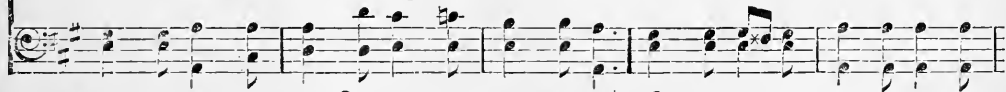


1 Have you room for peace and pleasure? Have you room for self and sin? Have you room for
 2 Have you room for gloom and sadness? Have you room for fear and doubt? Have you room for

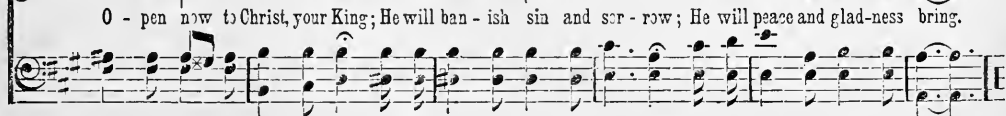


CHORUS.

earth - ly pleas - ure, But no room for Christ with-in? } O - pen wide, for he is knock - ing;
 clouds and dark - ness, And still keep the Sa - viour out? }



O - pen now to Christ, your King; He will ban - ish sin and sor - row; He will peace and glad - ness bring.



3 Have you room for earthly friendship?
 Have you room for mirth and pride?
 Have you room for Jesus,—Jesus,
 Who for you on Calvary died?—Chorus.

4 Oh, let Jesus take possession
 Of your body, spirit, soul!
 Have no room for aught but Jesus!
 Let him now your all control!—Chorus.

H. BONAR.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Make haste, O Man, to live, For thou so soon must die; Time hur - ries past thee like the
 2 To breathe, and wake, and sleep; To smile, to sigh, to grieve; To move in i - dle - ness through
 3 Make haste, O Man, to do What - ev - er must be done; Thou hast no time to lose in

CHORUS.

breeze; How swift its mo - ments fly!
 earth; This, this is not to live. } Up, then, with speed and work;
 sloth; Thy day will soon be gone. } Oh, work.

Fling ease and self a - way; This is no time no time for thee
 This is no time for thee to sleep, this is no

time to sleep; Up, watch and work! Oh, work and pray!
 for thee to sleep; Up, watch and work! watch and work! Oh, watch and work and pray!

CENNICK

No. 62. JESUS, HAS BEEN WITH US.

S. B. ELLENBERGER, *Arr.*

1 { Thou dear Re - deem - er, dy - ing Lamb, I love to hear of thee;
 No mu - sic's like thy charm - ing name, Nor half so sweet can be. } Je - sus
 2 { Oh, let me ev - er hear thy voice In mer - cy to me speak;
 In thee, my priest, will I re - joice, And thy sal - va - tion seek. }

has been with us, And he still is with us, And he says he will be with us to the end.

3 My Jesus shall be still my theme,
 While on this earth I stay;
 I'll sing my Jesus' lovely name,
 When all things else decay.—*Chorus.*

4 When I appear in yonder cloud
 With all his favored throng,
 Then will I sing more sweet, more loud,
 And Christ shall be my song.—*Chorus.*

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.



1 Ho - ly Sab - bath! Day of rest! Day of oth - er days the best;
 2 Ho - ly Sab - bath! Day of peace! Day in which true joys in - crease;
 3 Ho - ly Sab - bath! Day of love! Type of end - less day a - bove;
 4 Ho - ly Sab - bath! Day of light! I would keep this day a - right;



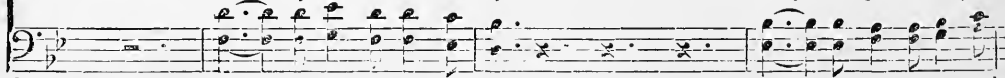
CHORUS.



Now, to thee, O Lord, I pray, Help me keep this ho - ly day.
 Lord, I will re - mem - ber this Day of wor - ship, day of bliss. } Ho - ly
 When e - ter - nal rest is found, When e - ter - nal joys a - bound.
 Sit - ting at the Sa - viour's feet, List' - ning to the sto - ry sweet.



Sabbath! Best of days! Ho - ly Sab - bath! Best of days! Day of glad - ness! Day of praise!
 Ho - ly Sab - bath! Best of days! Day of glad - ness! Day of



HOLY SABBATH! Concluded.

71

In God's tem - ple I will sing, Wor - thy praise to Christ, the King.
 praise! In God's tem - ple I will sing, Wor - thy praise to Christ, the King.

No. 64. CALDER. Ss & 7s.

JAMES ALLEN.

W. A. TARBUTTON.

1 Sweet the mo - ments, rich in bless - ing, Which be - fore the cross I spend;
 2 Tru - ly bless - ed is this sta - tion, Low be - fore his cross to lie;

Life, and health, and peace pos - sess - ing, From the sin - ner's dy - ing friend.
 While I see di - vine com - pas - sion, Beam - ing in his gra - cious eye.

3 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the cross I gaze;
 Love I much? I've much forgiven;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

4 Here in tender, grateful sorrow,
 With my Saviour will I stay;
 Here new hope and strength will borrow,
 Here will love my fears away.

J. HOWARD WERT.

W. K. GROFF.

1. I love the blessed cross, On which my Saviour died. I love to tell the story Of Je-sus cru-ci-
2. Oh, what di-vine com-pan-ship Did Je-sus show for man! What wondrous condescension To us beneath the

fied. I seek no oth-er good, No oth-er joy I know; 'Twill be my theme in heav'n As it has been be-ban
Of guilt and woe and sin! So row my theme shall be, In life and death, the same, The love of Christ to

CHORUS.

low. When safe in realms of joy, When safe on the oth-er side, I'll rest in Jesus' arms, The Lamb that was crucified.
me.

3 So onward still I press, the prize before my eyes—
The promises of Jesus on which my soul relies:
The hope of rest forever in bowers of Paradise,—
A rest exempt from sin, in homes beyond the skies.

4 Then we will sweetly sing, as through the world we go.
No matter if the storms around us rudely blow;
Sing of the Lamb that died, till, safe on the other side,
We'll sing around the throne the love of the Crucified.

No. 66. LOOK TO JESUS.

73

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Look to Je - sus! mourner, hear Mer - cy whis - p'ring in your ear; "Tho' your sins as scar - let be,"
 2 Look to Je - sus! weeping one, Hope, for thou art not un - done; Those are blest who shed such tears;

CHORUS.

He can cleanse and set you free.
 He will hush thy doubts and fears. } Look to Je - sus! He will save you, He has died for

you and me; Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, He can cleanse and set you free.

3 Look to Jesus! Christian, look,
 Thy dear name is in his book;
 Read it there, and with delight
 Humbly seek perfection's height.—Chorus.

4 Look to Jesus! joy in life,
 Cure for sin, and end of strife;
 Life in death, and endless bliss
 Where my blessed Saviour is.—Chorus.

No. 67. THE SWEETEST NAME.

NEWTON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liever's ear ; It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And

CHORUS.

drives a - way his fear. Thy name, bless'd Je - sus, is all my plea, Dearest and sweet - est
to the wear - y rest.

name to me; Thou art my shield and hid - ing place, I am redeemed by thy rich grace.

3. Dear name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding place;
My never failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.—Chorus.

4. I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.—Chorus.

C. WESLEY.

1. Oh, for a thou - - sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise; My

The
great Re-deem-er's praise; The glo-ries of my God and King,

tri-umph of his grace, The tri-umph of his grace, The tri - - umph of his grace.
The triumph of his grace, The tri - - umph of his grace.
The triumph of his grace, The tri - - umph of his grace.

grace, The triumph of his grace, The tri - - umph of his grace.

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.

Selected.

W. K. GROFF.

1 I lin - ger by the riv - er side, That rolls so deep, so dark, so wide ;
 2 I seem to see them wait - ing stand - Grown na - tive in the bet - ter land -

And sad - ly gaze and sweet - ly dream Of lov'd ones who have crossed the stream.
 Ex - spect - ant when I too shall come, And they shall bid me wel - come home.

My feet are on the crum - bling brink, Nor shall my spir - it faint or shrink, To
 How sweet shall be my new em - ploy, What ho - ly con - so - era - ted joy, To

I LINGER BY THE RIVER SIDE. *Concluded.*

77

CHORUS.

know that I must soon ex-lore, The mys-try of that hid-den shore. And
join the friend I there shall find, To wel-come those I've left be-hind. }

so may I in peace em-bark, Nor find the pas-sage cold or dark; By

an-gel con-vo-y guid-ed on, And land-ed on the shin-ing shore.

§ I cannot speak His grace divine,
Who makes a hope so precious mine;
I cannot aim to fitly sing
The love I owe salvation's King.

For over all I feel the while,
The beaming of the Saviour's smile;
And every hope and joy combined,
In the sure sense that he is mine.—Chorus.

No. 70. BEAUTIFUL WORLD OF LIGHT.

JANE TAYLOR.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. There is a glorious world of light, A-bove the star-ry sky,
Where saints de-part-ed, cloth'd in white, A-dore the Lord most high.

2. And, hark, a-mid the sa-cred songs Those heav'nly voic-es raise,
Ten thousand thousand in-fant tongues, U-nite in per-fect praise.

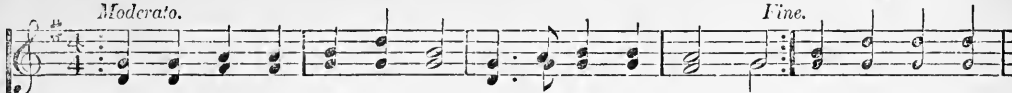
CHORUS.

Oh, that beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world of light, Where saints and an-gels dwell;
beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world of light, world of light, and an-gels dwell, angels dwell;

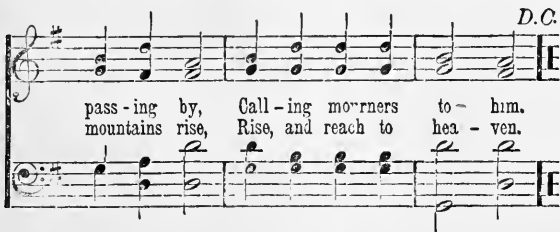
In that beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world of light, There you and I may dwell.
In that beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful world of light, world of light, There you and I may dwell, we may dwell.

Rit.

Arranged by S. B. ELLENBERGER.

*Moderato.**Fine.*

1. Droop - ing souls, no long - er grieve, Heav - en is pro - pi - tious;
 If on Christ you now be - lieve, You will find him pre - cious. Je - sus now is
 He has died, you need not die, Now look up and view him.
2. He has par - dons, full and free, Droop - ing souls to glad - den;
 Je - sus calls, "Come un - to me," Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Though your sins like
 Soon as you on him re - ly, All shall be for - giv - en.

*D.C.*

pass - ing by, Call - ing mourners to - him,
 mountains rise, Rise, and reach to hea - ven.

3. Streaming mercy, how it flows,
 Now I know I feel it;
 Half has never yet been told,
 Yet I want to tell it.
 Jesus' blood has heal'd my wound,
 Oh, the wondrous story;
 I was lost, but now am found,
 Glory, glory, glory.

CONCLUDED FROM OPPOSITE PAGE.

3. Those are the hymns that we shall know,
 If Jesus we obey;
 That is the place where we shall go,
 If found in wisdom's way.—*Chorus.*

4. Soon will our earthly race be run,
 Our mortal frame decay;
 Children and parents, one by one,
 Must die and pass away.—*Chorus.*

ROBERT MORRIS, LL.D.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1 Each cooing dove and sighing bough, That makes the eve so blest to
 2 Each flowing gleam and moss-y dell, Where happy birds in song a-

Each coo-ing dove, and sigh-ing bough, That makes the eve
Each flow-ing gleam, and moss-y dell, Where happy birds

me, Has something far di-vin-er now, It bears me back to Gal-i-
 gree, Thro' sun-ny morn the praises tell Of sights and sounds in Gal-i-

so blest to me, Has something far di-vin-er now, It bears me back
in song a-gree, Thro' sun-ny morn the praises tell Of sights and sounds

CHORUS.

lee. } O Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee, Where Je-sus lov'd so
 lee. }
 to Gal-i-lee,
 in Gal-i-lee.

much to be, Oh Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come, sing thy song a - gain to me.
 Come, sing thy song a - gain to me.

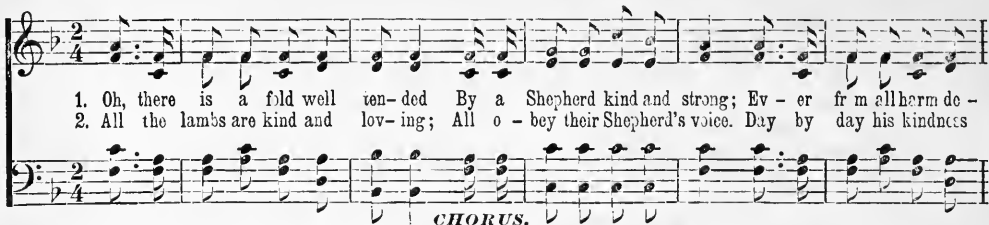
No. 73. SWEET, SO SWEET.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 To press my Sa-viour's hand in mine; To have his face on me to shine, Till
 2 To sit low at my Sa - viour's feet; To drink in les - sons that are sweet, Un-

I can say, "Lord, I am thine," Is sweet, so sweet.
 til my heart for him is meet— Is sweet, so sweet.

- 3 To walk with Jesus all the while,
 In the bright glory of his smile,
 And feel his presence, mile by mile,
 Is sweet, so sweet.
- 4 To pour my wants into his ear;
 To feel assured that he will hear;
 To trust him without any fear;
 Is sweet, so sweet.



1. Oh, there is a fold well ten-ded By a Shepherd kind and strong; Ev-er fr m all herd e-
2. All the lambs are kind and lov-ing; All o-bey their Shepherd's voice. Day by day his kindness

CHORUS.



fend-ed, Do you to this fold be-long? Lit-tle chil-dren, come to Je-sus: You may
prov-ing, In his love they all re-joice.



to this fold be-long. Knock, and he will bid you en-ter. There is room e-nough for all.

3. Kind and gentle, loving ever,
Seeking those that go astray;
Down beside the crystal river,
There he leads them all the day.

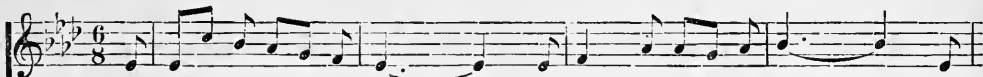
4. Knock, and he will bid you enter;
For he never turns away
Those who seek his welcome tender,
But receives and bids them stay.

No. 75. ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

83

PHOEBE CARY.

H. S. PERKINS. By per.



1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought	Comes to me o'er and o'er;	I'm
2. Near - er my Fath - er's house,	Where man - y man - sions be;	Near -
3. We ask a Fath - er's aid	To lay the bur - den down;	Then
4. Be near me when my feet	Are slip - ping o'er the brink;	For



near - er home to - day	Than I have been be - fore.
er the saint - ly host,	Near - er the crys - tal sea.
take us to his home,	To wear a heav'n - ly crown.
I am near - er home,	Per - haps, than now I think.



ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

CHORUS. *Cheerfully.**Repeat Chorus pp*

Near-er home, nearer home, we'll sing as we go; Near-er home, nearer home, we'll sing as we go.

No. 76. THOU WAST ONCE A CHILD.

REV. JOEL SWARTZ, D.D.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. Sa - viour, thou wast once a child, Ho - ly, harm - less, un - de - filed;
2. Thou didst walk with sin - ful men, But with - out a spot or stain;

Hum - ble was thy hu - man birth, When thou cam - est down to earth.
Temp - ted, Thou didst nev - er yield. Be Thy grace our strength and shield.

THOU WAST ONCE A CHILD. *Concluded.*

85

Suf - fer the chil - - dren to come un-to me, And for - bid them
CHORUS.

Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to me, un - to me, For-bid them not,

not, And forbid them not. Suf - fer the chil-dren to

For-bid them not, for - bid them not. Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un - to
 come un - to me, For of such is the king - dom, the kingdom of heav'n.

me, un - to me, For of such is the king-dom of heav - en, the king-dom of heav'n.

3 Since on tender childhood's head
 Once thy holy hands were laid,
 All the children of the race
 Occupy a nobler place.

4 "Suffer them to come to me,"
 Draws our parent heart to thee.
 With the children, Lord, we come.
 For us all thy arms have room.

1 Wide ye heav'nly gates un - fold, Closed no more by death and sin; Lo! the conq'-ring
2 He, who God's pure law ful - filled, Je - sus the in - car - nate Lord; He whose truth with

CHORUS.

Lord be - hold! Let the King of glo - ry in. } Let Him in, oh, let Him in, Let the King of
blood was sealed, He is heav'n's all-glo-rious Lord.

glo - ry in; Wel - come Him, oh, wel - come Him; Bless - ed Lord, come in, come in.

3 Who shall up to that abode
Follow in the Saviour's train?
They who in his cleansing blood,
Wash away each guilty stain.—*Chorus.*

4 They whose daily actions prove
Steadfast faith and holy fear,
Fervent zeal and grateful love;
They shall dwell forever here.—*Chorus.*

C. WESLEY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

Allegro.

1. Oh, what shall I do my Saviour to praise, So faithful and true, so plenteous in grace; So strong to de-
 2. How happy the man whose heart is set free, The people that can be joy-ful in thee; Their joy is to

CHORUS.

liv-er, so good to re-deem, The weakest be-liev-er that hangs up-on him.
 walk in the light of thy face, And still they are talking of Je-sus's grace. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-

lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, I'm free. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, I'm free.

3 All praise to the Lamb; accepted I am.
 Through faith in the Saviour's adorable name.
 In him I confide, his blood is applied;
 For me he hath suffered, for me he hath died.

4 Not a doubt doth arise to darken the skies,
 Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes.
 In him I am blest, I lean on his breast,
 And lo! in his wounds I continue to rest.

No. 79. LET ALL THE PEOPLE PRAISE HIM.

MONTGOMERY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

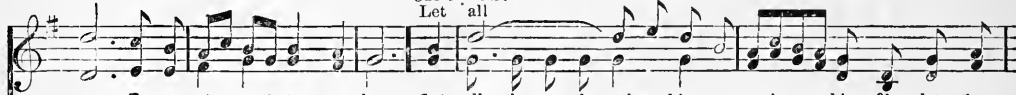


1. Thank and praise Je-ho-vah's name, For his mer-cies, firm and sure; From e-ter-ni-ty the
 2. Let the ransomed thus re-joice, Gathered out of ev'-ry land; As the peo-ple of his

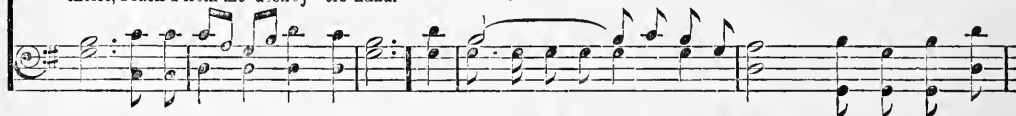
**CHORUS.**

the people praise him,

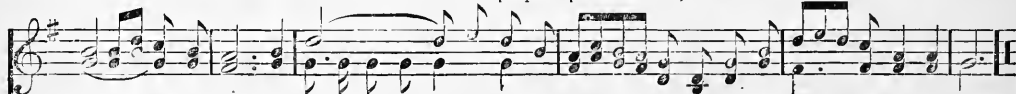
Let all



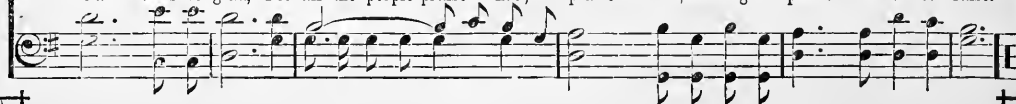
same, To e-ter-ni-ty en-dure. Let all the peo-ple praise him, praise him, Oh, let the
 choice, Pluck'd from the destroy-ers hand.



Let all the people praise him,



na-tions be glad, Let all the people praise him, praise him, In songs of praise their voices raise.



No. 80. GLORY TO THE NEW-BORN KING.

C. WESLEY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing,—Glo - ry to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild;
2 Joy - ful all ye na - tions rise,—Join the tri-umphs of the skies; With an - gel - ic hosts proclaim,—

God and sin - ners re - conciled. Joy - - - - ful - ly, joy - - - - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly,
Christ is born in Beth - le - hem. Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly sing! Joy - - - -

joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly sing! Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry to the new-born King!

3 Christ, by highest heaven adored,—
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail, incarnate Deity!—*Chorus.*

4 Hail the heaven-born Prince of peace!
Hail the Sun of righteousness!
Light and life to all he brings,—
Risen with healing in his wings.—*Chorus.*

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fel-lowship of kindred minds is like to that a-bove.
 2. When we a - sunder part, It gives us inward pain; But we shall still be join'd in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

CHORUS.

On the oth - - er side, On the oth - - er
 On the oth - er side the riv - er, We shall meet no more to sev - er, On the oth - er side the riv - er, We shall

side, We'll meet again on the oth - - er side.
 meet no more to sev - er, We'll meet a - gain on the oth - er side the riv - er, We shall meet no more to sev - er.

3. This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.—*Chorus.*

4. From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.—*Chorus.*

No. 82. MY LIFE FOR JESUS.

91

WILL M. MAY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 All my life for Je - sus, 'Tis naught but this I owe; Where
2 All my life for Je - sus, Thus I'll work while I live; 'Tis

CHORUS.

he wills I will go, With my life for Je - sus. } All my life for Je - sus;
all I have to give, — All my life for Je - sus. }

All my life I will give; Here on earth, while I live, All my life for Je - sus.

3 All my life for Jesus,
I'll sing here all the day;
To sinners I will say,
Give your life for Jesus.—Chorus.

4 All my life for Jesus;
I'm toiling hard and long;
And this shall be my song,
All my life for Jesus.—Chorus.

J. HOWARD WERT.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. I long to join the ho-ly throng That sing the Sav-iour's love; I long to meet those friends of mine That
2. I long to lay this bod-y down To rest from sin and care; And, in the heav'nly home above, Sal-

Je-sus has bought a home for me Be-yond the pearl - y

CHORUS.

dwell in realms above. Je-sus has bought a home for me, a home for me Beyond the pearl-y gates; be-
vation's robes to wear.

gates By faith the gold - en crown I see.

yond the pearly gates; By faith the gold - en crown I see, the crown I see, The prize that me a - waits.

Tossed here and there by cruel waves,
I still can see, by faith,
The Lamb who died on Calvary—
And trust in all he saith.

Then, when the parting hour has come,
And friends stand round my clay,
By faith in him, I hope to soar
To realms of endless day.

No. 84. THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

93

WATTS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1 The Lord my shepherd is, I shall be well sup - plied; Since I am his, and
 2 If e'er I go a - stray, He doth my soul re - claim; And guides me in His

CHORUS.

he is mine, What can I want be - side. } He leads me to the place Where
 own right way, For his most ho - ly name. } He leads me to the place Where

heaven - ly pasture grows; Where living waters gen - tly pass, And full sal - va - tion flows.
 hea - ven - ly pasture grows.

3 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.—Chorus.

4 The bounties of his love
 Shall crown my future days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.—Chorus.

C. WESLEY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. L v - ers of pleas - ure more than God, For you he suf - fer'd pain; For you the
 2 Sin - ners, his life for you he paid; Your tas - est crimes he bore; Your sins were

CHORUS.

Sa - viour spilt his blood, And shall he bleed in vain? Come to Je - sus to - day,
 all on Je - sus laid, That you might sin no more.

Time is passing a - way, Come, no longer de - lay, T - morrow may be too late.

3. To earth the great Redeemer came,
 That you might come to heaven;
 Believe, believe on Jesus' name,
 And all your sins forgiven.—*Chorus.*

4. Believe in him who died for thee,
 And, sure as he has died,
 Thy debt is paid, thy soul is free,
 And thou art justified.—*Chorus.*

S. D. PHELPS.

H. S. PERKINS.

1 O Lord, in whom are all my springs, With joy to thee I come; My grate-ful heart ex-
2 Tho shel-ter of thy glo-rious arms, How strong and safe and sweet! From sense and sin, from

CHORUS.

ult-ant sings To know thou art its home. } My Lord! if now I find in thee So
all a-larms, I fly to this re-treat. }

blest and sweet a home; What shall the heav'n-ly man-sion be When to its door I come.

3 Here is my sure and tranquil rest
In every troubled hour:
Weary I lean upon Thy breast,
And feel its soothing power.—*Chorus.*

4 In that dear place of purest love,
What wings encircle me!
Naught in the world can ever move
My trusting heart from Thee.—*Chorus.*

1. In the days of his flesh they brought lit-tle chil-dren That Je-sus might touch them when
2. His bow-els of mer-cy, love and com-pas-sion, Were touched when he saw the dis-

placed by his knee. While bringing them forth, the dis-ci-ples re-buked them; But Je-sus said, "Lit-tle ones,
ci-ples so free; For he was displeas-ed to be-hold their pri-va-tion, And said to the lit-tle ones,

CHORUS.

Come un-to me, Come un-to me, Come un-to me." Je-sus said, "Lit-tle ones, come un-to me."
"Come un-to me."

3. Yes, suffer the children. As heirs of my kingdom,
I welcome them all; for the banquet is free.
Oh, never forbid them. I come now to save them,
And say to the little ones,—“Come unto me.”

4. The children are welcome, welcome to Jesus.
To little ones ever the promise is given.
The Saviour declares it; his word now assures us
Of such little ones is the kingdom of heaven.

No. 88. WAITING BY THE RIVER.

97

C. WESLEY.

Arranged by S. R. ELLENBERGER.

1. Hap - py soul, thy days are end - ing, All thy morning days be - low; Go, the an - gel guards at -
 2. Wait - ing to receive thy spir - it, Lo, the Saviour stands a - bove; Shows the purchase of his

CHORUS.

tend - ing, To the sight of Je - sus go. We are waiting by the riv - er,
 mer - it, Reach - es out the crown of love.

We are watching by the shore, On - ly waiting for the Sa - viour, He will come and bear us o'er.

Repeat pp.

3. Struggle through thy latest passion,
 To thy great Redeemer's breast;
 To his uttermost salvation,
 To his everlasting rest—*Chorus.*

4. For the joy he sets before thee,
 Bear a momentary pain;
 Die, to live a life of glory;
 Suffer, with thy Lord to reign.—*Chorus.*

DR. BONAR.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1 I heard the voice of Je - sus say: "Come un - to me and rest, Lay down, thou wea - ry

CHORUS.

one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." That voice so low and full of love, I

an - swered, "L'rd, I come!" He bow'd his ear from heav'n a - bove, And bade me wel - come home.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say:
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water, thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink and live."—*Chorus.*

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say:
 "I am this dark world's light;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
 And all thy day be bright."—*Chorus.*

No. 90. ONLY ONE HOUR TOO LATE.

99

GEORGE S. HOLMES.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 On-ly an hour too late, When the end of time shall come; Waiting too long,—on-ly an hour;—But
 2 On ly an hour too late In seek - ing the bet - ter part; De - lay - ing too long — on - ly an hour— In

lost the im - mor - tal home. On - ly an hour too long in sin, Following the road tending down; Too
 giv - ing to Christ thy heart. On - ly an hour too long in doubt, Whether on God to be - lieve; Too

REFRAIN.

long in wearing the dross of earth, And lost an e - ter - nal crown. On - ly an hour too late,
 long in doubting un - til it is Too late for him to re - ceive.

rall. Only an

on - ly an hour too late, too late, on - ly an hour, but for - ev - er too late, too late.

hour too late, only an hour too late,

Rev. B. M. ADAMS, by per.

E. T. COFFIN.

1 Sad and wea-ry with my long - ing, Fill'd with shame, because of sin; As I am in conscious weakness, Here I

CHORUS.

would sal - va - tion win. All I have I leave for Je - sus, I am counting it but dross; I am coming

rit.

to the Mas - ter, I am clinging to the cross; Cling-ing, cling-ing, clinging to the cross.

2 Oh, the joy of knowing Jesus,
It is dawning on my soul;
I am finding his salvation,
And the power that makes me whole.—*Cho.*

3 Oh, refine me by thy spirit,
Make my earthly life sublime;
With my heart a home for Jesus,
'Till I'm done with earth and time.—*Cho.*

No. 92. SWEET EDEN LAND.

101

J. HOWARD WERT.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Sweet E - den land! Sweet E - den land! Once lost, now gain'd for - ev - er. Sweet E - den land! Sweet

CHORUS.

E - den land! Be - yond the roll - ing riv - er. Sweet E - den land! Where
Sweet E - den land!

homes of bliss im - mor - tal, Con - struct - ed by our King's command, Re - ceive us from death's por - tal.

2 Sweet Eden land! Sweet Eden land!
Thy light resplendent shining,
Beams on a valiant, saintly band,
Each brow a wreath entwining.—Chorus.

3 Sweet Eden land! Sweet Eden land!
Our happy home forever.
Sweet Eden land! Sweet Eden land!
Beyond the rolling river.—Chorus.

W. F. COSNER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1 Oh, I love to hear of Je - sus, Who hath died our souls to save;
 2 Oh, I love to hear of Je - sus, Cheer me with the tale of love;
 3 Talk to me, my friends, of Je - sus; Tell that sto - ry sweet and true;

All his peo - ple he re - leas - es From their sins and from the grave.
 Tell to me the sto - ry pre - cious, If from him my feet should rove.
 'Tis a theme that al - ways pleas - es, 'Tis a sto - ry al - ways new.

Of - ten would I hear the sto - ry, How he came for men to die;
 Sing of Je - sus when I'm wea - ry, When my heart is rull of woe;
 When we reach the land of glo - ry, There to dwell with Christ a - bove,

I LOVE TO HEAR OF JESUS. *Concluded.*

103

And pre - pared a home in glo - ry, Where he'll call us by and by.
For his dy - ing love can cheer me, Ev - en to the grave so low.
Sweet - er still shall be the sto - ry, Of the Sa - viour's ten - der love.

CHORUS.

Oh, I love to hear of Je - sus, Who hath died our souls to save;

All the peo - ple he re - leas - es, From their sins and from the grave.

Words by Rev. R. W. TODD.

Music by S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 "I'm nearing the gates," life's pathway is ending, The pathway long radiant with promise and hope; With Christ by my
 2 0 sing, "sing and pray," 'tis no time for weeping, The grave has no terror, and death has no sting; It soon will be

CHORUS.

side, and angels at-tending, I am now to the home of the sav'd going up. 0 sing hal-le-lu-jah, tri-
 o'er, "the farewell and greeting," 0 sing hal-le-lu-jah, tri-umphant-ly sing.

um-phantly sing, I am near - ing the gates, e - ter - ni - ty dawns.
nearing the gates, nearing the gates, I'm nearing the gates, e - ter - ni - ty dawns, e - ter - ni - ty dawns.

3. Eternity dawns, the night is the morning,
 I'm resting in Jesus, a poor sinner saved;
 The beauty of Christ, my princely adorning,
 My soul in a flood-tide of glory is laved.—*Cho.*

4. O Lord, tarry not, delay not the coming,
 The fiery chariot and horses send down;
 I'm nearing the gates, eternity's dawning,
 I fall, a glad victor, to rise to my crown.—*Cho.*

No. 95. THE CHILDREN'S SONG.

105

MONTGOMERY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Ho-san - na, be the children's song, To Christ, the children's King; His praise, to whom our souls belong, Let
 2 Ho-san - na, sound from hill to hill, And spread from plain to plain; While louder, sweeter, clearer still, Woods

CHORUS.

all the children sing. Ho-san - na, let all the child-ren sing, Now let our voice-es ring,
 ech - o to the strain.

Sing-ing for Je - sus, our bless-ed Re - deem-er, For Je - sus, our heav'n - ly King.

3. Hosanna, on the wings of light,
 O'er earth and ocean fly,
 Till morn to eve, and noon to night,
 And heaven to earth reply.—*Chorus.*

4. Hosanna, then, our song shall be,
 Hosanna to our King;
 This is the children's jubilee,
 Let all the children sing.—*Chorus.*

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Je - sus! Je - sus! none but Thou E'er mine end, mine aim shall be! Lo, I make my covenant vow;
 2 One there is for whom I live, Whom I love both morn and even; Christ it is, to whom I give,
 3 What - s - e'er my good may seem, If Thine eyes as ill it see, Take it hence, destroy my dream,

Meek to bow my will to Thee, So Thy love my spir - it fill, I can rest in Thy dear will.
 All His love to me has giv'n, If Thy blood but cleanse me still, Lead me, Lord, as Thou dost will!
 On - ly grant what pleas - es Thee, Give Thy - self through good and ill; Give Thy - self, and I am still!

CHORUS.

Sweet rest in Je - sus, I'm rest - ing in his love; I'm
 Sweetly rest - ing in Je - sus, Sweetly rest - ing in Je - sus,

SWEET REST IN JESUS. *Concluded.*
rall.

107

rest - - ing in Je - - sus, Sweet-ly rest - ing in His love.
Sweet-ly resting in Je - sus, Sweet-ly resting in Je - sus.

H. R. PALMER, by per. No. 97. LOOKING TO JESUS.

1 { Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin; Each vic'try will help you Some other to win. He'll carry you
2 { Fight manfully on-ward, Dark passions subdue; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you
3 { Shun e-vil compan-ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name held in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain. He'll carry you
4 { Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind-hearted and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you

REFRAIN.

Repeat pp.

through. Ask the Saviour to help you, Comfort,strengthen,and keep you; He is willing to aid you,He will carry you through.

JOHN NUTON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me;
2 Through ma - ny dan - gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;

I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
'Tis grace hath brought me safe this far, And grace shall lead me home.

'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear; And grace my fears re - liev'd;
The Lord has prom - ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;

How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - liev'd.
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.

CHORUS.

By grace I'm saved, by grace I'm saved, By grace I'm saved through faith ;

'Tis grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace shall lead me home.

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

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

1. With tear - ful eyes I look a - round, Life seems a dark and storm - y sea; Yet, 'midst the gloom, I
2. It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my soul may flee; Oh, to the wea - ry,

p **CHORUS.**
hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me." Come un - to me all ye that
faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

la - bor, And are heav - y la - den, And I will give you rest, I will give you rest.

3. When nature shudders, loth to part
From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."—*Chorus.*

4. Come, for all else must fail and die;
Earth is no resting place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eyes,
I am thy portion, "Come to me."—*Chorus.*

No. 100. IN THEE I AM TRUSTING.

111

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

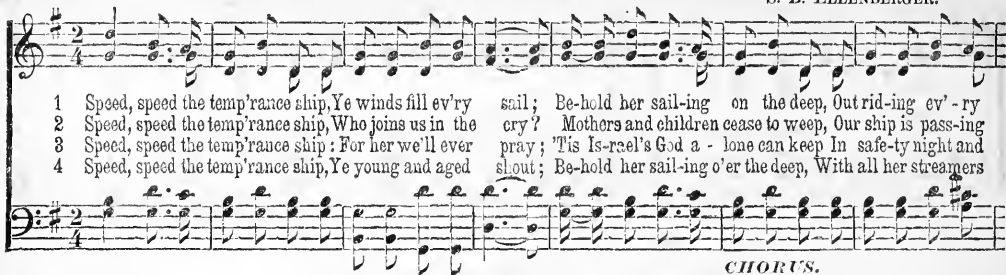
1 My Sa-viour in thee I am trust-ing, I know that thou car-est for me; I see thy bright face o'er me
 2 Sometimes the way seemeth so lone-ly, Be-set with tempta-tions and care; With burthens of sor-row and
 3 It is but a short, weary sea-son That I in this lone-ly world have; Yes, on-ly a lit-tle more

beam-ing, And cheer-ing my path-way to thee. Al-though I am oft-en com-plain-ing, For-
 tri-al, That seem-eth too hea-vy to bear. I oft-en give way, bless-ed Sa-viour, To
 sor-row, Be-fore I go down to the grave. Thou, Sa-viour, I pray thee at-tend me, And

get-ting my Sa-viour so true; Yet, Je-sus, I pray thee for-give me, And guide me till heaven I view.
 tri-vi-al cares of this life; Yet help me, my Saviour, to bear them, And let me be strong in the strif.
 guide me a-cross to the shore, Where sorrow and sighing and trou-ble, Are suffered and fear-ed no more.

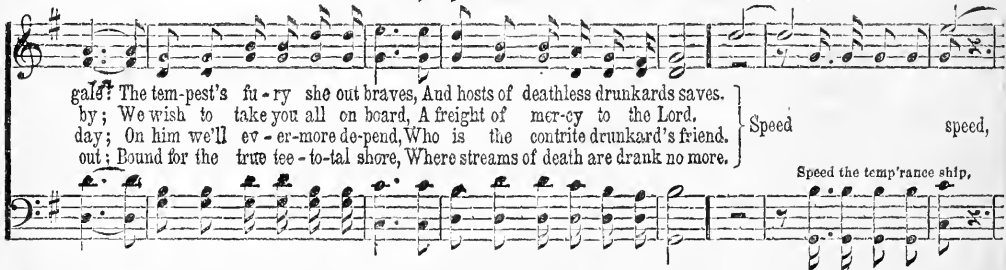
No. 101. SPEED THE TEMPERANCE SHIP.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.



1 Speed, speed the temp'rance ship, Ye winds fill ev'ry sail; Be-hold her sail-ing on the deep, Out rid-ing ev'-ry
 2 Speed, speed the temp'rance ship, Who joins us in the cry? Mothers and children cease to weep, Our ship is pass-ing
 3 Speed, speed the temp'rance ship: For her we'll ever pray; 'Tis Is-ra-el's God a - lone can keep In safe-ty night and
 4 Speed, speed the temp'rance ship, Ye young and aged shout; Be-hold her sail-ing o'er the deep, With all her streamers

CHORUS.



gale! The tem-pest's fu-ry she out braves, And hosts of deathless drunkards saves.
 by; We wish to take you all on board, A freight of mer-cy to the Lord,
 day; On him we'll ev-er-more de-pend, Who is the contrite drunkard's friend. } Speed speed,
 out: Bound for the true tee-to-tal shore, Where streams of death are drank no more.

Speed the temp'rance ship,



Speed, the temp'rance ship, speed, oh, speed the temp'rance ship, Speed, Speed, the temp'rance

SPEED THE TEMPERANCE SHIP. Concluded.

113

speed, ship, Speed the temp' - rance ship, speed, Oh, speed the temp' - rance ship. Oh, speed the temp' - rance ship, Speed the temp' - rance ship.

No. 102. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.

Our Father, who art in heaven,
Give us this
And lead us not into temptation, but de

hal - lowed be thy name;
day our dai - ly bread,
liv - er us from evil;

thy kingdom come, thy will be done on
and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive
for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the

earth as it is in heaven.
those who trespass a - gainst us.
glory for ever. A - men.

1 We are sail-ing o'er the o-cean To a far and for-ign shore; And the waves are dashing round us, And we
 2 Though the skies are dark a-bove us, And the waves are dashing high, Let us look toward the bea-con, We shall
 3 He will keep it ev-er burn-ing From the lighthouse of his love; And it always shines the brightest When the

hear the breakers roar; But we look a-bove the billows, In the dark-ness of the night: And we see the
 reach it by and by; 'Tis the light of God's great mer-cy, And he holds it up in view As a guide star
 skies are dark a-bove; If we keep our eyes up - on it, And we steer our course a-right, We shall reach the

CHORUS.

stead-y gleam-ing Of our change-less bea-con light.
 to his chil-dren, As a guide to me and you. Oh, the light is flash-ing bright-ly From a
 har-bor safe-ly, By the bless-ed bea-con light.

calm and storm-less shore, Where we hope to cast our an-chor, When we've crossed the o-cean o'er.

This musical score is for the concluding part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a final cadence. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

No. 104. SALVATION.

WATTS.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound: What pleasure to our ears: A sov'reign balm for every wound, A cordial for our fears.
 2 Sal-va-tion! let the ech-o fly The spacious earth around. While all the armies of the sky, Conspire to raise the sound.
 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb, To thee the praise belong; Salvation shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

This musical score is for the hymn 'No. 104. SALVATION.' It is in G minor (two flats) and 4/4 time. The score includes three verses of lyrics and a chorus. The melody is more complex than the first hymn, with some syncopation and a strong harmonic structure. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

Sal-va-tion; sal-va-tion; Salva-tion full and free. Sal-va-tion; sal-va-tion; Salva-tion full and free.

This block shows the chorus of the hymn. It continues the musical notation from the previous block, featuring the same treble and bass staves in G minor and 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below the treble staff.

1 Oh, show me now thy way! My path is dark: I can - not see. Oh,
 2 Oh, show me now thy way! Dark clouds are ris - ing, and I fear, As

CHORUS.

for a beam of light from thee! Sav - our, dispense a cheering ray. Oh, show me now thy
 I bshold them drawing near. O Sav-iour, drive these clouds a-way!

way And let me walk therein: For - bid that I should ever stray And fail my crown to win!

3. Oh, show me now thy way!
 Huge enemies beset me round
 I daily walk on hostile ground:
 Oh, drive the monsters fierce away!

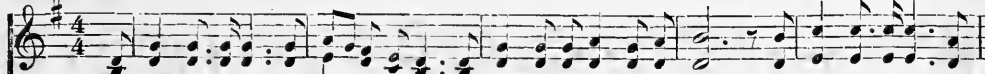
4. Oh, show me now thy way!
 My pathway steps are slow and weak.
 Thy help, O Lord, I fain would seek:
 Be thou my strong support and stay!

No. 106. WE PRAISE THEE.

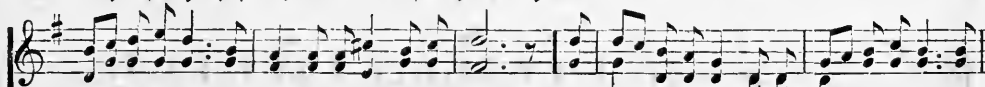
117

Miss LIZZIE WILSON.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

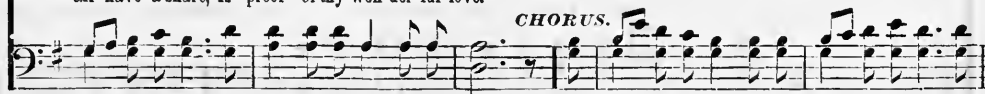


1 We gath-er to-day with teachers and friends To sing of thy goodness and love; Who noth-ing with-holds, but
2 For all of thy gifts and ten-der-est care We praise thee, O Father a-bove; That we in these mercies



gra-ciously sends Each bless-ing we have from a-bove.
all have a share, Is proof of thy won-der-ful love.

We praise thee and bless thee, our Saviour and King, Ho-



CHORUS.



san-nas wes-ing to thy name. How glad-ly to thee our trib-ute we bring. To-day and for-ev-er the same.



3. We praise thee again, with heart and with voice,
For teachers so kind and so dear;
Who pray - Wisdom's ways may still be our choice;
That early her call we may hear.

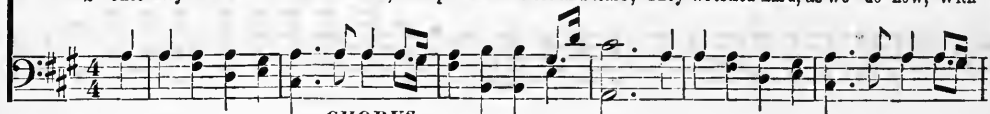
4. Oh, keep us, dear Saviour, near to thy side,
And ne'er let us wander away;
In thy loving arms oh, may we abide!
Thy will may we gladly obey!

No. 107. THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN.

Arranged by S. B. ELLENBERGER.



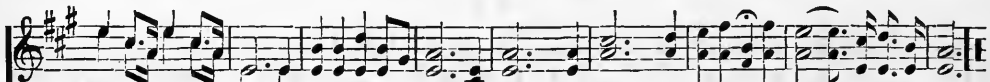
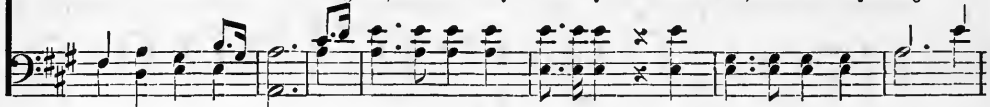
1 Give me the wings of faith to rise With - in the veil and see The saints a - bove, how great their joy, How
2 Once they were mourners here below, And poured out cries and tears; They wrestled hard, as we do now, With



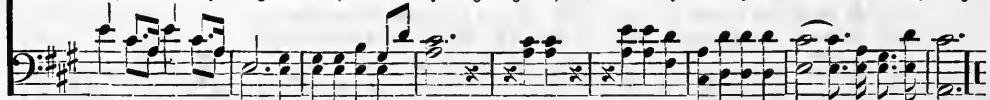
CHORUS.



bright their glo - ries be.
sins and doubts and fears. O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry? O death, where is thy sting? O



death, where is thy sting? O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy vic-to-ry? O death, where is thy sting?



3 I ask them whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb, -
Their triumph to his death.

4 They marked the footsteps that he trod;
His zeal inspired their breast;
And, following their incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.

No. 108. THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

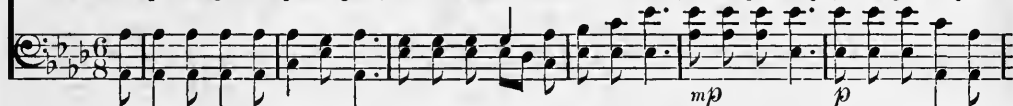
119

JOHN TESSEYMAN.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.



1 The summer flow'rs are fair and bright, Bathing themselves in sunny light, Drinking the dew, drinking the dew; But
2 Those precious gems of sparkling hue, Which deck the brow of monarchs true, Flashing their light, flashing their light; E-



cres.



love-li - er far are those flow'rs that grow, In the good man's life as he walks below; He basks in the light of
clips'd are these all by those gems of grace, Which you e'er in the good man's life may trace, As he walks by faith, with his



heav'nly glow, With a heart all pure and whiter than snow, A Christian true, a Chris - tian true.
hopes ablaze, In the cloudless light of his Fa - ther's face, In sweet delight, in sweet de - light.



S. MEDLEY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 Mor - tals, awake, with an - gels join And chant the sol - emn lay; Joy, love, and grati - tude com - line.

To hail th'auspic - ious day. In heav'n the rapt'rous song be - gan, And sweet, se -
To hail th'auspic - ious day, th'au - spic - ious day, And sweet, se -

raph - ic fire Through all the shin - ing le - gions ran, And strung and tun'd the lyre.
raph - ic fire Through all the shin - ing, shin - ing le - gions ran, And strung and tun'd the lyre, and tun'd the lyre.

H. S. PERKINS.

1 My Lord, I am Thine! Thy say - ing I hear, No an - swer is mine ex - tort - ed by fear; Thy
2 My Lord, I am Thine! my flesh and my soul; My Lord, I am Thine! I of - fer the whole; My

blood it hath bought me, and all that I have, Thy grace it shall claim me, for - ev - er to save.
days in their fresh-ness, the best of my health, My time and my tal-ents, my treas-ures and wealth.

3 My Lord, I am Thine! forever to be
Through sunshine or storm, devoted to Thee;
A gift never cancelled, though Satan allure,
A life sealed for heaven, kept steadfast and pure.

4 My Lord, I am Thine! safe guarded from harm,
For now Thou art mine, I rest on Thine arm;
Thy love shall surround me, and conquer my foes,
While I on Thy promise in calmness repose.

CONCLUDED FROM OPPOSITE PAGE.

2 Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
And loud the echo rolled;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
'Twas more than heaven could hold.
Down through the portals of the sky
The impetuous torrent ran,
And angels flew, with eager joy,
To bear the news to man.

3 With joy the chorus we repeat,
"Glory to God on high!"
Good-will and peace are heard throughout,
Jesus was born to die.
Hail, Prince of life, forever hail!
Redeemer, Brother, Friend;
Though earth, and time, and life shall fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

J. HOWARD WERT.

W. K. GROFF.

1 Faith takes us gently by the hand, And points us to the promised land; The land that has no night, no death Nor

CHORUS.

sick - ness with its poisoning breath. Faith takes us gently by the hand, And leads us on, and

leads us on: There are no lag - gards in our band, As we press on as we press on.

2 Faith points to brighter worlds above,
Where all is truth, and peace, and love;
Where balmy skies are ever bright
With God's eternal peace and light.—Chorus.

3 Faith is the anchor we have cast;
Faith leads us till each danger past;
Secure, in realms beyond the veil,
The throne of God we gladly hail.—Chorus.

1 We are but young, yet we may sing The praises of our heav'nly King; He made the earth, the sea, the sky, And
 2 We are but young, yet we have heard The gospel news, the heav'nly word: If we de-spise the on-ly way, Dread-

CHORUS.

all the star - ry worlds on high, } We are but young, yet we may sing The praises of our
 ful will be the judg - ment day. } We are but young yet we may sing The prais - es of our

heav'nly King, Lord, may we we ear - ly seek thy grace, And find in Christ a hid - ing - place.
 heav'n - ly King, Lord, may we ear - ly seek thy grace, And find in Christ a hid - ing - place.

3 We are but young—we need a guide;
 Jesus, in thee we would confide;
 Oh, lead us in the path of truth;
 Protect and bless our helpless youth.—*Chorus.*

4 We are but young—yet God has shed
 Unnumbered blessings on our head;
 Then let our youth and riper days
 Be all devoted to his praise.—*Chorus.*

No. 113. SHOW ME THY FACE.

R. G. STAPLES.

1 Show me thy face—one tran - sient gleam Of love - li - ness di - vine; And I shall nev - er
2 Show me thy face—my faith and love Shall henceforth fix - ed be; And noth - ing here have

think or dream Of oth - er love save thine. All less - er lights will dark - en quite, All
pow'r to move My soul's se - ren - i - ty. My life shall seem a trance, a dream, And

low - er glo - ries wane,—The beau - ti - ful of earth will scarce Seem beau - ti - ful a - gain.
all I feel and see Il - lu - sive, vis - ion - a - ry, thou The one re - al - i - ty.

3 Show me thy face—the heaviest cross
Will then seem light to bear;
There will be gain in every loss,
And peace with every care.

With such light feet the years will fleet,
Life seems as brief as blest,
Till I have laid my burthen down,
And entered into rest.

No. 114. "WALK IN THE LIGHT."

125

B. BARTON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. Walk in the light! so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love His spir-it on-ly can be-stow Who
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt find Thy heart made tru-ly His Who dwells in cloud-less light enshrined, In

Let us walk . . . in the light, In the light of

CHORUS.

reigus in light a-bove. Let us walk in the light, let us walk in the light, Walk in the light of
whom no dark-ness is.

God, Let us walk in the light, Walk in the light of God.

God; Let us walk in the light of God, Walk in the light of God.

3 Walk in the light! and thou shalt own
Thy darkness pass'd away,
Because that Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect day.

4 Walk in the light! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquer'd there.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1 Say, is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see; For if it were burning, then
 2 There are ma-ny and ma-ny a-round you Who fol - low wherev-er you go, If you thought that they walked in the
 3 If once all the lamps that are lighted Should stead - i - ly blaze out in line Wide ov - er the earth and the

is your lamp burning, my brother? I pray you look quickly and see; For if it were burning, then

sure - ly Some beams would fall bright up - on me. Straight, straight is the road; but I fal - ter, And
 shad - ow, Your lamp would burn brightly, I know. Up - on the dark mountains they stum - ble; They
 o - cean, What a gir - dle of glo - ry would shine! How all the dark pla - ces would light - en! How

sure - ly Some beams would fall bright up - on me.

D. C. to CHORUS.

oft I shall fall by the way, Then lift your lamp higher, my brother, Lest I should make fatal de - lay.
 fall on the rocks, and they lie With their white, pleading faces turned upward To the clouds and the pitiful sky. } Say,
 the mist would roll up and away! How the earth would laugh out in her gladness, And hail the milli - ni - al day!

No. 116. THE GREAT SHEPHERD.

127

J. HOWARD WERT.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 The Lord, my Shep-herd, will pro-vide, No oth-er help I need be-side; In sor-row and distress and

CHORUS.

grief, The Lord will ev-er bring re-lief. Oh thou great Shepherd of the sheep, Pro-tect, pro-vide,

and com-fort me; In thine own way, O Sa-viour, lead, And keep me ev-er close to thee.

2 Firm as the mountain's giant wall,
His promise sure remains to all;
But trust in him, and thou shalt find
Relief for burdens of the mind.—*Chorus.*

3 The Lord, my Shepherd, will provide,
And land me on the other side;
When free from sin and pain and grief,
With God I shall fore'er remain.—*Chorus.*

1 Je - sus, Sa - vour, great Ex - am - ple, Pat - tern of all pu - ri - ty, I would fol - low in thy
2 Lest I wan - der from thy pathway, Or my feet move wea - ri - ly, Sa - vior, take my hand and

CHORUS.

footsteps, Dai - ly grow - ing more like thee. More like thee, more like thee, Sa - vour,
lead me, Keep me steadfast: more like thee. More like thee, more like thee,

this my constant prayer shall be, — Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like thee.

3 When temptations fiercely lower,
And my shrinking soul would flee,
Change each weakness into power,
Keep me spotless: more like thee.

4 When around me all is darkness,
And thy beauties none may see,
May thy beams, O Glorious Brightness,
In effulgence shine through me.

No. 118. AT HOME IN HEAVEN.

129

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Arr. by S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be; Life from the dead is
 2 Here in the bod y pent, Ab - sent from him I roam; Yet night - ly pitch my

CHORUS.

in the word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty. } Oh, hea - ven, sweet hea - ven, Heav'n of the
 mov - ing tent, A day's march near - er home. }

blest; When shall I be there, in its glo - ries to share, And to lean on Je - sus' breast.

3 "Forever with the Lord;"
 Father, if 'tis thy will,
 The promise of that faithful word,
 E'en here to me fulfill.—Chorus.

4 So when my latest breath,
 Shall rend the veil in twain;
 By death I shall escape from death,
 And life eternal gain.—Chorus.

CATHARINE HANKEY.

WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1 I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things a - bove; Of Je - sus and his glory, Of Je - sus and his
2 I love to tell the sto - ry: More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies Of all the gold - en

love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I know 'tis true; It sat - isfies my longings, As nothing else can do.
dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry: It did so much for me! And that is just the reas - on I tell it now to thee.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and his love.

3 I love to tell the story:
'Tis pleasant to repeat
What seems, each time I tell it,
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the story:
For some have never heard
The message of salvation,
From God's own holy word—Chorus.

No. 120. JUST AS THOU WILT.

131

ANON.

JOHN R. SWENEY. by per.

Slow.

1. Just as thou wilt. No more I pray That thou wouldst take this cross a -
 2. Just as thou wilt. I can - not see The path thy love marks out for

way. I on - ly ask for grace to say, - Thy will, no mine, be done, be
 me! Re - signed, I leave the choice to thee, - Thy will, not mine, be done, be

done, Thy will, not mine, Thy will, not mine, Thy will, not mine, be done, be done.

Just as thou wilt. Though called to part
 With dearest friends, until my heart
 Quiver beneath thy piercing dart, -
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

Just as thou wilt. O Lamb divine,
 What grief can be compared to thine?
 Then let thy prayer henceforth be mine, -
 Thy will, not mine, be done.

T. WATTS.

Arr by S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 I know that my Re-deem - er lives, Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah What
joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah He } Praise ye the Lord.
lives, my ev - er - last - ing Head!

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, oh, my soul; Glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

2 He lives, to bless me with his love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.—*Chorus.*

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.—*Chorus.*

Tune, *Migdol.**No. 122.*

1 Ye Christian heroes, go proclaim
Salvation through Immanuel's name;
To distant climes the tidings bear,
And plant the Rose of Sharon there.

2 He'll shield you with a wall of fire,
With flaming zeal your breasts inspire;

Bid raging winds their fury cease,
And hush the tempest into peace.

3 And when your labors all are o'er,
Then we shall meet to part no more;
Meet, with the blood-bought throng to fall—
And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

No. 123. THAT BLISSFUL PLACE.

133

ANON.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.



1. There is a place where my hopes are stay'd, My heart and my treasure are there; Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And
2. There is a place where the angels dwell, A pure and a peaceful abode. The joys of that place no tongue can tell, But



That bliss - ful place, my fa - ther's land,



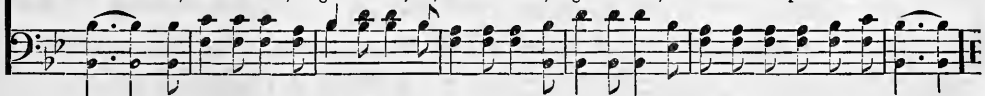
fields are e - ternal - ly fair. That blissful place, that blissful place, my father's land, my father's land, Oh, how I long to be
there is the palace of God.



Oh, bear me home, an - gel - ic band.



there! Oh, bear me home, an - gel - ic band, Oh, bear me home, an - gel - ic band, And waft me in peace to that shore.



There is a place where my friends are gone,
Who suffered and worshipped with me:
Exalted with Christ, high on his throne,
The King in his beauty they see.

There is a place where I hope to live
When life and its labors are o'er;
A place which the Lord to me will give;
And then I shall sorrow no more.

With spirit.

1 Bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord, oh, my soul, And
Oh, my soul, and

all that is with - in me bless his ho - ly name, and all that is with - in me bless his ho - ly name, And for -
all with - in me bless his ho - ly name, and all with - in me bless his ho - ly name.

get not all his ben - e - fits, and for - get not all his ben - e - fits. Who for - giv - eth all thine in -

BLESS THE LORD. *Concluded.*

135

fir - mi - ties, who healeth all thy dis - eas - es, who re - deem - eth thy life from de - struc - tion, Who

crowne th thee with lov - ing kind - ness and ten - der mer - cies, Who crowne th thee with lov - ing

kindness and ten - der mer - cies. Bless the Lord, bless the Lord.
Bless his ho - ly name, Bless his ho - ly name

WILL. M. MAY.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 On - ly trust - ing in the Lord, And the prom - ise of his word; Ev' - ry
 2 On - ly trust - ing in his name, Ev' - ry prom - ise seems so plain; I will

CHORUS.

mo - ment seems so sweet, While I'm rest - ing at his feet. } On - ly trust - ing in the Lord, And the
 trust him while I can, For he leads me by the hand.

prom - ise of his word; Ev' - ry mo - ment seems so sweet, While I'm rest - ing at his feet.

3 Only trusting all the time,
 Heaven surely will be mine;
 Only trusting by the way,
 All will be as bright as day.—Chorus.

4 Only trusting to the end,
 Jesus then will be my friend;
 Only trusting, all is love,
 I have found my home above.—Chorus.

Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.

1 A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rug-ged road; How it seems to help me
2 Ah, this is what I'm want-ing, His love - ly face to see; And I'm not a-fraid to

on - ward, When I faint be-neath my load; When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, And my
say it, I know he's want-ing me; He gave his life a ran - som, To

eyes with tears are dim; There is naught can yield me com - fort, Like a lit - tle talk with him.
make me all his own; And he'll ne'er for-get his prom-ise, To me his pur-chased one.

3 I cannot live without him,
Nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion,
My medicine and food.

He is altogether lovely;
None can with him compare;
Chiefest among ten thousand,
And fairest of the fair.

No. 127. LIGHTS ALONG THE SHORE.

Arr. by WM. G. FISCHER. By per.

1 { I'm a pil-grim and a strang-er pass-ing ov - er; The road may be rough, but 'tis clear;
And a star-ry crown a-waits me o'er the riv - er, And

2 { Some-times I meet with tri - als on my jour - ney; Temp - ta - tion and sor - row by the way;
But Je - sus speaks, and says: "I'm ev-er near thee, To

CHORUS.

Je - sus bids me welcome there. } There are lights along the shore, That nev-er grow dim, that nev-er, nev-er grow
guide to realms of end-less day." }

dim; These souls are all a - flame with the love of Je - sus' name, They guide us, yes, they guide us un - to him.

No. 128. A FEW MORE YEARS.

139

H. BONAR.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1 A few more years shall roll, A few more sea-sons come; And we shall be with
 2 A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time; And we shall be where

CHORUS.

those that rest, A - sleep with - in the tomb. } Then, oh, my Lord, pre - pare My
 suns are not, A far se - ren - er clime. }

soul for that great day; Oh, wash me in thy pre - cious blood, And take my sins a - way.

3 A few more storms shall beat
 On this wild, rocky shore;
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.—Chorus.

4 A few more struggles here;
 A few more partings o'er;
 A few more tolls, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.—Chorus.

The musical score is arranged in two systems. Each system consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The first system contains the first two lines of music, and the second system contains the next two lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line with chords and some melodic movement in the right hand.

1 Oh, when shall I see Jesus,
And dwell with him above,
To drink the flowing fountain
Of everlasting love.

CHORUS.—I do love Jesus, oh, glory,
I do love Jesus,
His name so sweet.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My captain's gone before,
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear.

3 And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers,
Eternal life shall have.

4 And if you meet with troubles,
And trials on the way,
Then cast your care on Jesus,
And don't forget to pray.

5 Gird on the heavenly armor
Of faith, and hope, and love,
And when your race is ended,
You'll reign with him above.

6 Oh, do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend ;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not refuse to lend.

7 Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request,
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

GOD IS LOVE.

141

J. STEVENSON.

CHORUS. *faster.*

Repeat pp.

No. 130.

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

CHORUS.—God is love, I know I feel,
Jesus weeps and loves me still,
Jesus, weeps, he weeps and loves me still.

- 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.

No. 131.

- 1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling:
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, and harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying:
"Here am I, send me, send me."
- 2 Let none hear you idly saying:
"There is nothing I can do;"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you.
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth:
"Here am I, send me, send me."

Tune, *Forest.**No. 132.*

- 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 Fain would I learn of thee, my God,
Thy light and easy burden prove ;
The cross all stained with hallow'd blood,
The labor of thy dying love.
- 5 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.

No. 133.

- 1 Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy ;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and he destroy.
- 2 His sov'reign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men ;
And when like wand'ring sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise ;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command ;
Vast as eternity thy love ;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

No. 134. Doxology. L. M.

- Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.



No. 135.

- 1 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.
- 2 Cold, on his cradle, the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,—
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour, of all.
- 3 Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Eden and off'rings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?
- 4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favor secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

No. 136.

- 1 Come, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve;
Come, with guilt hopes and fears oppressed,
And make this last resolve.
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.
- 4 I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

1 The spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim;
 Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Doth his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly, to the list'ning earth,
 Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What, though in solemn silence all,
 Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
 What, though no real voice nor sound,
 Amid the radiant orbs be found;
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice;
 Forever singing as they shine,
 The Hand that made us is divine.

GETHSEMANE.

145

Arr. by W. A. TARBUTTON.

FINE.

D.C.

The musical score is written for a single melodic line on a treble clef and a bass line on a bass clef. The time signature is 3/4. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The piece concludes with a 'FINE' marking and a 'D.C.' (Da Capo) instruction. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings.

No. 138.

- 1 While nature was sinking in stillness to rest,
The last beams of day-light shone dim in the west;
O'er fields, by pale moonlight, in lonely retreat,
In deep meditation I wandered my feet.
- 2 While passing a garden, I paused to hear
A voice faint and plaintive, from one that was
there;
The voice of the suff'rer affected my heart,
While pleading in anguish the poor sinner's part.
- 3 So deep were his sorrows, so fervent his prayers,
That down o'er his bosom roll'd sweat, blood,
and tears,
I wept to behold him; I ask'd him his name;
He answered,—'Tis Jesus! from heaven I came.
- 4 I am thy Redeemer! for thee I must die;
The cup is most bitter, but cannot pass by!
Thy sins, like a mountain, are laid upon me;
And all this deep anguish I suffer for thee.
- 5 How sweet was that moment he bade me rejoice,
Hissmile, O how pleasant! how cheering his voice!
I flew from the garden to spread it abroad,
I shouted Salvation! and Glory to God!

- 6 The day of bright glory is rolling around,
When Gabriel, descending, the trumpet shall
sound;
My soul then in raptures of glory shall rise,
To gaze on that Stranger with unclouded eyes.

Tune, *Aletta*.

No. 139.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,—
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 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 the cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my 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.

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/8 time signature. It begins with a series of eighth notes and quarter notes, followed by a section marked with a fermata and a 'f' dynamic marking. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

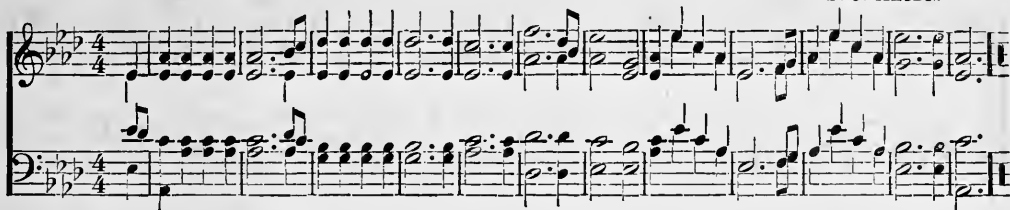
The second system of music also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system, ending with a section marked 'FINE.' and 'D.S.' (Da Capo). The lower staff continues the accompaniment, concluding with a final chord.

1 Vain, delusive world, adieu,
 With all of creature good:
 Only Jesus I pursue,
 Who bought me with his blood:
 All thy pleasures I forego;
 I trample on thy wealth and pride;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

2 Him to know is life and peace,
 And pleasure without end;
 This is all my happiness,
 On Jesus to depend;

Daily in his grace to grow,
 And ever in his faith abide;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

3 O that I could all invite,
 This saving truth to prove;
 Show the length, the breadth, the height,
 And depth of Jesus' love!
 Fain I would to sinners show
 The blood by faith alone applied;
 Only Jesus will I know,
 And Jesus crucified.

*No. 141.*

- 1 Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armor on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son ;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in his mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,
With all his strength endued ;
But take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God :
- 4 That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may o'ercome, through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

Tune, *Martyn.**No. 142.*

- 1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high ;
Hide me, oh, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past ;

Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

- 2 Other refuge have I none ;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee :
Leave, oh, leave me not alone ;
Still support and comfort me :
All my trust on thee is stayed ;
All my help from thee I bring ;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.
- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,—
Grace to cover all my sin :
Let the healing streams abound ;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art ;
Freely let me take of thee :
Spring thou up within my heart ;
Rise to all eternity.

No. 143. Doxology. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Mrs. LYDIA SIGOURNEY.

W. A. TARBUTTON.

*No. 144.*

- 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 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove;
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.
- 4 My one desire be this,—
Thy only love to know;
To seek and taste no other bliss,—
No other good below.
- 5 My life, my portion thou;
Thou all-sufficient art:
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

No. 145.

- 1 Laborers of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil;
The due of promise from the skies,
Already cheers the soil.
- 2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Disperse your hallowed store.
- 3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love,
A mantle round your breast.
- 4 So shall you share the wealth
That earth may ne'er despoil;
And the blest gospel's saving health,
Repay your arduous toil.

No. 146. Doxology.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore;
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

149

OLD MELODY.

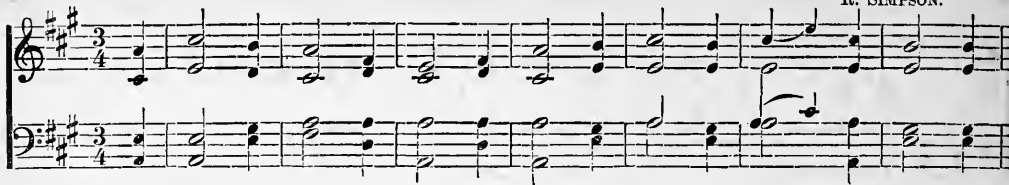
Musical score for 'The Cleansing Fountain'. It consists of two systems of music, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is marked with a 'C' time signature and a '4/4' time signature. The second system is marked with 'FINE.' and 'D.S.'. The music is written in a simple, folk-like style with a steady rhythm.

No. 147.

- 1 There is a fountain fill'd with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see,
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood,
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.
- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.

Tune, *Rockingham*. No. 148.

- 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:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

*No. 149.*

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning 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 souls so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

No. 150.

- 1 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fix'd in God.
- 2 Oh, that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow;
Burn up the dross of base desire,
And make the mountains flow.
- 3 Oh, that it now from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume:
Come, Holy Ghost, for thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.
- 4 Refining fire, go through my heart;
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

No. 151.

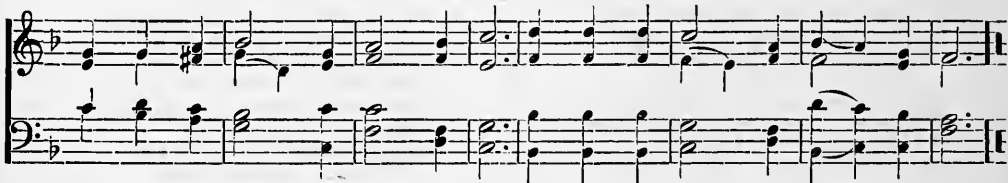
- 1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet ;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.
- 3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head ;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.
- 4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

Tune, *The Solid Rock*. No. 152.

- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness ;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

CHORUS.—On Christ, the solid Rock I stand ;
All other ground is sinking sand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace ;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vale :
- 3 When He shall come with trumpet sound,
Oh, may I then in Him be found ;
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne !

*No. 153.*

- 1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.
- 2 What is my being but for thee,—
Its sure support, its noblest end?
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.
- 3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,—
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.
- 4 His work my hoary age shall bless,
When youthful vigor is no more;
And my last hour of life confess
His saving love, his glorious power.

No. 154.

- 1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent;
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went,
Should not the servant tread it still?
- 2 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near a kingdom and a crown.
- 3 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray,
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway,
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, far exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

Tune, *Woodworth. No. 155. L. M.*

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind;
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee I find,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am, thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Tune, *Coronation. No. 156. C. M.*

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

Tune, *We'll work, etc. No. 157. C. M.*

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

Tune, *Nettleton. No. 158*

- 1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above:
Praise the mount—I'm fix'd upon it;
Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

Tune, *Maitland. No. 159. C. M.*

- 1 Oh, joyful sound of gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear;
I, even I, shall see his face,—
I shall be holy here.
- 2 The glorious crown of righteousness
To me reach'd out I view:
Conqueror through him, I soon shall seize,
And wear it as my due.
- 3 The promised land, from Pisgah's top,
I now exult to see:
My hope is full, (O glorious hope!)
Of immortality.
- 4 With me, I know, I feel, thou art;
But this cannot suffice,
Unless thou plantest in my heart
A constant paradise.

Tune, *St. Thomas. No. 160. S. M.*

- 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.

Tune, *Mear. No. 161. C. M.*

- 1 God moves in a mysterious
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take:
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 3 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour:
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Tune, *Golden Hill. No. 162. S. M.*

- 1 O, come and dwell in me,
Spirit of power within;
And bring the glorious liberty
From sorrow, fear, and sin!
- 2 The seed of sin's disease,
Spirit of health, remove,—
Spirit of finish'd holiness,
Spirit of perfect love.
- 3 Hasten the joyful day
Which shall my sins consume;
When old things shall be done away,
And all things new become.
- 4 I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right,—
According to thy will and word,—
Well pleasing in thy sight.

Tune, *Aron. No. 163. C. M.*

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou wouldst relieve,
In this accepted hour.
- 4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift,—
My soul without it dies.

Tune, *Communion. No. 164. C. M.*

- 1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—
'Tis all that I can do.

Tune, *Arlington. No. 165. C. M.*

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,—
A foll'wer 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 sail'd 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.

Tune, *Crimson Stream. No. 166. C. M.*

- 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 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve:
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

No. 167.

- 1 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known.
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer!
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To Him whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless.
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
- 3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
May I thy consolations share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my heaven, and at the sight
Put off this robe of flesh, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
Shouting, as I pass through the air,
Farewell! farewell! sweet hour of prayer!

No. 168.

- 1 Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish;
Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your
anguish;—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot heal.
- 2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,—
Earth has no sorrow that Heaven cannot cure.

- 3 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing—
Earth has no sorrow but Heaven can remove.

No. 169.

- 1 The great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus:
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

CHORUS.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue;
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, Jesus, Jesus.

- 2 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
- 3 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh, how my soul delights to hear,
The precious name of Jesus.
- 4 And when to that bright world above,
We rise to see our Jesus,
We'll sing around the throne of love,
His name, the name of Jesus.

No. 170. Doxology.

Let God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be adored,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

No. 171.

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

Tune, *Benjamin. No. 172. S. M.*

- 1 Enthroned is Jesus now,
Upon his heavenly seat;
The kingly crown is on his brow,
The saints are at his feet.
- 2 In shining white they stand,—
A great and countless throng;
A palmy sceptre in each hand,
On every lip a song.

- 3 They sing the Lamb of God,
Once slain on earth for them;
The Lamb, through whose atoning blood,
Each wears his diadem.
- 4 Thy grace, O Holy Ghost,
Thy blessed help supply,
That we my join that radiant host,
Triumphant in the sky.

Tune, *Marching to Zion. No. 173. S. M.*

- 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.
- 2 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas.
- 3 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love;
He will send down his heavenly powers,
To carry us above.
- 4 There we shall see his face,
And never, never sin;
There, from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 5 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.
- 6 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

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STATE OF NEW YORK

IN SENATE
January 15, 1908.

REPORT
OF THE
COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN ANSWER TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE SENATE
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