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FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL

BY

W. A. Ogden.

F-46.112
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WALKER.

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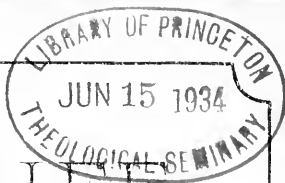
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✓
CROWN OF LIFE.

A COLLECTION OF
SONGS, NEW AND OLD, FOR USE IN THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL, PRAYER AND
PRAISE MEETINGS, AND THE HOME CIRCLE.

✓
By W. A. OGDEN,
ASSISTED BY NUMEROUS ABLE CONTRIBUTORS.

TOLEDO, OHIO:
PUBLISHED BY W. W. WHITNEY, III SUMMIT STREET,
1875.
FOR SALE BY BOOK SELLERS GENERALLY.

READ CAREFULLY THE PREFACE.

FROM all parts of the great Sunday-school field the cry has reached us, calling for "another book of EASY SONGS for the children."

To accomplish this end, the Author has labored studiously, arranged carefully, and gleaned judiciously for the past two years, and we are now able to offer, as the result of his labors, a book of HEART SONGS, perfectly adapted to the SUNDAY-SCHOOL, PRAYER AND PRAISE MEETINGS, and the HOME CIRCLE.

The careful investigation of Ministers, Musicians, Superintendents, Teachers, and all lovers of really good and pure song, is invited to this work.

Its poetry is elegant and practical.

Its harmony is correct.

Its melodies are constructed upon the science of "MUSICAL FORM," and the time spent in learning these songs will do more toward establishing *correct taste* than the same amount of time devoted to the study of any branch in the science of music. We have no fears for the future of this work; the stamp of genius is on every page.

Thanks are due to the many good "SONG WRITERS" who have contributed to its pages.

THE PUBLISHER.

TOLEDO, O., *January*, 1875.

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CROWN OF LIFE.

3

DR. BOYER.

I will give thee a crown of life.—REV. II: 10.

W. A. OGDEN.

Moderato.

D. C. 1. *These are the crowns that we shall wear, we shall wear, When all the saints are crowned;*
 2. *These are the robes un-soiled and white, pure and white, Which we shall then put on,*
 3. *Then wel-come toil, and care, and pain, care and pain, And wel-come sor-row, too,*

Fine.

These are the palms that we shall bear, we shall bear, On yon-der ho-ly ground,
When fore-most among the sons of light, sons of light, We sit on yon-der throne.
All toil is rest and grief is gain, grief is gain, With such a prize in view.

CHORUS.

1st Time.

2d Time.

D. C.

(Come, crown and throne; come, robe and palm; Burst forth, glad stream of peace;
 (Come, ho-ly cit-y of the blest; Rise, (omit) . . . Son of Righteousness.)

NEW CORONATION.

PERRONET.

And he shall reign forever and ever.—REV. xi: 15.

W. A. O.

Allegro.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - - gels pros-trate fall, Bring
 2. Let ev - ery kin - dred, ev - ery tongue, On this ter - res - trial ball, To
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred thron We at his feet may fall: We'll

an - gels pros - trate fall,
 this ter - res - trial ball,
 at his feet may fall:

forth a roy - al di - a - dem, And crown HIM, crown HIM - Lord of
 him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And
 join the ev - er - last - ing song, And

ALL, AND CROWN HIM, CROWN HIM, CROWN HIM, CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

Instrument. CROWN HIM, CROWN HIM, And crown Him **fast.**

O SACRED FLOOD.

Give me this water that I may thirst not.—JOHN IV: 15.

Words translated for this work by J. O. HOFFMAN.

W. A. O.

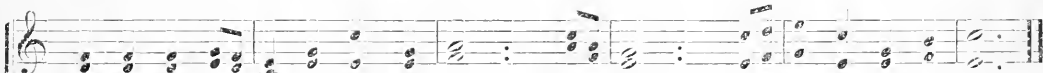
Moderato.



1. O flood of liv - ing wa - ters And might-y crim - son tide, Blest fountain of sal -
2. Thy wa - ters drown all sor - rows, Ex - tin - gish ex - ery grief, And blot - ting out trans -
3. Thy grace ex - cels the Jor - dan, Which made the lep - er whole: Lo! thou hast healed the



va - tion, From Je - sus' pier - ed side, Flow on, flow on, O
grea - tions Brings to the soul re - lief.
sick - ness Which wast - ed in my soul. flow on, flow on, O



sa - cred stream, flow on, flow on; Flow on, flow on, O sacred stream, flow on.
flow on, flow on,



THE HIGH COMMAND.

W. A. OGDEN.

I press toward the mark.—PHIL. III: 14.

W. A. OGDEN.

In quick marching time.

D. C. 1. We are marching on, a happy band and true, We are marching on, the promised land in view, We are
 2. We are marching on, with happy hearts and light, We are marching on, to battle for the right, We are
 3. We are marching on, re-joicing as we go, We are marching on to overcome the foe, We are

Fine. CHORUS.

*marching on, the battle to renew, 'Tis the Savior's high command, Marching on, . . . a happy band,
 marching onward foremost in the fight, 'Tis the Savior's high command,
 marching on to victory we know, 'Tis the Savior's high command. Marching on, a happy band,*

*'Tis the Savior's high command, Marching on, a happy band, Marching to the promised land,
 Marching on, a happy band, a happy band.*

CLOSER, STILL CLOSER.

No. 2

L. R. C.

Slowly.

Thou art my hiding place.—Ps. xxxii: 7.

W. A. O.

1. Clos - er, still clos - er, my Sav - ior, to thee, Closer to Je - sus fair, fair would I be;
2. Clos - er by day, tho' my sky be all bright, Closer, still clos - er when fall - eth the night;
3. When to the Jor - dan of death I de - scend, Danger I'll fear not, if Christ be my friend;

Round me his arm, on his bo - som my head, Near the dear side which on Calva - ry bled.
Earth has no spot where without him I'm safe, Time has no mo - ment I need not his grace.
Breasting the bil - lows, my death - song shall be, Closer, still clos - er, my Sav - ior to thee.

CHORUS. Cres. **rit.**
Clos - er, still clos - er, still clos - er to thee, Closer, clos - er, clos - er to thee.
Closer,

IN HAPPY SONG.

W. A. O.

Therefore the redeemed of the Lord shall return, and come with singing unto Zion.—Isa. li: 11.

W. A. O.



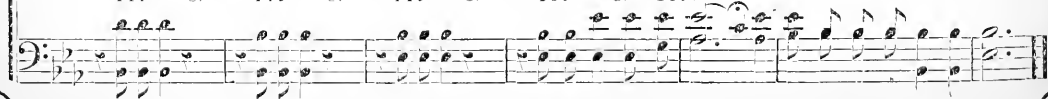
1. In hap-py song our voic-es we will raise, In hap-py song the Sav-ior's name to praise, For
 2. We praise him for our bless-ed day in sev'n, We praise him for his mer-cies dai-ly giv'n, We
 3. And when we meet on you-der hap-py shore, When toil, and pain, and tri-als all are o'er, We'll



grace and mer-cy all the many days, For present blessings we en-joy. Hap-py song, hap-py
 praise him for our present hope of heav'n, We praise him for his ho-ly word.
 shout his prais-es ev-er, ev-er-mo-re, We'll swell redemption's hap-py song. Hap-py song,



song, Hap-py song, hap-py song, Hap-py song, hap-py song, We'll praise him in our hap-py song.
 hap-py song, Hap-py song, hap-py song, Hap-py song, hap-py, etc.



PASS ME NOT.

9

Lord, all my desire is before thee.—Ps. xxxviii: 9.

W. A. O.

Earnestly. Not too fast.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Sav - ior, Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Nev - er leave me, but the
2. Pass me not, O lov - ing Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to thee; Fain I'm longing for thy
3. Pass me not, O mighty Sav - ior, Thou canst make the blind to see; Witnesses of thy great

CHORUS.

rath - er Let thy mer - cy light on me, E - ven me, e - ven me, O bless - ed Sav - ior,
fa - vor, Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.
mer - it, Speak some word of power to me.

End.**End.**

E - ven, e - ven me, e - ven me, e - ven me, e - ven me, e - ven me, Blessed Savior, e - ven me.

IN THE RIFTED ROCK.

And the land had rest from war.—JOSH. xiv: 15.

W. A. O.

Moderato.

1. In the Rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Sure and safe from all a-larm, Tho' the storms may darkly
 2. Many a stormy sea I've traversed, Many a tempest shock have known, Have been driven without
 3. But I now have found a ha-ven, Nev-er mov-ed by tempest shock, And I now am safe for-

Moderato. gath-er, They can nev-er do me harm. In the Rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, In the
 an-chor, Up-on bar-ren shores a-lone.
 ev-er, In the bless-ed Rift-ed Rock.

Moderato. Rift-ed Rock, In the Rifted Rock, In the Rift-ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe for ev-er-more.

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISES.

111

W. A. O.

I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.—Josh. 1: 5.

W. A. O.

SOLO. *f* **CHORUS.** *ff*

1. Trusting in the promis - es, we march a - long, Trusting in the promis - es of Je - sus;
 2. Trusting in the promis - es, we fear no ill,
 3. Trusting in the promis - es, no harm can come,

SEMI-CHORUS. *f* **CHORUS.** *ff* **TRIO.**

Lighter grows our labor, and our hearts more strong, Trusting in the promis - es of Je - sus,
 With his mighty arm he will up - hold us still;
 'Neath his royal banner we are marching home;

CHORUS. *mf* *f* **TRIO.**

If we find not by the way, If our feet go not a - stray, We shall see a brighter day;

NO SHADE LIKE THIS.

DR. BOXER.

As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.—ISA. XXXII; 2.

W. A. O.

Not too fast.



1. Oppressed with noonday's scorching heat, To yon-der cross I flee, Be-neath its shel-ter
 2. Be-neath that cross clear wa-ters burst, A fount-ain pure and free, And there I quench my
 3. For bur-dened ones a rest-ing place Be-side that cross I see, I here cast off my



take my seat, No shade like this for me. No shade like this for me, No shade like this for
 des-ert thirst, No spring like this for me, No spring like this for me, No spring like this for
 wea-ri-ness, No rest like this for me. No rest like this for me, No rest like this for
 No shade like this, etc.



me; Be-neath its shel-ter I take my seat, No shade like this for me.
 me; Be-side its wa-ters I take my seat, No spring like this for me.
 me; Be-neath its shel-ter I take my seat, No rest like this for me.



NO NAME SO SWEET.

13

Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God.—JOHN XX: 31.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so sweet in heav-en, The name be-fore his
2. To Je-sus ev-'ry knee shall bow, And ev-ery tongue confess him, And we u-nite with
3. O Je-sus! by that matchless name, Thy grace shall fail us nev-er, To-day, as yes-ter-

CHORUS. *ff*

wondrous birth, To Christ the Sav-ior giv-en. We love to sing a-round our King, And
saints in light, In loft-y strains to praise him.
day, the same, Thou art the same for-ev-er.

hail him, blessed Je-sus! For there's no word, ear ev-er heard, So sweet, so dear as Je-sus.

THE OPEN DOOR.

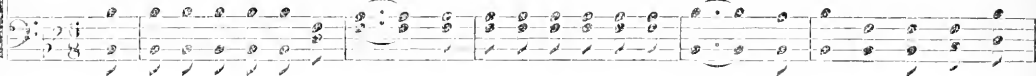
REV. A. B. EMMONS.

I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved.—JOHN X: 9.

A. J. ABBEY.

Slow.

1. I've wandered, yes wandered afar, I've ever been seeking a home; But now I stand at an
 2. I've plodded a wear-i-some way, So ragged, and lonely, and poor, But now I'm glad that at
 3. And so on my journey I'll go, I'll wander in sorrow no more, Thro' Christ I'll reach at the



CHORUS.



o - pen door, O'er which is writ - ten, "Come." I'll en - ter that o - pen door, That
 last I see Before me an o - pen door.
 end, I know, My Fa - ther's o - pen door. I'll en - ter that o - pen door,



o - pen, o - pen door, I'll wander nev - er - more, I'll en - ter that o - pen door.
 That o - pen, o - pen door, I'll wan - der nev - er - more,



OVER JORDAN.

15

W. A. O.

When the people removed from their tents, to pass over Jordan.—J. n. iii: 14.

W. A. O.

1. With a ten - der hand, He will lead us on To the promised land O - ver Jor - dan,
 2. For his guid - ance sure, For his boundless love, For our rest se - cure O - ver Jor - dan,
 3. We are trav - ling on To our home a - bove, Where the Savior's gone O - ver Jor - dan,

f And our feet shall rest, In a sweet re - lease, In the ha - ven blest O - ver Jor - dan.
 In a song of praise We will laud his name, And our voic - es raise O - ver Jor - dan.
 From his bless - ed hand To re - ceive a crown, In the promised land O - ver Jor - dan.

D. S. When the King says come, We will jour - ney on To our bless - ed home O - ver Jor - dan.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
 O - VER JOR - DAN, O - VER JOR - DAN, WE SHALL SWEETLY REST O - VER JOR - DAN.

SING HIS LOVE.

KELLY.

Greater love hath no man than this.—JOHN XV: 13.

W. A. OGDEN.

Earnestly.

1. Sing of Je - sus' love for - ev - er, Of the love that changeth nev - er, Who or what from
 2. With his blood the Sav - ior bought us; When we knew him not he sought us, And from 'all our
 3. Thro' the des - ert Je - sus leads us, With the bread of life he feeds us, And thro' all the

CHORUS.

him can sev - er Those he makes his own. Sing his love, sing his love, Sing of
 wand' rings brought us, His the praise alone.
 way he speeds us, To our home a - bove. Sing his love, sing his love,

Jesus' love for - ev - er, Sing his love, sing his love, Sing the Sav - ior's dy - ing love.
 Sing his love, sing his love,

FRESH FROM THE THRONE.

12

B. BAR.

And he shewed me a pure river.—Rev. xvii: 1.

♩ ♪ ♫

Spirited.



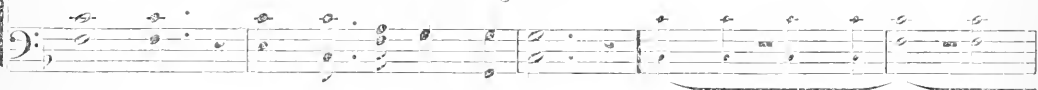
1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry, Bright in its crys - tal gleam, Bursts out the liv - ing
 2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace, No harp by thee hang
 3. Riv - er of God, I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near, My soul to thy still



*CELESTIAL.
 SWEET.*



font - ain, Swells on the liv - ing stream. BLESS - ED, BLESS - ED RIV - ER.
 si - lent, No hap - py voice - es cease.
 wa - ters Hastes in its thirst - ing here.



CHORUS.



BLESS-ED, BLESS-ED RIV - ER, Let me ev - er, ev - er feast my eyes on thee.



BEYOND THIS VALE.

J. M. S.

For here we have no continuing city.—HEB. xiii: 11.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.



1. Beyond this vale of tears, Beyond life's stormy sea, Beyond all doubts and
 2. Beyond the swelling tide, Of hu-man woe and ill, Beyond the wa-ters
 3. Beyond this pil-grim land, A man-sion waits for me, Where reigns a hap-py
 4. Beyond I soon shall go, To claim my man-sion fair; Beyond, from grief be-



CHORUS.

fears, A land of joy I see. Be-yond life's storm-y sea, Be-
 wide, The an-gel voice-es thrill.
 band, A-cross the storm-y sea.
 low, To join my lost ones there. Be-yond life's storm-y sea, Be-



yond life's stormy sea, A land of joy, a land of love, Beyond life's stormy sea.
 yond life's stormy sea,



THE SAVIOR AT THE DOOR.

19

W. A. O.

Behold I stand at the door and knock.—REV. iii: 20.

W. A. O.

Moderato.

1. Oh, the Sav-ior's at the door, hear him knock, knock, knock, At the door of every heart to-day ;
 2. Oh, the Sav-ior's at the door, hear him knock, knock, knock, With a message full of love for me,
 3. Oh, the Sav-ior's at the door, hear him knock, knock, knock. Enter in, my blessed Lord, to-day ;

f

He is wait-ing to come in, To re-move our load of sin ; Shall he turn in grief a - way ?
 And the door I'll o - pen wide, In my heart he shall a - bide, Then I'll hap-py e - ver be.
 Take, oh take my heart of sin, Wash it, purge it, make it clean, Keep it in thy love, I pray.

Fine.

D. S. I will o - pen wide the door, Thou shalt knock in vain no more, Bless-ed Sav-ior, now come in.

CHORUS.

Come in, come in, come in, come in, O Sav - ior, come in, come in.

f **D. S.**

HOME OF MY SAVIOR.

W. A. O.

My Father's house.—JOHN XIV: 2.

* * *

1. A heavenly home, for - ev - er bright, The Sav-ior of - fers free, And they who seek its
 2. A crown of life will there be given, And they who o - ver - come Shall swell the rapturous
 3. Oh, seek that heavenly home with me, That blessed home a - bove, Sal - va - tion's stream is

Home,
 CHORUS.

ra-diant light Shall happy ev - er be. Home, home of my Sav-ior, Beau-ti - ful home by
 song of heaven, And dwell with Christ at home.
 flowing free, Thro' Jesus' dy - ing love,

Home,

Repeat softly.

faith I see, Home, home of my Sav - ior, Beau - ti - ful home for me.

CONQUER IN HIS NAME.

E. R. LAFA.

I can do all things through Christ. -- Phil. iv. 13.

Peter H. STAUFFER.

1. If we treat with sin and Sa - tan, If we let them have con - trol,
 2. On - ly by the grace and mer - cy Of the Lord who rules a - bove,
 3. When the form of death approach - es, If our souls on God re - ly.

They will nev - er cease to mock us, In our bit - ter - ness of soul,
 Can we hope the foe to con - quer, On - ly by his truth and love,
 He will fit us for the con - flict, We shall con - quer though we die.

Fine.

D. S. Help us in thy name to con - quer, Let us feel thee ev - er near.

Lord, re - mem - ber us, we pray thee, Ev - er our pe - ti - tions hear.

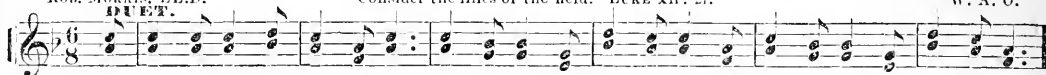
CONSIDER THE LILIES.

ROB. MORRIS, L.L.D.

Consider the lilies of the field.—LUKE xii: 27.

W. A. O.

DUET.



1. Con-sid - er how the lil-ies grow; Perfume shedding, Widely spreading, How the scarlet blossoms grow;
2. Con-sid - er how the lil-ies thrive; Beau-teous ev-er, Toil - ing nev - er, On - ly need to smile and live;
3. Con-sid - er what the lil - ies say! All is giv - en Us from heav-en, Fa-ther keeps us ev - 'ry day;
4. Con-sid - er how the lil - ies die! Loved and cherished, Lost and perished, We are for e - ter - ni - ty;

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.



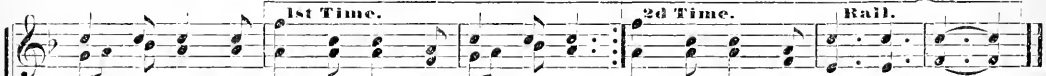
Broad in Gal - i - lee their fame, For Je - sus called them by their name. Per - fume shed-ning,
 Fa - ther has them in his care, And makes the sear - let blos - soms fair. Beau-teous ev - er,
 He who makes the lil - ies grow, Oh, will he not pro - vido for you? All is giv - en
 He who gives the flow-'ret bloom, Ah, he will snatch us from the tomb. Loved and cher-ished,



1st Time.

2d Time.

Rail.



Wide-ly spreading, How the sear - let blos-soms grow, How the sear - let blos-soms grow.
 Toil - ing nev - er, On - ly need to smile and live, On - ly need to smile and live.
 Us from heav - en, Fa - ther keeps us ev - 'ry day, Fa - ther keeps us ev - 'ry day.
 Lost and per - ished, We are for e - ter - ni - ty, We are for e - ter - ni - ty.



PRESSING ON TO GLORY.

23

* * *

At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.—Ps. xvi: 11.

* * *

Joyously.

1. We rest in hope of a better land, When the darkness of earth shall flee away; Thro' faith we view the
 2. We will boldly bear his banner on, Thro' good and ill, thro' fire and flood; Nor will we lay our
 3. Then hand in hand we will press along, Till the glorious race on earth is run, We'll join at last the

CHORUS.

golden strand In the light of an e - ter - nal day. We are pressing on to glo - ry. We are
 ar - mor down, Till we stand before the throne of God.
 glorious song, When the fight is o'er, the vict'ry won.

Repeat ad lib.

marching onward to the prize, We are pressing on to glo - ry, To our home beyond the skies.

JESUS OF NAZARETH.

All the city was moved, saying, Who is this?—MATT. XXI: 10.

W. A. O.

Slowly.

1. What means this eager, anxious throng Who press the bu - sy streets a-long? These wondrous gath'ings
 2. Who is this Je - sus? Why should he The cit - y move so might - i - ly? A pass - ing stranger,
 3. Ho! all ye heavy la - den, come! Here's par - don, com - fort, rest, a home. Ye wand'ers from a

day by day, What means this strange com - mo - tion, pray? In ac - cents hushed the throng re - ply.
 has he skill To charm the mul - ti - tude at will? A - gain the stir - ring tones re - ply,
 Fa - ther's face, Re - turn, ac - cept the pre - ferred grace. Ye tempt - ed, there's a ref - uge nigh,

pp "Je - sus of Naz - reth pass - eth by:" through re - ply, "Je - sus of Naz - reth pass - eth by."
Cres. **2d Time.** *f*

O PRECIOUS BLOOD.

25

S. S. T.

In whom we have redemption through his blood.—Eph. i: 7.

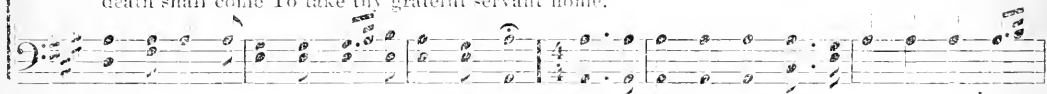
* * *

With energy.

1. O precious blood! and shed for me, A poor lost wan-der-er from thee; Such roy-al love, so
2. O precious blood! no other name Has ev-er kindled such a flame; No oth-er love could
3. O precious blood! to me impart Thy in-fin-ite, thy lov-ing heart; Oh, fill my soul with
4. O precious blood! now it is mine, And my best love shall all be thine; Thine all my life, 'till

**CHORUS. Spirited.**

freely given, To draw my soul from earth to heaven. Oh, the precious blood, Oh, the precious blood He
ev-er win A ruined soul from inbred sin.
thine own grace, And make me fit to see thy face,
death shall come To take thy grateful servant home.



shed on Cal-va-ry: From the stain of sin, From the stain of sin, I know it cleanses me.



CHEERED BY THE PROMISES.

W. W. W.

I will never leave thee.—HEB. XIII: 5.

* * *

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

D. C. 1. *On the Rock of A - ges Firm-ly now I stand,* CHEERED BY THE PROMISES, CHEERED BY THE PROMISES
 2. He shall be my buckler, He shall be my stay,
 3. When my work is over, He will bid me come,

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

Fine.

Waiting for the summons To the bet - ter land, CHEERED BY THE PROMISES OF JE - SUS.
 In his cause I'll la - bor, Watch, and fight, and pray,
 I shall gain a mansion In his hap - py home.

FULL CHORUS.

D. C.

March, oh, march, my soul, to-day, Firmly stand, Firmly stand, Firm on the Rock of AGES.
 March along the pilgrim way,

SABBATH HOME. (Opening.)

27

E. R. LATTI.

Lively.

That keepeth the Sabbath from polluting it.—ISA. lvi: 2.

D. C. 1. 'Tis the ho - ly day of rest, And with hap - py hearts we come To the Sub - bath
 2. Here we bow in ear - nest prayer, And in song our voice - es raise; Here for need - ed
 3. Ev - er, while on earth we stay, May we thus to - geth - er come; Ev - er, till we

Fine. DUET.

*school so dear, To our cheerful Sub-bath home. Here we read the word of God, Here we talk a-
 blessings ask, Hither come with thanks and praise. All our faces here are bright, And in love we
 pass a - way To our heavenly Sabbath home. There, if faithul, we shall meet, And our songs to-*

CHORUS.

D. C.

bout his love, Here we learn the way to him, And to the bless-ed home a - bove.
 all a - gree; Oh, it is a bless-ed sight That an-gels would rejoice to see.
 geth - er rise; Crowns of glo - ry we shall wear In yon - der mansions of the skies.

Sua.

HEALING FOUNTAIN.

W. A.

A. BEACH.

1. Come, oh, come, 'tis the Sav - ior's mes - sage, Wea - ry, hea - vy la - den soul,
 2. Come, oh, come to the heal - ing fount - ain, Wash ye in its wa - ters pure,
 3. Come to the roy - al feast, and wei - come, Eat the bread he brake for thee,

Drink at the fount of heal - ing wa - ters, Drink, and it shall make thee whole.
 Drink at the well of free sal - va - tion, Drink, and ev - er - more en - dure.
 Wash in the blood he shed for sin - ners, Wash, and from the stain, be free.

CHORUS.

1st Time. 2d Time.

Drink, oh, drink, Drink, oh, drink, Drink at the healing fountain,
 Drink, oh, drink, Drink, oh, drink, (omit) Drink at the flow - ing stream.

HEAVENLY MANSIONS.

99

ELD. L. H. JAMISON.

In my Father's house are many mansions.—JOHN XIV : 2.

ROBERT DENNY.

Earnestly.



1. In the house of my Father a-bode, There are mansions, bright mansions of rest, And the faithful who die in his
2. There the Father of mercy a-bides, Whom the saints and the angels adore, And the riv-er of life gently
3. There the saints walk with Jesus in light, They are burdened with sorrows no more, But are filled with ecstatic de-
4. There are mansions prepared for us all, And the Savior is call-ing us home; Sinners, hearken! the Bride joins the



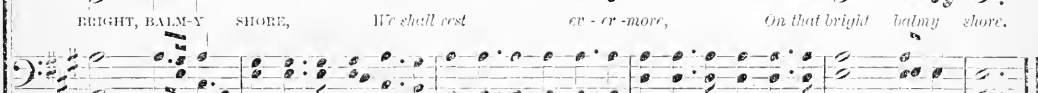
CHORUS.



love Shall dwell ev - er - more with the best, ON THAT BRIGHT, BALMY SHORE, ON THAT
glides From his throne in that evermore.
light, In their home on that bright, balmy shore.
call, And the Spi-rit in-vites you to come. ON THAT BRIGHT, BALMY SHORE,



BRIGHT, BALMY SHORE, We shall rest ev - er - more, On that bright balmy shore.



balmy shore, safely rest ev - er - more,

LINGER NOT ON THE PLAIN.

J. F. SMITH.

Earnestly.

Escape for thy life . . . neither stay thou in all the plain.—GEN. xix : 17.

J. F. SMITH.

1. Linger not on the plain, let us seek him in prayer, Let us bow at his feet, he will meet with us there;
 2. Linger not, linger not, let us seek him to-day, If we knock at the door he'll not turn us away;
 3. Linger not, linger not, we can nev-er find rest, For we seek a new country—a home with the blest;

At the foot of the cross in the dust let us fall; If we ask for his love he will answer our call.
 Oh, the rich-es of grace that in Je-sus is found! With the fullness of joy we may ev-er abound.
 We will toil till our work of pro-ba-tion is done, For the crown is not ours till the vic'try is won.

D. S. Let us toil till the work for the Mas-ter is done, And the crown we shall gain when the vic'try is won.

CHORUS.

Lin-ger not on the plain, Come, ye wea - ry and sad ones, come.
 Lin-ger not, on the plain;

D. S.

THE OLD PATH TO GLORY.

31

W. A. O.

Ask for the old path, and walk therein.—JER. vi: 16.

W. A. O.



1. Ask for the old path, for the better way, Ask for the road that leads to endless day; Follow the Savior,
2. Ask for a guide to yonder blest abode, Ask for a light to shine upon the road, Ask for a friend to
3. Safe in the old path, safe for evermore, Jesus will open wide the heavy door, There thou shalt praise him



never go a-stray, Ask for the old path to glo-ry. March along together, March along together,
 bear your heavy load, Ask for the old path to glo-ry.
 ev-er, evermore, Safe in the mansions of glo-ry.



Following the Savior Ev-er good and true, Fol-low-ing the Savior good and true, good and true.



32 HAIL THIS HOUR OF GLADNESS! (Anniversary.)

J. R. OSGOOD.

Glory to God in the highest.—LUKE II. 14.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. Hail, all hail this hour of glad-ness, Pas-tors, pa-rents, teach-ers dear; Ban-ish far each
 2. Now we chant our glad ho-san - nas, For the greet-ing hour has come; Here we raise our
 3. May we all, O pre-cious Sav-ior, Ev - er-more be blessed of thee; Till within the

thou't of sad-ness, All we love are wel - come here. Child- ren to his arms are coming,
 wav - ing ban-ners. As we sing a wel - come home; Yes, at home, with hearts o'erflowing,
 gold - en cit - y Our e - ter - nal home shall be; There to praise thy name for-ev - er,

Hear their strains so full and free; Ev'ry heart with joy is swelling, 'Tis the children's ju-bi - lee.
 Praise we now the God of love, May his presence ev - er smiling, Rest up - on us from a-bove.
 Songs of gladness, full and free, And with all the ransomed millions Spend a blest e - ter - ni - ty.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME. (Closing.)

33

REV. J. J. FRANCIS.

There remaineth therefore a rest.—HEB. iv: 9.

* * *

1. There's a home in the land of the blest, Which the Sav-ior has gone to pre- pare;
 2. In that beau- ti- ful, heav- en- ly land, With the blood-washed and glo- ri- fied throng,
 3. Oh, pre- pare us, dear Sav- ior, to dwell In those man- sions of glo- ry a- bove,

f. Fine.

A beau- ti- ful home where the weary shall rest, And the burdened for- get ev- 'ry care.
 Clothed in garments of beauty, for- ev- er we'll stand, And will swell the glad strains of their song.
 Where each glorified bo- som with rapture shall swell, And each heart shall be filled with thy love.

D. S. In our home a- ver there, free from sor- row and care, In the pres- ence of Je- sus our King.

CHORUS.

Hold ad lib.

We will sing, we will sing, With the ransomed in glo- ry we'll sing, D. S.

BLESSED SABBATH DAY. (Opening.)

The Sabbath a delight.—Isa. lviii: 13.

* * *

Cheerfully.

* * *

1. Oh, welcome, bless-ed Sabbath day, Sweet type of heavenly rest! Be-neath thy bright and
 2. In love we sweet-ly gath-er here, Where Christ doth meet his own, And vie with an - gels
 3. Here in thine earthly courts, O Lord, Our humble thanks we bring; In-spire our hearts, and
 4. And when the day of life is past, Our work on earth is o'er, Oh, may we meet in

CHORUS.

Oh, hail!

Oh, hail!

cheerful ray Our hearts are ev - er blest. Oh, hail! sweet Sabbath day, Oh, hail! sweet
 while they sing His praise around the throne.
 seal our vows, ac-cept our of - fer - ing.
 heav'n at last, To praise thee ever-more.

Sab - bath day, We welcome to our hearts a - gain God's bless - ed Sab - bath day.

COMING OF THE BRIDEGROOM.

35

REV. JOHN McLEAN.

LORD, SAVE ME.—MATT. XIV: 30.

C. C. CASE.

1. { All na - ture wrapped in sweet re - pose, The mid - night watches come:
Then breaks a - down the part - ing skies, [Omit.] Be - hold the dear Bride - groom.

2. { Oh, with what rapt - ure, what de - light The saints his ban - ner see,
And shout ho - san - na with their might, [Omit.] "Oh, glo - ry! it is he!"

Many are the hearts Longing for the light, Waiting till the Bridegroom comes.
Many are the eyes Longing for the sight, [Omit.] Waiting till the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS. Repeat *pp*

Wait - ing, wait - ing, Waiting till the Bridegroom comes, Wait - ing, waiting, Waiting till the Bridegroom comes.
Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting, Waiting, waiting, waiting, waiting.

GATHER THEM INTO THE FOLD.

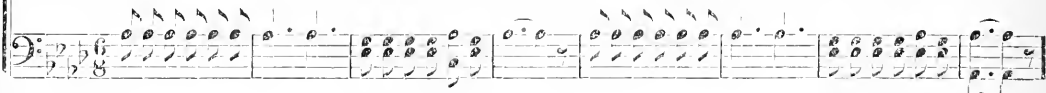
M. A. KIDDER.

Come, for all things are ready.—LUKE xiv: 17.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. Open the door for the children, Tenderly gather them in, In from the highways and hedges, In from the places of sin.
2. Open the door for the children, See! they are coming in thronging, Bid them sit down to the banquet, Teach them your beautiful songs.
3. Open the door for the children, Take the dear lambs by the hand, Point them to truth and to Jesus, Point them to heaven's bright land.



- Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and cold; Open the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.
Pray you the Father to bless them, Pray you that grace may be given; Open the door for the children, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
Some are so young and so helpless, Some are so hungry and cold; Open the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.



CHORUS.



- Gath - er them in, Gath - er them in;
Gather them in, oh, gather them in, Gather, oh, gather them in: Open the door for the children, Gather them into the fold.



LOVE EACH OTHER.

37

MARIA STRAUB.

Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you.—LUKE vi: 27.

* * *

1. List to the Sav-ior: oh, hear him say, Love each other, 'tis the way; Friends, ye are my
 2. List to the Sav-ior: oh, hear him say, Love each other, watch and pray; If the world de-
 3. List to the Sav-ior: oh, hear him say, Flee from sin and strife a-way; All the paths of

CHORUS.

friends indeed, If ye my commandments heed, (Hear the sweet words of the Sav - - - ior
 spite thee sore, Know it hat - ed me before. (Love each oth - er, love each oth - - - er,
 discord shun, Live in love and be ye one.

(Hear the sweet words of the bless-ed Sav-
 (Love each oth - er, says the bless-ed Sav-

1st Time. Gently call - - ing from above: **2d Time.** Love each oth-er, live in love.

omit.

for calling, gently calling to us from above, for; Love, love each other, Love, live in love.

NEARER HOME.

ALICE CARY.

There remaineth therefore a rest.—HEB. iv: 9.

J. H. LESLIE.

Legato.

1. O'er the hill the sun is set-ting, And the eve is draw-ing on, Slow-ly droops the gentle
 2. One day near - er, sings the sailor, As he glides the waters o'er, While the light is soft-ly
 3. Nearer home! yes, one day nearer To our fa-ther's house on high, To the green fields and the

twi-ght, For an - oth - er day is gone: Gone for aye, its race is ov - er, Soon the
 dy - ing On his dis - tant na-tive shore. Thus the Chris - tian on life's ocean, As his
 fountains Of the land be-yond the sky; For the heav'n's grow brighter o'er us, And the

darker shades will come; Still 'tis sweet to know at e-ven, We are one day nearer home.
 light boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture, I am one day nearer home.
 lamps hang in the dome, And the tents are pitched still closer, For we're one day nearer home.

LIFT ME HIGHER, HIGHER.

REV. W. M. BERKSTRESSER.

I shall go to him.—2 SAM. xii: 23.

N. E. TOWNSEND.

1. Lift me high - er, high-er, O my God! to thee; On thy bo - som shel - ter
 2. Lift me high - er, Fa - ther, High a - bove the flood, Bring, oh, bring me near-er,
 3. Bring me nigh - er, nigh-er, Let me see thy face, Lift me high-er, high - er,

Poor, de - fense - less me: High - er grow the bil - lows, Loud-er wails the storm,
 By thy pre - cious blood; Place thine arm a - round me, Take my hand in thine,
 All my soul em - brace; Help me bear my bur - den, Help me win the race,

Lead me thro' the dark - ness drear, Lead me till the morn.
 On thy bo - som let me lean This poor head of mine.
 Save me in thy king - dom pure. Save me by thy grace

THE NEW SONG.

ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

They sang a new song.—REV. v: 9.

W. A. O.



1. Singing in the old song, Sweet song, good song, Happy in the old song, We know it ev'-ry word;
2. Gently on the old song, Soft song, low song, Tender in the old song, And soothing as a bird;
3. But to hear the new song, Pure song, true song, Oh, to sing the new song With spirits in the sky;



Join us in the old song, School song, home song, In Sunday-school the old song Of "Glory to the Lord."
 Changing then the old song, Loud song, grand song, A mighty voice the old song, Hosanna to the Lord.
 Raptured in the new song, Strange song, glad song, With seraphs in the new song, The Hallelujah cry.



D. S. Yes, in heaven a new song, Bright song, best song, A grand and blessed new song Of "Jesus the Adored."

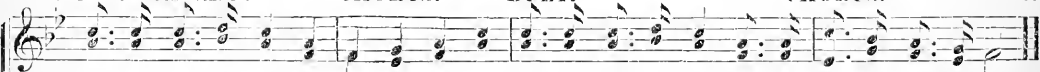
DUET. REFRAIN.

CHORUS.

DUET.

CHORUS.

D.S.



But in heaven a new song, Bright song, best song, Grand and blessed new song Of "Jesus the Adored."



RIGHT AWAY.

43

A. C. RUSSELL.

I will arise and go to my Father.—LUKE XV: 18.

W. A. O.

Slowly. *Cres.* *Cres.*

I'll go to Je - sus, Right a - way! I'll go to Je - sus, Right a - way!

1. In - vit - ing now he stands To save with out-stretched hands. I'll go to Je - sus right a - way!
2. He died to - ran - som me, His promis - es my plea. I'll go, etc.
3. He will, without de - lay, Wash all my sins a - way. I'll go, etc.
4. Clasped to his loving breast, I'll find e - ter - nal rest. I'll go, etc.

CHORUS.

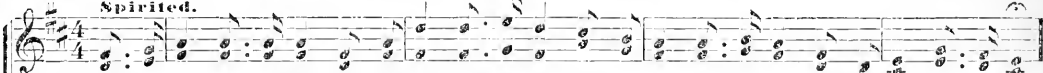
I'll go to Je - sus, I'll go to Je - sus, I'll go to Je - sus, Right a - way!

HE LOVED YOU AND ME.*

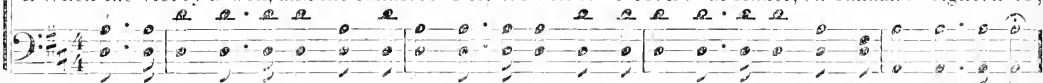
MISS P. J. OWENS.

Behold how he loved him.—JOHN xi: 26.

ARR. HARRY SANDERS.

Spirited.

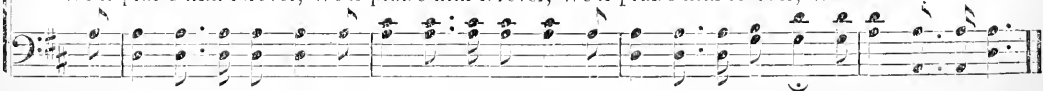
1. In the Sunday-school army our names are enrolled, And we follow our Leader, all steadfast and bold;
2. We are young, but his wisdom shall guide us aright; We are weak, but his strength is our courage and might;
3. In our childhood we come, if no ripe sheaves be ours, We will garland his pathway with blossoms and flowers;
4. When the vict'ry is won, and the conflict is o'er, We will close 'round our leader, on Canaan's bright shore;



On the Sunday-school banner his fame you may see; It is *Jesus*, our Savior, who loved you and me.
When we follow his standard the darkness will flee, And our watch-word is always, "He loved you and me."
We will go forth at morning, his gleaners to be, He will welcome us smiling, who loves you and me.
Then we'll sing on, exulting his glory to see, For we'll dwell with him ever, who loves you and me.

**CHORUS.**

We'll praise him forever, We'll praise him forever, We'll praise him forever, Who loved you and me.



* "SPARKLING RUBIES," by per.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

45

C. WESLEY.

Deliver me, O Lord.—Ps. cxliii: 9

J. H. LESLIE.

Legato.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the billows 'round me
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee: Leave, oh, leave me not a -
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in thee I find; Raise the fallen, cheer the

roll, While the tem - pest still is nigh; Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the
 lone, Still sup - port and comfort me; All my trust on thee is stayed, All my
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Thou of life the fountain art; Freely

storm of life is past: Safe in - to the haven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 help from thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fenseless head With the shadow of thy wing.
 let me take of thee, Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

DRAWING NEAR.

SILAS FARMER.

Establish you in every good word and work.—2 THESS. II. 17.

W. A. G.

1. We're draw-ing near to Je - sus, Our ban - ner waves on high, And this our watch-word
 2. We love our Mas - ter's serv - ice, And see - ing "eye to eye," With grace di - vine to
 3. The fields are white to har - vest, The days are speed-ing by; Go forth a - gain, ye
 4. The night of death ap - proach-es, And an - gels in the sky Re - peat the cho-rus

CHORUS. **Cres.**

ev - er, We'll work un - til we die. We'll work, we'll work, We'll
 help us, We'll work un - til we die.
 work - ers, And work un - til you die.
 e - ver, Go work un - til you die. we'll work, we'll work,

Dim.

work un - til we die. And this the watch-word ev - er, We'll work un - til we die.

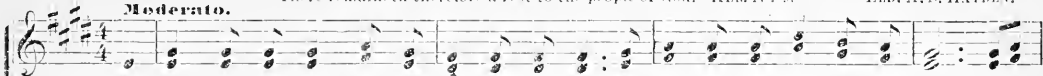
HOME OF THE BLEST.

47

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.—HEB. iv: 9.

ELD. A. S. HAYDEN.

Moderato.



1. Oh, when shall I dwell in a mansion all bright, And Jesus my Sav-ior be-hold? Or
2. No pearl from the o - cean, or gold from the mine, Can pardon or pu - ri - ty buy; I'll
3. But while I'm a stran-ger a - way from my home, I'll toil in the vineyard and pray; I'll



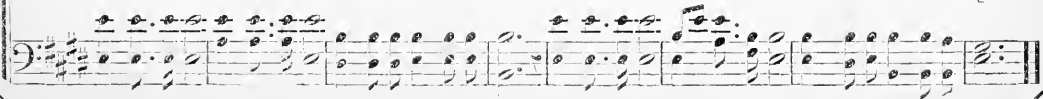
walk by his side like an an - gel of light, In a cit - y all garnished with gold?
 trust in the blood of a Sav-ior di - vine, And I'll cling to the cross till I die.
 car - ry the cross while I think of the crown, And I'll watch for the break of the day.



CHORUS.



Home of the blest! When wilt thou ever be mine? Home of the blest! Soon shalt thou ever be
 Home of the blest! Home of the blest! [mine.]



SCATTER THE SEED.

Let us not weary in well doing.—GAL. vi: 9.

* * *

Lively.

1. Scatter the seed The chil-dren need, The words of liv - ing light; The seed that's sown He'll
 2. Scatter the Word, The Spir-it's sword, All conquering in its might; Trust it a - lone, And
 3. Oh, he will sow The seeds that glow, Preserve with heavenly dew! Then praise the Lord For

CHORUS.

sure - ly own, 'Tis pre-cious in his sight. Scat-ter the seed, oh, scat-ter the seed, The
 thou'lt be shown, In him is life and light.
 his good word, Of things both old and new.

Rep. *pp.*

words of liv - ing light, Scat-ter the seed, oh, scat-ter the seed, 'Tis precious in his sight.

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

49

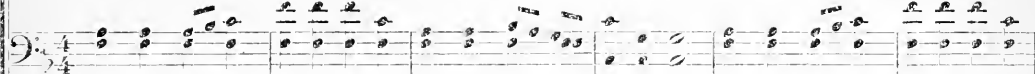
ELD. ROBERT MOFFIT.
Earnestly.

For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap.—GAL. VI: 7.

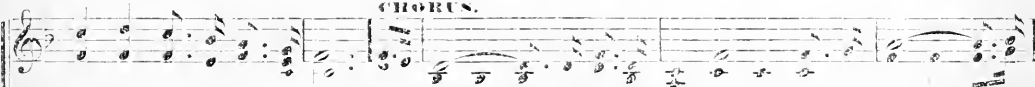
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1. Are we seeds of virtue sowing? Are we wat'ring with our tears? Have we fields of value growing,
2. Do they fall in places stony, Where no depth of soil is found? Do they fall in places thorny,
3. As the sow - ing, so the reaping; As we live, we'll surely die; May we find, by patient seeking,
4. If we live for God and heaven, And revere his word of love, He will give us life e - ter - nal,



CHORUS.



Have we fruit the Spirit yields?
Do they fall on way-side ground? Oh, what . . . will be the harvest, When the sun - mer
Grace and mercy from on high. What, oh, what will be the har-vest. When the sum-
We shall reign with him above.



time is o'er? Will it be the death of anguish, Or the life for ev - er - more?
mer time is o'er?



JESUS IS CALLING.

REV. J. FLEMING.

Come, for all things are ready.—LUKE XIV: 17.

J. H. ANDERSON.

Devotional.

1. Hark! I hear my Savior calling: Come, poor sinner, come to me; From destruction most appalling
 2. Jesus, blessed Savior, bind me To thee with the cords of love; Ever there in prayer I'll find thee,
 3. Hide me then beneath thy merit, From the law's severe demand, And prepare me to in-her-it

I will now de-liv-er thee. Then, my soul, oh, has-ten to him, From the broad and
 Till I'm called by thee a-bove; 'Twas for sinners thou wast bleeding On the curs-ed
 With thy saints the blood-bought land, And re-deming grace for-ev-er In the home of

downward way; Seek-ing for re-demp-tion through him, At his cross thy bur-den lay.
 tree a-lone; 'Tis for sinners thou art plead-ing Now be-fore thy Father's throne.
 peace a-bove; I will joy-ful sing and nev-er Cease to praise thee for thy love.

CLOSE TO THEE.

51

FANNIE CROSBY.

That in me ye might have peace.—JOHN XVI: 33.

W. W. BRETLEY.

Devotional.

1. Close to thee, O Lamb of God, May my spir - it hold me; 'Neath thy all - pro -
2. Close to thee, when weak and faint, Du - ty's path pur - su - ing, Let me feel thy
3. Close to thee, O Sav - ior mine, Near thy cross a - bid - ing, I can brave the
4. Close to thee, when earthly ties One by one are break - ing, When my soul to

CHORUS.

ect - ing wings Let thy mer - cy fold me. Close to thee, Close to thee, Keep thy child for -
cir - cling arms, All my strength renew - ing,
temper's power, In thy name con - fid - ing,
life a - new, Glad and pure, is wak - ing.

ev - er Anch - ored firm - ly on the rock, Sin can harm me nev - er.

SAVIOR, PASS NOT BY.

S. H. BLAKESLEE.
Slowly.

Pray without ceasing.—1 THESS. v: 17.

S. H. BLAKESLEE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, For I bend to thee; Hear my sup - pli - ca - tion,
 2. I am weak and sin - ful, Sav - ior, But thou knowest all; Hold me, when the shadows
 3. Help me, O my Sav - ior, help me, Great has been the cost; Thou hast giv'n thy blood to

CHORUS.

Sav - ior, Hear and an - swer me. Sav - ior, Sav - ior. Hear me when I
 gath - er, Do not let me fall.
 save me, Let it not be lost.

pray; While thy Spir - it strives with oth - ers, Let it strive with me.

HERE AM I.

53

E. R. LATTA.

Lord, to whom shall I go?—JOHN vi: 68.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. In the qui - et hour of slumber, When the voice of God came nigh, Thus the child made
 2. Here am I, for thou didst call me, And I did not ques-tion why, Speak, O Lord, thy
 3. Full of love and full of pit - y, Je - sus ev - er pass - eth by, Say - ior, make me

CHORUS.

will - ing an - swer. Here am I, Here am I. Here am I, Here am I,
 serv - ant hear - eth, Here am I, Here am I.
 thy dis - ci - ple, Here am I, Here am I.

Rit.

In the night and in the day, May our spir-its ev - er say, Here am I. Here am I.

MY HOME IS THERE.

J. F. SMITH.

There the weary be at rest.—JOB iii: 17.

J. F. SMITH.

1. Beyond the ills and cares of life, Beyond the reach of earthly strife, Beyond this world of
 2. Beyond the bright and golden gates, Where Christ the blessed Savior waits To give a crown so
 3. Beyond, where living fountains flow, Where flow'rs and trees immortal grow, Where music fills the

CHORUS.

Be - yond this world of
 pain and care, My home, my home, my home is there. Beyond this world of pain and care, Where
 bright and fair, My home, my home, my home is there.
 balm - y air, My home, my home, my home is there.

pain and care, My home is there.
 flow'rs are blooming ev-er fair, Where heavenly music fills the air, My home, my home is there.

'TIS SWEET TO BRING TO JESUS.

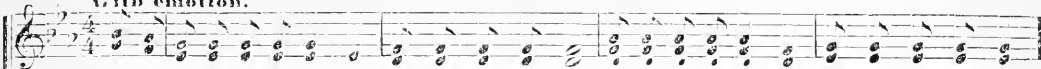
55

W. A. O.

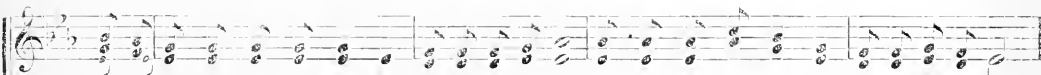
With emotion.

Ask, and it shall be given you.—LUKE XI: 9.

M. P. SUTER.



1. Oh, 'tis sweet to bring to Jesus Ev-ry lit - tle care, Trials, and temptations Which we can not bear.
2. Oh, 'tis sweet to bring to Jesus Hearts defiled with sin: With his precious blood he'll Wash and make them clean.



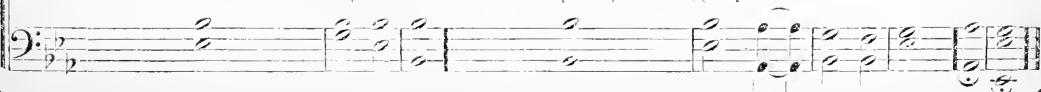
Ev'ry sin which doth be - set us, He will take away, If in faith be - liev-ing, Thus we humbly pray:
He will give us grace to conquer, Yes, from day to day, If in faith be - liev-ing, Thus we humbly pray:



CHANT.



1. Our Father who art in heaven,	Hallowed	<i>be thy name,</i>	Thy kingdom come. Thy	will be done on	earth, as it is in heaven.
2. Give us this day our	daily bread.		And forgive us our	trespasses, as we forgive	those who trespass against us.
And lead us not into temptation,	but deliver	<i>us from evil:</i>	For thine is the kingdom,	and the power, and the	glory, for-ev-er and ever. A-men,



BATTLING FOR THE CROWN.

GASPELL.

Faint, yet pushing.—JUDGES VIII: 1.

Arr. from the Welsh. W. A. O.

Joyously.

1. Press on, press on, ye sons of light, Un-tir-ing in your ho-ly fight; Still treading each temp-
2. Press on, press on, still look in faith To him who vanquished sin and death; Then shall ye hear him

D. C. Press on, press on, ye sons of light, Un-tir-ing in your ho-ly fight; Still treading each temp-

Fine. CHORUS. Dim.

ta-tion down, And battling for a bright-er crown. Press on, press on through toil and woe, With say, "Well done;" True to the last, press on, press on.

ta-tion down, And bat-tling for a bright-er crown.

Cres. ff. Triumphantly. D. C.

calm resolve to triumph, go, And make each dark and threatening ill Yield but a higher glo-ry still.

THE SAVIOR DIED FOR ME.

57

S. H. BLAKESLEE.

S. H. BLAKESLEE.

1. When pressed with doubts and anxious fear, I trembling bow the knee, I know that God my prayer will
 2. When gloomy darkness shrouds my soul, And I no light can see, I'll cry, tho' loud-est thunders
 3. And when I reach the bliss-ful shore, From sin and sor-row free, Blood-washed, I'll sing for ever-

CHORUS.

hear, For Je - sus died for me. Oh, yes, the Savior died for me, The bless-ed Savior died for
 roll, The Sav-ior died for me. Oh, yes, the Sav - ior died for me, The blessed Sav - ior
 more, My Sav-ior died for me. Oh, yes, the Sav - ior died for me, The blessed Sav - ior

me, He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry, His pre-cious blood, for me,
 died for me, He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry,

LIGHT AT EVENING.

A. C. PRINDLE.

So at evening cometh light.—Zec. II. xiv: 7.

W. IRVING HARGREAVES.

1. Light at evening! blessed promise That life's darkest storms shall flee. That each bitter cloud of
 2. In the morn of life the sunbeams Flooded all our path with light, But the noontide found the
 3. Half way o'er our pilgrim journey, Half life's storms and sorrows o'er, Wistful-ly we watch the

sor - row Shall but bright reflect-ors be Of the radiance which shall hover Round the
 tem-pest Clothing that same path in night, Then, a-mid the tu-mult ris - ing, We a
 tem-pest Which above our spir - its roar, Watching for the golden glimmer Which will

spir - its evening time, Sing - ing lul - laby's of heav - en, Which with angel harpings chime.
 gen - tle voice may hear: "Hope and trust—beyond the shadows Shall the evening light appear."
 ban - ish sorrow's night, Waiting for the blessed promise, "So at evening com-eth light."

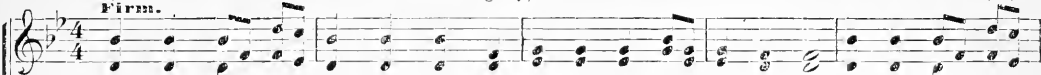
IN THE CROSS I GLORY.

59

BOWRING.
Firm.

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross.—GAL. vi: 14.

W. A. O.



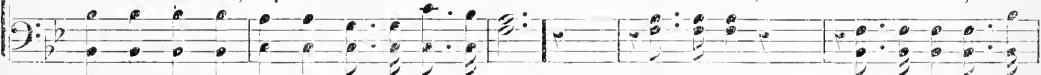
1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes decline, and fears an - noy, Never shall the
3. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanc-ti - fied; Peace there is that



CHORUS.



sa - cred sto - ry Gathers 'round its head sublime, In the cross, In the cross, In the
cross forsake me, Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
knows no measure, Joys that thro' all time abide. In the cross, In the cross,



cross of Christ I glo - ry, In the cross, In the cross, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time.
In the cross of Christ, In the cross of Christ,



MANSIONS ABOVE.

And there shall be no night there.—REV. xxiii: 5.

HARRY SANDERS.

With great expression.

1. There are mansions of love in the glo - ri - fied clime, Un - sul - lied by hate, with its purpose of crime, Where
 2. There are mansions of rest in that region of light, O'er whose glory there comes not the shadow of night, Where the
 3. There are mansions of peace in that beautiful world, Where the banners of combat are never unfurled; The

friendship immortal grows bright in each soul, And breathes in the anthems of rapture that roll, Where
 toil-worn and wea - ry of earth shall re - pose, Removed from its conflicts, released from its woes, Where the
 turmoils of earth, the com - mo - tions of time Disturb not the peace of those mansions sublime, The

friendship im - mor - tal grows bright in each soul, And breathes in the anthems of rapt - ure that roll.
 toil-worn and wea - ry of earth shall re - pose, Removed from its con - flicts, released from its woes.
 turmoils of earth, the com - mo - tions of time Dis - turb not the peace of those mansions sub - lime.

COMFORT OF PATMOS.

61

ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.
CHORUS.

He laid his right hand upon me, saying unto me, Fear not.—REV. I: 17.

ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

1. In that lone-ly isle, Banished far a - way, Je - sus met the pining soul, And
2. Grandly swept a - long Heaven's bright ar-ray, Vis - ions of the far off clime, Where
3. We are ex - iles too, Far, oh, far from home, To our dreary pris - on isle, Thou,

DUET.

lo! ce - les - tial day. To the ex - ile's dark re - treat, Glorious from thy mer - cy - seat,
smiles e - ter - nal day. Star and trump and gleaming sword, Lamp and harp in sweet accord,
Light of Patmos, come; Wake our dullness with a song, All our lone - ly chamber throng.

SOLO. DUET. CHORUS. RH.

Son of Man, thy cheering word Spoke the comfort notes of God, Spoke the comfort notes of God,
An - gel host in chorus glad, Echoing what the Savior said, Echoing what the Savior said.
Let thy visions bless our eye, Whisper, Lord, or else we die, Whisper, Lord, or else we die.

ENTREAT ME NOT.

E. R. LATTA.

Whom have I in heaven but thee.—Ps. lxxiii: 25.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

1. Oh, entreat me not to leave thee, In the season of our woe; Where thou lodgest I will
 2. Oh, entreat me not to leave thee, While we bow beneath the rod; I will dwell among thy
 3. Oh, entreat me not to leave thee, It would break my troubled heart; Naught but death alone is

CHORUS.

tar - ry, Where thou go-est, I will go. Stronger love by far than ev - er A - ny
 peo - ple, And thy God shall be my God.
 a - ble Ev - er thou and me to part.

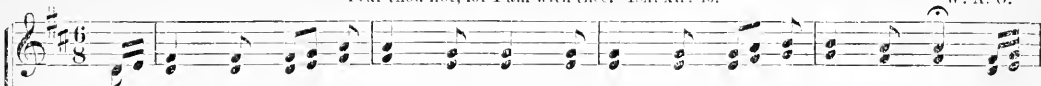
human heart hath known, Hath the cruci - fied Re-deem-er For a world of sin - ners shown.

'TIS I; BE NOT AFRAID.

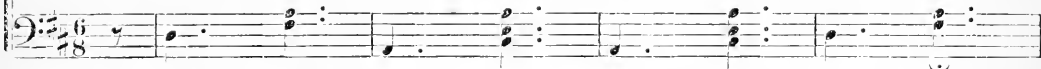
63

Fear thou not, for I am with thee.—Isa. xli: 10.

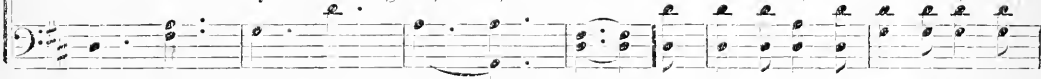
W. A. O.



- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. Tho' tossed with winds and faint with fear, | A - bove the tem-pest wild and drear, Hark! |
| 2. 'Tis I, who washed thy spir - it white, | 'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight, 'Tis |
| 3. These rag - ing winds, this storm - y sea | Bear not a breath of wrath to thee; That |
| 4. When on the oth - er side thy feet | Shall rest 'mid'st thousand welcomes sweet, One |



hark! my Savior's voice I hear, 'Tis I; be not a - afraid. 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'Tis
 I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light, 'Tis I; be not a - afraid.
 storm has all been spent on me, 'Tis I; be not a - afraid.
 well-known voice thy heart shall greet, 'Tis I; be not afraid.



I; be not a - afraid; 'Tis I, 'tis I, 'Tis I; be not a - afraid.
 'Tis I, 'tis I,



SABBATH BELLS. (Opening.)

C. T. DONOFRÉ.

Cheerfully.

1. All the air is hushed and ho-ly, On-ly chime the Sab-bath bells; List-en to the
 2. They are tell-ing, ev-er tell-ing, Of the love of God's dear Son; How he left his
 3. Now, while Sabbath bells are chiming, We will send our si-lent prayer Thro' the blue and

CHORUS.

wondrous sto-ry That their pleas-ant chim-ing tells. We are lit-tle chil-dren, long-ing
 Father's dwell-ing, And to sin-ful earth came down,
 aching heav-en, To our Fa-ther's dwell-ing there.

To be taught the way to thee; We would serve thee, blessed Jesus, And from all that's wrong would flee.

BRIGHT AND MORNING STAR.

65

LILLY W. GRAFTON.

"I am the root and the off-spring of David, and the bright and morning star."

W. A. O.

1. A pil-grim and a stranger, I jour-ney on my way, I seek thro' trib - u - la - tion, The
 2. Tho' oft my feet are wea-ry, So long and rough the road. One stands be-side me, pa - tient, And
 3. My beacon nev - er fails me, Tho' long and drear the night, Tho' clouds around me dark - en, They

light of per - fect day. Thro' thickest gloom and darkness, I see a gleam a - far, It beckons ev - er
 shares my heavy load. My faith can nev - er fail me, The while I see a - far, In all its ra - diant
 can not hide its light. Con - rage, the day is dawn - ing, For lo! I see a - far, In all its ra - diant

D. S. Behold him high in
D.S.

Fine. CHORUS.

upward, The bright and morning star. That bright, bright star, By faith I see:
 beau - ty, The bright and morning star. That bright and morning star, By faith, by faith I see:
 beau - ty, The bright and morning star.

glo - ry, To in - ter - cede for me.

ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

All thy works shall praise thee.—Ps. cxlv: 10.

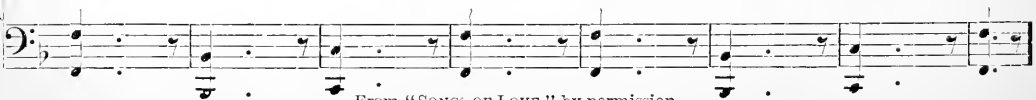
H. R. PALMER.



1. If you have a pleasant thought, Sing it, sing it, Like the birdies in their sport, Sing it from the heart.
2. Ev'ry gracious deed of his—Sing it, sing it, Nothing sounds so well as this, Sing it from the heart:
3. Are you weary, are you sad? Sing it, sing it, Make yourselves and others glad, Sing it from the heart.



Does the Holy Spirit move, For the lambkins of his love? Sing, and point the fold above, Sing it from the heart.
How he walked upon the wave, Rescued Laz'rus from the grave, Died, our guilty souls to save, Sing it, etc.
Saints who stand before his face, Sing of his redeeming grace; Give the Savior endless praise, Sing it, etc.



From "SONGS OF LOVE," by permission.

SINGING FROM THE HEART. Concluded.

67

CHORUS.



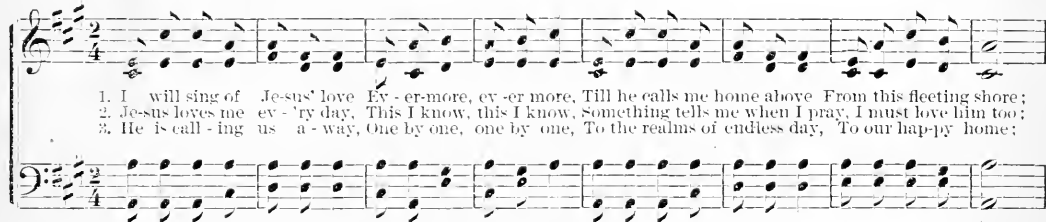
Singing, singing from the heart: Oh, what joy our songs impart: Jesus, bless the tuneful art, Singing from the heart.

SING OF JESUS' LOVE. (Infant Class.)

R. A. GLENN.

I will sing a new song unto thee, O God.—Ps. cxliv: 9.

R. A. GLENN.



1. I will sing of Je-sus' love Ev-er-more, ev-er more, Till he calls me home above From this fleeting shore;
2. Je-sus loves me ev-'ry day, This I know, this I know, Something tells me when I pray, I must love him too;
3. He is call-ing us a-way, One by one, one by one, To the realms of endless day, To our happy home;

DUET. **CHORUS.**



Then I'll sing his praise more sweet, When I sit at Je-sus' feet, And the blessed words repeat Of redeem-ing love.
Food and raiment he doth give, Of his bounty we re-ceive, And he bids us look and live, Live for ev-er-more.
Sweet will be our meeting there, In that kingdom bright and fair, Praise shall take the place of prayer In our happy home.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES.

Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life.—JOHN 5: 39.

REV. JOHN JUNKIN FRANCIS.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are searching the Scriptures, God's blessed word of truth, We are seeking his sal - va - tion, In the
 2. We are searching the Scriptures: They tell us of his love, And they point us in the way that leads To
 3. We are searching the Scriptures: Lord, make us truly wise; From our minds dispel the darkness, Savior

sun - ny days of youth; Seeking more to know of Je - sus, Who for us was cru - ci - fied, Knowing
 you bright heav'n above; As we dai - ly grow in knowledge, May we al - so grow in grace, Let - ting
 o - pen thou our eyes; Help us to o - bey thy pre - cepts, Taught us in thy ho - ly word; Help us

CHORUS. Loud.
 they and on - ly they, are safe, Who in his truth a - bide. Wis - er, pur - er, *better* would we grow,
 ev - er our light shine a - round us, Each one in his place.
 more and more to be like thee, Our Mas - ter and our Lord.

SEARCHING THE SCRIPTURES. Concluded.

69

Learning more of Je - sus Ev - 'ry day, as en we go: Seek-ing his sal - va - tion, In the

sun - ny days of youth; Search-ing the Script - ures, God's bless - ed word of truth.

ST. THOMAS.

Fight the good fight of faith.—1 TIM. vi: 12.

G. F. HANDEL.

Majestically.

ff

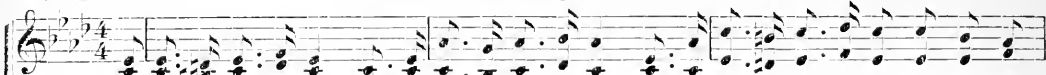
1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes arise, And hosts of sins are pressing hard, To draw thee from the skies.
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The battle ne'er give o'er, Renew it boldly ev'ry day, And help divine implore.
3. Ne'er think the vict'ry won, Nor lay thine armor down, Thy arduous work will ne'er be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

TRIUMPH BY AND BY.*

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

Be not weary in well doing.—2 THESS. iii: 13.

H. R. PALMER.



1. The prize is just be-fore us: To win, his words implore us; The eye of God is o'er us From on
 2. We'll follow where he leadeth, We'll pasture where he feedeth, We'll yield to him who pleadeth From on
 3. Our home is bright above us, No tri - als dark to move us, But Je - sus dear to love us There on



high, from on high; His loving tones are calling, While sin is dark, appalling, 'Tis Je-sus gently calling,
 high, from on high: Then naught from him shall sever, Our hopes shall brighten ever, And faith shall fail us never,
 high, there on high; We'll give him best endeavor, And praise his name forever, His precious words can never,



CHORUS.



He is nigh, he is nigh. By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with
 He is nigh, he is nigh. By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him And with
 Nev-er die, nev-er die.



TRIUMPH BY AND BY. Concluded.

71

1st Time. 2d Time.

Je - sus reign in glo - ry, By and by, by and by. Jesus reign in glo-ry, By and by, by and by.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first two times of the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one flat and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The first time is marked '1st Time.' and the second is marked '2d Time.' The lyrics are printed below the notes.

LET THEM COME TO ME. (Infant Class.)

A. H. A.

So run, that ye may obtain.—1 Cor. ix: 24.

W. W. DENTLEY.

1. Hear the gen - tle Shepherd Calling lambs like me, In his sweetest ac - cents, Let them come to me.
2. Thanks, dear blessed Savior, For thy words of love, Bidding children en - ter Thy bright courts above.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the first two verses of the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

CHORUS.

Let them come to me, Let them come to me, Hear him sweetly saying, Let them come to me.

Let them come to me, Let them come to me,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the chorus of the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp and a 2/4 time signature. The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

THE GRAND RALLY.

Written for Bethany M. E. Sunday-School, Baltimore, Md.
Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountain.—Isa. xlii: 2.

MISS P. J. OWENS,
Con Spirito.

HARRY SANDERS.

1. Lift our standard true and bright; Onward, soldiers of the right! Jesus comes, our hearts to claim;
2. Ral - ly, ral - ly to the cross, Liv-ing hearts and willing hands; Follow on where God commands;
3. Strength and courage he bestows; Heed not flatter-ers, fear not foes; O'er the field of bat - tle wide
4. When the day of triumph shines Bright o'er our victorious lines, Then with angel hosts a - round

CHORUS.
Rally, comrades, in his name. Rally, Rally, Ral-ly to the cross!
Fame is fleeting, gold is dross,
Fol-low Je-sus cru-ci-fied.
We shall reign with Jesus crowned. Rally to the cross, Ral-ly to the cross,

Ral - ly, Ral - ly to the cross, Ral - ly, Ral - ly to the cross, Ral - ly to the cross!
Rit. **Repeat PP.**

HASTE, TRAV'LER, HASTE!

73

W. B. COLLYER.

The eternal God is thy refuge.—DEUT. XXXIII: 27.

W. A. OGDEN.

Andante, ad lib.

1. Haste, trav'ler, haste! | Oh, soon for thee the . . . | night comes on, | And many a shining . . .
 2. Haste, trav'ler, haste! | The rising tempest . . . | sweeps the sky; | The rains descend, the . . .

hour is gone: | The storm is gathering | in the west, | And thou art far from
 winds are high; | The waters swell, and | death and fear | Beset thy path, no

CODA. *pp*

home and rest; | Haste, trav - 'ler, haste!
 ref - uge near; | Haste, trav - 'ler, haste!

3 Haste, trav'ler, haste!
 Oh, yes; a shelter you may gain,
 A covert from the wind and rain;
 A hiding-place, a rest, a home,
 A refuge from the wrath to come;
 Haste, trav'ler, haste!

4 Haste, trav'ler, haste!
 Then linger not in all the plain,
 Flee for thy life, the mountain gain;
 Look not behind, make no delay,
 Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way;
 Haste, trav'ler, haste!

CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

DR. BETHUNE.
Joyfully.

And the building of the wall of it was of Jasper.—REV. XXI: 18.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. O cit - y of the Jas - per wall, And of the pearly gate, For thee, a - mid the
 2. O cit - y where they need no light Of sun, or moon, or star, Could we with eye of
 3. O cit - y where the shin - ing gates Shut out all grief and sin, Well may we yearn, a -

DUET. *p* CHORUS.

storms of life, Our wea - ry spir - its wait. Oh, may we walk the streets of gold No
 faith but see How bright thy mansions are, How soon our doubts would flee a - way, How
 'mid earth's strife, Thy ho - ly peace to win.— Yet will we meek - ly bear the cross, Nor

f DUET. *p* CHORUS *f*

mor - tal feet have trod: Oh, may we worship at the shrine, The temple of our God.
 strong our trust would grow, Un - til our hearts should trust no more On treas - ures here below.
 seek to lay it down, Un - til our Fa - ther calls us home, And gives the promised crown.

CITY OF THE JASPER WALL. Concluded.

75

CHORUS.

O land . . . of bliss, . . . O land . . . of light, . . . O cit - y of the
 O land, O land of bliss, O land, O land of light.

DENNIS. S. M.

NAGELL.

In choral style.

Jas - per wall, O land for - ev - er bright.

1. How gen - tle God's commands, How
2. Be - neath his watch - ful eye His
3. His good - ness stands approved Down

kind his pre - cepts are ; Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his constant care.
 saints se - curely dwell ; The hand which bears all na - ture up Shall guard his children well.
 to the pres - ent day ; I'll drop my bur - den at his feet, And bear a song a - way.

JESUS, THE ROCK OF AGES.

Dedicated to St. Paul's M. E. Sunday-School, Toledo, O.

That rock was Christ.—1 Cor. x: 4.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.



1. There stands a Rock on the shores of time That rears to heaven its head sublime, That rock is cleft, and
2. That Rock's a cross, and its arms outspread, Celestial glo - ry bathes its head, To its firm base my
3. That Rock's a tower, and its lofty height, Illumed with heaven's unclouded light, Ope wide its gate be-



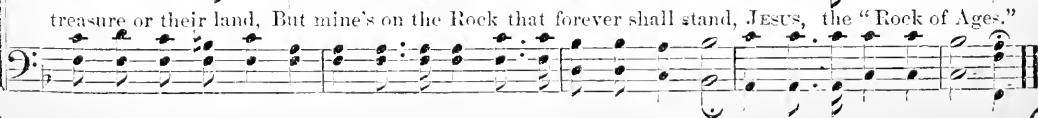
CHORUS.



they are blest Who find within this cleft a rest. Some build their hopes on the ever-shifting sand,
 all I bring, And to the cross of ages cling. Some on their fame, their
 neath the dome Where saints find rest with Christ at home.



treasure or their land, But mine's on the Rock that forever shall stand, JESUS, the "Rock of Ages."



JESUS IS MINE.

77

Spiritual communion.—1 JOHN 1: 3.

* * *

Slowly.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine; Break, ev - ry ten - der tie,
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine; Here would I ev - er stay,
3. Fare - well, mor-tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine; Wel - come, e - ter - ni - ty,

Je - sus is mine. Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no
Je - sus is mine. Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born but for
Je - sus is mine. Wel - come, O loved and blest, Wel - come, sweet

rest - ing - place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine.
one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine.
scenes of rest, Wel - come, my Sav - ior's breast, Je - sus is mine.

THE ROYAL ROAD.

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.—MATT. v. 43: 12.

W. A. O.

Cheerful.

1. While our hearts are light, and our homes are bright, And the sun is shining o'er us, We come to learn of a
2. We will love our neighbors as ourselves, We will treat them like our brothers, And as we would they should

brighter path To a bet - ter land be - fore us; Of a roy - al road to the blest a - bode Of
do to us, We will kindly do to oth - ers; We will thus o - bey, from day to day, That

love, and joy, and beauty, And the Golden Rule of our Sunday-school Is the Roy - al Road of Duty.
law so full of beauty, For the Golden Rule of our Sunday-school Is the Roy - al Road of Duty.

THE ROYAL ROAD. Concluded.

79

CHORUS.

We'll fol - low, we'll fol-low, we'll fol - low the Gold - en Rule, We'll fol - low, we'll
We'll fol-low, we will fol - low, we will fol - low the Gold - en, Golden Rule, We'll follow, we will

I AM THINE.

M. P. SUTER.

Repeat softly.

fol - low, We'll follow the Golden Rule.
fol - low,

f

1. My God, I am thine. What a com-fort di-
In the heaven - ly Lamb Thrice hap-py I
2. True pleasures a - bound In the rapt-ur-ous
My Redeemer to know, And to feel his blood

vine, What a bless - ing to know that my Je - sus is mine,
am. And my heart doth re-joyce at the (omit) sound of his name.
sound, And who - ev - er hath found it hath Pa - ra - dise found,
flow, This is life ev - er - last - ing, 'tis (omit) heav - en be - low.

BRING IN THE CHILDREN.

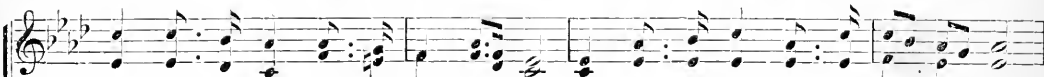
MRS. S. G. SMITH.

Bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.—Eph. vi: 4.

J. H. LESLIE.



1. Bring in the chil - dren, oh, bring them in, Lure them to turn from the high - ways of sin ;
2. Turn not a - way from a gar - ment torn, Un - der the tat - ters God's im - age is worn,
3. Hark! blessed words ; oh "for - bid them not," Come they from hov - el, or pai - ace, or cot,



Lead their young feet in the paths of God, Point them the way which the Sav - ior trod.
 In - to the house of the un - de - filed We may not en - ter un - less as a child.
 But if a bless - ing from Jesus you'd win, Go through the by - ways and bring them in.



Christ may be wait - ing to welcome them there, Wait - ing to crown them with jew - els so rare,
 Bring in the ehil - dren for Je - sus to hold, He will em - braee them as oft - en of old,
 Sym - pa - thy soon - est will en - ter the heart, Caus - ing the tear - drops of kind - ness to start,



BRING IN THE CHILDREN. Concluded.

81

Wait - ing to bless and to guard them from sin, Heed then the mes - sage and bring them in.
 He will en - rich them with blessings so rare, Bring them to Je - sus his love to share.
 Gath - er them in to the tem - ple of prayer, So in his kingdom bright crowns they'll wear.

NEARER, LOVING SAVIOR.

LILLY W. GRATTON.
Slowly.

I shall go to him.—2 SAMUEL XII: 23.

W. A. O.

1. Near-er, loving Sav-ior, Draw me to thy breast; In a clos-er un-ion Keep me ev - er blest;
2. Near-er, loving Sav-ior, Draw me to thy breast; There my soul, world-weary, Finds eter - nal rest;
3. Near-er, loving Sav-ior, Draw me to thy breast; Fold thine arms around me Closer, Sav - ior blest:

f *Cres.* *mp* *Cres.* *Dim.*

Lo! the tempest ris - es O'er life's storm-y sea, But my soul is fear-less, Anchor'd safe in thee.
 Here, in midnight darkness, Of-tentimes I stray; In my Father's kingdom There is light al - way.
 Thro' thy love un-fail-ing, Earthly grief is sweet, Fol - lowing the footprints Of the Mas - ter's feet.

ONE DROP OF THE BLOOD.

W. A. OGDEN.

And washed us from our sins in his own blood.—REV. 1: 5.

S. H. BLAKESLEE.

Slowly.

1. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He shed up - on Cal - va - ry's brow,
 2. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, He gave as a ran - som for me,
 3. One drop of the blood, One drop of the blood, Oh, sprinkle it now in thy love;

Rall.

Will cleanse me with - in, Will free me from sin, And make me e'en whit - er than snow.
 Will cleanse ev - 'ry stain, Re - move ev - ery pain Which now in my spir - it may be.
 Oh, save me to - day, And save me for aye, And fit me for heav - en a - bove.

CHORUS.
Cres. *Dim.* *p*

Whiter than snow, Yes, whiter than snow, One drop of the
 Yes, whiter than snow, Yes, whiter than snow,

ONE DROP OF THE BLOOD. Concluded.

83

Cres. *Dim.*

blood . . . From Calvary's brow . . . Will cleanse me within, And free me from

One drop of the blood From Calvary' brow Will cleanse me within,

mp *Rall.* *pp*

sin, . . . And make my soul . . . E'en whiter than snow,

And free me from sin, and make my soul whiter than snow.

BENEDICTION.

* * *

Chant to close School.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the *love of God*, | Holy Ghost, be . . . | WITH US ALL, | Now and evermore. Amen.

SEEK AND FIND.

E. R. LATTA.

Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.—MATT. vii: 7.

WILLIAM AUGUSTINE.

1. Ma - ny seek for earth - ly treasure, But the prize they sel - dom gain; In the gid - dy
 2. They who seek the things of heav - en, And up - on the Lord be - lieve, Have the best as -
 3. If we ear - ly seek the Sav - ior, If we to the end en - dure, We shall gain his

round of pleasure, Ma - ny seek for joy, in vain; But to those of con - trite spir - it,
 sur - ance giv - en, They shall crowns of life re - ceive; Fee - bly seek - ing af - ter Je - sus,
 gra - cious fa - vor, Our sal - va - tion shall be sure. Je - sus, thou art ev - er near us,

Seeking Je - sus, good and kind, Is the cheer - ing promise, hear it: "Seek, and ye shall find."
 Stopping oft to look be - hind, From our doubts the promise frees us: "Seek, and ye shall find."
 Sick with sin, and lame, and blind, But thy promise still doth cheer us: "Seek, and ye shall find."

SEEK AND FIND. Concluded.

85

CHORUS.

Seek and find the Sav - for kind.
 Seek, oh, seek, Seek and find, Seek the Savior good and kind; We will seek thy face and favor,
 And we'll surely find.

JESUS SO DEAR.

W. A. O.

Devotional.

I am with you always.—MATT. XXVIII: 20.

F. A. WALTER.

1. Je - sus stands by my side, Je - sus so dear; I in his love a-bide, Nothing I'll fear;
 2. Je - sus my re - fuge is, Je - sus so dear; I know that I am his, Now he is near;

Nothing can harm me there, Safe, safe from ev'ry snare, He doth my burden bear, Jesus so dear.
 Near me from day to day, Guiding my steps-alway, From him I'll never stray, Jesus so dear.

WELCOME TO OUR SABBATH HOME.

A day in thy courts is better than a thousand.—Ps. lxxxiv: 10.

E. LORENZ.

Spirited.

1. When the week of toil is o - ver, Comes the rest - ful Sab - bath day,
2. While the storms of life are pass - ing, Let us keep the prize in' view;

After D. S. go to Chorus.

With its prom - is - es of heav - en, Mile - stones on the Chris - tian's way;
Should our hearts grow faint, re - mem - ber Christ can bring us safe - ly through.

D. S. And they sing, in glad ho - san - nas,
D. S. With the ran - somed we will praise him,

Wel - come to our Sab - bath home.
In our heavenly Sab - bath home.

D. S.

Then from near and far the chil - dren Ea - ger - ly and quick - ly come,
When in paths of sin no lon - ger Wea - ri - ly our feet may roam,

WELCOME TO OUR SABBATH HOME. Concluded. 87

CHORUS.

Wel - come,

Wel - come,

Welcome to our Sabbath home.

Wel - come, they are sweetly singing, Welcome, they are sweetly singing, Welcome, wel - come To our Sabbath home.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The vocal line has lyrics: "Wel - come, Wel - come, Welcome to our Sabbath home." The piano accompaniment consists of chords and moving lines.

Wel - come,

Wel - come,

Welcome, they are sweetly singing, Welcome, they are sweetly singing, Welcome to our Sabbath home.

This system contains the second two staves of music. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music continues from the first system. The vocal line has lyrics: "Welcome, they are sweetly singing, Welcome, they are sweetly singing, Welcome to our Sabbath home." The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines.

FROM THE CROSS. 78.

Choral.

I have finished the work which thou gavest me to do.—JOHN xvii: 1.

From the German.

1. From the cross uplifted high, Where the Savior deigns to die, What melodious strains we hear Bursting on the ravished ear.
2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan? On my pierced body laid, Justice owns the ransom paid

This system contains the musical notation for the hymn "From the Cross". It features a single staff in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/2 time signature. The music is a choral setting. The lyrics are: "1. From the cross uplifted high, Where the Savior deigns to die, What melodious strains we hear Bursting on the ravished ear. 2. Sprinkled now with blood the throne, Why beneath thy burdens groan? On my pierced body laid, Justice owns the ransom paid".

JESUS EVER NEAR.

And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know.—JOHN xiv : 4.

J. R. DOGGE.

Not too fast.

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps To bring the Sav-ior down; In vain we search the
 2. But, warm, sweet, tender, e-ven yet A pres-ent help is he, And FAITH has yet its
 3. The healing of his seamless dress Is by our beds of pain: We touch him in life's
 4. Thro' him the first fond prayers are said Our lips of childhood frame, The last low whis-pers

CHORUS.

low - est deeps, For him no depth can drown. He's a friend that's ev - er near, nev - er
 Ol - i - vet, And LOVE its Gal - i - lee.
 throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
 of our dead Are bur - dened with his name.

fear,

fear,

fear, nev - er fear, A friend that's ever near, never fear, never fear, He will guide you to the end, And

JESUS EVER NEAR. Concluded.

89

ev - er will be-friend, He's a friend that's ev - er near, nev - er fear, nev - er fear.

JUST AS I AM.

Him that cometh, I will in no wise cast out.—JOHN vi: 27.

W. A. OGDEN.

Slow and devotional.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me
2. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind, Yes, all I need in

Ball.

come to thee! O LAMB OF GOD, I COME! I COME!
thee I find; O LAMB OF GOD, I COME! I COME!

3. 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.

4. Just as I am, thy love unknown
Has broken ev'ry barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O LAMB OF GOD, I COME! I COME!

WHITER THAN SNOW.

E. R. LATTA.

Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.—Ps. li: 7.

W. A. OGDEN.

Andante.

1. Whit - er than snow, Whit - er than snow, Not to the wa - ters of earth I be - take,
 2. Whit - er than snow, Whit - er than snow, Nev - er a por - tion with thee can be mine
 3. Whit - er than snow, Whit - er than snow, As from the cloud it de - scends to the ground,

D. C. WHIT-ER THAN SNOW, WHIT-ER THAN SNOW, WASHED IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB I SHALL BE

*Ritard.**Fine.*

For my trans-gres - sions they nev - er can make Whit - er, whit - er, whit - er than snow;
 Till I am cleansed with thy wash - ing di - vine, Whit - er, whit - er, whit - er than snow.
 Washed in his blood my own gar - ments be found Whit - er, whit - er, whit - er than snow.

FROM MY TRANSGRES-SIONS AND SINS EV - ER FREE. WHIT-ER, WHIT-ER, WHIT-ER THAN SNOW.

Cheerful.

But to the fount o - pened for sin, Where, and where on - ly is pro - mised a cure,
 Washed in thy blood, free from each stain, Free from the wick - ed - ness rife in my heart,
 Mansions of rest, glo - ry and love, Je - sus has gone for our souls to pre - pare,

WHITER THAN SNOW. Concluded.

91

Musical notation for the first part of the song, including a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

There I will bathe, there I will wait, Wait till my spir - it is per - fect - ly pure.
 Bet - ter to live, bet - ter to love, Fit - tel to dwell ev - er - more where thou art.
 When from the earth we shall de - part, Take us, dear Sav - ior, to dwell with thee there.

REMEMBER ME.

Lord, remember me.—LUKE xxiii: 42.

Devotional.

Musical notation for the first part of 'Remember Me', including a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

1. O wond'rous sto - ry of the Lord! It thrills our hearts with love, That Je - sus came to

D. C. Then help me, Sav - ior, thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be, And when thou sit - test

Musical notation for the second part of 'Remember Me', including a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

res - cue man, And left his throne a - bove.

on thy throne, Dear Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Fine.

- 2 The angels sang and men rejoiced
 In hope of endless bliss,
 And hailed the star of righteousness,
 The pledge of love and peace.
 Then help me, Savior, thee to own, etc.
- 3 It shines to-day to guide us on
 Thro' earthly storms to him.
 The pole star of the sinners' bark,
 Whose light is never dim.
 Then help me, Savior, thee to own, etc.

THE GLORY THAT SHALL BE.

EDEN R. LATTA.

My meditation of him shall be sweet.—Ps. civ: 34. Rom. viii: 18.

J. H. LESLIE.



1. Now the Spir-it bear-eth wit-ness With our spir-it day by day, That he owns us for his chil-dren, That our
2. If the flesh we walk not af-ter, But are by the Spir-it led: If we dwell in Christ the Savior, Who is
3. If so be we suf-fer with him, We shall at his bidding rise, And be glo-ri-fied to - geth-er In the



sins are washed a-way; And there is no con-dem-na-tion, For the heavenly king-dom sealed; But there's now our liv-ing head; Tho' while here on earth we linger, We by care may be op-pressed, We may man-sions of the skies; When he maketh up his jew-els, For the heavenly kingdom sealed, Oh, how



prom-ise of the glo-ry That in us shall be re-vealed. For we know that all the suff'rings Of the lean up-on the promise Of an ev-er-last-ing rest. great will be the glory That in us shall be re-vealed.



THE GLORY THAT SHALL BE. Concluded.

93

pres-ent e - vil time Are not e - qual to the glo - ry Of that ev - er bless-ed clime.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style with some triplets and rests.

HILLS OF AMETHYST.*

MISS P. J. OWENS.

Now to appear in the presence of God.—HEB. ix: 24.

HARRY SANDERS.

Fine.

1. Lift thine eyes unto the hills, Thou in sadness weeping: There a joyous murmur thrills From the angels reaping;
2. Dost thou miss the golden grain, Snowy buds immortal? Would'st thou have them back again, Look at heaven's portal.
3. Lift thy tearful eyes in trust, Christ thy treasures keeping; He who measures earthly dust, Human tear-drops weeping.

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features a melody in the upper staff and a bass line in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a 'Fine' marking.

D. S. Past the hills of Am-e-thyst Shines the day of glo-ry.

Death is but the morning mist, Chris-tian, ris - ing o'er thee.

This section continues the musical score from the previous block, maintaining the 3/4 time signature and key signature. It includes a 'D. S.' (Da Capo) marking at the beginning of the line.

4. Dost thou fear the open grave,
Fear death's narrow prison?
Jesus died the lost to save;
Jesus has arisen.
Death is but the, etc.
5. Dark and still the night may be
Just before the dawning;
Jesus will keep watch with thee,
Jesus brings the morning.
Death is but the, etc.

* From SPARKLING RUBIES, by permission.

BLESSED LAND OF PROMISE.

E. R. LATTA.
Spirited.

Arise, go over this Jordan, unto the land which I do give thee.—Josh. i: 2.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. There's a bless-ed land of prom - ise O'er the dark - ly roll - ing tide, And a
 2. There's a bright and glo - rious ci - ty Stand - ing on the heav - en - ly plain, Whose re -
 3. There's a home of ma - ny man - sions In that ci - ty far a - way, And the

might - y pil - grim ar - my In that re - gion fair a -
 deemed and ran - somed dwell - ers Nev - er know a care or
 spir - its of the bless - ed There a - bide in bright ar -

bide; They have crossed the foam - ing wa - ters, They have faced the storm - y blast;
 pain; Robes they wear of snow - y white - ness, Palms of vic - to - ry they bear;
 ray; There are man - sions for the chil - dren Who their Sav - ior now o - bey;

BLESSED LAND OF PROMISE. Concluded.

95

In the bright ee - les - tial ei - ty They have an - chored safe at last.
 They are crowned with light and glo - ry, And are blest be - yond eom - pare.
 They are pass - ing to that ei - ty In the bright and bet - ter way.

WHO IS THIS?

Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews.—JOHN xix: 19.

* * *

Slow.

1. Who is this in si-lence bend-ing O'er a dark, se-pul-chral eave? Sym-pa-thet - ic sor - row
2. When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor - row roll, I will lay my head on
3. Je - sus wept; that tear of sor - row, Is a leg - a - cy of love; Yes - ter - day, to - day, to -

blending With the tears a-round that grave: Christ the Lord is standing by At the tomb of Bethan-y!
 Je - sus, Pil - low of the troubled soul; Sure-ly none can feel like thee, Weeping one of Bethan-y!
 mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove; Thou art all in all to me, Liv-ing one of Bethan-y!

3

SPOTLESS AS SNOW.

EDEN R. LATTA.

On thee do I wait all the day.—Ps. xxv: 5.

GEO. B. LOOMIS.

Legato, and not too fast.

1. On thee do I wait all the day, In faith at thy al-tar remain: Dear Lord, to my spir-it ap-
 2. On thee do I wait all the day, Thy grace and thy mercy to prove; I long to be blameless in
 3. On thee do I wait all the day, Thy perfect salva-tion to see. I fain would be tru-ly thy

pear, Oh, let me not tar-ry in vain, The blood that for sin-ners was shed, Can
 life, I sigh to be per-fect in love; Let ev-er-y lin-ger-ing stain That
 child, Thy faith-ful dis-ci-ple would be, As-sist me each bur-den to bear, As

cleanse me, and save me, I know: That blood in thy mer-cy ap-ply, And make me as spotless as snow.
 still on my spir-it may show, Be purged by the in-nocent blood, That I may be spotless as snow.
 long as I tar-ry be-low: The dross of my spir-it consume, And make me as spotless as snow.

WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.

E. R. LATTA.

For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son.—JOHN iii: 16.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Be - hold what man - ner of love The Fa - ther hath he - stowed, To send his Son from a -
 2. Be - hold what man - ner of love, To pur - chase us with blood, To prom - ise a home a -
 3. Be - hold what man - ner of love, To creat - ures dead in sin, To o - pen the gates a -

bove To pay the debt we owed; He left the courts of glo - ry For sin - ners to be slain,
 bove, And call us sons of God; No earth - ly par - ent knoweth, Or can such love be - stow
 bove That we may en - ter in. Fa - ther, for death pre - pare us, And when we pass a - way,

CHORUS. an - - - - - gels
 While an - gels told the sto - ry To shep - herds on the plain. Bright an - gels told the
 As that the Fa - ther show - eth To sin - ners here be - low.
 Let ho - ly an - gels bear us Up to the courts of day.

WHAT MANNER OF LOVE. Concluded.

99

tr. told. Christ had come

sto-ry To shep-herds on the plain, That Christ had come from glo-ry For sin-ners to be slain.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the second part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

I'M NOT ASHAMED. C. M. Double.

I'm not a-shamed.—2 Trs. i. 12.

W. A. O.

Spirited. **Fine.**

1. I'm not a-shamed to own my Lord, Or to de-fend his cause, Maintain the hon-or of his word, The
2. Firm as his throne his promise stands, And he can well secure What I've com-mit-ted to his care Till

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the hymn 'I'M NOT ASHAMED'. It is in 4/4 time and features a treble and bass clef. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The piece is marked 'Spirited' and ends with a 'Fine'.

D. C. Nor will he put my soul to shame, Nor let my hope be lost.
D. C. And in the "New Je-ru - sa - lem" Appoint my soul a place.

D. C.

glo - ry of his cross; Je-sus, my God, I know his name, His name is all my trust,
the de - ci - sive hour; Then will he own my worthless name Be - fore his Fa - ther's face,

Detailed description: This block contains the musical notation for the second part of the hymn. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes. The piece is marked 'D. C.' (Da Capo).

JESUS OUR STRENGTH.

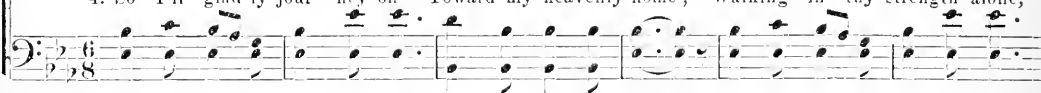
MINNIE D. BATEMAN.

Redemption through his blood.—EPIH. i: 7.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.



1. I am thine, my bless-ed Lord, Thou hast died for me. All I have and all I am,
 2. Oft me-thinks I hear thy voice, "I have died for thee; What hast thou to-day, my child,
 3. Guided ev-er by thy love, All my way is bright; Bur-dens thou dost send me, Lord,
 4. So I'll glad-ly jour-ney on Teward my heavenly home; Walking in thy strength alone,



Now be-longs to thee: Give me of thy heavenly store, Grace to love and serve thee more,
 Wrought in love for me? " On-ly lit-tle du-ties done, Tri-als borne and victories won,
 Borne for thee are light. While I closely cling to thee, What can harm or hin-der me?
 Till the end shall come. Then when thy dear face I see, This shall be my on-ly plea:



CHORUS.



Let thy blood, a cleansing flood, Make me pure and free. In thy love and full-ness wide,
 Small to show, yet this I know, They were done for thee. For last verse.
 Ev-'ry day a lit-tle way Near-er heaven and thee. In thy love and full-ness wide,
 I have tried—but thou hast died, Died, dear Lord, for me.



JESUS OUR STRENGTH. Concluded.

101

All my im - per - fec-tions hide, Ev - er in my heart a - bide, All in all to me.
 All my im - per - fec-tions hide, Je - sus, Savior, Friend and Guide, Let me dwell with thee!

MERCY-SEAT.

Let us now prepare to build us an altar.—Josh. xxii: 26.

W. A. O.

Fine.

1. Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat, Where Jesus answers prayer, There humbly bow before his feet, For
 2. Bow'd down beneath a load of sin, By Sa-tan sorely pressed, By wars without and fears within, I

D. C. Thou call'st the burdened souls to thee, And such, O Lord, art I.

D. C. I may my fierce accuser face, And tell him, thou hast died.

D. C.
 none may per - ish there. Thy promise is my on - ly plea, With this I ven - ture nigh,—
 come to thee for rest. Be thou my shield and hid - ing-place, That, sheltered near thy side,

GATHERING SONG.

To him be glory, both now and forever.—2 PETER iii: 18.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

1. We gath - er, we gath - er, dear Je - sus, to bring The breathings of love 'mid the blossoms of spring;
 2. When stoop - ing to earth from the brightness of heaven, Thy blood for our ransom so freely was given,
 3. Those arms which embraced lit - tle children of old Still love to en - cir - cle the lambs of the fold;

Our Mak - er, Re - deem - er, we grate - ful - ly raise Our voic - es in sing - ing thy praise.
 With pleas - ure thou list - ened when children a - dored In joy - ful ho - san - nas the Lord.
 That grace which in - vit - eth the wan - der - er home, Will nev - er for - bid us to come.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb that was slain, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -
 Hal - le - lu - jah Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah,

GATHERING SONG. Concluded.

103

lu - - jah, for he liv - eth a - gain To in - ter - cede for me.
Hal - le - lu - jah,

COME TO ME. (Chant.)

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.—JOHN VII: 37.

J. H. TENNY.

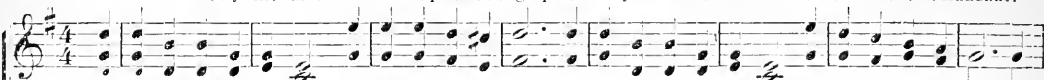
1. With tearful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and stormy sea, Yet, 'mid the gloom I hear a sound, A heavenly
2. It tells me of a place of rest, It tells me where my soul may flee; Oh, to the weary, faint, oppressed, how sweet the
3. Come, for all else must fade and die, Earth is no resting-place for thee: To heaven direct thy weeping eye, I am thy
4. O voice of mercy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and ag - o - ny, Support me, cheer me from above, And gently

Coda for last stanza. *f*

pp
whis - per, Come to me.
bid - ding, Come to me. "Come to me, and I will give you rest."
por - tion, Come to me.
whis - per, Come to me.

ROLL ON, THOU MIGHTY OCEAN.

Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.—MARK XVI: 15. DR. J. B. HERBERT.



1. Roll on, thou mighty ocean; And, as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mercy To ev'ry land below. A-
 2. O thou eternal Ruler, Who holdest in thine arm The tempests of the ocean, Protect them from all harm. Oh,



rise, ye gales, and waft them Safe to the destined shore, That man may sit in darkness And death's deep shade no more.
 be thy presence with them, Wherever they may be; Tho' far from us who love them, Oh, be they still with thee.



CHORUS.



Roll on, roll on;
 Roll on, thou mighty ocean; And, as thy billows flow, Bear messengers of mer-ey To ev'ry land be-low.



A FRIEND IN JESUS.

105

REV. A. A. HOPKINS.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 PETER v: 7.

* * *

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our grief and sins to bear; What a priv - ilege to
 2. Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear, All be - cause we do not
 3. We will give our hearts to Je - sus, Knowing that for us he cares; Trusting on - ly in his

CHORUS. *p*

car - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer. With "Come, ye heav - y lad - en, And
 ear - ry Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.
 mer - it, Breathing in his name our prayers.

Cres.

I will give you rest," We'll lay our heads, so wea - ry, On Je - sus' lov - ing breast.

MRS. S. C. HERRICK.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.—Ps. lxxv: 11.

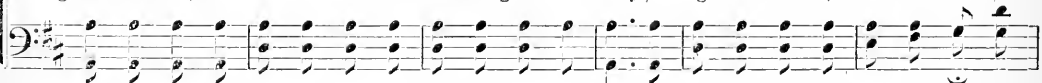
L. O. EMERSON.



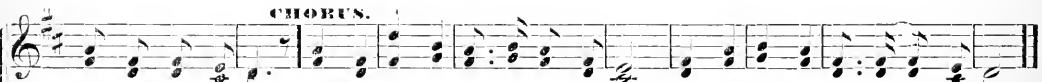
1. Ring-ing, ring-ing, Voic-es soft and clear, Wel-come bring-ing To the glad New Year. The
 2. Fall-ing, fall-ing, For the old a tear; Smil-ing, greet-ing, To the glad New Year.
 3. Wing-ing, wing-ing, Si-lent-ly to heaven, May its mo-ments All to God be given
 4. When the sea-sons Cease to mark his love, May we praise him Ev-er-more a-bove.



glad New Year, When friends so dear Are clustering round our way; The glad New Year, With festive cheer, We



CHORUS.



cel-e-brate to-day. Ring-ing, ring-ing, Voic-es soft and clear, Wel-come bring-ing To the glad New Year.



LITTLE VOLUNTEERS.

107

Blessed be the Lord, my strength, which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to fight.—Ps. cxlv: 1. A. J. ALEEV.
Joyous.

1. Oh, come and join our great command, Our lead-er is both tried and true: We're marching onward
 2. We're for the front, with orders sealed, We know our cause is just and right; Our Captain leads us
 3. Then join our ar-my, don't de-lay, Enroll your names while yet there's room, For vic-tories crown us

CHORUS.

to the land Be-yond the heav-en-ly sky of blue. We're march-ing, march-ing, With
 in the field, To fight the er-ring sons of might.
 ev-ry day, And will till God shall call us home. We're march-ing on, We're marching on, With

cheerful heart we're marching on: Our ranks are firm, Our steps are true, Our col-ors bright as heavenly blue.

WE'LL CROWN THEM WITH ROSES.

* * *

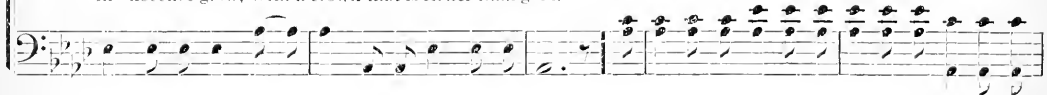
(TEMPERANCE SONG.)



1. We'll take up our stand for the youth of our land, And weave them a garland to wear: Tho' no leaves of the vine in our
 2. We'll tempt not the youth from the fountain of truth, Whose waters are pure and divine; But we'll banish fore'er from our
 3. Oursweet household joys, the girls and the boys, We'll shield from the tempters so bold, And we'll bind their white brows that
 [with

CHORUS. *ff*

wreath shall entwine, For we'll crown them with roses so fair. We'll crown them, We'll crown them, We'll
 homes that are dear. The chalice that sparkles with wine. We'll crown them with roses, We'll crown them with roses, We'll
 in - nocence glow, With a crown that is richer than gold.



We'll crown them, We'll crown them,
 crown them with roses so fair, We'll crown them with roses, We'll crown them with roses, We'll crown them with roses to wear,



ON A CHRISTMAS MORNING.

109

On earth peace, good will toward men.—LUKE II: 14.

W. A. O.

Sprightly.

1. *Girls.*—What is the song the an-gels sing? Sweetly sing, gladly sing; What is the song the an-gels sing,
Boys.—Oh, “Peace on earth,” the an-gels sing, Sweetly sing, gladly sing; Oh, “Peace on earth,” the an-gels sing,
 2. *Girls.*—What is the blessing an-gels bring? Gladly bring, tru-ly bring; What is the blessing an-gels bring,
Boys.—“Good will to men,” the an-gels bring, Gladly bring, truly bring; “Good will to men,” the an-gels bring,
 3. *Girls.*—Oh, tell me why should children sing? Sweetly sing, gladly sing; Oh, tell me why should children sing,
Boys.—In Beth-le-hem was born a King, Children’s King, an-gels’ King; In Beth-le-hem was born a King,
 4. *All.*—Then let us all to-gether sing, Sweetly sing, gladly sing; Then let us all to-gether sing,
 Glory to him whom love did bring, Sweetly bring, gladly bring; Glory to him whom love did bring,

CHORUS. ff

On a Christmas morning. O blessed morn! O wondrous King! A Sav-ior born, the Lord’s anointed,

En-ters on the work ap-point-ed, Leaves the heavenly world awhile, God and man to rec-on-cile.

2d Time *pp*

CITY O'ER THE SEA.

HUGH HAVES.

I go to prepare a place for you.—JOHN XIV: 2.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. There is a gold-en cit - y, A home of love and light, A cit - y with-out shad - ow, Or
 2. There is a gold-en cit - y, 'Tis full of mel - o - dy, And sights most rare and ho - ly That
 3. That bright and gold-en cit - y Is my e - ter - nal home, From whence I'll never wan - der, When
 4. Oh, glo - ry ev - er - last - ing To him who died for me! Who has pre-pared the cit - y, The

fear, or death, or night; That cit - y is my Fa - ther's, Pre-pared for such as me; It
 these poor eyes shall see; And in that gold-en cit - y There dwell-eth the fair Lamb, In
 Fa - ther bids me "come." Here I've no place to tar - ry, No home where I can rest, My
 cit - y o'er the sea. Oh, for that gold-en cit - y! Oh, for the joy it brings! Oh,

CHORUS.

is the gold-en cit - y, That cit - y o'er the sea,
 whom is hid all rich - es, The full-ness of *I Am*. Yes, Jesus above all things, Oh, fair his face to see! I'm
 heart is ev - er long-ing For that sweet home of rest,
 for the un-told glo - ry! Oh, for the Kings of kings!

CITY O'ER THE SEA. Concluded.

111

pant-ing, wait-ing, wish-ing, for the cit - y o'er the sea. O Je - sus, when thou call - est, Thy

bles - ed face I'll see. And dwell with thee for - ev - er In the cit - y o'er the sea.

OWN AND BLESS.

MARION WHITNEY.

W. A. O.

1. Kindest Shepherd, hear us, Own and bless to-day; Lift our souls from sor - row, Bless us while we pray.
2. Time, we know, is passing; Joys are fleeting too; But with thee in heav - en All is bright and true.
3. Thou who rul'st a-bove us, Draw our hearts to thee; Fit us for thy king - dom, For e - ter - ni - ty.

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD.

DR. GUTHRIE.

Slow, and with emotion.

And I will love him.—JOHN xiv: 21.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. I am kneeling at the threshold, so weary, faint, and sore, Waiting for the dawning, for the opening of the door;
 2. Oh, a weary path I've traveled, mid darkness, storm, and night, Bearing many a burden and struggling for the right;
 3. Oh, methinks I hear the voices of loved ones as they stand, Singing in the gloaming of the bright and better land;

I am waiting till the Master shall bid me rise and come To his all-glo-ri-ous pres-ence, the gladness of his home.
 Now the morn of heaven is breaking, my toil will soon be o'er; I'm kneeling at the threshold, and my hand is on the door.
 Soon I'll join the blood-washed legion and stand amid the throng; I'll mingle in their wor-ship and I'll join their happy song.

CHORUS.

Rall.

I'm kneel - - ing at the thresh - old, so wea - ry, faint, and sore, I'm
 I'm kneeling at the threshold, I'm kneeling at the threshold, I'm kneeling at the thresh- old, so weary, faint, and sore, I'm

KNEELING AT THE THRESHOLD. Concluded. 113

Rall.

kneel - - - ing at the thresh - - - old, and my hand is on the door.
 kneel - - - ing at the thresh - - - old, I'm kneeling at the threshold, I'm kneeling at the threshold, and my hand is on the door.

THE OLD CROSS.

Dr. BONAR.

1. The cross, it standeth fast, Hal - le - lu-jah! The winds of hell have blown, Yet 'tis not

Coda after each stanza.

o - ver - thrown; HAL - LE - LU-JAH!

- 2 It is the old cross still,
Hallelujah!
On which the Living One
Did for man's sin atone;
HALLELUJAH!
- 3 Old cross, on thee I lean,
Hallelujah!
Old, yet ever new,
I glory still in you;
HALLELUJAH!

ONLY BELIEVE.

Fear not, neither be discouraged.—DEUT. i: 21.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. On - ly be-lieve that thy Fa - ther Is guid-ing thy lone - ly way, Guid-ing thee out of the
 2. Shad-ows that oft gath - er dark - ly A-round thy lone spir - it now, Will be dis-persed by the
 3. On - ly be-lieve the sweet prom-ise The Sav-ior has given to thee, "Here ye shall have tib - u-

dark - ness To the light of e - ter - nal day. Be-lieve that the path thou art tread - ing,
 bright-ness That beams from the Sav - ior's brow. Be-lieve that the hopes thou hast cher - ished,
 la - tion, But in - fi - nite peace in me." Be-lieve that the heav - en - ly man-sions

Though drear - y, and dark, and cold, Is the same path that was trod - den
 Though seem - ing so bright and fair, Take not their calm light from heav - en,
 Are pre - par - ing for thee a - hove; And all things work for the bet - ter

ONLY BELIEVE. Concluded.

115



By mar - tyrs and saints of old.
 They'll find no fru - i - tion there. On - ly be - lieve, On - ly be - lieve, On - ly be - lieve.
 To those who the Sav - ior love.

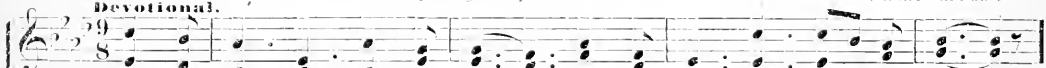


SAVIOR, JESUS! PASS NOT BY.

MRS. CARMICHAEL.
 Devotional.

Rejoicing in hope.—Rom. xii: 12.

HARRY SANDERS.



1. Sav - ior, Je - sus! pass not by: Turn on me thy lov - ing eye:
 2. Sav - ior, Je - sus! from a - boye, Touch me with thy hand of love:
 3. Sav - ior, Je - sus! by thy blood, That from Cal - vary's cross red flowed,



See my heart with sor - row pressed: Sav - ior, Je - sus! give me rest.
 Bid it wipe a - way my tears; Sav - ior, Je - sus! calm my fears.
 Wash me in its won - drous tide: Sav - ior, Je - sus! thou hast died.



REV. D. S. ANDERSON.

We have seen his star in the east.—MATT. ii: 2.

REV. D. S. ANDERSON.

Slow.

1. A most beau-ti-ful star burst out one night, And it shone with such splendor and ho-ly de-light,
 2. 'Twas a Sav-ior they sought, 'twas a Savior they found, And they told the glad sto-ry the coun-try a-round.
 3. That bright Beth-le-hem star is shin-ing yet; It a-rose in its beau-ty, but nev-er will set;

Ad lib.

That wise men from the East, A coun-try a-far, Be-held with great joy that dear beau-ti-ful star.
 Shall not we be as wise As those from a-far, And fol-low the beams of the beau-ti-ful star?
 For the time draw-eth nigh When na-tions a-far Shall walk in the light of the beau-ti-ful star.

CHORUS.

Like a ra-di-ant gem It shone up-on them, And led them re-joie-ing to Beth-le-hem,

BEAUTIFUL STAR. Concluded.

117

Ad lib.

And the sto - ry it told, More pre - cious than gold, Will ev - er to glo - ry the way un - fold.

WAITING AT THE CROSS. 7s & 5s.

ELLA CHITK.

Lord, to whom shall I turn?—JOHN VI: 68.

J. H. ANDERSON.

1. Je - sus, I am wait - ing now, Wea - ry, worn, and weak; At the cross I'm bending low,
 2. Long I've wandered far from thee, In the paths of sin; Let my sor - row plead for me,
 3. Chase my heart's unrest a - way, Bid its troubling cease; Let me feel thy love to - day,

D. S. Speak the bless-ed words to me.

Fine. CHORUS.

D. S.

Peace and rest I seek. Je - sus, I am wait - ing now, Long - ing to be blest;
 Je - sus, take me in.
 Give me thy sweet peace.

"Come, I'll give thee rest"

WHOSOEVER WILL.

W. A. O.
Spirited.

With thee is the fountain of life.—Ps. xxxvi: 9.

W. A. O.

D.C. 1. *Who-so-ev-er will may tru-ly come,
He that is a-thirst, oh, let him come,* WHO-SO-EV-ER WILL, WHO-SO-EV-ER WILL; *Who-so-ev-er will may
He that is a-thirst, oh,*

2. *He that is an hun-ger, let him come,
Who-so-ev-er eat-eth of the bread,* He that is an hun-ger,
Who-so-ev-er eat-eth

DUET.

*tru-ly come, And drink life's wa-ter free-ly.
let him come, And drink life's wa-ter free-ly.* THE SPIR-IT AND THE BRIDE SAY COME,
*let him come, And eat and live for-ev-er.
of the bread Of life shall hun-ger nev-er.*

CHORUS. 1st Time. 2d Time. D.C.

FREELY COME, FREELY COME, AND DRINK LIFE'S WATER FREELY.

- 3 'Tis the blessed Savior's words I hear,
Whosoever will, whosoever will;
'Tis the blessed Savior's words I hear,
To every tribe and nation:
Whosoever will may truly come,
Whosoever will, whosoever will;
Whosoever will may truly come,
And share this great salvation.
The Spirit and the Bride, etc.

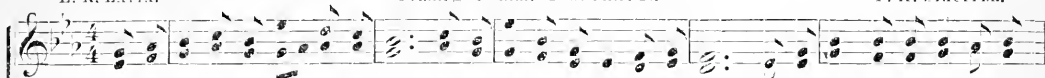
WE WILL GLADLY.

119

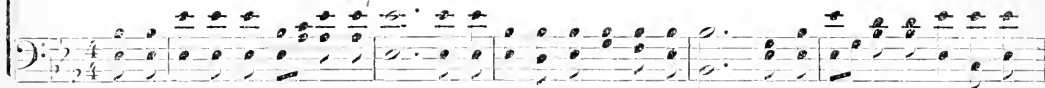
E. R. LATTA.

I shall go to him.—2 SAM. xii: 23.

P. H. STAUFFER.



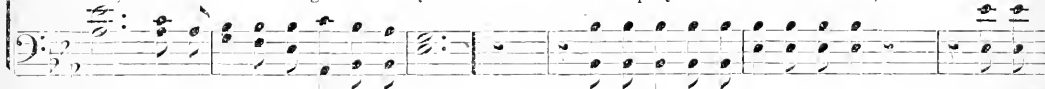
1. We will gladly our sac-ri-fice bring, To the Lord will we offer our vow; He ac-cept - ed his peo-ple of
2. With the innocent light in its eye, With his spir-it by sin un-de-filed, To the tem-ple the mother may
3. In his presence for-ev - er to dwell, Where no cloud ever darkens the sky, And the flow'rs bloom on ever-



CHORUS.



old, He will hear and accept of us now. If we pray to the Father in faith, If we ask in the
come, And the Lord will accept of her child. more, Shall the little ones go when they die. If we pray to the Father in faith, If we



name of the Son, What-so-ev - er would be for our good, And his glory, will sure-ly be done.
ask in the name of the Son,



GATES WITHOUT JAR.

D. B. C.

We look for new heavens and a new earth.—2 PET. III: 13.

J. H. ANDERSON.



1. Thou dear Jeru-sa-lem on high! Sweet city of my God; My hap-py home beyond the sky, The
 2. Dear happy home! No earthly song Can reach thy joyous strain; But when I mingle with thy throng, I
 3. When the great bands of Christ's full love Shall compass all my soul, Then earthly ties shall snap like thread, And



home of my dear Lord; No set-ting sun is known to thee, No evening's chilly air; The
 shall not try in vain. Out-side thy gates my earthly joys I'll leave, and break the cup: 'Twill
 lose their whole con-trol. Seen in the light of Christ's great love, The loves of earth shall fade; From



CHORUS.



Lord, our God, thy light shall be, The Lord of light is there. O beau - ti - ful gates, When
 ill be - fit the marriage feast, When with my Lord I sup. O beautiful, beautiful gates so fair!
 pat-tern for, an hum - ble suit, Can heavenly robe be made.



GATES WITHOUT JAR. Concluded.

121

shall I en - ter there, And stand with-in those pearl - y gates, Those pearly gates so fair!

The musical score consists of two staves, treble and bass clef, with lyrics written below the notes. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady rhythm.

MORE LIKE THEE. 6s & 4s.

E. R. LATTA.
Slowly.

To present you holy.—Col. 1: 11.

* * *

1. More like my Lord to be, Ev - er I pray; Farther from sin removed From day to day.
2. More like my Lord to be, Ev - er I plead; Oh, make me strong in faith, Valiant in deed,
3. More like my Lord to be, Per - fect in love! Hoping at last to dwell With him a - bove;

The musical score is in 3/4 time and features three verses of lyrics. The melody is gentle and reflective, matching the 'Slowly' tempo marking.

Bet - ter the hosts of sin Here to de - fy, Bet - ter prepared to live, Bet - ter to die.
And in for - bid - den paths Oft wandered o'er, Oh, let my wayward feet Wander no more.
Striving that port to gain, O - ver the tide: Urg - ing this on - ly claim, Je - sus hath died.

The musical score continues with a new melody. It includes a 'Hit.' marking above the staff, indicating a specific rhythmic or melodic emphasis. The lyrics are arranged in three lines corresponding to the musical phrases.

JUBILEE OF HEAVEN.

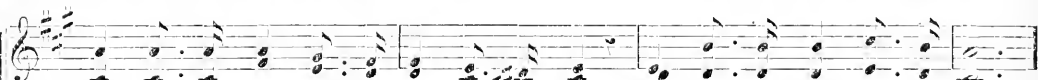
M. LAYBOURNE.

They sing a new song.—GEN. xxxii: 26.

M. LAYBOURNE.



1. Hark to the sound of the an - gel - ic throng; Singing in rapt - ure, the bless - ed notes pro - long;
2. Crowns of re - joic - ing, all fade - less and bright; Garments of beauty, all spot - less, pure and white;
3. Soon shall I pass o'er the dark roll - ing tide, Soon shall I stand at the bless - ed Sav - ior's side;



Sweet is the strain of their mys - tie - al song, Filled with the pur - est of love.
 Man - sions of rest in the re - gions of light, Je - sus the Sav - ior will give.
 There in his love ev - er - more to a - bide, Safe, safe at home ev - er - more.



CHORUS.



Oh, my soul soon shall flee, To that e - ter - nal rest that's given, There to
 Oh, my soul soon shall flee,



JUBILEE OF HEAVEN. Concluded.

123

join the ju - bi - lee, The ju - bi - lee of heaven.
 There to join the ju - bi - lee, the ju - bi - lee,

GUIDED BY THEE. 6s & 4s.

REV. C. S. ROBINSON.

The Lord shall guide thee continually.—ISA. LVIII: 2.

J. D. BOGES.

1. Sav - ior, I fol - low on, Guid - ed by thee: See - ing not yet thy hand That lead - eth me.
 2. Riv - en the rock for me, Thirst to re - lieve; Man - na from heaven falls, Fresh ev - 'ry eve;
 3. Sav - ior, I long to walk Clos - er with thee, Led by thy guid - ing hand Ev - er to be

Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill: On - ly to meet thy will My will shall be.
 Nev - er a want se - vere Caus - eth my eye a tear, But thou art whisp'ring near, On - ly be - lieve.
 Con - stant - ly near thy side, Quickened and pu - ri - fied, Liv - ing for him who died Free - ly for me.

GATHERING HOME.* (For Funerals.)

They that be wise shall shine as the stars.—DAN. xi: 3.

* * *

SOLO. CHORUS. SOLO.

1. They're gathering homeward from ev'ry land, As weary, their feet touch the
 2. Before they may rest they pass thro' the strife, One by one, one by one; Thro' death's chilling waters they
 3. Fear Je-sus, Re-deem-er, we look to thee, We lift up our sad voices

CHORUS. DUET.

shining strand, Their brows are inclosed in a golden crown: Their travel-stained garments are
 en-ter life, Yes, one by one. To some are the floods of the riv-er still While fording their way to the
 tremblingly, The waves of the riv-er are dark and cold, We see not the place where our

all laid down. And clothed in white raiment they rest in the mead Where Jesus doth love his saints to lead.
 heavenly hill; To oth - ers the wa - ters run fierce-ly and wild While gathering home to the un-de - filed.
 feet may hold; Thou who didst pass thro' in the deep mid-night, Oh, strengthen us, send us thy staff and light.

GATHERING HOME. Concluded.

125

CHORUS.

Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Fording the river one by one: Gath'ring home, gath'ring home, Yes, one by one.

WEEPING TEARS! 78.

Rev. Morris, L.L.D.
Expressive.

He beheld the city, and wept over it.—LUKE XIX: 41.

W. A. O.

1. Weep-ing tears! ah, bro - ken heart! Why from heaven did he de - part?
 2. Weep-ing on the hills a - lone. Oft his sob - bing heart has gone;
 3. Weep-ing! oh, the strange sur - prise Dim: the glo - ry of the skies;
 4. Weep-ing! Je - sus weep - ing! see! Pearl - y, pre - cious drops for me;

All un - fit to jour - ney here, Where the tri - umph brings the tear.
 Not for rest and need - ed sleep, But, a - las! to pray and weep.
 Veil your fac - es, turn a - way: Who can bear those tears to - day?
 Now I know him as my friend, Now I'll serve him to the end.

JOY, JOY, JOY.

FANNIE CROSEY.

There is joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth.—LUKE XV : 7.

A. J. ABBEY.

Quick.

1. Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy at the pearl-y gates of light, Joy in the vales of
 2. Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy in the land of love and song, Joy where the holy
 3. Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy where the saints a-dor - ing meet, Casting their crowns at

E - den bright, Lender than choral an - thems roll, They blend with the song of the new-horn soul.
 an - gels throng, Striking their tuneful harps of gold, Re - ech - o the strains of bliss un - told.
 Je - sus' feet, Onward and onward the joyful sound, The dead is a-live and the lost is found.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo - - ry,
 Glo-ry to God, Glo-ry to God, Glo - ry to God our Re-decmer and King, Glo - ry to him that

JOY, JOY, JOY. Concluded.

127

once was slain, An-oth-er has come to the fountain of life. A sin-ner is born a-gain.

JESUS' LITTLE LAMB.

W. A. O.

He will gather the lambs with his arm.—Isa. xl: 11.

W. A. O.

1. I am Je-sus' lit-tle lamb, Happy all day long I am, He will keep me safe from harm, For I'm his lamb.
2. By his staff I'm led along, Guarded by his arm so strong, I'm so happy all day long, For I'm his lamb.
3. Then I never will repine, While around his glories shine, I am his and he is mine, Oh, I'm his lamb.

CHORUS.

Jesus loves me, this I know, He will wash me white as snow, He will keep me pure, I know, For I'm his lamb.

IF MY HOUSE.

Turn ye from your evil ways, for why will ye die?—Ezek. xxxiii: 2.

W. A. O.

Spirited.

1. Oh, if my house is built up - on a rock, I know it will stand for - ev - er;
 2. For he whose truth is last - ing as the hills, Whose word is un - chang - ing nev - er,
 3. Then I will build my house up - on a rock, And there it will stand for - ev - er;

The floods may come, and the roll - ing thun - der's shock May beat up - on my house that is
 Hath said my house on the sol - id rock shall stand He'll hold it by his might in the
 The floods may come, and the roll - ing thun - der's shock May beat up - on my house that is

CHORUS.

built up - on a rock, Its foun-
 hol-low of his hand, And 'twill never fall, nev - er fall, Nev - er, nev - er, nev - er,
 built up - on a rock,

IF MY HOUSE. Concluded.

129

Rit.

da - tion is sure, and will stand for ev - er - more. Yes, it will stand, It will stand for ev - er - more.

Musical notation for the conclusion of the piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a decelerando (Rit.) marking.

IN THE LIGHT.

In thy light we shall see light.—Ps. XXXVI: 9

* * *
Fine.

Merrily.

D. C. 1. Pleasant is the Sabbath day, In the light, in the light, Seeming much of good to say, In the light of God;
But a music richer far, In the light, in the light, Breathes where angel spirits are, In the light of God.
2. Shall we ever rise to dwell In the light, in the light, Where immortal praises swell, In the light of God;
Yes, that bliss our own shall be, In the light, in the light, All the good shall Jesus see, In the light of God;

Musical notation for the main body of the piece, including a 2/4 time signature and a double bar line with repeat signs.

CHORUS.

1st Time. 2d Time.

D. C.

Walk in the light, walk in the light, In the light of God our Fa-ther.
Walk in the light, walk in the light, (omit) In the light of God.

Musical notation for the chorus, featuring two first endings and a double bar line with repeat signs.

SOMETHING TO LOVE.

JENNY JOY.

Who loved me, and gave himself for me.—GAL. ii: 20.

DR. J. K. DODGE.



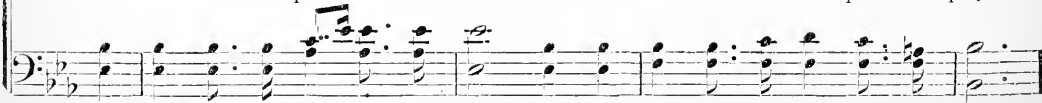
1. There is nev - er a path - way so bar - ren But in it is some - thing to love;
 2. There is nev - er a form so eor - rupt - ed But eyes look - ing on - ly in love
 3. There is nev - er a tem - pest - tossed o - cean So deep that the pearls light - ly cast



Some bright lit - tle scent - lu - den blos - som, Some star gleam - ing clear - ly a - bove;
 May find some - thing there worth a bless - ing, E - voked from the Fa - ther a - bove;
 Up - on its mad bil - lows may set - tle Down, down to its calm bed at last.



Some soft float - ing cloud, rich and gold - en, Some song - bird, me - lo - dious and fair;
 Some rem - nant of beau - ty, though cloud - ed, Some gleam of the soul - crest so fair;
 There's nev - er a spir - it so reck - less But some ten - der whis - per or prayer



SOMETHING TO LOVE. Concluded.

131

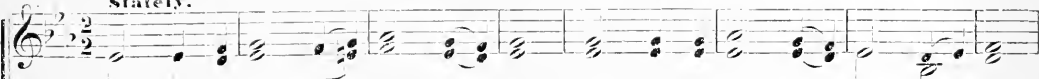


There's nev - er a path-way so bar - ren But some-thing to cher - ish is there.
 There's nev - er a form so cor-rupt ed But marks of God's im - age is there.
 May sink to the heart through its rag - ing, And rest like a bright jew - el there.

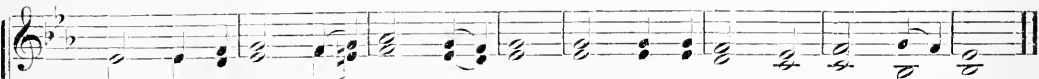
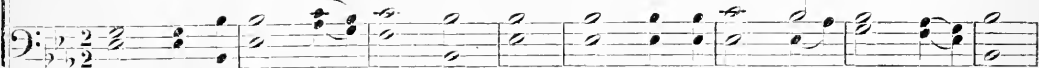


HAMBURG. L. M.

Stately.



1. Here at thy cross, in - car - nate God, I lay my soul be - neath thy love,
 2. Should worlds conspire to drive me thence, Move - less and firm my heart should lie,
 3. Yes, I'm se - cure be - neath thy blood, And all my foes shall lose their aim;



Be - neath the drop - pings of thy blood, Je - sus, nor shall it e'er re - move.
 Re - solved, for that's my last de - fense, If I must per - ish, there to die.
 Ho - san - na to my Sav - ior God, And my best hon - ors to his name.



NEARER TO THE LAND OF REST.

E. R. LATTA.

It is good for me to draw near to God.—Ps. lxxiii: 28.

W. W. BENFLEY.

1. Near-er to the land of rest, As the mo - ments speed a - way, Toward the re-gions of the
 2. Near-er to the land of rest, From the bar - ren waste of sin, Near-er to the shin - ing
 3. Near-er to the land of rest, Where the lov - ing part no more, Near-er to the kin - dred

blest, Pass - ing on - ward day by day, From the strife and toil of earth, From the
 gates Where we hope to en - ter in. From the weep - ing and the woe, From the
 ferns Who have gained the fer - ther shore, From the dark and wind - ing paths, Where our

sor - row and the pain, To the shep - ter and the crown, With the glo - ri - fied to reign.
 wil - y tempt - er's snare. To the ev - er - last - ing joy, To the man - sions bright and fair.
 feet un - cer - tain roam. To the cit - y of the skies, To our ev - er - last - ing home.

NEARER TO THE LAND OF REST. Concluded. 133

CHORUS.

Near-er to the land of rest, As the mo - - ments speed a-
Near-er, near-er to the land, the land of rest, As the bless-ed mo-ments

way, Toward the re - - gions of the blest, Pass-ing on - ward day by day.
speed away, Toward th'et-er - nal re-gions of the loved and blest.

GUIDE. S. M.

Alf. BEETHOVEN.

Con espress. *Cres.*

1. While my Redeemer's near, My shepherd and my guide, I'll bid farewell to every fear, My wants are all supplied.
2. To ever-fragrant meads, Where rich abundance grows, His gracious hand indulgent leads, And guards my sweet repose.

HARK THE SONG. (Christmas.)

W. A. O.

FOR CONCERTS.

Arr. from the Welch by W. A. O.

1. Hark the song of an - gels swell - ing; Peace on earth their notes are tell - ing;
 2. On Ju - de - a's plains were ring - ing, To the shep - herds an - gels sing - ing,
 3. Christ is born, let earth re - ceive him, Ev - 'ry will - ing heart be - lieve him;

f
 Christ hath left the Fa - ther's dwell - ing: Earth re - ceives her King.
 Joy - ful news from heav - en bring - ing Of the Sav - ior's birth.
 Glo - ry, wis - dom, hon - or give him; End - less praise a - lone.
 Fine.

D. S. "Peace on earth, good-will to men," the har - py notes pro - loay.

CHORUS.
 Heaven and earth re - joice - es; Thou - sand harps and voice - es Earth a - round pro -
 Glo - ry. Glo - ry.

Let the small notes be sung by two correct voices in the distance.

HARK THE SONG. Concluded.

135

claim the sound In loud and joy - ful cho - rus. Earth a - round pro -

ff

claim the sound, Pro - claim the sound in hap - py cho - rus.

D.S.

SHADY RILL.

1. By cool Siloam's shady rill How fair the lily grows! How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dem - y rose!
 2. Lo! such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod: Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward turned to God.
 3. By cool Siloam's shady rill The lily must die - cay; The rose that blooms beneath the hill Must shortly fade a - way.

Cres. *ff*

1. Ye serv-ants of God! your Mas-ter pro-claim, And pub-lish a - broad his won-der - ful name;
 2. Sal - va - tion to God, who sits on the throne! Let all cry a - loud, and hon - or the Son;
 3. Then let us a - dore, and give him his right, All glo - ry and power, and wis - dom and might;

The name, all vic - tor - ious, of Je - sus ex - tol, His king - dom is glo - rious, and rules o - ver all,
 The prais - es of Je - sus the an - gels proclaim, Fall down on their fac - es, and wor - ship the Lamb,
 All hon - or and blessing with an - gels a - bove, And thanks never ceas - ing, and in - fin - ite love,

And rules o - ver all, And rules o - ver all, His king - dom is glo - rious, and rules o - ver all.
 And wor - ship the Lamb, And wor - ship the Lamb, Fall down on their fac - es and worship the Lamb.
 And in - fin - ite love, And in - fin - ite love, And thanks never ceas - ing, and in - fin - ite love.

HALLELUJAH TO THE LAMB.

137

Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem: praise thy God, O Zion.—Ps. cxlvii: 12.

A. J. ABBEY.

In exact time.

1. O God, to thy promise our hearts humbly cling; To thine altar the bloom of our childhood we bring;
2. Thanks, thanks for thy word, for the sweet Sabbath day; For the teachers who lead us in wisdom's glad way;
3. Should life be con-tin - ued till man-hood comes on, Till the scenes of its noontide, like shadows, are gone,

We seek thee right ear-ly; our guide thou shalt be; All the years of that youth we now of-fer to thee.
Who point us to Je-sus, so read-y of old Young children like us in his arms to en - fold.
Still, still be thou near us, to help and de-fend, Till, like sheaves, fully ripe, to the grave we de-scend.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men; Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A-men.

WE SHALL REAP BY AND BY.

FANNIE CROSEY.

Let us not be weary in well doing.—GAL. VI: 9.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Oh, nev - er be wea-ry, with vig - or pur - sue The work which the Master has left us to do;
 2. Oh, nev - er be wea-ry, but work with a will, Our Fa-ther will sure - ly his prom - ise ful - fill;
 3. Oh, nev - er be wea-ry, thro' tri - al and care; Be faith - ful to du - ty and ear - nest in prayer;
 4. Re - mem - ber his mer - cy, re - mem - ber his love, Who came, our Re - deem - er, from glo - ry a - bove;

If pa - tient - ly toil - ing we trust in the Lord, The har - vest will bring us a bless - ed re - ward.
 From seeds we have sown in sor - row and tears We'll gather bright sheaves when the harvest appears.
 No la - bor for Je - sus was ev - er in vain; Go work in his vineyard, and wait for the rain.
 Then nev - er be wea - ry, but joy - ful - ly pur - sue The work which the Master has left us to do.

CHORUS.

We shall reap if we faint not, reap by and by, Treas - ures im - por - tal that nev - er de - cay.

WE SHALL REAP BY AND BY. Concluded.

139

Crowns of re-joicing, that fade not a-way, We shall reap if we faint not, reap by and by.

WHEN I GO HOME.

W. A. C.

W. A. CHRISTY.

1. The day is draw-ing near - er When I'll go home: Earth's dark-ness will be clear-er When I go home.
 2. Earth's storms will not alarm me When I go home: Earth's tem-pests shall not harm me When I go home.
 3. I'll grieve no long-er sad-ly When I go home: I'll meet my Sav-ior glad-ly When I go home.

When I go home, When I go home; Earth's dark-ness will be clear-er When I go home.
 When I go home, When I go home; Earth's tem-pests can not harm me When I go home.
 When I go home, When I go home; I'll meet my Sav-ior glad-ly When I go home.

LABOR ON.

R. A. GLENN.
Spirited.

Let us go forth.—HEB. xiii: 13.

R. A. GLENN.

1. The Mas - ter calls us to the har-vest field: There's a work for us all to do; The
 2. We'll gath - er in the bright and gold-en grain; We will work with our might to - day, While
 3. Go forth, go forth with will - ing heart and hand, When the har-vest for thee is o'er A

fields are white and the har-vest great, But the la - bor - ers are few.
 weak-er hands on the lan-guid plain Bear the gold-en sheaves a - way. La-bor on, la-bor on, La-bor
 crown of life, in the "Harvest Home," Shall be thine for ev - er-more.

1st time. 2d time.

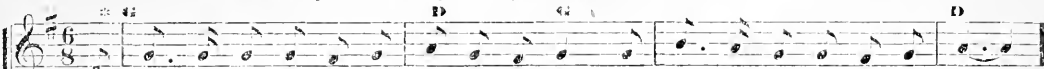
on, la-bor on, For the crown we shall wear by and by, by and by.
 For the [Omit.] crown we shall wear by and by.

SWEET STORY OF OLD. (Infant Class.)

141.

Mrs. LERN.

He put his hands upon them, and blessed them.—MARK x: 16.



1. I think when I read that sweet sto - ry of old, When Je - sus was here a - mong men,
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, His arms had been thrown a - round me,
3. Yet still to his foot - stool in prayer I may go. And ask for a share in his love:



How he called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with him then,
And that I might have seen his looks when he said, Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me,
And if I thus ear - nest - ly seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.

CHORUS.



I should like to have been with him then: How he called lit - tle chil - dren like
Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me: And that I might have seen his kind
I shall see him and hear him a - bove: And if I thus ear - nest - ly



lamb - to his fold, I should like to have been with him then.
looks when he said, Let the lit - tle ones come un - to me.
seek him be - low, I shall see him and hear him a - bove.



* Letters for accompaniment

MARCHING TO ZION.

FANNY CROSBY.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near.—ISA. lv: 6.

A. J. ABBEY.

March Movement. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Oh, come, we are march-ing to Zi-on, The Sun-day-school ar-my are we; The
 2. The Sav-ior, our lead-er, is call-ing, The Sav-ior who loves you so dear; Oh,
 3. Come swell the glad ranks of our ar-my, And fol-low our Sav-ior di-vine, The
 4. Now gird on your ar-mor re-joic-ing, Press on-ward his cause to de-fend; Come

cross and the stand-ard of glo-ry, Our song and our watch-word shall be,
 seek him by faith and re-pent-ance: Oh, seek him while yet he is near.
 light of his truth and sal-va-tion Like sun-beams a-round us will shine,
 work for the crown that is prom-ised To those who en-dure to the end.

FULL CHORUS.

Come a-way, . . . Come a-way, . . . To the fields . . . of de-light, In the
 Come a-way, . . . Come a-way, . . . To the fields of de-light.

MARCHING TO ZION. Concluded.

143

beau - ti - ful land of the blest, To the Riv - er of Life, with its wa - ter so bright, Where the

The first system of music consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The music is in a marching style with a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the bass.

ran-somed in Je - sus shall rest. Marching along, Marching along; Oh, come, we are march-ing to

The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. It features a repeat sign in the middle of the system. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff.

Come a-way, . . . Come a-way, . . .
Zi - on; Come a-way, Come a-way, To the beau - ti - ful land of the blest.

The third system concludes the piece. It begins with a melodic phrase that repeats twice, corresponding to the lyrics "Come a-way, . . . Come a-way, . . .". This is followed by the final line of lyrics: "Zi - on; Come a-way, Come a-way, To the beau - ti - ful land of the blest." The music ends with a double bar line.

BEAUTIFUL WATER.

Look not thou upon the wise.—EPIH. V: 8.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

Not too fast.

D. C. 1. Beau-ti - ful wa - ter, oh, give to me Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful wa-ter: No poi - son lurks in its
 2. Wa-ter, pure wa-ter, from heaven distilled, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful wa-ter; Drink of the health-giv-ing
 3. Beau-ti - ful wa - ter my drink shall be, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful wa-ter; Spark-ling so bright in its

Fine.

draught, so free, Fresh from the boun-ti - fal giv - er; Flow-ing from mountain thro' vale and plain,
 draught, be filled, Noth-ing is pur - er or bet - ter. You who do wor-ship at Bac-chus' shrine,
 pu - ri - ty, Mak - ing life joy - ous for - ev - er. Strength we will find in the wa - ter bright,

D. C.

Flowing, still flowing on ev-er; All may enjoy without fear or pain, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful wa-ter,
 Thinking to find in it pleasure, Leave your potations of deadly wine, Drink of the beautiful wa - ter.
 Ne'er the brain will it bewilder; Drink as it gleams in the golden light, Drink of the beautiful wa-ter.

I WILL SEEK JESUS.

145

REV. A. B. EMMONS.

Oh, how I love thy law.—Ps. cxix: 97.

A. J. ABBEY.

Moderato.

1. A sweet, bless-ed sto-ry the Bi-ble hath given Of Je-sus the Sav-ior, who came down from heaven,
2. Oh, ma-ny have heard of the Blessed One's name, Of the Christ that was born in far-off Beth-le-hem;
3. I know I am weak and oft sin-ful and wild, But I love this dear Je-sus, and would be his child.

Cres.

Of Je-sus the Sav-ior, whose love is so free; Oh, I'm glad when I think that this Je-sus loves me.
And ma-ny have come un-to him and found rest; I, too, will seek Je-sus, for I would be blest.
Give grace, heav-en-ly Fa-ther, that when life is past, I may praise my dear Sav-ior in heav-en at last.

REFRAIN.

Cres.

Rit.

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Oh, I'm glad when I think that this Je-sus loves me.
I would be blest, I would be blest, I, too, will seek Je-sus, for I would be blest.
Heav-en at last, heav-en at last, I may praise my dear Sav-ior in heav-en at last.

WE ARE TRYING TO FOLLOW JESUS.

REV. A. B. EAMONS.

Fear thou not, for I am with thee.—ISA. xli: 10.

M. W. SEELEY.

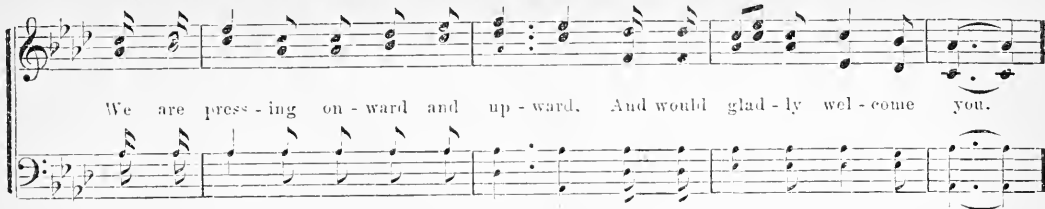
1. On the jour - ney of life we are go - ing, As pil - grims we're march - ing a - long;
 2. Oh, how oft - en we're met by temp - ta - tion; Tho' young, we are fight - ing 'gainst wrong;
 3. 'Tis lit - tle we do for the Mas - ter, For we are not might - y and strong,
 4. On the jour - ney of life we are go - ing, As pil - grims we jour - ney a - long;

We are try - ing to fol - low the Sav - ior, And we bright - en our way with a song.
 But, pray - ing, we look un - to Je - sus, Who puts in our mouth a new song.
 But weak; and we oft - en grow wea - ry, But we sing as we jour - ney a - long.
 Come join us to fol - low the Sav - ior, And help us to sing our glad song.

DUET.

We are try - ing to fol - low Je - sus, Oh, come and fol - low him too;

WE ARE TRYING TO FOLLOW JESUS. Concluded. 147



We are press - ing on - ward and up - ward, And would glad - ly wel - come you.

CHORUS.



Oh, come, . . . Oh, come, . . . Oh, come and fol - low him too, . . .
Oh, come, Oh, come, Oh, come, Oh, come and fol - low him too,



We are press - ing on - ward and up - ward, And would glad - ly wel - come you.

PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR.

Put on the whole armor of God.—Eph. vi: 11.

S. WESLEY MARTIN.

1. Oh, speed thee, speed thee on thy way, And to thine ar - mor eling; With gird - ed loins the
 2. There is a bat - tle to be fought, An up - ward race to run. A crown of glo - ry
 3. Oh, faint not, faint not, for thy sighs Are heard be - fore the throne; The race must come be -

CHORUS.

call o - bey, The call of Christ thy King.
 to be sought, A vic - tory to be won. Put on the whole ar - mor of
 fore the prize, The cross be - fore the crown. Put

God,
 on the whole ar - mor of God, Put on the whole ar - mor of God; With
 Put on the whole ar - mor of

PUT ON THE WHOLE ARMOR. Concluded.

149

gird - ed loins the call o - bey, The call of Christ thy king, thy king. Oh,
God.

speed thee, speed thee, speed thee, speed thee on thy way, Oh,

speed thee, speed thee, The gra - cious call o - bey, o - bey.

A CONCERT EXERCISE.

1. *Supt.* What is the declaration of the prophet Micah concerning Bethlehem?

Class or School. "And thou Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda: for out of thee shall come a Governor, that shall rule my people Israel."—Matt. ii: 6.

(Sing No. 1—Bethlehem, page 152.)

2. *Supt.* To what city did Joseph and family return, and what is said of the child Jesus?

Class or School. "And when they had performed all things according to the law of the Lord, they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth. And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him."—Luke ii: 39, 40.

(Sing No. 2—Nazareth, page 152.)

3. *Supt.* Upon leaving Nazareth, where did Jesus dwell; and what is said of Capernaum?

Class or School. "And leaving Nazareth, he came and dwelt in Capernaum, which is upon the sea-coast, in the borders of Zabulon and Nephthalim."—Matt. iv: 13. "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell: for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day."—Matt. xi: 23.

(Sing No. 3—Capernaum, page 153.)

4. *Supt.* Where were Christ's first miracles wrought, and who were present?

Class or School. "And the third day there was a marriage in Cana of Galilee; and the mother of Jesus was there: and both Jesus was called, and his disciples, to the marriage."—John ii: 1, 2.

(Sing No. 4—Cana of Galilee, page 153.)

5. *Supt.* To what city did Jesus next come, and what is said of it?

Class or School. "Then cometh he to a city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph. Now Jacob's well was there. Jesus therefore, being wearied with his journey, sat thus on the well: and it was about the sixth hour. There cometh a woman of Samaria to draw water: Jesus saith unto her, Give me to drink."—John iv: 5-7.

(Sing No. 5—Jacob's Well, page 154.)

SACRED PLACES OF THE GOSPELS. Continued. 151

6. *Supt.* Into what city did Jesus enter after leaving Sychar, and what great miracle did he there perform?

Class or School. "And it came to pass the day after, that he went into a city called Nain; and many of his disciples went with him, and much people. Now when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold, there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow. And when the Lord saw her, he had compassion on her, and said unto her, Weep not. And he came and touched the bier: and they that bare him stood still. And he said, Young man, I say unto thee, Arise. And he that was dead sat up, and began to speak. And he delivered him to his mother."—Luke vii: 11-16.

(Sing No. 6—Nain, page 154.)

7. *Supt.* What is said of Jesus at the lake of Gennearet?

Class or School. "And it came to pass, that, as the people pressed upon him to hear the word of God, he stood by the lake of Gennearet, and saw two ships standing by the lake: but the fishermen were gone out of them, and were washing their nets. And he entered into one of the ships, which was Simon's, and prayed him that he would thrust out a little from the land. And he sat down, and taught the people out of the ship."—Luke v: 1-3.

(Sing No. 7—Gennearet, page 152.)

8. *Supt.* Into whose house did Jesus enter at Bethany, and what is said of it?

Class or School. "Now it came to pass, as they went, that he entered into a certain village: and a certain woman named Martha received him into her house. And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—Luke x: 38, 39.

(Sing No. 8—Bethany, page 153.)

9. *Supt.* Where was Jesus crucified, and what superscription was placed over him?

Class or School. "And when they had come to the place, which is called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand, and the other on the left. And a superscription also was written over him in letters of Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, THIS IS THE KING OF THE JEWS."—Luke xxiii: 33, 38.

(Sing No. 9—Calvary, page 154.)

10. *Supt.* Give John's description of the Holy City.

One voice will recite Rev. xxi, from verse 10 to the end of the chapter, after which sing Glorious City, page 155, to close.

NOTE.—If the school contains ten classes, let them be numbered and recite in the numerical order of the questions; and in this case the whole school will recite Rev. xxi: 10 to close in concert. This exercise can be given by any school, and will be found entertaining, instructive, and profitable.

152 SACRED PLACES OF THE GOSPELS. Continued.

No. 1, Bethlehem.

No. 2, Nazareth.

No. 7, Lake of Gennearet.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

No. 1. Beth - le - hem, re - vered and love - ly, Once of Ju - dah's tribe the least, Un - a - dorned by stately
 No. 2. To their hum - ble home in Naz - 'reth Came the mother and her Son, Where with Joseph's sacred
 No. 7. By Gen - nes - ret's plac - id wa - ters Calm and tho'tful stood the Lord, While on ev - ery side a -

pal - ace, Hal - lowed by no earth - ly priest, Now ex - alt - ed 'mid the na - tions; Brighter
 fam - 'ly Dwelt the three in spir - it one, And the ho - ly child grew dai - ly Strong in
 bout him Pressed the crowd to hear his word. Then in Pe - ter's boat em - bark - ing He dis -

than the cloudless morn Shines the glory of the man - ger Where the Son of God was born.
 spir - it, filled with grace, While a light di - vine - ly ra - diant Glowed in beau - ty on his face.
 coursed to those on land, And when done sealed all his doctrines By the won - ders of his hand.

SACRED PLACES OF THE GOSPELS. Continued. 153

No. 3, Capernaum.

No. 4, Cana of Galilee.

No. 8, Bethany.

W. A. O.

No. 3. Highly fa-vored, hard-ened cit - y, Oft thy streets the Mas-ter trod; Wrought a-maz-ing works be-
 No. 4. At the mar-riage feast in Ca - na There was heard the brid-al song; Je - sus and his chos - en
 No. 8. Bless-ed Beth'ny, home of Ma - ry, And of Mar - tha, sis - ter rare, Whith-er oft the gra-cious

fore thee, With the mighty power of God; Oft - en wooed thee, oft-en warned thee, But thou
 toll - 'wers Mingled with the fes - tive throng; And when came the hour au - spi - cious, He, with
 Mas - ter From earth's tumults did re - pair; At his feet see Ma - ry list - 'ning, Choos-ing

wouldst not hear his word; Then his fearful "woe un - to thee" Sealed the doom thy sins in - curred.
 sov - reign power di - vine, Spake the word, and sparkling wa - ter Changed to pure and harm-less wine.
 thus "the bet-ter part;" Treas'ring all his ben - e - die - tions In her young and lov - ing heart.

154 SACRED PLACES OF THE GOSPELS. Concluded.

No. 5, Jacob's Well at Sychar.

No. 6, Nain.

No. 9, Calvary.

W. A. O.

No. 5. Worn and weary came the Sav - ior To the an - cient patriarch's well, Thirst - ing for the cool - ing
 No. 6. Weep - ing, lone - ly, bro - ken - heart - ed, From the cit - y gates of Nain Came an oft - af - flict - ed
 No. 9. Strick - en, smit - ten, and af - flict - ed, On the hill of Cal - v'ry see; Christ, the dy - ing world's Re -

wa - ters Which with - in its depths did swell; From the cit - y came a wom - an, A de -
 moth - er In a mourn - ful fu - neral train; Je - sus met the sad pro - ces - sion, And its
 deem - er, Died him - self to set us free. Cross of Cal - v'ry! blood - be - sprink - led, Glo - rious

grad - ed, faith - less wife, And the Mas - ter gave her wa - ter Spring - ing up to end - less life.
 sor - row turned to joy; Snatched the prey from death's embraces, Gave the moth - er back her boy.
 in thy grace and power, Rallying 'round thee, clinging to thee, We will stand till life's last hour.

N. B.—After last recitation (Rev. xxi: 10, to end of chapter) sing "Glorious City," page 155, to close.

GLORIOUS CITY.

155

And I saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven.—REV. XXI: 2.

Music and 2d Stanza by W. A. OGDEN.

1st. 2d. Stanza.

D.C. 1. { Glorious cit - y, home un-cloud-ed, Where comes on no shade of night:
 Where the saint- in shin-ing rai-ment, Dwell for-ev-er in the light:
 2. { Glorious cit - y, home e-ter-nal, Where the saints shall dwell for aye,
 Singing joy - ful hal-le-lu-jahs To the Lamb through end-less day.

Where no sun nor moon is need-ed With their fee-ble, flick-er-ing ray,
 Crowns of life, and palms of glo-ry, Spot-less robes will there be given.

2d. Stanza.

But the Lamb of God ex-alt-ed Fills all heaven with end-less day,
 Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Tis the saints' e-ter-nal heaven!

♫ Suitable for general class.

No. 1.

TUNE: DUKE STREET. L. M.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to
shore,

Till suns shall set and rise no more.

No. 2.

HAMBURG. (Page 131.)

1 Sweet is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks and
sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
Oh, may my heart in truth be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they
shine;
How deep thy counsels, how divine.

No. 3.

HAMBURG. (Page 131.)

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

2 See, from his head, his hands, his
feet,

Sorrow and love flow mingled down:
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

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

No. 4.TUNE: ARLINGTON. C. M.
KEY OF G.

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 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise:
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

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

No. 5.TUNE: HEBER.
KEY OF C.

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that
flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 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.

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

No. 6.

TUNE: ST. THOMAS. S. M. (P. 69.)

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 fulfill,
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

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

No. 7.

TUNE: GUIDE. (Page 132.)

1 In every trying hour
My soul to Jesus flies;
I trust in his almighty power
When swelling billows rise.

2 His comfort bears me up;
I trust a faithful God:
The sure foundation of my hope
Is in my Savior's blood.

3 Loud hallelujahs sing
To our Redeemer's name;
In joy or sorrow, life or death,
His love is still the same.

No. 8.

TUNE: OLMUTZ.

1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace led my wandering feet:
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

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

No. 9.

TUNE: SHINING SHORE.

KEY OF C.

1 My days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHORUS.

For, oh, we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over:
And just before the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Should coming days be cold and
dark,

We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest none can molest
Where golden harps are ringing.

CHO.—For, oh, we stand, etc.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each cord on earth to sever,

Our King says, "Come," and there's
our home
Forever and forever.
CHO.—For, oh, we stand, etc.

No. 10.

TUNE: WEBB.

KEY OF E \flat .

1 God is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation
My Light, my Help, is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand:
What terror can confound me
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance:
My soul, with courage wait:
His truth be thine affiance
When faint and desolate:
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase:
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

No. 11.

TUNE: LENOX.

KEY OF E \flat .

1 Yes, the Redeemer rose,
The Savior left the dead,
And o'er his hellish foes
High raised his conquering head.
:In wild dismay the guards around:|
Fall to the ground, and sink away.

2 Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet.
:Joyful they come and wing their
way:|

From realms of day to Jesus' tomb.

3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with thy blood:
Wide be thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God;
:With thee we rise: Jesus, who bled.:|
"Hath left the dead, no more to die."

No. 12.

TUNE: TOPLADY.

KEY OF D.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee:
Let the water and the blood,
From thy riven side that flowed,
Be of sin the perfect cure:
Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

2 Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to thee for dress:
Helpless, look to thee for grace:
Foul, I to the fountain fly;
Wash me, Savior, or I die.

3 Whilst I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar thro' worlds unknown,
See thee on thy glorious throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

Let not your hands be weak, for your work shall be rewarded.—2 CHRON. xv: 7.

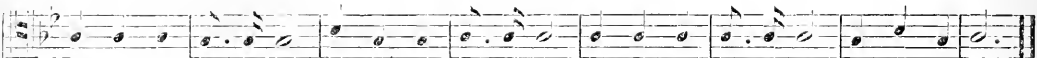
W. A. OGDEN.

Maestoso.

1. Work-ing, O Christ, with thee, Working with thee, Unwor-thy, sin - ful, weak Tho' I may be;
2. A - long the cit - y's waste, Working with thee, Our ea - ger foot-steps haste, Like thee to be;



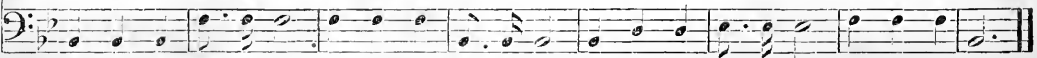
3. Sav - ior, we wea - ry not, Working with thee; As hard as thine our lot Can nev - er be;
4. So let us la - bor on, Working with thee, Till earth to thee is won, From sin set free;



Our all to thee we give, For thee a-lone would live, And by thy grace a-chieve, Working with thee.
The poor we gath - er in, The out-casts raise from sin, And la - bor souls to win, Working with thee.



Our joy and com-fort this, "Thy grace suf-fi - cient is;" This changes toil to bliss, Working with thee.
Till men from shore to shore Re-ceive thee and a - dore, And join us ev - er-more, Working with thee.



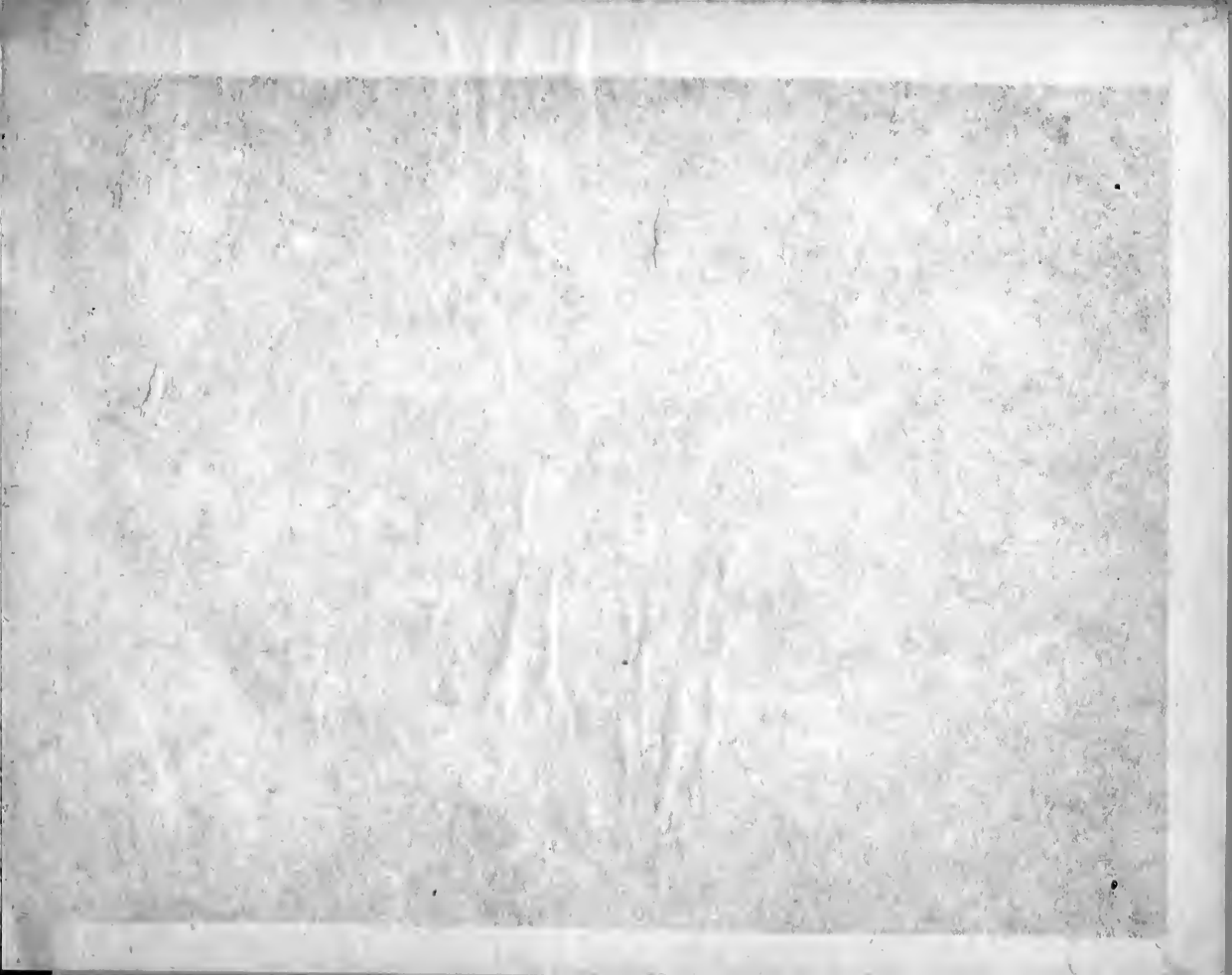
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