

MAR 15 1938
WELLS FARGO BANK

Favorite Hymns

for

Sunday - Schools, Gospel Services,
Young People's Meetings
and the Home



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SCP
3425

PHILADELPHIA :
AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION
1816 Chestnut Street

FOREWORD.

This collection of hymns and tunes was made on a unique plan. Every one has been tested by extended use, and only those that were general favorites because of their superior merit have been included. Thus the aim to furnish a choice collection in small compass, at a low price, has been attained.

The method of sifting "favorites" was unusual. Each of the upward of two hundred and twenty-five Missionaries of the American Sunday-School Union in all parts of the United States, North, South, East and West, was requested to prepare very carefully a list of two hundred hymns and tunes most highly valued and widely used in his field. These lists, when collated, were found to include over 1,600 different hymns. About 200 of them, however, appeared oftenest on the lists.

From these best 200 or more, so generally favored, this collection of 151 hymns has been compiled. It includes a large proportion of the spiritual hymns inspired in periods of revival, which are the heritage of Christendom, such as the immortal compositions of Luther, Watts, the Wesleys, Faber, Heber and Bonar: together with those of such modern evangelistic leaders in Gospel song as Bliss, Lowry, Bradbury, Sankey, Fanny Crosby, Frances Ridley Havergal, Stebbins, McGranahan, Hoffman, Towner, Kirkpatrick and Alexander.

Thus the American Sunday-School Union has spared neither labor nor expense in sifting the best current hymns and music, and in securing the right to use all those most desired which are still protected by copyright.

Appropriate selections of Scripture for Responsive Readings have been added.

That these hymns and songs may impress Gospel truth with saving power upon many hearts and prepare them to sing the songs of the redeemed in the Better Land, is the hope and prayer of

THE EDITORS.

Favorite Hymns

Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.



1 Sav - iour, more than life to me, I am cling - ing, cling - ing, close to Thee;
2 Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen - tly, gen - tly, as I go;
3 Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet - ing, fleet - ing life is o'er;



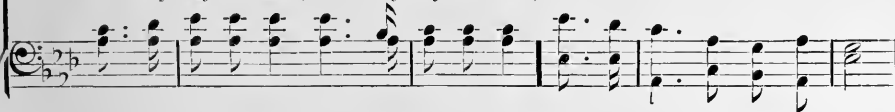
Let Thy pre - cious blood ap - plied, Keep me ev - er, ev - er near Thy side.
Trust - ing Thee, I can - not stray, I can nev - er, nev - er, lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a - bove.



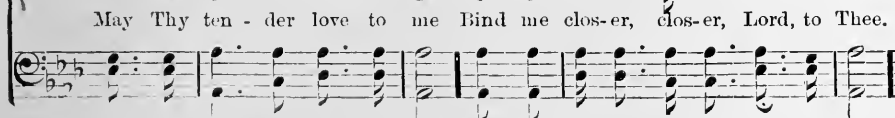
REFRAIN.



Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,



May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee.



SCP
34.5

More About Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt.

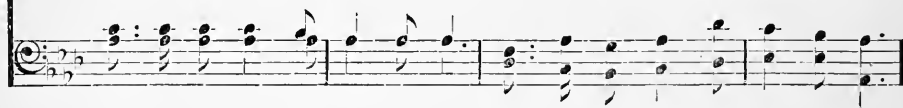
Jno. R. Sweney.



1. More a-bout Je - sus would I know, More of His grace to oth - ers show;
2. More a-bout Je - sus let me learn, More of His ho - ly will dis-cern;
3. More a-bout Je - sus; in His word, Hold-ing com-mun-ion with my Lord;
4. More a-bout Je - sus; on His throne, Rich-es in glo - ry all His own;



More of His sav-ing full-ness see, More of His love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teach - er be, Show-ing the things of Christ to me.
 Hear-ing His voice in ev - 'ry line, Mak - ing each faith-ful say - ing mine.
 More of His king - dom's sure in - crease; More of His com - ing, Prince of Peace.



REFRAIN.



More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus;



More of His sav - ing full - ness see, More of His love who died for me.



Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heav - y - heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un - bid - den? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor - row? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you troub - led with the thought of dy - ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus. Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de - part - ed?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Have you sins that to man's eyes are hid - den?
 Tell it to Je - sus. Are you anx - ious what shall be to - mor - row?
 Tell it to Je - sus. For Christ's com - ing king - dom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to

Je - sus, He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

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

Ye Must Be Born Again.

W. T. Sleeper.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. A rul - er once came to Je - sus by night, To
 2. Ye chil - dren of men, at - tend to the word, So
 3. O ye who would en - ter that glo - ri - ous rest, And
 4. A dear one in heav - en thy heart yearns to see, At the

ask Him the way of sal - va - tion and light; The Master made an - swer in
 sol - emn - ly ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to
 sing with the ransomed the song of the blest; The life ev - er - last - ing if
 beau - ti - ful gate may be watching for thee; Then list to the note of this

a - gain . . .

words true and plain, "Ye must be born a - gain, (a - gain.)"
 you be in vain, "Ye must be born a - gain, (a - gain.)"
 ye would ob - tain, "Ye must be born a - gain, (a - gain.)"
 sol - emn re - frain, "Ye must be born a - gain, (a - gain.)"

CHORUS. a - gain, . . . a - gain, . . .

"Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain," Ye must be born a - gain, a - gain, I

a - gain. . .

ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly, say un - to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, (a - gain.).

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

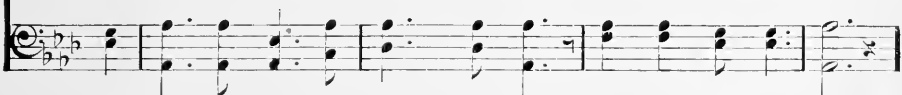
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



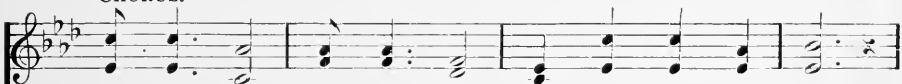
1. I've wan-dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm com-ing home;
6. I need His cleans-ing blood I know, Now I'm com-ing home;



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 Oh, wash me whi - ter than the snow, Lord, I'm com-ing home.



CHORUS.



Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com - ing home.



6 Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

Very slow. *pp*

m



1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me,
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh, for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me,



See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
 Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, death warnings coming, Coming for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.



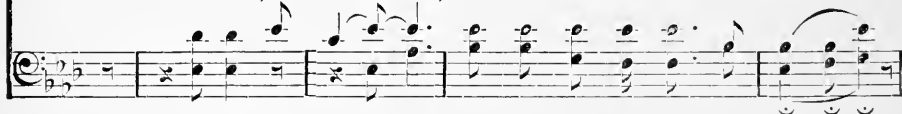
CHORUS.

cres.



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

Come home, come home,



Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing. O sin-ner, come home!



While the Days are Going By.

GEORGE COOPER,

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }
 2 { There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }
 3 { There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }
 4 { Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }
 5 { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; }
 6 { One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by; }

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes,
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
 Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
 And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

REFRAIN.

Go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing

by, go - ing by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.

At the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

R. E. HUDSON.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Nothing But the Blood of Jesus.

R. L.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my stain? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 2. For my cleansing this I see—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 4. This is all my hope and peace—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 5. Now by this I'll o - ver-come—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
 6. Glo - ry! glo - ry! thus I sing—Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

What can make me whole a - gain? Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 For my par-don this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Naught of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 This is all my right-eous-ness—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 Now by this I'll reach my home—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.
 All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

REFRAIN.

Oh, pre - cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;

No oth - er fount I know, Nothing but the blood of Je - sus.

A Shelter in the Time of Storm.

V G Charlesworth

Ira D. Sankey.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
 2 A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
 3 The rag - ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
 4 O Rock di - vine, O Ref-uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se - cure what - ev - er ill be - tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 We'll nev - er leave our safe re - treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 Be Thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

CHORUS.

Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A wea - ry land, a wea - ry land;

Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, — A shel - ter in the time of storm.

Is My Name Written There?

Mary A. Kidder.

Frank M. Davis.

1. Lord, I care not for rich-es, Neith-er sil-ver nor gold; I would make sure of
 2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea; But Thy blood, O my
 3. O that beau-ti-ful cit-y, With its mansions of light, With its glo-ri-fied

heav-en, I would en-ter the fold. In the book of Thy kingdom, With its
 Sav-iour! Is suf-fic-ient for me; For Thy promise is writ-ten, In bright
 be-ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e-vil thing com-eth, To de-

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

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

In the book of Thy king-dom, Is my name writ-ten there?

Sunshine in the Soul.

ELIZA E. HEWITT.

JOHN R. SWEENEY.

1 There is sun-shine in my soul to - day, More glo - ri - ous and bright
 2 There is mu - sic in my soul to - day, A car - ol to my King,
 3 There is springtime in my soul to - day, For when the Lord is near,
 4 There is glad - ness in my soul to - day, And hope, and praise, and love,

Than glows in a - ny earth - ly sky, For Je - sus is the Light.
 And Je - sus, list - en - ing, can hear, The songs I can - not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 For bless - ings which He gives me now, For joys laid up a - bove.

REFRAIN.

Oh, there's sun - - - shine, Bless - ed sun - - - shine,
 sun - shine in my soul, sun - shine in my soul,

While the peace - ful, hap - py mo - ments roll;
 hap - py mo - ments roll;

When Je - sus shows His smil - ing face, There is sun - shine in my soul.

Shall You? Shall I?

J. McG.

James McGranahan.

1. Some one will en - ter the pearl - y gate By and by, by and by,
 2. Some one will glad - ly his cross lay down By and by, by and by,
 3. Some one will knock when the door is shut By and by, by and by,
 4. Some one will sing the tri - umph - ant song By and by, by and by,

Taste of the glo - ries that there a - wait, Shall you? shall I?
 Faith - ful, ap - proved, shall re - ceive a crown, Shall you? shall I?
 Hear a voice say - ing, "I know you not," Shall you? shall I?
 Join in the praise with the blood - bought throng, Shall you? shall I?

Some one will trav - el the streets of gold, Beau - ti - ful vi - sions will
 Some one the glo - ri - ous King will see, Ev - er from sor - row of
 Some one will call and shall not be heard, Vain - ly will strive when the
 Some one will greet on the gold - en shore Loved ones of earth who have

there be - hold, Feast on the pleasures so long fore - told; Shall you? shall I?
 earth be free, Hap - py with Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty; Shall you? shall I?
 door is barred, Some one will fail of the saint's re - ward; Shall you? shall I?
 gone be - fore, Safe in the glo - ry for ev - er - more; Shall you? shall I?

Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
 2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-
 3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-

last - ing Arms! What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
 last - ing Arms! Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last - ing Arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

CHORUS.


Lean - ing on the Ev - er - last - ing Arms. Lean - ing, .
 Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
 lean - ing on Je - sus,


Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the Ev-er-last-ing Arms!
 Lean-ing on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

Reginald Heber.

Lowell Mason.




1. From Greenland's i - cy mount - ains, From In - dia's cor - al strand,
 2. What though the spi - ey breez - es Blow soft o'er Cey - lon's isle;
 3. Shall we, whose souls are light - ed With wis - dom from on high,—
 4. Waft, waft, ye winds, His sto - ry, And you, ye wa - ters, roll,



Where Af - rie's sun - ny fount - ains Roll down their gold - en sand;
 Though ev - 'ry pros - pect pleas - es, And on - ly man is vile;
 Shall we, to men be - night - ed, The lamp of life de - ny?
 Till, like a sea of glo - ry, It spreads from pole to pole;



From many an an - cient riv - er, From many a palm - y plain,
 In vain with lav - ish kind - ness The gifts of God are strown;
 Sal - va - tion! oh, sal - va - tion! The joy - ful sound pro - claim,
 Till o'er our ran - somed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain,



They call us to de - liv - er Their land from er - ror's chain.
 The heath - en, in His blind - ness, Bows down to wood and stone!
 Till earth's re - mot - est na - tion Has learn'd Mes - si - ah's name.
 Re - deem - er, King, Cre - a - tor, In bliss re - turns to reign!

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. I am so glad that our Fa-ther in heav'n Tells of His love in the
 2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-
 3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I

Book He has giv'n, Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see;
 ev-er I stray; Back to His dear lov-ing arms would I flee,
 see the Great King, This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be:

CHORUS.

This is the dear-est that Je-sus loves me.
 When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me. } I am so glad that
 "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me."

Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves me, I am so

glad that Je-sus loves me, Je-sus loves e-ven me.

Elizabeth C. Clephane.

Ira D. Sankey.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy nine-ty and nine; Are they not enough for

fold, But one was out on the hills a-way, Far off from the gates of
Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine Has wan - dered a-way from

gold— A - way on the moun - tains wild and bare A-way from the ten - der
me, And although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to

Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.
find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

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- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere He found His sh ep that was lost.
Out in the desert He heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.
- 4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all
the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray

- Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord whence are Thy hands so rent and
torn?"
"They are pierced to-night by many a
thorn."
- 5 But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own!"

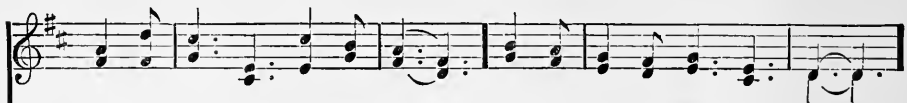
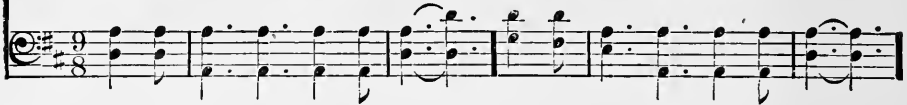
Why Not Now?

Daniel W. Whittle.

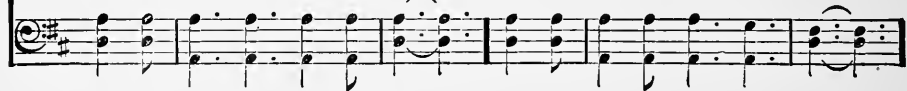
Charles C. Case.



1 While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
 2 You have wandered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
 3 In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
 4 Come to Christ, con - fess - ion make; Come to Christ and par - don take;



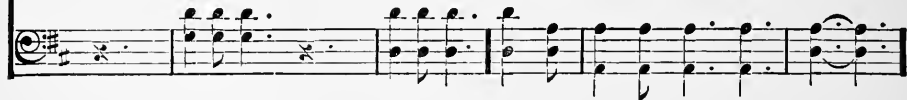
While your Fa - ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth - er, come?
 Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
 Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
 Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



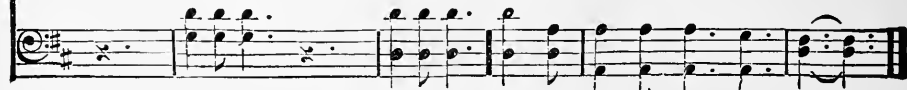
CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? Why not now?



Why not now? Why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
 Why not now? Why not now?

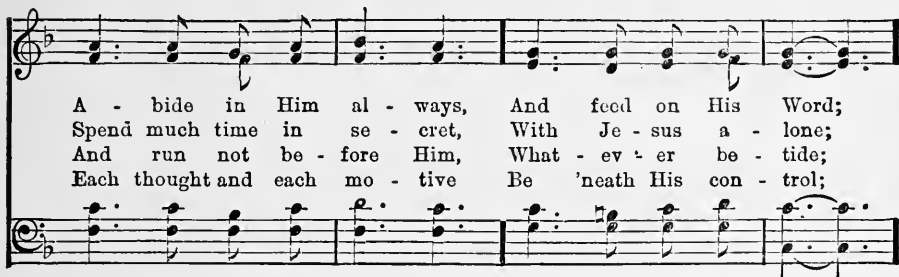


W. D. Longstaff.

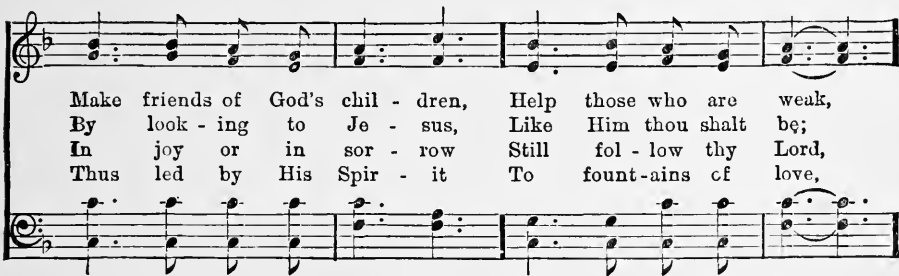
George C. Stebbins.



1 Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
 2 Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
 3 Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
 4 Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,



A - bid - e in Him al - ways, And feed on His Word;
 Spend much time in se - cret, With Je - sus a - lone;
 And run not be - fore Him, What - ev - er be - tide;
 Each thought and each mo - tive Be 'neath His con - trol;



Make friends of God's chil - dren, Help those who are weak,
 By look - ing to Je - sus, Like Him thou shalt be;
 In joy or in sor - row Still fol - low thy Lord,
 Thus led by His Spir - it To fount - ains of love,



For - get - ting in noth - ing His bless - ing to seek.
 Thy friends in thy con - duct His like - ness shall see.
 And, look - ing to Je - sus, Still trust in His Word.
 Thou soon shalt be fit - ted For serv - ice a - bove.

W. A. Ogden.

Geo. C. Hugg.

1. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way-side, Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed
 2. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed for the grow-ing, Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed,
 3. Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, doubting nev-er, Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed,

by the hill-side; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed o'er the field, wide,
 free-ly sow-ing; Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed, trust-ing, know-ing,
 trust-ing ev-er; Sow-ing the word with pray'r and en-deav-or,

CHORUS.

Scat-ter-ing pre-cious seed by the way. } Sow - - ing in the
 Sure-ly the Lord will send it the rain. } Sow - - ing in the
 Trusting the Lord for growth and for yield. } Sow-ing the precious seed,

morn - - ing, Sow - - ing at the
 ev - - 'ning, Sow - - ing the seed at noon-tide,
 Sow-ing the pre-cious seed, Sow-ing the seed at noon-tide,

noon - - tide; Sow-ing the precious seed by the way...
 Sow-ing the pre-cious seed; by the way.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.

D. B. TOWNER.

1 When we walk with the Lord In the light of His word, What a glo - ry He
 2 Not a shad - ow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3 Not a bur - den we bear, Not a sor - row we share, But our toil He doth
 4 But we nev - er can prove The de - lights of His love, Un - til all on the
 5 Then in fel - low - ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

sheds on our way! While we do His good will, He a - bides with us still,
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear,
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross,
 al - tar we lay, For the fa - vor He shows, And the joy He be - stows,
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go,

CHORUS.

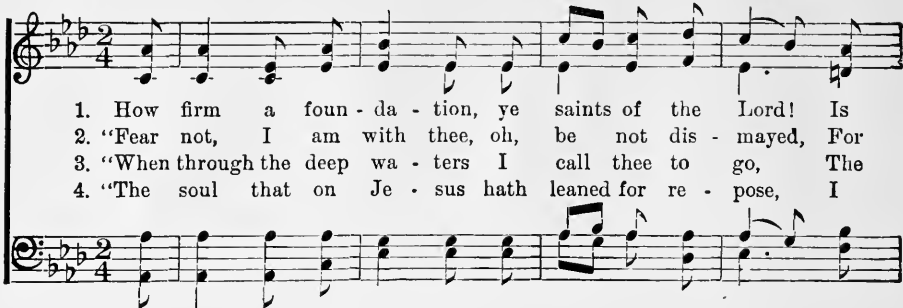
And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 Can a - bide while we trust and o - bey.
 But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
 Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
 Nev - er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey. } Trust and o - bey, for there's

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus, but to trust and o - bey.

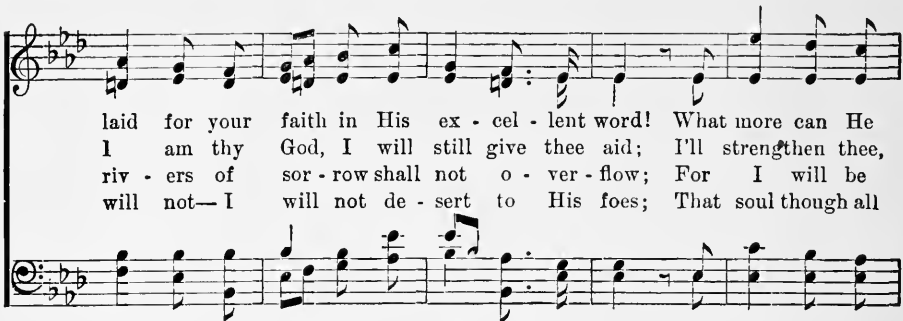
How Firm a Foundation.

G. Keene.

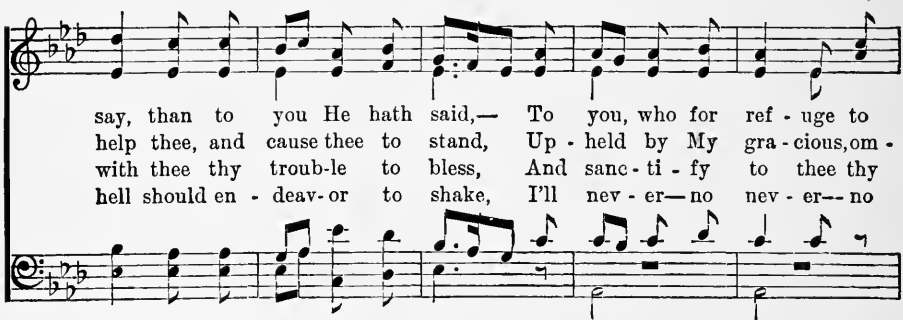
Anon, 1752.



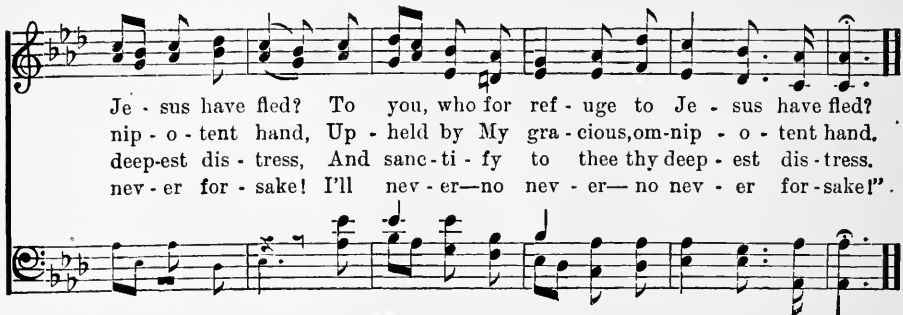
1. How firm a foun - da - tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis - mayed, For
 3. "When through the deep wa - ters I call thee to go, The
 4. "The soul that on Je - sus hath leaned for re - pose, I



laid for your faith in His ex - cel - lent word! What more can He
 I am thy God, I will still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee,
 riv - ers of sor - row shall not o - ver - flow; For I will be
 will not—I will not de - sert to His foes; That soul though all



say, than to you He hath said,— To you, who for ref - uge to
 help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om -
 with thee thy trou - ble to bless, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy
 hell should en - deav - or to shake, I'll nev - er—no nev - er—no



Je - sus have fled? To you, who for ref - uge to Je - sus have fled?
 nip - o - tent hand, Up - held by My gra - cious, om - nip - o - tent hand.
 deep - est dis - tress, And sanc - ti - fy to thee thy deep - est dis - tress,
 nev - er for - sake! I'll nev - er—no nev - er—no nev - er for - sake!"

My Saviour First of All.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rap-ture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spot-less white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-tre of His kind-ly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
 lead me where no tears shall ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to wel-come me.
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a man-sion in the sky.
 sing my wel-come home, But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-iour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him, As redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
 I shall know Him,

I shall know . . . Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand,
 I shall know

E. A. H.

Rev. Ellsha A. Hoffman.

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

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

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. } I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 He all my cares and sorrows will share. }
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.


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

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

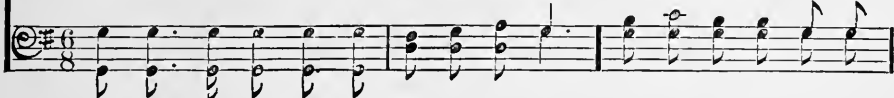
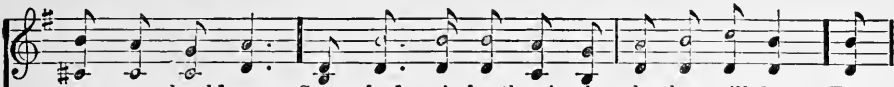
Throw Out the Life-Line.

Edward S. Ufford.

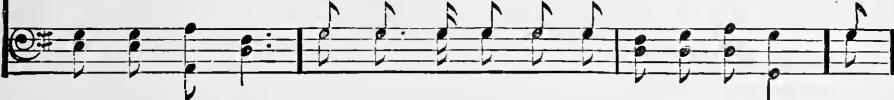
E. S. Ufford. Arr. by George C. Stebbins.




1 Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
 2 Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
 3 Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
 4 Soon will the sea - son of res-cue be o'er, Soon wil they drift to e -


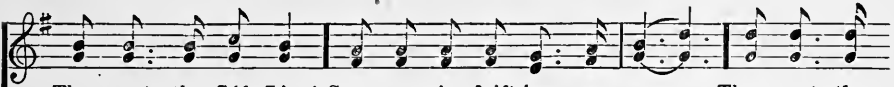
some one should save; Some-bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
 lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to - day— And
 you've nev - er been: Winds of temp-ta - tion and bil-lows of woe Will
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But



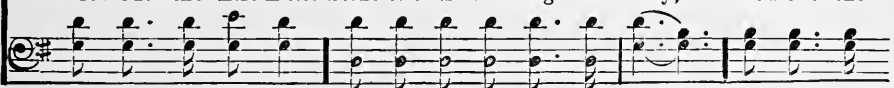

CHORUS.



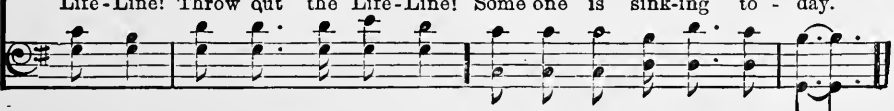
throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
 out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way!
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow. } Throw out the Life-Line!
 throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.



J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer-cy with the Lord,
 2. For Je - sus shed His pre - cious blood Rich bless - ings to be - stow;
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest;
 4. Come then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go,

And He will sure - ly give you rest, By trust - ing in His word.
 Plunge now in - to the crim - son flood That wash - es white as snow.
 Be - lieve in Him with - out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest.
 To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where joys im - mor - tal flow.

CHOR

On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now;

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

27 There shall be Showers of Blessing.

D. W. Whittle.

James McGranahan.

1 "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" This is the prom-ise of love;
 2 "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing"—Pre-cious ro-viv-ing a-gain;
 3 "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Send them up-on us, O Lord;
 4 "There shall be show-ers of bless-ing:" Oh that to-day they might fall,

There shall be sea-sons re-fresh-ing, Sent from the Sav-iour a-bove.
 O-ver the hills and the val-leys, Sound of a-bun-dance of rain.
 Grant to us now a re-fresh-ing, Come, and now hon-or Thy Word.
 Now as to God we're con-fess-ing, Now as on Je-sus we call!

CHORUS.

Show - - - ers of bless - ing,
 Show-ers, show-ers of bless - ing, Show-ers of bless-ing we need:

Mer-cy-drops round us, are fall - ing, But for the show-ers we plead.

Whiter than Snow.

James Nicholson.

William G. Fischer.

1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole;
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies,
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most hum - bly en - treat;
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou se - est I pa - tient - ly wait;

I want Thee for - ev - er, to live in my soul;
 And help me to make a com - plete sac - ri - fice;
 I wait, bless - ed Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet,
 Come now, and with - in me a new heart cre - ate;

Break down ev - 'ry i - dol, cast out ev - 'ry foe;
 I give up my - self, and what - ev - er I know—
 By faith, for my cleans - ing, I see Thy blood flow—
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou nev - er said'st "No—"

CHORUS.

Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow. Whit - er than snow, yes,

whit - er than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

We're Marching to Zion.

Isaac Watts.

Robert Lowry.

Spirited.

1 Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2 Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3 The hill of Zi - on yields A thou - sand sa - cred sweets Be -
 4 Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And
 chil - dren of the heavenly King, But chil - dren of the heavenly King, May
 fore we reach the heavenly fields, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To

thus sur - - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 fair - - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're marching on to Zi - on.

march - ing up - ward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

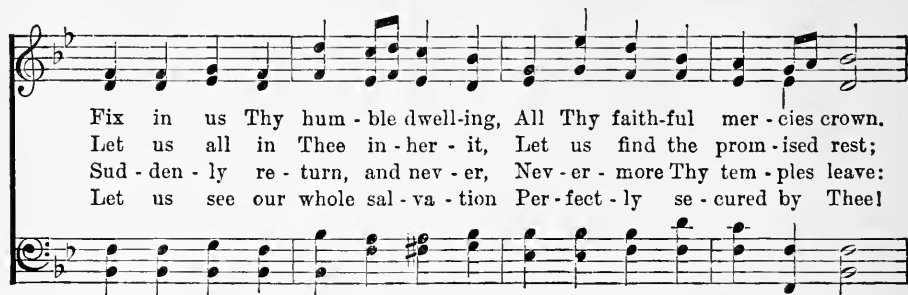
Love Divine, all Love Excelling.

Charles Wesley.

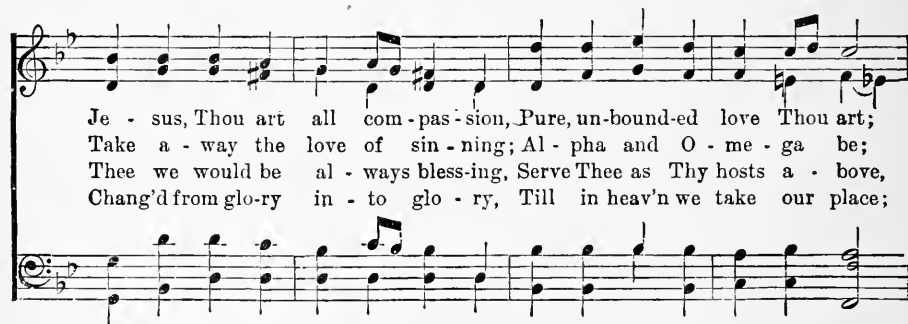
John Zundel.



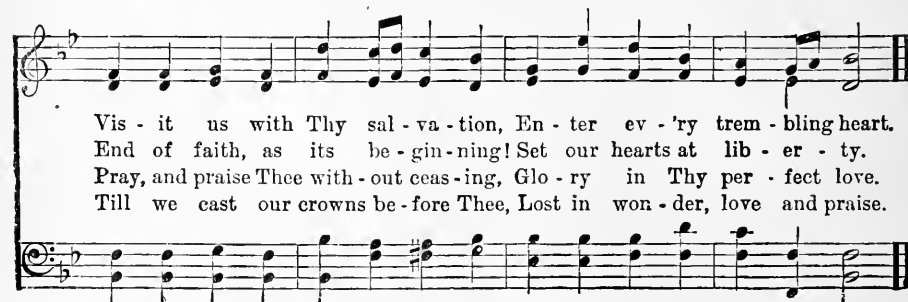
1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
 3. Come, Al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive!
 4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure and spot - less may we be;



Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing, All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest;
 Sud - den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
 Let us see our whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee!



Je - sus, Thou art all com - pas - sion, Pure, un - bound - ed love Thou art;
 Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
 Thee we would be al - ways bless - ing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
 Chang'd from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place;



Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
 End of faith, as its be - gin - ning! Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won - der, love and praise.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
 2. Some day my earth-ly house will fall, I can-not tell how soon 'twill be,
 3. Some day, when fades the gold-en sun Be-neath the ro - sy-tint - ed west,
 4. Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimm'd and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With - in the pal-ace of the King!
 But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heav'n for me.
 My blessed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
 That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
 shall see to face,

sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
 shall see

rit.

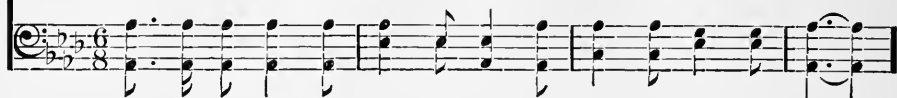
face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.
 to face,

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.



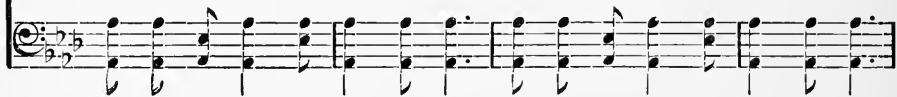
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



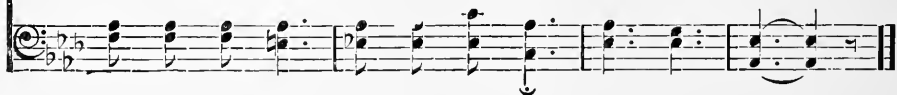
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
 I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when life's fleet - ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can cheer me so;
 He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har-vest's gold - en grain;
 Fol - low - ing Him, I know I'm right, He watch-es o'er me day and night;
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a friend; Beau-ti - ful life that has no end;



When I am sad, He makes me glad, He's my friend.
 Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my friend.
 Fol - low ing Him, by day and night, He's my friend.
 E - ter - nal life, c - ter - nal joy, He's my friend.



33 Will Jesus Find Us Watching?

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His ser - vants, Wheth - er it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watch - ing, In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watch - ing,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught con - demns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

rit. CHORUS.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright,
 Will He an - swer thee—well done? } O can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He

find you and me still watching, Wait - ing, wait - ing when the Lord shall come?

34 Shall We Meet Beyond the River?

Horace L. Hastings.

Elihu S. Rice.

Moderato.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har - bor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crys - tal shine?
 4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where in all the bright for - ev - er Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 Shall we meet and cast the anch - or By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work - man - ship di - vine?
 Shall we know His bless - ed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?

We Shall Meet.

John Atkinson.

Hubert P. Main.

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;
 2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by;
 3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by;
 4. When with robes of snow - y whiteness, — By and by, by and by;
 5. There our tears shall all cease flow - ing, By and by, by and by;

And the dark - ness will be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
 We shall sing redemption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;
 Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
 And with crowns of daz - zling bright - ness, By and by, by and by;
 And with sweet - est rap - ture know - ing, By and by, by and by, —

With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo - rious bat - tle won,
 And the strains for ev - er - more, Shall re - sound in sweet - ness o'er
 And the an - gels who ful - fil All the man - dates of His will
 There, our storms and per - ils past And with glo - ry ours at last,
 All the blest ones, who have gone To the land of life and song, —

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
 Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.
 Shall at - tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
 We'll pos - sess the kingdom vast, — By and by, by and by.
 We, with shout - ings shall re - join By and by, by and by.

Down at the Saviour's Cross.

Lida Shivers Leech.

Adam Geibel.

Solo, or all voices in unison.

1. Down at the cross where the Sav - iour died, Shedding His blood in a
 2. O, pre-cious cross which He bore for me, Hallow'd the light, which by
 3. Je - sus, O keep me, what e'er the cost, Safe 'neath the shad - ow of

crim - son tide; Peace, wondrous peace I have found in thee,
 faith I see; Shin - ing a - cross the dark path of time,
 Thy dear cross; Walk - ing with Thee, I can nev - er stray,

CHORUS.

Dear cross of Cal - va - ry..... } Safe in the cross let me
 In - to this life of mine..... }
 Far from the nar - row way..... }

e'er a - bide, 'Neath its dear shad - ow I'll safe - ly hide; My long - ing

soul here is sat - is - fied, Down at the Sav - iour's cross.....

W. L. T.

Will L. Thompson.

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

com-ing by and by, When the saints and the sin - ners shall be
 com-ing by and by, But its bright - ness shall on - ly come to
 com-ing by and by, When the sin - ner shall hear His doom "De -

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

CHORUS.

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

judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day?

Jessie H. Brown and Mrs. C. M. Alexander.

D. B. Townner.

1. A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go; A - ny-where He
 2. A - ny-where with Je - sus I need fear no ill, Tho' temp - ta - tions
 3. A - ny-where with Je - sus I am not a - lone; Oth - er friends may
 4. A - ny-where with Je - sus o - ver land and sea, Tell - ing souls in
 5. A - ny-where with Je - sus I can go to sleep, When the dark -'ning

leads me in this world be - low; A - ny-where with-out Him dear - est
 gath - er 'round my path - way still; He Him - self was tempt - ed that He
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o - ver
 dark - ness of sal - va - tion free; Read - y as He sum - mons me to
 shad - ows 'round a - bout me creep; Know - ing I shall wak - en, nev - er -

joys would fade; A - ny-where with Je - sus I am not a - fraid:
 might help me; A - ny-where with Je - sus I may vic - tor be.
 drea - ry ways, A - ny-where with Je - sus is a house of praise.
 go or stay, A - ny-where with Je - sus when He points the way.
 more to roam, A - ny-where with Je - sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.

A - ny-where! A - ny-where! Fear I can - not know;

A - ny-where with Je - sus I can safe - ly go.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Chester G. Allen.



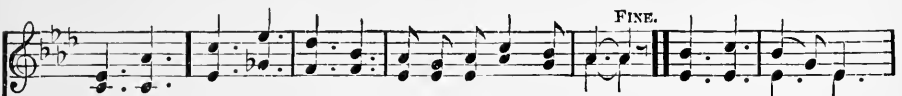
1 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Sing, O earth—His
 2 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! For our sins He
 3 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Heavenly por - tals



won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-estarch-angels in
 suf - fered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal -
 loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reigneth for - ev - er and



d. s.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex - cel - lent



glo - ry; Strength and hon - or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep - herd,
 va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
 ev - er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!



greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev - er in joy - ful song!



Je - sus will guard His children, In His arms He car - ries them all day long;
 Je - sus who bore our sor - rows, Love un - bound - ed, won - der - ful, deep and strong;
 o - ver the world vic - to - rious, Power and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;



Sabine Baring-Gould.

Arthur S. Sullivan.

1 On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war, With the cross of
 2 Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God: Brothers, we are
 3 Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4 On - ward then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus, Go - ing on bo - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph - song: Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or,

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 Un - to Christ the King: This, through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

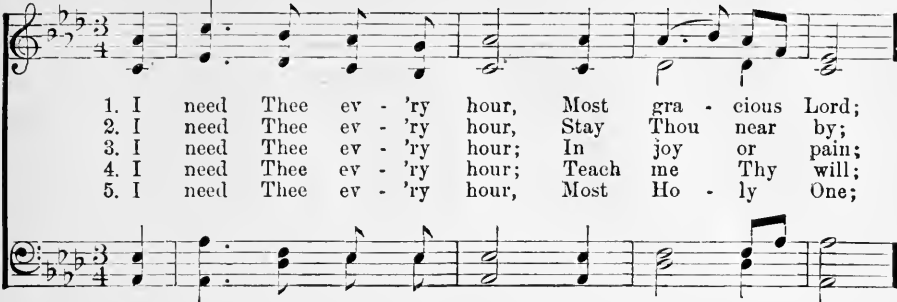
On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on bo - fore.


I Need Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks.

Robert Lowry.



1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord;
 2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by;
 3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; In joy or pain;
 4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour; Teach me Thy will;
 5. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One;

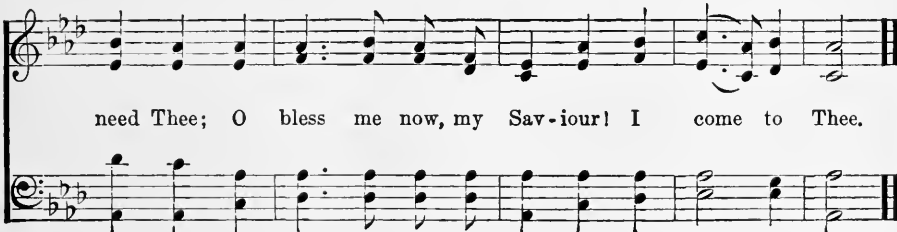


No ten - der voice like Thine Can peace af - ford.
 Tempt - a - tions lose their power When Thou art nigh.
 Come quick - ly and a - bide, Or life is vain.
 And Thy rich prom - is - es In me ful - fill.
 Oh, make me Thine in - deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

REFRAIN.



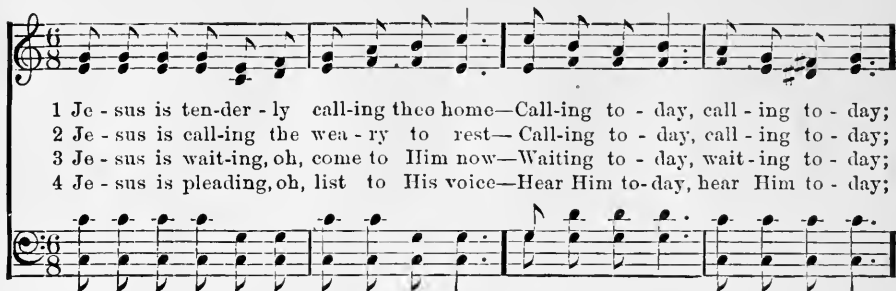
I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I



need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-iour! I come to Thee.

Fanny J. Crosby.

George C. Stebbins.



1 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing the - o - me — Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 2 Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest — Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 3 Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now — Wait - ing to - day, wait - ing to - day;
 4 Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, list to His voice — Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;



Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 They who be - lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.

REFRAIN.



Call - - ing to - day!..... call - - ing to - day!.....
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;



Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.

Beulah Land.

E. P. Stites.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
 2. The Sav - iour comes and walks with me, And sweet com - mun - ion here have we;
 3. A sweet per - fume up - on the breeze is borne from ev - er ver - nal trees,
 4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav - en's mel - o - dy,

Here shines undimm'd one bliss - ful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
 He gent - ly leads me with His hand, For this is heav - en's bor - der - land.
 And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
 As an - gels, with the white - robed throng, Join in the sweet re - demp - tion song.

CHORUS.

O Beau - lah land, sweet Beau - lah land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre - pared for me,

And view the shin - ing glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for ev - er - more.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.

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

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An - gels, de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove
 hap - py and blest; Watch - ing and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

CHORUS.

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. } This is my sto - ry,
 Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love. }

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

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

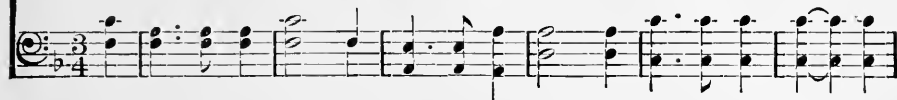
The Child of a King.

Hattie E. Buell.

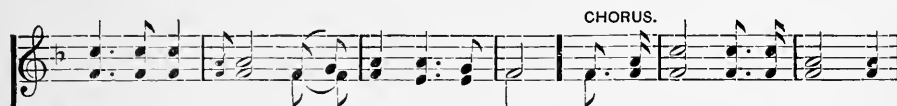
John B. Sumner, arr.



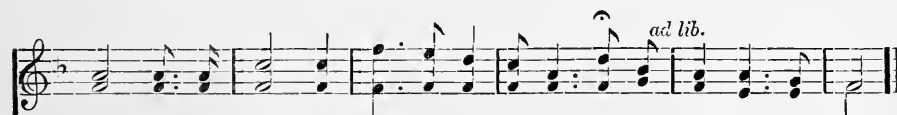
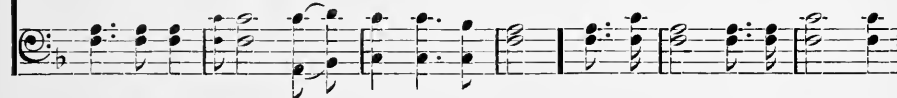
1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He holdeth the wealth of the
2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sav - iour of men, Once wander'd o'er earth as the
3. I once was an out - cast stranger on earth, A sin - ner by choice, an
3. A tent or a cot - tage, why should I care? They're building a palace for



world in His hands! Of ru - bies and diamonds, of sil - ver and gold, His
 poor - est of them; But now He is reigning for ev - er on high, And will
 a - lien by birth! But I've been a - dopt - ed, my name's written down, — An
 me o - ver there! Tho' ex - iled from home, yet still I may sing: All



of - fers are full, — He has rich - es un - told.
 give me a home in heav'n by and by. } I'm the child of a King! The
 heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown! }
 glo - ry to God, I'm the child of a King!



child of a King! With Je - sus my Sav - iour, I'm the child of a King!



P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss.

1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give
 2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too,
 3. Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng,
 4. Lit - tle chil - dren I, see stand - ing close by their King,
 5. There are proph - ets and kings in that throng I be - hold,
 6. There's a part in that cho - rus for you and for me,

Un - to him who on Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
 Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.
 They are safe now in glo - ry, and this is their song:
 And He smiles as their song of sal - va - tion they sing:
 And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
 And the theme of our prais - es for - ev - er will be:

Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am

saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

Samuel O'M. Cluff.

Ira D. Sankey.

1 I have a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing
 2 I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-
 3 I have a robe: 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A-wait-ing in
 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er— A peace that tho
 5 When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing

Sav-iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in
 ter-ni-ty bless-ed and true: And soon He will call me to
 glo-ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all
 friends of this world nev-er knew: My Sav-iour a-lone is its
 Sav-iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav-iour may

ten-der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too!
 meet Him in heav-en, But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!
 shin-ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re-ceive-ing one too!
 Au-thor and Giv-er, And oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!
 bring them to glo-ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing.

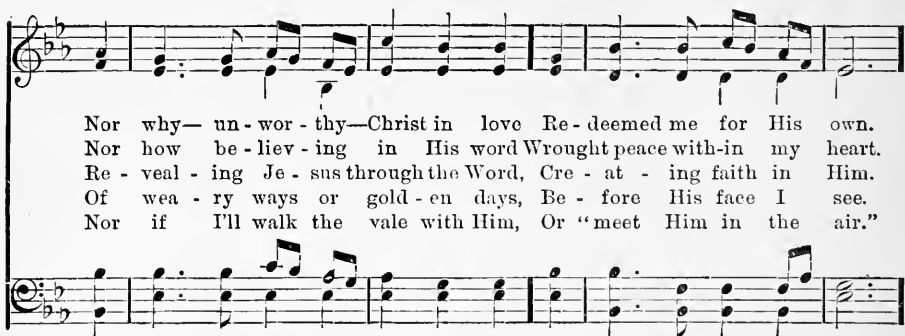
For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRAHANAN.

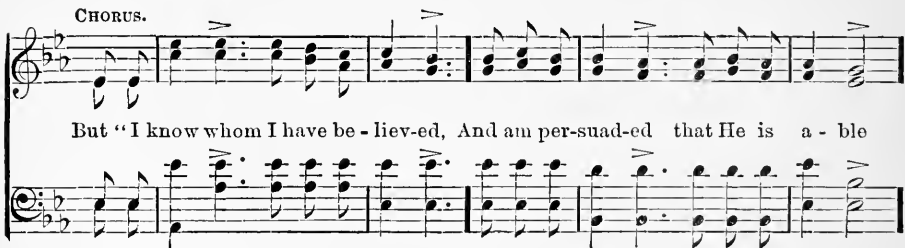
Moderato.


1 I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
 2 I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
 3 I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
 4 I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
 5 I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon - day fair,



Nor why— un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be - liev - ing in His word Wrought peace with - in my heart.
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus through the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
 Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."

CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - suad - ed that He is a - ble



To keep that which I've com - mit - ted Un - to Him a - gainst that day."

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast—
 2. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe from cor - rod - ing care;
 3. Je - sus, my heart's dear ref - uge, Je - sus has died for me:

rit. There by His love o'er - shad - ed, Sweet - ly my soul shall rest.
 Safe from the world's temp - ta - tions, Sin can - not harm me there.
 Firm on the Rock of A - ges, Ev - er my trust shall be.

FINE.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,
 Free from the blight of sor - row, Free from my doubts and fears;
 Here let me wait in pa - tience, Wait till the night is o'er;

D. C. Chorus first four lines.

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.
 On - ly a few more tri - als, On - ly a few more tears.
 Wait till I see the morn - ing Break on the gold - en shore.

Joseph Scriven.

Charles C. Converse.

Moderato.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
 2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
 3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r.
 We should nev - er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 Pre - cious Sav - iour, still our ref - uge— Take it to the Lord in pray'r.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—
 Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
 Do thy friends despise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in pray'r;

All be - cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry - thing to God in pray'r.
 Je - sus knows our ev - 'ry weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in pray'r.
 In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

Christ Arose!

P. L.

Robert Lowry.

Slow.

1 Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Wait - ing the
 2 Vain - ly they watch His bed— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! Vain - ly they
 3 Death can - not keep his prey— Je - sus, my Sav - iour! He tore the

CHORUS. *Faster.*

com - ing day— Je - sus, my Lord! } Up from the grave He a - rose, With a
 seal the dead— Je - sus, my Lord! } He a - rose,
 bars a - way— Je - sus, my Lord! }

might - y tri - umph o'er His foes; He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
 He a - rose!

dark do - main, And He lives for ev - er with His saints to reign; He a -

rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a - rose! He a - rose!

Priscilla J. Owens.

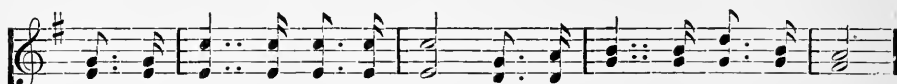
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



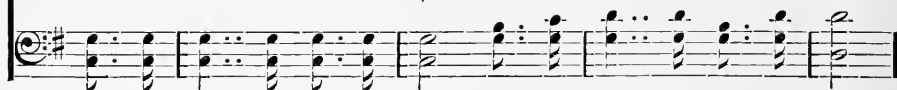
1. We have heard the joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;




Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,




On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com - mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Earth shall keep her Ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.



H. R. P.

Horatio R. Palmer.

1 Yield not to tempt-a - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
 2 Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3 To him that o'er-com - eth God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
 rev - rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
 con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark pass - ions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Kind - heart - ed and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you through.

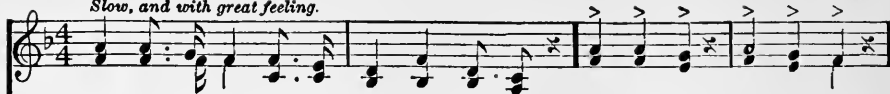
CHORUS.

Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with great feeling.

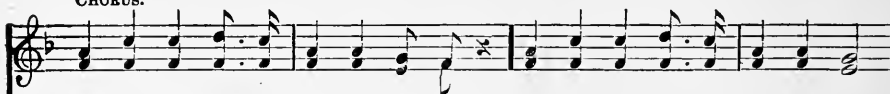
1. There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
 2. No friend like Him is so high and ho - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 3. There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!
 4. Did ev - er saint find this friend for-sake him? No, not one! no, not one!
 5. Was e'er a gift like the Sav - iour giv - en? No, not one! no, not one!



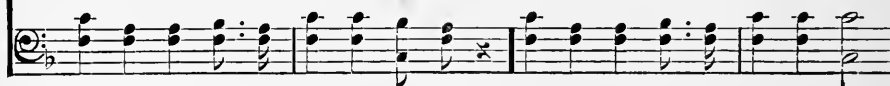
None else could heal all our soul's dis - eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
 And yet no friend is so meek and low - ly, No, not one! no, not one!
 No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!
 Or sin - ner find that He would not take him? No, not one! no, not one!
 Will He re - fuse us a home in heav - en? No, not one! no, not one!



CHORUS.



Je - sus knows all a - bout our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,



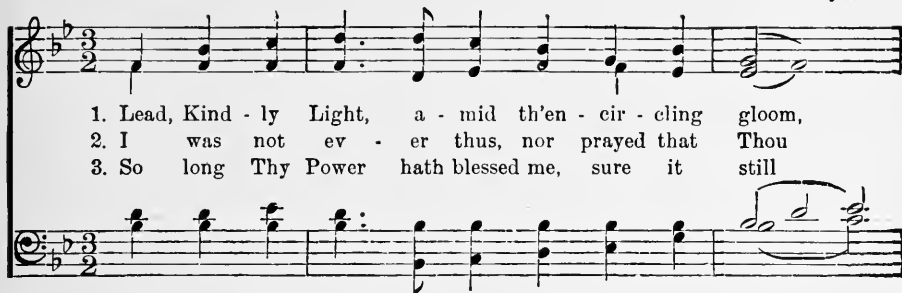
There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!



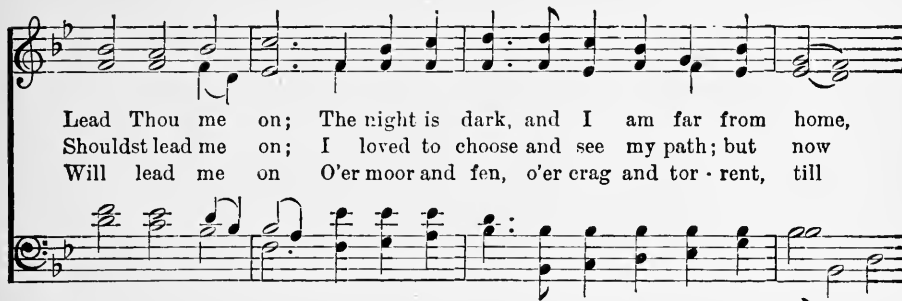
Lead, Kindly Light.

John H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.



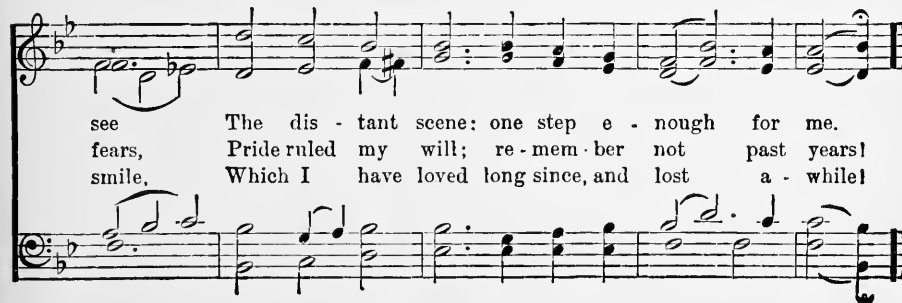
1. Lead, Kind - ly Light, a - mid th'en - cir - cling gloom,
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou
3. So long Thy Power hath blessed me, sure it still



Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till



Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to
Lead Thou me on! I loved the gar - ish day, and spite of
The night is gone; And with the morn those an - gel fa - ces



see The dis - tant scene: one step e - nough for me.
fears, Pride ruled my will; re - mem - ber not past years!
smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while!

Knowles Shaw.

George A. Minor.

1. Sow-ing in the morning, sow-ing seeds of kind-ness, Sow-ing in the noontide
 2. Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sow-ing in the shad-ows, Fear-ing nei-ther clouds nor
 3. Go-ing forth with weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-tain'd our

and the dew-y eve; Wait-ing for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing,
 win-ter's chill-ing breeze; By and by the har-vest, and the la-lor end-ed,
 spir-it oft-en-grieves; When our weep-ing's o-ver, He will bid us wel-come,

CHORUS.

We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves. Bring-ing in the sheaves,

bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves,

Bring-ing in the sheaves, bring-ing in the sheaves, We shall come, re-joic-ing, bring-ing in the sheaves.

Stand up, Stand up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

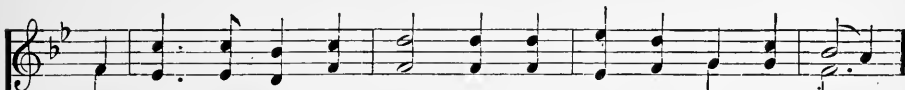
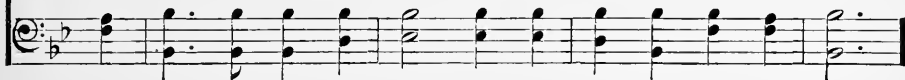
George J. Webb.



1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross!
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trump - ct call o - bey;
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a - lone;
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long;



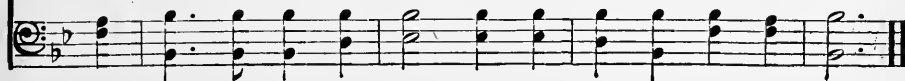
Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss:
 Forth to the might - y con - flict, In this His glo - rious day:
 The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own:
 This day, the noise of bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song;



From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry, His ar - my shall He lead,
 Ye that are men, now serve Him, A - gainst un - num - bered foes;
 Put on the gos - pel arm - or, And, watch - ing un - to prayer,
 To him that o - ver - com - eth, A crown of life shall be;



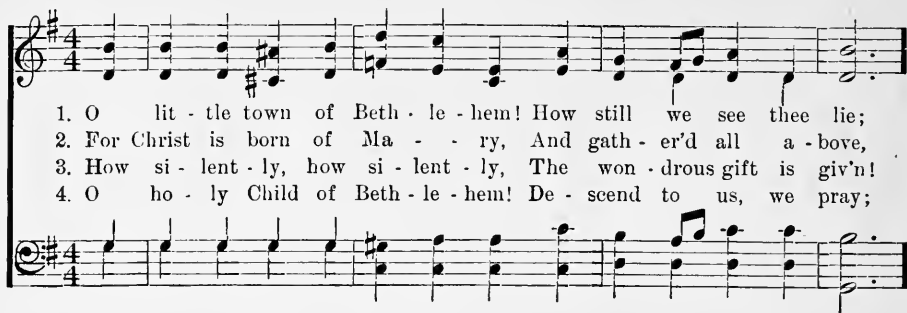
Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 Your cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength op - pose.
 Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 He, with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!



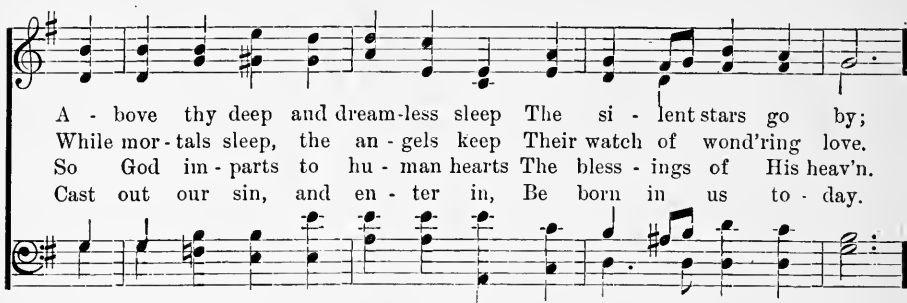
Phillips Brooks.

(ST. LOUIS.)

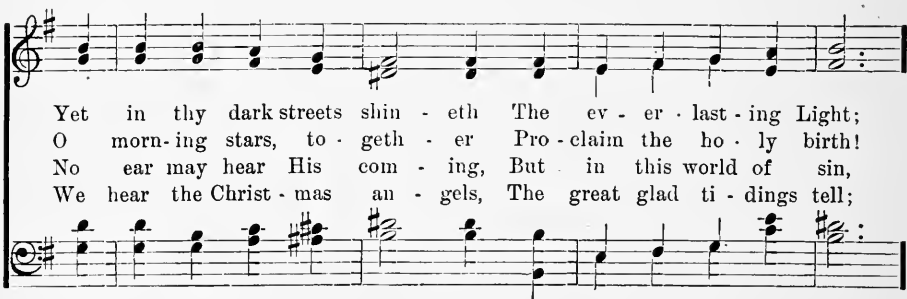
L. H. Redner.




1. O lit - tle town of Beth - le - hem! How still we see thee lie;
 2. For Christ is born of Ma - - ry, And gath - er'd all a - bove,
 3. How si - lent - ly, how si - lent - ly, The won - drous gift is giv'n!
 4. O ho - ly Child of Beth - le - hem! De - scend to us, we pray;



A - bove thy deep and dream-less sleep The si - lent stars go by;
 While mor - tals sleep, the an - gels keep Their watch of wond'ring love.
 So God in - parts to hu - man hearts The bless - ings of His heav'n.
 Cast out our sin, and en - ter in, Be born in us to - day.



Yet in thy dark streets shin - eth The ev - er - last - ing Light;
 O morn - ing stars, to - geth - er Pro - claim the ho - ly birth!
 No ear may hear His com - ing, But in this world of sin,
 We hear the Christ - mas an - gels, The great glad ti - dings tell;



The hopes and fears of all the years Are met in thee to - night.
 And prais - es sing to God the King And peace to men on earth.
 Where meek souls will receive Him still, The dear Christ en - ters in.
 O come to us, a - bide with us, Our Lord Em - man - u - el! A - men.

The Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

Jos. P. Webster.

1. There's a land that is fair - er than day, And by faith we can see it a -
 2. We shall sing on that beau - ti - ful shore The mel - o - di - ous songs of the
 3. To our boun - ti - ful Fa - ther a - bove, We will of - fer our trib - ute of

far; For the Fa - ther waits o - ver the way, To pre - pare us a
 blest, And our spir - its shall sor - row no more, Not a sigh for the
 praise, For the glo - ri - ous gift of His love, And the bless - ings that

CHORUS.

dwell - ing place there. } In the sweet by - and - by, We shall
 bless - ing of rest. }
 hal - low our days. }

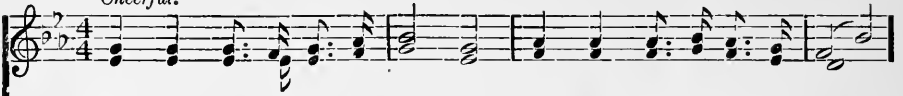
In the sweet by - and - by,

meet on that beau - ti - ful shore, In the sweet by - and -
 by - and - by, by - and - by, by - and -

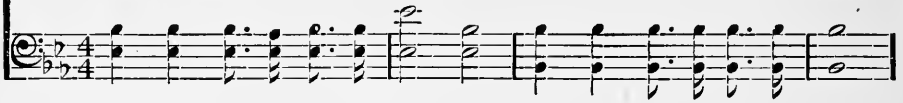
by, We shall meet on that beau - ti - ful shore.
 by, by - and - by,

R. Lowry.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

Cheerful.

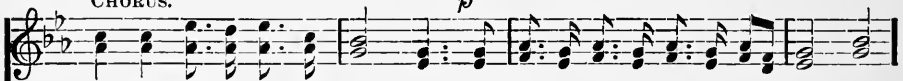
1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar - gin of the riv - er, Wash - ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin - ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. At the smil - ing of the riv - er, Mir - ror of the Saviour's face,
5. Soon we'll reach the sil - ver riv - er, Soon our pil - grim - age will cease;



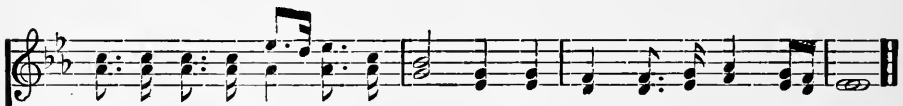
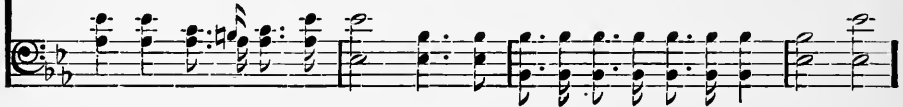
With its crys - tal tide for ev - er Flow - ing by the throne of God?
 We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
 Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro - vide a robe and crown.
 Saints, whom death will nev - er sev - er, Lift their songs of sav - ing grace.
 Soon our hap - py hearts will quiv - er With the mel - o - dy of peace.



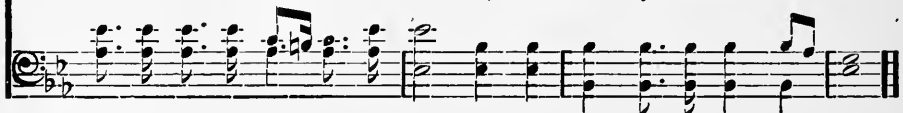
CHORUS.

p

Yes, we'll gath - er at the riv - er; The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful riv - er—



Gath - er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.



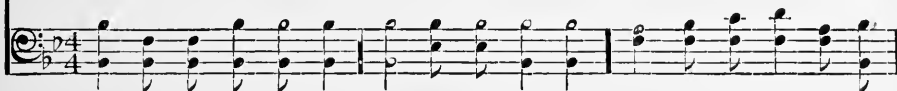
Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

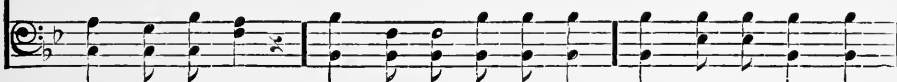
William H. Doane.



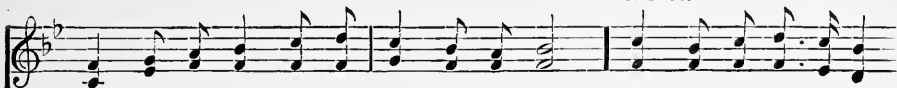
1 Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
 2 Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
 3 Down in the human heart, Crushed by the empter, Feel-ings lie bu-ried that
 4 Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



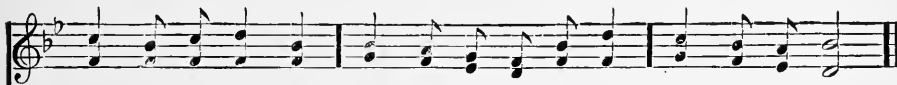
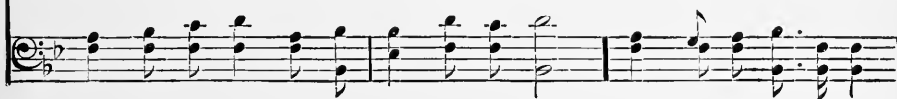
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
 child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
 grace can re-store: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



CHORUS.



Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
 He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. } Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 Chords that were broken will vi-brate once more.
 Tell the poor wanderer a Sav-iour has died.



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



Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

Philip P. Bliss.

1 Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 2 Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
 3 Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;

CHORUS.

Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. } Beau - ti - ful words,
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er.

won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.

Just as I Am.

Charlotte Elliott.

William B. Bradbury.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, relieve;
 5. Just as I am—Thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev-'ry bar-rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fightings with-in, and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be-cause Thy prom-ise I be-lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a-lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

Simeon B. Marsh.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }
 { While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high. }

D. C.—Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

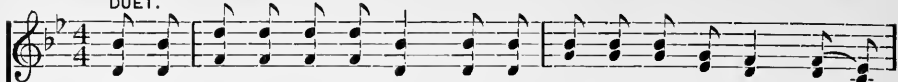
Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;

D. C.

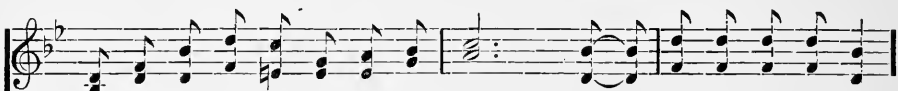
Evangelist M. B. Williams.

- Charlie D. Tillman.

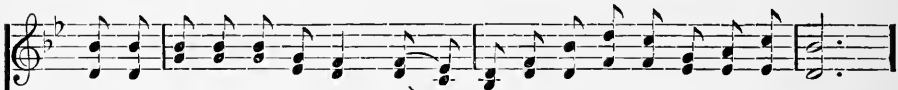
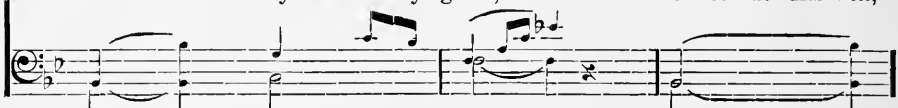
DUET.



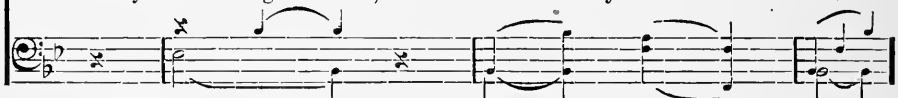
1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' its worn and fad-ed now, Which re-
2. As she read the sto-ries o'er, Of those might-y men of old, Of
3. Then she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the chil-dren dear, How He
4. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem-'ry lin-gers still, And the



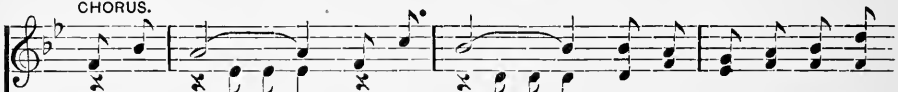
calls those hap-py days of long a-go; When I stood at moth-er's knee,
 Jos-e-ph and of Dan-jel and their trials; Of lit-tle Da-vid bold,
 suf-fered, bled and died up-on the tree Of His heav-y load of care,
 dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,



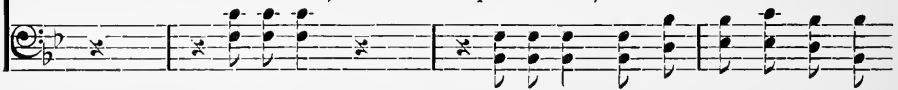
With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gen-tle tones and low.
 Who be-came a king at last; Of Sa-tan with His ma-ny wick-ed wiles.
 Then she dried my flow-ing tears With her kiss-es as she said it was for me.
 As my moth-er taught me then, And ev-er in my heart His words-a-bide.



CHORUS.



Bless-ed book..... pre-cious book,..... On thy dear old tear-stained
 Bless-ed book, precious book,



leaves I love to look;..... Thou art sweet-er day by day,
 love to look;



My Mother's Bible.—Concluded.

As I walk the nar-row way That leads at last to that bright home a - bove.

66

Face to Face.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

Grant Colfax Tullar.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?
 2. On - ly faint-ly now, I see Him, With the dark-ling veil be-tween,
 3. What re - joic-ing in His pres - ence, When are ban-ished grief and pain;
 4. Face to face! O! bliss-ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;

When with rap-ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
 But a bless-ed day is com-ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re - deem-er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.

Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be-yond the star-ry sky;...

Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

J. M. B.

James M. Black.



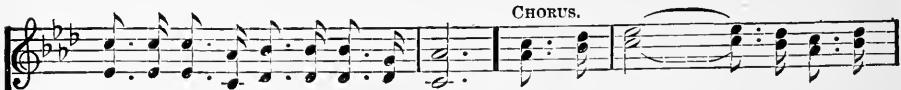
1 When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
 2 On that bright and cloudless morn - ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
 3 Let me la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,



And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
 And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
 Let me talk of all His won - drous love and care, Then, when

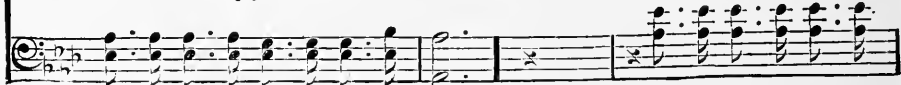


saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore And the
 chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
 all of life is o - ver, and my work on earth is done, And the



CHORUS.

roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the roll is called up
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the roll is called up
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. }



When the Roll is Called up Yonder.—Concluded.

yon - - der, When the roll is called up yon - - der, When the
 yon der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there,

roll is called up yon-der, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
 When the roll

68 My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

George Heath.

Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy gward, Ten thou-sand foes a - rise;
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray! The bat-tle ne'er give o'er;
 3. Ne'er think the vic-t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar-mor down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God!

The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw Thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 The work of faith, will not be done, Till thou ob-tain thy crown.
 He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

69 Oh, Happy Day that Fixed my Choice.

Philip Doddridge.

Fr. Edward F. Rmbault.

1. Oh, hap - py day that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Sav - iour and my God!
 2. Oh, hap - py bond that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
 3. 'Tis done; the great trans-ac-tion's done, I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 4. Now rest, my long di - vid - ed heart! Fix'd on this bliss - ful cen - tre, rest;

Well may this glow - ing heart re - joice, And tell its rap - tures all a - broad.
 Let cheer - ful an - thems fill His house, While to that sa - cred shrine I move.
 He drew me and I fol - lowed on, Charm'd to con - fess the voice di - vine.
 Here have I found a nob - ler part, Here heav'nly pleas - ures fill my breast.

CHORUS. FINE.
 Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus wash'd my sins a - way!

D. S.
 He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev - 'ry day.

70 The King of Love My Shepherd Is.

Henry W. Baker.

(DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8s, 7s.)

John B. Dykes.

1. The King of love my Shep-herd is, Whose good-ness fail - eth nev - er;
 2. Where streams of liv - ing wa - ter flow My ran-somed soul He lead - eth,
 3. Per - verse and fool - ish, oft I stray'd, But yet in love He sought me,
 4. And so thro' all the length of days, Thy good - ness fail - eth nev - er;

The King of Love My Shepherd Is.—Concluded.

I noth - ing lack if I am His, And He is mine for - ev - er.
 And, where the verd - ant pas - tures grow, With food ce - les - tial feed - eth.
 And on His shoulder gent - ly laid, And home, re - joic - ing, brought me.
 Good Shep - herd, may I sing Thy praise With - in Thy house for - ev - er.

71 Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing.

Robert Robinson.

John Wyeth.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless - ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
 2. Here I'll raise my Eb - en - e - zer; Hith - er by Thy help I'm come;
 3. Oh, to grace how great a debt - or Dai - ly I'm constrained to be!

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loud - est praise,
 And I hope, by Thy good pleas - ure, Safe - ly to ar - rive at home.
 Let Thy good - ness, like a fet - ter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee:

Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;
 Je - sussought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God;
 Prone to wan - der, Lord, I feel it; Prone to leave the God I love;

Praise the mount I'm fixed up - on it; Mount of Thy re - deem - ing love.
 He, to res - cue me from dan - ger, In - ter - posed His pre - cious blood.
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it; Seal it for Thy courts a - bove.

Frances R. Havergal.

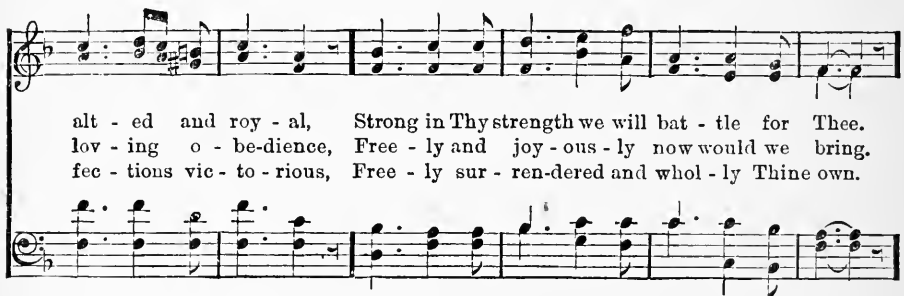
George C. Stebbins.



1 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our
 2 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing hence -
 3 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take Thy great

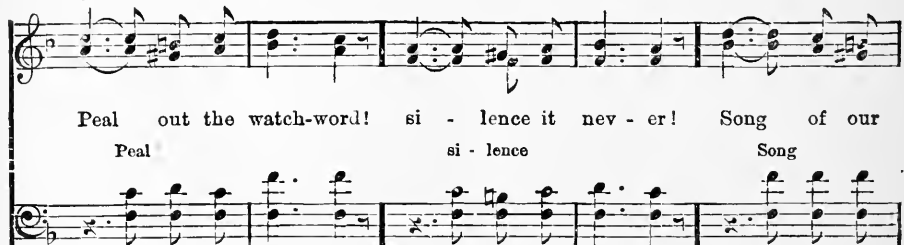


lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex -
 forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and
 pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -



alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
 lov - ing o - be - dience, Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
 fee - tious vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren - dered and whol - ly Thine own.

CHORUS.



Peal out the watch-word! si - lence it nev - er! Song of our
 Peal si - lence Song

True-Hearted, Whole-Hearted.—Concluded.

spir - its re - joic - - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
 re - joic - ing and free; Peal

loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
 loy - al King

73 Blest be the Tie that Binds.

John Fawcett.

Hans G. Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
 And oft - en for each oth - er flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee, Casting down their
 3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of
 4. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y! All Thy works shall

morn - ing our songs shall rise to Thee; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!
 golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea; Cher - u - bin and Ser - a - phim
 sin - ful man Thy glo - ry may not see, On - ly Thou art Ho - ly,
 praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea; Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly!

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shall be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in power, in love, and pu - ri - ty!
 Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!

Abide With Me.

Henry F. Lyte.

William H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark - ness
 2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
 3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour, What but Thy
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the

Abide With Me.—Concluded.

deep - ens— Lord, with me a - bidel When oth - er help - ers fail, and
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in all a -
grace can foil the tempter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my guide and
gloom, and point me to the skies; Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain

com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, oh, a - bidel with mel
round I see; O Thou, Who chang - est not, a - bidel with mel
stay can be? Thro' cloud and sun - shine, oh, a - bidel with mel
shad - ows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bidel with mel

76 In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

John Bowring.

Ithamar Conkey.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive, and fears an - noy,
3. When the sun of bliss is beam - ing Light and love up - on my way,
4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
Nev - er shall the cross for - sake me: Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - dianc streaming, Add more lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there that knows no meas - ure, Joys that thro' all time a - bidel.

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trum - pet sound is ring - ing out, The cry "To
 2. The fight is on, A - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je - ho - vah
 3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The bow of

arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is march - ing
 leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the ar - mor
 prom - ise spans the east - ern sky; His glo - rious name in ev - 'ry

on to vic - to - ry, The tri - umph of the Christ will soon ap - pear.
 God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en - dure.
 land shall hon - ored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

The fight is on, O Chris - tian sol - dier, And face to face in stern ar -

ray,..... With ar - mor gleam - ing, and col - ors stream - ing, The right and

The Fight Is On.—Concluded.

Harmony.

wrong en - gage to - day! The fight is on, but be not
 wea - ry; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
 for us, His ban - ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic - tor's song at last!
 Vic - t'ry! Vic - t'ry!

78

Old Hundreth.

L. M.

Thomas Ken.

Louis Bourgeois.

Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow, Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
 Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly hosts; Praise Fa-ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es that can - not fail, When the howl - ing
 3. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I now can see Per - fect, pres - ent
 4. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to Him e -
 5. Stand - ing on the prom - is - es I can - not fail, List - 'ning ev - 'ry

a - ges let His prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the high - est, I will
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I
 cleans - ing in the blood for me; Stand - ing in the lib - er - ty where
 ter - nal - ly by love's strong cord, O - ver - com - ing dai - ly with the
 mo - ment to the Spir - it's call, Rest - ing in my Sav - iour, as my

shout and sing, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 shall pre - vail, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 Christ makes free, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 Spir - it's sword, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
 all in all, Stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.

CHORUS.

Stand - ing, stand - ing, Stand - ing on the
 Stand - ing on the prom - is - es, stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

prom - is - es of God my Sav - iour; Stand - ing,
 Stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

Standing On the Promises. ~Concluded.

stand - ing, I'm stand - ing on the prom - is - es of God.
stand - ing on the prom - is - es,

80 Day Is Dying In the West.

Mary A. Lathbury.

William F. Sherwin.

1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touch - ing earth with rest: Wait and
2. Lord of life, be - neath the dome Of the u - ni - verse, Thy home, Gath - er

wor - ship while the night Sets her eve - ning lamps a - light Thro' all the sky.
us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord most high!

J. Edw. Ruark.

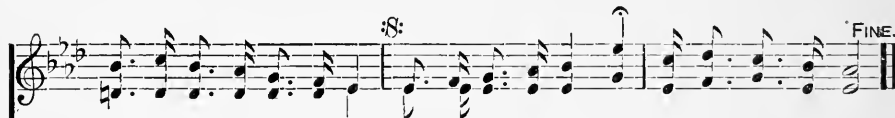
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



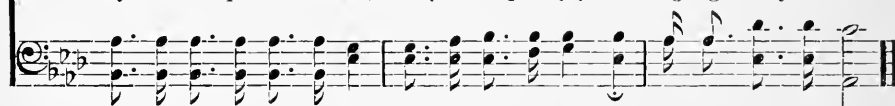
1. You may have the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart, And a peace that
2. Love of Je - sus in its ful - ness you may know, And this love to
3. You will meet with tri - als as you jour - ney home, Grace suf - fi - cient
4. Let your life speak well of Je - sus ev - 'ry day, Own His right to



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

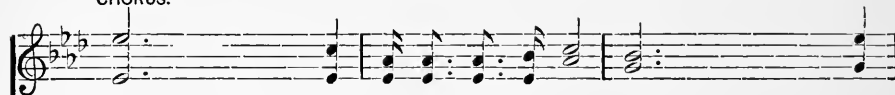


Live for Je - sus ev - 'ry day, He will keep the joybells ring - ing in your heart.
Deeds of mer - cy do each day, Then He'll keep the joybells ring - ing in your heart.
 He is with you ev - er nigh, And He'll keep the joybells ring - ing in your heart.
 If your life is pure and clean, And you keep the joybells ring - ing in your heart.



D. S.—He will keep the joy - bells ring - ing in your heart.

CHORUS.



Joy - - - bells ring - ing in your heart, Joy - - - bells
 Ring - ing in your heart, You may have the joy - bells



You May Have.—Concluded.

D. S.




ringing in your heart; Take the Saviour here below, With you everywhere you go.

82 Joy to the World! the Lord is Come.


Isaac Watts.

(ANTIOCH. C. M.)

Ad. by Lowell Mason.



1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King; Let
2. Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns! Let men their songs employ; While
3. No more let sins and sorrows grow, Nor thorns infest the ground; He
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the nations prove The



ev'ry heart prepare Him room, And heav'n and nature sing, And
fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-
comes to make His blessings flow Far as the curse is found, Far
glories of His righteousness, And wonders of His love, And
And heav'n, And heav'n and nature

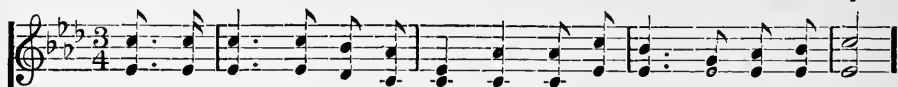


heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, And heav'n and nature sing.
Re-peat the sounding joy, Re-peat, Re-peat the sounding joy.
as the curse is found, Far as, Far as the curse is found.
won-ders of His love, And wonders, And won-ders of His love.
sing.....And heav'n and nature sing.

83 All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.

Fanny J. Crosby.

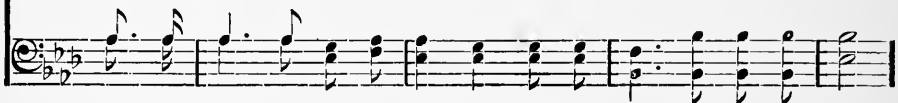
Rev. Robert Lowry.



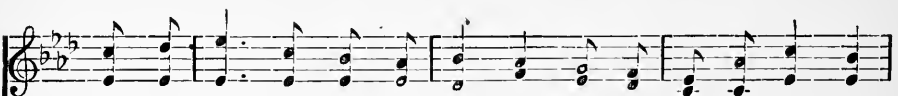
1. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?
2. All the way my Sav-iour leads me, Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-iour leads me; Oh, the ful-ness of His love!



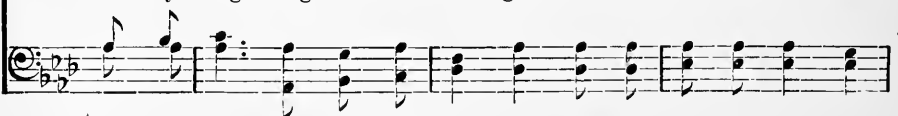
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
 Gives me grace for ev-'ry tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;
 Per-fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;



Heav'n-ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!
 Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,
 When my spir-it, cloth'd im-mor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,



For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I
 This my song through end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the



All the Way.—Concluded.

well; For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
see; Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I see.
way; This my song thro' end-less a-ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

84 Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah.

William Williams.

Thos. Hastings. Har. H. P. M., 1886.

1. { Guide me, O Thou great Je-ho-vah, Pil-grim thro' this bar ren land; }
{ I am weak, but Thou art might-y; Hold me with Thy pow'r-ful hand: }
2. { O - pen now the crys-tal fount-ain, Whence the healing wa-ters flow; }
{ Let the fie-ry, cloud-y pil-lar Lead me all my jour-ney thro': }
3. { When I tread the verge of Jor-dan, Bid my anx-ious fears sub-side; }
{ Bear me thro' the swell-ing cur-rent, Land me safe on Ca-naan's side: }

Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv-'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee.

sf
Bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De-liv-'rer Be Thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais-es I will ev-er give to Thee.

John H. Yates.

Ira D. Sankey.

1 En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol-diers, rise,
 2 His ban-ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
 3 On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
 4 To him that o - ver - comes the foe, White rai-ment shall be given;

And press the bat-tle ere the night Shall veil the glow-ing skies;
 We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri-umph trod;
 Let tents of ease be left be-hind, And— on - ward to the fray;
 Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con-fessed in heaven;

A - gainst the foe in vales be-low Let all our strength be hurled;
 By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
 Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
 Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;

Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver-comes the world.
 The faith by which they conquer'd Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
 The earth shall trem-ble 'neath our tread, And ech - o with our shout.
 We'll van-quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.

Faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
 Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.

86 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

Elizabeth Prentiss.

William H. Doane.

1 More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
 2 Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3 Let sor - row do its work, Come grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
 4 Then shall my lat - est breath Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

prayer I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,
 mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,—
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

I Will Sing You a Song.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

(HOME OF THE SOUL.)

Philip Phillips, arr. by H. P. M.

Moderato

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land, The
 2. Oh, that home of the soul in my vi - sions and dreams, Its
 3. That un - chang - a - ble home is for you and for me, Where
 4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau - ti - ful land, So

far - a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er beat on the
 bright jas - per walls I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the
 Je - sus of Naz - a - reth stands, The King of all kingdoms for -
 free from all sor - row and pain; With songs on our lips and with

glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the
 veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me, Be -
 ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands, And He
 harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain, To

years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er beat on the
 tween the fair Cit - y and me; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the
 hold - eth our crowns in His hands; The King of all kingdoms for -
 meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs on our lips and with

I Will Sing You a Song.—Concluded.

glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
 vail in - ter venes, Be - tween the fair Cit - y and me.
 ev - er is He, And He hold - eth our crowns in His hands.
 harps in our hands To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

88 Must I Go and Empty Handed?

C. C. Luther.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

DUET.

1. "Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Thus my dear Re - deem - er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor fal - ter, For my Sav - iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sin - ning wast - ed, Could I but re - call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a - rouse, be earn - est, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

Not one day of ser - vice give Him, Lay no tro - phy at His feet?
 But to meet Him emp - ty hand - ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.
 I would give them to my Sav - iour, To His will I'd glad - ly bow.
 Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.

"Must I go and emp - ty hand - ed," Must I meet my Sav - iour so?

Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp - ty hand - ed go?

EDEN R. LATTA.

(Whiter than Snow.)

HENRY S. PERKINS.

Moderato.

1 Bless-ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin-ners re-vealed;
 2 Thorny was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod - y o'er-came;
 3 Fa-ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft - en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless-ed be the dear Son of God: On - ly by His stripes we are healed.
 Grievous were the sor - rows He bore, But He suf - ered thus not in vain.
 Crim-son do my sins seem to me— Wa - ter can not wash them a - way.

Though I've wandered far from His fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
 May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
 Je - sus to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise I go;

Wash me in the Blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
 Wash me in the Blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
 Cleanse me by Thy wash - ing di - vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than the snow, Whit - er
 Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow, Whit-er than the snow,

Blessed be the Fountain.—Concluded.

than the snow;..... Wash me in the Blood of the
whit - er than the snow; Wash me in the Blood of the

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit - er than snow.....
Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow, than snow.
rit.....
snow.....

90

Even Me.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1 { Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ing Thou art scattering full and free— }
{ Showers the thirsty land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me— }
2 { Pass me not, O gra-cious Fa-ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be; }
{ Thou might'st leave me, but the rath - er, Let Thy mer - cy fall on me— }

REFRAIN.

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to Thee;
I am longing for Thy favor;
Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—Ref.

4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.—Ref.

5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
Blood of Christ, so rich and deep;
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
Magnify them all in me.—Ref.

6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
While the streams of life are springing,
Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Ref.

Francie H. Rowley.

Peter P. Bilhorn.

1 I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
 2 I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
 3 I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
 4 Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
 5 He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
 Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
 Sight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
 But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
 Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
 Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

I will Sing the Wondrous Story.—Concluded.

glo - - ry, Gathered by..... the crys-tal sea.
 the saints in glo - ry, gath-ered by the crys-tal sea.

92

He Leadeth Me.

Joseph H. Gilmore.

William B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O! bless-ed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E-den's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur-mur nor re-pine;
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 By wa - ters still, or trou-bled sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.
 Con-tent, what-ev-er lot I see, Still 'tis my God that lead-eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He lead-eth me;

His faith-ful fol-lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

Edward Perronet.

Oliver Holden.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall!
 2. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
 3. Oh, that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall!

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all;
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
 We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

Sarah F. Adams.

Lowell Mason.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me.
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou sendest me.
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,
D.S.—Near - er, my God, to Thee!

Nearer, My God, to Thee.—Concluded.

FINE.

D. S.

That rais-eth me, Still all my song shall be—Near-er, my God, to Thee!
 My rest a stone. Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to Thee;
 In mer-cy given: An-gels to beck-on me Near-er, my God, to Thee!
 Beth-el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to Thee!
 Up-ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near-er, my God, to Thee!
Near-er to Thee!

95

Pass Me Not.

Ranny J. Crosby.

William H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on
 2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
 3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it. Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief:
 wounded, bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace. } Sav-iour, Sav-iour,
 I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

hear my humble cry, While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

Wm. P. Mackay.

John J. Husband.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace, Who has bought us; and
 5. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re -

CHORUS.

died, and is now gone a - bove.
 Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
 sins, and hath cleans'd ev - 'ry stain. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le -
 sought us, and guid - ed our ways. }
 kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

lu - jah! a - men. Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, re - vive us a - gain.

Wm. McDonald.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reign'd with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
 4. Je - sus comes! He fills my soul! Per - fect - ed in Him I am;

CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Bless - ed Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

I am Coming to the Cross.—Concluded.

D. C. Chorus.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find,
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be,— Whol - ly Thine for ev - er - more.
 I am ev - 'ry whit made whole: Glo - ry, glo - ry to the Lamb.

Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

98 Take Me as I Am.

Eliza H. Hamilton.

Ira D. Sankey.

1 Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry; Un - less Thou help me I must die;
 2 Help - less I am, and full of guilt; But yet for me Thy blood was spilt,
 3 No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break,
 4 Be - hold me, Sav - iour, at Thy feet, Deal with me as Thou se - est meet;

Oh, bring Thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
 And Thou canst make me what Thou wilt, And take me as I am.
 Yet save me for Thine own name's sake, And take me as I am.
 Thy work be - gin, Thy work com - plete, And take me as I am.

CHORUS.

And take me as I am, And take me as I am;

My on - ly plea—Christ died for me! Oh, take me as I am.

W. A. O.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word, Dear - er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sus hath shown, Sweet - er far than
 3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to Me," Wea - ry, heav - y -

a - ny mes - sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
 a - ny love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
 la - den, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - iour, and thy soul is se - cure.

CHORUS.

Where He leads I'll fol - low, Fol - low all the way,
 Where He leads I'll follow, Where He leads I'll fol - low, Fol - low all the way,

all the way;
 yes, fol - low all the way; Where He leads I'll
 Where He leads I'll fol - low,

Where He Leads I'll Follow.—Concluded.

fol - low, low, low, low, Fol - low Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

Where He leads I'll fol - low,

100 Work, for the Night is Coming.

Anna L. Coghill.

Lowell Mason.

1. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the morn - ing hours;
 2. Work, for the night is com - ing, Work thro' the sun - ny noon;
 3. Work, for the night is com - ing, Un - der the sun - set skies;

Work, while the dew is spark - ling, Work 'mid spring - ing flow'rs;
 Fill bright - est hours with la - bor, Rest comes sure and soon;
 While their bright tints are glow - ing, Work, for day - light flies;

cres.

Work, when the day grows bright - er, Work in the glow - ing sun;
 Give ev - 'ry fly - ing min - ute, Some - thing to keep in store:
 Work till the last beam fad - eth, Fad - eth to shine no more:

Work, for the night is com - ing, When man's work is done.
 Work, for the night is com - ing, When man works no more.
 Work while the night is dark - 'ning, When man's work is o'er.

Frances R. Havergal.

C. H. A. Malan.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
 3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee;
 4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise:

Take my hands and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love,
 Take my voice and let me sing, Al - ways, on - ly for my King,
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with - hold,
 Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose,

5 Take my will and make it Thine,
 It shall be no longer mine:
 Take my heart, it is Thine own.
 It shall be Thy royal throne,
 It shall be Thy royal throne.

At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Al - ways, on - ly for my King.
 Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.

6 Take my love, my God, I pour
 At Thy feet its treasure store,
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for Thee,
 Ever, only, all for Thee.

John Keble.

P. Ritter, arr. Wm. H. Monk.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep, My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Sun of My Soul.—Concluded.

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv-ant's eyes!
 Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-iour's breast!
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

103

Away In a Manger.

Tr. from Martin Luther.

Fr. Johnathan E. Spilman.

1. A - way in a man - ger, no crib for a bed, The lit - tle Lord
 2. The cat - tle are low - ing the ba - by a-wakes, But lit - tle Lord
 3. Be near me Lord Je - sus; I ask Thee to stay, Close by me for -

Je - sus laid down His sweet head. The stars in the bright sky look'd
 Je - sus no cry - ing He makes. I love Thee, Lord Je - sus, look
 ev - er, and love me, I pray. Bless all the dear Chil - dren in

down where He lay—The lit - tle Lord Je - sus a-sleep on the hay.
 down from the sky, And stay by my side un - til morn-ing is nigh.
 Thy ten - der care, And fit us for heav - en to live with Thee there.

Kate Hankey.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove,
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry: 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat,
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best

Of Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love.
 What seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet.
 Seem hun - ger - ing and thirst - ing To hear it, like the rest.

I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
 I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
 And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,

It sat - is - fies my long ings As noth - ing else can do.
 The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own he - ly word.
 'Twill be - the old, old sto - ry That I have loved so long!

REFRAIN.

I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

105 Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
 2 Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow' of grace di - vine;
 3 O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,
 4 There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

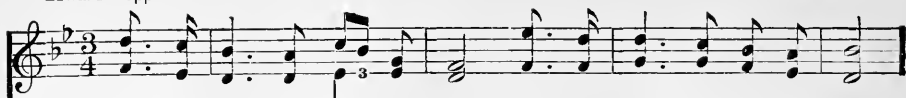
REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, near - er, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
 near - er, near - er,

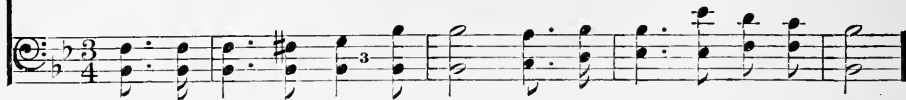
Draw me near - er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Edward Hopper.

John E. Gould.



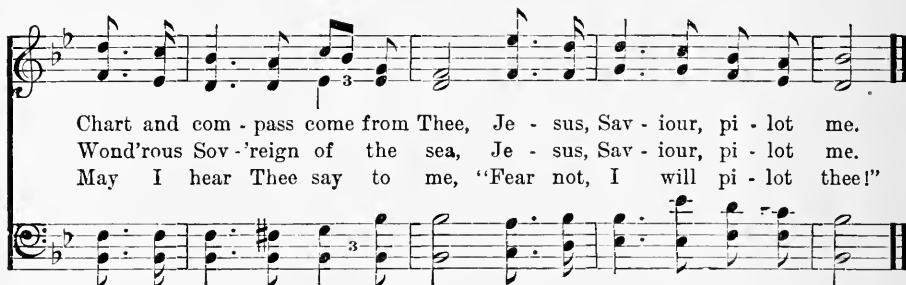
1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me O - ver life's tempestuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break - ers roar



- Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Bois - tr'ous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

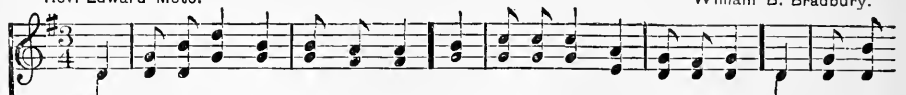


- Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Wond'rous Sov - reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



Rev. Edward Mote.

William B. Bradbury.



1. My hope is built on noth - ing less Than Jesus' blood and righteous - ness; I dare not
 2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In ev - ery
 3. His oath, His cov - e - nant, His blood, Sup - port me in the whelming flood; When all a -
 4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found; Cloth'd in His



The Solid Rock.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

trust the sweetest frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name,
high and storm-y gale, My anch-orholdswith-in the veil.
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay.
right-eous-ness a-lone, Faultless to stand before the throne!

On Christ, the Sol-id

Rock, I stand; All oth-erground is sinking sand, All oth-erground is sinking sand.

108 My Jesus, I Love Thee.

Anon.

A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me, And pur - chased my
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say, when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with thee glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art Thou, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Rock of Ages.

Augustus M. Toplady.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no res - pite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Na - ked, come to Thee for dress, Help - less, look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judgment - throne.

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and power.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the fount - ain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

110 Holy, Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. Wells.

Marcus M. Wells.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }

D.C. - Whis - pering soft - ly, "Wand - rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home,"

Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.—Concluded.

D. C. al Fine.

Wear - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice

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2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leaving us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

111 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.

L. H.

Lewis Hartsough.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For cleansing in Thy
2. Tho' coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my vileness
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To per - fect hope, and
4. 'Tis Je - sus who con - firms The bless - ed work with - in, By adding grace to
5. And He the wit - ness gives To loy - al hearts and free, That ev - 'ry promise
6. All hail, a - ton - ing blood! All hail, re - deem - ing grace! All hail, the Gift of

CHORUS.

pre - cious blood That flow'd on Cal - va - ry. }
ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure. }
peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove. } I am com - ing, Lord!
welcom'd grace, Where reign'd the pow'r of sin. }
is ful - filled, If faith but brings the plea. }
Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Right - eous - ness. }

Com - ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

Will There Be Any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am think - ing to - day of that beau - ti - ful land I shall
 2. In the strength of the Lord let me la - bor and pray, Let me
 3. O what joy it will be, when His face I be - hold, Liv - ing

reach when the sun go - eth down, When, thro' won - der - ful grace, by my
 watch as a win - ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the
 gems at His feet to lay down; It would sweet - en my bliss in the

Sav - iour I stand, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?
 glo - ri - ous day When His praise like the sea bil - lows rolls.
 cit - y of gold, Should there be a - ny stars in my crown.

CHORUS.

Will there be a - ny stars, a - ny stars in my crown, When at

eve - ning the sun go - eth down?..... When I wake with the blest
 go - eth down?

Will There Be Any Stars?—Concluded.

In the man-sions of rest, Will there be a - ny stars in my crown?.....
a - ny stars in my crown?

113

Fill Me Now.

E. H. Stokes, D. D.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gra - cious Spir - it, Though I can not tell Thee how;
3. I am weak - ness, full of weak-ness; At Thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and com - fort, bless and save me, Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;

FINE.

Fill me with Thy hal - lowed pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need Thee, great - ly need Thee; Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
Thou art com - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

D. S.—Fill me with Thy hal - low'd pres-ence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS. D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now.

P. P. Bliss.

Philip P. Bliss.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Har - vest is past! "Al - most per - suad - ed,"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 Turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are
 Doom comes at last! "Al - most" can - not a - vail; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 lin - gering near, Prayers rise from hearts so dear: O wan - derer, come,
 but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail— "Al - most—*but lost!*"

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Anna B. Warner.

William B. Bradbury.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so: Lit - tle
 2. Je - sus from His throne on high, Came in - to this world to die; That I
 3. Je - sus loves me! He who died Heaven's gate to o - pen wide! He will
 4. Je - sus, take this heart of mine; Make it pure, and whol - ly Thine. Thou hast

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Jesus Loves Me.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long; They are weak, but He is strong.
 might from sin be free, Bled and died up - on the tree.
 wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in.
 bled and died for me, I will henceforth live for Thee.

} Yes, Je - sus loves me!

Yes, Je - sus loves me! Yes, Je - sus loves me! The Bi - ble tells me so!

116

Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

William B. Bradbury.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep! From which none ev - er wake to weep;
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet!
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! peace - ful rest! Whose waking is su - preme - ly blest;
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! oh, for me May such a bliss - ful ref - uge be:
5. A-sleep in Je - sus! far from thee Thy kin - dred and their graves may be:

A calm and un - dis - turbed re - pose, Un - brok - en by the last of foes.
 With ho - ly con - fi - dence to sing That death hath lost its ven - omed sting!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim the hour that man - i - fests the Sav - iour's pow'r.
 Se - cure - ly shall my ash - es lie, And wait the summons from on high.
 But Thine is still a bless - ed sleep From which none ev - er wake to weep.

C. W. Fry.

Arr. from J. R. Murray by I. D. Sankey.

1. I've found a friend in Je - sus,— He's ev-'ry-thing to me; He's the
 2. He all my grief has tak - en, and all my sor - rows borne; In temp -
 3. He'll nev - er, nev - er leave me, nor yet for - sake me here, While I

fair - est of ten thousand to my soul!..... The "Lil - y of the Val - ley," in
 ta - tion He's my strong and mighty tower;.... I've all for Him for - sak - en. I've
 live by faith, and do His blessed will;..... A wall of fire a - bout me, I've

Him a - lone I see,—All I need to cleanse and make me ful - ly whole:.....
 all my i - dols torn From my heart, and now He keeps me by His power.....
 noth - ing now to fear: With His manna He my hun - gry soul shall fill.....

In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay; He
 Tho' all the world for - sake me, and Sa - tan tempts me sore, Thro'
 When crown'd at last in glo - ry, I'll see His bless - ed face, Where

D. S.—In sor - row He's my com - fort, in troub - le He's my stay; He

The Lily of the Valley.—Concluded.

tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Val-ley," the
 Je - sus I shall safe-ly reach the goal; He's the "Lil-y of the Val-ley," the
 riv - ers of delight shall ev - er roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Val-ley," the

tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll; He's the "Lil-y of the Val-ley," the

D. S. for Chorus.

Bright and Morning Star; He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul !.....

Bright and Morning Star; He's the fair - est of ten thousand to my soul !.....

118 Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

Thomas Shepherd.

George N. Allen.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - bove, Who once went sorrowing here!
3. The con - se - rat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
4. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' piere - céd feet,

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry - one, And there's a cross for me.
 But now they taste un - min - gled love, And joy with - out a tear.
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
 Joy - ful, I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntington.

Tullius C. O'Kane.

1. Oh, think of the home o - ver there, By the side of the riv - er of
 2. Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, Who be - fore us the jour - ney have
 3. My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, There my kin - dred and friends are at
 4. I'll soon be at home o - ver there, For the end of my jour - ney I

light. Where the saints, all im - mor - tal and fair, Are
 trod, Of the songs that they breathe on the air, In their
 rest; Then a - way from my sor - row and care, Let me
 see; Ma - ny dear to my heart, o - ver there, Are
 o - ver there,

robed in their gar - ments of white. O - ver there, o - ver
 home in the pal - ace of God. O - ver there, o - ver
 fly to the land of the blest. O - ver there, o - ver
 watch - ing and wait - ing for me. O - ver there, o - ver there,
 o - ver there. o - ver there,

REFRAIN.

there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there, O - ver
 there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there, O - ver
 there, My Sav - iour is now o - ver there, O - ver
 there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there, O - ver
 o - ver there, o - ver there,

Oh, Think Of the Home.—Concluded.

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, My Sav- iour is now o - ver there.
 there, o - ver there, o - ver there, I'll soon be at home o - ver there.
 o - ver there.

120 Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton.

Lowell Mason.

1. Safe - ly thro' an-oth-er week, God has brought us on our way; Let us now a blessing
2. While we seek supplies of grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy reconciling
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy glory meet our
4. May Thy gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints; Make the fruits of grace a-

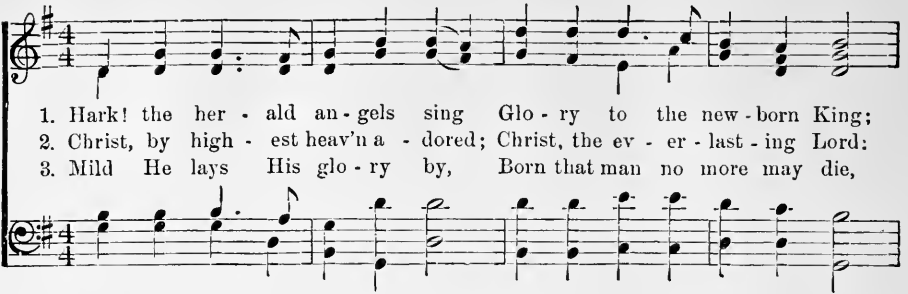
seek, Wait- ing in His courts to - day: Day of all the week the best, Em - blem
 face—Take a - way our sin and shame; From our worldly cares set free—May we
 eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear: Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our
 bound, Bring re - lief for all complaints: Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we

of e - ter - nal rest; Day of all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest.
 rest this day in Thee, From our worldly cares set free,—May we rest this day in Thee.
 ev - er - last - ing feast, Here af - ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast.
 rest in Thee a - bove, Thus let all our Sabbaths prove, Till we rest in Thee a - bove.

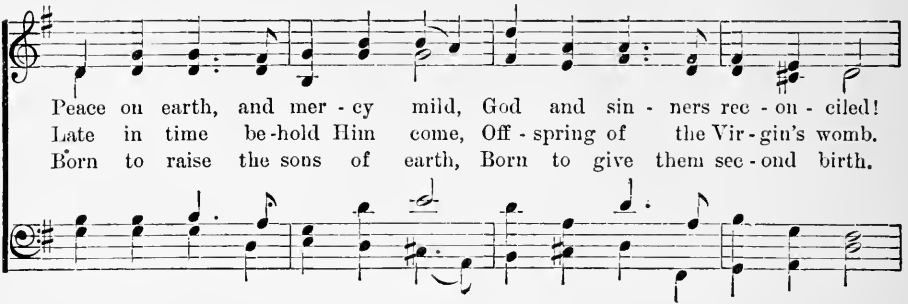
C. Wesley.

(MENDELSSOHN.)

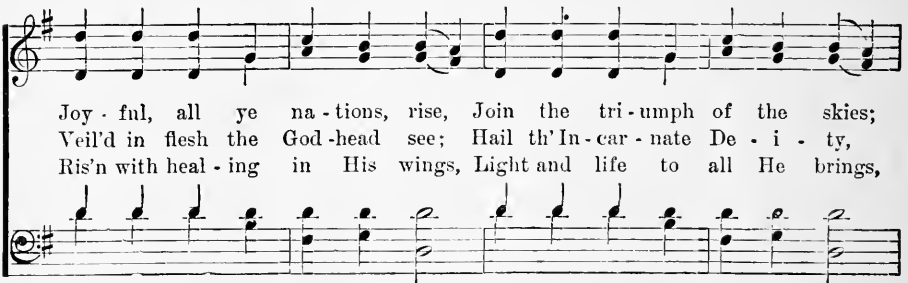
F. Mendelssohn.



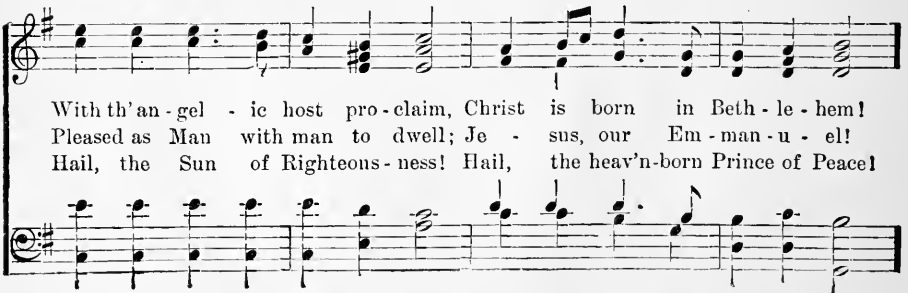
1. Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new - born King;
 2. Christ, by high - est heav'n a - dored; Christ, the ev - er - last - ing Lord:
 3. Mild He lays His glo - ry by, Born that man no more may die,



Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners rec - on - ciled!
 Late in time be - hold Him come, Off - spring of the Vir - gin's womb.
 Born to raise the sons of earth, Born to give them sec - ond birth.



Joy - ful, all ye na - tions, rise, Join the tri - umph of the skies;
 Veil'd in flesh the God - head see; Hail th'In - car - nate De - i - ty,
 Ris'n with heal - ing in His wings, Light and life to all He brings,



With th'an - gel - ic host pro - claim, Christ is born in Beth - le - hem!
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell; Je - sus, our Em - man - u - el!
 Hail, the Sun of Righteous - ness! Hail, the heav'n-born Prince of Peace!

Hark! the Herald Angels.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

f

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing Glo - ry to the new-born King. A - men.

Organ Pedal.

122

All to Christ I Owe.

Elvina M. Hall,

John T. Grape.

1. I hear the Sav - iour say—Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of weak-ness
2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and Thine a - lone, Can change the
3. For noth - ing good have I Where - by Thy grace to claim— I'll wash my
4. When from my dy - ing bed My ransomed soul shall rise, Then "Je - sus
5. And when be - fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll lay my

CHORUS.

watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
 lep - er's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 gar - ments white, In the blood of Calvary's Lamb. } Je - sus paid it all!
 paid it all!" Shall rend the vault - ed skies.
 troph - ies down, All down at Je - sus' feet. }

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crim-son stain: He wash'd it white as snow.

Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley.

(ITALIAN HYMN. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.)

Felice Giardini.

1. Come, Thou al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword;
 3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er! Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be,

Help us to praise: Fa - ther! all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic -
 Our prayer at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
 In this glad hour; Thou, who al - might - y art, Now rule in
 Hence ev - er - more! His sov - reign maj - es - ty May we in

to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days!
 word suc - cess, Spir - it of ho - li - ness! On us de - scend.
 ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of power!
 glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer.

(OLIVET. 6, 6, 4, 6, 6, 6, 4.)

Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint - ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's tran - sient dream, When death's cold sul - len stream

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.—Concluded.

Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me while I pray Take all my
My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to - day, Wipe sor - row's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav-iour, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv - ing fire.
tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

125 O God, Our Help in Ages Past.

Isaac Watts.

Andro Hart's Psalter.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;
2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood. Or earth re - ceived her frame,
4. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream Bears all its sons a - way;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
Suf - fic - ient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God To end - less years the same.
They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.

126 I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.

Mary Brown.

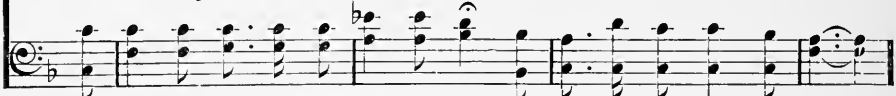
Carrie E. Rounsefell.



1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
2. Perhaps to - day there are lov - ing words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—



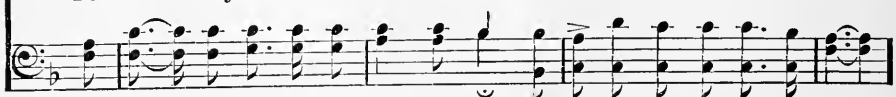
It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—



But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,



I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where You want me to go.
My voice shall ech - o Thy message sweet, I'll say what You want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.



I'll Go Where You Want Me to Go.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where You want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

I'll say what You want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what You want me to be.

127

I'll Live for Him.

R. E. Hudson.

C. R. Dunbar.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
 2. I now be-lieve Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, Thou, who died on Cal-va-ry To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!

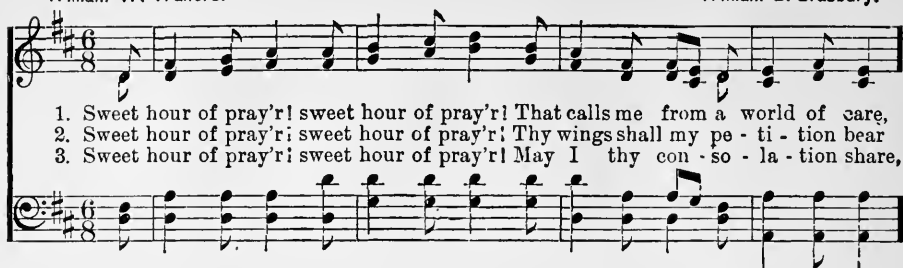
Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Sav-iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!
 I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-iour and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-iour and my God!


Sweet Hour of Prayer.

William W. Walford.

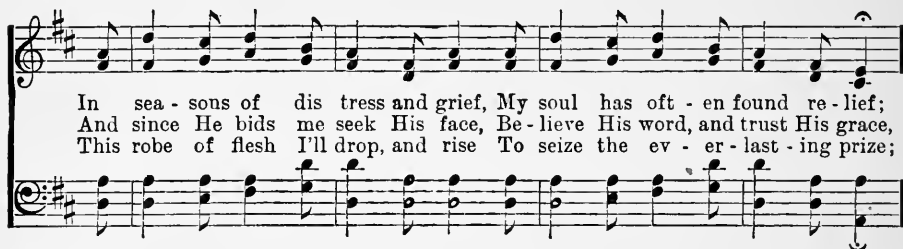
William B. Bradbury.



1. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care,
2. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! Thy wings shall my pe - ti - tion bear
3. Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! May I thy con - so - la - tion share,



And bids me at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known:
To Him whose truth and faith - ful - ness En - gage the wait - ing soul to bless.
Till, from Mount Pisgah's loft - y height, I view my home and take my flight;



In sea - sons of dis - tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;
And since He bids me seek His face, Be - lieve His word, and trust His grace,
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise To seize the ev - er - last - ing prize;



And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Fare - well, fare - well, sweet hour of pray'r!



And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet hour of pray'r!
I'll cast on Him my ev - 'ry care And wait for thee, sweet hour of pray'r!
And shout, while pass - ing through the air, Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of pray'r!

Jeremiah E. Rankin.

William G. Tomer.

1 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— By His counsels guide, up -
 2 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— 'Neath His wings pro-TECT-ing
 3 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— When life's per - ills thick con -
 4 God be with you till we meet a - gain!— Keep love's ban-ner float-ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure-ly fold you; God be
 hide you, Dai - ly man-na still di - vide you; God be
 found you, Put His arms un - fail-ing round you; God be
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be-fore you; God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain! } Till we meet!..... Till we
 with you till we meet a - gain! }
 with you till we meet a - gain! } Till we meet! Till we
 with you till we meet a - gain! }

meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain! Till we meet!

meet!... Till we meet! God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

Charles Wesley.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Al - le - lu - ia! To His throne a -
 2. There for Him high triumph waits; Al - le - lu - ia! Lift your heads, e -
 3. Lo! the heav'n its Lord re - ceives, Al - le - lu - ia! Yet He loves the
 4. Still for us He in - ter - cedes, Al - le - lu - ia! His pre - vail - ing

bove the skies; Al - le - lu - ia! Christ, the Lamb for sinners giv'n, Al - le -
 ter - nal gates; Al - le - lu - ia! He hath conquer'd death and sin; Al - le -
 earth He leaves; Al - le - lu - ia! Tho' re - turn - ing to His throne, Al - le -
 death He pleads, Al - le - lu - ia! Near Himself prepares our place, Al - le -

lu - ia! En - ters now the high - est heav'n. Al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia! Take the King of glo - ry in. Al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia! Still He calls man - kind His own. Al - le - lu - ia!
 lu - ia! He the first - fruits of our race, Al - le - lu - ia!

131 O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing.

Charles Wesley.

Carl G. Gläser.

1. Oh, for a thou - sand tongues to sing, My great Re - deem - er's praise!
 2. My gra - cious Mas - ter and my God! As - sist me to pro - claim,
 3. Je - sus! the name that calms my fears, That bids my sor - rows cease;
 4. He breaks the pow'r of can - cled sin, He sets the pris - oner free;

O for a Thousand Tongues to Sing—Concluded.

The glo-ries of my God and King, The triumphs of His grace!
 To spread thro' all the earth a-broad The hon-ors of Thy name.
 'Tis mu-sic in the sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
 His blood can make the foul-est clean; His blood a-vailed for me.

132

My Country, 'Tis of Thee.

Samuel F. Smith.

John Bull.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - ther's God to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song: Let mor - tal tongues a-wake; Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright With free-dom's

pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry mount - ain side Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills; My hearts with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light: Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

133 The Half Has Never Yet Been Told.

F. R. Havergal.

R. E. Hudson.

1. I know I love Thee bet - ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy,
 2. I know that Thou art near - er still Than an - y earth - ly throng,
 3. O Sav - iour, pre - cious Sav - iour mine! What will Thy pres - ence be,

For Thou hast giv - en me the peace Which noth - ing can de - stroy.
 And sweet - er is the thought of Thee, Thau an - y earth - ly love - ly song.
 If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee!

CHORUS.

{ The half has nev - er yet been told, (yet been told,) Of love so full and free, }
 { The half has nov - er yet been told, (yet been told,) His blood now cleans - eth me. }

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134 'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.

Mrs. Louisa M. R. Stead.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His word;
 2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans - ing blood;
 3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
 4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre - cious Je - sus, Sav - iour, Friend!

Just to rest up - on His prom - ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
 Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal - ing, cleans - ing flood.
 Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.
 And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.

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'Tis so Sweet to Trust in Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him; How I've proved Him o'er and o'er,

p

Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more.

135 The Great Physician.

Rev. Wm. Hunter.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. Stockton.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus;
 2. Your ma - ny sins aro all for - giv'n, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus;
 3. All glo - ry to the dy - ing Lamb! I now be - lieve in Je - sus;
 4. His name dis - pels my guilt and fear, No oth - er name but Je - sus;

He speaks the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of Je - sus.
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je - sus.
 I love the bless - ed Sav - iour's name, I love the name of Je - sus.
 Oh, how my soul de - lights to hear The pre - cious name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

"Sweet - est note in ser - aph song, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

rit.

Sweet - est car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus."

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Sav - iour, like a shep - herd lead us, Much we need Thy ten - d'rest care;
 2. We are Thine, do Thou be - friend us, Be the Guard - ian of our way;
 3. Thou hast prom - ised to re - ceive us, Poor and sin - ful though we be;

In Thy pleas - ant pas - tures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre - pare.
 Keep Thy flock, from sin de - fend us, Seek us when we go a - stray.
 Thou hast mer - cy to re - lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray;
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee;

Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, Hear, O hear us, when we pray.
 Bless - ed Je - sus, Bless - ed Je - sus, We will ear - ly turn to Thee.

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Rev. W. O. Cushing.

Geo. F. Root.

Moderato.

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His jew - els,
 2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His king - dom:
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, lit - tle chil - dren, Who love their Re - deem - er,

All His jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.
 All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and His own.
 Are the jew - els, pre - cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

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When He Cometh.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a - dorn - ing,

They shall shine in their beau - ty, Bright gems for His crown.

138

Near the Cross.

Fanny J. Crosby.

W. H. Doane.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the Cross, There a pre - cious foun - tain
 2. Near the Cross, a trem - bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the Cross! O Lamb of God, Bring 'its scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the Cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal - v'ry's moun - tain.
 There the Bright and Mora - ing Star Shed its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the
 2. Near - er the Chris - tian's mer - cy seat, I am com - ing near - er; Feast - ing my
 3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er; Deep - er the

cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the cross where
 soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er; Strong - er in faith, more
 love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er; Near - er the end of

Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - iour's
 clear I see Je - sus who gave Him - self for me, Near - er to Him I
 toil and care, Near - er the joy I long to share, Near - er the crown I

wound-ed side, I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
 still would be: Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
 soon shall wear: I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.

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Henry E. Mathews.

Moderato.

1. A - round the throne of God in heav'n Thousands of children stand, Children whose sins are all forgiv'n,
 2. In flow - ing robes of spotless white See ev - ry - one ar - rayed, Dwell - ing in ev - er - last - ing light
 3. What bro't them to that world above, That heav'n so bright and fair, Where all is joy and peace and love?
 4. Because the Saviour shed His blood To wash a - way their sin; Bathed in that pure and precious flood,
 5. On earth they sought the Saviour's grace, On earth they loved His name; So now they see His precious face,

Around the Throne of God.—Concluded.

A ho - ly, hap - py band, Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.
 And joys that nev - er fade, Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.
 How came those children there? Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.
 Be - hold them white and clean, Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.
 And stand be - fore the Lamb, Sing - ing glo - ry, glo - ry, glo - ry be to God on high.

141

The Son of God.

Reginald Heber.

Henry S. Cutler.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
 3. A glo - rious band, the cho - sen few On whom the Spir - it came,
 4. A no - ble ar - my,—men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid;

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train!
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame;
 A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed.

Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain;
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the ty - rant's brand - ished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
 They climbed the steep as - cent of heav'n, Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low,—He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in His train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.

Frances R. Havergal.

P. P. Bliss.

1. I gave My life for thee,..... My pre - cious blood I shed,
 2. My Fa - ther's house of light,..... My glo - ry - cir - cled throne
 3. I suf - fered much for thee,..... More than thy tongue can tell,
 4. And I have brought to thee,..... Down from thy home a - bove,

That thou might'st ran - somed be..... And quick - ened from the dead;
 I left, for earth - ly night,..... For wan - d'ring sad and lone;
 Of bit - terst a - go - ny,..... To res - cue thee from hell;
 Sal - va - tion full and free,..... My par - don and My love;

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for Me?
 I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left ought for Me?
 I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for Me?
 I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to Me?

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Isaac Watts.

John Hatton.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does His suc - ces - sive jour - neys run;
 2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made And end - less prais - es crown His head;
 3. Peo - ple and realms of ev - 'ry tongue Dwell on His love, with sweet - est song;
 4. Bless - ings a - bound wher - e'er He reigns; The pris - ner leaps to lose his chains;

His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 His name, like sweet per - fume, shall rise With ev - 'ry morn - ing sac - ri - fice.
 And in - fant voi - ces shall pro - ce! Their ear - ly bless - ings on His name.
 The wea - ry find e - ter - nal rest, And all the sons of want are blest.

Frederick W. Faber.

Adapted by J. G. Walton.

1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun - geon, fire, and sword;
 2. Our fa - thers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and con - science free:
 3. Faith of our fa - thers! we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife.

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

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

145 I Think, When I Read that Sweet Story.

Jemima Luke.

English.

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 pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in His love;
 4. In that beau-ti-ful place He has gone to pre-pare, For all who are washed and tor-giv'n;

How He called lit - tle chil - dren as lambs to His fold, I should like to have been with them then.
 And that I might have seen His kind look 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:
 And ma - ny dear child - ren are gath - er - ing there, "For of such is the king - dom of heav'n."

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

W. H. Doane.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - 'ry snare;
 3. Oh! the pre - cious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy
 4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet.

It will joy and com - fort give you, Take it then wher - e'er you go.
 If temp - ta - tions 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.
 When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em - ploy!
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour - ney is com - plete.

CHORUS.

Pre - cious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
 Pre - cious name, O how sweet!

Pre - cious name, O how sweet—... Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

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J. Hart.

Jeremiah Ingalls.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y Weak and wound - ed, sick and sore; }
 { Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r; }
 2. { Now ye need - y, come and wel - come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy; }
 { True be - lief and true re - pent - ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh. }
 3. { Let not con - science make you lin - ger, Nor of fit - ness fond - ly dream; }
 { All the fit - ness He re - quir - eth Is to feel your need of Him; }
 4. { Come, ye wea - ry, heav - y lad - en, Bruised and man - gled by the fall; }
 { If you tar - ry till you're bet - ter, You will nev - er come at all; }

Come, Ye Sinners.—Concluded.

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.
 With - out mon - ey, with - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
 This He gives you, this He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's glimm - ring beam.
 Not the right - eous, not the right - eous, Sin - ners, Je - sus came to call.

Cho.—Turn to the Lord and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,

D. S. for Chorus.

He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is will - ing, doubt no more.
 With - out mon - ey, with - out mon - ey, Come to Je - sus Christ and buy.
 This He gives you, this He gives you; 'Tis the Spir - it's glimm - ring beam.
 Not the right - eous, not the right - eous, Sin - ners, Je - sus came to call.

Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion, Christ, the Lord, has come to reign.

148 There is a Fountain.

William Cowper.

Lowell Mason.

1. There is a fount - ain filled with blood, Drawn from Im - man - nel's veins;
2. The dy - ing thief re - joiced to see That fount - ain in his day;
3. Dear dy - ing Lamb, Thy pre - cious blood Shall nev - er lose its pow'r,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flow - ing wounds sup - ply,
5. Then in a no - bler, sweet - or song, I'll sing Thy pow'r to save,

And sin - ners plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
 And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.
 Till all the ran - somed church of God, Be saved to sin no more.
 Re - deem - ing love has been my theme, And shall be, till I die.
 When this poor lisp - ing, stam - mering tongue, Lies si - lent in the grave.

FINE.

Lose all their guilt - y stains,..... Lose all their guilt - y stains,
 Wash all my sins a - way,..... Wash all my sins a - way,
 Be saved to sin no more,..... Be saved to sin no more,
 And shall be, till I die,..... And shall be, till I die,
 Lies si - lent in the grave,..... Lies si - lent in the grave,

D. S.

Rev. Frank E. Graeff.

J. Lincoln Hall.

1. Does Je - sus care when my heart is pained Too deep - ly for mirth or song;
 2. Does Je - sus care when my way is dark With a name - less dread and fear?
 3. Does Je - sus care when I've tried and failed To re - sist some temp - ta - tion strong;
 4. Does Je - sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dear - est on earth to me,

As the bur - dens press, And the cares dis - tress, And the way grows wea - ry and long?
 As the day - light fades In - to deep night shades, Does He care e - nough to be near?
 When for my deep grief There is no re - lief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches Till it near - ly breaks—Is it aught to Him? does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief....
 my grief;

ad lib. When the days are wea - ry, The long nights drear - y, I know my Sav - iour cares...
rit. He cares.

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150 Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright - ly beams our Fa - ther's mer - cy From His light - house ev - er - more,
 2. Dark the night of sin has set - tled, Loud the an - gry bil - lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee - ble lamp, my broth - er; Some poor sail - or tem - pest - tost,

But to us He gives the keep - ing Of the lights a - long the shore.
 Ea - ger eyes are watch - ing, long - ing, For the lights a - long the shore.
 Try - ing now to make the har - bor, In the dark - ness may be lost.

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Let the Lower Lights be Burning.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Let the low - er lights be burn - ing! Send a gleam a - cross the wave!

Some poor faint - ing, strug - gling sea - man; You may res - cue, you may save.

151 We'll Work Till Jesus Comes.

Elizabeth Mills.

Wm. Miller, arr. H. P. M.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the mo - ment come,
 2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No peace - ful shelt - 'ring dome;
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
 4. I sought at once my Sav - iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home!
 This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home,
 And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - duct me home,
 With Him I'll brave death's chill - ing tide, And reach my heav'n - ly home.

CHORUS.

We'll work (we'll work) till Je - sus comes, We'll work (we'll work) till Je - sus comes,
 We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

We'll work (we'll work) till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gath - ered home,
 We'll work till Je - sus comes,

Scripture Readings.

NOTE.—The verses printed in Black-Faced Type are to be read by the school or congregation.

Selection 1.

THE WAY OF THE RIGHTEOUS.

PSALM 1.

1 BLESSED *is* the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so: but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PSALM 15.

1 LORD, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbour, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbour.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is contemned; but he honoureth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

Selection 2.

THE RULE OF THE LORD'S ANOINTED.

PSALM 2.

1 WHY do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?

2 The kings of the earth set themselves, and the rulers take counsel together, against the Lord, and against his Anointed saying,

3 Let us break their bands asunder, and cast away their cords from us.

4 He that sitteth in the heavens shall laugh: the Lord shall have them in derision.

5 Then shall he speak unto them in his wrath, and vex them in his sore displeasure.

6 Yet have I set my King upon my holy hill of Zion.

7 I will declare the decree: the Lord hath said unto me, Thou art my Son; this day have I begotten thee.

8 Ask of me, and I shall give thee the heathen for thine inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for thy possession.

9 Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron; thou shalt dash them in pieces like a potter's vessel.

10 Be wise now therefore, O ye kings: be instructed, ye judges of the earth.

11 Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice with trembling.

12 Kiss the Son, lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him.

Selection 3.

THE PATH OF LIFE.

PSALM 16.

1 PRESERVE me, O God: for in thee do I put my trust.

2 O my soul, thou hast said unto the Lord, Thou art my Lord: my goodness extendeth not to thee;

3 But to the saints that are in the earth, and to the excellent, in whom is all my delight.

4 Their sorrows shall be multiplied that hasten after another god: their drink offerings of blood will I not offer, nor take up their names into my lips.

5 The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance and of my cup: thou maintainest my lot.

6 The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage.

7 I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel: my reins also instruct me in the night seasons.

8 I have set the Lord always before me: because he is at my right hand, I shall not be moved.

9 Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth: my flesh also shall rest in hope.

Scripture Readings.

10 For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell; neither wilt thou suffer thine Holy One to see corruption.

11 Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence *is* fulness of joy; at thy right hand *there are* pleasures for evermore.

Selection 4.

THE WORKS AND THE WORD OF GOD.

PSALM 19.

1 THE heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handywork.

2 Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.

3 *There is* no speech nor language, *where* their voice is not heard.

4 Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world. In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,

5 Which *is* as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber, and rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.

6 His going forth is from the end of the heaven, and his circuit unto the ends of it: and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

7 The law of the LORD *is* perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the LORD *is* sure, making wise the simple.

8 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart: the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

9 The fear of the LORD *is* clean, enduring for ever: the judgments of the LORD are true and righteous altogether.

10 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

11 Moreover by them is thy servant warned: and in keeping of them *there is* great reward.

12 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

13 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous *sins*; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

14 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Selection 5.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

PSALM 23.

1 The LORD *is* my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

JOHN 10: 7-16.

7 Then said Jesus unto them again, Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep.

8 All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers: but the sheep did not hear them.

9 I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture.

10 The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy: I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly.

11 I am the good shepherd: the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

12 But he that is a hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep.

13 The hireling fleeth, because he is a hireling, and careth not for the sheep.

14 I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine.

15 As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father: and I lay down my life for the sheep.

16 And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

Scripture Readings.

Selection 6.

FEARLESS TRUST IN GOD.

PSALM 27.

1 THE LORD *is* my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the LORD *is* the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though a host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this *will* I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion: in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me: therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O LORD, *when* I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

8 When thou saidst, Seek ye my face; my heart said unto thee, Thy face, Lord, will I seek.

9 Hide not thy face *far* from me; put not thy servant away in anger: thou hast been my help; leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.

10 When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.

11 Teach me thy way, O LORD, and lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.

12 Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies: for false witnesses are risen up against me, and such as breathe out cruelty.

13 *I had fainted*, unless I had believed to see the goodness of the LORD in the land of the living.

14 Wait on the Lord: be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart: wait, I say, on the Lord.

Selection 7.

PENITENCE FOR SIN.

PSALM 51: 1-17.

1 HAVE mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin *is* ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

13 *Then* will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness, O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it: thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God *are* a broken spirit: a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

Selection 8.

BLESSEDNESS OF FORGIVENESS.

PSALM 32.

1 BLESSED *is* he whose transgression *is* forgiven, whose sin *is* covered.

Scripture Readings.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray, unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

10 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked: but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

11 Be glad in the LORD, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

Selection 4.

THE NEW SONG OF THE REDEEMED.

REV. 7: 9-17.

9 After this I beheld, and, lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands;

10 And cried with a loud voice, saying, Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb.

11 And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God,

12 Saying, Amen: Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

13 And one of the elders answered, saying unto me, What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?

14 And I said unto him, Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me, These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

15 Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

16 They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

17 For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

Selection 11.

GOD'S GOODNESS TO MAN.

PSALM 65.

1 PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me: as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou chooseth, and causeth to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even of thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God of our salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

Scripture Readings.

10 Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou blessest the springing thereof.

11 Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; and thy paths drop fatness.

12 They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

13 The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing.

Selection 11.

SECURITY IN TRUSTING GOD.

PSALM 91.

1 HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in Him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the LORD, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet,

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him: I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him, and honour him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

Selection 12.

THE LORD'S PROTECTION AND BLESSING.

PSALM 121.

1 I WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The LORD is thy keeper: the LORD is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

7 The LORD shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

8 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM 125.

1 THEY that trust in the LORD shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever.

2 As the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth even for ever.

3 For the rod of the wicked shall not rest upon the lot of the righteous; lest the righteous put forth their hands unto iniquity.

4 Do good, O Lord, unto those that be good, and to them that are upright in their hearts.

5 As for such as turn aside unto their crooked ways, the LORD shall lead them forth with the workers of iniquity: but peace shall be upon Israel.

Scripture Readings.

PSALM 133.

1 BEHOLD, how good and how pleasant *it is* for brethren to dwell together in unity!

2 It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments;

3 As the dew of Hermon, *and as the dew* that descended upon the mountains of Zion: for there the LORD commanded the blessing, *even life* for evermore.

Scriptum 13.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF CHRIST'S DISCIPLES.

MATT. 5: 1-16.

1 AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed *are* the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed *are* they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed *are* the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed *are* they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed *are* the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed *are* the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed *are* the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed *are* they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed *are* ye, when *men* shall revile you, and persecute *you*, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

13 ¶ Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savour, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men.

14 Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on a hill cannot be hid.

15 Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house.

16 Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

Scriptum 14.

ABIDING IN CHRIST.

JOHN 15: 1-14.

1 I AM the true vine, and my Father is the husbandman.

2 Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away: and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.

3 Now ye are clean through the word which I have spoken unto you.

4 Abide in me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in me.

5 I am the vine, ye *are* the branches. He that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without me ye can do nothing.

6 If a man abide not in me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered; and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned.

7 If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

8 Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit; so shall ye be my disciples.

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

10 If ye keep my commandments, ye shall abide in my love; even as I have kept my Father's commandments, and abide in his love.

11 These things have I spoken unto you, that my joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.

12 This is my commandment, That ye love one another, as I have loved you.

13 Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.

14 Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

Scripture Readings.

Selection 15.

CHRISTIAN LOVE.

1 COR. 13: 1-13.

1 THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then face to face: now I know in part; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three; but the greatest of these is charity.

Selection 16.

CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

EPH. 6: 10-20, 23, 24.

10 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the LORD, and in the power of his might.

11 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

12 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

13 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

14 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness;

15 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace;

16 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God:

18 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints:

19 And for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel.

20 For which I am an ambassador in bonds; that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

23 Peace be to the brethren, and love with faith, from God the Father and the Lord Jesus Christ.

24 Grace be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.

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The Lord's Prayer.

MATTHEW 6 : 9-13.

OUR Father which art in heaven,

Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

The Ten Commandments.

EXODUS 20 : 1-17.

God spake all these words saying,

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

I. Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

II. Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them: for I the LORD thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me, and keep my commandments.

III. Thou shalt not take the name of the LORD thy God in vain: for the LORD will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

IV. Remember the sabbath day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the sabbath of the LORD thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates: For in six days the LORD made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the LORD blessed the sabbath day, and hallowed it.

V. Honour thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the LORD thy God giveth thee.

VI. Thou shalt not kill.

VII. Thou shalt not commit adultery.

VIII. Thou shalt not steal.

IX. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

X. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

