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THOU SHALT SMITE  
THE ROCK. EX. 17:6

THE ROCK OF MY  
SALVATION. Ps. 89: 26

FOR THEY DRANK  
OF THAT SPIRITUAL  
ROCK. 1 COR. X: 4

AND THAT ROCK  
WAS CHRIST. 1 COR.  
10: 4

WITH THERE IS THE  
FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.  
Ps. 36: 9

BY  
R. G. STAPLES.

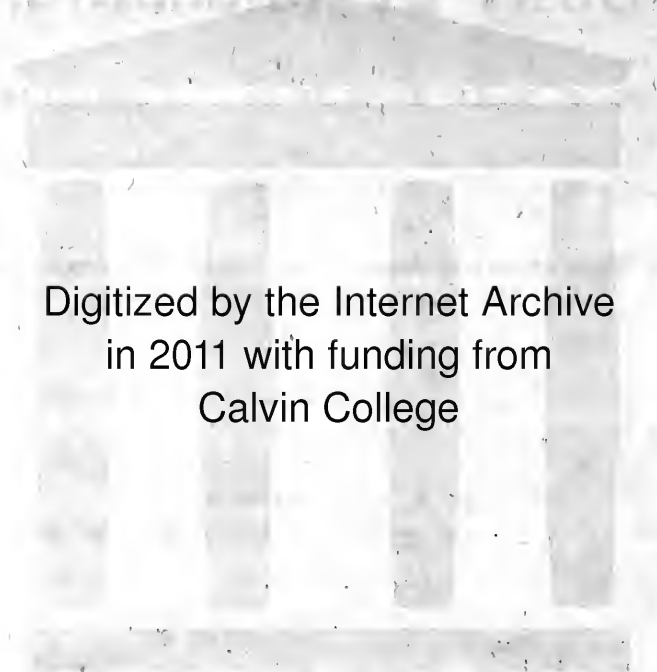
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BY R. B. STAPLE  
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Sup.

# FOUNT OF BLESSING,

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF SACRED MELODIES,

SUITABLE FOR

Sunday-Schools, Bible-Classes, Prayer and Praise Meetings, Gospel Temperance Meetings, and the Home Circle.



BY R. G. STAPLES,

*Author of "Gospel Echoes," and Associate Editor of the "Golden Sheaf."*

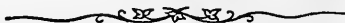
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— — — — —  P R E F A C E .  — — — — —



**A** GAIN “we come with songs to greet you,” and, in offering “**FOUNT OF BLESSING**” to our Sunday Schools, feel confident that we have produced a book that will commend itself for the purity of thoughts and words it contains, as well as the simplicity and beauty of the music.

Believing that it can be placed in the hands of the children with perfect safety, and will aid, to a great extent, the officers and teachers in their efforts to inculcate lessons of truth and righteousness, and that all will find profit by singing from its pages, we earnestly invoke the blessing of the Head of the Church on the truths it contains, and invite your examination of its contents.

We name a few songs for trial, as follows:—

Fount of Blessing, . . . . .	3	Onward, Pressing Onward, . . . . .	38	Stilling the Tempest, . . . . .	130
'Tis Sweet to Know that Jesus Loves Us, . . . . .	146	Farther On, . . . . .	76	Something to Cherish, . . . . .	19
United Prayer, . . . . .	16	Be Active, . . . . .	58	Is your Light Shining, . . . . .	107
Nothing, Lord, Have I to Bring, . . . . .	50	Lo! He Comes, . . . . .	92	Never in Vain, . . . . .	44
		Each Day a Little Nearer, . . . . .	154	Guide me, Savior, . . . . .	63
		On the Cruel Cross for Me, . . . . .	54		

Thanking our many friends for their kind assistance in contributing both words and music, and for their friendly advice, we submit our “**FOUNT OF BLESSING**” to the favorable consideration of all.

R. G. STAPLES, AUTHOR.

# CONSECRATION.

5

"I will bless the Lord at all times."—PSALMS 34: 1.

R. G. STAPLES.

*Affetuoso.*

1. I would love thee, God and Fa-ther, My Re-deem-er and my King; I would love thee, for with-  
 2. I would love thee; look up - on me, Ev - er guide me with thine eye; I would love thee; if not  
 3. I would love thee, God and Fa-ther, My Re-deem-er and my King; I would love thee, for with-

out thee Life is but a bit - ter thing. I would love thee, O my Sav - ior,  
 nour - ished By thy love, my soul would die. I would love thee; may thy bright - ness  
 out thee Life is but a bit - ter thing. I would love thee, I have vowed it;

Let me live and cling to thee; Fain I'm long-ing for thy fav - or, Gracious Spirit, comfort me.  
 Daz-zle my re - joic - ing eyes; I would love thee; may thy goodness Watch from heav'n o'er all I prize.  
 On thy love my heart is set; While I love thee, I will nev - er My Redeemer's blood forget.

## THE GOLDEN GATE OF PRAYER.\*

"Thy gates shall be open continually: thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise."—ISAIAH 60: 11, 18.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

REV. S. MORRISON.

1. At the gold-en gate of prayer I wait, The Lord, my King, address-ing, Till he draw near my  
 2. For the King I seek is kind and meek, Tho' he is high and ho-ly; He knows us well, and  
 3. At the gold-en gate of prayer I wait, In God's own way ap-point-ed, Till he, in grace, un-

## CHORUS.

suit to hear, And grant his roy-al bless-ing. Gold-en gate, gold-en gate, The  
 loves to dwell With humble hearts and low-ly. gold-en gate, gold-en gate,  
 veil his face, In Christ, his own a-noint-ed.

gold-en gate of prayer; Watch and wait, watch and wait, The Lord will meet thee there.  
 watch and wait, watch and wait,

\* By permission.



# HE LOVED US SO.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.  
With expression.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ."—ROM. 8: 35.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Oh, I would sing of Je - sus, Who wash'd me white as snow, A sweet, sweet song of  
 2. And I would tell to oth - ers, Wher - ev - er I may go, That Je - sus will ac -  
 3. Oh, when in heav - en's por - tals Our gold - en harps shall ring, 'Twill be the same old

## CHORUS.

joy and praise, For Je - sus loved me so. 1. 'Twould be the sweet, sad sto - ry I  
 cept us now, Be - cause he loves us so. 2. & 3. 'Tis still the sweet, old sto - ry I  
 sto - ry still Our joy - ous souls will sing.

sing so soft and low, How Je - sus died for you and me, Be - cause he loved us so

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

[1st. time.] [2d. time.] **CHORUS. faster.**

1. { I have no good-ness of my own—My on-ly plea is Je - sus;  
Thro' him I'm sav'd, and him a - lone—My on-ly plea is . . . Je - sus.

2. { He is the Truth, the Life, the Way—My on-ly plea is Je - sus; He has redeemed me;  
I know I'm sav'd, and I can say—My on-ly plea is . . . Je - sus.

He now saves me; He'll ne'er for-sake me, I can bold - ly say; His spir - it leads me;

Soul-food, he feeds me; In him I'm trusting ev'ry day.

3 When in the judgment I shall stand,  
My only plea is Jesus;  
I shall be safe at God's right hand—  
My only plea is Jesus. CHO.

4 And evermore, in heaven, with song,  
I'll praise the blessed Jesus;  
While endless ages roll along,  
I'll praise the blessed Jesus. CHO.

# HOLINESS.

“—becometh thine house”—PSALMS 93: 5.

P. W. HILL.

*p* *m* *p* *Cres.*

Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be - com - eth thine house, Ho - li - ness, ho - li - ness be -

*Dim.* *m*

com - eth thine house; This is none oth - er than the house of God, And

*Dim.*

this is the gate of heav'n; How ho - ly, how ho - ly, how ho - ly is this place. A - men.

From Leslie's "Anthem and Chorus Book," by per.

## COME WITH US. (Opening.)

R. G. S.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."—REV. 21: 7. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Come, join in our Sab - bath song, As we glad - ly meet to - day; We will sing of Christ, our  
2. Come, fa - thers and moth - ers, come, With your chil - dren come to - day, And join with heart and

King While our hearts are taught to pray. We'll sing of him whose blood was shed So free - ly in our  
voice, In praise of the gospel way. This day of rest, God's ho - ly day, Should nev - er i - dly

**CHORUS.**  
guilt - y stead, To o - pen a fountain free, A fount - ain for you and me. Sing of the  
pass a - way, For Je - sus is call - ing thee, Come drink at the fountain free. Sing of the life - giving

fount-ain, Sing of the fountain, Sing of the fountain, That's flowing full and free.  
 fount-ain, Sing of the free, flowing fountain, Sing of the sin-cleansing fountain, That's flowing full and free.

GOD OVER ALL. (Infant Class Song.)

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

"Who is over all, God, blessed for ever."—Rom. 9: 5.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. God made the world, And he made me; My life and love His own should be.  
 2. He is the Lord, And he a-lone; His power I know, His love I own.  
 3. In him I live, In him I move; I am his child If him I love.  
 4. May I be wise; To do his will, In ev-ery way His law ful-fill.  
 5. May I be strong, My work to do; In ev-ery thing May I be true.

I'll trust him then, for well I know That he a bless-ing will be-stow.

# STRIKE, CHILDREN, FOR THE SAVIOR.

"I can do all things through Christ."—PHIL. 4: 13.

R. A. KINZIE.

1. On the banks of life's fair riv - er, Lo! a youth - ful band, And they're marching,  
 2. Earth - ly things are full of dan - ger—Thorns a - mong the flowers—And the dev - il  
 3. But we have a glo - rious lead - er, Je - sus, Lord of all, Who is strong - er

march - ing ev - er For the bet - ter land; But the way is full of per - il, And, a - las! with -  
 still is lurk - ing, As in E - den's bowers. Sometimes like a roar - ing li - on Roams he forth to  
 than the Tempter. Christ, on thee we call. Lead us on - ward, dear Redeemer, Ride thou on be -

**CHORUS.**

in, Reb - el thot's and trait - or wish - es Tempt their hearts to sin.  
 slay, Sometimes like a hiss - ing ser - pent Lies a - cross our way. Strike, children, for the Sav - ior,  
 fore, And we shall be more than vic - tors In this ho - ly war.

Play the he-ro's part, While re-mains a sin un-con-quer'd In a youth-ful heart.

I NEED THEE, LAMB OF GOD.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

"Lord, remember me."—LUKE 23: 42.

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUPT.

1. Just as thou art, by man de-nied, With bleeding hands, and feet, and side, For-sak-en, dy-ing,  
 2. Just as thou art, unstained by sin, So full of ten-der-ness with-in; So hu-man all thy  
 3. Just as thou art, by God ap-proved, To die for man, di-vine-ly moved, To die for man it  
 4. Just as thou art, so pure, so wise; Complete on earth thy sac-ri-fice; Tri-umphant now, with-

D. S. For-sak-en, dy-ing,

FINE. CHORUS.

cru-ci-fied, I need thee, Lamb of God!  
 lot hath been; I need thee, Lamb of God! I need thee, Lamb of God! I need thy precious blood;  
 thee be-hooved: I need thee, Lamb of God!  
 in the skies, I need thee, Lamb of God!

*cru-ci-fied, I need thee, Lamb of God.*

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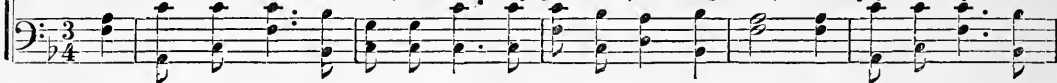
ETTIE A. REVERE.

"O keep my soul, and deliver me."—PSALMS 25: 20.

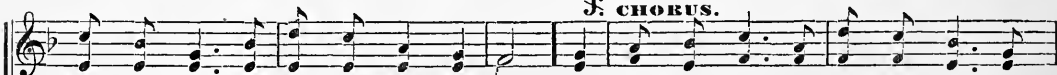
R. G. STAPLES.



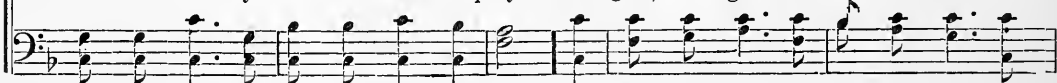
Morn. 1. Thy good-ness, Lord, now bringeth me To see the morn-ing light; Thanks ren-der I to  
 Noon. 2. Thus far thy grace hath kept me, Lord, While journ'ying thro' this day; Thus far thy grace hath  
 Eve. 3. At eve I thank thee, Lord, for all Thy gra-cious, lov-ing care, And joy-ful-ly I



**♩ CHORUS.**



thee for all Thy watch-care thro' the night. Oh, strengthen me for all to come, That  
 giv'n me pow'r To all thy will o - bey. Still strengthen me all this day's course Un-  
 haste to bow My - self in hum - ble prayer. For - give, if aught I've done hath been Un-

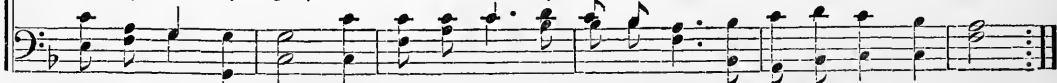


CHORUS. Lord, hear this fee - ble, brok - en prayer I



*Repeat for Chorus from D, S.*

I thy will o - bey, Do all that thou wouldst have me do, And sin not thro' the day.  
 tir - ing - ly to run; Re - joice, and la - b'or faith - ful - ly Till this day's work is done.  
 god - ly in thy sight; Ex - tend to me thy boundless love, Safe keep me thro' the night.



of - fer up to thee; Oh, let thy bless - ing now de - scend, A - bide and rest with me.



# THE HEAVENLY PRIZE. (C. M. with Chorus.)

17

Dr. H. BONAR.

"And they shall reign for ever and ever."—REV. 22: 5.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. These are the crowns that we shall wear When all the saints are crowned; These are the palms that we shall  
 2. These are the robes, unsoil'd and white Which there we shall put on, When foremost 'mong the sons of  
 3. Come, crown and throne, and robe and palm, Burst forth, glad streams of peace! Come, holy cit - y of the

**CHORUS.**

bear On yon - der ho - ly ground.  
 light, We sit on yon - der throne. Then wel - come, toil, and care, and pain! And  
 Lamb! Rise, sun of right - eous - ness.

wel - come sor - row too! All toil is rest, all grief is gain, With such a prize in view.

## WE PRAY FOR ALL.

Rev. NEWMAN HALL.

"The good Lord pardon every one."—2 CHRON. 30: 18.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. We pray for those who do not pray, Who waste, O Lord, sal - va - tion's day; For  
 2. For whom so ma - ny tears are shed, And bless - ings breath'd up - on their head; The  
 3. Hear, fa - thers, moth - ers, as they pray For sons, for daugh - ters far a - way; Broth -  
 4. We pray for those who long have heard, But still neg - lect thy gra - cious word; Soft -  
 5. Re - lease the drunk - ard from his chain; Save those be - guiled by pleas - ure vain; Set  
 6. The hope - less cheer; guide those who doubt; Re - store the lost; cast no one out; For

CHORUS.

those we love who love not thee Our grief their dan - ger pit - ying see.  
 chil - dren of thy peo - ple save From god - less life, and hopeless grave.  
 er for broth - er, friend for friend, Hear all our prayers that up - ward blend. We pray, we  
 en their hearts, ob - du - rate made By calls un - heed - ed, vows de - layed. we pray,  
 free the slaves of lust, and bring Back to their home the wan - der - ing.  
 all that are far off we pray, Since we were once as far as they.

pray, for those who do not pray, We pray, we pray, for those who do not pray.  
 we pray, we pray, we pray,

# SOMETHING TO CHERISH.

19

J. B. F.

"God is no respecter of persons."—Acts 10: 34.

J. B. FERGUSON.

1. There is nev - er a path-way so lone - ly But in it there is something to love; Some bright  
 2. There was nev - er a man so de - grad - ed But that eyes smil - ing on - ly in love Will find

spot, cover'd over with blossoms, Or some star twinkling brightly above; Some beautiful cloud with silver  
 something in Him worthy lov - ing, That's the gift of our Fa - ther a - bove; Some part of a jew - el al - most

*D. S. But there's something to cherish e'en there.*

*D. S. But the marks of God's image are there.*

lin - ing, Some song - bird that singeth sweet and clear; There was nev - er a path - way so lone - ly,  
 hid - den, Some gleam of the soul cre - a - ted fair; There was nev - er a form so for - sak - en,

## THE TIDE IS ROLLING ON.

"Take heed, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with drunkenness."—LUKE 21: 34.

May be sung as a song and chorus.

C. B. HOLMES.

*1st. time.*

1. { The glo - rious day is com - ing ver - y near We have wait - ed long to see, ] Shall  
 When Co - lum - bia's sons from rum's de - bas - ing pow'r [Omit. ] Shall  
 2. { The glo - rious tide is roll - ing, roll - ing on With strong, re - sist - less might, ] For we  
 Come join our ranks and help the cause a - long, [Omit. ] For we  
 3. { Raise the stand - ard high and shout a - loud for joy, And the bat - tle ne'er give o'er, ] Shall be  
 Till the de - mon dread, with its de - bas - ing pow'r, [Omit. ] Shall be

*2d. time.* **CHORUS.**

ev - er - more be free.  
 bat - tle for the right. Then shout a - loud for joy, and hail the glorious day When the bat - tle shall be  
 driv - en from our shore.

*Repeat softly.*

won, And our native land from intemp'rance shall be free, For the tide is rolling on.  
 shall be won, rolling, rolling on.

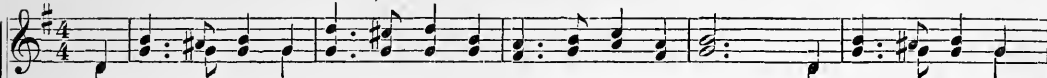
# KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

21

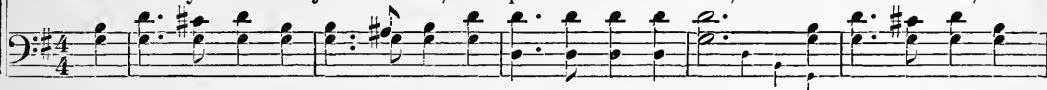
C. A. F.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

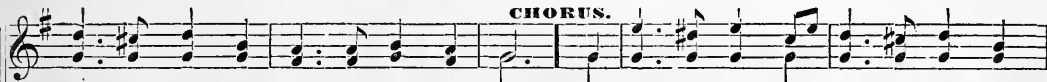
C. A. FYKE.



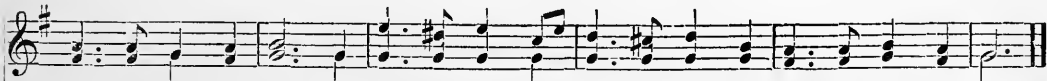
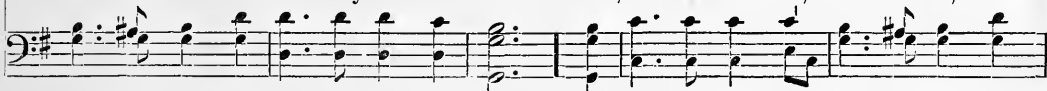
1. The Sav - ior dear is at the door Of ev - 'ry heart to - day,      "He's knock - ing now, has  
 2. He pleads for thee be - fore the throne Of God both night and day,      And ear - nest - ly de -  
 3. But if you still re - ject the call, And spurn the Sav - ior's love,      He'll turn from thee, and



## CHORUS.



knock'd be - fore;" Why will ye still de - lay?  
 sires that you Should choose the bet - ter way. 1.&2.Oh, list - en to that sa - cred voice, So  
 sad the wail— I've lost my home a - bove. 3. Oh, bless - ed Sav - ior, en - ter in, I



gen - tle and so mild, 'Tis like a fa - ther's warn - ing voice Un - to his wand'ring child.  
 yield my heart to thee, Thou art my on - ly hope on earth, And in e - ter - ni - ty.



## ROOM AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.

R. G. STAPLES.

"Yet there is room."—LUKE 14: 22.

W. F. HEATH.

*Rit. p* *A tempo.* *Rit. p*

1. Room at the throne of grace, Sin - sick, for thee; List to the voice which says, Come un - to - me;  
 2. Room at the throne of grace; Why then de - lay? Hark, 'tis thy Sav - ior's voice Calls thee to - day;  
 3. Room at the throne of grace, Room and re - lease; Christ, thro' his precious blood, Giv - eth sweet peace;

*A tempo. mf* *f* *Rit. p*

Lay ev - 'ry bur - den down; No long - er wait, Wide stands the door a - jar, Straight is the gate.  
 Ster - ile the wil - der - ness— Dark is the way; Sin o - ver - shad - ows thee Thro' life's short stay.  
 Non - e need to vain - ly seek— Free is the gift; Come to the cleft - ed Rock, Hide in its rift.

**CHORUS.**

Come, burden'd sin - ner. Just as you are, Come to the throne of grace, wres - tle in prayer;

Je - sus in - vites thee, a - wea - ry, to come, Sin - ner, now heed the call, Why will you roam?

*Rit. p*

## THE PRAISES OF JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

"I will praise thee more and more."—PSALMS 71: 14.

From the German.

1. Come, join in the prais-es of Je - sus! He's fair-er than Sharon's sweet rose; 'Twas he tast-ed  
 2. Oh, sweet was the day when he found me, And sweet were the words that he said; With the chords of his  
 3. But sweet-er the day I shall greet him When clad in that vest-ure of light; Caught up in the  
 4. Come join, then, with me in his prais - es, His love while in song we pro - claim; The rapt-u - rous

death to re - lease us, 'Tis he that has vanquish'd our foes, 'Tis he that has vanquish'd our foes.  
 love has he bound me, And life giv - en me from the dead, And life giv - en me from the dead.  
 air, I shall meet him, Nor go ev - er-more from his sight, Nor go ev - er-more from his sight.  
 joy which it rais - es, May all find at length in his name, May all find at length in his name.

## JESUS BLESSED LITTLE CHILDREN.

W. A. C.

"And he took them up in his arms"—MARK 10: 16.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

1. Je-sus blessed the lit-tle children, When on earth he walk'd with men; When they came in throngs to  
 2. Je-sus blessed the lit-tle children, Took them in his arms in love; Said of such was his own  
 3. Je-sus saw what tri-als wait-ed For the ten-der, straying feet Ere they gain'd the heav'nly  
 4. Je-sus knows how sorely tempt-ed Lit-tle ones to-day may be; And he'll give them strength to

**CHORUS.**

hear him, Je-sus blessed the children then.  
 king-dom In the hap-py land a-bove. Je-sus blessed the lit-tle chil-dren, Je-sus  
 man-sions, Ere they walked the gold-en street. Je-sus blessed the lit-tle chil-dren,  
 con-quer, For his grace is full and free.

bles - es them to - day; Let us learn to love and serve him, Walking in the heav'nly way.  
 Je-sus blesses them to - day;



"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days."—ECL. 11: 1. R. G. STAPLES.

*Earnestly, and in exact time.*

1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Thinking not 'tis thrown a-way, God him-  
 Cast thy bread Thinking not

self saith thou shalt gath-er It a-gain some fu-ture day.  
 God him-self

- 2 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
 Wildly though the billows roll,  
 They but aid thee as thou toilest,  
 Truth to spread from pole to pole.
- 3 Cast thy bread upon the waters;  
 Why wilt thou still doubting stand?  
 Bounteous shall God send the harvest,  
 If thou sow'st with liberal hand.
- 4 Give, then, freely of thy substance—  
 O'er this cause the Lord doth reign:  
 Cast thy bread, and toil with patience,  
 Thou shalt labor not in vain.

## SECOND HYMN.

Hark! ten thousand harps and voices  
 Sound the notes of praise above;  
 Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices,  
 Jesus reigns, the God of love.

2 King of glory! reign forever!  
 Thine an everlasting crown;  
 Nothing from thy love shall sever  
 Those whom thou hast made thine own.

3 Savior, hasten thine appearing!  
 Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,  
 When the awful summons hearing,  
 Heaven and earth shall pass away.

Dedicated to the family of Rev. M. R. Watkinson, deceased, who was a zealous worker in his Master's service.

## ABIDING IN CHRIST.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

"Abide with us."—LUKE 24: 29.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Heav'nly Fa - ther, Lord of all, I would hear thy lov - ing call, I would fol - low  
 2. Come and touch me by thy love, Word and promise I would prove; Wash and cleanse me  
 3. Lov - ing Sav - ior, make me know All of du - ty here be - low; Ev - er use - ful  
 4. Help me; Sav - ior, to o - bey All thy ho - ly Word doth say; I would safe a -

Lead me, lead me,  
**CHORUS.**

ev - ry day, As thou lead - est, in thy way.  
 from all sin, Change my heart and soul with - in. Lead me, Lord, lead me, Lord,  
 I would live, Best of serv - ice hum - bly give.  
 bide in thee, Thou art ev - er near to me.

*Rit.*

Lead me in thy heav'nly way; I would fol - low ev - 'ry day, Lead me in thy heav'nly way.

# COME INTO MY HEART.

27

S. L. CUTHBERT.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in."—REV. 3: 20.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. When Je-sus was on earth, he said: "I have no place to lay my head." If I could see him  
 2. What if he'd look at me and say, "Come hith-er, child, show me the way, For at thy house I  
 3. But he has gone a - bove the sky, To be a King, ex - alt - ed high; Oh, will he now re-  
 4. Yes, in his word and by his grace To me he'll show his lov - ing face; And by and by I'll

**CHORUS. 3**

now, I'd say, Come home with me, dear Lord, to-day.  
 will a - bidel!" Oh, then I'll hast - en to his side. Come in - to my heart, come in - to my heart, Oh,  
 mem - ber me, A child who longs his face to see.  
 hear him say, "Come home with me, dear child, to-day."

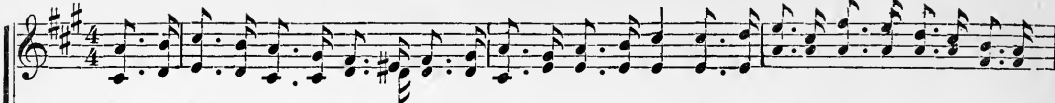
come, dear Lord, to - day, And nev - er - more from thence depart, But with me ev - er stay.

## CALLING FOR VOLUNTEERS.

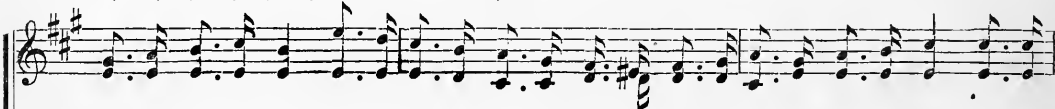
A. B. W.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. 6: 12.

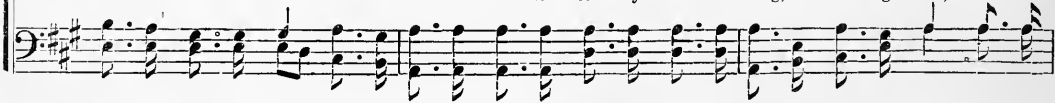
A. B. WOOLVERTON.



1. We are call - ing, we are call - ing, To the world for vol - un - teers; Come and fight for our good Captain, Come and  
 2. We are brave and val - iant sol - diers In the ar - my of the Lord, Bat - tling un - der heav'n - ly or - ders To sus -  
 3. Je - sus is our no - ble Cap - tain, For him we will ev - er stand; We will march a - gainst the foeman Un - der



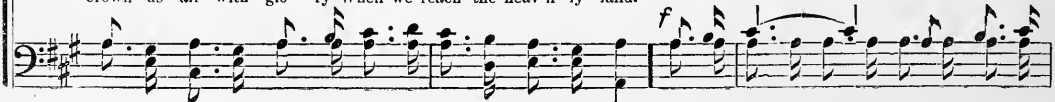
help us with your cheers. Come and join the might - y ar - my That is bat - tling for the right; Come, oh,  
 tain his ho - ly word. We will fight un - til we con - quer All that dare his cause op - pose; And we'll  
 his di - vine com - mand. He will lead us on to vic - t'ry With his strong, un - err - ing hand, And will



come, and do not tar - ry, We are read - y for the fight.  
 raise the roy - al en - sign O - ver all his earth - ly foes.  
 crown us all with glo - ry When we reach the heav'n - ly land.

**CHORUS.** *f* We are call - - ing, we are

We are call - ing, we are call - ing, To the



# WITH THE LOVE OF JESUS.

31

R. G. STAPLES.  
*Allegretto.*

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

R. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Ev-'ry day brings trouble, Ev-'ry hour re-gret, When I wander far a-way, By my sins be-set;  
2. Out up-on the high way, Tempted tho' I be, With my Savior as my guide, Naught can trouble me.

*f* FINE.

There's no rest for weary feet Whereso'er they rove; There's no joy for souls distress'd Without Christ's love.  
Toss'd up-on the sea of life, Buf-fet-ting with time, He will safely bring me to Yon peaceful clime.

D.S. *There's no rest for weary feet Whereso'er they rove; There's no joy for souls distress'd Without Christ's love.*

**CHORUS.** D.S.

With the love of Je-sus—Any-where—ev'ry-where, With the love of Jesus, I'll fol-low a-ny-where;

## ALL AROUND ARE KIND AND LOVING.

"With songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

1. All a-round are kind and lov-ing, Gen - tle words our hearts are moving, Words of love and  
 2. Ma-ny scenes of grace and beau-ty Tempt us now from pres-ent du - ty; Tempt our tho'ts to

praise, Sweet words of love and praise. Let us now for - get our playing, While we keep our  
 roam, Our rest - less tho'ts, to roam; But we must not let them wander, From the star - ry

D.S. *But when'er we sing of Je - sus, Oh, re - mem - ber*

tho'ts from stray-ing, And our voi - ces raise, Yes, ear - nest voi - ces, raise. Glo - ry,  
 man - sion yon - der, In our heav'n - ly home, Our bright, e - ter - nal home. Glo - ry, glo - ry,  
 that he sees us, He our heav'n - ly King, Our glo - rious, heav'nly King.

D.S.

glo - ry, Let the ech-oes ring; Glo - ry, glo - ry, Good it is to sing.  
 glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry, glo-ry, glo-ry,

glo - ry, Let the ech-oes ring; Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo - ry, Good it is to sing.

## HE IS OUR FRIEND.

WARRS.

"A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

R. G. STAPLES.

*1st. time.* *2d. time.* **CHORUS.**

1. } Our sins, a - las! how strong they are! And like a rag - ing flood,  
 They break our du - ty, Lord, to thee, [Omit. ] And force us from our God.  
 2. } The waves of trou - ble, how they rise, How loud the tempest's roar; ] But Je - sus hath  
 But death shall land our wea - ry souls [Omit. ] Safe on the heav'n - ly shore.  
 3. } For - ev - er his dear, sa - cred name Shall dwell upon our tongue, ] The close of ev - 'ry song.  
 And Je - sus and sal - va - tion be [Omit. ]

paid all our debts thro' love, He is our friend, he is our friend; Plead - ing, plead - ing, up in yon courts a - bove.

## I KNOW NOT THE TIME.

Words arr. by R. G. S.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. 8: 28.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. I know not the time of his com - ing, The hour of the day is not known, But I  
 2. I know not what du - ties a - wait me, What work he re - quires me to do; But with  
 3. I know not what tri - als shall vex me; My life may be bur - dened with care, But I  
 4. I know not! but wheth - er the sum - mons Shall come in the day or at night, I have

know that if I am then read - y I'll not walk thro' the val - ley a - lone.  
 heart and with hands ev - er read - y, I shall strive to be will - ing and true. I  
 know if I trust in the Sav - ior There is noth - ing can cause me a fear.  
 faith—with this plea—"Thou hast called me," I shall en - ter the por - tals of light.

know not, I know not I know not the hour nor the year, I  
 day, day  
 know not the hour, I know not the hour,



I KNOW NOT THE TIME. Concluded.

35

know not, I know not, Yet some-time his step I shall hear.  
 day, day,  
 know not the hour, I know not the hour,

GO AND TELL IT ALL TO JESUS.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."—PSALMS 37 : 5.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. When thy heart o'erflows with gladness, And thy soul seems full of love, Go and tell it all to  
 2. Go and tell it all to Je - sus, He's ac-quainted with thy grief; Sure-ly he, the man of  
 3. Go and 'tell him all thy sor - row, Lay the bur - den at his feet, Thou shalt find a rest from

*D. S. Of the friends whom he has*

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus, As he bendeth from a - bove.  
 sor - rows, Can the soonest give re - lief. Go and tell it all to Je - sus, All thy trouble and thy woe;  
 trou - ble In his sym - pa - thy so sweet.

*giv - en, None has ev - er loved thee so.*

## IN THE SWEET BY AND BY.

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes: and there shall be no more death, nor sorrow, nor crying,  
 Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN. neither shall there be any more pain."—REV. 21: 4. J. H. KURZENKABE.

1. By and by all this weeping and this sorrow Will be drown'd in a glo-rious to-morrow, That will dawn when this earth-life shall  
 2. By and by all this en-vy and this er-ror, All the darkness of death and its ter-ror, Will be swept in the grave to its  
 3. By and by all our an-guish and our crying, With this wearisome heartache and sighing, All shall cease, for no tear-moistened

**CHORUS.**

cease (shall cease), And will fill ev-'ry heart with its peace. In the sweet By and by, By and by, We shall  
 doom (its doom), When his glo-ry our souls shall il-lume, By and by, In the sweet By and by,  
 eye (dim eye), Will be known in the sweet By and by.

rest in the sweet, In the sweet By and by, In the sweet By and by, By and by, We shall rest in the sweet By and by.

In the sweet By and by, By and by, In the sweet By and by,  
 From "Happy Songs," by permission.

# HEAR, O LORD, THE PRAYER I MAKE.

39

ETTIE A. REVERE.

"He only is my rock and salvation."—PSALMS 62: 2.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

1 Lord, should aught be held from thee, Which right-ful - ly is thine? All I have thou  
 2. Naught, dear Lord, can I with - hold, Tho' sore my heart be riven; Con-que-ers all, thy  
 3. Long, O Lord, as I may live, What-e'er my lot may be, Help me ful - ly,

CHORUS. Hear, O Lord, the prayer I make, Thy glo - ries now un - fold; Let the clouds of

FINE.

gav - est me, How, then, can aught be mine? Glad, oh, glad, I haste to pray, Since  
 love un - told, To me so free - ly given. Hum - bly, meek - ly now I pray, Oh,  
 free - ly give All I pos - sess to thee. Take pos - ses - sion of my heart, Thy  
 glo - ry break, As oft they did of old.

*D. C. for Chorus.*

now thy right I see; Take it all this ve - ry day, 'Tis ful - ly giv - en thee.  
 let me have no will On - ly thine, from day to day Un - ceas - ing - ly ful - fill.  
 dwelling-place to be; Ev - er thence do not de - part, A - bide, a guest, with me.

R. G. STAPLES.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."—JOHN 12 : 32.

M. J. MUNGER.

1. Draw me clos-er to thee, gra-cious Sav-ior and guide, Let me rest on thy bo - som, oh,  
 2. Draw me clos-er to thee; let me nev - er more stray From the fold of the shep - herd on  
 3. Draw me clos-er to thee, be my staff and my stay; Let me lean for pro - tec - tion on

keep me near thy side; Draw me clos-er to thee, let the arms of thy love Be around and all a-  
 mountains far a-way; Clinging clos-er to thee, let me trust in thy word, Let me nev-er, nev-er  
 thee each hour, each day; Lead me all the rough way, lest I stum-ble and fall, Precious Savior, let me

D. S. *Let thy arms be round a-*

**FINE. CHORUS.**

D. S.

bout me, till I rest with thee a-bove.  
 leave thee, draw me clos-er, dear-est Lord. Draw me clos-er, Lord, to thee, Closer, closer, Lord, to thee;  
 trust thee, oh, be thou my all in all.

*bout me, Draw me clos-er, Lord, to thee.*

# A FRIEND ABOVE ALL OTHERS.

“There’s a friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”—Prov. 18: 24.

J. T. GRAFE, 1879.

1. There's a Friend above all others, Oh, how he loves! His is love beyond a brother's;  
 2. Blessed Jesus! wouldst thou know him? Oh, how he loves! Give thyself this day unto him;  
 3. All thy sins shall be forgiven; Oh, how he loves! Backward all thy foes be driven;

Oh, how he loves! Earth - ly friends may fail and leave us; This day kind, to -  
 Oh, how he loves! Is it sin that pains and grieves thee? Un - be - lief and  
 Oh, how he loves! Best of bless - ings he'll pro - vide thee, Naught but good shall

mor - row grieve us; But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us; Oh, how he loves!  
 tri - als tease thee? Je - sus can from all re - lease thee; Oh, how he loves!  
 e'er be - tide thee; Safe to glo - ry he will guide thee; Oh, how he loves!

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—EZEKIEL 34: 6.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Long I've wander'd from the Master, O'er the mountains far a-way, But I hear his sweet voice  
 2. Fa-ther, I am com-ing, com-ing, Thy dear face I al-most see; Bless-ed tho't that tho' I  
 3. Fa-ther, tho' I am un-wor-thy E'en to speak a name so sweet, Bow-ing down in hum-ble  
 4. Fa-ther, take my hand and guide me Safe-ly thro' the world's alarms; Harm can nev-er more be-

*Refrain.*

call-ing, Wea-ry child, come home to-day.  
 wan-dered, Thou didst still re-mem-ber me. Like a strain of heav'n-ly mu-sic,  
 rev-'rence, I would worship at thy feet.  
 tide me Rest-ing in thy precious arms.

• From the land of endless day, Comes that low, sweet voice entreating, Come, my child, come home to-day.

# LEAD ME ARIGHT.

43

ANON.

"Lord, all my desire is before thee."—PSALMS 38: 9.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I do not ask that life may be A pleas-ant road, a pleas-ant road; I  
 2. For one thing, Lord, dear Lord, I plead— Lead me a - right, lead me a - right; Tho'  
 3. I do not ask to un - der-stand My way to see, my way to see; In

ask not that thou take from me Aught of its load, aught of its load. I do not ask that flow'rs should bloom  
 strength should falter, heart should bleed, Thro' peace to light, thro' peace to light. I do not ask that thou sho'ld shed  
 darkness let me feel thy hand, And follow thee, and follow thee. Joy is like restless day, but peace

Beneath my feet, beneath my feet; I know the poison and the sting Of things so sweet, of things so sweet.  
 Full radiance here, full radiance here; Give but a ray, that I may tread Without a fear, with-out a fear.  
 Like quiet night, like quiet night; Lead me, till perfect day shall shine Thro' peace to light, thro' peace to light.

## "NEVER IN VAIN."

W. A. O.

"Lord, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom."—LUKE 23: 42.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. When thou comest in thy kingdom, Je-sus, Lord, re-mem-ber me; Thus the pen-i-tent  
 2. When thou comest in thy kingdom, Sin-ful though my heart may be, Like the pen-i-tent  
 3. When thou comest in thy kingdom, Mounting up-ward to the skies, Like the pen-i-tent

**CHORUS.**

thief en-treated Christ, the Lord, on Cal-va-ry.  
 thief, I pray thee, Je-sus, Lord, re-mem-ber me. Nev-er in vain, nev-er in vain,  
 thief, I pray to Be with thee in Par-a-dise.

Faith inspires this wonderful strain; When thou comest in thy kingdom, Jesus, Lord, remember me.



# TEMPERANCE RALLYING SONG.

45

R. G. S.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."—GALATIANS 6: 2.

R. G. STAPLES.

*With energy.*

1. Men of God, a-rouse to ac-tion, There is work that must be done; Fel-low-mor-tals,  
 2. Hear the bit-ter wail of an-guish, Gush-ing forth from hearts that bleed; See the work of  
 3. Children's cries and mothers' pleadings, Will not these your zeal in-spire? There's no time for  
 4. Save your sons, your daughters rescue, From the rum-fiend's fear-ful sway; Work with zeal—strike

**CHORUS.**

stag-ring, dy-ing, Must from sin and vice be won.  
 de-vas-ta-tion—To the res-cue on-ward speed. A-rouse! a-rouse! there's  
 you to loi-ter, When the build-ing is on fire.  
 down the mon-ster—Haste the light of "Gos-pel-day." A-rouse! a-rouse!

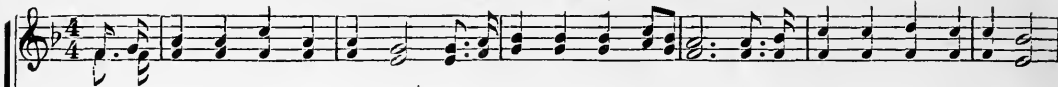
work that must be done to-day; A-rouse! a-rouse! Oh, stop the rum-fiend's fearful sway!  
 A-rouse! a-rouse!

## I AM ON MY WAY TO ZION.

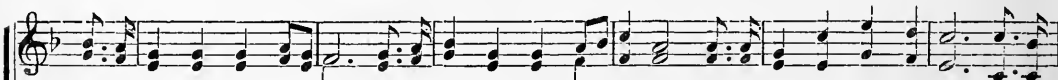
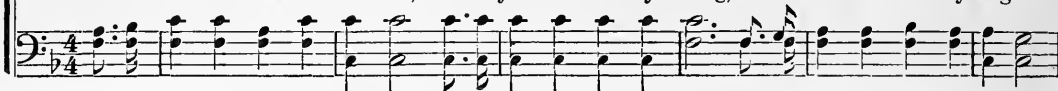
D. E. GOODHART.

"For he hath prepared for them a city."—HEB. 11: 16.

GEO. W. BANMEISTER.



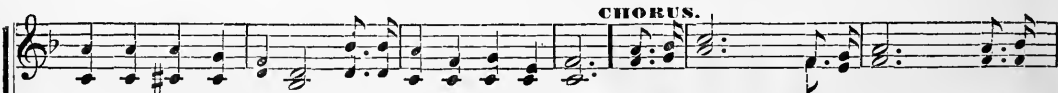
1. I am on my way to Zi - on, To the cit - y of my God; I am treading the same pathway
2. When I pass the gloomy val - ley, Je - sus will be there to guide; He will lead me thro' the darkness,
3. When I reach that land in - mor - tal, When I join that ho - ly throng, With the saints and holy angels



That be - fore the saints have trod. Tho' the road is rough and thorny, And temptations often come, Yet I  
He'll be ev - er at my side. He'll be with me at the riv - er When I cross its dark - est foam, And in  
We will sing our glad, new song. We will sing the praise of Jesus' Neath the spires of heav'n's high dome;

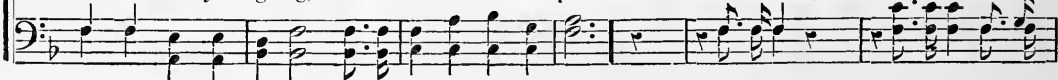


There with



know at ev - 'ry evening I am one day nearer home. Nearer home, nearer home, I am  
sweetest accents whisper, Cheer up, soul, you're near your home.

an - thems loud - ly ring - ing, Praise him in our heav'nly home. nearer home, nearer home,



one day near-er home; Yet I know at ev-'ry eve-ning I am one day near-er home.  
near-er home,

## SUFFERING SAVIOR, SAVE ME NOW.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and bowed the knee  
Words of 3d and 4th verses by D. H. L. before him, saying: Hail! King of the Jews!"—MAT. 27: 29. D. HAYDEN LLOYD.

1. Suff'ring Savior, with thorn crown, Bruis'd and bleeding, sinking down; Heavy-la-den, wea-ry, worn,  
2. Pre-cious Sav-ior, this for me, So un-wor-thy, all for me! Ho-ly Je-sus, pure and mild,

*Rit.*  
Faint-ing, dy-ing, crush'd, and torn. All for me! all for me!  
I would ev-er be thy child; Oh, bless me! e-ven me!

3 Fain would I to thee be brought,  
Gracious Lord, forbid it not;  
In the kingdom of thy grace  
Give thy wandering child a place—  
By thy grace oh, save me!

4 Should I stray away from thee,  
Jesus, wilt thou rescue me?  
For a sinner born to die;  
I am trusting, and will cry,  
Lord, save me, oh, save me!

## ZACCHEUS.

P. P. BLISS.

"— make haste and come down; for to-day I must abide in thy house."—LUKE 19: 5. CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Thro' the crowd-ed streets of Jer - i - cho see The ho - ly Naz - a - rene go; Hear the  
 2. In the friend - ly shade of syc - a - more tree, The joy - ful pub - li - can see; Hear the  
 3. Like an ear - nest lit - tle Zac - che - us, I Would fain the Ho - ly One see; I would

**CHORUS.** *Vigorous.*

shouts of praise from the hap - py ones there. Who his healing virtues know.  
 Mas - ter's voice say - ing, "Zac - che - us, come, For I must a - bid with thee." Praise ye the Lord, his  
 haste with joy at the bless - ed cominand, "For I must a - bid with thee."

mercies show, Ev - er in his love confide; More than we ask will he bestow, Will - ingly with us a - bid.

By permission.

# THE BEACON-LIGHT.

49

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

"Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."—PROV. 29: 25.

E. P. ANDREWS.

1. Once I rode the rag-ing bil - lows, And no light my eye could see, So I called in bit - ter  
 2. Thus the bea-con-light at e - ven Made a pathway o'er the tide, And I came in peace and  
 3. So, when night and darkness gath-er, And the heav-y shad-ows fall, Turn thy eyes to-ward thy  
 4. In his name is thy sal - va-tion; He's the watch-tow'r of the soul; In - to port he'll bring thee

**CHORUS.**  
 an-guish, "Sav-ior, guide my bark to thee!" Lo! a light does soft - ly glim-mer, Shin-ing,  
 safe-ty To my lov-ing Sav-ior's side.  
 Sav-ior, He is watching o - ver all. Lo! a light does soft - ly glim-mer,  
 safe-ly, Thro' the waves that o'er thee roll.

shining o'er the sea, From the watch-tow'r of our Savior, Shining, shining, bright for me.  
 Shining, shining, o'er the sea, From the watch-tow'r of our Savior, Shining, shining, bright for me.

# NOTHING, LORD, HAVE I TO BRING.

R. G. S.

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

R. G. STAPLES.

**Flowingly.**

1. Nothing, Lord, have I to bring; This is all my plea: Jesus on the rugged cross Died to ransom me.  
 2. All unclean, alas! unclean, Heart by sins defiled; But my Savior calls and says, "Be ye reconciled."  
 3. Dear Redeemer, precious Lamb, While 'tis called to-day, In contrition I would come; Wash my guilt away.  
 4. Write thy law upon my heart, Stamp thine image there; Nevermore from me depart, Be thou ever near.

**CHORUS.**

Pre - cious Sav - - ior, Lord of all, Speak to me; . . . oh, speak in love!  
 Precious Savior, Lord of all, Speak to me, speak in love;

By thy dy - - ing ag - o-nies, By thy blood my sins . . . re-move.  
 By thy dy-ing ag - o-nies, By thy precious blood my sins remove.

# WHAT SHALL I ANSWER?

51

A. J. CRIDER.

"The Master is come, and calleth for thee." - JOHN 11 28.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. What shall I answer thee, Je - sus, to - day? Darkness surrounds me, I know not the way; Blind - ed by sin, Lord, I  
 2. What shall I answer when bid - den to come? Je - sus has said, "In my mansion there's room ' Fa - ther, have pit - y, thy  
 3. What shall I answer thee? Lord, can it be, That thou re - quir - est an an - swer from me? Pit - y my weakness, and

**CHORUS.**

scaree - ly can see; Day - Star on high, shine in mer - cy on me. When thou dost call me,  
 child is so small; Help him to an - swer when Je - sus doth call.  
 help me to be Watch - ing and wait - ing, dear Je - sus, for thee. When thou dost call me, Read - y I'd be,

Read - y I'd be, Watch - - ing and wait - ing, yes, watching and waiting, dear Jesus, for thee.  
 When thou dost call me, read - y I'd be, Watching and waiting, dear Jesus, for thee, watching and waiting, dear Jesus, for thee.

## LOOK AWAY FROM SELF.

R. G. STAPLES.

"Peace through the blood of his cross."—COLOSSIANS 1: 20.

M. J. MUNGER.

1. Look a - way from self to the blood-stain'd cross, Where thy Savior died to ran - som thee;  
 2. Look a - way from self to the sep - ul - chre; Hear the Ro - man sol - dier's stead - y tread  
 3. Look a - way from self to yon courts a - bove, View the *Son of God*; oh, hear his cry,

See the blood gush forth from his wounded side; View the *Son of man* in his ag - o - ny.  
 As he guards the tomb where our Lord doth lie, In his grave-clothes bound 'mong the si - lent dead.  
 As he pleads in love for his chil - dren all, Lest they stray far - off from the fold and die.

**CHORUS.**

On the cross, the blood-stain'd cross, On the cross of Cal - va - ry,  
 On the cross, the rug - ged cross, [Omit. . . .] On the cross he died for thee.  
 On the cross, on the cross.

*1st. time.* | *2d time.*



# IF ANY MAN THIRST.

53

R. P. O.

— let him come unto me, and drink."—JOHN 7: 37.

R. PORTER ORR.

*Tenderly.*

1. If a - ny man thirst, let him come un - to me, And the wa - ter of life I will give;  
 2. This life - giv - ing Fount, with its thirst - quenching tide, Was o - pened for sin - ners de - praved;  
 3. This of - fer is free, the pro - vi - sion's complete; Come while my rich grace, I be - stow;

*f* FINE.

The of - fer is free, the pro - vi - sions complete, On - ly drink of this wa - ter and live.  
 The bond - man and free, with the rich and the poor, All may drink, free - ly drink, and be saved.  
 Lest, slight - ed too long, and the of - fer withdrawn, Ye are doom'd, doom'd to drink end - less woe.

1. 2. D.S. *The of - fer is free, the pro - vi - sion's complete, On - ly drink of this wa - ter and live.*  
 3. D.S. *Lest, slight - ed too long, and the of - fer withdrawn, Ye are doom'd, doom'd to drink endless woe.*

*Refrain.*

D. S.

On - ly drink, on - ly drink, On - ly drink of this wa - ter and live.  
 All may drink, all may drink, All may drink of this wa - ter and live.  
 Ye are doom'd, ye are doom'd, Ye are doom'd, doom'd to drink end - less woe.  
 free - ly drink, free - ly drink,

*Last stanza.* doom'd to drink, doom'd to drink,

## ON THE CRUEL CROSS FOR ME.

I. E. PROCTOR.

"And sitting down, they watched him there."—MATT. 27: 36.

II. S. PERKINS.

1. Watch'd him there, the Lord of glo - ry, Writh-ing in his ag - o - ny, Hang-ing there, 'tween earth and heav-en,  
2. Na - ture, more than man, re - lent - ing, Clothed in dark - ness all the land; And the grave, in all its hor - ror,

On the cru - el cross for me. Hear the bit - ter taunt and jest - ing, See the knee in mock - 'ry bent;  
Broke its loath - some pris - on band. Th' sun, as with a pall of sa - ble, Hid in gloom his sight from day;

**CHORUS.**

And when burn - ing thirst as - sailed him, Forth the nauseous draught was sent. "It is fin - ished!" Oh, my Sav - ior,  
And the moon, en - san - guined, blushing, Turned to blood her sil - ver ray.

With thy last ex - pir - ing cry; An - gels bore thee, golden pinioned, To thy Father's throne on high.

## SAVIOR, LET THY TENDER PITY.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Have mercy, \* \* \* according to thy loving-kindness."—PSALMS 51: 1. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sav - ior, let thy ten - der pit - y To these dy - ing souls be shown; They are ask - ing for thy mer - cy,  
 2. Thou, the sin - ner's on - ly ref - uge, Je - sus, Je - sus, cru - ci - fied, Lead them to the fount of bless - ing,  
 3. They are weep - ing, struggling, praying, Con - quest o - ver sin to gain; Do not let them cease en - treat - ing.

D. S. Peace and par - don in a mo - ment,

## FINE. CHORUS.

Kneel - ing here be - fore thy throne.  
 Wash them in its crim - son tide. Take a - way each vain am - bi - tion, Help, oh, help them to be - lieve.  
 Till the bless - ing they ob - tain.

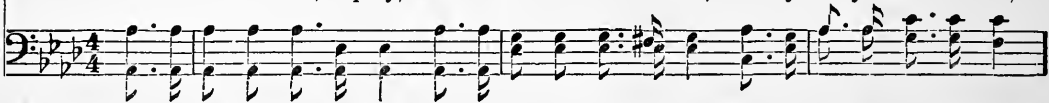
If they will, they can re - ceive.

## LET US SOMETHING DO FOR THEE.

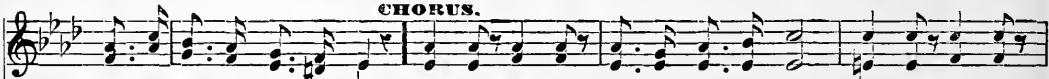
E. R. LATTA. "And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—GAL. 6: 9. A. J. ABBEY.  
*Moderato.*



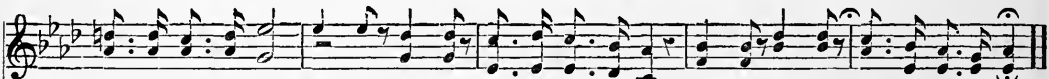
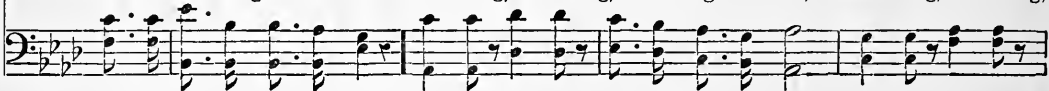
1. Thou hast giv-en all for us, Thou hast suf-fered on the tree; And, al-tho' so help-less, Lord,
2. Thou hast bid-den us to come, From our ev-'ry sin to flee; We can heed thy bless-ed call,
3. We can tell thy wondrous love, Bidding oth-ers look and see; We can point to Je-sus' blood,
4. We can sing of grace di-vine, That from sin hath set us free; We some err-ing soul may save,
5. Make us use-ful, Lord, we pray, We would faithful servants be; In thy vine-yard let us toil,



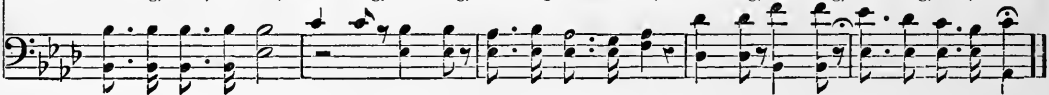
## CHORUS.



Let us something do for thee! Something, something, something let it be; Something, something,



Something, Lord, for thee; Something, something, Something let it be, Something, something, Something, Lord, for thee.



# MY PRICELESS TREASURE.

57

“Work, for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.”—HAGG. 2: 4.

W. B. MANNING.

1. Oh, for a deep-er work of grace, A per-fect con - se - cra - tion, That I may work and  
 2. Then I may act the Christian's part, Aye, hon-or Christ in serv - ing; And live in per - fect-  
 3. Oh, that my heart might be a - wake, For dy-ing souls be burn - ing, With love for them—for  
 4. O Ho - ly Spir - it, teach me now Thy will; for-sake me nev - er; In - spire my heart; and

*Refrain.*

fill the place Im-plied by new cre - a - tion.  
 ness of heart, From du - ty nev - er swerv - ing. O bless-ed Sav-ior, let me know Thy  
 Je - sus' sake, My love for his re - turn - ing.  
 show me how To hon - or Christ for - ev - er.

love in great-er meas - ure; And may I tell it as I go—Thy love, my priceless treasure!

## BE ACTIVE.

LUTHER JANES.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—TIM. 6: 12.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Look ye, broth-ers, time is roll - ing, Roll - ing rap - id - ly a - way; Ves - per bells will soon be toll - ing,  
 2. Plant your stand - ard firm and fear - less On the cit - a - del of might; Hard may seem the task and cheerless,  
 3. Smiles to cheer the lone one's la - bor, Toil - ing o'er life's wea - ry way; Bread to share with poor - er neighbors,  
 4. Car - ry glad - ness to 'he sigh - ing, Give your strength to bear the lame; Whis - per com - fort to the dy - ing,

Toll - ing for the dy - ing day. Rouse thee, com - rades, nerve for la - bor, In life's bat - tle dare and do;  
 But the promis'd crown is bright. Poor your - self, you have for oth - ers Wealth, you may not, must not, keep,  
 Hung'ring, starving, ev - 'ry day. Go to hearts that pine and per - ish, Wipe the flow - ing tears a - way;  
 Whis - per soft - ly Je - sus' name. Up some hill or down some val - ley, Seek the lost to guide a - right;

**CHORUS.**

Bold - ly wield truth's gleam - ing sa - ber, Van - quish wrong, and right pursue.  
 Words of cheer for droop - ing broth - ers, Tears to shed with those who weep. Hark! the bugle sounds the ral - ly,  
 Ev - 'ry smit - ten spir - it nour - ish, Droop - ing sad - ly by the way.  
 Hark! the bu - gle sounds the ral - ly, Gird you, com - rades, for the fight.

Gird you, comrades, for the fight; Hark! the bugle sounds the rally, Gird you for the fight.

AT THE DOOR.

From "Sunday at Home."  
*Moderato.*

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.  
*1st. time.*

KARL REDEN.

1. { O Je - su, thou art stand - ing Out - side the fast - clos' d door,  
In low - ly pa - tience waiting [Omit.] To cross the thresh - old o' er;  
2. { O Je - su, thou art knock - ing; And lo! that hand is scarred, [Omit.] And tears thy face have marred.  
3. { O Je - su, thou art plead - ing In ac - cents meek and low,  
"I died for you, my chil - dren, [Omit.] And will ye treat me so?"

*Cres.* *mf* *p Dim.*

Shame on us, Christian brethren, His name and sign who bear, Oh, shame, thrice shame upon us [standing there.] To keep him  
Oh, love that passeth knowledge, So patiently to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual So fast to bar the gate!  
O Lord, with shame and sorrow We open now the door; Dear Savior, enter, en - ter, And leave us never more.

## 'TIS SWEET TO THINK OF JESUS.

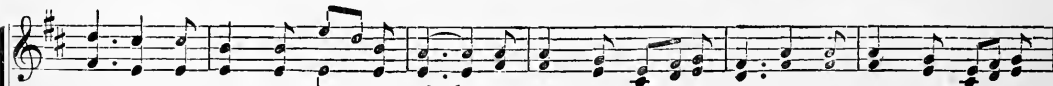
Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."—PSALMS 104: 34; ROM. 8: 18.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. 'Tis sweet to think of Je-sus, And how he came to earth, While choirs of bless - ed  
 2. 'Tis sweet to think of Je-sus, So ho - ly, un - de - filed, So sep - a - rate from  
 3. 'Tis sweet to think of Je-sus, Who tho't of oth - ers so— Not on - ly of his  
 4. 'Tis sweet to think of Je-sus: He sits at God's right hand; God hears the prayers he



an-gels Sung glo - ry at his birth; While the dark east-ern strangers Bro't treasures from a-  
 sin-ners, Yet faith-ful as a child; So low - ly in his greatness To toil for dai - ly  
 brethren, But of each hate-ful foe. When he him-self was wea - ry, By pain and want op-  
 of-fers For all his cho - sen band; He shows his scars, and whis-pers, "Be-hold, be - hold the

**CHORUS.**

far, Be-fore the roy-al In-fant, Guid-ed by Beth'em's star.  
 bread, And yet, with all his la - bors, No place to lay his head. 'Tis sweet to think of  
 pressed, "Come un - to me," he whispers, "And I will give you rest."  
 price With which I bought my ransom'd Their mansions in the skies!"





Je - sus; Re-demp-tion is so free! 'Twas made for poor,lost sinners,Just such as you and me.

## CHILDREN'S TEMPERANCE SONG.

Mrs. M. E. Cox.

"Let us not be weary in well doing."—GAL. 6: 9.

A. D. HASSING.

1. Hear you not the mu - sic sweet Of our temp'rance band? As it sounds to roll-call true,To du - ty, o'er the land?  
2. Come and join our temp'rance band,Conquer yet we must; Lo! the Sav - ior is our guide,In God we put our trust.  
3. Buck - le on the ar - mor,then,Take the sword and shield; Go a - gainst King Al - co - hol,And drive him from the field.  
4. He has ma - ny cas - tles strong,Built by vice and sin, But if we are true to right,The vic - t'ry we shall win.

**CHORUS.**

Who will stand for tem - per - ance, On the side of right? He who keeps the temp'rance pledge Saves his hon - or bright.

## THE RIFTED ROCK.

R. G. STAPLES.

"That Rock was Christ."—1 COR. 10: 4.

W. F. HEATH.

1. No oth - er ref - uge, Lord, have I, Who can I trust but thee? Oh, fix my hope up -  
 2. Tho' clouds obscure and dark the way, Storms in wild fu - ry rage, Safe from a - larm, I  
 3. Come, stormy wind, come, tempest shock, Roll, bil - lows of the sea; I am se - cure with -

**CHORUS.**

on the Rock That has been cleft for me. The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh,  
 rest se - cure Till thou the storms as - suage.  
 in the Rock That has been cleft for me. The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh,

may it shel - ter me (shelter me); My hope is on the rift - ed Rock That has been cleft for me.

# GUIDE ME, SAVIOR.

63

Written especially for "Fount of Blessing."

E. M. C.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel."—PSALMS 73: 24.

E. MUNFORD CLARK.

*Slow and pathetic.*

1st time.

2d time.

1. { Guide me, Sav - ior, ev - er guide me By thy coun - sel and thy word;  
 Let thy ten - der care be o'er me; [Omit. Safe - ly guide

2. { Guide me, Sav - ior, in life's morning; Guide me at its noon of day;  
 Guide methro' its eve - ning com - ing; [Omit. Guide me all

me, oh, my Lord! Guide me, Sav - ior, safe - ly guide me, O'er life's dark and storm - y  
 my pil - grim way. Oh, my Sav - ior, do not leave me, Lest the tempt - er should be -

sea; And thy ways shall make me hap - py, Hap - py ev - er, Lord, in thee.  
 guile, But be ev - er near to save me, Lead - ing on - ward with a smile.

Rev. W. T. DALE. "For whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth, and scourgeth every son he receiveth."—HEB. 12: 6. FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Slow, with feeling.*

1. When bowed with af-flic-tions and woes here be-low, As on in my way to bright Canaan I  
 2. 'Mid tri - als and loss - es that fall on me here, When mingling the cup of thanksgiving and  
 3. When weeping I stand o'er the spoils of the grave, My friends all de - part - ed be-yond the dark

*rit. e dim.*

go, I hear a sweet voice—'tis the voice of my God: "I love thee. I love thee, pass under the rod."  
 tears, I hear the same voice, the sweet voice of my God: "I love thee. I love thee, pass under the rod."  
 wave, I hear the sweet voice of my Fa-ther and God: "I love thee, I love thee, pass under the rod."

*Refrain.*

*rit. e dim.*

Pass un - der the rod, pass un - der the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass un - der the rod.

# CLINGING TO THE ROCK.

65

"That Rock was Christ."—1 COR. 10: 4.

REV. I. BALTZELL.

*Boldly.*

1. When the tem-pest high is rag - ing, As I sail o'er life's rough sea; Wreck'd I be, I'll fear no bil - low  
 2. If a - mid the wrecks I'm drifted, Darkness settled thickly round, Hope shall lift her gleaming beacon  
 3. When the waves shall close around me, Proudly round me as I die, O - ver all these seem-ing vic-tors

## CHORUS.

If I then may on - ly be,  
 If I then be on - ly found, Clinging to the rock, clinging to the rock, Clinging,clinging,  
 I shall triumph while I cry, yes,

clinging to the rock; Waiting for the boat-man from the oth-er shore, Coming, com-ing for me.

From "Heavenly Carols," by permission.

## THEY ARE GOING HOME.

"Gathering together unto him."—2 THESS. 2: 1.

W. E. BURNETTE.

*Gently.*

1. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing, Je - sus call'd them long a - go; All the win - try time they're  
 2. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing, When with summer earth is dress'd, In their cold hand holding  
 3. They are go - ing, on - ly go - ing, Out of pain and in - to bliss; Out of sad and sin - ful

pass - ing, Soft - ly as the fall - ing snow. When the vi - 'lets in the spring - time  
 ro - ses, Fold - ed to each si - lent breast. When the au - tumn hangs red ban - ners  
 weak - ness In - to per - fect ho - li - ness. Snow - y brows, no cares shall shade them;

*Rit.*

Catch the az - ure of the sky, They are car - ried out to slum - ber Sweetly where the vi'lets lie.  
 Out a - bove the harvest sheaves, They are go - ing, ev - er go - ing, Thick and fast like falling leaves.  
 Bright eyes, tears shall nev - er dim; Ro - sy lips, no care shall fade them; Je - sus call'd them unto him.

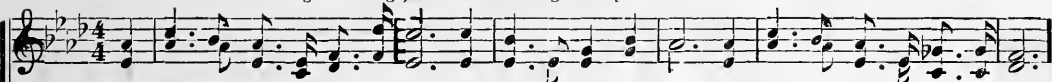
# FAITH IN JESUS.

69

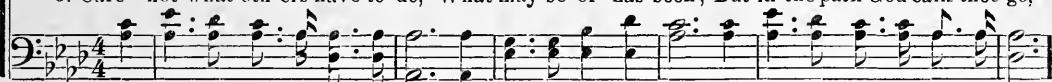
Words selected.

"Be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thy heart."—PSALMS 27: 14.

S. B. ELLENBERGER.



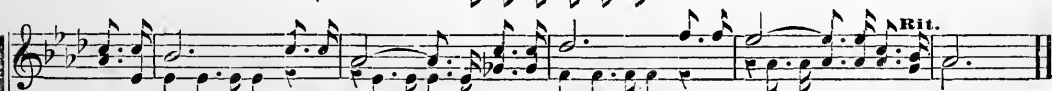
1. The waves were dashing loud and high, My child look'd on with me; "Father," she cried, "why may not I
2. "Was it not lack of faith a-lone That made th' a-pos-tle sink? By faith, therefore, it may be done;
3. "The Lord bade Peter go, my child; And should he thee command, Thy feet would on these waters wild
4. But life has storms more awful yet, Waves rougher than yon sea; Then do not thou in these for-get
5. Care not what oth-ers have to do, What may be or has been; But in the path God calls thee go,



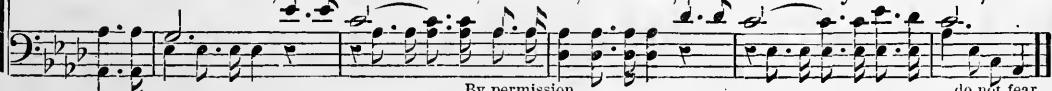
## CHORUS.



Trust God, and walk the sea?"  
 Father, what should I think?" Look to Je - sus, weary one, Tho' the storm may  
 Be firm as on the sand."  
 That Je - sus is with thee. Look to Jesus, weary one, weary one, Tho' the storm may  
 And use thy faith therein.



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



By permission.

do not fear.

## THEY SHALL SHINE AS THE STARS.

E. R. LATTA.

"And they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to  
righteousness as the stars forever and ever."—DANIEL 12: 3.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. They who would do the Master's will, As Je-sus said, must ev-er be Like cit - y build-ed on a hill, That  
2. The weakest one some light may shed, Some service for the Master do, By which another may be led To  
3. They that be wise on earth be-low, And on the Master's work intent, Shall shine in glory like un-to The

shows so ev-'ry eye may see, Their light should cast a shin-ing ray, That oth-ers may that light behold, And  
la - bor for the Sav-ior too; For ev-'ry one a task a-waits, A work to do, a cross to bear, Be-  
bright-ness of the firm - a-ment; Their spirits numbered with the blest, Upon that bright, celestial shore, From

**CHORUS.**  
turn their feet in - to the way That lead-eth to the heav'nly fold.  
fore we pass the shining gates, A bright unfading crown to wear. They who shall ma - ny  
earth-ly toil and care shall rest For-ev - er and for-evermore. They who shall many turn from sin, they



turn from sin, To do the Mas - ter's will di - vine, That  
 who shall ma - ny turn from sin, To do the Master's will di - vine, to do the Master's will divine, That

bles - ed home a - bove shall win, And as the stars for - ev - er shine.  
 bless - ed home a - bove shall win, that blessed home above shall win, And as the stars for - ev - er shine.

ACKLEY. S. M.

CON CRIO.

"There I will meet with thee and commune."—EXODUS 25: 22,

J. H. LESLIE.

1. How charming is the place Where my Re-deem-er, God, Un-veils the beau-ty of his face, And sheds his love a - broad.  
 2. Here, on the mer-cy - seat, With ra-diant glo-ry crowned, Our joy-ful eyes be-hold him sit, And smile on all a - round.  
 3. Give me, O Lord, a place With-in thy blest a - bode, A-mong the children of thy grace, The serv-ants of my God.

## IN REGIONS TO THE WESTWARD. (Home Missions.)

ROBERT F. SAMPLE. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature."—MARK 16: 15. T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. In re-gions to the westward, On mountains, hills, and plains, Oppress'd with sins and sorrows, And  
 2. Re-mem-ber Christ's commission, Unchange-a-bly the same; In Sa-lem's homes be-gin-ning, Go  
 3. From Leb-a-non to He-bron, From Jordan to the sea, He preach'd to his own peo-ple The

worn with mor-tal pains, Be-hold our sons and daughters To us outstretch their hands, Their  
 spread a-broad my fame; To those whose claim is ur-gent All oth-er claims a-bove, Go,  
 year of Ju-bi-lee. Shall we not heed the teach-ing Of his own life and word, That

4 Then shall the blest evangel  
 Haste o'er each stormy main,  
 Our grateful hallelujahs  
 Return to us again  
 Then shall the deserts blossom,  
 The darkness flee away,  
 And Jesus reign victorious  
 Through an eternal day.

need al-ways ap-peal-ing With that of oth-er lands.  
 tell the old, old sto-ry Of my re-deem-ing love.  
 this our own loved na-tion May own him Christ and Lord?

## DO I NOT NEED THEE?

73

R. G. STAPLES. "Lord, to whom shall we go?"—JOHN 6: 68. "Without me, ye can do nothing."—JOHN 15: 5. M. L. MCPHAIL.  
SLOW. CRES. CRES. RIT. CHORUS.

1. Do I not need thee, Sav - ior di - vine? To thy dear pre-cepts My heart in - cline. How much I need thee,  
2. Do I not need thee Each hour, each day? Pit - y me, Sav - ior, Be thou my stay. 4th v. Yes, I do need thee;

*ff* *p* *Cres.* *Rit.*

I scarce - ly know; Dear, pre - cious Sav - ior, Thy love be - stow.  
Thy love is strong; Grant me pro - tec - tion All the day long.

3 Do I not need thee?  
What power have I?  
No arm to lean on—  
Savior, draw nigh.

4 Do I not need thee?  
Weary and faint,  
Come I unto thee;  
Heed my complaint.

## QUEEN. (L. M.)

"Lo, I am with you alway."—MATT. 28: 20.  
*1st. time.* *2d. time.*

J. H. LESLIE.

1. { Ere to the world a - gain we go, Its pleasures, cares, and i - dle show,  
Thy grace, once more, O God, we [Omit.] crave, From fol - ly and from sin to save.  
2. { May the great truths we here have heard—The lessons of thy ho - ly word—  
Dwell in our in - most bo - soms [Omit.] deep, And all our souls from er - ror keep.  
3. { Oh, may the in - fluence of this day Long as our mem'ry with us stay,  
And as an an - gel guar - dian [Omit.] prove, To guide us to our home a - bove.

## THE RESURRECTION. (Anthem.)

"Now is Christ risen from the dead."—1 Cor. 15: 20.

J. T. GRAPE, 1879.

*Moderato.**Organ.*

Christ is ris - en from the dead, Christ is ris - en from the dead, And be - come the first

fruits of them that slept; For, as by man came death, By man came al - so the res - ur - rec - tion

of the dead; For as in Adam all die, all die, E - ven so in Christ, e - ven so in Christ,

e - ven so in Christ shall all be made alive. Glo - ry be to the Fa - ther, glo - ry be to the

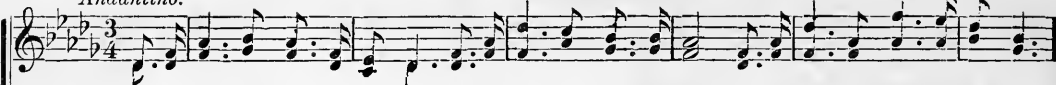
Son, glo - ry be to the Ho - ly Ghost; as it was in the be - gin - ning, is now, and ev - er

shall be, world without end. Amen, a - men, a - men, world without end. Amen, a - men.

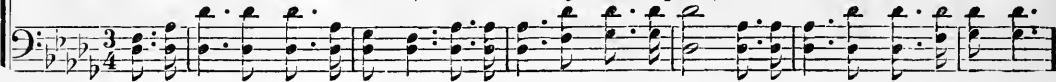
PIERRE HANAFORD.

"In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."—GALATIANS 6: 9.

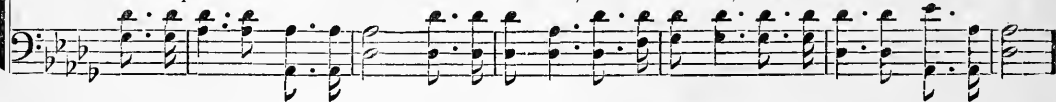
D. F. HODGES.

*Andantino.*

1. Now the ills of earth surround us, Oft the storm-clouds hide the sun; But tho' dark the night around us,  
2. We will leave our Leader nev-er, But we'll calmly onward press, Till we dwell with him for-ev-er



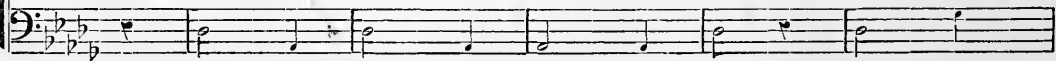
Day is break-ing farther on: Farther on-ward, farther onward All the mists and clouds are gone.  
'Mid su-per-nal bless-ed-ness: Farther on-ward, farther onward, With the saints his name to bless.



DUET.



Farther on, the voice whose sweetness Cheer'd us ere it si-lent grew, Tun'd to more than seraph  
Yet till we, on high ap-pear-ing, With the sin-freed hosts a-bide, Welcome is each promise



CHORUS.

meettness, Sings thosesongs the angels know: Farther onward, farther onward, We shall join the chorus too.  
cheering, Telling us how deep and wide, Farther onward, farther onward, Flows salvation's blissful tide.

TARRY WITH ME.

*Andante.*

"And he went in to tarry with them."—LUKE 24: 29.

A. HULL.

1. Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-ior, For the day is pass-ing by; See! the shades of evening gath-er,

D.S. *Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-ior,*

FINE.

And the night is draw-ing nigh: Tar-ry with me, O my Sav-ior, Pass me not un-heed-ed by;

*Pass me not un-heed-ed by.*

2 Faithful mem'ry paints before me  
Every deed and thought of sin;  
Open thou the blood-filled fountain;  
Cleanse my guilty soul within:  
||: Tarry, thou forgiving Savior,  
Wash me wholly from my sin. :||

3 Many friends were gathered round me  
In the bright days of the past,  
But the grave has closed above them,  
And I linger here the last:  
||: I am lonely; tarry with me  
Till the dreary night is past: ||  
By permission.

4 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows;  
Paler, now, the glowing west;  
Swift the night of death advances;  
Shall it be the night of rest?  
||: Tarry with me, O my Savior;  
Lay my head upon thy breast. :||

## WHEN WE ALL GET HOME.

E. A. H.\*

"At thy right hand are pleasures for evermore."—PSALMS 14: 11.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. We will sing the praise of Je - sus When we all get home, We will  
 2. All our tri - als will be o - ver When we reach our home, All our  
 3. We will see our pre - cious Sav - ior When we all get home, We will  
 see our pre - cious Sav - ior When we [Omit. . . . .] all get home; His

millions round the throne, With the myriads of his own, We will make his glory known When we all get home.  
 hap - py we will be, From all sin and sorrow free, Thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty, In our heav'n - ly home.  
 glo - ry we shall see, And thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Oh, how hap - py we shall be, In our heav'n - ly home.

**CHORUS.**

When we all get home o - ver there, o - ver there, When we all get home o - ver there, o - ver there, Oh, how



hap - py we will be, When his glo-ry we shall see, When we all get home o - ver there, o-ver there.

JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S. K

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

A. S. KIEFFER.

*Refrain.*

1. { Come to our Father's house, Come, ere the day be gone;  
 Tempests are gath'ring fast, Dark-ness is com-ing on. Fly, for the tempest is com - ing,  
 2. { Look at the wea-ry way, Look where thy feet have trod;  
 Find-ing no rest nor peace, Wand'ring away from God.

Sweeping the fields of sin; Knock at the por-tals of mer - cy, Je - sus will let you in.

3 Darker thy pathway grows,  
 Soon will the night come down;  
 Fiercely the lightnings flash,  
 Darker the tempests frown.—REF.

4 Fly from the fields of sin,  
 Fly for thy life, to-day;  
 Fly to our Father's house,  
 Enter the narrow way.—REFRAIN.

5 Here will thy soul find rest,  
 Safe from each angry blast;  
 Here find a perfect peace—  
 Joys that forever last.—REFRAIN.

## PRAISE YE THE LORD. (Anthem.)

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—PSALMS 34: 1.

R. G. STAPLES.

Praise ye the Lord, oh, praise him, all ye peo - ple; Praise ye the Lord, and bless his name;  
*2d time.* Praise ye the Lord, and mag - ni - fy Je - ho - vah; Praise ye the God of Is - ra - el.

Who is like the God of Is - ra - el? Praise, oh, praise his ho - ly name. Praise ye the Lord,

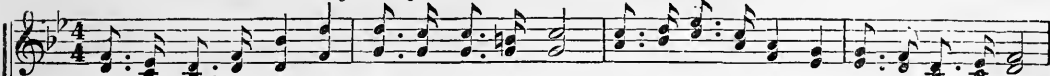
praise ye the Lord, praise and mag - ni - fy his name for - ev - er - more. A - men, a - men.

# VICTORY THROUGH OUR LORD JESUS.\*

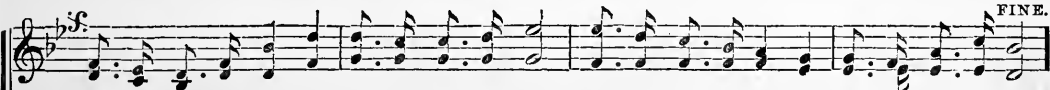
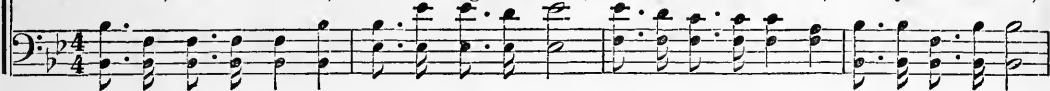
E. D. MUND.

"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 Cor. 15: 5.

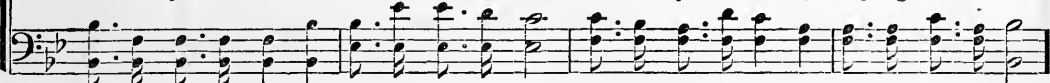
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Hear the shout of triumph, hear the might-y song! Filling earth and heaven as it rolls a-long;
2. 'Tis the host redeemed that stands in bright ar-ray, Hymning, harping all the glad e-ter-nal day;
3. Man - y were the bat-tles, con-stant was the strife, Fierce the raging con-flicts in their earthly life;
4. On-ward, let us ev - er, tho' our strength be small, Je - sus is our Lead-er, ev - 'ry foe must fall;

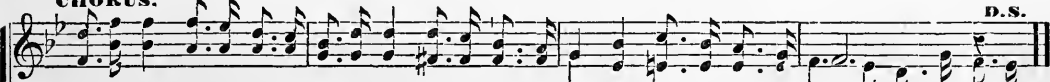


Like the roar of o - cean breaking on the shore, "Vic-to - ry thro' Je-sus," now and ev-er-more.  
 Cast-ing palms and crowns low at the Master's feet, "Vic-to - ry thro' Je-sus," an - gel lips re-peat.  
 Yet they nev - er fal-tered, for the Lord was strong, He was Rock and Fortress, Vic-to - ry and Song.  
 Then we'll join the ransom'd on the oth - er shore, "Vic-to - ry thro' Je-sus," sing-ing ev - er-more.

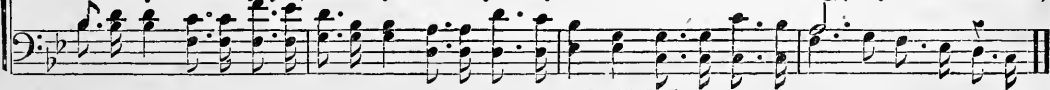


D. S. Vic - to - ry thro' Je - sus, pass the word a - long, Vic - to - ry the watchword, Vic-to - ry the song.

**CHORUS.**



Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! yes, vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! They shout in chorus loud and long, (they shout in chorus.)



\* From "Heavenly Carols," by per. Copyright, 1878, by E. S. Lorenz.

MARION WYMAN.

"Neither murmur ye."—1 Cor. 10: 10.

J. H. KURZENKNAEB.

1. Look, pilgrim, weary of sor-row, Look, be not tempted to sin; Look to the blissful to-mor-row;  
 2. Look to the heav-en that's o'er thee, Look to the home up-on high; Look to the crown that's before thee,  
 3. Look now, to leave all thy sadness, Look now, to leave all thy sin; Look now, to enter with glad-ness;  
 4. Look, soon you'll pass o'er the portal, Look, soon you'll meet with the blest; Look, soon the blissful immortal,

Look! an-gels surround thee, Look for-ward, faint

**CHORUS:**

Look to the home you may win,  
 Look! to for-get ev-'ry sigh. Look! ever angels, bright angels surround thee; Look ever forward, oh,  
 Look now, that mansion within.  
 Look! soon the heav-en-ly rest.

not; Look! press on thy jour - - ney, Look up-ward to God.

pil-grim, faint not; Look! ev-er press on thy heav-en-ly jour-ney, Look ev-er up-ward to God.

# XENIA. (C. M. Double.)

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"I will not forget thy word."—PSALMS 119: 16.

C. B. HOLMES.

*Moderato.*

1. How shall the young se - cure their hearts, And guard their lives from sin? Thy word the choic-est  
 2. 'Tis like the sun, a heav'n-ly light, That guides us all the day; And thro' the dangers

rules im-parts, To keep the con-science clean. Thy word is ev - er - last - ing truth, How  
 of the night A lamp to lead our way. Lord, send thy word to ev - 'ry heart By

pure is ev - 'ry page! Oh, may its pre - cepts guide our youth, And well support our age.  
 thine al-might - y voice; Ear - ly from sin may we de-part, And make thy love our choice.

## THERE IS A FOLD WHERE NONE CAN STRAY.

"And they shall see his face."—REV. 22: 4.

R. G. STAPLES.

*Andante affetuoso.*

1. There is a fold where none can stray, And pastures ev-er green, Where sultry sun, or stormy day, Or  
2. Soon at his feet my soul will lie In life's last struggling breath; But I shall only seem to die, I

night is nev - er seen. One nar - row vale, one darksome wave, Divides that land from this; I  
shall not taste of death. Far from this guilt - y world to be Ex-empt from toil and strife, To

**CHORUS.**

have a Shep-herd, pledged to save And bear me home to bliss. Oh, meet me, oh,  
spend e - ter - ni - ty with thee, My Sav - ior, this is life. Oh, meet me there, oh,

meet me, A-mong the pure and blest; Oh, meet me, oh, meet me, In yon-der land of rest.  
meet me there, A-mong the pure and blest; Oh, meet me there, oh, meet me, In yon-der land of rest.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

REV. H. BONAR.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

KARL REDEN.\*

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv - i - lege to car - ry  
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trouble a - ny - where? We should nev - er 'be dis - cour - aged,  
3. Are you weak and heav - y la - den, Cumber'd with a load of care? Pre - cious Sav - ior, still our ref - uge—

D. S. All be - cause we do not car - ry  
D. S. Je - sus knows our ev 'ry weak - ness,  
D. S. In his arms he'll take and shield thee,

FINE.

D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer. Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feited, Oh, what need - less pain we bear,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a Friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends de - spise, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

\* By permission.

## CAN IT BE SO?

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white as snow."—ISAIAH 1: 18.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The past years of my life have been sin - ful, And the rec - ord is cov - ered with blot;  
 2. Can the stain be re - moved from my gar - ment, And my heart then be made white as snow?  
 3. I am all un - de - serv - ing his fav - or, I am weak, and my faith, it is small;  
 4. Not a trace of my sin, tho' so crim - son, Will be found on my rai - ment so white,

But I read in the Book God has giv - en That the blood can e - rase each dark spot.  
 Shall I stand in his sight in pure rai - ment? Let the tears of sweet grat - i - tude flow.  
 But I know that the dear, lov - ing Sav - ior Has a room in his heart for us all.  
 For the blood of the cru - ci - fied Je - sus Will re - move ev - 'ry spot from his sight.

**CHORUS.**

White . . . as the snow, . . . Can . . . it be so?  
 White as the snow, white as the snow, Can it be so, can it be so?



Yes, for no crimson stain, . . . Will on my heart re-main, . . . will on my heart re - main.  
 crimson stain, main, re-main.

## WHY NOT BE SAVED?

R. G. STAPLES.

"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS 18: 21.

Mrs. D. E. DOERCH.

*With much feeling.*

1. Why not be saved, why not be saved? God's waiting now to bless; He on - ly asks you
2. Why not be saved? why not just now? Go view the bleed-ing side, The nail-prints in the
3. Why not be saved? All this for you, And still you hes - i - tate? Nay, more; some e'en his
4. Why not be saved, why not be saved? The days are pass-ing by; To judg-ment ye must

D. S. *No long - er, then, pro-*

**FINE. CHORUS.**

to repent, And all your sins confess.  
 hands and feet, Of Je-sus cru - ci - fied. Why not besav'd, why not to-night? Excus-es are in vain;  
 name blaspheme, And trifle with their fate.  
 soon bé bro't, Why, then, elect to die?

*cras - ti-nate, And slay your Lord again.*

## YES, FLASH THE NEWS ALONG THE LINE.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith."—1 JOHN 5: 4.

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

SOPRANO SOLO. *Allegretto.*

1. How goes the bat-tle, com-rades? What is the news from the front to-day? Are you gaining ground for  
 2. How are the prospets, comrades? Is there a hope that the foe will yield? In the name of Jesus,  
 3. Praise God for glorious vic - t'ry One more is sav'd from the ranks of sin! Come and join the holy

CHORUS. *with energy.*

Je - sus? Do the hosts of sin give way?  
 for - ward! On, and gain for Christ the field. Yes, flash the news a - long the line: An -  
 ar - my! Oh, ye friends of Christ, fall in! flash the news a - long the line:

oth - er glorious vic - to - ry! Flash! flash the news along the line, Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry a - gain.

# STILL THERE'S ROOM FOR OTHERS.

89

R. A. GLENN. "And the servant said: It is done as thou hast commanded, and yet there is room."—LUKE 14: 22. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Come and join our great command, Still there's room for others; Marching to the promis'd land, Still there's room for others.  
 2. Je - sus bids you welcome there, Still there's room for others; Of his glo-ry you may share, Still there's room for others.  
 3. They that will not bear the cross Must be lost for - ev - er; Christ will count all such as dross; They'll be lost for - ev - er.

Mill - ions safe have land-ed there, Still there's room for others; Palms of vict'ry now they bear, Still there's room for oth-ers.  
 Welcome, will the an-gels sing, Still there's room for others; There we'll meet the host redeem'd, Still there's room for others.  
 Who will hear the word "Depart," You are lost for - ev - er; When he says, "I knew you not," You are lost for - ev - er.

Room, room, Still there's room for oth-ers; Palms of vic - t'ry now they bear, Still there's room for oth-ers.  
 3d v. Lost! lost! Who'll be lost for - ev - er; Hear the sol-emn word "Depart," Lost, yes, lost for - ev - er.

## HE KNOWETH THE WAY.

London "Christian World." "His children shall all have a place of refuge."—PROV. 14: 26.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. I know not—the way is so misty— The joys or the griefs it shall bring, What clouds are o'er-  
 2. I stand where the two ways are meeting, And know not the right from the wrong; No beek-on-ing  
 3. And I know that the way leadeth homeward To the land of the pure and the blest, To the country of

hanging the future, What flow'rs by the roadside shall spring; But there's One who will journey beside me, Nor in  
 fin - gers di - rect me, No welcome floats to me in song; But my guide will soon give me a token, By  
 ev - er-fair Summer, To the cit - y of peace and of rest; And there shall be healing for sickness, And

weal nor in woe will for-sake; And this is my solace and comfort—"He knoweth the way that I take."  
 wil - derness, mountain, or lake; What - ev - er the darkness about me, "He knoweth the way that I take."  
 fountains, life's fever to slake; What matters beside? I go heav'nward, "He knoweth the way that I take."

## OH, WHAT A WORLD OF SADNESS.

91

Mrs. L. E. PROCTOR.

"And the Lord turned and looked upon Peter."—LUKE 22: 61.

GABRIEL MIESSÉ.

1. Oh, what a world of sad-ness lay In our Re-deem-er's tear-ful eye; It touch'd a chord in  
 2. Ar-dent, im-puls-ive; read-y e'er To hear the Lord of earth and sky; Why in this dark, be-  
 3. O Gal-i-le-an, hon-or'd, lov'd! Assail'd by Sa-tan in his might; Why wast thou rec-reant  
 4. Tears, bit-ter tears, be-fit thee well, For Christ wept tears of blood for thee; Wrestled in an-guish  
 5. Look! Savior, look up-on us now; Oh, break our sto-ny hearts in twain; Su-preme-ly may we

**CHORUS.**

Peter's heart, And wrung from him that bitter cry.  
 tray-al hour Did he his Mas-ter thus de-ny?  
 to thy Lord, Up-on that sad, that aw-ful night? Lord, grant thy serv-ants per-fect faith, To  
 all the night, And dolesome was Geth-sem-a-ne.  
 love thee, Lord, And with thee soon in triumph reign.

watch, to wait, and to de-fy; The world of scoffers to be-hold, And not like them the truth de-ny.

## LO! HE COMES.

R. P. ORR.

REV. 1: 7.

R. PORTER ORR.

1. Lo! he comes, but not a Sav - ior, Not by griefs and woes op - press'd; Not the meek, de - spis - ed  
 2. But he comes, with clouds descending, With him saints, unnumber'd brings; Yes, he comes, the now tri -  
 3. They who were his true dis - ci - ples Glad - ly will his com - ing hail; They who's light - ed his free

Je - sus, Not the hum - ble man - ger - guest. Not to pub - lish free sal - va - tion, Not to  
 umph - ant Lord of lords and King of kings; Comes to judge the guilt - y na - tions; Ev - 'ry  
 par - don, They shall at his pres - ence wail. To his own he'll give a king - dom, And a

bear the sins of men; Not to be be - tray'd, re - ject - ed, Scourg'd, and cru - ci - fied a - gain,  
 eye shall see that hour; They who pierc'd him, they shall see him, And shall tremble at his power.  
 crown each one shall wear; But his foes shall hear the sentence: *Doom'd to dark - ness and de - spair.*

# GOD'S GREAT LOVE.

R. G. STAPLES.

"But commandeth all men every-where to repent."—ACTS 17: 30.  
1st time. 2d time. W. E. BURNETT.

1. 'Tis sweet to sing of God's great love, That love which freely sent  
 In - to the world his on - ly Son; [Omit. . . . .] But still, we must re - pent.  
 2. { The voice ce - les - tial speaks to thee In ac - cents soft and mild;  
 Oh, heed the voice, the warning voice, [Omit. . . . .] And come to God, my child.

God's love will nev - er par-don grant For un - re-pent-ed sin, Tho' straight the path, and wide the door  
 His Son, as in - ter - cess - or, stands Prepar'd (for thee) to plead; The in - vi - ta - tion is to all

**CHORUS.**

By which we enter in { Repent, repent, forsake your sins, Behold the mercy-seat;  
 Who feel themselves in need. { Let nothing hinder, come to-day, [Omit. . . . .] And bow at Jesus' feet.

## SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

"And be ye kind one to another."—Eph. 4: 32.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gath - er up the sun - beams Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us keep the wheat and  
 2. Strange we nev - er prize the mu - sic Till the sweet - voiced bird is flown! Strange that we should slight the  
 3. If we knew the ba - by fin - gers, Pressed a - gainst the win - dow - pane, Would be cold and stiff to -  
 4. Ah! those lit - tle ice - cold fin - gers, How they point the mem - 'ries back To the hast - y words and

ro - ses, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweet - est com - fort In the bless - ings of to -  
 vi - lets Till the love - ly flow'rs are gone! Strange that sum - mer skies and sun - shine Nev - er seem one - half 'so  
 mor - row—Nev - er trou - ble us a - gain—Would the bright eyes of our dar - ling Catch the frown up - on our  
 ac - tions Strewn a - round our back - ward track! How these lit - tle hands re - mind us, As in snow - y grace they

**CHORUS.**

day, With a pa - tient hand re - mov - ing All the bri - ars from the way. Then scat - ter seeds of  
 fair As when win - ter's snow - y pin - ions Shake the white down in the air.  
 brow? Would the prints of ro - sy fin - gers Vex us then as they do now?  
 lie, Not to scat - ter thorns, but ro - ses, For our reap - ing by and by.

By permission of Philip Phillips.



*Ad lib.*

kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, For our reap-ing by and by.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 7/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is written in a simple, folk-like style with dotted rhythms and rests.

## THIS LOVE SO FREE.

M. J. M.

"That he by the grace of God should taste death for every man."—HEB. 2: 9.

MARK M. JONES.

**SOLO.**

1. How ten-der-ly Je-sus loves us, With love so pure and free; Down from his throne above us, It comes to you and me.  
 2. His love so free-ly giv - en Was purchased with the blood That from his dear side riv - en, Pours forth a sav-ing flood.  
 3. Be - neath that pur-ple fountain, That flows from Jesus' side, Down over Cal - va-ry's mountain, We safely may a - bide.  
 4. And now the Sav-ior begs us This precious blood re-ceive, And all that it will cost us, Is sim-ply to be - lieve.

The musical score for the solo consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and features a prominent bass line.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, who can conceive it, Oh, who can be-lieve it, Oh, who will re-ceive it, This love so free?

The musical score for the chorus consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 6/8 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and features a prominent bass line.

From the "Song Champion," by permission.

## LET THEM COME.

A. B. B.

"Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me."—MATT. 19: 14.

A. B. BRAGDON.

1. When of old, in their faith, seek-ing for his bless-ing, Par-ents un-to Je-sus had their  
 2. As of old, stands he now, with his arms ex-tend-ed, Gra-cious-ly in-vit-ing lit-tle

CHO. *Let them come, let them come, ne'er their footsteps stay-ing; Let them seek their on-ly Sav-ior*

lit-tle chil-dren brought, Then he said un-to them, love di-vine ex-press-ing,  
 chil-dren to his breast, That their songs up-on high, with the an-gels' blend-ed,

*in their ear-ly days, That their feet from his path in their age ne'er stray-ing,*

FINE.

"Suf-fer them to come un-to me, and for-bid them not." { And to these, bring-ing thus  
 May be heard for-ev-er in the man-sions of the blest. { But he said, as with love  
 { And the heart that of old  
 { And his voice, soft and sweet,

*Shall be bro't to heav'n, where they shall ev-er sing his praise.*

# LET THEM COME. Concluded.

97

D. C. for Chorus.

1st time. | 2d time.

un - to Christ their lit-tle ones, By the twelve standing near grave re-buke was given;  
 in - fi - nite he bless'd them there, "Let them come, for of such is the realm of . . . heav'n." Yes,  
 bless'd the lit - tle ones they bro't, Still in - vites, still en-treats, still has am - ple room;  
 speaks to each re - buk-ing heart, "Stay them not, nor for-bid— suf - fer them to . . . come." Yes,

# GENTLE WORDS AND LOVING DEEDS.

R. G. STAPLES.

*Legato.*

"Be not weary in well doing."—2 THESS. 3: 13.

1. Life's ro - sy morn her gold - en light Is soft - ly fling - ing o'er us, And many a love - ly fruit and flow'r Doth  
 2. Each day up - on its heav'nward flight Should bear some record, gold - en, Of gen - tle words and lov - ing deeds, And  
 3. Then let us link each heart and hand In bonds of love to - geth - er, To toil in life's sweet sum-mer-tide, E'en

deck the path be - fore us; But, oh, the fair - est flow' - rets fade When death comes sadly steal - ing; Then  
 let us seek that ra - diant land Where sweetest notes are [Omit. . . .] peal - ing.  
 help - ing hands out - hold - en— Some broth - er cheer'd up - on the way, Some sis - ter's spir - it brightened; Some  
 wand'ring lamb led back a - gain, Some wea - ry bo - som [Omit. . . .] lightened.  
 on to win - try weath - er, That soon each heart in ev - 'ry clime From all things else may sev - er, And  
 learn to bow at Je - sus' shrine For - ev - er and for - [Omit. . . .] ev - er.

## SILENT WATCHES.

R. G. STAPLES.

"A still, small voice."—1 KINGS 19: 12.

CHAS. H. CARROLL.

1. In si - lent watch-es of the night There comes a warn-ing low, A soft and pensive voice that  
 2. It pic-tures yon-der surg-ing sea, Where thousands sink be-low; The stream is vast e - ter - ni-  
 3. A - non, a gen - tle voice of love Un-to our ea - ger soul Doth speak of one a - bove the

speaks Un-to the conscience sore, All burdened and oppress'd with sin; A truth-ful tale you  
 ty, And end - less is its flow; Some sink, a - las! to rise no more, Doom'd subjects of God's  
 storm, Who can its rage con-trol. It tells of Je - sus, cru - ci - fied, Who in - ter - ces - sion

**CHORUS.**  
 hear, While sleeping on destruction's verge. And callous to all fear.  
 wrath; They've fed their own deprav'd desires, And trod the downward path. Then lis-ten, lis-ten, sin-ner,  
 makes, Who pleads his all - a - ton-ing blood—His suff'rings for our sakes.

now, Bolt not your bo-som's door; The Sav-ior at its por-tal knocks, And oft has knock'd be-fore.

## WE ARE COMING.

H. B. DISNEY.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."—PSALMS 23: 2.

J. F. DISNEY.

1. We are marching onward, upward, We are trav'ling toward the prize, And if Je - sus is our
2. We will wash our robes, and make them Pure and spotless as the Throne, So that when we reach that
3. We will drink the liv - ing wa - ter, We will lie in pas-tures green; We will live to live here-

D. S. *And we'll ev - er live for*

## FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

watchword, We will reach the up- per skies.  
 ha - ven, We shall know as we are known. We are com-ing, blessed Savior, To thy con-se-cra-ted cross,  
 af - ter, When we reach the great un-seen.

*Je - sus, Count-ing all things else as loss.*

# 100 'T WAS RUM THAT SPOILED MY BOY.

Rev. L. F. COLE.

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—Prov. 10: 1.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

**SOLO.** *With pathos.*

1. I have seen a moth-er weep-ing O'er a lit-tle pal-lid face; I have seen her kiss the  
 2. I have known a moth-er wait-ing, Wait-ing while the years roll'd by, Start-ing from her dreams at  
 3. I have seen a moth-er pac-ing, On the shore where breaks the sea, Plead-ing with the storm-y  
 4. Gaze in-to the eyes cher-u-bic; Rain your kiss-es on his cheek; Clasp him fond-ly to your

**Rit.**

fore-head, Seen the last, sad, fond em-brace; I have seen her heav-y, heart-sore, Turn-ing tow'rd her home a-  
 mid-night, Wait-ing, watch-ing ea-ger-ly For her boy, long-lost, and wan-d'ring In some strange and dis-tant  
 wa-ters: "Give, oh, give my dead to me!" But by waves by far more cru-el, Waves that drowned my sweetest  
 bo-som; Feel the thrill you can not speak; Link your-self to God and heav-en, All your moth-er love em-

**CHORUS.** *with holy indignation.*

gain; And I've en-vid her her sad-ness. There was much to soothe her pain.  
 land, And I've tho't, Oh, blest the watch-er! Hop-ing yet to clasp his hand.  
 joy, I am sit-ting and la-ment-ing—Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!  
 ploy, That your lips may nev-er fal-ter—Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my boy!

Oh, 'twas rum that spoiled my  
 boy!

By permission.

dar-ling; Rum enthroned but to de-stroy; Drive the mon-ster from the na-tion, Then you'll shout, We've saved the boy!

OVER THERE.

REV. 15: 2, 3.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a band of an-gel watch - ers Just a - cross the foam-ing tide— O - ver by the dark, cold wa - ters,  
 2. Wait - ing there with smiling fa - ces, In their robes of spot-less white, While far out up - on the riv - er  
 3. O'er our earth-ly homes are gath-ered Many a shad-ow, many a gloom, For the loved ones who are sleep - ing  
 4. But these scenes will soon be o - ver; Soon we'll join the ransomed band; Soon we'll clasp the forms that bind us

D. S. An - gel voic-es ring-ing, ring - ing,

**FINE. CHORUS.** **D.S.**

Wait - ing on the oth - er side.  
 Comes to us a gleam of light.  
 In the si - lence of the tomb.  
 To the un - seen spir - it - land.

Hark! there's mu-sic on the wa - ters, Borne a - long the balm - y air,

O - ver there, just o - ver there. From "Golden Sunbeams," by permission.

## GIVE HIM THY HEART.

R. G. S.

"For why will ye die?"—EZEKIEL 18: 31.

R. G. STAPLES.

*Entreatingly.*

1. Be - hold, he stands wait-ing, and knocks at thy heart; So oft has he knock'd there be - fore; Oh, will you not  
 2. Those hands once ex - tend - ed and nailed to the cross; That brow, in de - ri-sion, thorn-crown'd; That side, pierc'd by  
 3. Then list to the call of the cru - ci - fied One, Who suf-fered in an-guish for thee; Tho' sin - ful and  
 4. Yes, o - pen, wide o - pen, the door of thy heart, Let Je - sus, as Sav - ior, come in; His grace is suf-

**CHORUS.**

o - pen, and bid him come in, Or will you a - gain bolt the door?  
 spears, is a fount-ain, that flows For heal - ing of na-tions a - round. Oh, bid him come in, Be cleans'd from all sin, And  
 vile, yet his love is so great, That none of thy sins will he see.  
 fi-cient, oh, won-der-ful love, To cleanse thee, poor sin - ner, of sin.

let not the Sav - ior de - part; He's wait-ing to bless, Thy sins, then, con-fess, And give him, oh, give him, thy heart.  
 thy Sav - ior de - part;



R. B. MAHAFFEY.

"I will arise and go to my Father."—LUKE 15: 18.

R. B. MAHAFFEY.

DUET. *Deliberately.*

1. The won-der-ful love the fa-ther be-stow'd On him who re-turn'd from worldly em-brace, Doth  
 2. A-way from your home and kin-dred so dear, You long have remain'd 'mid hun-ger and cold; There's

**CHORUS.**

plainly foreshow how Christ will receive The penitent soul that trusts in his grace. { Oh, prodigal, turn from  
 shel-ter and bread, e-nough and to spare, Come, hasten a-way and en-ter the fold. { Repent of your sins. a-

| 1st time. | 2d time.

fol-ly and vice, Oh, wan-der no more in sor-row and shame;  
 rise and return, [Omit. . . . .] The Fa-ther a-waits the lost to reclaim.

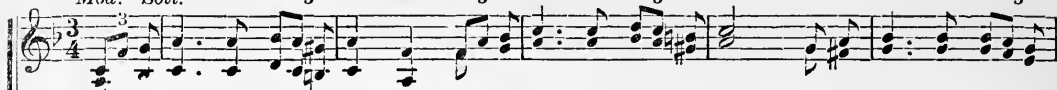
By permission.

## I WOULD LOVE THEE.

E. R. LATTA.

"And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."—MARK 12: 30.

A. J. ABBEY.

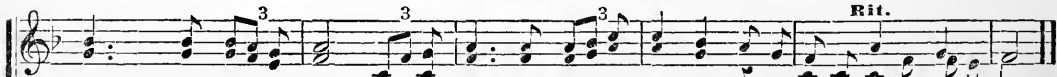
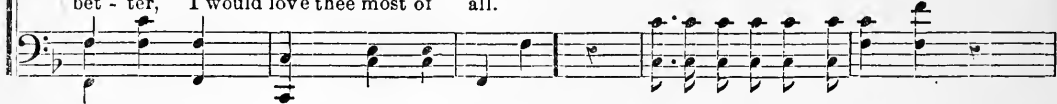
*Mod. Soli.*

1. Lord, I know I can not please thee If I love thee but in part; Having loved with love un-
2. Let my love be un-di-vid-ed, Lord, between the world and thee; Thou dost claim, and thou shalt
3. Earthly friends I fond-ly cher-ish, Lord, ac-cord-ing to thy will; But thy claim than theirs is
4. Lord, I fear I oft-en wrong thee, For my love ap-pears so small; Oh, I long to serveth thee

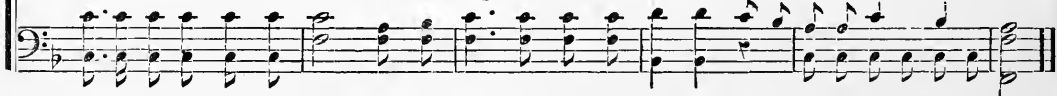


bound-ed, Thou re-quir-est all the heart.  
 have it, Thou who gav-est all for me.  
 strong-er; I would love thee bet-ter still.  
 bet-ter, I would love thee most of all.

I am try - ing, Lord, to serve thee, I thy  
 I am trying, Lord, to serve thee,



won - drous grace a-dore, But I long to serve thee bet-ter, I would love thee more and more.  
 I thy wondrous grace a-dore, But I long to serve thee bet-ter, I would love thee more and more.



# TEMPTED AS WE ARE.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

"But was in all points tempted like as we are."—HEB. 4: 15.

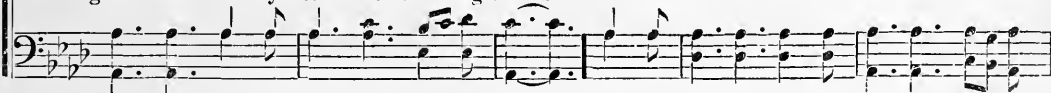
R. G. STAPLES.



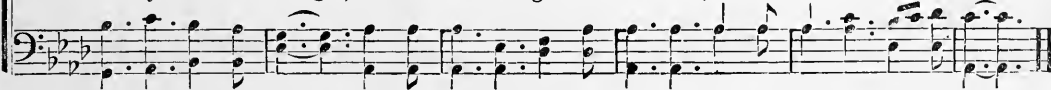
1. Je - sus Christ, our lov - ing Sav - ior, How we long thy face to see; Who hath known our ev'ry
2. E - ven now he's in - ter - ced - ing At the throne of God for thee; In his prom - i - ses we're
3. He hath known our ev'ry sor - row, Trod the wine - press, too, for me; In his lov - ing arms I'm
4. All the path in which he leads us His dear feet have trod be - fore; Trust him, then, to guard and



frail - ty, Who was tempt - ed like as we. He was tempt - ed like as we are, Oh, the  
 rest - ing, Who was tempt - ed like as we.  
 rest - ing, Who was tempt - ed like as we.  
 guide thee Safe - ly to the shin - ing shore.



sweet - ly sol - emn thought, He hath borne our griefs and sorrows, And our soul's sal - va - tion wrought.



## BRING IN THE SHEAVES.

R. G. STAPLES.

"For the harvest is ripe."—JOEL 3: 13.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. Bring in sheaves! the har-vest-field Now is ripe with wav-ing grain; Ev-'ry-where there's  
 2. Bring in sheaves! re-joic-ing come, Soon the har-vest w'll be o'er; Win-now'd grain, and  
 3. Bring in sheaves, rich, gold-en sheaves, Fruitage of the sto-ry old; Je-sus still has  
 4. Pre-cious seed, tho' sown in tears, In fru-i-tion oft-en yields Thou-sand fold for

**CHORUS.**

work to do; Gath-er sheaves! 'twill not be vain.  
 not the chaff, Home be gar-nered ev-er-more. Bring in the sheaves, bring in the sheaves,  
 power to save All who come with-in his fold.  
 all the grain Scat-tered broad-cast o'er the fields.

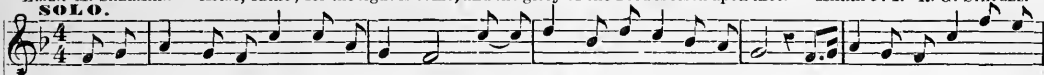
Bring in the sheaves of golden grain; Ev'ry-where there's work to do, Gather sheaves, 'twill not be vain.

# IS YOUR LIGHT SHINING?

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ELIZA M. SHERMAN. "Arise, shine; for the light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—ISAIAH 9: 1. R. G. STAPLES.

**SOLO.**



1. Is your light shin-ing bright-ly, my broth - er? Does it cast a broad gleam o'er the wave? From sin, and from danger, and
2. Let it shine with a light bright and cheer - y, Let it shine with a light broad and glad; It may speak peace and hope to the
3. Let your light shine so bright-ly, my broth - er, That oth - ers may take note of you, And glo - ri - fy Je - sus in
4. Let it shine in the homes of the fall - en, And cast a glad radiance with-in; Christ pardoned the weak and the

**INST.**



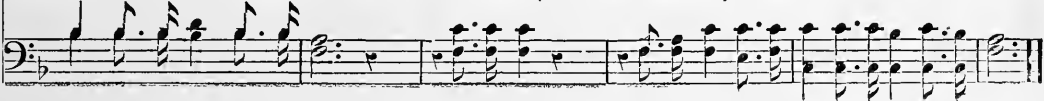
**CHORUS.**



sor - row Some poor ship-wreck'd soul it may save. Let it shine, let it shine,  
 wea - ry, It may bring joy and trust to the sad. O'er the  
 heav - en, By see - ing the good that you do. Let it shine, let it shine,  
 sin - ful, And died to save them from sin.



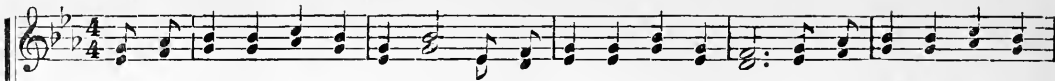
waves of the dark, roll - ing sea; Let it shine, let it shine, So the na-tions its glo - ry may see.  
 Let it shine, let it shine,



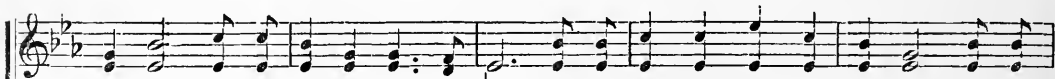
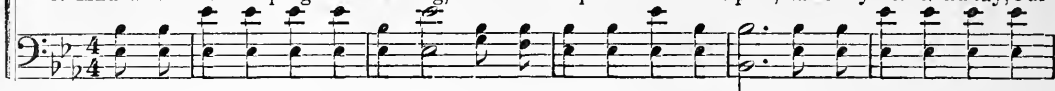
MARY JANE PHILLIPS.

"They looked unto him, and were lightened."—PSALMS 34: 5.

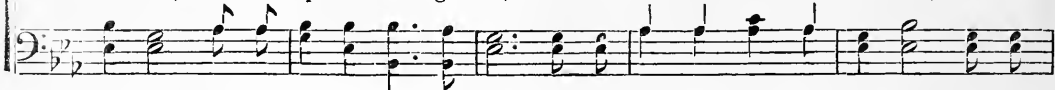
R. A. GLENN.



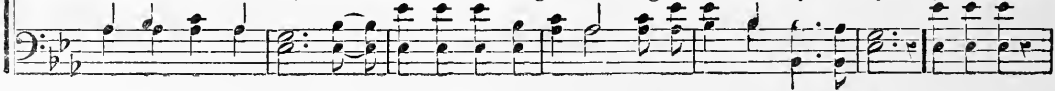
1. When the dark clouds round thee gather, And the storms of life as - sail, Raise thy heart, and say, Our
2. When for lov'd ones thou art weeping, Lov'd ones who have gone be-fore, Who with-in the cold grave
3. And when friendship's glow is fad-ing, And the lamp of love burns pale, Raise thy heart, and say, Our



Fa - ther, Let not hope and cour-age fail; For the sun is bright - ly shin - ing Just be-  
sleep - ing, You will see on earth no more; And thy heart is sad and wea - ry, Check, oh,  
Fa - ther, Let not hope and cour-age fail; There's a friend who ne'er will leave thee, There's a



yond the clouds of night; Seest thou their silver lining? By and by there will be light. By  
and check the ris - ing sigh; Look to heaven, trust in Je - sus, Thou shalt meet them by and by.  
love that can not die; Look to Je - sus, he will give thee Light in heaven by and by. By and by,



by Light will greet thee by and by; Look to Je-sus, he will give thee Light in heaven by and by.  
by and by,

ARE YE HEAVY LADEN?

E. R. LATTA. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28. A. J. ABBEY.  
*Gently.*

1. Are ye heav-y lad - en? Hear the Savior say, All your heav-y bur-dens I will take a - way!  
2. Are ye heav-y lad - en With a sense of sin? Peace and con-so - la - tion Ye may have with-in.  
3. Are ye heav-y lad - en? Hear the Savior say, Come to me for com-fort, Come to me to - day.

**SOLI.**

**CHORUS.**

**Rit.**

Come and bring the troubles That your peace molest. I will bear them for you, I will give you rest!  
Does a load of sor-row Weigh upon your breast? I will bear it for you, I will give you rest!  
Is thy spir - it brok - en? Is thy heart depress'd? Come, in faith be-liev-ing. I will give you rest!

## "WHAT SHALL I DO TO BE SAVED?"

Acts 16: 30

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sor-rows that bur-den my soul? Like the waves in the storm, When the winds are at  
 2. O! what shall I do to be saved, When the pleasures of youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved From the earth are re-  
 3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-  
 4. O Lord, look in mer-cy on me, Come, oh, come, and speak peace to my soul: Un-to whom shall I flee, Dear-est Lord, but to

war, Chilling floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 moved, And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view. What shall I do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 thee; Thou canst make my poor, broken heart whole. That will I do! that will I do! To Je-sus I'll go and be saved!

From "Bradbury's Trio" by permission of Biglow &amp; Main.

## TRUST.

J. EGERTON RAYMOND.

"Put your trust in the Lord."—PSALMS 4: 5.

R. G. STAPLES

*Andante Affetuoso.*

1. Fa-ther, I can not see the light, The way is drear-y; A-round me hang the clouds of night,  
 2. I have no one to show the way, None to up-hold me, For all, with me have gone a-stray:  
 3. Fa-ther, help me in thee to trust, For thou canst guide me. I know thy ways, that they are just,  
 4. When-e'er to thee for aid I fly, Oh, be thou near me! Look on me with a pity-ing eye,  
 5. When 'round me hang the shades of night, Thou'lt not for-sake me; When earth is fad-ing from my sight,



Shut-ting all beau-ty from my sight: I can not see the path of right—Fa-ther, I'm wea-ry.  
 I walk a-lone from day to day, With no strong, trust-ing arm to stay, None to en-fold me.  
 Thou know'st I'm but a child of dust; And when be-set by earth-ly lust, My Fa-ther, hide me.  
 A ref-uge he when dan-ger's nigh, And when o'er-come, to thee I cry, My Fa-ther, hear me.  
 Let burst a flood of gold-en light, From out those gates of glo-ry bright, And thith-er take me.

H. L. HASTINGS.

## SHALL WE MEET BEYOND THE RIVER?

ELISHA S. RICE.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 30: 10.

1. Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll? Where in all the bright for-  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest har-bor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er? Shall we meet and cast the  
 3. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow'rs of crys-tal shine? Where the walls are all of  
 4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Sav-ior, When he comes to claim his own? Shall we know his bless-ed

D. S. Shall we meet be-yond the

## FINE. CHORUS.

ev-er, Sor-row ne'er shall press the soul?  
 an-chor By the bright, ce-les-tial shore? Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv-er?  
 jas-per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
 fa-vor, And sit down up-on his throne?

riv-er, Where the surg-es cease to roll? (From "Little Sower," by permission.)

## HARK TO THE NOTES.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. "Fear not, for I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—LUKE 2: 10. R. G. STAPLES.

1. Hark to the notes, which come from glo-ry! Trem-bling the air with an-gels' wings;  
 2. In Beth-l'em's fields were shepherds, keep-ing O-ver their flocks their watch by night;  
 3. Back-ward God's hosts of light are wing-ing, Back-ward a-gain to heav'n their flight;  
 4. Shep-herds now haste to seek the Stran-ger, Je-sus, thus born of Da-vid's line;  
 5. Hark to the notes! a-gain re-sound-ing, O'er the glad earth the an-gel's sing!

**FINE.**  
 Rapt-rous they tell the strange, strange sto-ry: Je-sus is born, the King of kings!  
 All the round earth in si-lence sleeping,—Flood-ed they were with song and light.  
 Peace and good-will so sweet-ly sing-ing In-to the ear of Beth-l'em's night.  
 Bend-ing the knee a-round the man-ger, Wor-ship-ping there earth's Guest di-vine.  
 Peace and good-will thro' grace a-bound-ing; To Beth-l'em's Babe your trib-ute bring.

*D.S.* Hark to the an-gels, hear their e-van-gels, "Glo-ry to God! good-will to men."

**CHORUS.**  
 Hark to the notes the an-gels are sing-ing, Hark, how they tell the tale a-gain.  
 Hark, the an-gels now are sing-ing. Hark, they tell the tale a-gain.

**D.S.**

# "I'M NEARING THE GATES."\*

113

I. B.

"The holy Jerusalem."—REV. 21: 10.

"And had twelve gates."—REV. 21: 12.

I. BALTZELL.

*Moderato.*

1. "I'm near-ing the gates" of the cit - y, Yon cit - y so bright and so fair; With Christ and the  
 2. "I'm near-ing the gates" of the cit - y, Where death has no ter - ror or sting; I soon shall be  
 3. "E - ter - ni - ty dawns" like a morn - ing Of sun - shine and beau - ty most rare; All glo - ry to

I'm near - ing the gates, I'm  
**CHORUS.**

an - gels at - tend - ing, Oh, glo - ry! I soon shall be there.  
 hap - py for - ev - er With Je - sus, my Sav - ior and King. I m nearing the beautiful gates, I'm  
 Je - sus, my Sav - ior, I'll soon be at home with him there.

near - ing the gates, I'm near - ing the cit - y,  
 nearing the beautiful gates, I'm nearing the gates of the cit - y, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

From "Heavenly Carols," by permission.

\* Dying words of Rev. Dr. Eddy.

Mrs. B. A. FERRIGO.

"In whom we have redemption through his blood."—EPH. 1: 7.

J. T. GRAPE.

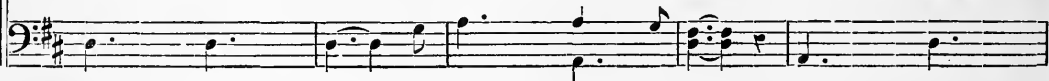
DUET.



1. Have you heard of the kind-ness of Je-sus? Have you read of his won-drous love? How he
2. Have you heard of the roll-ing riv-er That flows from our Father's great throne? Where
3. Have you heard how that heav-en-ly cit-y Is bright with the glo-ry of God? No



came all the way from glo-ry, To ask us to mansions a-bove? To give us a place with the  
 wa-ters are clear-er than crys-tal; A stream flowing onward and on, By which grows the tree ever-  
 need for the moon to shine in it, Its sky by the sun ne'er is trod. Its day is a day nev-er



bles-sed, A share in the realms of the sky; A pledge, and a prom-ise for-ev-er, That  
 last-ing, With fruit for the na-tions so free; And leaves that will heal all the peo-ple Who  
 end-ing, Its light is un-min-gled with gloom; A place for the per-fect and ho-ly, Where



## CHORUS.

we shall live with him on high? Oh, yes, we have heard of dear Je - sus, We have read of his  
rest 'neath its broad can - o - py? Oh, yes, we have heard of that riv - er, And read of the  
kings meet—for us there is room. Oh, yes, we have read of that cit - y, With its gates o - pen

won - drous love; And glad - ly we'll join the sweet cho - rus, As on to those mansions we move.  
tree by its side; And feel when this life here is end - ed We, too, by its banks will a - bide.  
wide all the day; And as we press on to its por - tals, We'll sing of the beau - ti - ful way.

## HELEN. C. M.

"Unto you, therefore, which believe he is precious."—1 PETER 2: 7.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

*Moderato.*

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a believer's ear, It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fears.  
2. It makes the wounded spir - it whole, And calms the troubled breast; 'Tis manna to the hungry soul, And to the weary rest.  
3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hiding - place; My never - failing treasury filled With boundless stores of grace.  
4. Je - sus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend, My Prophet, Priest, and King, My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Accept the praise I bring.

Words arranged.

"A Savior, which is Christ, our Lord."—LUKE 2: 11.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. { Chris - tians, a-wake! sa - lute the hap - py morn Whereon the Sav - ior of mankind was born;  
Rise to a - dore the mys - te - ry of love Which hosts of an - gels chant-ed from a - bove.

2. { Hark! what sweet sounds, what music fills the air! In - warb - ling tones it strikes the ravish'd ear;  
An - gel - ic hosts, with har - mo - ny di - vine, De - scend from heav'n, and in full cho - rus join.

3. { Christ came to save your souls from death and gloom; To realms of bliss he lifts you from the tomb;  
Glo - ry to God! ye mortals, spread the sound, In rapt - ured strains, to earth's re - mot - est bound.

**CHORUS.**

With an - gels first the joy - ful tid - ings be - gun—The tid - ings of the birth of God's be - lov - ed Son,

And loud the praise of wondrous love they sang, While heav'n and earth with hal - le - lu - jahs rang.

# BENEATH THE CROSS.

117

Rev. H. BONÆ.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—ISAIAH 33: 2.

CHAS. E. POLLOCK.  
**CHORUS.**

1. { Op-pressed with noon-day's scorching heat, To yon-der cross I flee; No shade like  
Be-neath its shel-ter take my seat; No [Omit. . . .] shade like this for me. No spring like  
2. { Be-neath that cross clear wa-ters burst, A fount-ain full and free; ] spring like this for me. No rest  
And there I quench my des-ert thirst, No [Omit. . . .] spring like this for me. No shade like this, no  
3. { For bur-den-ones a rest-ing place Be-side that cross I see; ] rest like this for me. No spring  
I here cast off my wea-ri-ness, No [Omit. . . .] rest like this for me. rest

this shade like this for me;  
for me; for me; Be-neath its shel-ter take my seat, No shade like this for me.

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

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
That fountain in his day;  
Oh, may I there, though vile as he,  
Wash all my sins away.

3 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
Shall never lose its power,  
Till all the ransomed church of God  
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme,  
And shall be till I die.—COWPER.

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

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

3 Come, and possess me whole,  
Nor hence again remove;  
Settle and fix my way'ring soul  
With all thy weight of love.

4 My one desire be this,  
Thine only love to know;  
To seek and taste no other bliss,  
No other good below.—C. WESLEY.

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

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

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

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

## CHRIST IS RISEN.

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."—Col. 3: 1.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to-day, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Sons of men and an-gels say: Hal-le-  
 2. Love's re-deeming work is done, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Fought the fight, the vict'ry won, Halle-  
 3. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! Christ hath burst the gates of hell, Halle-  
 4. Soar we now where Christ hath led, Glory hal-le-lu-jah! Foll'wing our ex-alt-ed head, Halle-

lujah, praise the Lord. Raise your songs of triumph high; Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth reply, Hallelujah, praise the  
 lujah, praise the Lord. Je-sus' ag-o-ny is o'er, Darkness veils the earth no more, Hallelujah, praise the  
 lujah, praise the Lord. Death in vain forbids him rise; Christ hath open'd Par-a-dise, Hallelujah, praise the  
 lujah, praise the Lord. Made like him, like him we rise; Ours the cross, the grave, the skies, Hallelujah, praise the

**CHORUS.**

Lord. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, praise the Lord! Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, praise ye the Lord!



# I WILL GUIDE THEE.

119

Rev. W. T. DALE.

"— with mine eye."—PSALMS 32: 8.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. I'm a pil - grim here be - low, Trav'ling thro' this vale of woe; But my Fa - ther's  
 2. Oft my path is dark and drear, And my heart is filled with fear; Yet I hear my  
 3. When the fear - ful tem - pest blows, When my en - e - mies op - pose, While the storm is  
 4. When I tread death's gloom - y vale, Still his presence shall not fail; Then his staff shall

## CHORUS.

ev - er nigh, And I hear his lov - ing cry:  
 Sav - ior's voice, And his words my heart re - joice: "I will guide thee, I will guide thee,  
 pass - ing by, Still I hear my Sav - ior nigh:  
 be my stay, And I'll hear my Sav - ior say:

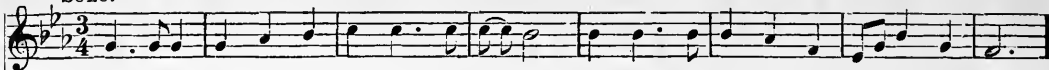
I will guide thee with mine eye; In the way I will instruct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye."

MARY BRAINARD.

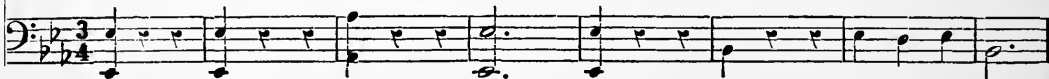
"Wherefore comfort one another with these words."—1 THESS. 4: 18.

CARRIE A. VARNEY.

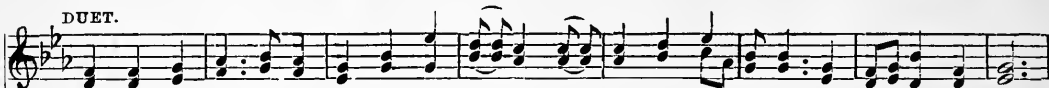
SOLO.



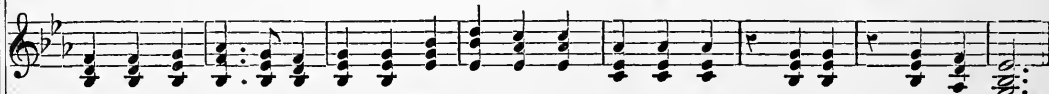
1. Words for the sor-row-ful, kind words of cheering, Sooth-ing the sick soul like health-bearing balm;
2. Words for the wan-der-ing, wise words of warning, Lift-ing the screen from the pit-fall and snare;
3. Words for the pen-i-tent, ten-der and pit-i-ful, Heav-en-sent coun-sel of hope and of cheer;



DUET.



Hush-ing the tempest-toss'd bil-lows of anguish, Till the storm-beaten waters sink in - to a calm.  
 Strong, earnest words, to a - wak-en the guilt - y, Lift - ing the lost from the depths of de-spair.  
 Typ-ing the Father's great love for the prodigal, Lift - ing the bowed one, and wiping the tear.



CHORUS.

Words for the sor - row-ful, Kind words, and true, Spo - ken by Je - sus; Blest words for you.

SOWN IN TEARS.

FANNY DOWNING.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—PSALMS 126: 5.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Chill the air and hard the ground; Not one ray of sun-shine li - eth; O'er the moor, with hol - low sound,  
 2. Sum-mer sun-shine on the hill; Birds on ev - 'ry green tree sing-ing; Shouts of joy the soft air fill,  
 3. In the dark and nar - row tomb, Cost - llier seed we bu - ry weep-ing, And enwrapped in qui - et gloom,  
 4. On our lives a con - stant chill, Like on win - try land - scape ly - ing, Ev - er falls; we trust him still,

D. S. Cease not from thy pa - tient toil,  
 D. S. Mel - low heaps of rip - ened grain  
 D. S. Un - to God's su - preme de - cree  
 D. S. We our bur - ied treas - ure greet,

FINE.

D. S.

Moan - ing low, the cold wind sigh - eth. Sow - er, break the stub - born soil, Lav - ish in its fur - rows heap - ing;  
 Home the har - vest they are bring - ing. And the sow - er on the plain, His long - bur - ied seed now find - ing,  
 Leave it to the Mas - ter's keep - ing. To the end we can not see, Faith her heav'n - ly vis - ion lend - ing,  
 On his faith - ful - ness re - ly - ing. Earth shall melt with fer - vent heat, Time be but an end - ed sto - ry;

Sow the seed and wait the reap - ing.  
 In - to gold - en sheaves is bind - ing.  
 We in meek sub - mis - sion bend - ing.  
 Sown in tears, but reaped in glo - ry.

## "THERE WAS NO ROOM FOR THEM IN THE INN."

MAMIE REPLIER. "And laid him in a manger; because there was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE 2: 7. R. A. KINZIE.

1. No room for him, in whose small hand The troubled sea and mighty land Lie cradled like a  
 2. In vain thy plead-ing ba - by cry Strikes our deaf souls; we pass thee by, Un-shelter'd 'neath the  
 3. Fling wide the doors! dear Christ, turn back! The ash-es on my hearth lie black—Of light and warmth a  
 4. What bleak-er shel - ter can there be Than my cold heart's te-pid - i - ty—Chill'd, wind-toss'd, as the

grain of sand; No room, dear Babe, for thee That Christmas night; and we E'en dare to shut our sinful hearts and  
 wintry sky. No room for God? Shall we Close bar our doors, nor see Our Savior wait-ing just outside, so  
 total lack. This desolation drear Has filled my heart with fear; How can I bid thee, Christ, my Lord, find  
 winter sea? I shrink from thy pure eye: To offer—naught have I; Yet, in thy mercy, Lord, I cry, "pass

**CHORUS.**

turn the key. Fling wide the door, and bid the Lord come in, come in.  
 pa-tient-ly.  
 entrance here. Fling wide the door, and bid the Lord come in, come in, come in, come in.  
 me not by."

# SHALL I LET HIM IN?

123

H. R. PALMER.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Christ is knock-ing at my sad heart; Shall I let him in? Pa-tient-ly plead-ing with  
 2. Shall I send him the lov - ing word; Shall I let him in? Meek-ly ac-cept-ing my  
 3. Yes, I'll o - pen this proud heart's door; Yes, I'll let him in; Glad-ly I'll welcome him

my sad heart, Oh, shall I let him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin; Dark and cheerless is  
 gracious Lord; Oh, shall I let him in? He can in - fi - nite love impart; He can par - don this  
 ev - er - more, Oh, yes, I'll let him in! Bless - ed Sav - ior, a - bide with me; Cares and tri - als will

all with - in: Christ is bid - ding me turn un - to him, Oh, shall I let him in?  
 reb - el heart: Shall I bid him for - ev - er de - part, Or shall I let him in?  
 light - er be: I am safe if I'm on - ly with thee; Oh, bless - ed Lord, come in.

## MY SUPPER IS SPREAD.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

"Come, for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

REV. S. MORRISON.

1. My sup- per is spread, And in- vit - ed each guest; Then, oh, why do you lin - ger? Come, eat, and be blest.  
 2. My sup- per is spread! Oh, come, now, and be wise; Vain are all your ex - cus - es And thoughtless re - plies.  
 3. My sup- per is spread! Then why long - er de - lay? Tho' your sins be as crim - son, You're wel - come to - day.

**CHORUS.**

Come, for all things are now read - y, My fat - lings are killed; Come from highways and from hedges: My house must be filled.

## WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOR.

REV. E. A. H.

"And his name shall be called Wonderful."—ISAIAH 9: 6.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. { He saves the sin - ner from his sins, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 He brings his joy and peace with - in, What a [Omit. ] won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 2. { He par - dons sin - ners here be - low, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 And makes the soul as white as snow, What a [Omit. ] won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 3. { To him my soul, my all, I vow, What a won - der - ful Sav - ior!  
 I trust him, and he saves me now, What a [Omit. ] won - der - ful Sav - ior!

NOTE.—Small notes to be used second time.

From "Gospel Gems," by permission.

CHORUS.

What a won - der - ful Sav - ior Is Je - sus, my Je - sus! What a won - der - ful Sav - ior Is Je - sus, my Lord.

REVIVE THY WORK.

ALBERT MIDLANE.

"O Lord, revive thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.

E. S. LORENZ.\*

1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Thy might - y arm make bare; Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And  
 2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Dis - turb this sleep of death; Quick - en the smold'ring em - bers now, By  
 3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Ex - alt thy pre - cious name, And, by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For  
 4. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! And give re - fresh - ing showers; The glo - ry shall be all thine own, The

D. S. The glo - ry shall be all thine own, The

FINE. Refrain.

D. S.

make thy peo - ple hear. Re - vive thy work, O Lord! Oh, send re - fresh - ing showers!  
 thy al - might - y breath. flame. re - vive,  
 thee and thine in - flame. bless - ing, Lord, be ours.

bless - ing, Lord, be ours.

\* By permission.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

"God, my Maker, who giveth songs in the night."—JOB 35: 10.

E. P. ANDREWS.

1. There are sweet-est songs at morn-ing, Joy-ous songs of love and praise, To the ten-der, gen-tle Fa-ther,  
 2. It may be a mi-nor ca-dence We have learned in pain and care, But 'twill be so much the sweet-er  
 3. When the mid-night dark-ness gath-ers, And the mid-day fan-cies cease, There comes in the sol-lemn si-lence

Whose dear love crowns all our days; There are songs at hush of eve-ning, Sweet-est songs at noon-tide bright; But those  
 When we sing it o-ver there. Christ will change to an-gel mu-sic Our poor, trem-bling, bro-ken strain; He will  
 Sweet-est whis-per of his peace: For, like frightened lit-tle chil-dren, When all else grows dark and dim, We come

**CHORUS.**  
 songs which are the sweet-est God doth give to us at night. There are songs, the best and sweetest, In the  
 sing it with his chil-dren, Set to heav-en's glad re-frain.  
 near-er to our Sav-ior, Know-ing we are safe with him. There are songs the best and sweet-est,



night, the drear - y night; Songs of hope, and love, and trust - ing, In the sol - emn hour of night.  
In the night, the drear - y night; Songs of hope, and love, and trusting, In the sol - emn hour of night.

## JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

A. J. CRIDER.

"Yet a little while."—JOHN 14: 19.

J. F. KINSEY.

1. On - ly a lit - tle more sor - row, On - ly a lit - tle more pain, On - ly a lit - tle more sigh -  
2. On - ly a lit - tle while longer, Chill'd by the blasts of the wind; On - ly a few passing shad - ows,

D. S. *I shall be freed from its sor - rows.*  
D. S. *And when the grain is all garnered,*

FINE.

D. S.

Je - sus is com - ing a - gain. Then, if I have been ac - cept - ed, Dy - ing shall be my gain;  
On - ly a few sheaves to bind. Je - sus, I know, will be wait - ing, Waiting for me to come;

*Je - sus is com - ing a - gain.*  
*Reapers shall shout "Harvest Home."* (NOTE.—Small notes in alto for D. S.)

## THERE REMAINETH A REST.

KATE SUMNER BURR.

"—to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

R. G. STAPLES.

*1st. time.*

1. "There re-main-eth a rest to the peo-ple of God," Bless-ed rest from the bondage of sin!  
 Since the blood of the Lamb for their ransom hath flowed, [Omit.]

2. "There re-main-eth a rest!" Oh, then, care-burden'd soul, Look to Je-sus, the might-y to save!  
 Lo! he waits to receive thee, choose now the good part, [Omit.]

3. "There re-main-eth a rest!" Gift of In-fi-nite Love To the heirs of sal-va-tion be-low!  
 Come and hide in that Rock that can nev-er re-move [Omit.]

*2d time.*

## CHORUS.

Who by faith to this rest en-ter in,  
 Per-fect rest in his name thou shalt have. There re-main-eth a rest, bless-ed rest, to thy soul, E-ven  
 That abundance of peace thou may'st know.

now dawns the year of re-lease; 'Tis the ear-nest of that which awaits thee beyond, Present pledge of that Sabbath of peace.

# NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

129

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."—JAMES 4: 8.

LE ROY J. BOGGS.

*Moderato.*

1. Near - er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee; E'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me,  
 2. Tho' like a wan-der - er, Day-light all gone; Darkness be o - ver me, My rest a stone,  
 3. There let the way ap-pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that thou send-est me, In mer - cy given;  
 4. Or, if on joy - ful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Up - ward I fly;

Still all my song shall be, Near - er to thee; Still all my song shall be, Near-er to thee.  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er to thee; Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er to thee.  
 An - gels to beek - on me Near - er to thee; An-gels to beek - on me Near-er to thee.  
 Still all my song shall be, Near - er to thee; Still all my song shall be, Near-er to thee.

**CHORUS:** *p*

Near - er, near - er, near - er to thee, Near - er, my God, to thee, near - er to thee.

## STILLING THE TEMPEST.

Mrs. L. E. PROCTOR.

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

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Gent - ly the boat would rise and fall On Gal-i-lee's dark and heaving breast; Burden'd with sorrow,  
 2. Down from the mountain's rocky heights The furious winds in anger swept; Trembling and fear thrill'd  
 3. "Mas-ter, we perish," carest thou not? In fear and with accents wild they spoke. Rising, he stood with

mind o'erwrought, The dear Re-deem - er sank to rest. Pil-loed in sleep, the gen-tle winds Swept  
 ev - 'ry one, And still the Man of sor-rows slept. Lash'd was the sea to gi-ant waves, Shud-  
 king - ly mien, And firm, yet calm, his sweet voice broke A-bove the tumult—"Peace, be still!" The

o'er the Master's Godlike form, While at the oars the toiling crew Toil'd on, nor dream'd of coming storm.  
 'ring, the bark was drifting on; Pallid each face with dread despair, And even hope, faint hope, was gone.  
 winds, o-bey-ing, lull'd to rest, Foam-crested, tossing, sobbing waves, Went down at his di-vine be-hest.

## CHORUS.

Save us, Lord, save us, Lord, Save us, Lord, or we perish; Save us, Lord, save us, Lord, Save us, Lord, or we perish.

## EVENING HYMN.

"At evening time it shall be light."—ZECH. 14: 7.

C. B. HOLMES.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on the sight a - way ; Free from care, from  
2. Soon for me the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way ; Then, from sin and

## DEPTH OF MERCY.

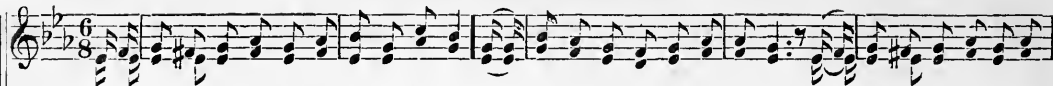
la - bor free, Lord, I would com - mune with thee.  
sor - row free, Take me, Lord, to dwell with thee.

1. Depth of mercy! can there be Mercy still reserved for me? Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
2. Now incline me to repent, Let me now my sins lament; Now my foul revolt deplore, Weep, believe, and sin no more.
3. There for me the Savior stands; Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands; God is love! I know, I feel, Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

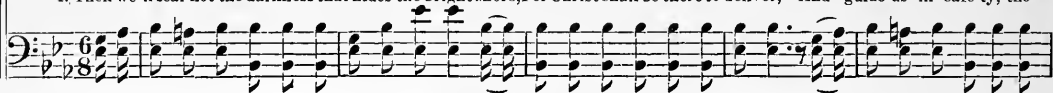
## OVER THE RIVER.

"I will give thee a crown of life."—REV. 2: 10.

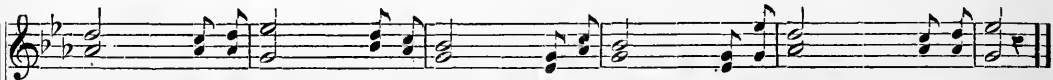
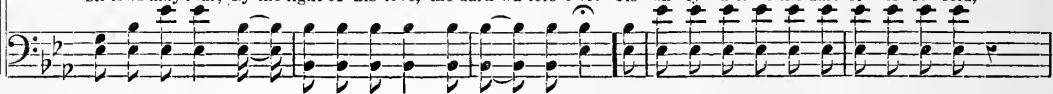
C. A. FYKE.



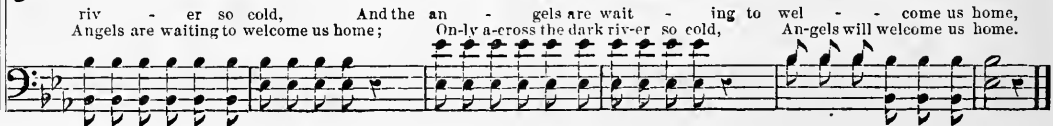
1. There's a beautiful land where the bright angels dwell, And our loved ones are garnered forever, Where songs of deliv'rance in
2. There's a heav-en-ly mansion, a home of delight, Where sin and where death may come never; The Ho - ly of ho-lies, where
3. There's a robe and a crown in that beau-ti-ful land Which Je - sus, the glo - ri - ous giv - er, Shall be-stow upon those who are
4. Then we'll fear not the darkness that hides the bright shore, For Christ shall be there to deliver, And guide us in safe - ty, tho'



full anthems swell, Where sor-row ne'er comes their joys to dispel. 'Tis on - - ly a - cross the dark  
saints clothed in white Re - joice in the love of God day and night.  
wor-thy to stand, When pro-ba-tion is past, at God's right hand.  
bil-lows may roar, By the light of his love, the dark wa-ters o'er. 'Tis on - ly a - cross the dark riv - er so cold,



riv - er so cold, And the an - gels are wait - ing to wel - - come us home,  
Angels are waiting to welcome us home; On - ly a - cross the dark riv - er so cold, An - gels will welcome us home.



# WE WILL GATHER BY AND BY.

133

"Gathering together unto him."—2 THESS. 2: 1.

C. B. HOLMES.

1. We are slow - ly drawing, day by day, Near - er to our heav'nly home; Our Sav - ior stands with  
 2. Oh, it will be sweet once more to meet All our lov'd ones gone before, And to sing God's praise thro'  
 3. Then we'll join the ranks on Jordan's banks, Where the saints in glory stand, And sing the song, the

**CHORUS.**

out - stretch'd hands, And free - ly bids us come.  
 end - less days, Sing his praise for - ev - er - more. Yes, we'll gath - er, we'll gath - er, Round the  
 glad, new song, In the bright, im - mor - tal land.

throne of God on high; In our home a - bove, where all is love, We will gath - er by and by.

REV. CARLOS SWIFT.

"Rejoicing in hope."—ROM. 12: 12.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. In that far-distant land, where the angels of light Are resplendent with glo-ry no mortal hath known,  
2. In that far-distant home, where the angels of peace Are u - nit - ed in love, and where har-mo-ny reigns,

*f* Where the praise of the Lord is their ho-ly de-light, As with mel-o-dies sweet they en-cir-cle his throne,  
Where the Father of all, in his in-fi-nite grace, Sweetly smiles on the chil-dren his bounty sus-tains,

FINE.

*D.S.* Who once vis-it-ed earth, and in bit-ter-ness died, To re-deem my dark soul from its sin and its woes.

*D.S.* To partake of his full-ness of glo-ry in heaven, And to sit at his side on his beau-ti-ful throne.

DUET.

*D.S.*

I've a Sav-ior, whose glo-ry outshines all beside, From whose bos-om the full-ness of love o-ver-flows,  
I've a man-sion of bliss, which my Sav-ior has giv'n, Who with blood seal'd my pardon and made me his own,



## IMMANUEL'S LAND.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying.—REV. 21: 4.

W. F. HEATH.

1. In the sweet Im-man-uel's land, Just a - cross the riv - er, Com-eth nei - ther sin nor death,  
 2. In the sweet Im-man-uel's land, Gold-en harps are ring-ing; Sweet-est songs of love and praise  
 3. In the sweet Im-man-uel's land, Just be-yond the riv - er, We shall see our Sav - ior, King,

D. S. Je - sus Christ, our Sav - ior, King,

CHORUS.  
FINE.

But God's peace for-ev-er. In that land, . . . bless-ed land, . . . Just beyond the riv-er,  
 An-gel voic-es sing-ing. In that land, blessed land, Just beyond the riv-er,  
 Know and love him ev-er. In that land, blessed land, Just beyond the riv-er,

*Lives and reigns forev-er.*

## SHEPHERD. S. M.

Rev. J. C. LONG.

"The Lord is my shepherd."—PSALMS 23: 1.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. My Shep-herd is the Lord, Who rules the earth and skies; He leads me thro' his pastures green, And all my wants supplies.  
 2. Be - side the shad-ed brook I lay me down and rest, And in Je - ho-vah's watchful care I am su-preme-ly blest.  
 3. No gloom-y shade of death, Or val-ley dark I fear; The Shep-herd's rod and staff I see, And feel pro-tec-tion near.  
 4. To heed his lov-ing voice I nev-er would re - fuse; And where my liv-ing steps shall stray I leave to him to choose.  
 5. My heart shall be as calm As a - ny sum-mer's day; I fol - low where he kind-ly leads, And love his cho-sen way.

From "Golden Sheaf," by permission.

Rev. I. M. SCUDDER.  
Not too slow.

"And the building of the wall of it was of Jasper."—REV. 21: 18.

Geo. C. HUGG.

1st. time. 2d. time.

1. { There's a land that is fair and gold - en, Half its beauties will nev - er be told; } I so long this fair land to be - hold.  
 2. { In its grand-eur and glo - ry fold - en, [Omit. ] With its walls built of cost - li - est stone; }  
 3. { Naught on earth can compare in beau - ty [Omit. ] With that fair, golden, heav-en-ly home.  
 { If to Je - sus we're faithful ev - er, We shall see all those glo-ries un-told, }  
 { And shall gaze on their God-like splendor, [Omit. ] Which our "earth-sight" can never behold.

**CHORUS.**

In that land, so fair and gold - en, There the sto - - ry sweet and old - en Is the  
 In that land, fair and golden, There the sto - ry, sweet and olden,

theme of an - gel bands, In that glo - ry, gold - en land; Sing, my soul, sing A - men.

# HEAR OUR PRAYER.

137

"Help thou me."—PSALMS 119: 86.

C. E. LESLIE.

DUET.

1. Our Fa-ther, in heav'n, we hum-bly be-seech thee, Grant us thy bless-ing, we fer-vent-ly pray,  
2. Our Fa-ther, in heav'n, pro-TECT us from e-vil, Help us in trou-ble, we fer-vent-ly pray,

*Refrain.*

Grant us thy bless-ing, we fer-vent-ly pray. Hear our prayer. Hear our  
Help us in trou-ble, we fer-vent-ly pray. Hear our prayer,

prayer to thee, O God, and an-swer our pe-ti-tions, For thy name's sake, for thy name's sake.

From the "Song Champion," by permission.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither the moon to shine in it, for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—REV. xxi : 23.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Soft-ly fall the twilight shadows O'er a land of cloudless ray; Brightly from the many mansions  
Sweetest sounds of angel music Floateth o'er the gates of day, From the bright and glorious mansions

**CHORUS.**

Shines the light across the way, } Sweetly, soft - - - ly sounds the anthem O'er the gold - - - en  
Just across the shining way. } Sweetly, softly sounds the anthem O'er the gold-en

gates of day; There shall be . . . no sin nor sor-row In our home . . . a-cross the way.  
gates of day; There shall be no sin nor sor-row In our home a-cross the way.

2 In that pure and pearly city  
All our cares forever cease,  
For upon its towers and bulwarks  
Rests the blessing of God's peace.  
We shall join the heavenly anthem  
When our tears are wiped away,  
That forever, ever soundeth,  
Softly o'er the gates of day.  
CHORUS.

3 Oh! the pleasures that await us  
When the burden is laid down,  
And the cross exchanged forever  
For the glories of the crown.  
"Glory be to God forever,"  
Yet across the shining way  
Sweeter, fuller sounds the anthem  
O'er the golden gates of day.  
CHORUS.

# MAKE ME THINE FOREVER.

139

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

"O God, hear the prayer of thy servant."—DANIEL 9: 17.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

1. Je - sus, Je - sus, Lamb of God, Who didst die to save me, Wash me in thy pre - cious blood;  
 2. Make me pure, and make me clean, From all i - dols tear me; Help me con - quer ev - 'ry sin;

## *Refrain.*

Make me what thou'dst have me. Je - sus, Je - sus, Lamb of God, Je - sus, Je - sus, Sav - ior,  
 In thy bo - som bear me.

Wash me in thy precious blood, Make me thine for - ev - er.

- 3 What thou hast for me to do,  
 Lord, do thou reveal me;  
 Day by day my heart renew;  
 By thy spirit seal me.
4. Naught that is, or is to come,  
 From thy love divide me;  
 Be thou still my rest and home,  
 'Neath thy shadow hide me.

## BEULAH LAND.

EDGAR PAGE.

"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine; Here shines undimn'd one  
 2. The Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we; He gent - ly leads me  
 3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver-nal trees, And flow'rs that never-  
 4. The zephyrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heav-en's mel - o - dy, As an-gels, with the

**CHORUS.**

bliss - ful day, For all my night has passed a - way.  
 with his hand, For this is heav-en's bor - der-land. O Beu-lah land, sweet Beu-lah land, As  
 fad - ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.  
 white-rob'd throng, Join in the sweet re - demp-tion song.

on thy high-est mount I stand, I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-

By permission.

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

## INSTEAD OF ME.

"Christ died for our sins."—1 COR. 15: 3.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Oh, how sweet is the tho't of our life and death, Since Je - sus our Lead - er and Light will be;
2. With a heart full of sin and a mind de - filed, Un - fit - ed for life or e - ter - ni - ty,
3. When I came before God with his own dear name, His suff'ring and death was my on - ly plea;
4. Blessed Sav - ior, all words are too weak to show The love and o - be - dience I owe to thee;

He hath o - pened the por - tal of glo - ry wide, For Je - sus was punished in - stead of me.  
 Je - sus stoop'd from his glo - ry, that he might be Ac - curs - ed and punished in - stead of me.  
 There I wept for my sin, but he bore the blame; Dear Je - sus was punished in - stead of me.  
 And my full heart sends up all its love and praise, Because thou wast punished in - stead of me.

## TIME OF PARTING.

R. G. STAPLES.

"I will not forget thy word."—PSALMS 119: 16.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. Soon, dear children, we shall part; Has our meeting been in vain? Soon we'll mingle with the world,  
 2. Treat not lightly words of love, Spoken here by teachers true, Who are burden'd with the task—  
 3. Soon we shall a - sun - der part, Think not lightly of the word; 'Tis a mess - age fraught with love,

Taste its pleas - ures, know its pain. Have the les - sons taught us here Made impressions on the heart?  
 Self - im - pos'd by love for you. They might mingle with the world, They might drink of pleasure deep;  
 If you have but right - ly heard. Think of Je - sus—of the pang He en - dur'd for you and me;

**CHORUS.**

Do we feel the love of God As we from each other part? 1.&3. Oh, dear children, oh, dear children,  
 Might en - joy its gid - dy show, And their souls in folly steep. 2. But, dear children, yes, dear children,  
 And when mingling with the world, Shun its follies; children, flee.



Think of Je - sus cru - ci - fied; And re - mem - ber, oh, re - mem - ber, 'Twas for you he bled and died.  
For the sake of Christ, who died, They are willing, always willing, To teach Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

IN THE VINEYARD.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN. "And he will thoroughly purge his floor, and gather his wheat into the garner."—MATT. 3: 12. B. C. UNSELD.

1. Long, O Mas - ter, in thy vine - yard, Thro' the dust and heat of day, I have toiled, and with my bur - den  
2. Tan - gled vines and fad - ed flow - ers Hid - den lie a - mong my sheaves. Look 'st thou sor - row - ful, O Mas - ter?  
3. Gath - ered I the love - ly flow - ers, With their dew - y fra - grance sweet, Hop - ing that a - mid their beau - ty  
4. Purge thou, then, the sheaves so worthless, That I lay at thy dear feet, So they yield thee at the har - vest

D. S. Glad to rest when eve - ning com - eth.

*Rit.* Chorus.

**FINE. CHORUS.**

Come I now thro' shad - ows gray. Toil - ing in thy vine - yard All day long with wea - ry feet,  
Are there noth - ing there but leaves?  
Thou might'st find some grains of wheat.  
On - ly fin - est of the wheat. *D.S.* Toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing, toil - ing All day long with wea - ry feet,

And the hours are cool and sweet.

(Small notes to be used in Chorus.)

## BEAUTIFUL REALM OF DELIGHT.

"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper, and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass."—REV. 21: 18.

R. G. STAPLES.

M. J. MUNGER.

1. Have you heard of the land where the ransomed dwell? Beau-ti-ful realm of de-light;  
 2. Have you heard of its streets that are paved with gold? Beau-ti-ful realm of de-light;  
 3. Have you heard of its riv-ers—its crys-tal streams? Beau-ti-ful realm of de-light;  
 4. All its walls are of jas-per—of pearl its gates, Beau-ti-ful realm of de-light;

'Tis a land of rare splendor. Oh, who can tell Of this won-der-ful cit-y of light?  
 "There the saints of all a-ges" the face be-hold Of their Sav-ior, who giv-eth it light.  
 Of the sun that shines brightly, with healing beams, Nev-er set-ting in darkness of night.  
 There a crown of re-joic-ing the saint a-waits When he en-ters its "por-tals of light."

*Refrain.*

Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful cit-y, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful cit-y,  
 Zi-on, the beau-ti-ful, O Zi-on, the beau-ti-ful, the

Zi - on, the beau - ti - ful, Zi - on, the beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful cit - y of light.  
 beau - ti - ful cit - y, O beau - ti - ful cit - y, O beau - ti - ful cit - y of light.

HOLD FAST TILL I COME.

"London Christian."

"Let us hold fast our profession."—HEB. 4: 14.

CHAS. EDW. POLLOCK.

1. Fearing, fainting, fowl wing, With doubtings, and 'mid tears; Ere long the "no more sorrow" Of  
 2. Sighing, struggling, soaring, "Still upward" hour by hour, Each treasured drop of bless-ing Fore-  
 3. Seek-ing, serv-ing, suff'ring For "yet a lit - tle while," Then home—within the por-tal One  
 4. Long-ing, look-ing, list'ning, To hail the com-ing day, To wel-come "my Be-lov-ed" A-

D. S. *The full-ness of thy glo - ry Thro'*

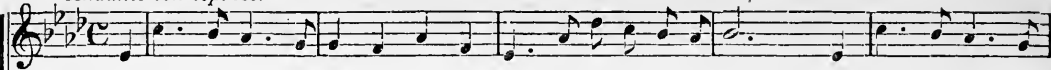
FINE. CHORUS.

D. S.

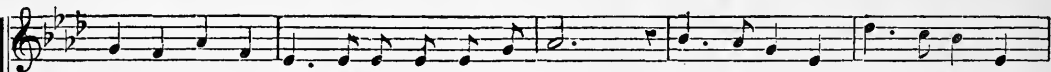
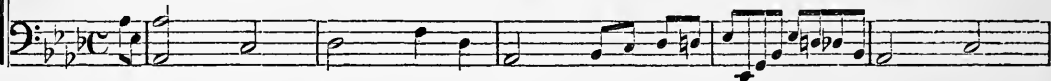
ev - er - last - ing years.  
 tells an - oth - er "show'r." Working, watching, wait - ing, Soon, soon, Lord, I shall see  
 glad, e - ter - nal smile.  
 long "the shining way." Working, working, watching, watching,  
 out e - ter - ni - ty.

## 'TIS SWEET TO KNOW THAT JESUS LOVES US.

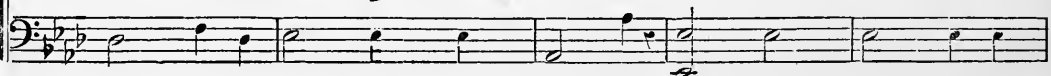
W. L. T. "Having loved his own, which were in the world, he loved them unto the end."—JOHN 13: 1. WILL. L. THOMPSON.  
*Andante con espress.*



1. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves us, Tho' from him we've wander'd far; 'Tis sweet to know he
2. 'Tis sweet to know that Je-sus loves us, When life's sorrows must be borne; To hear his cheer-ing
3. 'Tis sweet to hear the voice of Je-sus, Hear his welcome "Come to me;" Come, all ye wea - ry,



will for-give us, Oh, how kind his mer-cies are! O - ver all he's kind - ly watch-ing,  
 words of comfort When for dearest friends we mourn; Oh, the tho't that he is with us,  
 heav - y - laden, There is rest in heav'n for thee. Oh, the wondrous love of Je - sus,



'TIS SWEET TO KNOW THAT JESUS LOVES US. Concluded. 147

Ev - er pointing toward the sky ;                      Oh, that all might heed his warn - ing,    And to him for ref-uge fly.  
 As we near the o - pen grave,                      Al - ways read-y,    ev - er will - ing,    E - ven now, our souls to save.  
 Free to all in earth and sky ;                      Hap - py those whose hearts re-ceive it—    Pre-cious love from God on high.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, the love of the pre - cious Sav - ior!    All the world may heed his call;

Oh, re-ceive his glad sal - va - tion,    Free and boun-teous gift to all.

## THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.

"On either side of the river was there the tree of life."—REV. 22: 2.

J. WILLIAM SUFFERN.

DUET OR SOLO.

CHORUS.

1. Where the sounding waves of the march of time Are lost on the verge of the far - off clime, There's a dis - tant riv - er, whose  
2. But 'tis strange, the pow'r of its mystic wave, For 'tis mightier far than the cold, dark grave; And there's none may traverse its

Girls' and ladies' voices.

peace - ful shore Is the first of the land For - ev - er - more. Its wa - ters are dark, al - though they gleam In  
peace - ful shore But those whose freed souls re - turn no more. When signals shall come from the far - off land, That

All the voices.

morning's bright rays or the sunset's beam; Sub - lime and sad, they roll a - long Like mi - nor strains in a tide of song.  
stretch - es a - way from the distant strand, We'll bathe in the waves of its crystal tide, As crossing it o'er to the oth - er side.

Oh, beau - ti - ful riv - er, beau - ti - ful riv - er, Oh, beau - ti - ful riv - er, I long to glide,  
beau-ti-ful beau-ti-ful

And view that shore, and view that shore, And view that shore o'er thy mys - tic tide.  
\* And view that shore, \* and view that shore,

\* The word "And" may be omitted, and the tie ( ) observed.

HE WEPT. S. M.

[Tune, Olmutz.]

Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let tears of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.

The son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see,  
Be thou astonished, O, my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.

He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear;  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.

BEDDOME.

[Tune, Sweet By and By.]

- 1 We speak of the realms of the blest,  
That country so bright and so fair;  
And oft are its glories confessed,  
But what must it be to be there!  
To be there, to be there,  
But what must it be to be there!
- 2 We speak of its pathways of gold,  
Of its walls decked with jewels so rare,  
Of its wonders and pleasures untold,  
But what must it be to be there!  
To be there, to be there, etc.
- 3 We speak of its freedom from sin,  
From sorrow, temptation, and care;  
From trials without and within;  
But what must it be to be there!  
To be there, to be there, etc.

[S. M. Tune, Laban.]

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have,  
A God to glorify,  
A never-dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky.
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill;  
Oh, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Master's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured if I must betray,  
I shall forever die.—C. WESLEY.

## THROUGH THE DARK VALLEY.

R. G. STAPLES. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil."—PSALMS 23: 4. CHAS. H. CARROLL.

*Largo. Con espressione.*

1. Thro' the dark valley and the shadow of death, Her spir - it has pass'd to its home in the skies;  
2. Thro' the chill waters and a - cross the dark flood The boatman has car - ried our schoolmate and friend;

Soon to mingle with dust, low the green sod beneath, Her bod - y shall rest till Christ bids it a - rise.  
But 'tis sweet to re - flect, that thro' Christ's precious blood, On banks of deliv'rance, her joys never end.

**CHORUS.**

Yes, down the dark val - ley, but not all a - lone, Tho' ruth - less - ly sev - er'd from dear ones be - low;



Musical score for the first part of the piece. It features a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a 'Rit.' (Ritardando) marking.

Safe, safe in the arms of the cru - ci - fied One, She'll greet us a - gain on the ev - er - green shore.

LOVE EACH OTHER. (Infant Class.)

J. F. D.

"For he that loveth another, hath fulfilled the law."—ROMANS 13: 7.

J. F. DISNEY.

Musical score for the second part of the piece. It features a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a 'F.' (Fine) marking.

1. Lit - tle chil dren, love each oth - er, Be - ing ev - er kind and true; Do - ing al - ways un - to  
 2. Lit - tle chil - dren, love each oth - er, While to - geth - er here you stay, For the chang - ing scenes re -  
 3. Lit - tle chil - dren, love each oth - er, If the law you would ful - fill; Sub - ject be to high - er

D. S. Then your life will be a  
 D. S. Then you'll cross the dark - some  
 D. S. You may shine in spark - ling

Musical score for the continuation of the second part of the piece. It features a treble and bass clef with a 3/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the bass line is in the bass clef. The piece concludes with a 'FINE.' marking and a 'D.S.' (Da Capo) marking.

oth - ers As you'd have them do to you. Ev - er try to be o - blig - ing, Nev - er cause an - oth - er pain,  
 mind us There's no rest e'en for a day. This frail life will soon be end - ed, All its joys and pains be o'er,  
 pow - er, Do - ing but your Mas - ter's will. Then when Christ shall come to gath - er All his loved ones and his own,

bles - sing Thro' the sun - shine and the rain.  
 riv - er, O - ver to the oth - er shore.  
 beau - ty With the gems that deck his crown.

## WE ARE PASSING AWAY.

R. G. S.

"He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."—PSALMS 107: 29.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Ev - er on, ever on, like the swift, rolling tide, Like the streamlet which ripples down to the sea, Or the  
 2. We are pass - ing a - way, we are pass - ing away; Soon the time of our sojourn here will be o'er; But we  
 3. Sweet the tho't, sweet the tho't, that whatever betide, With our vessel afloat and faith at the wheel, Tho' the

CHORUS.  
 wind - driv - en clouds, quite unmindful of time, We are hast - en - ing on to e - ter - ni - ty.  
 know, if we trust in the cru - ci - fied One, We shall all safe - ly land on the sun - bright shore. Ev - er  
 lightnings may flash, and the thunders loud roll, We will ride thro' the storm, and no danger feel.

on - - ward, like the streamlet to the sea, Ev - er on - - ward, on - ward to e - ter - ni -  
 Ev - er on - ward, Ev - er on - ward,

ty; We shall rest at last in heav'n; Tho' our bark be tempest driv'n, We shall an-chor by and by.

## THE STRAYED LAMB.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arms."—ISAIAH 40: 11.

T. FRANK ALLEN.

1. A gid-dy lamb, one af-ter-noon, Had from the fold de-part-ed; The ten-der shep-herd missed it soon, And
2. But night and day he went his way In sor-row, till he found it; And when he saw it faint-ing lay, He
3. And so the Sav-ior will re-ceive The lit-tle ones that fear him; Their pains re-move, their sins for-give, And

D. S. mid- night darkness move, Nor  
 D. S. to his home of rest, And  
 D. S. to his home on high, To

**FINE.**

**D. S.**

sought it bro-ken-hearted. Not all the flock, which shared his love, Could from the search de-lay him; Nor clouds of clasped his arms a-round it. And close-ly shelt-ered in his breast, From ev-'ry ill to save it, He bro't it draw them gen-tly near him. Bless while they live, and when they die—When soul and bod-y sev-er—Con-duct them

fear of suff-'ring stay him.  
 pit- led and for-gave it.  
 dwell with him for - ev - er.

## EACH DAY A LITTLE NEARER.

FAITH WILLIAMS.

"Let us draw NEAR with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."—HEB. 10: 22.

REV. W. T. DALB.

1. Each day a lit - tle near - er To Je - sus I would rise; And find his serv - ice ev - er A  
 2. Tho' what each day is bring - ing My soul may nev - er know; Yet to his cross I'm cling - ing, And  
 3. And day by day I'm learn - ing, That though my earth - ly way Is oft through shad - ows wind - ing, 'Twill  
 4. Each day, while life is giv - en, Still near - er I would come, Till from on high my Sav - ior Shall

## CHORUS.

glad - ly sweet surprise.  
 on my way I go. Near - er, near - er, Still near - er, I would come; Near - er, near - er, Till I have reached my home.  
 lead to per - fect day.  
 call me to my home.

## BEYOND THE HILLS.\*

DR. H. BONAR.

"So will I sing praise unto thy name forever."—PSALMS 61: 8.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. A - bove the fear - ful wrecks of time, And dis - cord of its an - gry words, I hear the ev - er - last - ing chime, The  
 2. Oh, song of light and dawn of bliss, Sound o - ver earth and fill these skies, Nor ev - er, ev - er, ev - er cease Thy  
 3. Glad song of this dis - burden'd earth, Which ho - ly voic - es then shall sing, Praise for cre - a - tion's sec - ond birth, And

D. S. Dear land be - yond, to which I go, That

\* From "Precious Jewels," by permission.

# BEYOND THE HILLS. Concluded.

155

**CHORUS.**

mu - sic of un - jarring chords. Dear land, sweet land of song, Where dwell the blood-wash'd throng.  
 soul - en - trancing mel - o - dies.  
 glo - ry to cre - a - tion's King. Dear land be - yond, sweet land of song, Where dwell in light the blood-wash'd throng.

land of bliss I soon shall know.

## STILL THEY GO AND LEAVE US.

DEATH OF A SCHOLAR.

J. B. F.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom."—ISAIAH 40: 11. J. B. FERGUSON.

1. Still they go and leave us Struggling on the road; Still the an - gels bear them Safe - ly home to God.  
 2. When a cherish'd blos - som, Bloom - ing in - to life, Call'd by death's stern bid - ding, Quits this world of strife,  
 3. When we part from schoolmates Whom we've learn'd to love, Tho' our hearts are strick - en, Soon we'll meet a - bove,

**DUET.**

We weep, but not de - spair - ing, As thus we see them go, For we know their splr - its, Are as white as snow.  
 Tho' sor - row - ful the part - ing From one who's lov'd so dear, Yet we feel the pres - ence Of our Sav - ior near.  
 Where bright and ransom'd spirits Stand near the great white throne, Flashing in their ra - diance, Greet us wel - come home.

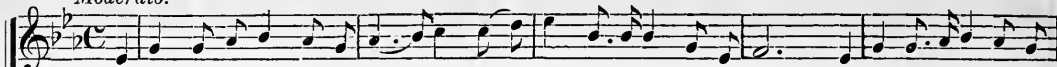
In memory of Miss M. C. McClure.

## THEY SAY THERE'S A LAND O'ER THE OCEAN

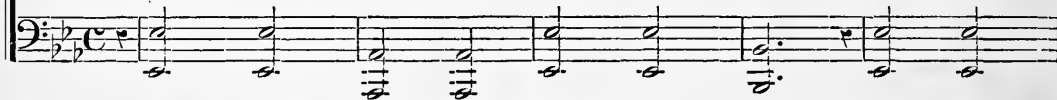
W. L. T.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISAIAH 33: 17.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

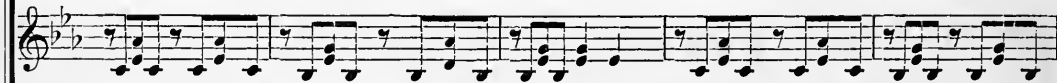
*Moderato.*

1. They say there's a land o'er the o - cean, Where won - ders and beau-ties are seen; They say it's a glo - ri - ous  
 2. They say we shall dwell there for - ev - er If we list to our Sav-ior's com-mand; They say we shall ev - er be  
 3. They say we shall know all our loved ones When we meet on that bright, golden shore; They say we shall clasp hands so



E - den, Where none but the bless - ed con-vene.  
 hap - py, When safe in that beau-ti - ful land.  
 glad - ly, And to - geth - er re-joyce ev - er-more.

Ma - ny friends for that land have de-part - ed, They have  
 'Tis there we shall meet lov-ing Je - sus, Who  
 Oh, let us pre-pare for the jour - ney, Let our



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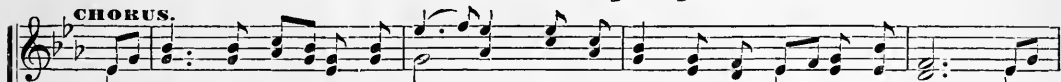
THEY SAY THERE'S A LAND O'ER THE OCEAN. Concluded. 157



cross'd over life's troubled sea; Oh, let us sail o-ver and meet them, Je-sus' life-boat will carry us free.  
 suffer'd and died, us to save, He will stand on the bright shore, and hail us, As we ride o'er the last bro-ken wave.  
 hearts be kept loy-al and true, Then the Savior will watch and protect us, Till the mansions of heaven are in view.



**CHORUS.**



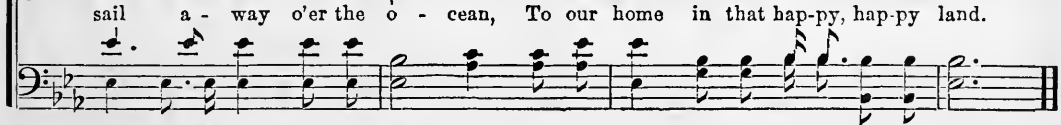
Then sail a-way o'er the o - cean, Where we'll join with the bright an-gel band; Then



Then sail, sail a-way o'er the o - cean,



sail a-way o'er the o - cean, To our home in that hap-py, hap-py land.



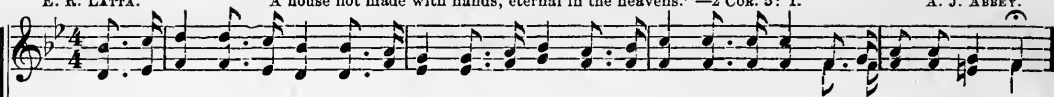
sail, sail a-way o'er the o - cean,

## OH, THE HEAVENLY HILLS.

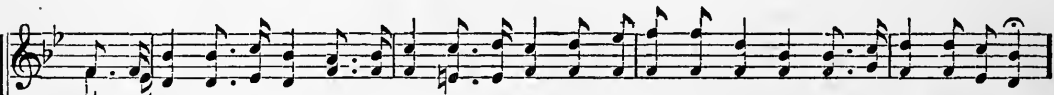
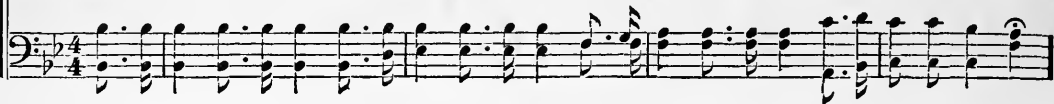
E. R. LATTA.

"A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. 5: 1.

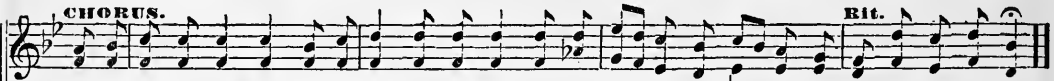
A. J. ABBEY.



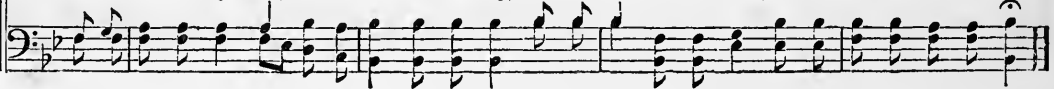
1. In the mists and the clouds, 'Mid the care and the strife, That are com - mon to earth, And em - bit - ter our life,  
 2. Oh, how ma - ny the tears Which in an - guish we shed, As we gaze on the forms Of the beau - ti - ful dead,  
 3. Oh, the com - fort - ing tho't, That the loved are not lost; O'er the dark, roll - ing stream They but soon - er have crossed;



Oh, how proud - ly we turn, From the dark scenes a - way, To the beau - ti - ful land Where the bright an - gels stay.  
 But we know they are freed From earth's sor - rows and cares, And in heav - en at rest, If the Sav - lor be theirs.  
 We shall meet them a - gain, 'Mid the blos - som - ing bow'rs, If in life and in death The Re - deem - er be ours.

**CHORUS.**

Oh, the heav - en - ly hills, In the realms of the sky, Where no frost ev - er chills, And the flow - ers nev - er die!





# LAST WORDS.

159

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

"Grace be unto you, and peace."—1 Cor. 1: 3.

W. F. HEATH.

1. Soft - ly as a strain of mu - sic, Fall - ing on the sum - mer air, Comes this clos - ing ben - e -  
 2. These last words of sa - cred sto - ry, Borne a - cross the Jas - per sea, Seem a leg - a - cy God -  
 3. May God's grace and peace be with thee Seems a Mizpah to the soul, And a - cross its qui - et

## CHORUS.

dic - tion, Half a bless - ing, half a prayer -  
 giv - en, Or a leaf from life's fair tree. May God's grace and peace be with you, Float - ing  
 wa - ters Waves of peace and com - fort roll.

o'er the gates of day; May these last sweet words of comfort Rest up - on thy soul al - way.

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