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SHAPED NOTE.

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# Gospel Hosannas

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

Hymns and Tunes for use in  
Evangelistic, Brotherhood and Mission  
Meetings, Sunday-school, Etc.



COMPILED BY

JOHN R. SWENEY and J. HOWARD ENTWISLE



PHILADELPHIA

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# GOSPEL HOSANNAS.

## 1 JESUS GUIDES ME ALL THE WAY.

W. J. S.

Rev. W. J. STUART, A. M.

1. Out of shad-ow in - to light, Out of blind-ness in - to sight; Out of  
 2. Out of sor - row in - to joy, Praise his name! 'tis sweet employ Ev - er  
 3. Out of sin - ning in - to grace, At his feet I find my place; Ev - er  
 4. Ev - er with him I'll a - bide, Spot - less, by his riv - en side; Here I'll  
 5. Out of life in - to the tomb, By his side there is no gloom; From the

CHORUS.

darkness in - to day, Je - sus guides me all the way. Je - sus, Je - sus guides me,  
 to my Lord to pray; Je - sus guides me all the way.  
 with my Lord to stay, Je - sus guides me all the way.  
 live, I'll nev - er stray, Je - sus guides me all the way.  
 throne there comes a ray, Je - sus guides me all the way.

Guides me all the way; Out of darkness in - to day, Je - sus guides me all the way.

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6 Out of death to endless life,  
 Up from all the sin and strife;  
 Clothed upon with white array,  
 Jesus guides me all the way.

7 Up before the throne of gold,  
 I shall know a joy untold;  
 With the blood-washed I will say,  
 Jesus guides me all the way.

## JOIN, YE SONS OF MEN.

"The chiefest among ten thousand; yea, he is the altogether lovely."—Solomon's Song.

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Je - sus is the Al - to - geth - er Love - ly, Yea, he is the  
 2. Je - sus is the Al - to - geth - er Love - ly, Sweet - er than the  
 3. Je - sus is the Al - to - geth - er Love - ly, O - pen now thy

fair - est of the fair; Oh, who is there in heav'n a - bove be -  
 hon - ey is his word: 'Tis filled with precious prom - is - es of  
 heart to him a - lone, For in his death and glo - rious res - ur -

*D.S.*—See him on the cross for man's sal -

side him, Who on earth can with my Lord com - pare? Join, ye sons of  
 mer - cy For the soul who puts his trust in God.  
 rec - tion He to us the grace of God hath shown.

CHORUS.  
FINE.

va - tion, Suff'ring death and bear - ing sin and shame.

men, in ad - o - ra - tion, Give to him the hon - or due his name;

## JESUS LEADS.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John x: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Andante*

1. Like a shep-herd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads,.....  
 2. All a - long life's rugged road Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads,.....  
 3. Thro' the sun - lit ways of life Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads,.....  
 Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.

Dai-ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;  
 Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;  
 Thro' the warrings and the strife, Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads;  
 Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads;

If thick mists... are o'er the way,... Or the flock... 'mid danger feeds,  
 All the way,... be-fore, he's trod, And he now... the flock precedes,  
 When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound-'ry-line re-cedes,  
 If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

He will watch them lest they stray, Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.  
 Safe in - to the fold of God Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.  
 He will spread the waves a - side, Je-sus leads,..... Je - sus leads.  
 Je - sus leads,

*rit.*.....

## SEND THE FIRE JUST NOW.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. While we now, dear Lord, at thy al - tar kneel, Come in might - y  
 2. Let the al - tar - fire, bless - ed Lord, be felt, Till these hearts of  
 3. Ev - 'ry - thing is now on the al - tar laid, We have un - to  
 4. Lord, burn up the dross, all the gold re - fine, Now up - on our

pow'r, now thyself re - veal ; Lord, the old - time fire we de - sire to feel,  
 ours with thy love shall melt ; Touch our lips, dear Lord, as the coals are dealt,  
 thee full sur - ren - der made ; May the fire con - sume, let it not bestay'd,  
 hearts may thine imageshine, That we may be seal'd, Lord, forever thine, —

CHORUS.

Send the fire, send it now, just now. Send the fire, send the  
 Send the fire, send it now, just now. dear Lord,  
 Send it, Lord, send it now, just now.  
 Send the fire, send it now, just now.

fire, just now, While we here at thy al - tar bow, Glo - ri - fy thy

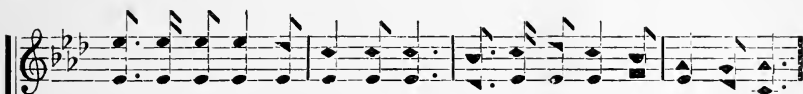
name, send the liv - ing flame, — Send the fire, send it now, just now.

E. E. HEWITT.

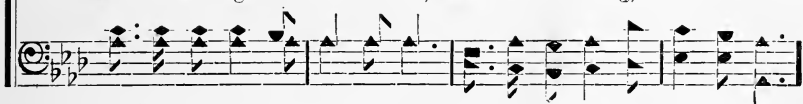
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. More about Je - sus would I know, More of his grace to oth - ers show;
2. More about Je - sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern;
3. More about Je - sus; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord;
4. More about Je - sus; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own;



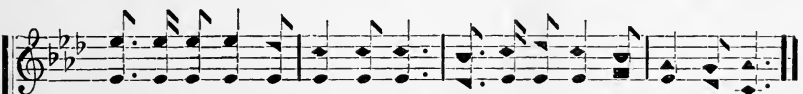
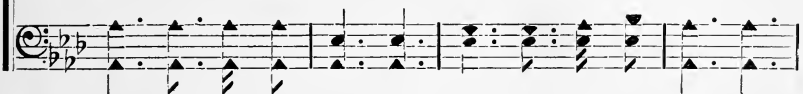
More of his sav - ing ful - ness see, More of his love who died for me.  
 Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.  
 Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.  
 More of his kingdom's sure increase; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



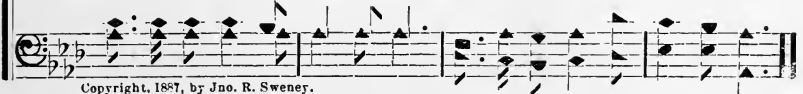
## CHORUS.



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



More of his sav - ing ful - ness see, More of his love who died for me.



## LIKE AN ARMY STRONG.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

FRANCIS BURGETTE SHORT.

1. We are marching on like an ar-my strong, We are marching in the  
 2. We are marching on thro' a world of care, We are marching in the  
 3. We are marching on thro' the ranks of sin, We are marching in the  
 4. We are marching on to the realms of light, We are marching in the

King's highway; And our hearts break forth in a joy-ful song, We are  
 King's highway; But the shield of faith on our hearts we bear, While we're  
 King's highway; Oh, the vic-tor crowns that we all may win, While we're  
 King's highway: And the morning star is our bea-con light, For it

## CHORUS.

marching in the King's highway. We are marching, marching on,  
 marching in the King's highway.  
 marching in the King's highway.  
 shineth in the King's highway.

marching, marching on, Happy in the Lord to-day; Like an ar-my brave and

strong we can sing our song, We are marching in the King's highway.



## WE ARE BUILDING ON THE ROCK.

Luke vi: 48.

JENNIE WILSON.

I. H. MEREDITH.

1. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Tow-'ring  
 2. We are building on the Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Safe tho'  
 3. We are building on the safe and sure foun - da - tion, God in  
 4. We are building for the com - ing years e - ter - nal, When like

grandly o - ver time's tempestuous sea; We are building on the  
 an - gry bil - lows fiercely 'round us beat; There a - bid - ing while the  
 lov - ing mer - cy for our souls has laid; There a - lone is found the  
 fit - ful dreams shall earthly things be past; Building firm - ly for the

Rock, the Rock of A - ges, Safe - ly building for e - ter - ni - ty.  
 tem - pest wild - ly ra - ges, Harm can nev - er reach this calm re - treat.  
 fort - ress of sal - va - tion, There a - lone may ev - 'ry hope be staid.  
 fu - ture life su - per - nal, On the Rock that shall for - ev - er last.

## REFRAIN.

We are build - ing, build - ing, We are building on the Rock of Ages,  
 Building on the Rock, building on the Rock,

We are build - ing, build - ing, We are building for e - ter - ni - ty.  
 Building on the Rock, building on the Rock,

## THE KNOCK OF THE NAIL-PIERCED HAND.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Dost thou know at thy bolt - ed heart's-door to-night, The Saviour in  
 2. Out - side he has stood thro' the length of the years, Since mother the  
 3. You turn not a - way when a friend sat your door, Here's one there's none  
 4. All the pain and the shame of his death on the tree A welcome from

mekness doth stand, And longs for admission? pray, lis - ten now To the  
 love-flame first fann'd; You have spurn'd and rejected, O give heed to-night To the  
 like in the land, Who asks to come in to for - ev - er abide; Heed the  
 you should command, Since the weight of your sins in his body he bore; Heed the

## CHORUS.

knock of the nail-pierced hand. Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,  
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand,

Heed the knock of the nail-pierc-ed hand;..... Swing the door open wide,  
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierc-ed hand;

Bid him en - ter and a - bide, Heed the knock of the nail-pierced hand.....  
 Heed the knock, heed the knock of the nail-pierc-ed hand.



## I WILL SAY "YES" TO JESUS.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. I've been a wand' rer far from God Up- on the mountains of sin, A  
 2. I hear the Saviour's loving voice, No more his pleading I'll spurn,--So  
 3. Oh, bless- ed service of my Lord, A trust- ed serv- ant to be, A

we- ry out- cast from the fold, My soul all dark with- in; But ah! the  
 we- ry, too, of earth's cold cheer, So ea- ger to re- turn To pastures  
 foll' wer of the bless- ed One, A slave, and yet so free! E- ter- nal

Saviour pleads with me In gen- tle, lov- ing voice, I cannot turn my  
 green, where I can feed My hungry, sin- sick soul, And there my Saviour's  
 life in heav'n above, In mansions fair and bright, A place with Je- sus

CHORUS.

Lord a- way—I'll make him now my choice. I..... will say  
 child to be While end- less a- ges roll. I will say "Yes" say  
 near the throne Will be my soul's delight.

"Yes" to Je- sus, I..... will say "Yes" to Je- sus,  
 I will say "Yes" say

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# I WILL SAY "YES" TO JESUS.—CONCLUDED.

1

With outstretch'd hands my Saviour stands, And beckons the wand'rer to come;  
the wand'rer to come;

2

Without de-lay I'll now o-bey, And hé will welcome me home. ....  
will welcome me home.

Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked with a '1' and contains two staves of music (treble and bass clef) with lyrics underneath. The second system is marked with a '2' and also contains two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: 'With outstretch'd hands my Saviour stands, And beckons the wand'rer to come; the wand'rer to come;' and 'Without de-lay I'll now o-bey, And hé will welcome me home. .... will welcome me home.'

11

## THE GOLDEN KEY.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours,  
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,  
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.  
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.  
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

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Detailed description: This is a musical score for a hymn. It consists of three systems of music. The first system is marked with a '1' and contains two staves of music (treble and bass clef) with lyrics underneath. The second system is marked with a '2' and also contains two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The third system is marked with a '3' and also contains two staves of music with lyrics underneath. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: '1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours, 2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night, 3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,' and 'See the incense rise To the star-ry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs. But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light. How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.'

4 When the shadows fall,  
And the vesper call  
Is sobbing its low refrain,  
'Tis a garland sweet  
To the toil-dent feet,  
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door  
Shall be shut no more:  
Life's tears shall be wiped away,  
As the pearl gates swing,  
And the gold harps ring,  
And the sun unsheathes for aye.

HARRIET E. JONES.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Would you go re-joic - ing on In the light of God's dear Son? Come and  
 2. Would you tread among the flow'rs, Would you rest in sylvan bow'rs? Come and  
 3. Would you gain a home on high In the gold - en by and by? Come and

jour - ney in the King's highway ; Would you ev-'ry moment prove All the  
 jour - ney in the King's highway ; Would you drink from living rills Flowing  
 jour - ney in the King's highway ; Would you live with God's dear Son While-

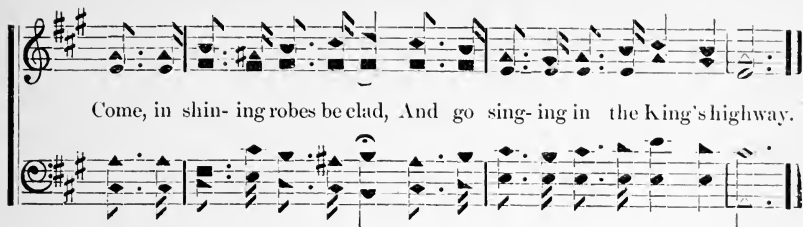
sweet-ness of his love? Come and jour - ney in the King's high - way.  
 from the E - den hills? Come and jour - ney in the King's high - way.  
 ter - nal years roll on? Come and jour - ney in the King's high - way.

## CHORUS.

Come and jour - - - ney, come and jour - - - ney, Come and  
 Come and jour - ney, come and jour - ney in the King's high - way, Come and

jour - - - ney, come and jour - ney; Come this moment and be glad,  
 jour - ney, come and jour - ney in the King's high - way;

JOURNEY IN THE KING'S, etc.—CONCLUDED.

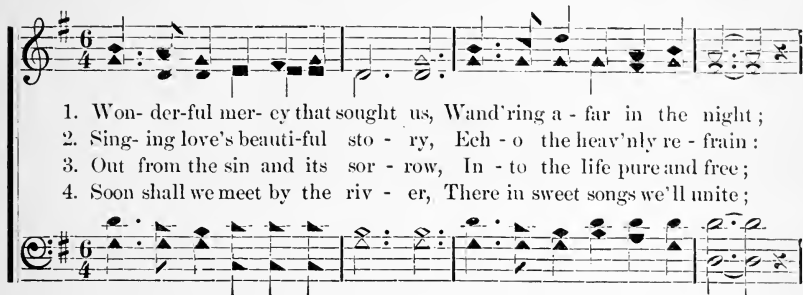


Come, in shin- ing robes be clad, And go sing- ing in the King's highway.

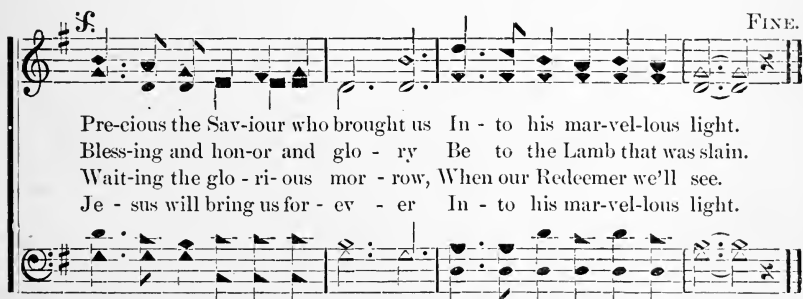
13 INTO HIS MARVELLOUS LIGHT.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Won- der-ful mer- cy that sought us, Wand'ring a - far in the night ;
2. Sing- ing love's beauti- ful sto - ry, Ech - o the heav'nly re - frain :
3. Out from the sin and its sor - row, In - to the life pure and free ;
4. Soon shall we meet by the riv - er, There in sweet songs we'll unite ;



FINE.

Pre-cious the Sav-iour who brought us In - to his mar-vel-lous light.  
 Bless-ing and hon-or and glo - ry Be to the Lamb that was slain.  
 Wait-ing the glo - ri-ous mor - row, When our Redeemer we'll see.  
 Je - sus will bring us for - ev - er In - to his mar-vel-lous light.

*D.S.*—Bro't from the kingdom of dark-ness In - to his mar-vel-lous light.



CHORUS.

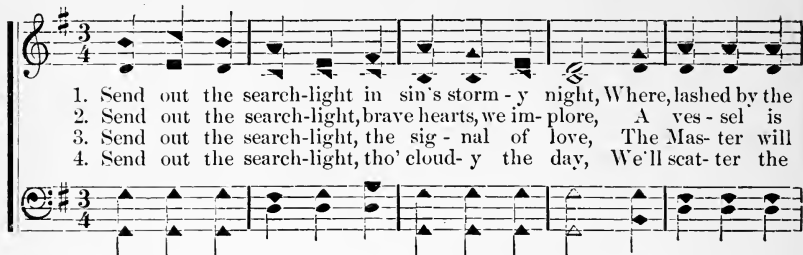
*D.S.*

Saved to the glo-ry of Je - sus! Saved by the power of his might!

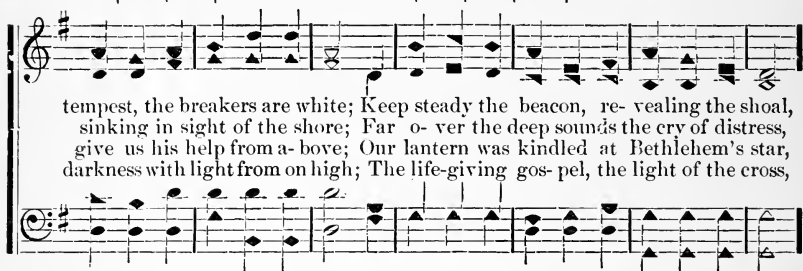
## SEND OUT THE SEARCH-LIGHT.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

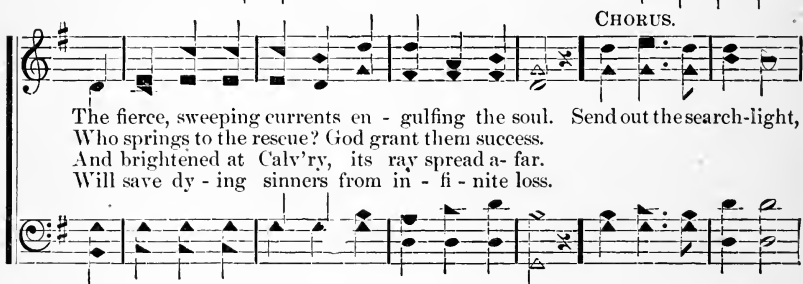


1. Send out the search-light in sin's storm - y night, Where, lashed by the  
 2. Send out the search-light, brave hearts, we im - plore, A ves - sel is  
 3. Send out the search-light, the sig - nal of love, The Mas - ter will  
 4. Send out the search-light, tho' cloud - y the day, We'll scat - ter the



tempest, the breakers are white; Keep steady the beacon, re - vealing the shoal,  
 sinking in sight of the shore; Far o - ver the deep sounds the cry of distress,  
 give us his help from a - bove; Our lantern was kindled at Beth - le - hem's star,  
 darkness with light from on high; The life - giving gos - pel, the light of the cross,

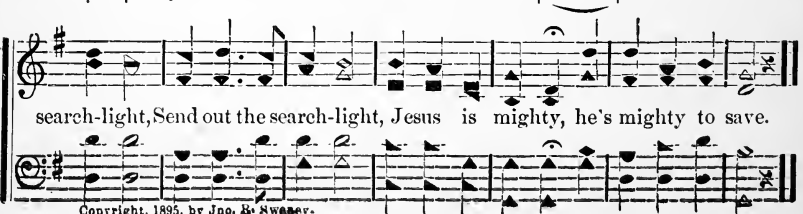
CHORUS.



The fierce, sweeping currents en - gulfing the soul. Send out the search-light,  
 Who springs to the rescue? God grant them success.  
 And brightened at Cal - v'ry, its ray spread a - far.  
 Will save dy - ing sinners from in - fi - nite loss.



Send out the search-light, Over the dark, rolling wave; (rolling wave;) Send out the



search-light, Send out the search-light, Jesus is mighty, he's mighty to save.



## THE CALL TO ARMS.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. There's a call for soldiers on the field of bat - tle, There's a  
 2. There's a call for soldiers on the field of bat - tle, There is  
 3. Be - hold! our Captain lead - eth on to vic - to - ry. And

*D. C.*—Then gird your ar - mor on, go forth to fight the wrong, Be

fight to win o'er Satan's host arrayed; Then gird your ar - mor on, Go  
 earnest need for workers true and brave; Tho' fierce the conflict be, Tho'  
 Satan's horde is scattered far and near; Then shout the bat - tle - cry, With  
 not dismayed, tho' fierce the conflict be; Then on to vic - to - ry! Then

FINE.

forth to fight the wrong, Be not a - afraid, for Je - sus leads the way.  
 strong the foemen be, Press firmly on, the cause of Christ to save.  
 ban - ners waving high, The God of bat - tle leads us, do not fear.

on to vic - to - ry! "For Je - sus on - ly" let the watchword be.

CHORUS.

1, 2.—See the hosts of sin advanc - ing, Sa - tan is lead - ing on, Then  
 3.—See the hosts of sin retreat - ing, Sa - tan is lead - ing on, Then

on for Je - sus! on for Je - sus! Ev - er singing the victor's song.

*D. C.*

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MARY MARSH.

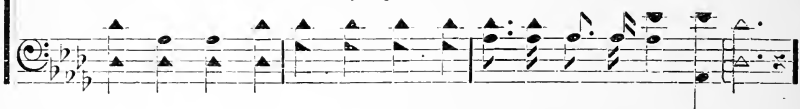
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Je - sus is my joy and sun - shine, All a - long life's dreary way ;
2. And the glo - ry of his pres - ence Fills my wea - ry soul with peace ;
3. Day by day the way grows brighter ; O'er my path heav'n's golden ray
4. Beauties nev - er seen by mor - tals, To the eye of faith ap - pears ;



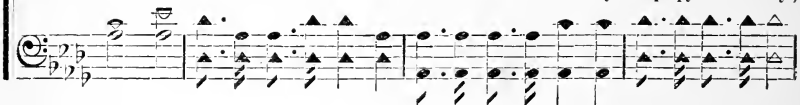
His blest pres - ence makes my pathway Bright as heav'n's gold - en day.  
 And my heart is full of glad - ness—Full of songs that nev - er cease.  
 Sheds its beams of glo - rious sun - light, Like un - to the "per - fect day."  
 As we near the heav'nly por - tals, Far be - yond this vale of tears.



## CHORUS.



Joy, joy, bless - ed joy and sunshine, Fills my happy soul to - day ;.....  
 my hap - py soul to - day ;



Peace, bless - ed peace is ev - er mine, Shin - ing all a - long my way.



GRACE WEISER DAVIS.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. No dan - ger can my soul af - fright, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 2. No temp - ter shall my soul al - lure, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 3. Let earth - ly rich - es come or go, Since Christ the Lord is mine!

No harm I fear, by day or night, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 In him I hide—I rest se - cure, Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 In him the high - est wealth I know, Since Christ the Lord is mine!

## CHORUS.

Since he is mine, There's peace di - vine, My soul he fills with  
 Since Christ the King of kings is mine, Within my heart there's peace divine,

joy that thrills, Since Christ the Lord is mine! Since he is mine, There's peace di -  
 Since Christ the King of kings is mine, Within my heart there's

vine. My soul he fills with joy that thrills, Since Christ the Lord is mine.  
 peace di-vine,

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4 My yoke is easy, —burden light,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 Each day my pathway seems more bright,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!

5 In him I have each need supplied,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!  
 In him my soul is satisfied,  
 Since Christ the Lord is mine!

J H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Go forth at Christ's command, Go forth to ev'ry land, Thro' loy- al- ty to  
 2. Be brave to help them win Wh strive to conquer sin, Thro' loy- al- ty to  
 3. See! Satan's ban- ners wave, Oh, haste the lost to save Thro' loy- al- ty to  
 4. O children of the free! Let this your watchword be: "Thro' loy- al- ty to

Christ, Thro' loy - al - ty to Christ; Let strong your efforts be To gain the  
 Christ, Thro' loy - al - ty to Christ; Point out the path of light, Be strong to  
 Christ, Thro' loy - al - ty to Christ; Beat back the hosts of sin, Press on the  
 Christ, Thro' loy - al - ty to Christ; " Let hills and val-leys ring, While men and

*D.S.*—Go forth to fight the wrong, And shout the

FINE.

vic - to - ry, Thro' loy - al - ty, yes, loy - al - ty, Thro' loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 do the right, Thro' loy - al - ty, yes, loy - al - ty, Thro' loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 fight to win, Thro' loy - al - ty, yes, loy - al - ty, Thro' loy - al - ty to Christ.  
 an- gels sing, Thro' loy - al - ty, yes, loy - al - ty, Thro' loy - al - ty to Christ.

victor's song, Thro' loy - al - ty, yes, loy - al - ty, Thro' loy - al - ty to Christ.

CHORUS

*D.S.*

Onward, onward, army of the Lord! There's naught to fear while trusting in his word;

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the  
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapt-ure when I view his blessed face, And the  
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our  
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I  
 lus-tre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the  
 parting at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will  
 lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall

reach the oth-er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.  
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That pre-pares for me a mansion in the sky.  
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.  
 min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

## CHORUS.

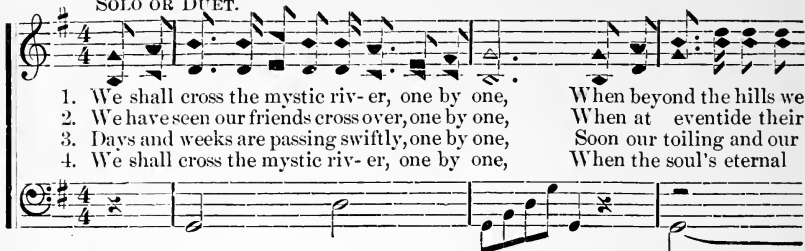
I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,  
 I shall know him,

I shall know....him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.  
 I shall know him,

## CROSSING ONE BY ONE.


Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.  
SOLO OR DUET.

ADAM GEIBEL.



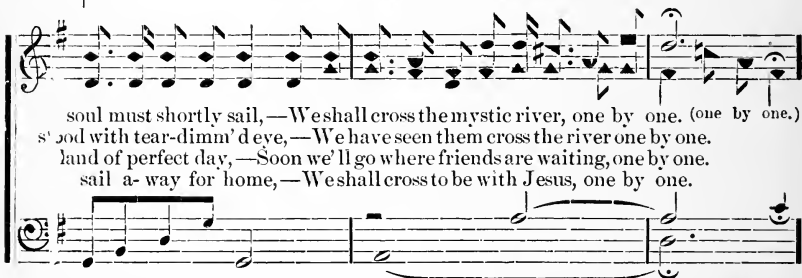
1. We shall cross the mystic riv-er, one by one,  
2. We have seen our friends cross over, one by one,  
3. Days and weeks are passing swiftly, one by one,  
4. We shall cross the mystic riv-er, one by one,

When beyond the hills we  
When at eventide their  
Soon our toiling and our  
When the soul's eternal

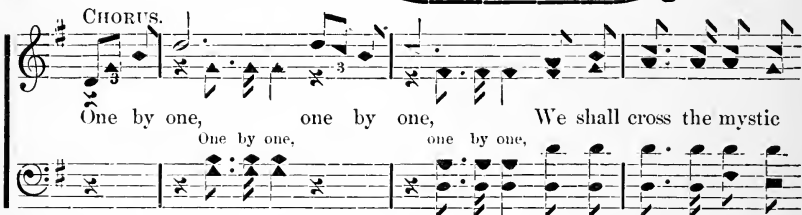


see life's set-ting sun;  
earthly race was run;  
journey will be done;  
morning is be-gun;

With the boat-man, grim and pale, Ev-'ry  
We have heard them say "good-bye," As we  
Then with joy we'll sail a-way For that  
When the boat for us shall come, We will



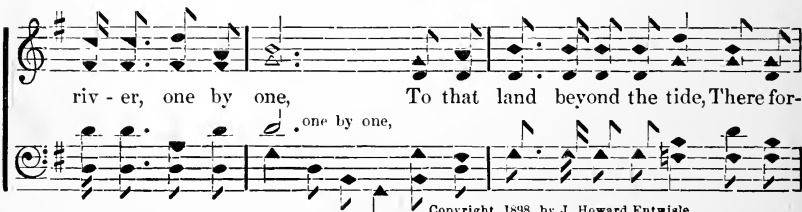
soul must shortly sail,—We shall cross the mystic river, one by one. (one by one.)  
s'ood with tear-dimm'd eye,—We have seen them cross the river one by one.  
land of perfect day,—Soon we'll go where friends are waiting, one by one.  
sail a-way for home,—We shall cross to be with Jesus, one by one.



CHORUS.

One by one, one by one, We shall cross the mystic

One by one, one by one,



riv-er, one by one, To that land beyond the tide, There for-

one by one,

# CROSSING ONE BY ONE.—CONCLUDED.

ev - er to a - bide, — We shall cross the mys-tic riv - er, one by one.

21

## THE LIFE ON WINGS.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My soul, stay not in shadows, Where the mist of sorrow clings; There is
2. On wings of faith mount upward, Far be-yond all earthly things; There is
3. There's triumph in all tr - ial, 'Tis the peace that Jesus brings; O'er the

joy for the heart bidding shadows depart, There is joy for the life on wings.  
 peace that will last till thy journey is past, There is joy for the life on wings.  
 faith-mounted soul sorrow hath no control, There is joy for the life on wings.

CHORUS.

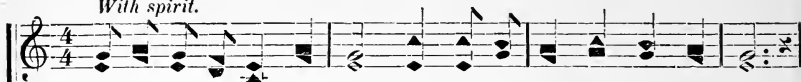
Mount up, my soul, with glad-ness, Where the sun-shine cheers and warms;

The life on wings is the life that sings, Then soar a-bove the storms.

## NOTHING IS TOO HARD FOR JESUS.

C. W. McCROSSAN.

F. S. SHEPHERD.

*With spirit.*

1. Nothing is too hard for Je - sus, He the roughest road hath trod ;
2. Nothing is too hard for Je - sus ; Tempted one and sore - ly tried,
3. Nothing is too hard for Je - sus : Friend, the Saviour speaks to thee,



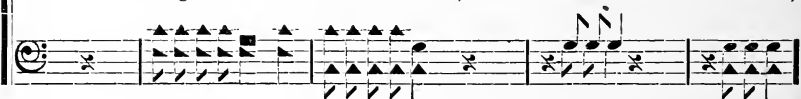
He can aid us in our tri - als, Safe-ly bring us home to God.  
 Sa - tan hath no power to con - quer, If in Christ thou dost a - bide.  
 "I will give thee life su - per - nal, Last-ing as e - ter - ni - ty."



## CHORUS.



Nothing is too hard for Je - sus, Tell the news all a-round ;  
 Nothing is too hard for Christ the blessed One, Tell the news all around ;



Quickly spread the joy - ful mes - sage Where-so-ev - er man is found.  
 Quickly spread the joyful message all around,





1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is passing by;  
 2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is passing by;  
 3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is passing by;  
 4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is passing by;

See in his rec - on - cil - ed face The sun - shine of the sky.  
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.  
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.  
 The love that list - ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.

## CHORUS.

Pass - ing by,..... pass - ing by,.....  
 Pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by, pass - ing by,

Hast - en to meet him on the way, Je - sus is pass - ing

by to - day, Pass - ing by,..... pass - ing by,.....  
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.  
*mp* *p* *rit.*

## LEND A HAND!

JNO. R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Many souls are sinking in the wreck to-day, Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
 2. You may rescue many, if the storm you brave, Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
 3. Somewhere be, thro' toiling, who have weary grown, Lend a hand! lend a hand!

To the rescue, quickly man the boat, away! Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
 Just *your* earnest effort is requir'd to save— Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
 On the wreck are many who are far from home, Lend a hand! lend a hand!

Waves are dash-ing high, soon 'twill be too late, Grasp the oar at once, do not  
 Falls the dark' ningshade, fiercer grows the gale; Tho' the storm king's might maketh  
 Push a - way, a - way! God will sure-ly bless, Strength will give to aid those in

long-er wait; You may save a soul from an aw - ful fate—Lend a  
 stout heart quail, Yet without your aid, naught can e'er a - vail—Lend a  
 sore dis - tress, As your ef - forts be, so will be suc-cess, Lend a

CHORUS.

hand! lend a hand! Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
 Lend a hand! lend a hand! Lend a hand! lend a hand!

LEND A HAND.—CONCLUDED.

To the rescue quick! man the boat, away! Lend a hand! lend a hand!  
Lend a hand! lend a hand!

25 NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

Mrs. SARAH F. ADAMS.

Rev. S. G. NEIL.

1. { Near-er, my God, to thee! Near-er to thee,  
E'en tho' it be a cross (*Omit*.....) That rais - eth me;

*D.C.*—Near-er, my God, to thee! (*Omit*.....) Nearer to thee!

Still all my song shall be, Near - er, my God, to thee, *D.C.*

Copyright, 1898, by Jno. K. Sweney.

2 Though like the wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness be over me,  
My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

3 There let the way appear,  
Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me,  
In mercy given,  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer, to thee!

4 Then, with my waking thoughts  
Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs  
Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

5 Or if, on joyful wing,  
Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,  
Upward I fly,  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
Nearer to thee!

*Gospel Hosannas—D*

This hymn is also sung to the tune "Bethany."

## COME IN, O BLESSED ONE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come in, come in, O bless-ed One; My heart is all thine own;  
 2. Come in, come in, O bless-ed One; Thou King of kings di-vine,  
 3. Come in, come in, O bless-ed One, Whose name the an-gels praise,  
 4. Come in, O Sun of Righteousness, And source of end-less day,

Here make thy constant dwelling place, Thy tem-ple and thy throne.  
 My life, my will, my ev-'ry pow'r, Without reserve are thine.  
 While mor-tal tongues in humbler strains Their grateful trib-ute raise.  
 Thou Lamb of God, whose cleansing blood Has washed my sins a-way.

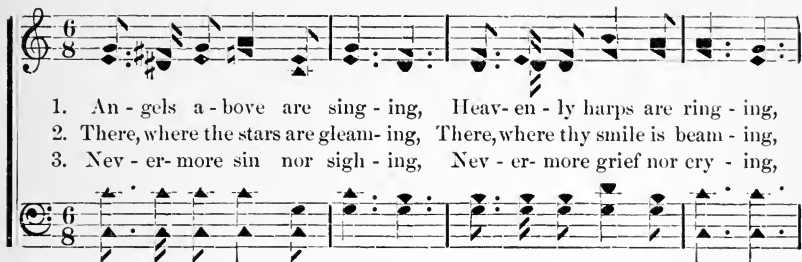
## CHORUS.

Hal - le - lujah, hal - le - lujah, For the grace that makes me free;  
 Glory, halle - lu - jah, glory, halle - lu - jah,

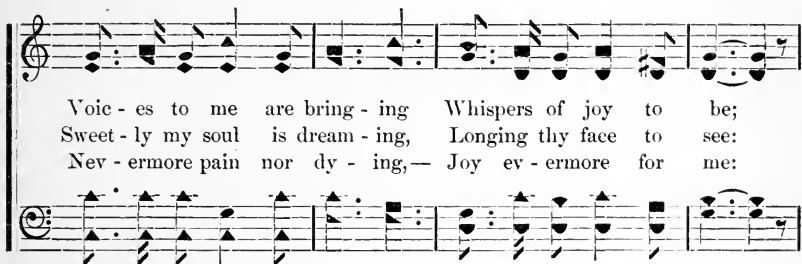
Hal - le - lujah, hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Lord, to thee.  
 Glory, halle - lu - jah, glory, halle - lu - jah,

F. A. S.

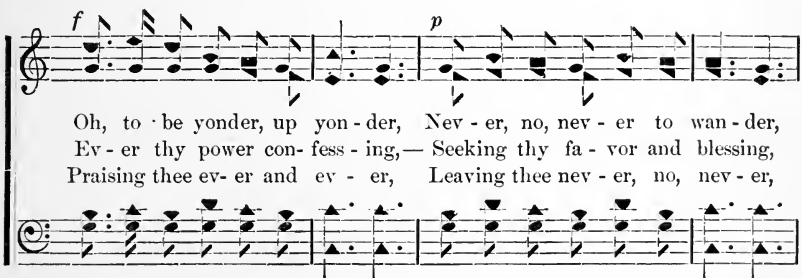
FRANCIS A. SIMKINS.




1. An - gels a - bove are sing - ing, Heav - en - ly harps are ring - ing,  
 2. There, where the stars are gleam - ing, There, where thy smile is beam - ing,  
 3. Nev - er - more sin nor sigh - ing, Nev - er - more grief nor cry - ing,



Voi - ces to me are bring - ing Whispers of joy to be;  
 Sweet - ly my soul is dream - ing, Longing thy face to see:  
 Nev - ermore pain nor dy - ing, — Joy ev - ermore for me:



Oh, to be yonder, up yon - der, Nev - er, no, nev - er to wan - der,  
 Ev - er thy power con - fess - ing, — Seeking thy fa - vor and blessing,  
 Praising thee ev - er and ev - er, Leaving thee nev - er, no, nev - er,

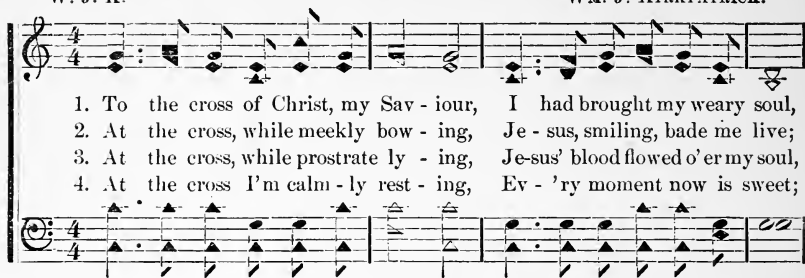


Ev - er my heart grow - ing fond - er, — Fonder, dear Mas - ter, of thee.  
 Still is my soul ev - er press - ing, — Pressing yet near - er to thee.  
 Dwelling in glo - ry for - ev - er, — Ev - er, for - ev - er with thee.

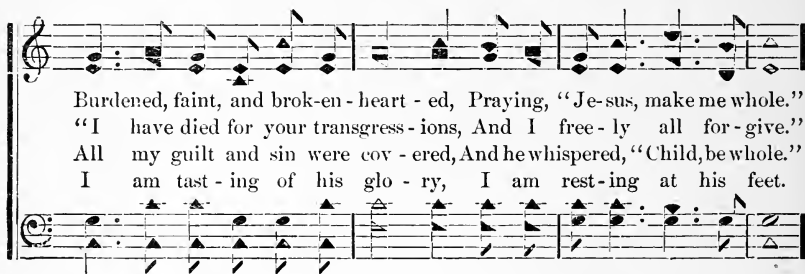
Copyright, 1889, by Francis A. Simkins.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

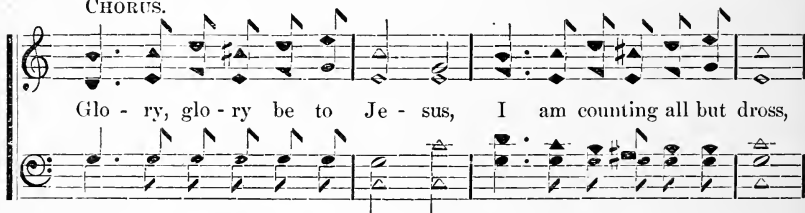


1. To the cross of Christ, my Sav - iour, I had brought my weary soul,  
 2. At the cross, while meekly bow - ing, Je - sus, smiling, bade me live;  
 3. At the cross, while prostrate ly - ing, Je - sus' blood flowed o'er my soul,  
 4. At the cross I'm calm - ly rest - ing, Ev - 'ry moment now is sweet;



Burdened, faint, and brok-en - heart - ed, Praying, "Je - sus, make me whole."  
 "I have died for your transgress - ions, And I free - ly all for - give."  
 All my guilt and sin were cov - ered, And he whispered, "Child, be whole."  
 I am tast - ing of his glo - ry, I am rest - ing at his feet.

## CHORUS.



Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus, I am counting all but dross,



I have found a full sal - va - tion, I am resting at the cross;



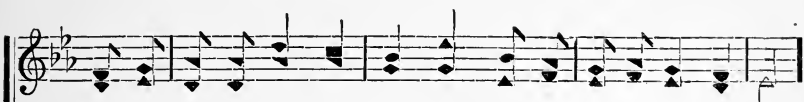
I'm resting (at the cross,) I'm resting (at the cross,) I'm resting at the cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

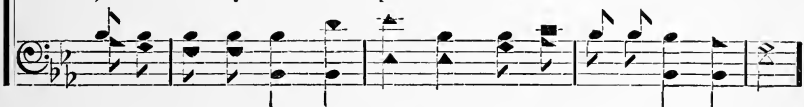
Jno. R. SWENEY.



1. One sweet hour a-lone with Je - sus, Where no eye but his can see,
2. One sweet hour a-lone with Je - sus, When he bids my wea - ry heart
3. One sweet hour a-lone with Je - sus, When I climb the mountain's height,
4. One sweet hour a-lone with Je - sus, One sweet hour of fer - vent pray'r;



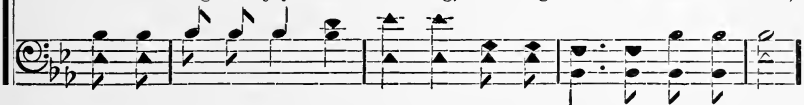
When my soul to him is lift - ed, What a calm it brings to me!  
 Come a-while and rest be - side him, From the cares of earth a - part.  
 And be-hold, as in a vis - ion, Yon - der world of pure de-light.  
 Oh, 'tis then my troub - led spir - it Learns from him its cross to bear.



## CHORUS.



Then on wings of joy as - cend - ing, Holding fast his hand di - vine;



Oh, the joy, the bliss of know-ing I am his and he is mine.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, glorious vic - to - ry, Onward, soldiers of the Lord ;  
 2. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, glorious vic - to - ry, Faint not, fear not, boldly stand ;  
 3. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, glorious vic - to - ry, Still is sounding from the sky,  
 4. Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, glorious vic - to - ry, Soon we'll lay our armor down ;

Hear the soul - in - spir - ing prom - ise, We shall con - quer thro' his word.  
 Wave our ban - ner, shout ho - san - na, With the Spir - it's sword in hand.  
 While be - fore our great Com - man - der Sa - tan's vanquish'd armies fly.  
 Soon give up the cross for - ev - er, And re - ceive the victor's crown.

## CHORUS.

We shall o - ver - come the world, hal - le - lu - jah to his name,

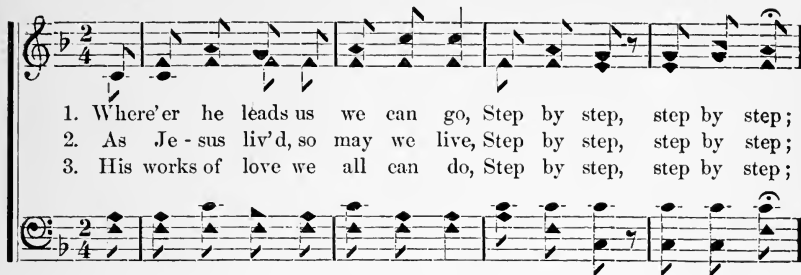
We shall o - ver - come by faith ; We shall o - ver - come the world,

hal - le - lu - jah to his name, Who has tri - umph o - ver death.

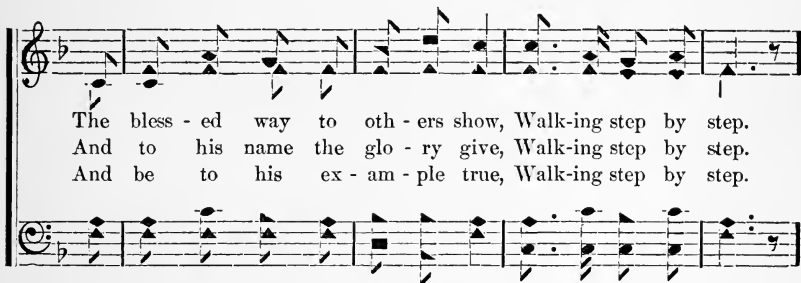


ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

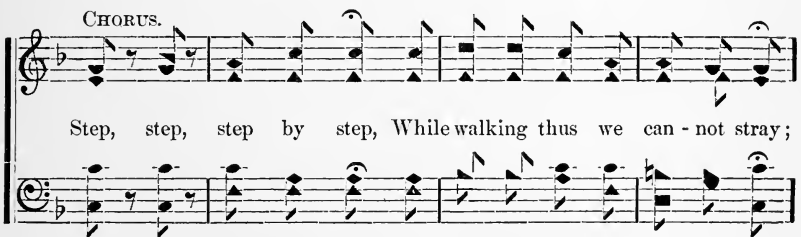


1. Where'er he leads us we can go, Step by step, step by step;  
 2. As Je - sus liv'd, so may we live, Step by step, step by step;  
 3. His works of love we all can do, Step by step, step by step;

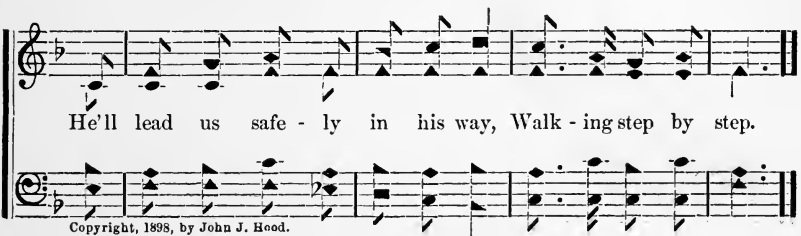


The bless - ed way to oth - ers show, Walk - ing step by step.  
 And to his name the glo - ry give, Walk - ing step by step.  
 And be to his ex - am - ple true, Walk - ing step by step.

CHORUS.



Step, step, step by step, While walking thus we can - not stray;



He'll lead us safe - ly in his way, Walk - ing step by step.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood.

4 The way to heav'n we may pursue,  
 Step by step, step by step;  
 And keep the cross and crown in view,  
 Walking step by step.

5 The life divine we can attain,  
 Step by step, step by step;  
 And rise at last with him to reign,  
 Walking step by step.

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. In the shelter of the Saviour's love, There my soul would evermore abide,  
 2. 'Neath the shadow of his mighty wing I am safe, tho' waves of sorrow roll,  
 3. Blessed anchor of the trusting soul! Thee I trust, my rock, my hope and guide,

Thro' the cleansing pow'r of Jesus' blood I'm safe, whatever may be-tide;  
 'Mid the tempest, I can sweetly sing, For Jesus' blood has saved my soul;  
 Ev-'ry raging storm thou dost control, With thee, no e-vil can be-tide;

Tho' I've wandered far away from God, Tho' my feet have trod the paths of sin,  
 Tho' the clouds oft gath-er in the sky, Making dark the lonely way I go,  
 Oh, the greatness of thy boundless love! Thou didst save, poor sinner tho' I be,

Yet I know there's pardon thro' the blood For all who plunge the fount within.  
 Yet I hear the promise of his word, "Suf-fi-cient grace I will bestow."  
 Thro' the cleansing of thy precious blood I'm saved to all e-ter-ni-ty!

## CHORUS.

In his love I will abide, Safe - ly sheltered by his side,  
 In his love, his love Safe - ly, safe - ly

I am ful-ly sat- isfied, For I know thro' his blood I'm redeemed.  
I am ful-ly,

33 WASH ME IN THY BLOOD.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O Lord, thy mighty grace impart, Wash me in thy blood; Take full pos-
2. From outward fault, from se-cret sin, Wash me in thy blood; Let now thy
3. Ar - ray my soul in robes divine, Wash me in thy blood; The garments
4. Un - til that happy day shall break, Wash me in thy blood; When in thy

CHORUS.

session of my heart, Wash me in thy blood. Saviour, make me all thine own,  
Spir- it rule within, Wash me in thy blood.  
of sal- vation mine, Wash me in thy blood.  
likeness I awake, Wash me in thy blood.

Trusting, trusting thee alone, Sink me 'neath the crimson flood, Wash me in thy blood.

Cop. right, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is the light, the way, We are walking in the light, We are  
 2. We who know our sins for - given, We are walking in the light, We are  
 3. As we jour - ney here be - low, We are walking in the light, We are  
 4. We will sing his power to save, We are walking in the light, We are

walking in the light; Shining brighter day by day, We are walking in the  
 walking in the light; Find on earth the joy of heaven, We are walking in the  
 walking in the light; Oh, what joy and peace we know, We are walking in the  
 walking in the light; We will triumph o'er the grave, We are walking in the

## REFRAIN.

beau-ti-ful light of God. We are walk - - ing in the light, We are  
 Walking in the light, beautiful light of God,

walk - - - ing in the light, We are walk - ing in the  
 Walking in the light, beau-ti-ful light of God, Walking in the light,

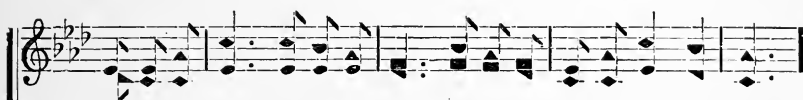
light,..... We are walking in the beau-ti-ful light of God.  
 Walk - ing in the light,

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

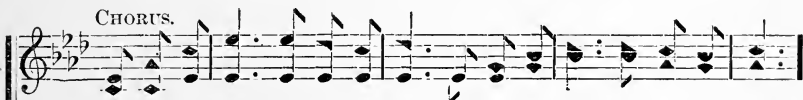
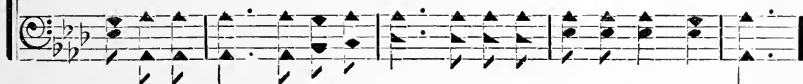
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



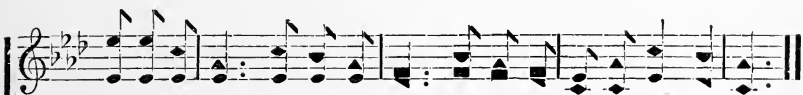
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."  
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.  
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.  
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heaven's ta-ble-land;



A higher plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

*Andante.*

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

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

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

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.  
 My voice shall echo thy mes- sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.  
 I'll do thy will with a heart sin- cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea ;

I'LL GO WHERE YOU, etc.—CONCLUDED.

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

37 DON'T YOU KNOW HE CARES?

Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

J. HOWARD ESTWISLE.

1. When your spirit bows in sor - row From the load it bears, Go and
2. Have your feet become en - tan - gled In the tempter's snares? There is
3. Have you been by grief o'er-tak - en, Stricken un - a - wares? Yet you
4. Is your bod - y fill'd with an - guish, With the pain it bears? Think of

FINE. CHORUS.

tell your heart to Jesus,—Don't you know he cares? Yes, there is One who  
 One who died to save you, Don't you know he cares?  
 will not be for - sak - en, Don't you know he cares?  
 how the Saviour suffered—Don't you know he cares?

*D.S.*—Don't you know he cares?

*D.S.*

shares your burdens, Ev' ry sorrow shares; Go and tell it all to Je - sus,—

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5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—  
 Life a dark look wears;  
 Yet the Saviour still is with you,  
 Don't you know he cares?

6 So amid life's cares and struggles,  
 Blending songs with prayers—  
 Always put your trust in Jesus,  
 Don't you know he cares?

ADA BLENKHORN.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. Would you to your Saviour now be rec - oniled? Let the bless - ed  
 2. Would you hold commun - ion sweet with God a - bove? Let the bless - ed  
 3. Would you have his peace within your heart a - bide? Let the bless - ed  
 4. Would you have the God of life to be your friend? Let the bless - ed

Christ come in; Would you hear him call you his be - lov - ed child?  
 Christ come in; Would you know the height and depth of his great love?  
 Christ come in; Would you from the storms of life in Je - sus hide?  
 Christ come in; Would you have him dwell with you till life shall end?  
 come in;

CHORUS.

Let the bless - ed Christ come in. Let the bless - ed Christ come

in, (come in.) Let the bless - ed Christ come in; (come in;) Give to him who

loves you, welcome sweet and true, Let the bless - ed Christ come in. (come in.)



E. G. C.

ELI G. CHRISTY.

1. It pays to serve Je-sus, I speak from my heart; He'll always be  
 2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my  
 3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found  
 4. How rich is the blessing the world can-not give, I'm sat-is-fied

with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can  
 Saviour,—my mind wanders back To the place where they nailed him on  
 pardon,—'twas heav-en to me; There Je-sus spoke sweet-ly to  
 ful-ly for Je-sus to live, Tho' friends may for-sake me and

pleasure af-ford, There's peace and contentment in serv-ing the Lord.  
 Cal-va-ry's tree— I hear a voice saying,— I suffered for thee!  
 my wea-ry soul, My sins are for-giv-en, he made my heart whole.  
 tri-als a-rise, I'm trust-ing in Je-sus—his love nev-er dies.

*D.S.*—ev-er the cost, I'll be a true soldier,—I'll die at my post.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

{ I love him far bet-ter than in days of yore, }  
 { I'll serve him more truly than ev-er be-fore, } I'll do as he bids me what-

copyright, 1894, by Jno. R. Sweeney.

- 5 Will you have this blessing that Jesus bestows,  
 A free, full salvation—as ev'ry one knows?  
 Oh, sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee,  
 The blood of my Saviour was shed there  
 for thee.
- 6 There is no one like Jesus, can cheer  
 me to-day, [away,  
 His love and his kindness can ne'er fade  
 In winter, in summer, in sunshine and  
 rain, [same,  
 His love and affection are always the

## O WHY STAND YE IDLE ?

F. M. D.

"Why stand ye here all the day idle?"—Matt. xx: 6. FRANK M. DAVIS.

*Andante.*

1. O idler, why loiter the bright hours away? The hours that will ne'er come again;  
 2. O why stand ye idle? some soul ye may save, That's drifting away from the right,  
 3. O why stand ye idle? thy brother's in need; No help or assistance is nigh,  
 4. O idle no longer the bright hours away, There's work in the vineyard to do,

The fields are all white of the harvest to-day, Ungather'd the sheaves on the plain.  
 O hasten ere it shall sink down to the grave, Be lost in e - ter - ni - ty's night.  
 Oh, then to his suff'ring and cries now give heed, Lest he for thy carelessness die.  
 The harvest is passing, is passing a - way, The Master is calling for you.

CHORUS.

O why..... stand ye i - dle?..... O why stand ye i - dle to - day?  
 O why stand ye i - dle? O why stand ye i - dle?

O can you not see that the night's coming on, And the har - vest is

CODA. After last verse only.

*Slowly.**dim.*

passing a - way? The har-vest is passing a - way, Passing a - way.

From "Brightest Glory." By per. of John J. Hood.

MYRON W. MORSE, and FANNY J. CROSBY.

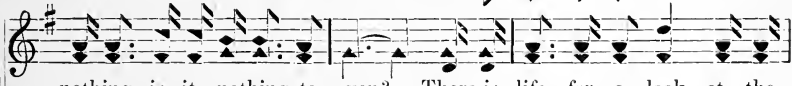
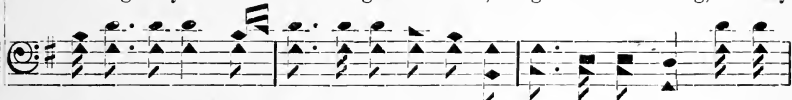
Jno. R. SWENEY.



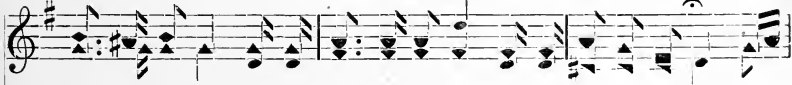
1. Our blessed Redeemer is passing this way, Is it nothing to you, is it  
 2. The Master is calling, oh, list to his voice, Is it nothing to you, is it  
 3. Yon region so lovely, where all will be song, Is it nothing to you, is it



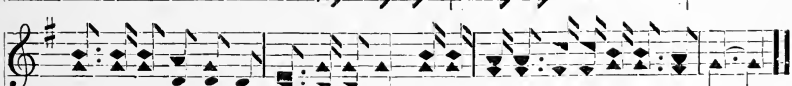
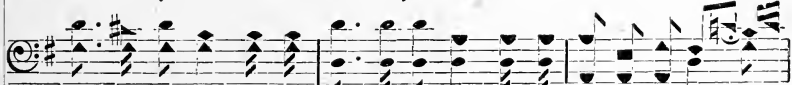
nothing to you? Oh, hear him this mo-m-ent so ten-der-ly say, Is it  
 nothing to you? A-wake from your slumber, be-lieve and re-joice, Is it  
 nothing to you? The Saviour's glad welcome, the glo-ri-fied throng, Are they



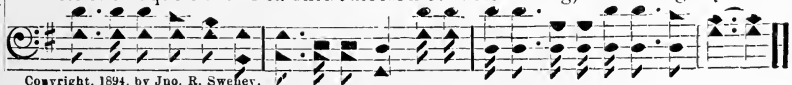
nothing, is it nothing to you? There is life for a look at the  
 nothing, is it nothing to you? The sands of your life are fast  
 nothing, are they nothing to you? The an-gels are there, brother,



eru-ci-fied One, There is life for a look at the Father's own Son; Oh,  
 pass-ing a-way, Oh, haste, quickly haste, ere the close of the day, Re-  
 where will you be?—'Tis time that you halt-ed on life's restless sea, And



hasten just now, to the dear Saviour come, Is it nothing, is it nothing to you?  
 pent and receive him, oh, do not delay, Make it something, make it something to you  
 settled this question: "Did Christ die for me?" Is it nothing, is it nothing to you?

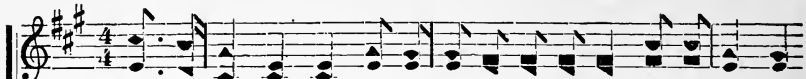


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Gospel Hosannas—F

FANNY J. CROSBY.

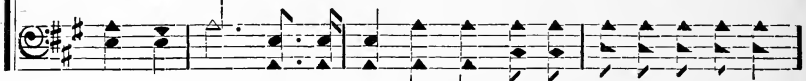
JNO. R. SWENEY.



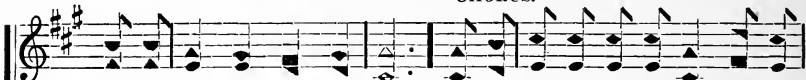
1. When the heart, made pure, is the tem-ple of the Lord, And we feel his
2. There are floods of light from his glo-ry that descend When we think our
3. He will cheer us on when we fol-low in his track, And our hearts with
4. Let us grow in grace and a knowledge of the truth, Let us dwell in



pres-ence there, Oh, the joy that comes when we gath-er in his name,  
 pros-pect dim, There are heights of love that his children may at-tain,  
 glad-ness fill; For we know by faith that his ev-er-last-ing arms  
 per-fect peace; Till we all clasp hands in the pal-ace of the King,



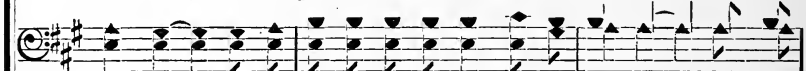

## CHORUS.



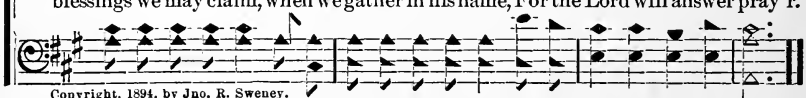
At the hallowed hour of pray'r. He is precious un-to all that be-  
 By a clos-er walk with him.  
 Are be-neath and 'round us still.  
 And our transport ne'er shall cease.

lieve him, He is precious un-to all that be-lieve him; Oh, the

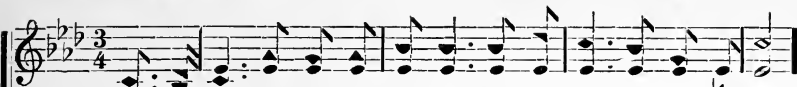



blessings we may claim, when we gather in his name, For the Lord will answer pray'r.

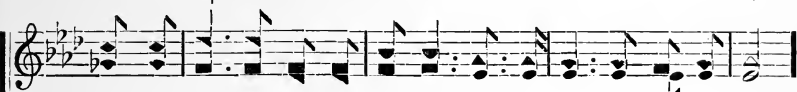


AMANDA R. MEUSCH.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



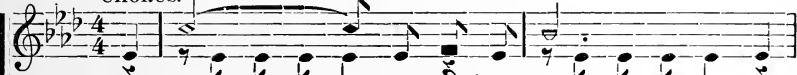
1. As we jour-ney on our pathway, Which thro' life's great valley leads,
2. Let us help the wea-ry pil-grim, Whom we meet up-on our way,
3. Let us not de-lay our ac-tions, Thoughtless for an-oth-er day;



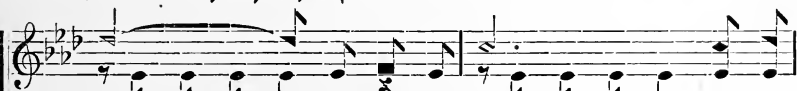
Let us scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, Strew our path with lov-ing deeds.  
 With a kind-ly word and ac-tion, With a lov-ing deed to-day.  
 There are souls that must be res-cued, Let us help them while we may.



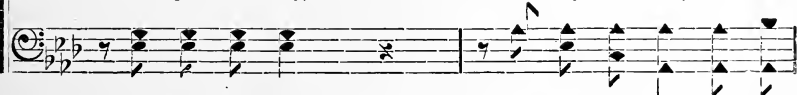
## CHORUS.



We pass..... this way but once, We  
 We pass this way, this way but once,



pass..... this way but once; Let us  
 We pass this way, this way but once; Let us

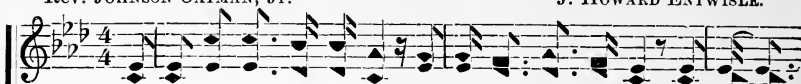


scatter seeds of kindness, For we pass this way but once.  
 scat-ter seeds of kindness, scat-ter seeds of kindness,

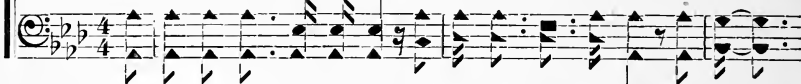


Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



1. A hand all bruised and bleeding is knocking at the door, Is knocking
2. How oft-en when in sickness, your body racked with pain, This knocking
3. While standing by the cas- ket of some de-part-ed friend, With sorrow
4. Why will you keep him knocking? why don't you let him in? He'll fill



at the door of your heart; It is the hand of Je-sus, who long has re - sounded in your ears; How often in the night-time the knock would your heart was sick and sore; What caus'd that train of thinking of how your your pathway with de- light; That hand so torn and bleeding will wash a-



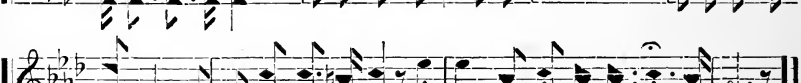
## CHORUS.



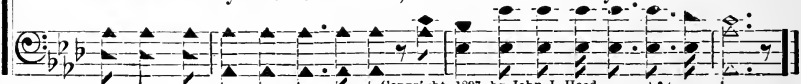
knoaked before, Tho' oft you have told him to depart. Oh, don't you hear him knocking, come again, So loud it would fill your soul with fears. life would end? That hand was then knocking at the door. way your sin, Oh, welcome the Saviour in to-night.



knocking at the door? He's knocking at the door to come in; He wants an in- vi-



tation to cross your threshold o'er, Then Jesus will save you from all sin.



## OUT BEYOND THE BREAKERS.

T. E. T.

REV. T. E. TERRY.

1. There is a dan - ger line on the sea of life, It is mark'd by the  
 2. When the Is - ra - el of God came from Egypt land, They were stopp'd by the  
 3. Are you in the breakers, brother, and roughly toss'd, Is your soul in dis-

roar and the spray and the strife; There to lure our souls Satan does his best,  
 sea and the Jordan's stormy strand, Tho' they fear'd the waves with their foamy crests,  
 tress, have you peace and comfort lost? Let the shore-line go, pull-a-way and trust,

CHORUS.

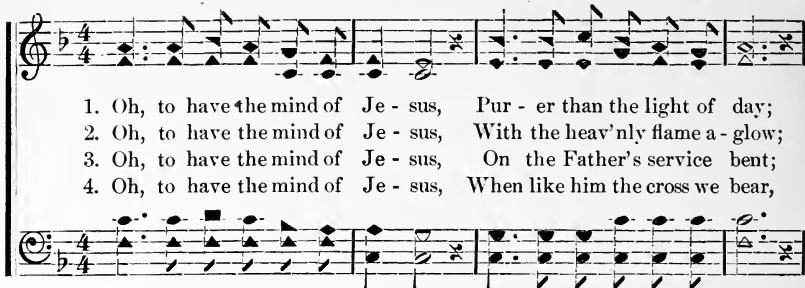
But out beyond the breakers there is rest, sweet rest. Out be-yond the  
 They knew that on the Canaan side was rest, sweet rest.  
 Get out be-yond the breakers, there is rest, sweet rest.

breakers as they dash and roll, Out beyond the breakers there is safety for the soul,

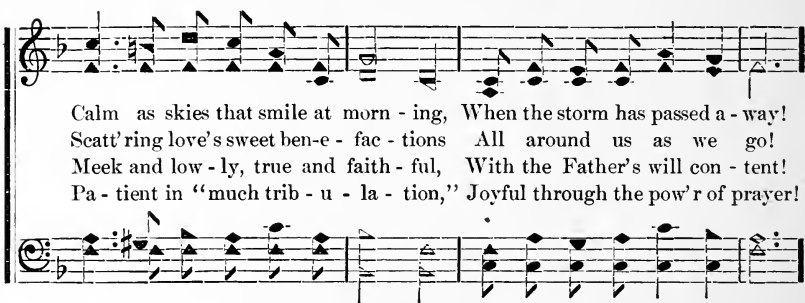
Out, launch out, 'till the storms are past, Out beyond the breakers we'll be safe at the last.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

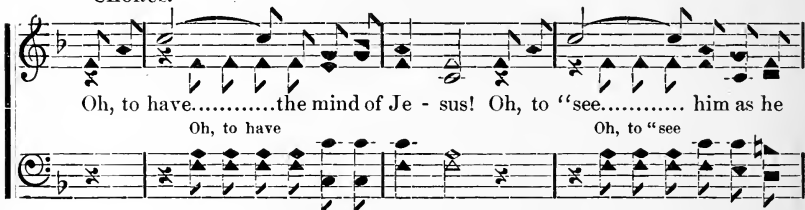


1. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, Pur - er than the light of day;  
 2. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, With the heav'nly flame a - glow;  
 3. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, On the Father's service bent;  
 4. Oh, to have the mind of Je - sus, When like him the cross we bear,

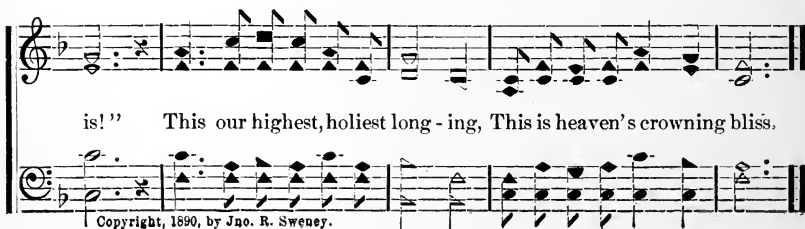


Calm as skies that smile at morn - ing, When the storm has passed a - way!  
 Scatt'ring love's sweet ben-e - fac - tions All around us as we go!  
 Meek and low - ly, true and faith - ful, With the Father's will con - tent!  
 Pa - tient in "much trib - u - la - tion," Joyful through the pow'r of prayer!

## CHORUS.



Oh, to have.....the mind of Je - sus! Oh, to "see..... him as he  
 Oh, to have Oh, to "see



is!" This our highest, holiest long - ing, This is heaven's crowning bliss.



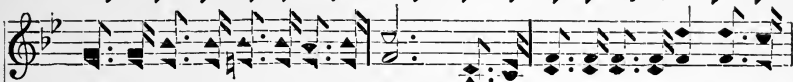
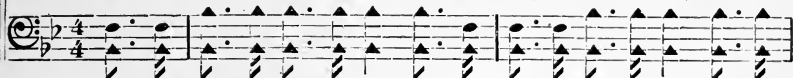
## THE HAPPY SONG.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

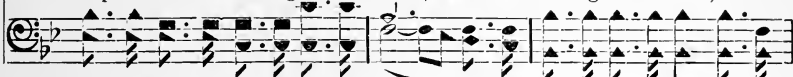
F. BURGETTE SHORT.



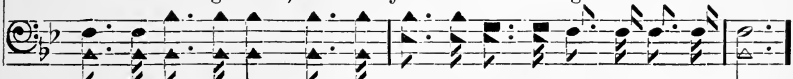
1. Oh, the joy that we may know when u - ni - ted here be-low, We are
2. Oh, the rap - ture of the soul, tho' the stormy bil-lows roll, If in
3. Oh, the tranquil peace and love that he giv - eth from above, And the
4. When our jour - ney here is past, and the twilight comes at last, When the



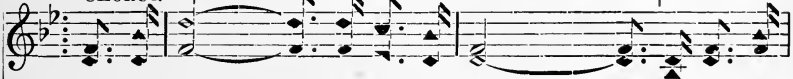
marching to the palace of the King; With our faith serenely bright ev'ry  
 Je - sus we are sheltered from alarms; We can shout aloud his praise, who dis-  
 comfort that his sacred presence brings; When he calls his own apart, and com-  
 deeper shades of evening shall descend; What a morning will be ours, in those



bur-den will be light, And to - geth - er of his mer - cy we shall sing.  
 rect - ed all our ways, For be - neath us are his ev - er - last - ing arms.  
 munes with ev'ry heart, While we rest beneath the shadow of his wings.  
 nev - er - fading bow'rs, When we join the nobler song that ne'er shall end.

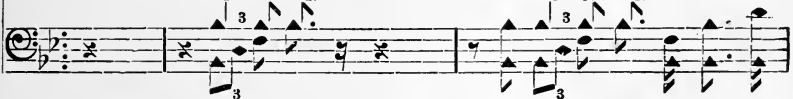


## CHORUS.



Sing the song,..... the hap - py song,..... That fills with

Sing the song, the hap - py song,



joy..... the realms of glory; And praise his name, his name forevermore.  
 that fills with joy,



ELLEN DARE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it disap-  
 2. Send out the sunlight in letter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all  
 3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day, Crown all the years with its luminous  
 4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Often it shortens the long, weary

pears—Souls are in waiting this message to hear, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 stir'd—Hearts that are hungry for pray'rs still unheard, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 ray, Nonrish the seeds that are sown on the way, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 mile, Often the burdens seem light for awhile, Send out the sunlight of love.

## CHORUS.

Send out the sunlight of love,..... Send out the sunlight of love,.....  
 the sunlight of love, the sunlight of love,

Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.  
 the sunlight of love.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air! Blessings will follow with none to compare,  
 Blessings of peace, that will rise from despair! Send out the sunlight of love.

6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in you! Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;  
 Pray for its presence! your prayer will come true, Send out the sunlight of love.

## ON FOR JESUS!

J. H. E.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

*Tempo di march.*

1. On for Je - sus! stead - y be your arm and brave; Onward, onward,  
 2. On for Je - sus! tiresome tho' the conflict be, Tho' the hosts of  
 3. On for Je - sus, till the sound of strife is o'er! When the great Com -

*D. C.*—“On for Je - sus!” this shall be the bat - tle-cry, Ne'er re - treating,

take the shield and sword; On for Je - sus! standard of your  
 sin are press - ing hard; On for Je - sus! striv - ing for the  
 mand - er calls for thee Thou shalt wear a crown of life for -

ev - er press - ing on; On for Je - sus! marching on to

FINE.

Cap - tain wave, Press - ing on - ward, trust - ing in his word.  
 vic - to - ry, End - less life will soon be your re - ward.  
 ev - er - more, And with Je - sus reign e - ter - nal - ly.

vic - to - ry, As we shout the glad re - demption song.

CHORUS.

March - ing, marching on,..... We're marching onward still for Je - sus;  
 Marching on, marching on,

*D. C.*

March - ing, marching on,..... Beneath the ban - ner of the free.  
 Marching on, marching on,

## NEVER SAY "NO" TO JESUS.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.  
*Slow with expression.*

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. In the fight against sin, If a crown you would win, Never say "no" to  
2. When he bids you to speak To a soul that is weak, Never say "no" to  
3. If he wants you to walk, If he wants you to talk, Never say "no" to

Je-sus; When his or-ders you hear, Move ahead, nev-er fear, Nev-er say  
Je-sus; If he says, "lend a hand, That your brother may stand," Nev-er say  
Je-sus; If he bids you to stay, If he bids you to pray, Nev-er say

## CHORUS.

"no" to Je-sus. No! no! nev-er say "no," Never say "no" to Je-sus;

Oh, be faith-ful and true, What he tells you to do, Never say "no" to Jesus.

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood.

4 If he calls you to go  
Where the deep waters flow,  
Never say "no" to Jesus;  
If he calls you to make  
Sacrifice for his sake,  
Never say "no" to Jesus,

5 If he calls you to give  
All to him while you live,  
Never say "no" to Jesus;  
For at last, by and by,  
He will call you on high,  
Never say "no" to Jesus.

## JESUS IS ALL THAT YOU NEED.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Come to the Saviour, believe in his name, Je-sus is all that you need ;  
 2. Je-sus has triumph' d o'er sin and the grave, Je-sus is all that you need ;  
 3. Give your life o- ver to Je-sus' con-trol, Je-sus is all that you need ;

Je- sus is now and for- ev - er the same, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 He is a- bund- ant- ly a- ble to save, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 Je- sus will meet ev'ry want of the soul, Je- sus is all that you need.

Claim his sure promise, oh, fully believe, Ask for his blessing and you shall receive,  
 Je- sus will pardon if you will confess, Je- sus will comfort in time of distress,  
 Jesus is calling, oh, turn not away, Make him forever your life and your stay,

Je- sus will help you the past to re- trieve, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 He will be with you for- ev - er to bless, Je- sus is all that you need.  
 Will you be- long to him wholly to - day? Je- sus is all that you need.

*D.S.*—why turn away from the Saviour to-day, When Jesus is all that you need?

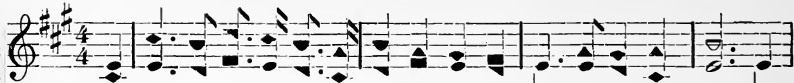
CHORUS.

*D.S.*

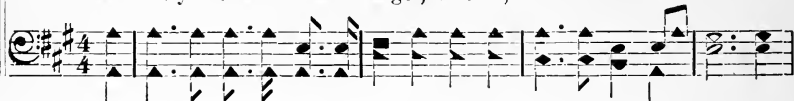
e- sus is all that you need, All that you ever can need ;..... Oh,  
 you need, can need ;

HARRIET E. JONES.

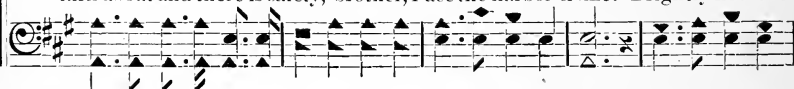
J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



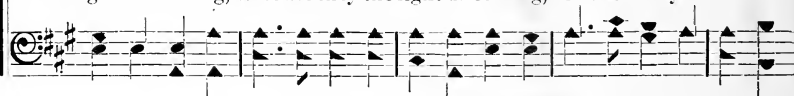
1. You're sailing t' ward the fearful rapids, brother, Face the harbor-home! You're
2. Beware of hidden rock and sand, my brother, Face the harbor-home! Oh,
3. Be- fore you there is awful danger, brother, Face the harbor-home! Just



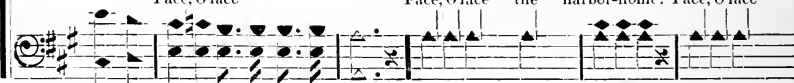
drifting farther from the beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! See the clouds of  
turn toward the shining beacon, brother, Face the harbor-home! Shining stars their  
turn about and there is safety, brother, Face the harbor-home! Brightly now the



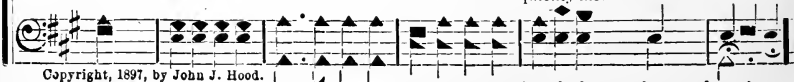
darkness o'er you, See the ma-ny wrecks before you, Turn this moment, we im-  
watch are keeping, Angry waves are 'round you sweeping, Guardian angels must be  
light is burning, Wise are they the light discerning, Oh! at once your back be



CHORUS.  
plore you, Face the harbor-home! Face the harbor-home! Face the  
weeping, Face the harbor-home!  
turning, Face the harbor-home!  
Face, O face Face, O face the harbor-home! Face, O face



harbor-home! The light discern, your frail bark turn, And face the harbor-home.  
the harbor-home! quickly face harbor-home!



## ON TO VICTORY.

"This is the victory that overcometh the world."—1 John v: 4.

JENNIE WILSON.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. "On to vic - to - ry" shall our mot - to be, While we march as  
 2. "On to vic - to - ry," for on Cal - va - ry Je - sus conquered  
 3. "On to vic - to - ry," till the world is free From the cru - el  
 4. "On to vic - to - ry," till those heights we see Where the an - gel

soldiers of Christ our Lord; Ne'er shall come defeat when the foe we meet,  
 death that our souls might live; Let us trust his name, and his promise claim,  
 bondage and blight of sin; Onward, onward press, gaining new success,  
 arm-ies of Je - sus stand, Then with joyous song we shall join the throng,

## CHORUS.

If for bat - tle or - ders we take God's word. "On to vic - to - ry,  
 In the Christian war - fare he'll triumph give.  
 Stars to shine for - ev - er thro' Je - sus win.  
 Sing - ing hap - py praise in the glo - ry - land.

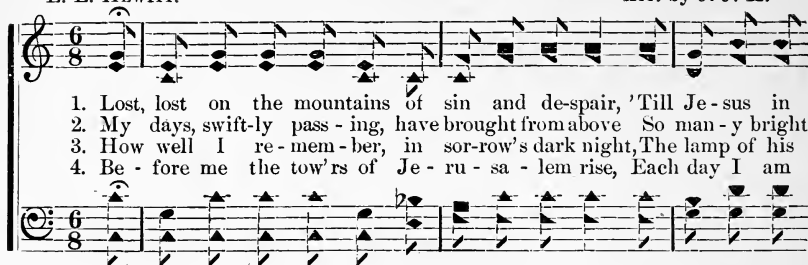
on to vic - to - ry," Hear the ring - ing bat - tle call, "On to

vic - to - ry, on to vic - to - ry," Earth shall crown him Lord of all.

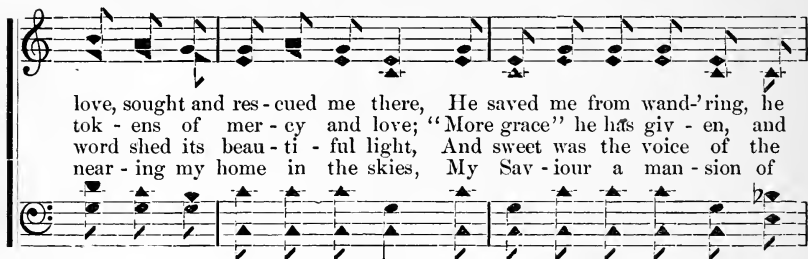
## SHALL I TURN BACK?

E. E. HEWITT.


Arr. by J. J. H.



1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de-spair, 'Till Je-sus in  
 2. My days, swift-ly pass-ing, have brought from above So man-y bright  
 3. How well I re-mem-ber, in sor-row's dark night, The lamp of his  
 4. Be-fore me the tow'rs of Je-ru-sa-lem rise, Each day I am

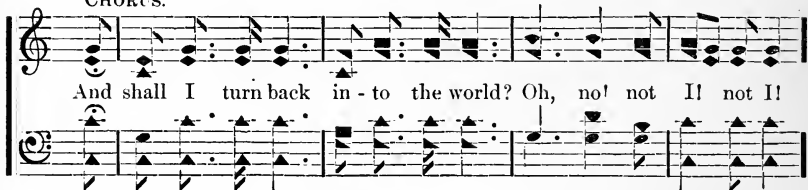


love, sought and res-cued me there, He saved me from wand-'ring, he  
 tok-ens of mer-cy and love; "More grace" he has giv-en, and  
 word shed its beau-ti-ful light, And sweet was the voice of the  
 near-ing my home in the skies, My Sav-iour a man-sion of

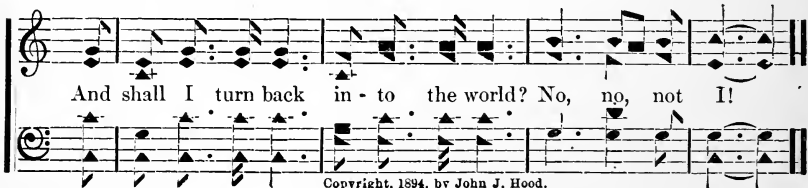


gave me re-lease, And led me to path-ways of bless-ing and peace.  
 bur-dens removed, Yes, o-ver and o-ver, his goodness I've proved.  
 Com-fort-er then, A-wak-ing new prais-es a-gain and a-gain.  
 joy will pre-pare, And loved ones are wait-ing to wel-come me there.

## CHORUS.



And shall I turn back in-to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!

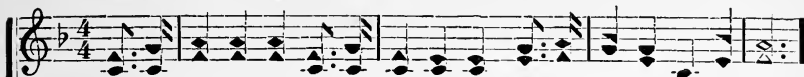


And shall I turn back in-to the world? No, no, not I!

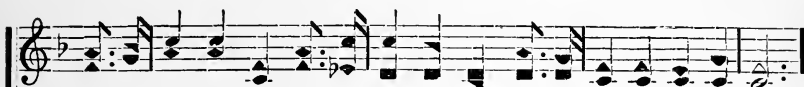


J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



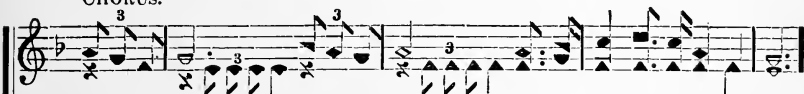
1. Where-so'er we be on life's raging sea, With its wild and an-gry foam,
2. Oh, this light divine for us all doth shine, And will guide us all the way,
3. Sweetest praise we'll sing to our mighty King, When we reach that peaceful place,
4. We will ev-er steer by this light so clear, Till we reach the shining shore,



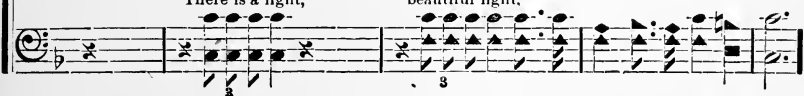
There's a love-ly light in the darkest night That will guide us safely home.  
 Till our feet shall stand on the golden strand, In the realms of endless day.  
 Where the friends we knew, who to him were true, Now behold his smil-ing face.  
 Where our souls shall rest on the Saviour's breast, And be safe for - ev - er - more.



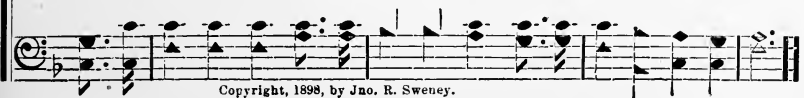
## CHORUS.



There is a light, beautiful light, Shining out over life's dark sea;  
 There is a light, beautiful light.



There's a love-ly light in our Father's house, Shining now for you and me.



## THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isaiah i. 18.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE. By per.

DUET. *Gently.*

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;  
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you, Oh, return ye un - to God! to God!  
 3. He'll for-give your trans-gres-sions, And remember them no more; no more;

QUARTET.

Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"  
 He is of great..... com- pas - sion, And of wondrous love;  
 "Look un-to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God;

Tho' they be red,

DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*

"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,  
 Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,  
 He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

*p ritard.*

They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."  
 Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!  
 And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem-ber them no more.

## WE ARE ON THE WINNING SIDE.

MRS. FRANK A. BRECK.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. We are on the winning side, In a mighty war, Christ is our Com-  
 2. We are on the winning side, On-ward let us go, Sure-ly we shall  
 3. We are on the winning side, Let our hearts be brave, Trusting in the

CHORUS.

mand-er, He our Con-quer-or. We are on the winning side, On the  
 tri-umph O-ver ev-ry foe.  
 Sav-iour, Strong indeed to save.

winning side; We are on the winning side, Sure of great re-ward; Un-to

him, for - ev - er let the glo - ry be, Un-to him, for - ev - er let the

glo - ry be, We are on the side of vic - to - ry, The side of the Lord!

E. E. HEWITT.

B. HILLYARD SWENEY.

1. In the ro - sy morning hours, While the dew is on the flow'rs, And the  
 2. Let our hearts and strength and will Join his bidding to ful - fill, Laying  
 3. If but lit - tle we can do, Let us faithful - ly pursue Ev' - ry

world is full of beauty, light and song; Let us hear the gen - tle call Of the  
 down our cares and burdens at his feet; Let our lives be full of love, Bright with  
 path of du - ty opened by his hand, Let us bring our ver - y best, For his

*D.S.*—From the ro - sy morning glow Till the

Lord who loves us all; Let us serve him while the moments speed a - long.  
 sunshine from above, Yes, there's joy in serv - ing Je - sus, oh, how sweet!  
 blessing make request; We shall serve him bet - ter in the hap - py land.

sun is sinking low, Then go home, his ev - er - lasting joy to share.

CHORUS.

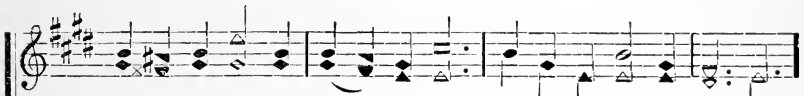
Work for Je - sus, oh, how blessed! Let us labor for the King whose name we bear,  
 Let us work and sing, Let us work and sing,

Rev. J. G. BICKERTON.

EDWIN S. GAULT.



1. Living for Jesus meekly each day; Fill'd with his fulness, O joyful lay!
2. Blessings he gives me, precious and sweet, Strengthens my faith for vict'ry complete;
3. O wondrous grace, O power divine, That we should in thy blest image shine
4. In realms of glory, thy face to see, Join'd with the ransom'd all about thee,



This is life's sto - ry with Christ alway, Living for Je - sus on - ly.  
 Safe - ly I'm kept at Je - sus' feet, Living for Je - sus on - ly.  
 And live sustain'd by pow'r wholly thine, Living for Je - sus on - ly.  
 Then we will praise thee in ho - ly glee, Living for Je - sus on - ly.



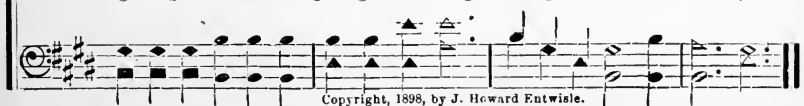
## CHORUS.



Living for Je - sus all the day long, Singing for Je - sus, that is my song;



Fighting the battle of right against wrong, Living for Je - sus on - ly.



E. E. HEWITT.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. March on, hap - py sol - diers, re - joice as you go, The Lord is our strength and  
 2. March on to the warfare of right against wrong, The Lord is our strength and  
 3. March on, bear - ing ev - er the ban - ner of love, The Lord is our strength and

shield; His name gives us courage to meet ev - 'ry foe, The Lord is our  
 shield; Stand up for King Je - sus, be valiant and strong, The Lord is our  
 shield; Pro - claim - ing good news from the Father a - bove, The Lord is our

strength and shield. "Fear not," he hath told us, "I'll be with you still, To  
 strength and shield. "Be filled with the Spir - it" of wisdom and might, And  
 strength and shield. The great gos - pel ar - my shall spread far and wide The

guard you from danger, to save you from ill;" Then sing, marching onward to  
 clad in the glit - ter - ing ar - mor of light; The word of our God puts the  
 joys that for - ev - er in Je - sus a - bide; Ride on, blessed Saviour, tri -

CHORUS.

fair Zion's hill, The Lord is our strength and shield. We'll march along with a  
 tempter to flight, The Lord is our strength and shield.  
 unphantly ride, The Lord is our strength and shield.

OUR STRENGTH AND SHIELD.—CONCLUDED.

conq'ring song, We're victors, victors on the bat-tle-field, If trust-ing our  
 King, From our hearts we can sing, The Lord is our strength and shield.

61 JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

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

Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;  
 Boist'rous waves o - bey thy will, When thou say'st to them "Be still!"  
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while lean - ing on thy breast,

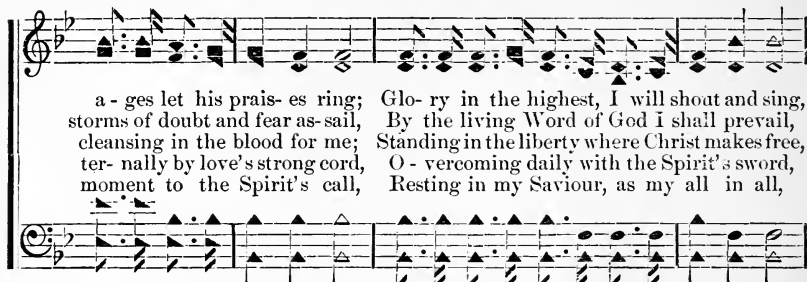
Chart and com - pass come from thee: Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 Wondrous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.  
 May I hear thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

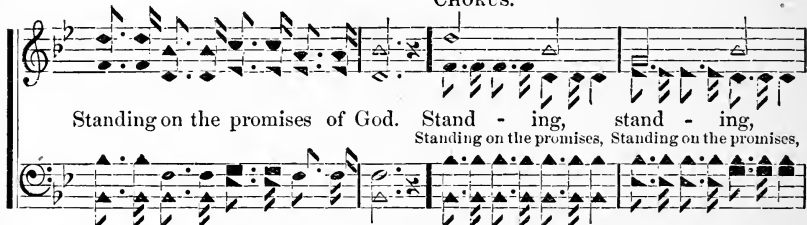


1. Standing on the prom- is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal  
 2. Standing on the prom- is - es that can - not fail, When the howling  
 3. Standing on the prom- is - es I now can see Per - fect, present  
 4. Standing on the prom- is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -  
 5. Standing on the prom- is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - 'ry



a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,  
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the living Word of God I shall prevail,  
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,  
 ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming daily with the Spirit's sword,  
 moment to the Spirit's call, Resting in my Saviour, as my all in all,

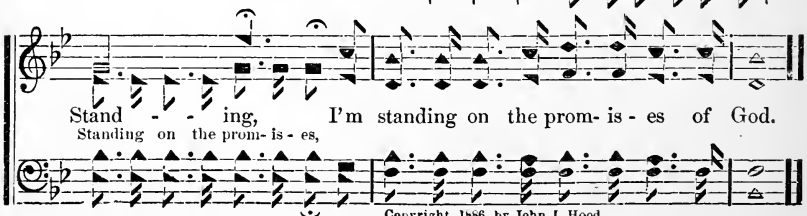
## CHORUS.



Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,  
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,



Standing on the promis - es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,  
 Standing on the prom - is - es,



Stand - ing, I'm standing on the prom - is - es of God.  
 Standing on the prom - is - es,

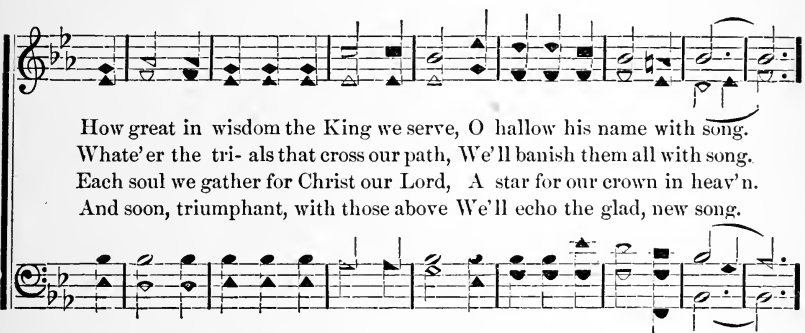


JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Rejoice, O children of God, rejoice, And sing as we march a - long;  
 2. Rejoice, O children of God, rejoice, Stand fast in the faith, be strong;  
 3. Rejoice, O children of God, rejoice, And cling to the promise giv'n;  
 4. Rejoice, O children of God, rejoice, In Je - sus, our Rock, be strong;

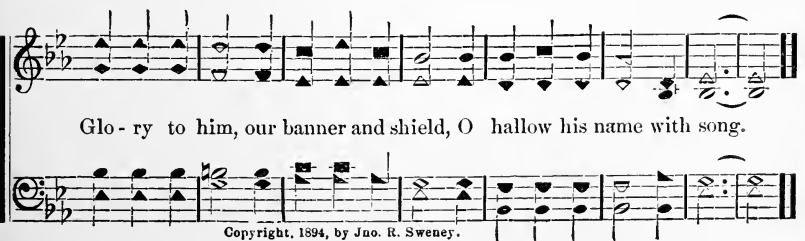


How great in wisdom the King we serve, O hallow his name with song.  
 Whate'er the tri - als that cross our path, We'll banish them all with song.  
 Each soul we gather for Christ our Lord, A star for our crown in heav'n.  
 And soon, triumphant, with those above We'll echo the glad, new song.

## CHORUS.



Sing, sing, lov - ing - ly sing, Sing as we march a - long;



Glo - ry to him, our banner and shield, O hallow his name with song.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. There's a beau-ti-ful home-land by Je-sus prepared, A cit-y all  
 2. To that bright sunny land ma-ny loved ones have gone, The rich-es of  
 3. On that bright golden shore many friends gone be-fore, In gar-ments all

gold-en and fair; And when to its por-tals my spir-it as-cends,  
 glo-ry to share; And are wait-ing for me at the por-tals of light,  
 spot-less and fair, With Je-sus a-wait, just in-side the gate,

CHORUS.

I shall not be a stran-ger up there. No shadows of night ev-er  
 I shall not be a stran-ger up there.  
 So I'll not be a stran-ger up there.

fall on that shore, No bur-den of sor-row and care; Yet sweet-er than

this the as-sur-ance to me, I shall not be a stranger up there.

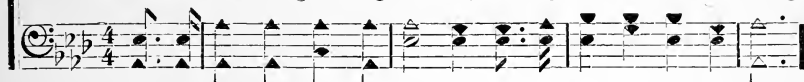
## HEAR THE MASTER'S CALL.

E. E. HEWITT.

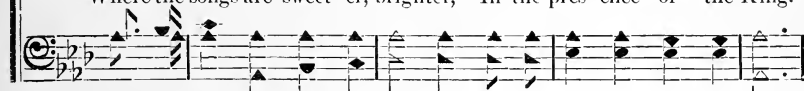
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. All the fields are grow - ing whit - er, There's a call for will - ing hands;
2. Go and tell sal - va - tion's sto - ry O - ver prairie, o - ver sea;
3. Still there's need for earn - est sow - ing, Need for humble, trustful pray'r;
4. All the fields are grow - ing whit - er; Oh, the garner'd sheaves we'll bring,



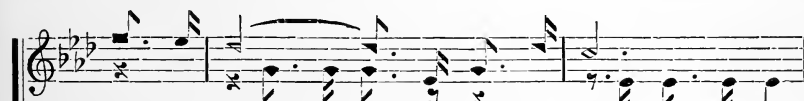
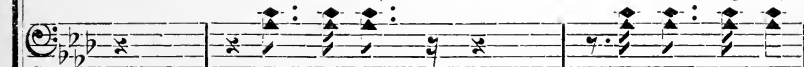
All the sky is grow - ing bright - er, Where the gos - pel light ex - pands.  
 Tell of Je - sus and his glo - ry, Tell of mer - cy full and free.  
 Where the Mas - ter's fruit is grow - ing, Need for faith - ful, watch - ful care.  
 Where the songs are sweet - er, brighter, In the pres - ence of the King.



## CHORUS.



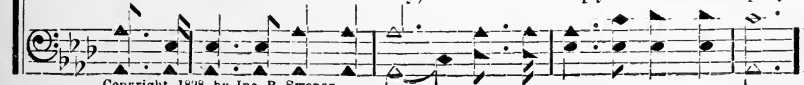
Hear, oh, hear..... the Mas - ter's call,  
 Hear the call, his lov - ing call,



In his field..... there's work for all;  
 gos - pel fields, for one and all;

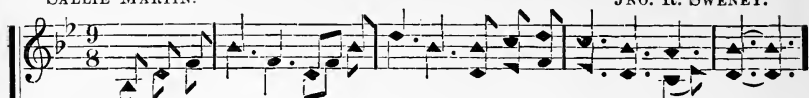


Go and work for him to - day, He will help you "watch and pray."



SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



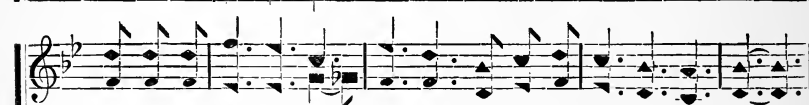
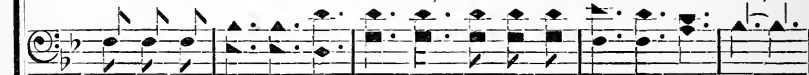
1. Conquering now and still to conquer, Rideth a King in his might,
2. Conquering now and still to conquer, Who is this wonder-ful King?
3. Conquering now and still to conquer, Je- sus, thou Ruler of all,



Leading the host of all the faithful In - to the midst of the fight;  
Whence are the armies which he leadeth, While of his glo - ry they sing?  
Thrones and their sceptres all shall perish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall,



See them with courage ad - vancing, Clad in their brilliant ar - ray,  
He is our Lord and Re - deem - er, Saviour and monarch di - vine,  
Yet shall the arm - ies thou lead - est, Faithful and true to the last,



Shouting the name of their Leader, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say:  
They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in his kingdom will shine.  
Find in thy mansions e - ter - nal Rest, when their warfare is past.



## CHORUS.



Not to the strong is the bat - tle, Not to the swift is the race,



# VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.—CONCLUDED.

Yet to the true and the faithful Vict'ry is promised thro' grace.

## 67 COME TO THE FOUNTAIN TO-DAY.

DELIA T. WHITE.

J. WESLEY EWING.

1. Sal - vation's stream is roll - ing by, Come to the fountain to - day;
2. With all your sor - row, all your sin, Come to the fountain to - day;
3. There's blessing in the precious tide, Come to the fountain to - day;
4. No drought can touch this living spring, Come to the fountain to - day;

A voice is sounding from the sky, Come to the fountain to - day.  
 And heav'nly joys will there be - gin, Come to the fountain to - day.  
 And ev - 'ry need shall be supplied, Come to the fountain to - day.  
 E - ter - nal life its wa - ters bring, Come to the fountain to - day.

### CHORUS.

O come to the fount - ain, Flow - ing now from Calv'ry's brow;

O come to the fount - ain, Je - sus will save you now.

## TELL IT OUT WITH GLADNESS.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

*Moderato.*

1. Are you hap-py in the Lord, Tell it out with glad-ness; Are you  
 2. Are you walk-ing in the light, Tell it out with glad-ness; Is your  
 3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with glad-ness; Do you

trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,  
 hope of glo-ry bright, Tell it out with gladness, Have you perfect peace within,  
 find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,

Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy re-veal, Tell it  
 Are you try-ing still to win Constant victory o-ver sin? Tell it  
 Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it

## CHORUS.

out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it  
 tell it out,

out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world..... the joy you  
 tell it out, world the joy you feel, tell the

TELL IT OUT WITH GLADNESS.—CONCLUDED.

feel, Tell it out, tell it out with glad-ness.  
world the joy you feel,

69

IN THAT CITY.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest cit - y, There's a home for ev-'ry one;  
2. Here we've no a - bid - ing cit - y, Mansions here will soon de - cay;  
3. I have loved ones in that cit - y, Those who left me years a - go;  
4. T'ward that pure and ho - ly cit - y, Oft my long - ing eyes I cast;

Purchas'd with a price most cost-ly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.  
But that cit - y God's built firmly, It can nev - er pass a - way.  
They with joy are wait - ing for me, Where no fare - well tears e'er flow.  
Je - sus whispers sweet - ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.

In that cit - y—bright cit - y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;

And with Je - sus live for - ev - er, In that cit - y be - yond death's sea.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We're march-ing to a land of joy and song, Singing as we go,  
 2. We're march-ing in the straight and nar-row way, Singing as we go,  
 3. His ban - ner we will ev - er proud - ly bear, Singing as we go,  
 4. Our might - y Prince and Saviour we a - dore, Singing as we go,

singing as we go; Be - hold in us a bright and happy throng, We're  
 singing as we go; With Je - sus close be-side us ev - 'ry day, We're  
 singing as we go; Till ev - 'ry tongue his praises shall de - clare, We're  
 singing as we go; His prais - es we will tell from shore to shore, We're

CHORUS.  
 singing as we go. Our loy - ai hearts..... are light as birds in spring,  
 Our loyal hearts

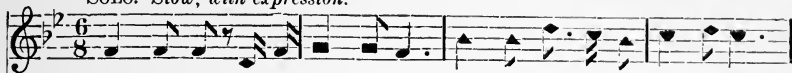
That in the trees trill out their sweetest lays; Hal - le - lu - jah, shout and sing,

To Je - sus, Lord and King, Our highest songs of love and praise.



BIRDIE BELL

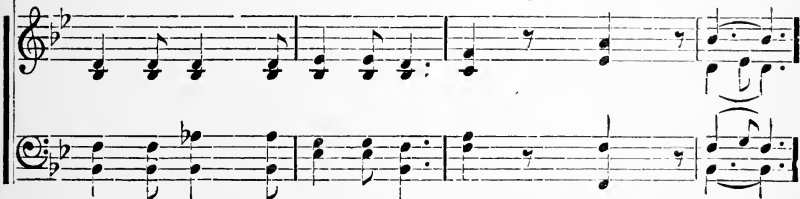
J HOWARD ENTWISLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

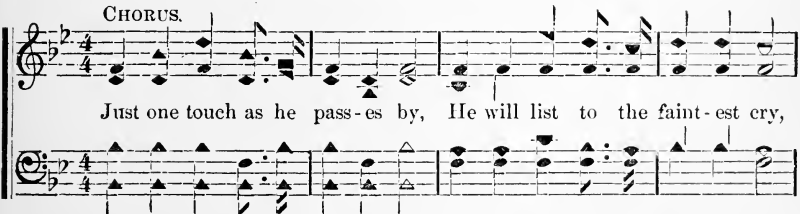
1. Just one touch as he moves along, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and he makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and he turns to me, O the love in his eyes I see!
5. Just one touch! by his mighty pow'r, He can heal thee this ver-y hour,



Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
 At his feet all my burdens roll, — Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
 I am his for he hears my plea, Cured by the Healer di - vine.  
 Thou canst hear tho' the tempests low'r, Cured by the Healer di - vine.



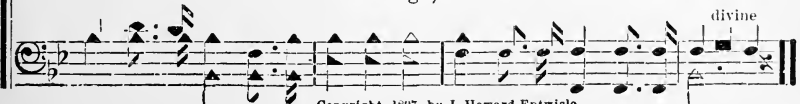
CHORUS.



Just one touch as he pass-es by, He will list to the faint-est cry,



Come and be saved while the Lord is nigh, Christ is the Heal-er di - vine.



## HE IS MINE, I AM HIS.

GRACE ELIZABETH COBB.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Bless-ed Lil-y of the Val-ley, oh, how fair is he! He is  
 2. Let me sing of all his mer-cies, of his kind-ness true, He is  
 3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val-ley of the shade of death, He is

mine, I am his; Sweet-er than the an-gel's mu-sic is his  
 mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a  
 mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so ten-der-ly he

*D.S.*—Sweeter than the angel's mu-sic is his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lil-ies fair are  
 bless-ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'ning shadows  
 whis-per-eth, He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his

*FINE.*

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.

bloom-ing by the wa-ters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his  
 comes a whis-per, "safely rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall  
 pres-ence doth il-lume the night, And he leads me thro' the val-ley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love a-round me, I can feel no harm,  
 thee mo-lest; I will lin-ger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,  
 mountain height; Out of bond-age in-to free-dom, in-to cloudless light,

Copyright, 1894, by John J. Hood.

# HE IS MINE, I AM HIS.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the val - ley,  
 He is mine, Bless - ed Lil - y of the val - ley,

He is mine! Lil - y of the val - ley, I am his!  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

D.S.

73

## I LOVE THE MERCY SEAT.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

*Fervently.*

1. I love the mer - cy seat, 'Tis there I meet my Lord; 'Tis there his smiling  
 2. I love the mer - cy seat, 'Twas there he set me free, When tremblingly I  
 3. I love the mer - cy seat, For o - ver it I see, One countenance se -

face I greet, And there I hear his word; Ah, 'tis there I come for rest,  
 sought his feet, In my ex-trem-i - ty; Foul with un-for-giv - en sin,  
 rene and sweet Turned evermore to me; 'Tis my Fa-ther rec - on-ciled,

When by care and toil oppress'd, And I lean on Jesus' breast, There, just there!  
 To his side he drew me in, Touch'd, and said to me, "be clean!" There, just there!  
 And he owns me for his child, His, in Christ the undefiled, There, just there!  
 just there!

R. KELSO CARTER.

S. C. FOSTER.

1. { Down at the cross, on Calvary's mountain, Where mer-cies flow,  
When nothing in the whole cre - a - tion Could purchase peace,

I plunged in the re-deem-ing fount-ain, Washed whiter than the snow. }  
My Saviour brought his free sal - va - tion, Gave me complete re - lease. }

## CHORUS.

Broth-ers, wont you hear the sto - ry? See the fount - ain flow!

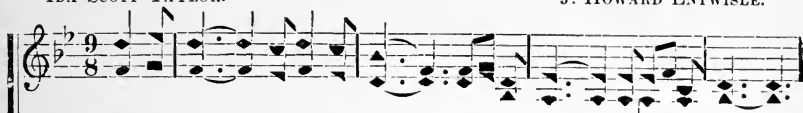
Oh, glo-ry in the high-est, glo-ry! Je-sus saves me, this I know.

Copyright, 1889. John J. Hood owner.

- 2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered,  
Far from the fold  
My Saviour sought me where I wandered,  
Gave me his wealth untold.  
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,  
Christ made me whole,  
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,  
When Jesus saved my soul.
- 3 All round my way the sun is shining,  
Darkness has fled,  
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,  
Daily by him I'm fed.  
My Lord has cast his robe around me,  
No more I'll roam,  
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,  
Jesus has brought me home.

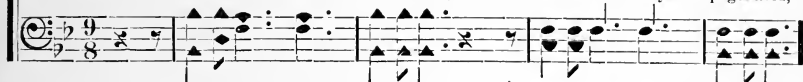
IDA SCOTT TAYLOR.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.



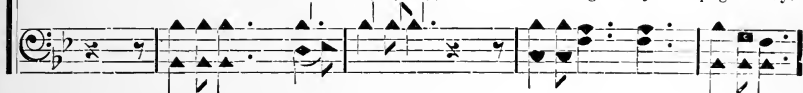
1. Blessed Bi - ble, Book of Gold, Precious truths thy pa-ges hold,
2. Lamp of faith, my feet to lead, Bread of heav'n, my soul to feed,
3. Word of God, thy love im-part, Fire my zeal, and cleanse my heart;

Blessed Bi - ble, Book of Gold, Precious truths thy pages hold,



Truths to lead..... me day by day, All a - long my pilgrim way.  
 Liv - ing wa - ters pure and free, Book of books art thou to me.  
 Keep me ear - nest, keep me true, Ev - 'ry day my strength renew.

Truths to lead me day by day, All a-long my pilgrim way.

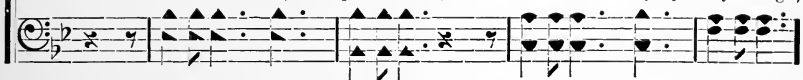


## CHORUS.



Blessed Bi - ble, pure and true, Guide me all my journey through;

Blessed Bi - ble, pure and true, Guide me all my journey through;



Heav'nly light with-in me shine, Help me make thy precepts mine!

heav'nly light with - in me shine, help me make thy precepts, precepts mine!



LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. I must have the Saviour with me, For I dare not walk a - lone,  
 2. I must have the Saviour with me, For my faith, at best, is weak;  
 3. I must have the Saviour with me In the on - ward march of life,  
 4. I must have the Saviour with me, And his eye the way must guide,

I must feel his presence near me, And his arm around me thrown.  
 He can whis - per words of comfort That no oth - er voice can speak.  
 Thro' the tem - pest and the sunshine, Thro' the bat - tle and the strife.  
 Till I reach the vale of Jor - dan, Till I cross the roll - ing tide.

CHORUS.

Then my soul..... shall fear no ill,  
 Then my soul shall fear no ill, fear no ill,

Let him lead..... me where he will, I will  
 Let him lead me where he will, where he will,

go..... without a murmur, And his footsteps fol - low still.  
 I will go

## THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER.

B. B.

Gen. BALLINGTON BOOTH.

*May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.*

1. The cross that he gave may be heav- y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace,  
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me,  
 3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,  
 4. His will I have joy in ful- fill- ing, As I'm walking in his sight,

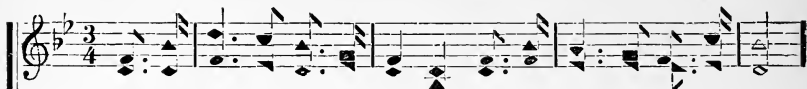
The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.  
 The cup that I drink not more bit- ter Than he drank in Gethsema - ne.  
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.  
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a - lone can keep me right.

## CHORUS.

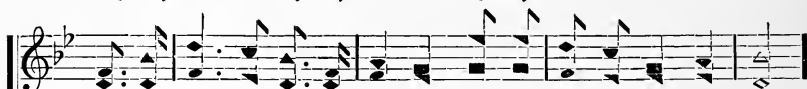
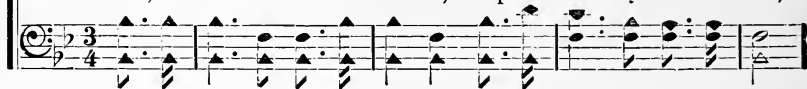
The cross is not great-er than his grace, The storm can-not

hide his bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know

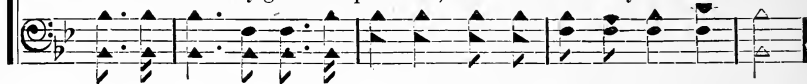
That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.



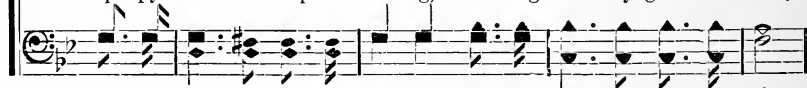
1. O what ev - er - last - ing mer - cy Saved me, pardoned, and restored;  
 2. Make my life henceforth a channel, Where thy love shall have its way,  
 3. Free, exhaust - less is the fountain, Help me free - ly to be - lieve,



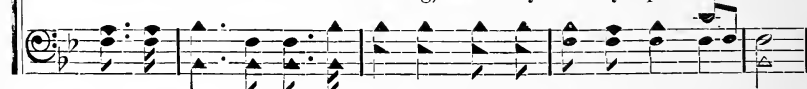
Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.  
 Bless'd, that I may be a blessing, Use me, Saviour, ev - 'ry day.  
 Riv - ers of thy grace are promised, More and more may I re - ceive.



Give me of the liv - ing wa - ter, Till my soul is sat - is - fied;  
 Clos - er, clos - er to the fountain, Hold my heart, my soul, my will;  
 Hap - py thirst that keeps me coming, Pleading still thy gracious word;



From the wells of thy sal - va - tion, Be my ev - 'ry need sup - plied.  
 Let the bless - ed heav'nly currents, Rich - ly all my be - ing fill.  
 Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.



## CHORUS.



Fill me now, fill me now, To o - verflow - ing, to o - ver -  
 Fill me now, fill me now,





# FILL TO OVERFLOWING.—CONCLUDED.

flowing; Fill me now..... fill me now, With thy Holy Spir- it, Lord.  
 Fill me now, fill me now,

79

## WONDERFUL PEACE.

L. H. E.

"My peace I give unto you."—John xiv : 27.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

1. Je - sus gives his peace to me, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
 2. Sur- face feelings ebb and flow, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
 3. Not my charge his gift to hold, Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;

*f* Like his love, a boundless sea, Wonder- ful, wonder- ful peace.  
 Sweet, a - bid - ing calm be - low, Wonder- ful, wonder- ful peace.  
 Je - sus keeps it—grace untold— Wonder- ful, wonder- ful peace.

*D.S.*—Je - sus gives his peace to me, Wonder- ful, wonder- ful peace.

REFRAIN.

*D.S.*

Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace, Peace, peace, won - der - ful peace;

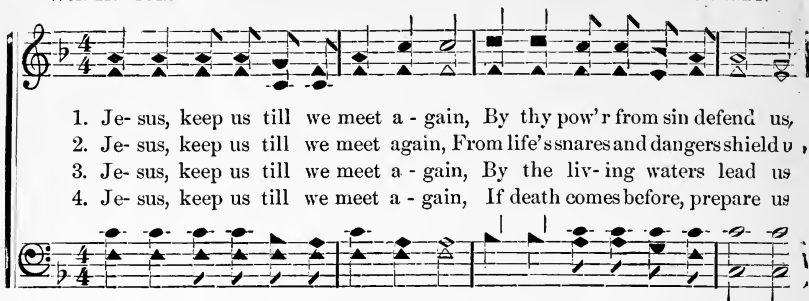
Copyright, 1895, by John J. Hod.

4 This my part—to trust in him,  
 Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
 Whether skies be bright or dim,  
 Wonderful, wonderful peace.

5 Praying, watching, serving still,  
 Wonderful peace, wonderful peace;  
 Let me learn, and do his will,  
 Wonderful, wonderful peace.

WM. H. HORNER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

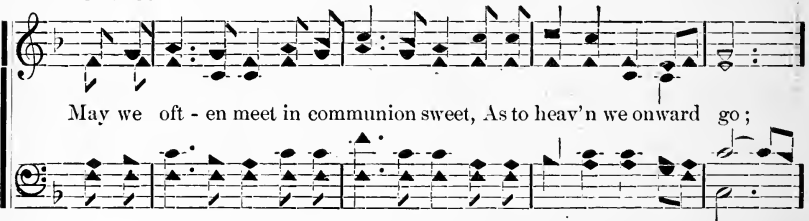


1. Je- sus, keep us till we meet a - gain, By thy pow'r from sin defend us,  
 2. Je- sus, keep us till we meet again, From life's snares and dangers shield u,  
 3. Je- sus, keep us till we meet a - gain, By the liv- ing waters lead us  
 4. Je- sus, keep us till we meet a - gain, If death comes before, prepare us

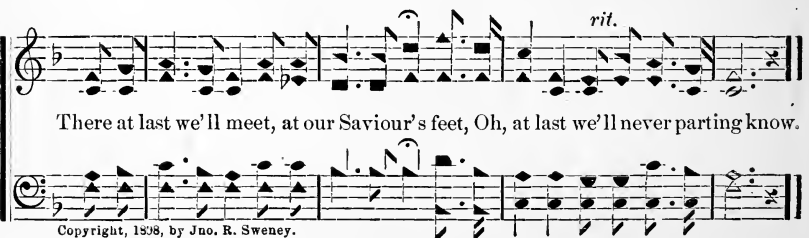


Grace and mer- cy dai - ly send us, Je- sus, keep us till we meet a - gain  
 May thy peace blest comfort yield us, Je- sus, keep us till we meet a - gain  
 In the Shepherd's pasture feed us, Je- sus, keep us till we meet a - gain  
 Thro' its gloom, dear Saviour, bear us, Je- sus, keep us till we meet a - gain

## CHORUS.



May we oft - en meet in communion sweet, As to heav'n we onward go ;



There at last we'll meet, at our Saviour's feet, Oh, at last we'll never parting know.

ELEANOR WOODSIDE LONG.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Let us be triumphant Christians, with love's "sunshine in the soul," For life's  
 2. If we only lift our burdens, with a stern and solemn "ought," They will  
 3. Let us do with cheerful tenderness life's countless "little things," For 'tis  
 4. We will "sing the wondrous story" and "for Christ count all things loss," For we're

pathway is not always smooth and fair; "Let us scatter smiles and sunshine" as the  
 crush our fainting spir-its day by day; Rath-er, let us take them gladly, with a  
 they that make or mar earth's happiness; And the ti-ny "whatsoevers," that  
 "sav'd by grace" thro' his redeeming love; We will "keep step with the Master" neath 'the

moments onward roll, They will lighten toil and ban-ish grief and care.  
 song and with a shout, And in triumph bear them bravely all the way.  
 flit on gold-en wings, Are the tho'ts, and words, and deeds that blight or bless.  
 banner of the cross," Till we join the ransom'd host with him a - bove.

CHORUS.

Oh, the sunny side of the cross! Blessed sunny side of the cross! The

shadow that is darkest lies farthest from the light, Then "keep on the sunny side of the cross!"

## THE PENITENT'S PLEA.

H. B.

COM. HERBERT BOOTH.

*Andante con espress.*

1. { Saviour, hear me, while before thy feet I the record of my sins re-peat,  
Canst thou still in mercy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir-it free?

2. { Yet, why should I fear, hast thou not died That no seeking soul should be denied?  
By the love and pity thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a-tone,

3. { All the riv-ers of thy grace I claim, O-ver ev-'ry promise write my name;  
Bid me rise a free and pardon'd slave, Master o'er my sin, the world, the grave;

Stain'd with guilt, myself ab-horr-ing, Fill'd with grief, my soul out-pour-ing;  
To that heart its sin con-fess-ing, Canst thou fail to give a bless-ing?  
As I am I come, be-liev-ing, As thou art thou dost, re-ceive-ing,

Raise my sinking heart, and bid me be Thy child once more!  
Bold-ly will I kneel be-fore thy throne, A plead-ing soul.  
Charg-ing me to preach thy pow'r to save, To sin-bound souls.

CHORUS, *mp*

Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry  
Grace there is my ev-'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev-'ry

Used by permission,

## THE PENITENT'S PLEA.—CONCLUDED.

sin a - way, Pow'r to keep me sinless day by day, For me, for me!  
 sin a - way, Pow'r to keep me sin - less day by day, For me, for me, for me!

## 83 ARE YOU SOWING FOR THE MASTER?

IDA L. REED.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Are you sowing, dai - ly sow-ing, All a-long life's changeful way?  
 2. Are you sowing seeds of kindness, With a lav-ish, lov - ing hand?  
 3. Are you sowing, dai - ly trust-ing All the increase un - to God?

FINE.

Prec-ious seeds be - side all wa - ters, Do you scat-ter day by day?  
 Des - ert wastes it soon will brighten With a har-vest rich and grand.  
 He will bless you if you scat - ter Seeds of love and truth a - broad.

*D.S.*—What-so-ev - er you are sow - ing, When the harvest-time ap-pears.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Are you sow-ing for the Mas-ter? You shall reap in joy or tears

## WAIT AND MURMUR NOT.

W. H. BELLAMY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The home where changes never come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care;  
 2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot  
 3. If in thy path some thorns are found, Oh, think who bore them on his brow;  
 4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot;

Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; Who would not fain be resting there?  
 Thou yearnest to reach that blest abode, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.  
 If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a ho - li - er than thou.  
 The day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

## CHORUS.

O wait, (meekly wait,) meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, O

wait, (meekly wait,) meek - ly wait, and murmur not, O wait, (meekly wait,)

O wait, (meekly wait,) O wait, and mur - mur not. (O murmur not.)

## JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Will you come, will you come, with your poor, broken heart, Burden'd and  
 2. Will you come, will you come? there is mer - cy for you, Balm for your  
 3. Will you come, will you come? you have nothing to pay; Je - sus, who  
 4. Will you come, will you come? how he pleads with you now! Fly to his

sin - op - press'd? Lay it down at the feet of your Saviour and Lord,  
 ach - ing breast; On - ly come as you are, and be - lieve on his name,  
 loves you best, By his death on the cross purchased life for your soul,  
 lov - ing breast; And what - ev - er your sin or your sor - row may be,

## CHORUS.

Je - sus will give you rest. Oh, hap - py rest! sweet, hap - py rest!

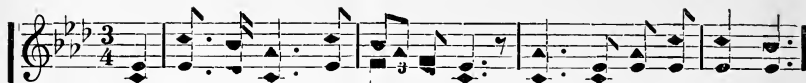
Je - sus will give you rest, happy rest, Oh! why won't you come in

sim - ple, trust - ing faith? Je - sus will give you rest.

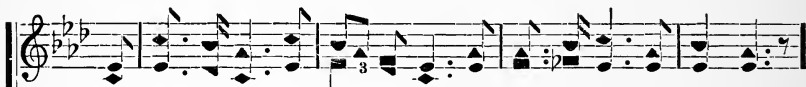
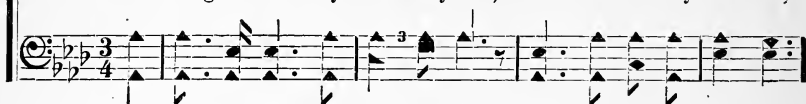
## SINCE I FOUND MY SAVIOUR.

E. E. HEWITT.

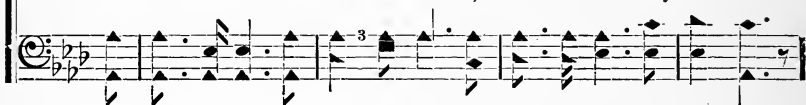
JNO. R. SWENEY.



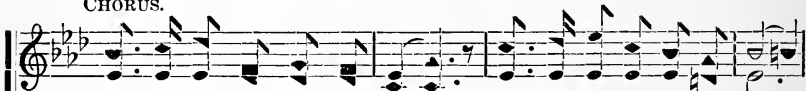
1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Sav-iour;
2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Sav-iour,
3. The pass-ing clouds may in - ter-vene, Since I found my Sav-iour,
4. A strong hand kind-ly holds my own, Since I found my Sav-iour,



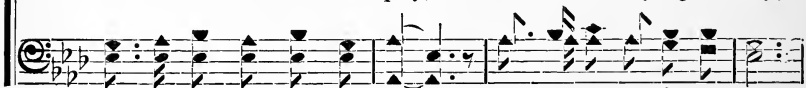
Rich mer - cy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Sav - iour.  
 He brought salva - tion from a - bove, My dear, al - might - y Sav - iour.  
 But he is with me, though unseen, My ev - er - pres - ent Sav - iour.  
 It leads me on - ward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Sav - iour.



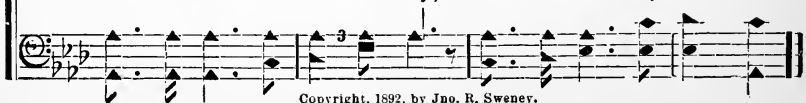
## CHORUS.



Gold - en sunbeams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,



Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Sav - iour.





# HAMBURG. L. M.

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked with a '1' above it and the second with a '2'. Each system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 4/4. The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with many beamed eighth and sixteenth notes.

## 87 While Life Prolongs.

- 1 While life prolongs its precious light  
Mercy is found, and peace is given,  
But soon, ah! soon, approaching night  
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.
- 2 While God invites, how blest the day,  
How sweet the Gospel's charming  
sound;  
Come, sinners, haste, oh, haste away,  
While yet a pardoning God is found.
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the  
Before his bar your spirits bring, [grave:  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair, [rise—  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.

## 88 Just as I am.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bids't me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings within and fears without,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
Because thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
Hath broken every barrier down;  
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## 89 Come, Holy Spirit.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,  
And fit me to approach my God;  
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,  
And lead me to thy blest abode.
- 2 Hast thou imparted to my soul  
A living spark of holy fire?  
Oh! kindle now the sacred flame,  
Make me to burn with pure desire.
- 3 A brighter faith and hope impart,  
And let me now my Saviour see;  
Oh! soothe and cheer my burdened heart,  
And bid my spirit rest in thee.

## 90 When I Survey.

- 1 When I survey the wondrous cross,  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
Save in the death of Christ, my God;  
All the vain things that charm me  
most,  
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 His dying crimson, like a robe,  
Spreads o'er his body on the tree,  
Then am I dead to all the globe,  
And all the globe is dead to me.
- 5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a present far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

## MISSIONARY HYMN.

L. MASON.

- 91 From Greenland's Icy.
- 1 From Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.
  - 2 What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of God are strewn,  
The heathen, in their blindness,  
Bow down to wood and stone.
  - 3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Shall we, to men benighted,  
The lamp of life deny?  
Salvation, oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till earth's remotest nation  
Has learned Messiah's name.
  - 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till, like a sea of glory,  
It spreads from pole to pole;

Till o'er our ransomed nature,  
The Lamb for sinners slain,  
Redeemer, King, Creator,  
In bliss returns to reign.

## 92 Hail to the Lord's Anointed.

- 1 Hail to the Lord's Anointed!  
Great David's greater Son!  
Hail in the time appointed,  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,—  
To take away transgression,  
And rule in equity.
- 2 He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And love and joy, like flowers,  
Spring in his path to birth:  
Before him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And righteousness, in fountains,  
From hill to valley flow.
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end;  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His name shall stand forever,  
That name to us is—LOVE.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7, 6.

1 The morning light is breaking;  
The darkness disappears;  
The sons of earth are waking  
To penitential tears;  
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean  
Brings tidings from afar,  
Of nations in commotion,  
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending  
Before the God we love,  
And thousand hearts ascending  
In gratitude above;  
While sinners, now confessing,  
The gospel call obey,  
And seek the Saviour's blessing,  
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,  
Pursue thine onward way:  
Flow thou to every nation,  
Nor in thy richness stay:  
Stay not till all the lowly  
Triumphant reach their home:  
Stay not till all the holy  
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

94 GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr. Stand up, stand up for Jesus. Tune above.

1 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high his royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army shall he lead  
Till every foe is vanquished  
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The trumpet call obey;  
Forth to the mighty conflict,  
In this his glorious day:  
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"  
Against unnumbered foes:  
Your courage rise with danger,  
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
Stand in his strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you;  
Ye dare not trust your own:  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And watching unto prayer;  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song:  
To him that overcometh,  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of glory  
Shall reign eternally.

95 Work, for the Night is Coming.

1 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling,  
Work 'mid springing flowers;  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor,  
Rest comes sure and soon,

Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store:  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more;  
Work while the night is darkening,  
When man's work is o'er.

# BOYLSTON. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



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

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

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

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

97 A Charge to Keep I have.

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 my trust betray,  
 I shall forever die.

# LABAN. S. M.



98 Come, We that Love the Lord.

COME, we that love the Lord,  
 And let our joys be known;  
 Join in a song with sweet accord,  
 And thus surround his throne.

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

3 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below;  
 Celestial fruit on earthly ground  
 From faith and hope may grow:

4 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry;  
 We're marching through Immanuel's  
 To fairer worlds on high. [ground,

99 My Soul, be on Thy Guard.

MY soul, be on thy guard,  
 Ten thousand foes arise,  
 And hosts of sin are pressing hard  
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,  
 The battle ne'er give o'er,  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor once at ease sit down;  
 Thine arduous work will not be done  
 Till thou hast got the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God:  
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
 Up to his blest abode.

# ST. THOMAS. S. M.

## 100 My Soul, Repeat His Praise.

- 1 My soul, repeat his praise,  
Whose mercies are so great;  
Whose anger is so slow to rise,  
So ready to abate.
- 2 High as the heavens are raised  
Above the ground we tread,  
So far the riches of his grace  
Our highest thoughts exceed.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,  
And his forgiving love  
Far as the east is from the west,  
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 The pity of the Lord,  
To those who fear his name,  
Is such as tender parents feel;  
He knows our feeble frame.

## 101 Jesus, Who Knows Full Well.

- 1 Jesus, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our griefs to tell,  
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear,  
We never plead in vain:  
Yet we must wait till he appear,  
And pray, and pray again.
- 3 Though unbelief suggest,  
Why should we longer wait!  
He bids us never give him rest,  
But be importunate.
- 4 Jesus the Lord will hear  
His chosen, when they cry;  
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.

## 102 Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest.

- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,  
That saw the Lord arise,  
Welcome to this reviving breast,  
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit, and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.
- 3 One day amidst the place  
Where my dear God hath been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasureable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this,  
And sit and sing herself away  
To everlasting bliss.

## 103 Come, Holy Spirit, Come.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, come,  
Let thy bright beams arise;  
Dispel the darkness from our minds,  
And open thou our eyes.
- 2 Revive our drooping faith,  
Our doubts and fears remove,  
And kindle in our breasts the flame  
Of never-dying love.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,  
To sanctify the soul,  
To pour fresh life on every part,  
And new create the whole.
- 4 Dwell, therefore, in our hearts,  
Our minds from bondage free;  
Then shall we know, and praise, and love  
The Father, Son and Thee.

## HORTON. 7s.

The image shows a musical score for two hymns. The first hymn, 'Come, Said Jesus', is in 3/8 time and consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The second hymn, 'Gentle Jesus', is also in 3/8 time and consists of two staves (treble and bass clef). The music is written in a simple, hymn-like style with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

### 104 Come, Said Jesus.

- 1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,  
Come, and make my path your choice,  
I will guide you to your home;  
Weary pilgrim, hither come.
- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,  
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,  
Long hast roamed the barren waste,  
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,  
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;  
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,  
In remorse for guilt who mourn;
- 4 Hither come, for here is found  
Balm that flows for every wound,  
Peace that ever shall endure,  
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

### 105 As the Twilight Shadows.

- 1 As the twilight shadows fall,  
Let us, in the closing day,  
Mark the solemn hour when all  
Earthly things shall fade away.
- 2 In the grave to which we haste,  
No repentance can be found;  
Shall we then our moments waste  
While we stand on trial-ground?
- 3 Ere the coming of that night,  
(When it's coming who can say?)  
Let us do with all our might,  
Strive and labor, watch and pray.
- 4 Lord, do thou thy grace impart;  
Penitence and faith bestow!  
Come and sanctify each heart,  
Let us thy salvation know.
- 5 That when waning years have fled,  
And these scenes have passed away,  
Rising with the summoned dead,  
We may wake to endless day.

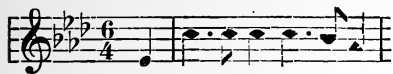
### 106 Gentle Jesus.

- 1 Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,  
Look upon a little child;  
Pity my simplicity,  
Suffer me to come to thee.
- 2 Fain I would to thee be brought;  
Gracious God, forbid it not;  
Give me, O my God, a place  
In the kingdom of thy grace!
- 3 Put thy hands upon my head,  
Let me in thine arms be stayed;  
Let me lean upon thy breast,  
Lull me there, O Lord, to rest.
- 4 Fain I would be as thou art;  
Give me thy obedient heart;  
Thou art pitiful and kind;  
Let me have thy loving mind.

### 107 Depth of Mercy!

- 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 I have long withstood his grace;  
Long provoked him to his face;  
Would not hearken to his calls;  
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent;  
Let me now my sins lament;  
Now my foul revolt deplore,  
Weep, believe, and sin no more.
- 4 Kindled his relents are;  
Me he now delights to spare;  
Cries, 'how can I give thee up?'  
Lets the lifted thunder drop.
- 5 There for me the Saviour stands,  
Shows his wounds, and spreads his  
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;  
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

108 The Haven of Rest. (Copy't.)



My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea,  
So burdened with sin and distrest,  
Till I heard a sweet voice saying, make  
me your choice;  
And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"

CHO.—I've anchored my soul in the haven  
I'll sail the wide seas no more; [of rest,  
The tempest may sweep o'er the wild,  
stormy deep,  
In Jesus I'm safe evermore.

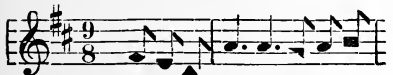
2 I yielded myself to his tender embrace,  
And faith taking hold of the word,  
My fetters fell off and I anchored my soul;  
The haven of rest is my Lord.

3 The song of my soul, since the Lord  
made me whole,  
Has been the OLD STORY so blest  
Of Jesus, who'll save whosoever will have  
A home in the "Haven of Rest!"

4 How precious the thought that we all  
may recline,  
Like John the beloved and blest,  
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest  
can harm,—  
Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"

5 Oh, come to the Saviour, he patiently  
To save by his power divine; [waits  
Come, anchor your soul in the haven of  
And say, "my beloved is mine." [rest.  
—H. L. Gilmour.

109 Blessed Assurance. (Copy't.)



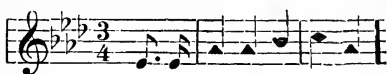
BLESSED assurance, Jesus is mine!  
Oh, what a foretaste of glory divine!  
Heir of salvation, purchase of God,  
Born of his Spirit, washed in his blood.

CHO.—||: This is my story, this is my song,  
Praising my Saviour all the day long. ||

2 Perfect submission, perfect delight,  
Visions of rapture burst on my sight,  
Angels descending, bring from above  
Echoes of mercy, whispers of love.

3 Perfect submission, all is at rest,  
I in my Saviour am happy and blest,  
Watching and waiting, looking above,  
Fill'd with his goodness, lost in his love  
—Fanny J. Crosby.

110 Is my Name Written There? (Cop.)



LORD, I care not for riches,  
Neither silver nor gold;  
I would make sure of heaven,  
I would enter the fold,  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
With its pages so fair,  
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,  
Is my name written there?

CHO.—Is my name written there,  
On the page white and fair?  
In the book of thy kingdom,  
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins are so many,  
Like the sands of the sea,  
But thy blood, oh, my Saviour!  
Is sufficient for me;  
For thy promise is written,  
In bright letters that glow,  
"Though your sins be as scarlet,  
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,  
With its mansions of light,  
With its glorified beings,  
In pure garments of white;  
Where no evil thing cometh,  
To despoil what is fair;  
Where the angels are watching—  
Is my name written there?—M. A. K.

111 Lead Me, Saviour. (Copy't.)



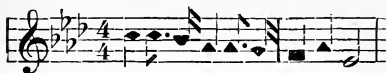
SAVIOUR, lead me, lest I stray,  
Gently lead me all the way;  
I am safe when by thy side,  
I would in thy love abide.

CHO.—Lead me, lead me,  
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray,  
Gently down the stream of time,  
Lead me, Saviour, all the way.

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

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

112 **Glory to His Name.** (*Copyr't.*)



DOWN at the cross where my Saviour died,  
Down where for cleansing from sin I  
cried;  
There to my heart was the blood applied;  
Glory to his name.

**CHO.**—Glory to his name,  
Glory to his name; [plied;  
There to my heart was the blood ap-  
plied  
Glory to his name.

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin,  
Jesus so sweetly abides within;  
There at the cross where he took me in;  
Glory to his name.

3 Oh, precious fountain, that saves from  
I am so glad I have entered in; [sin!  
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean;  
Glory to his name.

4 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet;  
Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;  
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete;  
Glory to his name.

—Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

113 **The Everlasting Arms.** (*Copyr't.*)



WHAT a fellowship, what a joy divine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
What a blessedness, what a peace is mine,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

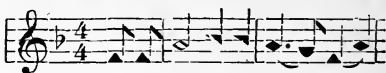
**CHO.**—Leaning, leaning,  
Safe and secure from all alarms,  
Leaning, leaning,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

2 Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim  
way,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms;  
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to  
day,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

3 What have I to dread, what have I to  
fear,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms?  
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near,  
Leaning on the everlasting arms.

—Rev. E. A. Hoffman.)

114 **My Jesus, I Love Thee.** (*Copyr't.*)



MY Jesus, I love thee. I know thou art mine,  
For thee all the follies of sin I resign;  
My gracious Redeemer, my Saviour art thou,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

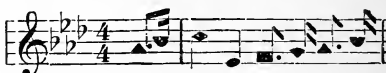
2 I love thee because thou hast first loved me,  
And purchased my pardon on Calvary's tree;  
I love thee for wearing the thorn on thy brow;  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

3 I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,  
And praise thee as long as thou lendest me  
breath;  
And say, when the death-dew lies cold on  
my brow,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

4 In mansions of glory and endless delight  
I'll ever adore thee in heaven so bright,  
I'll sing with the glittering crown on my brow,  
If ever I loved thee, my Jesus, 'tis now.

—London Hymn Book.

115 **Sunshine in the Soul.** (*Copyr't.*)



THERE'S sunshine in my soul to-day,  
More glorious and bright  
Than glows in any earthly sky,  
For Jesus is my light.

**CHO.**—Oh, there's sunshine, blessed sun-  
shine,  
When the peaceful, happy moments  
roll;  
When Jesus shows his smiling face  
There is sunshine in the soul.

2 There is music in my soul to-day,  
A carol to my King,  
And Jesus, listening, can hear  
The songs I cannot sing.

3 There's springtime in my soul to-day,  
For when the Lord is near  
The dove of peace sings in my heart,  
The flowers of grace appear.

4 There's gladness in my soul to-day,  
And hope, and praise, and love,  
For blessings which he gives me now,  
And joys "laid up" above.

—E. E. Hewitt.

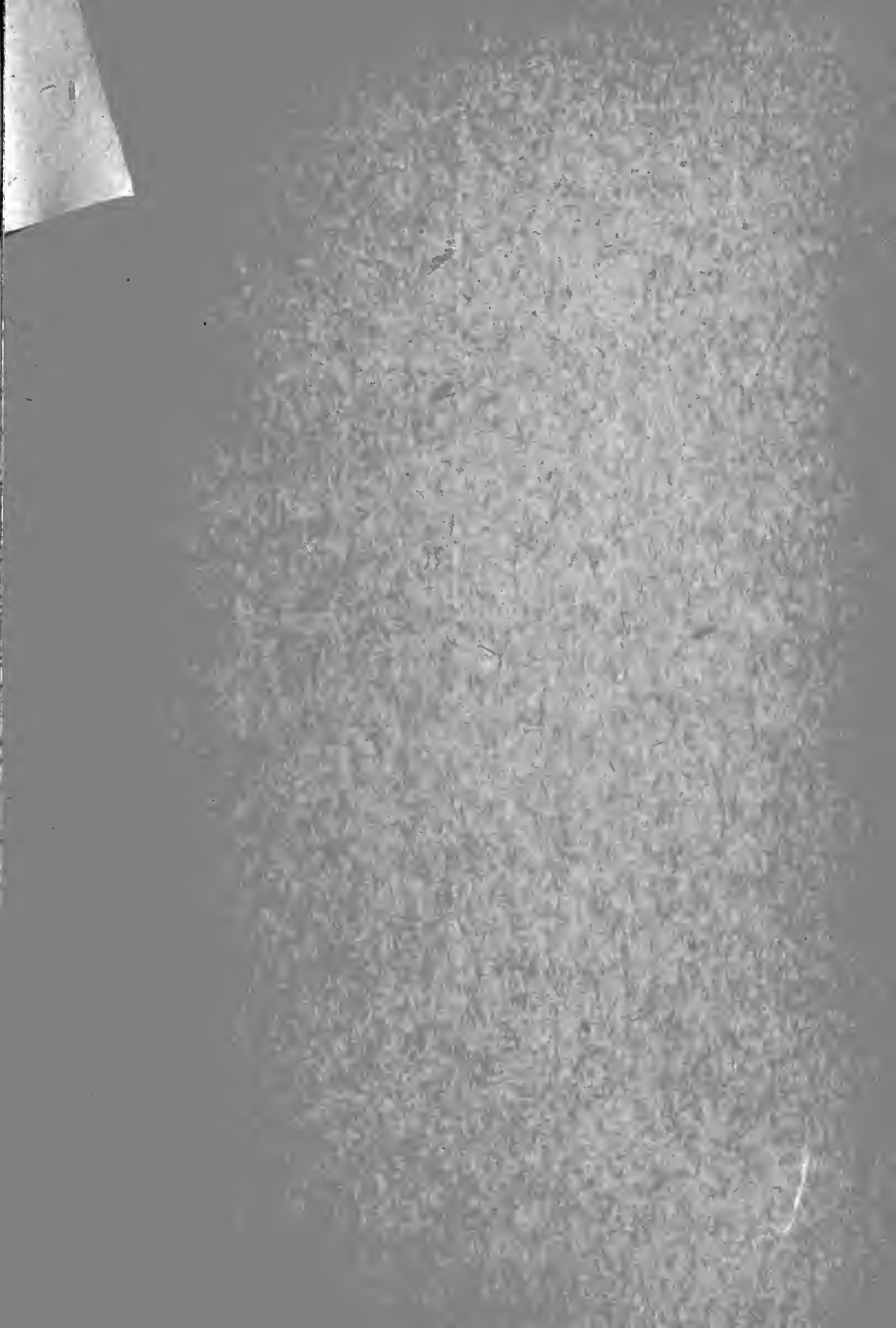


# INDEX.

Titles in CAPITALS; First lines in Roman type.

	HYMN.		HYMN.
<b>A</b> charge to keep I have, . . .	97	<b>I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO</b>	36
<b>A</b> hand all bruised and bleeding, .	44	<b>I'LL NOT BE A STRANGER UP</b> . . .	64
<b>A LIGHT IN OUR FATHER'S HOUSE,</b>	55	<b>I LOVE HIM FAR BETTER,</b> . . .	39
<b>All the fields are growing whiter,</b>	65	<b>I love the mercy seat,</b> . . .	73
<b>And can I yet delay?</b> . . .	96	<b>I'm pressing on the upward way,</b>	35
<b>Angels above are singing,</b> . . .	27	<b>I must have the Saviour with me,</b>	76
<b>Are you happy in the Lord,</b> . . .	68	<b>IN THAT CITY,</b> . . .	69
<b>ARE YOU SOWING FOR THE MAS-</b>	83	<b>In the fight against sin,</b> . . .	50
<b>Are you sowing, daily sowing,</b>	83	<b>In the rosy morning hours,</b> . . .	58
<b>As the twilight shadows fall,</b> . . .	105	<b>In the shelter of the Saviour's love,</b>	32
<b>As we journey on our pathway,</b> . . .	43	<b>INTO HIS MARVELLOUS LIGHT,</b> . . .	13
<b>Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine!</b>	109	<b>IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?</b> . . .	41
<b>Blessed Bible, Book of Gold,</b> . . .	75	<b>IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?</b> . . .	110
<b>Blessed Lily of the Valley,</b> . . .	72	<b>It may not be on the mountain's</b> . . .	36
<b>Come, contrite one, and seek his</b> . . .	23	<b>It pays to serve Jesus, I speak</b> . . .	39
<b>Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,</b>	89	<b>I've been a wand'rer far from G..</b>	10
<b>Come, Holy Spirit, come,</b> . . .	103	<b>I WILL SAY "YES" TO JESUS,</b> . . .	10
<b>Come in, come in, O blessed One,</b>	26	<b>Jesus gives his peace to me,</b> . . .	79
<b>COME IN, O BLESSED ONE,</b> . . .	26	<b>JESUS GUIDES ME ALL THE WAY,</b> . . .	1
<b>Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,</b>	104	<b>JESUS IS ALL THAT YOU NEED,</b> . . .	51
<b>COME TO THE FOUNTAIN TO-DAY,</b> . . .	67	<b>Jesus is my joy and sunshine,</b> . . .	16
<b>Come to the Saviour, believe in</b> . . .	51	<b>JESUS IS PASSING BY,</b> . . .	23
<b>Come, ye that love the Lord,</b> . . .	98	<b>Jesus is the Altogether Lovely,</b> . . .	2
<b>Conquering now and still to con-</b>	66	<b>Jesus is the light, the way,</b> . . .	34
<b>CROSSING ONE BY ONE,</b> . . .	20	<b>Jesus, keep us till we meet again,</b>	80
<b>Depth of mercy, can there be</b> . . .	107	<b>JESUS LEADS,</b> . . .	3
<b>DON'T YOU KNOW HE CARES?</b> . . .	37	<b>Jesus, Saviour, pilot me.</b> . . .	61
<b>Dost thou know at thy bolted</b> . . .	8	<b>JESUS WILL GIVE YOU REST,</b> . . .	85
<b>Down at the cross, on Calvary's</b> . . .	74	<b>Jesus, who knows full well,</b> . . .	101
<b>Down at the cross, where my Sav-</b>	112	<b>JOIN, YE SONS OF MEN,</b> . . .	2
<b>FILL TO OVERFLOWING,</b> . . .	78	<b>JOURNEY IN THE KING'S HIGH-</b>	12
<b>From Greenland's icy mountains,</b>	91	<b>JOY AND SUNSHINE,</b> . . .	16
<b>Gentle Jesus, meek and mild,</b> . . .	106	<b>Just as I am, without one plea,</b> . . .	88
<b>GLORIOUS VICTORY,</b> . . .	30	<b>Just one touch as he moves along,</b>	71
<b>GLORY TO HIS NAME,</b> . . .	112	<b>KEEP US TILL WE MEET AGAIN,</b> . . .	80
<b>Go forth at Christ's command,</b> . . .	18	<b>LEAD ME, SAVIOUR,</b> . . .	111
<b>Hail to the Lord's anointed!</b> . . .	92	<b>LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING</b> . . .	113
<b>HALLOW HIS NAME WITH SONG,</b> . . .	63	<b>LEND A HAND,</b> . . .	24
<b>HEAR THE MASTER'S CALL,</b> . . .	65	<b>LET CHRIST COME IN,</b> . . .	38
<b>HE IS MINE, I AM HIS,</b> . . .	72	<b>Let us be triumphant Christians,</b> . . .	81
<b>HE IS PRECIOUS,</b> . . .	42	<b>Life wears a different face to me,</b> . . .	86
<b>HIGHER GROUND,</b> . . .	35	<b>LIKE AN ARMY STRONG,</b> . . .	6
		<b>Like a shepherd, tender, true,</b> . . .	3
		<b>List to the story,</b> . . .	9

Living for Jesus meekly each day, . . . . .	59	SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL, . . . . .	115
LIVING FOR JESUS ONLY. . . . .	59	TELL IT OUT WITH GLADNESS, . . . . .	68
Lord, I care not for riches, . . . . .	110	THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT, . . . . .	34
Lost, lost on the mountains of sin . . . . .	54	THE CALL TO ARMS, . . . . .	15
LOYALTY TO CHRIST, . . . . .	18	THE CROSS IS NOT GREATER, . . . . .	77
Many souls are sinking in the . . . . .	24	The cross that he gave may be . . . . .	77
March on, happy soldiers, rejoice . . . . .	60	THE GOLDEN KEY, . . . . .	11
More about Jesus would I know, . . . . .	5	THE HAPPY SONG, . . . . .	47
My Jesus, I love thee, I know . . . . .	114	THE HARBOR HOME, . . . . .	52
MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL, . . . . .	19	THE HAVEN OF REST, . . . . .	108
My soul, be on thy guard, . . . . .	99	The home where changes never . . . . .	84
My soul in sad exile was out on . . . . .	108	THE KNOCK OF THE NAIL-PIERCED . . . . .	8
My soul, repeat his praise, . . . . .	100	THE LIFE ON WINGS, . . . . .	21
My soul, stay not in shadows, . . . . .	21	THE MIND OF JESUS, . . . . .	46
Nearer, my God, to thee! . . . . .	25	The morning light is breaking, . . . . .	93
NEVER SAY "NO" TO JESUS, . . . . .	50	THE PENITENT'S PLEA, . . . . .	82
No danger can my soul affright, . . . . .	17	There is a danger line on the sea . . . . .	45
Nothing is too hard for Jesus, . . . . .	22	There's a beautiful homeland by . . . . .	64
O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, . . . . .	69	There's a call for soldiers on the . . . . .	15
OH, DON'T YOU HEAR HIM KNOCK- . . . . .	44	There's sunshine in my soul to- . . . . .	115
Oh, the joy that we may know . . . . .	47	THE SAVIOUR WITH ME, . . . . .	76
Oh, to have the mind of Jesus, . . . . .	46	THE SUNNY SIDE OF THE CROSS, . . . . .	81
O idler, why loiter the bright . . . . .	40	Tho' your sins be as scarlet, . . . . .	56
O Lord, thy mighty grace impart, . . . . .	33	To the cross of Christ, . . . . .	28
One sweet hour alone with Jesus, . . . . .	29	VICTORY THROUGH GRACE, . . . . .	66
On for Jesus! steady be your . . . . .	49	Victory, victory, glorious victory, . . . . .	30
ON TO VICTORY. . . . .	53	WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT, . . . . .	84
Our blessed Redeemer is passing . . . . .	41	WASH ME IN THY BLOOD, . . . . .	33
OUR STRENGTH AND SHIELD, . . . . .	60	We are building on the Rock, the . . . . .	7
OUT BEYOND THE BREAKERS, . . . . .	45	We are marching on like an army . . . . .	6
Out of shadow into light, . . . . .	1	We are on the waning side, . . . . .	57
O what everlasting mercy, . . . . .	78	Welcome, sweet day of rest, . . . . .	102
O WHY STAND YE IDLE? . . . . .	40	WE PASS THIS WAY BUT ONCE, . . . . .	43
Prayer is the key, . . . . .	11	We're marching to a land of joy . . . . .	70
REDEEMED THRO' THE BLOOD, . . . . .	32	We shall cross the mystic river . . . . .	20
Rejoice, O children of God, . . . . .	63	What a fellowship, what a joy . . . . .	113
RESTING AT THE CROSS, . . . . .	28	When I survey the wondrous cross, . . . . .	90
SALVATION'S RIVER, . . . . .	74	When my life work is ended, and . . . . .	19
Salvation's stream is rolling, . . . . .	67	When the heart, made pure, is . . . . .	42
Saviour, hear me, while before . . . . .	82	When your spirit bows in sorrow, . . . . .	37
Saviour, lead me, lest I stray, . . . . .	111	Where'er he leads us we can go, . . . . .	31
Send out the searchlight in sin's . . . . .	14	Wheresoe'er we be on life's raging . . . . .	55
Send out the sunlight, the sun- . . . . .	48	While life prolongs its precious . . . . .	87
SEND THE FIRE JUST NOW, . . . . .	4	While we now, dear Lord, at thy . . . . .	4
SHALL I TURN BACK? . . . . .	54	Will you come, will you come . . . . .	85
SINCE CHRIST THE LORD IS MINE, . . . . .	17	Wonderful mercy that sought us, . . . . .	13
SINCE I FOUND MY SAVIOUR, . . . . .	86	WONDERFUL PEACE, . . . . .	79
SINGING AS WE GO, . . . . .	70	WORK FOR JESUS, . . . . .	58
Standing on the promises of Christ . . . . .	62	Work for the night is coming, . . . . .	95
Stand up, stand up for Jesus, . . . . .	94	Would you go rejoicing on, . . . . .	12
STEP BY STEP, . . . . .	31	Would you to your Saviour now be . . . . .	38
		You're sailing t'ward the fearful . . . . .	52



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