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Clarke's New Method for the Piano-Forte.

Pr ... Organ."

Pr ... ruction.

It is a grad ... t perception of the rudimentary princ ...

The author ... ano Forte

... e,

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ASK FOR

CLARKE'S NEW METHOD FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

Division

Section SCB 2962

Recommendations of "Clarke's New Method for the Piano-Forte."

Philadelphia, October 18th, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—Having carefully and without prejudice examined "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," I sincerely wish it all the success a work of such an excellence deserves. There are so many studies in it that cannot but advance any pupil who faithfully will make a conscientious practice of the same. In case I should once more return to the profession of Piano teaching, you can rest assured I will use it exclusively. With much esteem,

Yours Truly, BENJ. OWEN,
Assistant Conductor Kellogg English Opera.

Centre, Cherokee Co., Alabama.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—I have thoroughly examined your recent publication, "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte." During forty years' experience in teaching the Piano, I have never met with so desirable a book. Among its many excellencies may be mentioned its correct system of fingering, great variety of time and movement, chasteness of style and its gentle gradation from the most simple to the most complex. It is a happy blending of amusement with improvement, and cannot fail to elevate the standard of musical taste in our country. B. S. BARCLAY.

New York, December, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—I have examined "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," and find it excellent in every respect. Yours Truly,

S. B. MILLS.

Pittsburgh Female College, October 1st, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—Your latest publication of "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," is a work where honesty and capacity are everywhere evident. Any student going through this book with a competent teacher, cannot fail to become a creditable performer.

Assuring you that I shall take great pleasure in recommending it, I am, Yours very truly,

G. BLESSNER.

New York, September 30th, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—Having examined the contents of your "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," I am gratified to testify, not only to its excellence, but to say, that it is the best instruction book (for beginners particularly, and also those having made some progress) that has been published within the last twenty years. Yours Respectfully,

F. HENSLER.

Egypt, October 7th, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—I have examined "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," and find it just what we want, a thorough treatise of the most important of all musical instruments, and I mean to introduce it exclusively to all my Piano students.

Yours Truly, MARIA K. BERND.

Recommendations of "Clarke's New Method for the Piano-Forte."

Fairmount, November 24th, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—I find after examination, "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte" to be the best book out, and I venture to say that all who try it will be perfectly satisfied. It is destined to be the *book* of the day. Yours Respectfully,

A. V. HERNES.

Chippewa Falls, January 12th, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—Pupils will have no dread of "the scales," if taught from "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte." The book merits use.

Respectfully, MAY E. BOARDMAN.

Andover, November 26th, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—I have delayed answering and acknowledging the receipt of "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," because I wished to write intelligently. I had been looking for something new and better than what we have, and I can truly congratulate both author and publisher on the appearance of this work. It is graded nicely—a most important point—and far surpasses every work of similar magnitude, and will, I have no doubt, supersede all others as soon as it becomes known. Truly, for a piano method, it is the very best I have seen. I shall use it myself, and have already shown it to other teachers, whose wants are the same as mine.

Yours Truly, JAMES R. MURRAY.

New York, September 24th, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—Your book entitled "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," pleases me very much, so much so, that I intend one of my little daughters to study from it. Respectfully Yours,

G. W. MORGAN,

Organist, Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage's Tabernacle Church, Brooklyn.

Gloucester, September 24th, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—I have examined "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," and it is just what has long been needed to break the monotony which occurs in the study of music. Its efficacy lies in giving the pupil a series of studies which are interesting, and at the same time conquering the difficulties of music. Yours Respectfully, EMMA STINE.

Bennetteville, October 22d, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—To "Clarke's New Method" I can give my highest praise.

Respectfully, MISS S. L. DUDLEY.

Philadelphia, September 20th, 1873.

MESSRS. LEE & WALKER.—After having examined "Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte," I have come to the conclusion, that it surpasses all books of instruction I have ever seen.

LOUIS REIMER.

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THE

GOSPEL SINGER,

FOR SABBATH SCHOOLS, ETC.

BY PHILIP PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF "SINGING PILGRIM," "HALLOWED SONGS," "SONG MINISTRY," ETC., ETC.

Philadelphia: LEE & WALKER, 922 Chestnut St.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by PHILIP PHILLIPS, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

PREFATORY.

"OF making books there is no end." And why should there be, since the demand for them is so great.

Had there never been any Tune or Hymn writers, possibly there never would have been any sung in our churches and Sabbath schools, which would have been even still more disastrous than the present multiplicity of music books. Therefore let us give all a hearty welcome, at least for a careful examination, adopting the beautiful sentiment—

"Let us gather up the sunbeams
Lying all around our path;
Let us keep the wheat and roses,
Casting out the thorns and chaff."

The Christian public are so familiar and well posted in the wants of our Sunday schools, regarding its services of Song, as not to be likely to adopt a poor grade of Hymns and Tunes.

It will be seen that the Songs of this book are nearly all new, and great care has been taken to supply a goodly number of pieces for all occasions needed in Sunday school work.

THE GOSPEL SINGER is now offered to the public, with the earnest hope and prayer that it may prove to be the very "wings of the Gospel" to many a Christian believer, and also sweetly carry on its strains the "glad tidings of great joy" to the hearts of poor wandering ones.

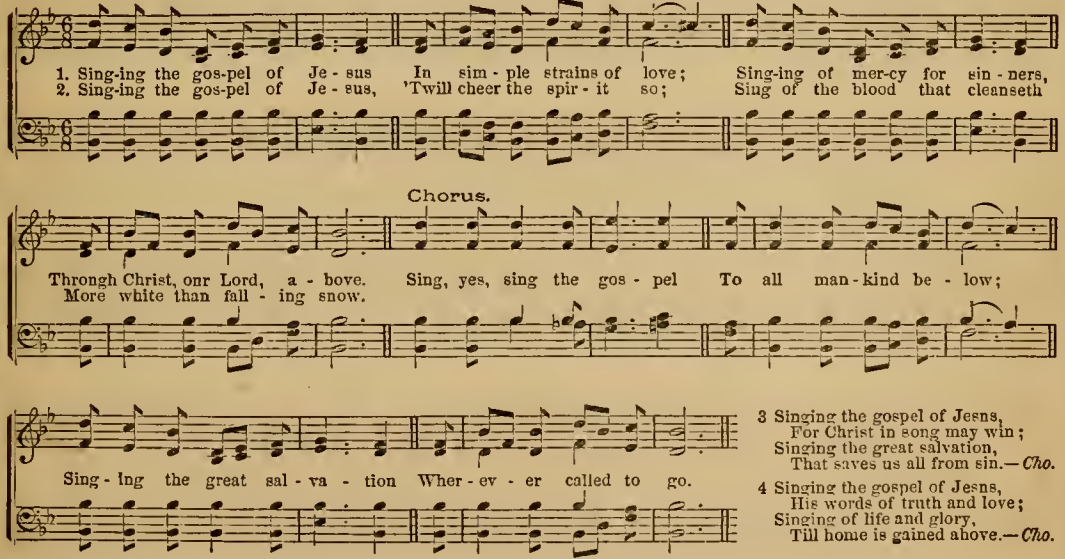
PHILIP PHILLIPS.

THE GOSPEL SINGER.

SINGING THE GOSPEL.

"Singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PHILIP PHILLIPS.



3 Singing the gospel of Jesus,
For Christ in song may win;
Singing the great salvation,
That saves us all from sin.—*Cho.*

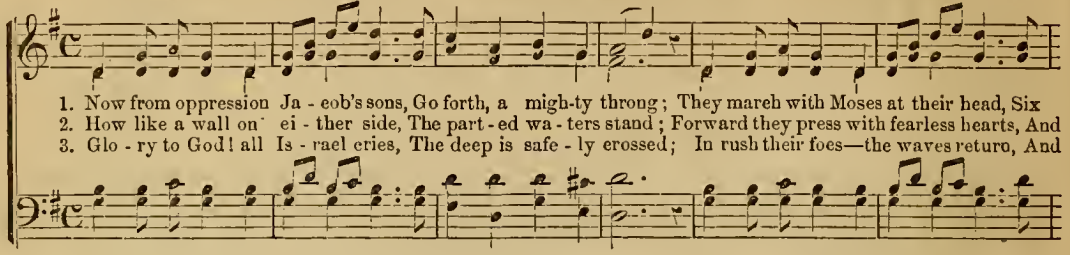
4 Singing the gospel of Jesus,
His words of truth and love;
Singing of life and glory,
Till home is gained above.—*Cho.*

ISRAEL'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

"Sing unto the Lord for he hath triumphed gloriously."

Marching Time.

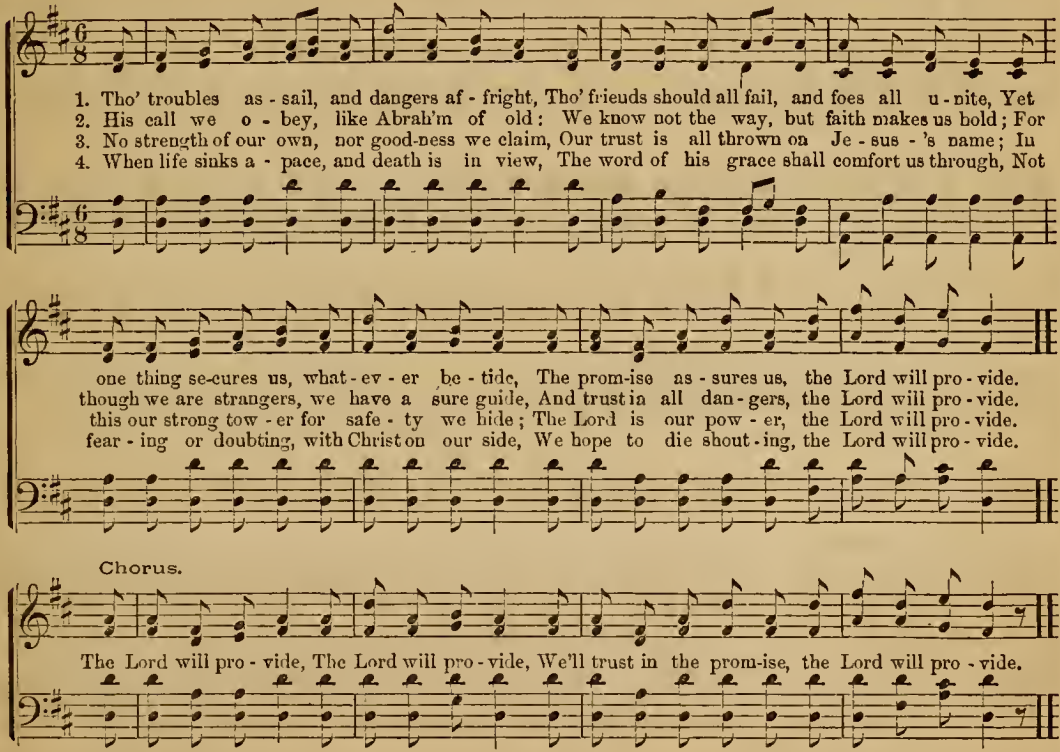
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



JEHOVAH JIREH.

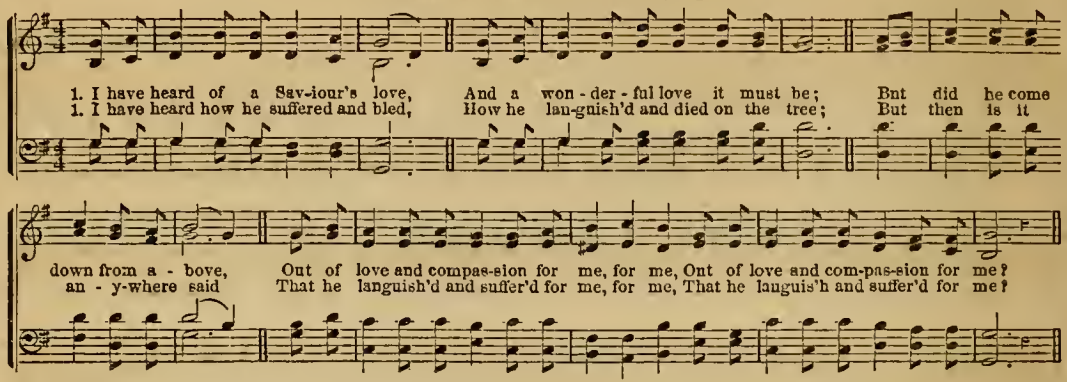
" My God shall supply all your need."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

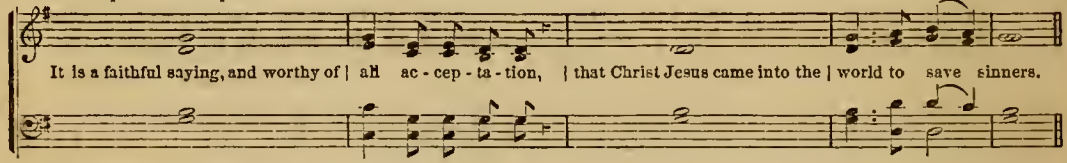


SONG OF SALVATION.

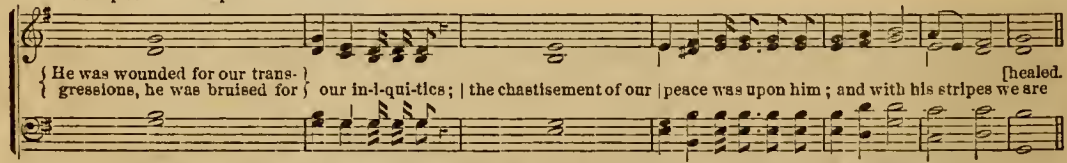
"For God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son." PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Scripture Response* to verse 1.

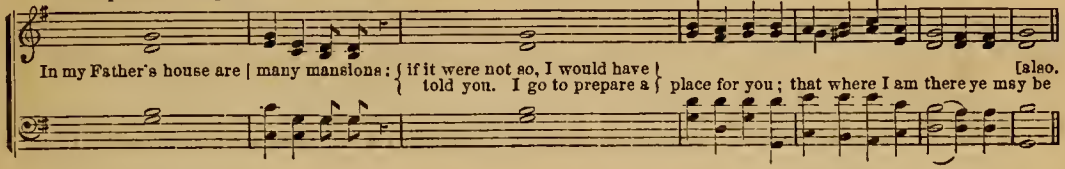


Scripture Response to verse 2.

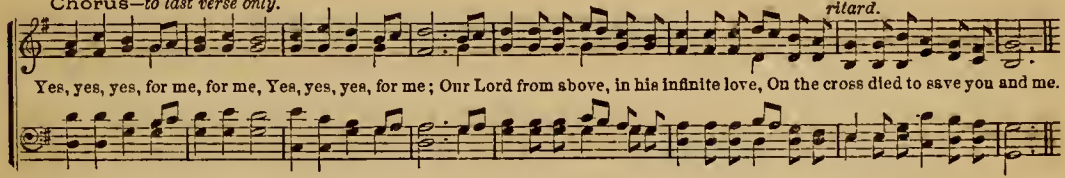


* *The responses may be chanted by a children's choir; or, if more convenient, read by the Superintendant.*

Scripture Response to verse 8.



Chorus—*to last verse only.*

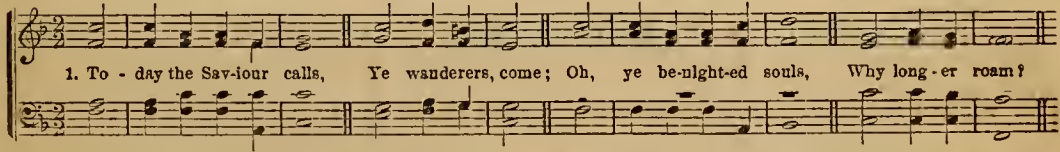


3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnish'd for me?—*Resp.*

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,
To whom shall I go but to thee?
And say by thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.—*Cho.*

TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS. 6s & 4s.

"*Now is the accepted time.*" DR. LOWELL MASON.



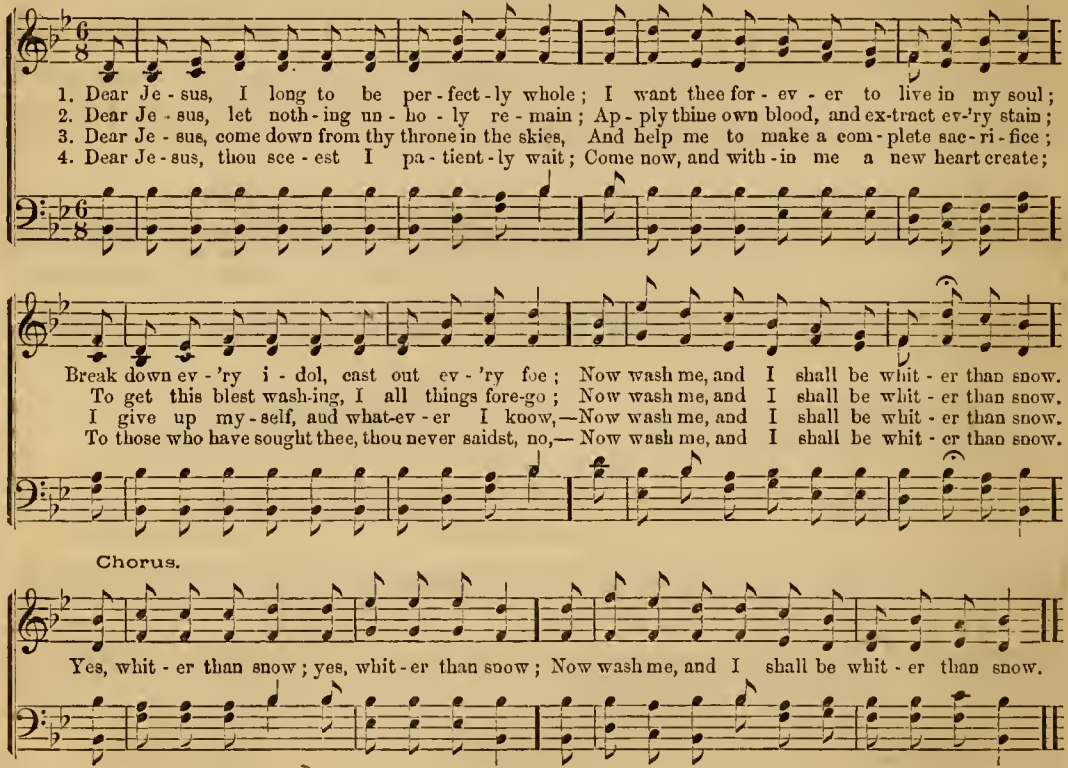
2 To-day the Saviour calls:
Oh, listen now;
Within these sacred walls
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls;
For refuge fly;
The storm of justice falls,
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:
Yield to his power:
Oh, grieve him not away;
'Tis mercy's hour.

WHITER THAN SNOW.

"*Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow.*" PHILIP PHILLIPS.

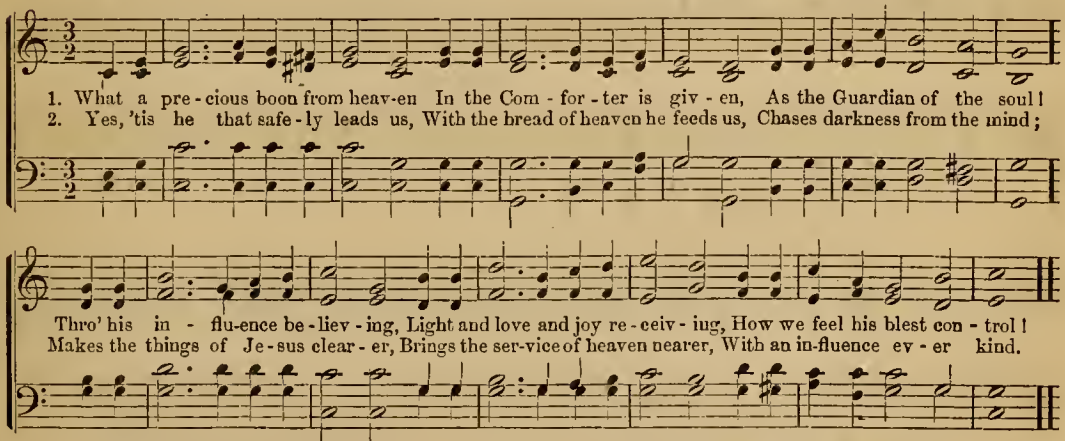


5 Dear Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat;
I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet:
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow,—
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
Cho.—Yes, whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow;
Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

6 The blessing, by faith, I receive from above;
Oh, glory! my soul is made perfect in love;
My prayer has prevailed, and this moment I know
The blood is applied, I am whiter than snow.
Cho.—Yes, whiter than snow; yes, whiter than snow,
Dear Jesus, thy blood makes me whiter than snow.

PRECIOUS BOON.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

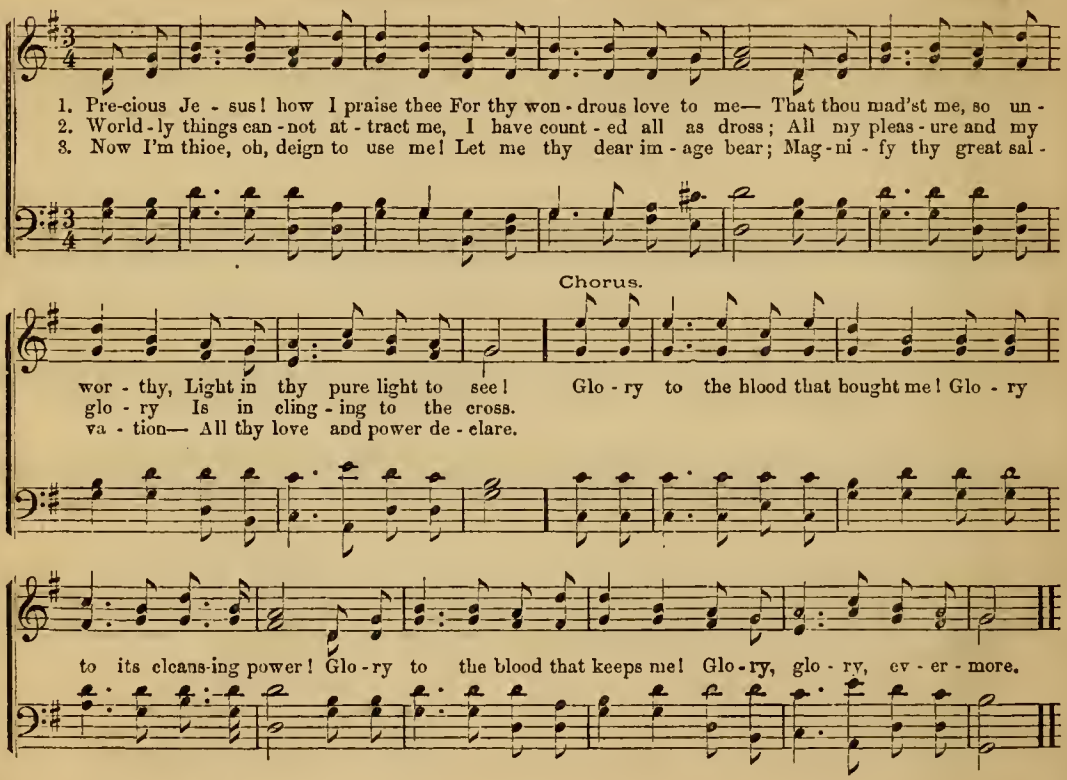


3 He is near in hours of gladness,
He is near in times of sadness,
As a sympathizing Friend;
When the heart with grief is breaking,
He is calmly, kindly speaking,
Till heaven's joys their solace lend.

4 In the conflict he is with us,
In temptation, firm beneath us,
We can feel his arm of power;
Through life's pilgrimage he guides us,
With heaven's armor he provides us,
Cheers us through the dying hour.

GLORY TO THE BLOOD THAT BOUGHT ME.

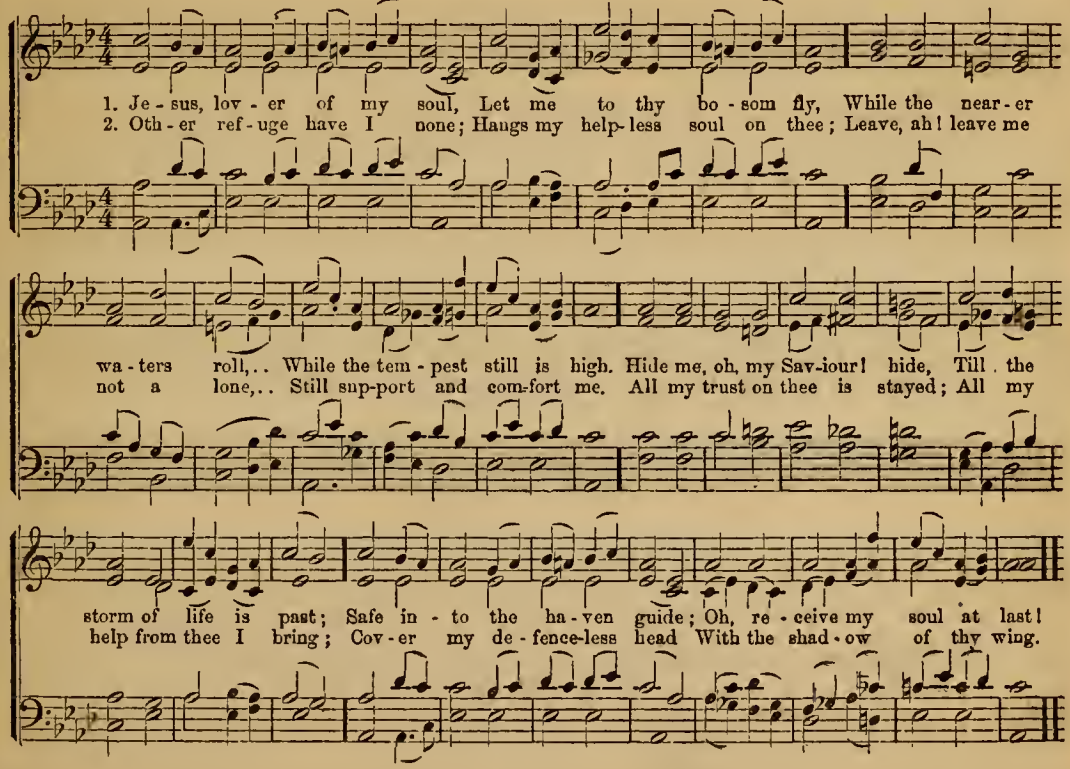
"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." S. J. VAIL.



JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends'."

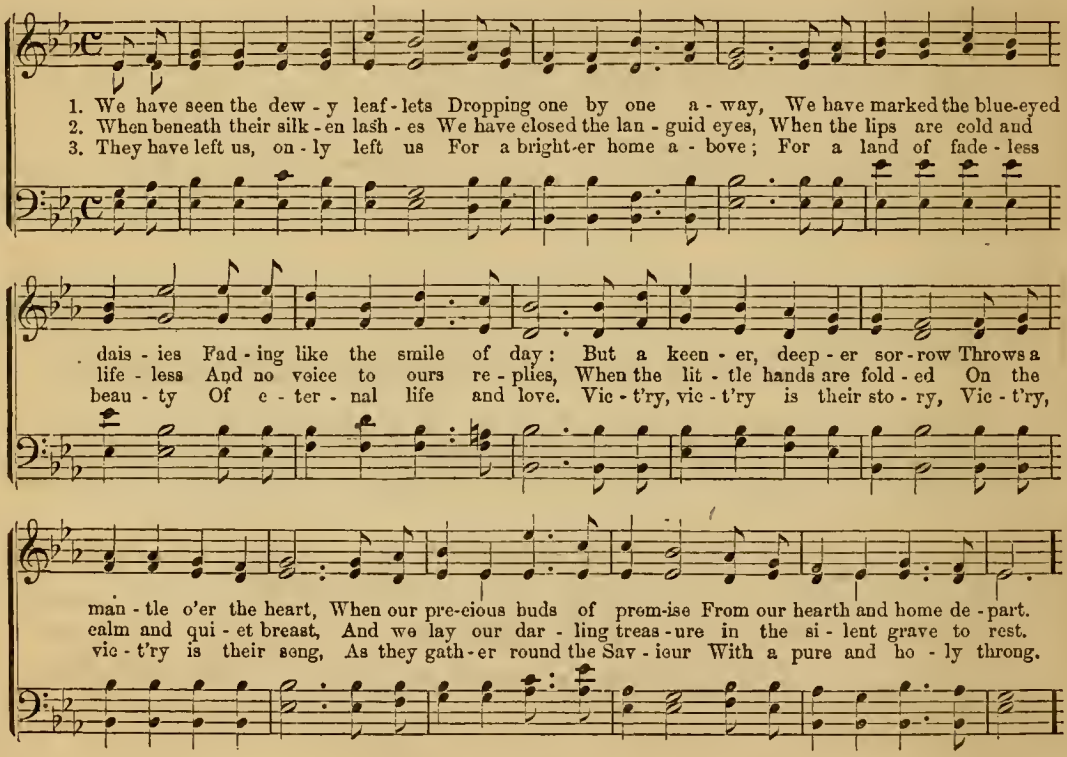
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



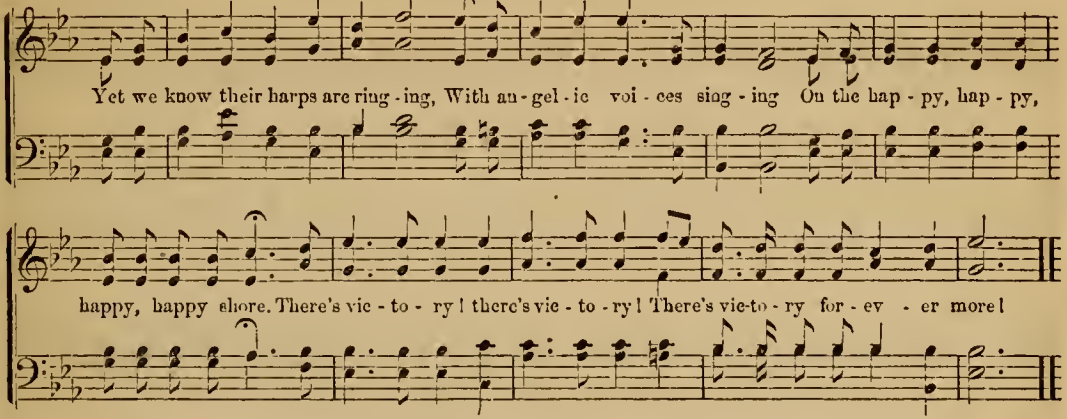
THERE'S VICTORY FOREVER MORE.

" O death, where is thy sting ? O grave, where is thy victory ?

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

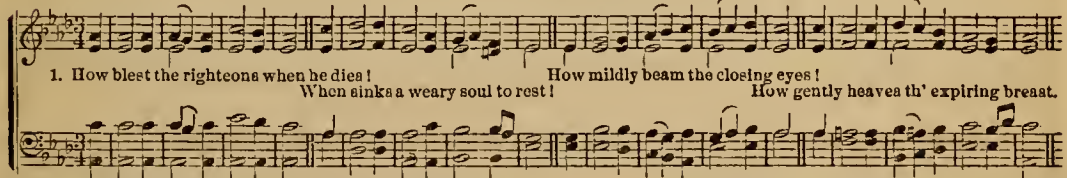


Chorus



PARTING HOUR. L. M.

"The end of that man is peace."



2 So fades a summer cloud away;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;
So gently shuts the eye of day;
So dies a wave along the shore.

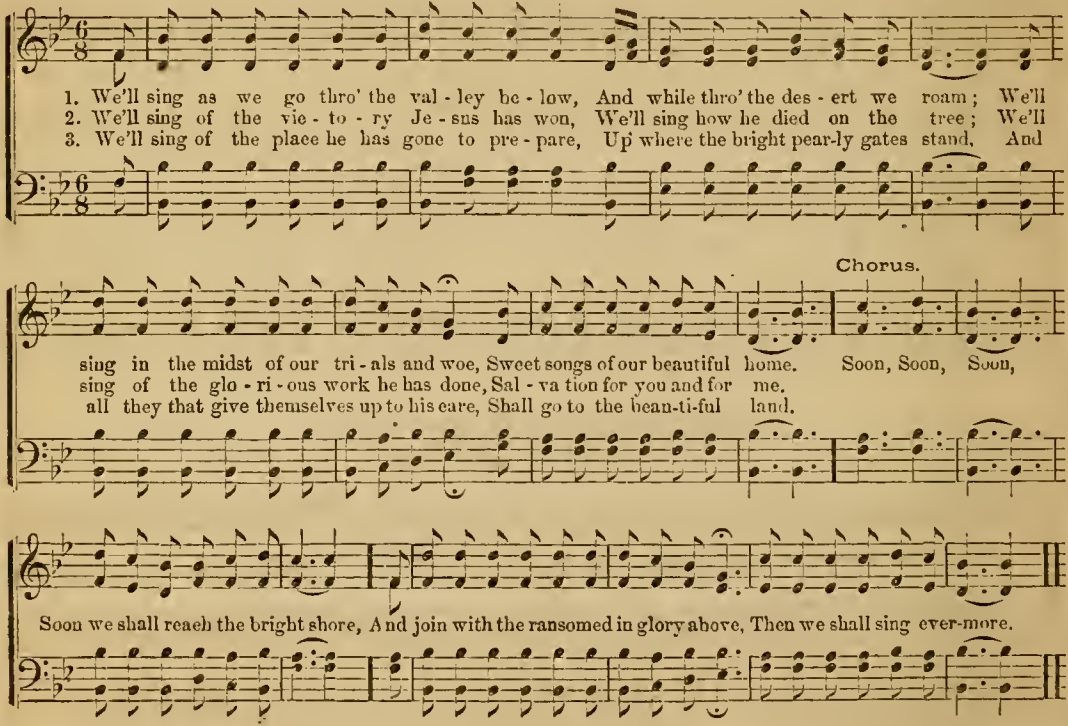
3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
A calm which life nor death destroys;
And naught disturbs that peace profound
Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,
Where lights and shades alternate dwell!
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell!

SING EVERMORE.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."

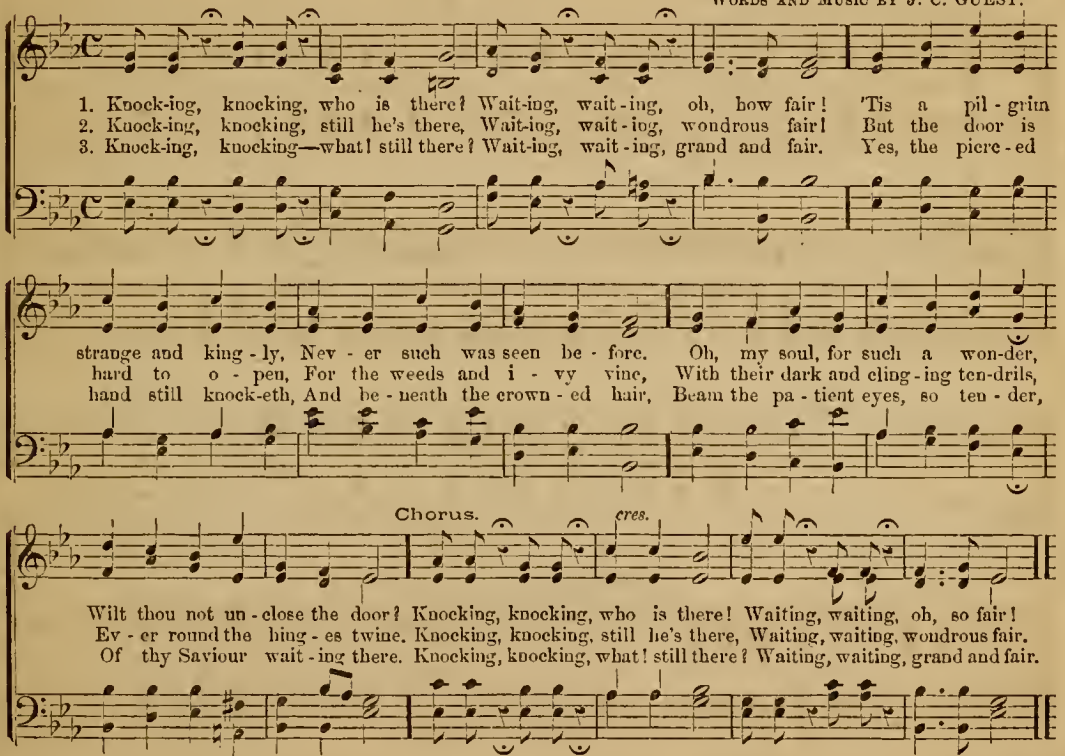
JAMES PRICE.



BEHOLD I STAND AT THE DOOR.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY J. C. GUEST.

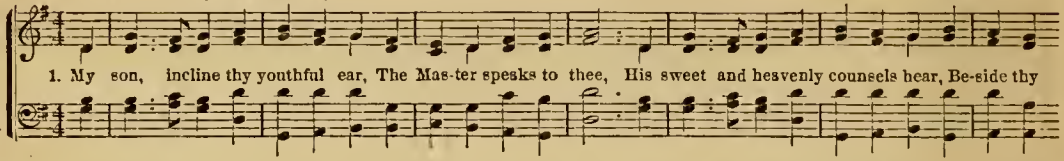


DIALOGUE HYMN.

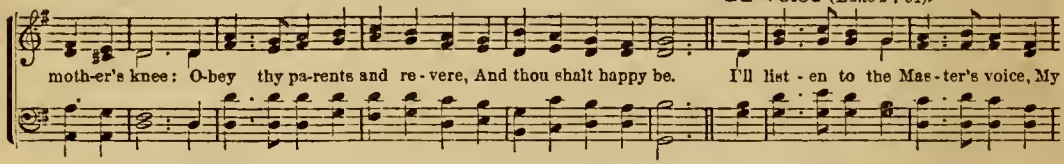
Come, let us reason together."

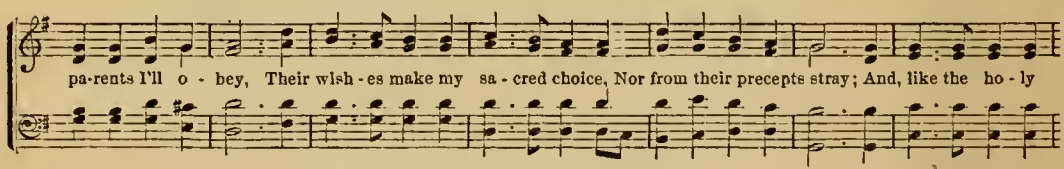
Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Music by S. J. VAIL.

1st Voice (*Exodus 20 ; 12*).

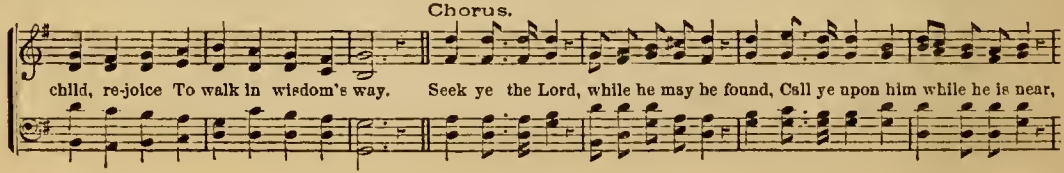


2d Voice (*Luke 2 ; 51*).

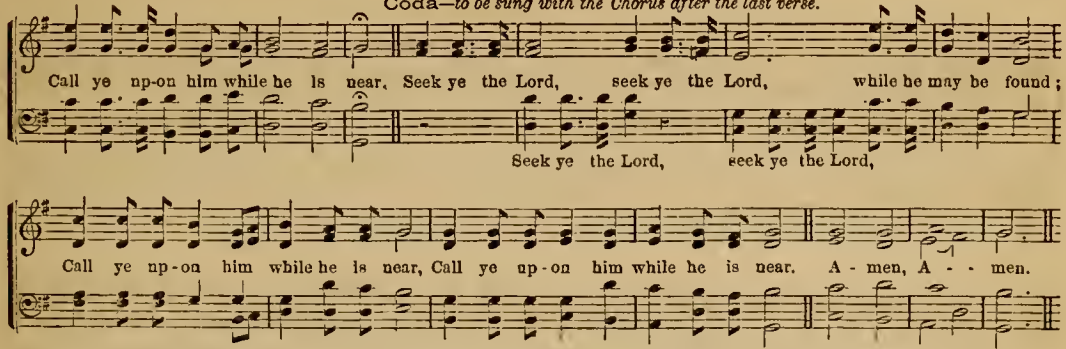




Chorus.



Coda—*to be sung with the Chorus after the last verse.*



2 *Eccles. 12 : 1.*

My son, remember in thy youth
Thy Maker and thy God,
Lest if thou disregard his truth,
And tread the downward road,
Thy trespass he will mark forsooth,
And visit with the rod.

Ps. 63 : 1.

Early I'll seek my father's God,
And walk in wisdom's way;
I know his will, I love his word,
I'll fear him and obey:
And while I live I will record
His goodness day by day.

3 *Ps. 119 : 9.*

Dost know the secret fountain where
My son may cleanse his way,
From Satan's most deceitful snare,
And all impurity?
The world is vain, the world is fair,
How shall he guarded be?

Ps. 119 : 9.

I know, my father, know it well,
In God's most holy word
There lies a secret, wondrous spell,
To hold me near the Lord;
If in my heart his Spirit dwell,
If there his truths are stored.

4 *Prov. 6 : 20, 21.*

My son, unwise companions oft,
Will tempt thy feet astray,
And thou wilt hear thy parents scoffed,
But keep thy heart alway
With filial, sweet affection soft,
Attentive to their sway.

Prov. 1 : 9.

Thy law, my father, shall remain,
My mother's gentle word,
By day and night, in joy or pain,
Fast to my soul secured,
An ornament of grace, a chain
Of beauty, from the Lord.

5 *Prov. 1 : 10.*

If sinners should entice, my son,
To wantonness and sin,
Oh, from the house of pleasure run,
Nor turn one glance within.
Touch not the wine, all evil shun,
Nor wickedness begin.

Prov. 4 : 18, 19.

My father, well I know the path
The just and godly tread
Is strait and narrow, yet it hath
Heaven's glory overhead;
I'll walk within this way by faith,
With joy around me shed.

6 *Prov. 3 : 5, 6.*

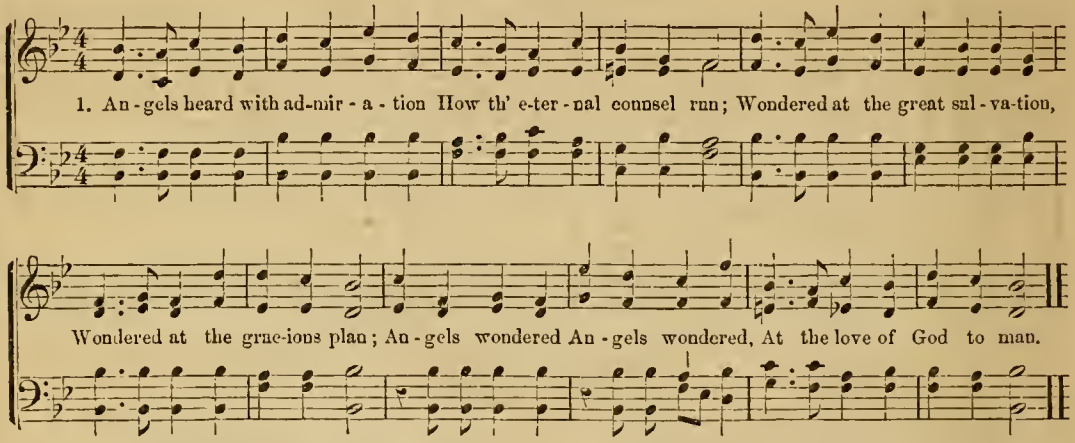
Yet trust not in thine own weak will
My son, or thou shalt fall,
The Lord can all the work fulfill,
On him each moment call;
'Tis Jesus keeps from every ill,
Oh, trust in him for all.

Ps. 119 : 117.

Dear Lord, this wayward heart re-
From sin now set me free, [ceive,
To thee this hour myself I give,
And all I hope to be;
Hold thou me up, and I shall live
For holiness and thee.

SEEN OF ANGELS.

1 Timothy, 3 : 16. S. J. VAIL.



2 Angels, with profound amazement,
Saw the eternal King come down;
In the time of his abasement
Saw the Saviour stand alone;
Angels saw him
Then deserted by his own.

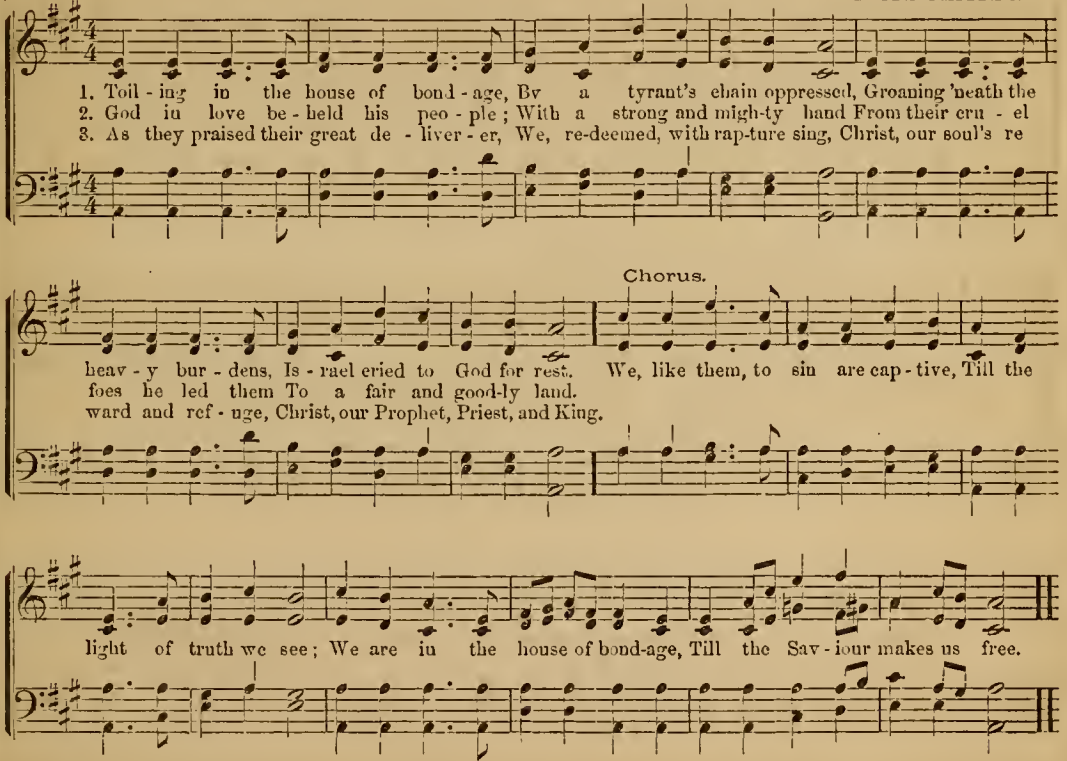
3 Angels saw the Saviour dying
On the cross, in love to men;
Angels saw his body lying
In the tomb among the slain:
Oh, how awful
Sin appeared to angels then!

4 Angels saw him rise victorious
From the tomb in which he lay:
Never sight was seen more glorious
Than what angels saw that day,
When the Saviour
Rose, and death resigned his prey.

5 Praise the Lamb! ye saints, adore him,
Ye for whom he shed his blood;
Bow with angels, bow before him,
Make his glory known abroad;
Preach the gospel,
Praise, oh, praise the lamb of God.

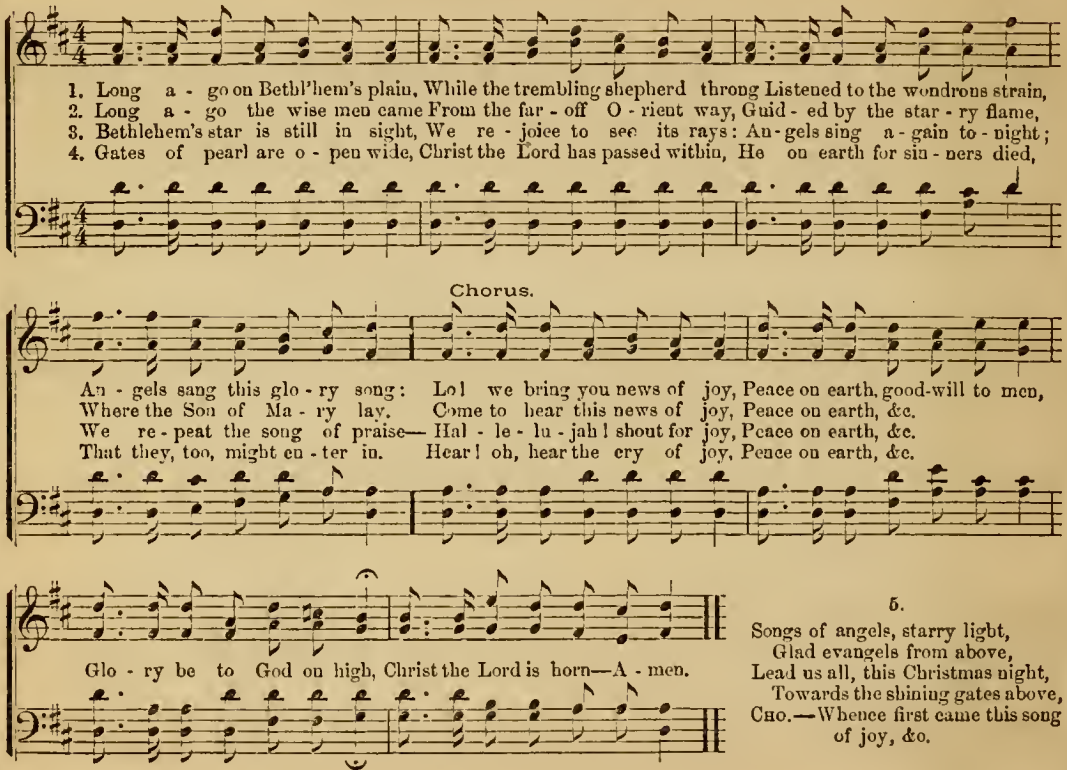
"Know ye not, that to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye are to whom ye obey."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



CHRIST IS BORN.

" Unto you is born this day a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."

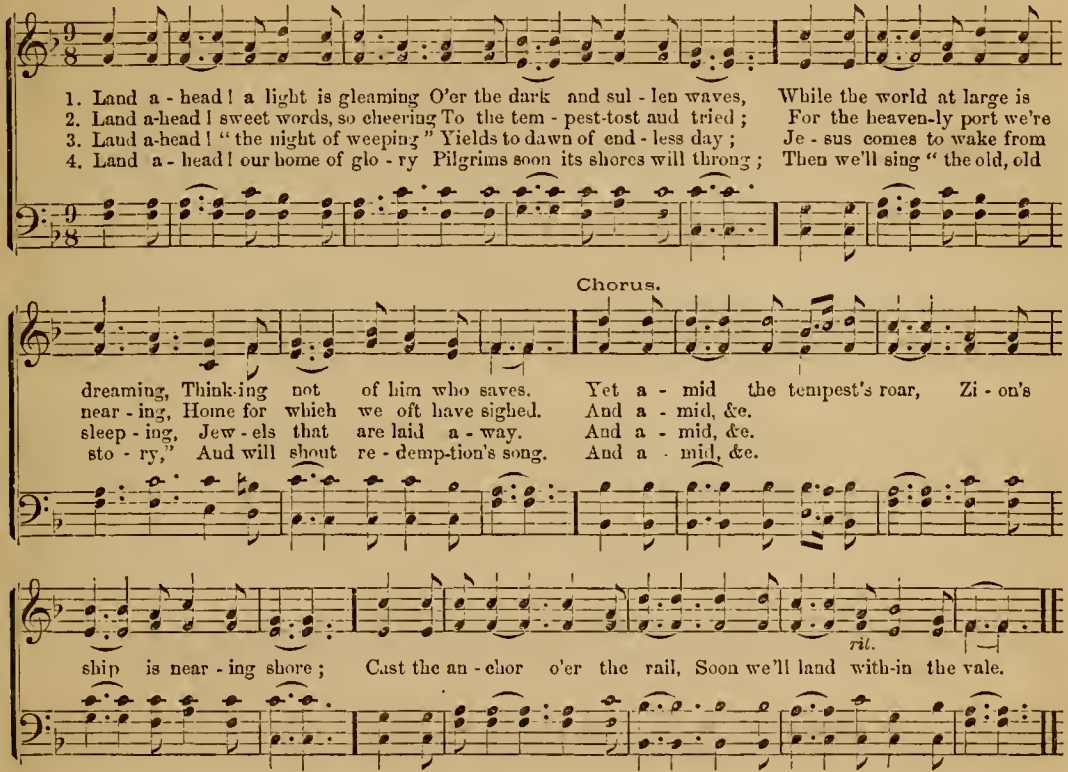


5.

Songs of angels, starry light,
Glad evangels from above,
Lead us all, this Christmas night,
Towards the shining gates above,
Cho.—Whence first came this song
of joy, &c.

SOON WE'LL LAND WITHIN THE VALE.

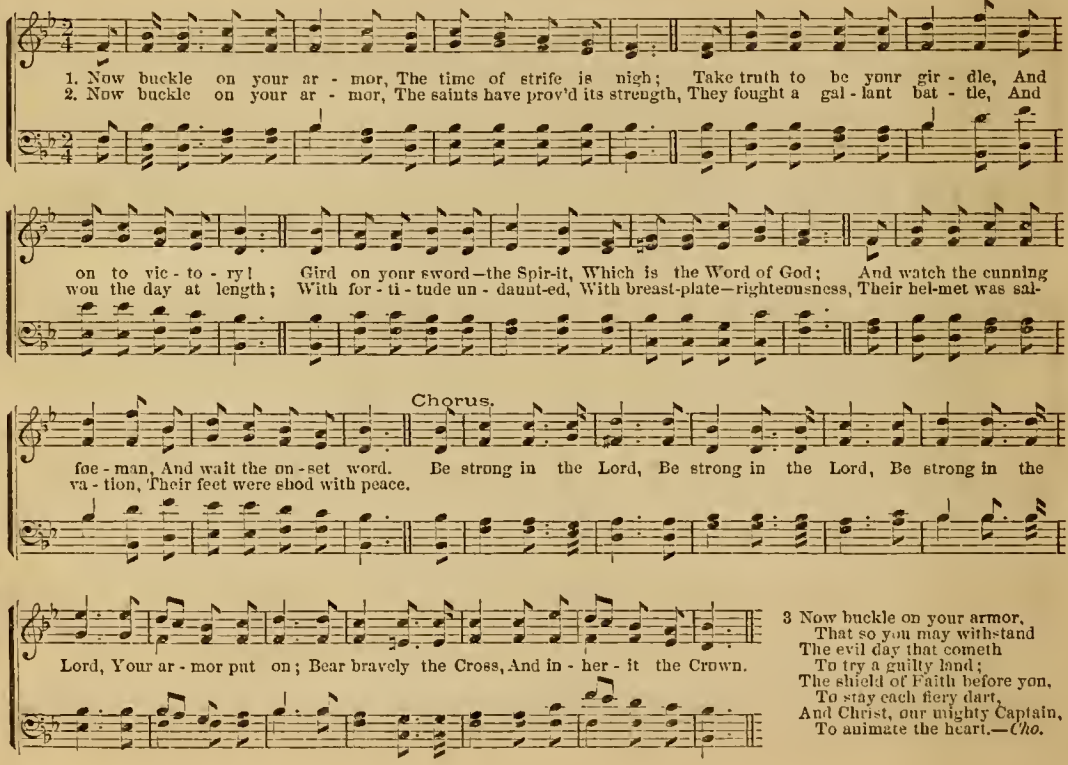
"An house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." S. J. VAIL.



BE STRONG IN THE LORD.

"Put on the whole armor of God."

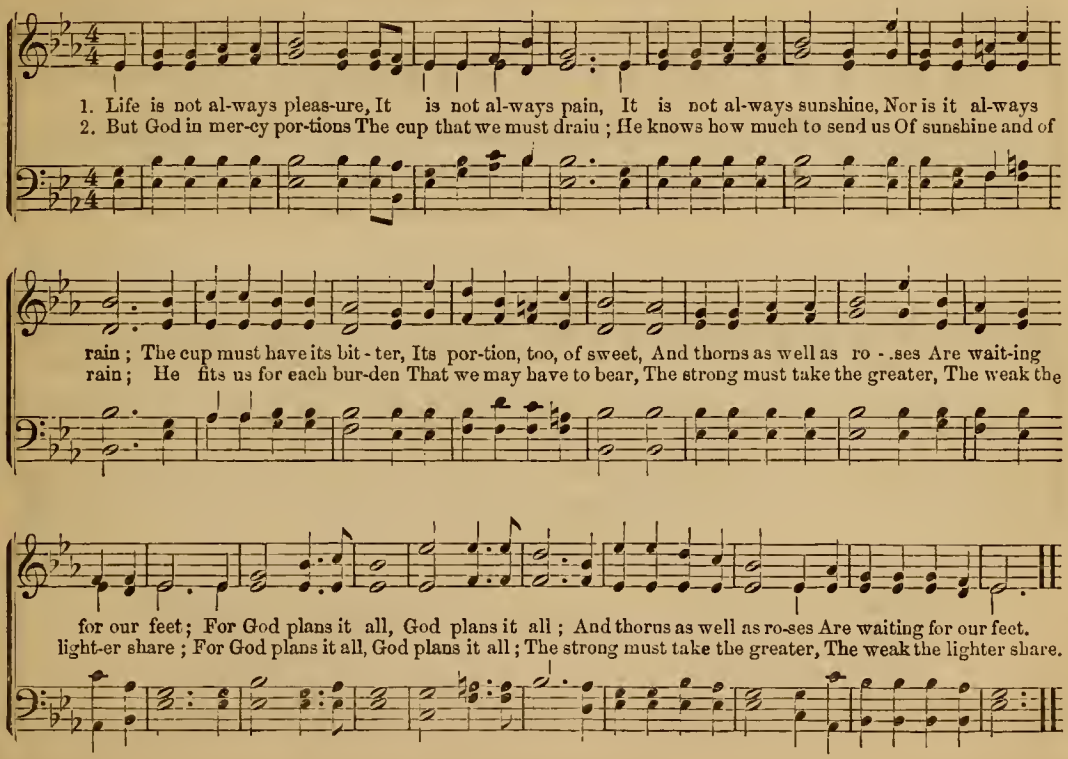
S. J. VAIL.



3 Now buckle on your armor,
That so you may withstand
The evil day that cometh
To try a guilty land;
The shield of Faith before you,
To stay each fiery dart,
And Christ, our mighty Captain,
To animate the heart.—*Cho.*

" All things work together for good to them that love God."

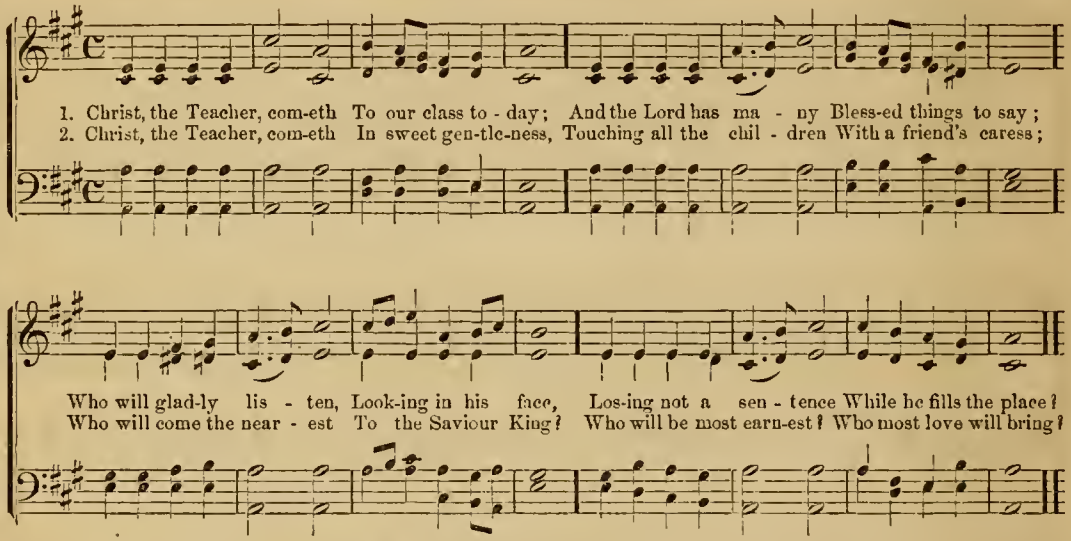
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



THE GREAT TEACHER.

"*And He opened his mouth, and taught them.*"

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



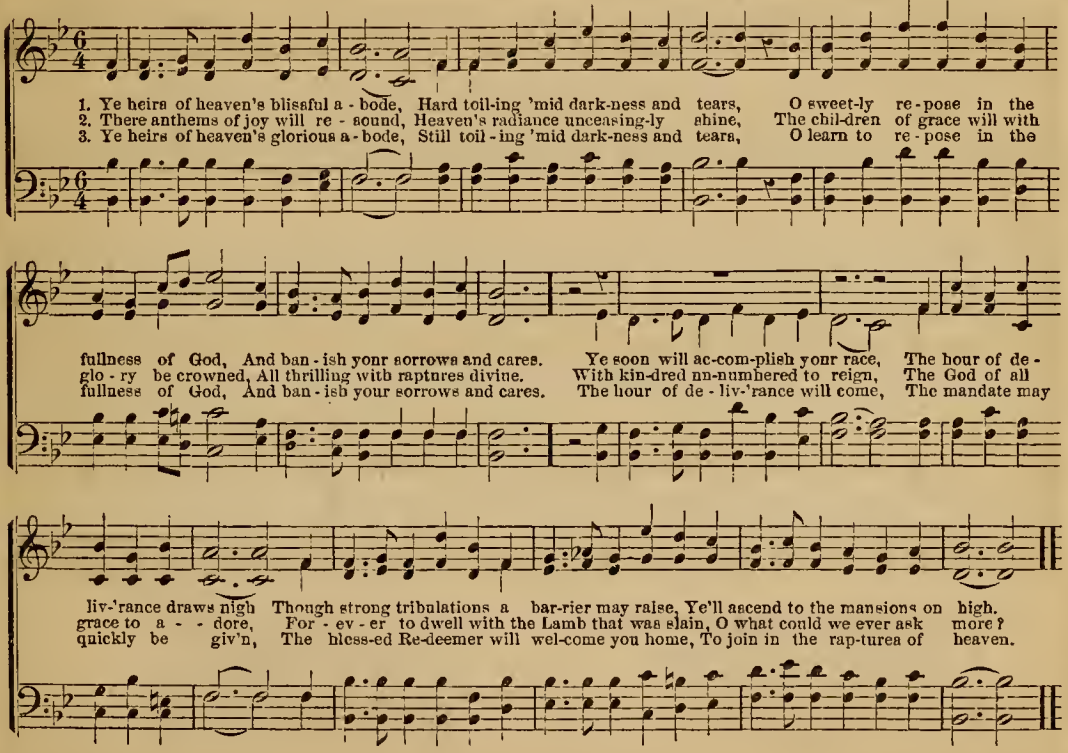
3 Christ, the Teacher, cometh,
Listen to his call;
We have little knowledge,
He will teach us all—
Tell us of our Father,
And our home in heaven,
Where the sweet harp music
And the crowns are given.

4 Christ, the Teacher, cometh:
Do not turn away
From the Friend who lingers
In our class to-day;
Listen to him gladly,
Love and trust him well,
He will be your Guardian
Till with him you dwell.

PARADISE.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

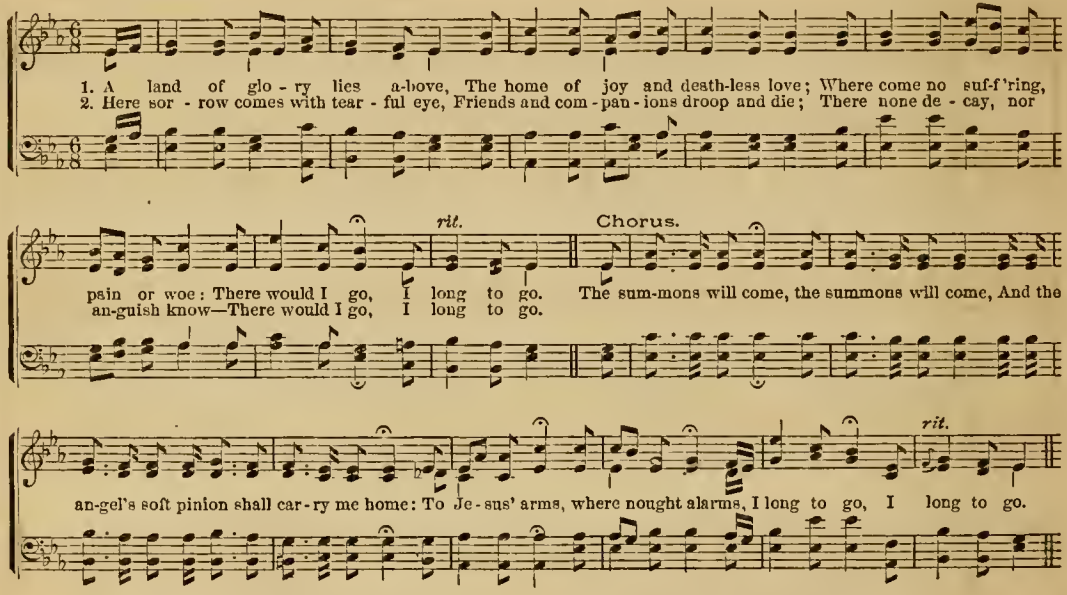
WORDS AND MUSIC BY DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



I LONG TO GO.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ; which is far better."

W. J. COOKSLEY. HARVEY C. CAMP.



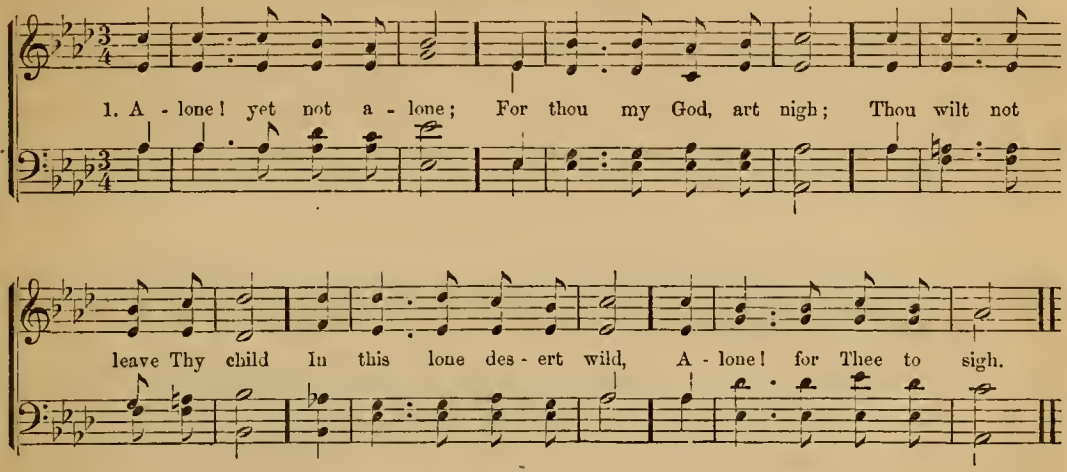
3 There flowers more bright than Eden's bloom,
To fill the air with sweet perfume;
No scorching heats, nor frost-blasts blow,
There would I go, I long to go.—*Cho.*

4 There sounds of richest music lave
The golden shore—a swelling wave—
No discord mars the unceasing flow;
There would I go, I long to go.—*Cho.*

5 There high amidst the happy throng,
The theme of every raptured song,
My Jesus see, his smile I know,
There would I go, I long to go.—*Cho.*

6 When shall I breathe the perfumed air?
And gaze upon those scenes so fair?
When safely pass the last great foe?
Soon, soon I know; I long to go.—*Cho.*

"*Certainly I will be with thee.*" DR. BESSEY.



2 Alone! yet not alone,
With Jesus by my side:
"I love thee," hear him say,
"I'm with thee day by day,
And shall with thee abide."

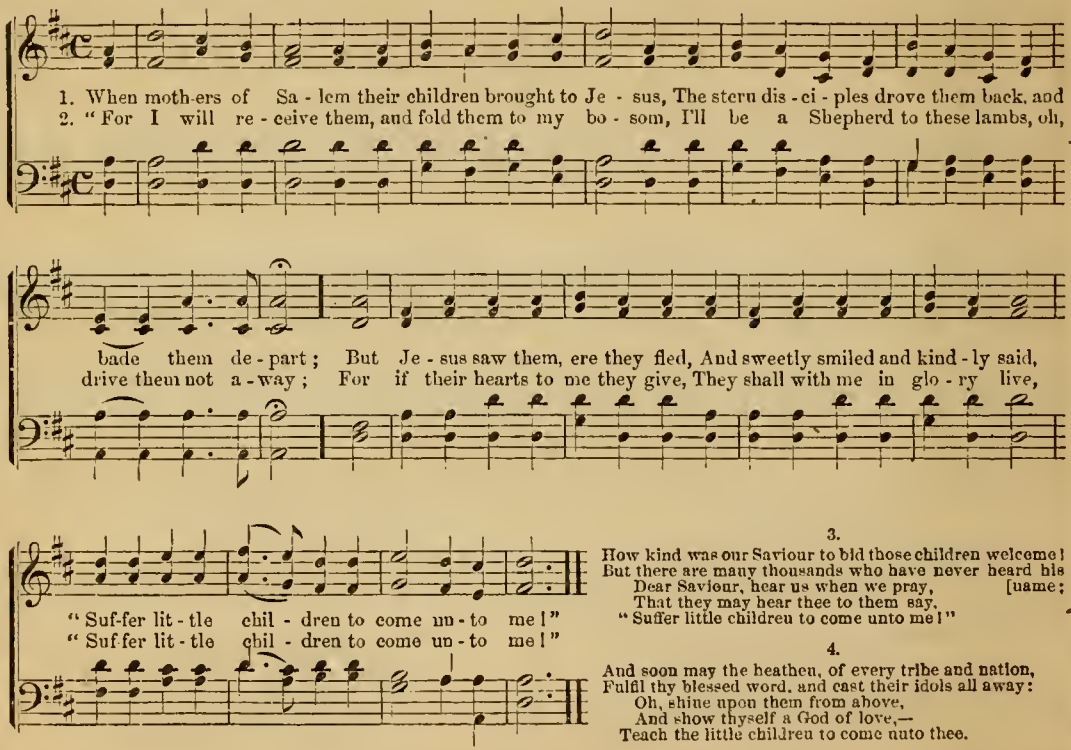
3 Alone! yet not alone,
The Comforter has come!
He fills my heart with peace,
Bids every trouble cease,
And gently guides me home.

4 Alone! yet not alone,
In death I'll triumph too!
E'en now by faith I sing
"O death! where is thy sting?"
God's grace shall bring me through.

5 Alone! yet not alone,
In Heaven I soon shall be!
There with the white-robed throng
Shall sing the new, new song,
And my Redeemer see.

SUFFER LITTLE CHILDREN.

"Suffer the little children to come unto me." ARRANGED.



3.

How kind was our Saviour to bid those children welcome!
But there are many thousands who have never heard his name;
Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray,
That they may hear thee to them say,
"Suffer little children to come unto me!"

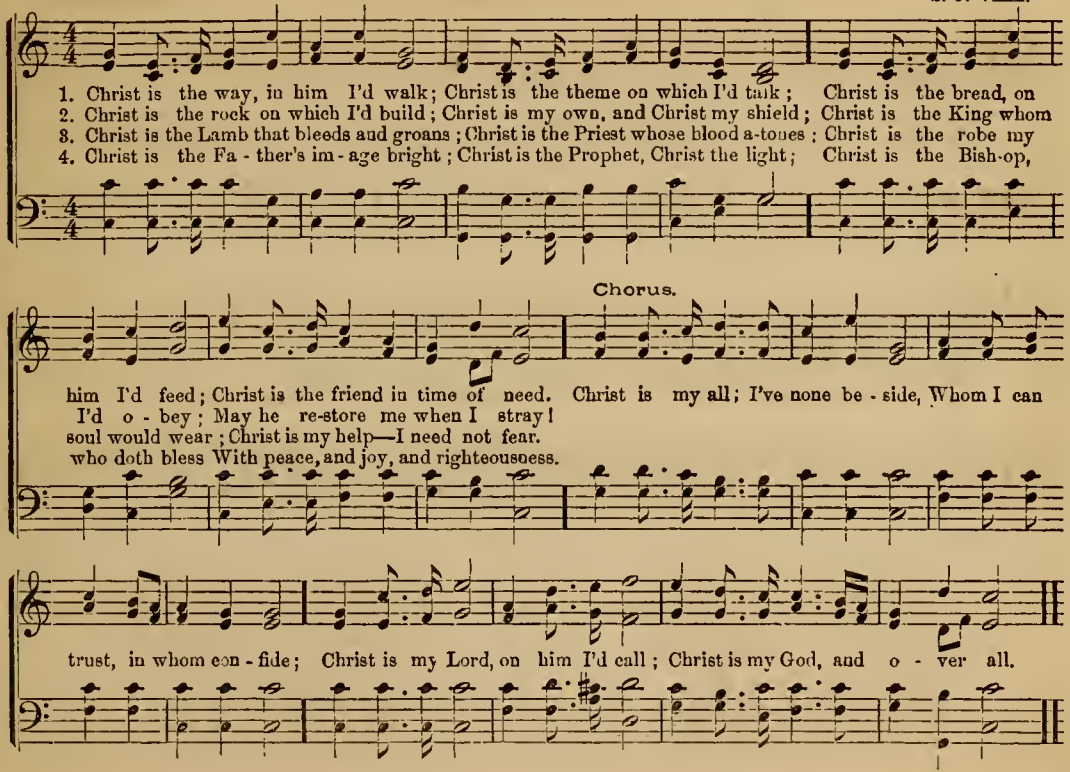
4.

And soon may the heathen, of every tribe and nation,
Fulfil thy blessed word, and cast their idols all away:
Oh, shine upon them from above,
And show thyself a God of love,—
Teach the little children to come unto thee.

ONLY CHRIST.

"For I am determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and Him Crucified."

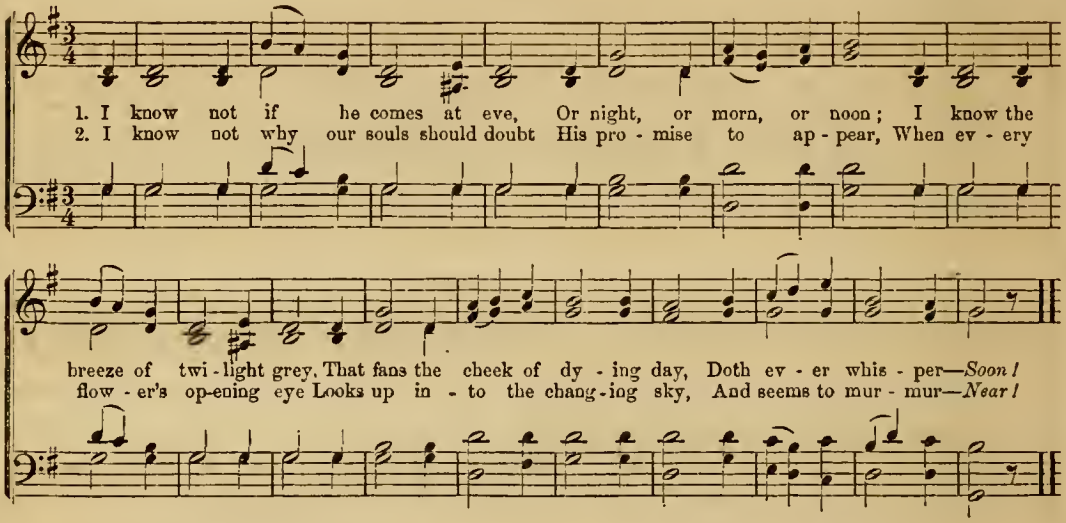
S. J. VAIL.



SOON.

"Watch therefore."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



3 I know not round his blessed feet
What peerless glories throng;
I only know from rending tomb
The good shall burst in beauty's bloom;
And faith assures—*Not long!*

4 I know not if his chariot wheels
Yet near or distant are;
I only know each thunder-roll
Doth wake an echo in my soul,
That saith—*Not very far!*

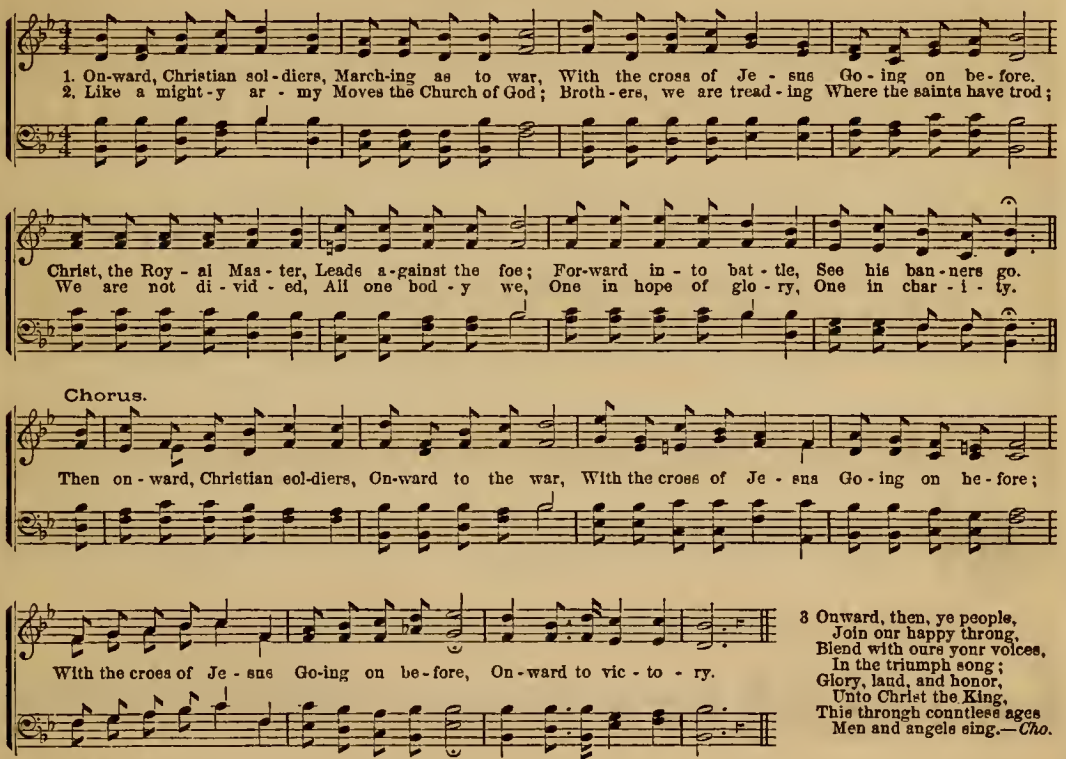
5 I know not if we long must wait
The summer of his smile;
I only know that hope doth sweep
With thrilling touch my heart-strings deep,
And sings—*A little while!*

6 I know not on this glorious theme
Why lips so soft are dumb;
I only know the saddened earth
Will flash with beauty and with mirth
At sound of "*Lo, I come!*

ONWARD TO VICTORY.

"Be strong and of good courage."

S. J. VAIL.

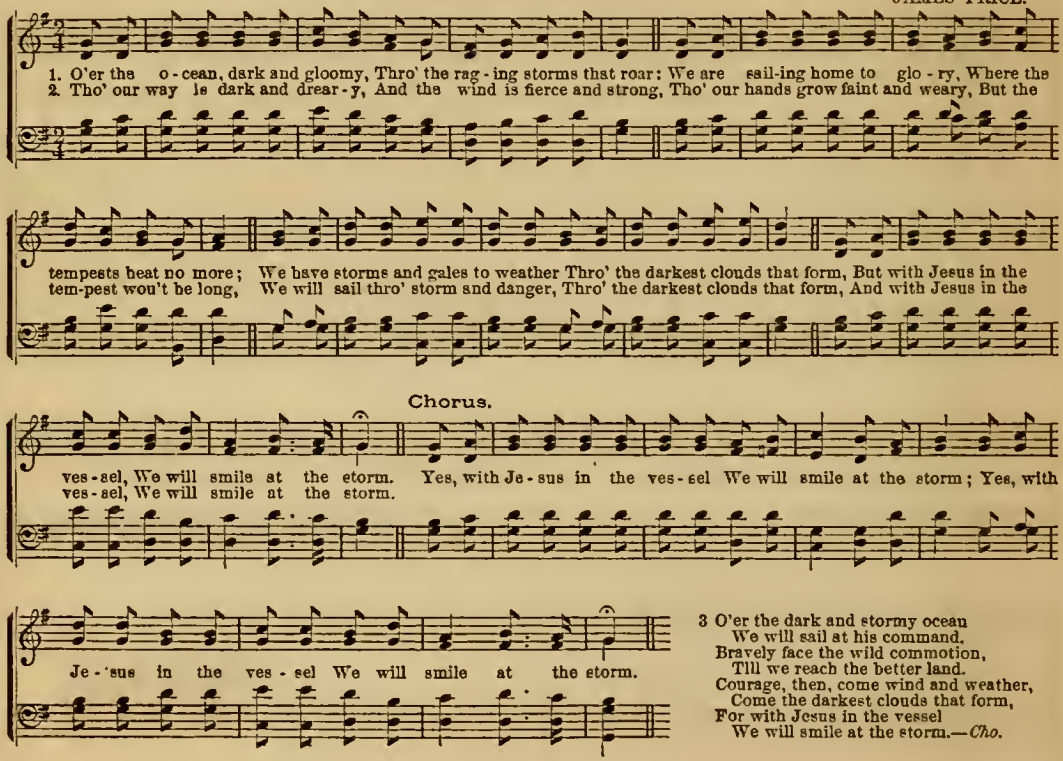


3 Onward, then, ye people,
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices,
In the triumph song;
Glory, land, and honor,
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.—*Cho.*

JESUS IN THE VESSEL.

" Then they received him into the ship."

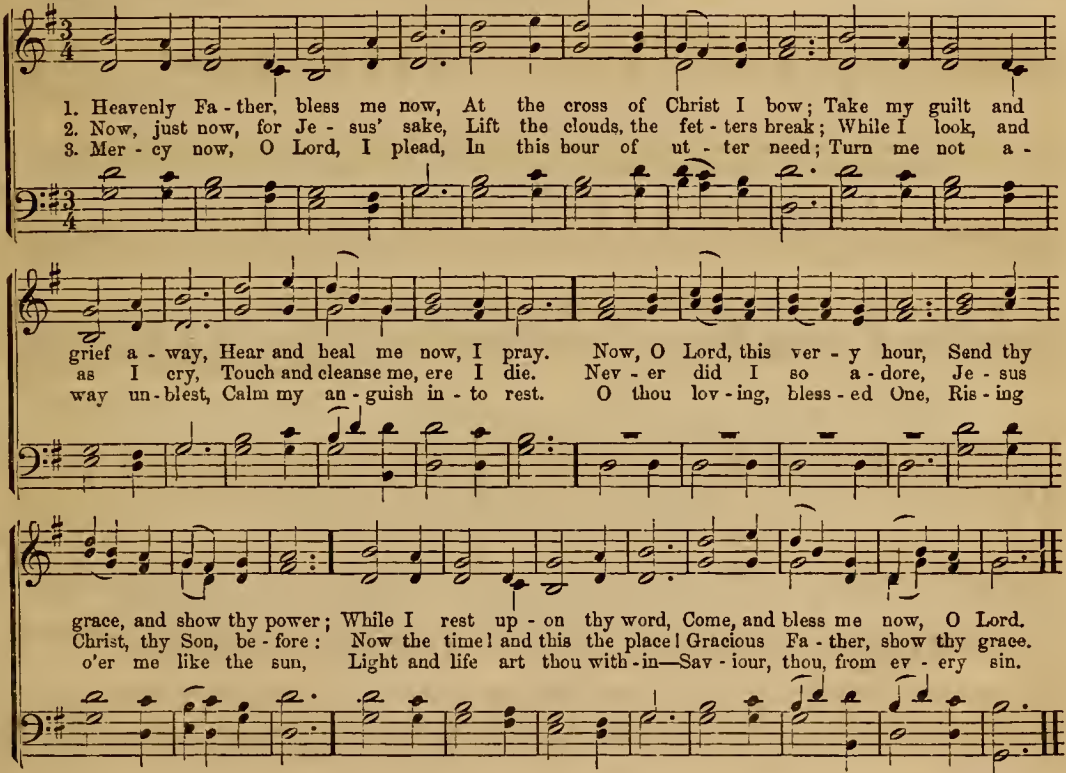
JAMES PRICE.



3 O'er the dark and stormy ocean
We will sail at his command,
Bravely face the wild commotion,
Till we reach the better land.
Courage, then, come wind and weather,
Come the darkest clouds that form,
For with Jesus in the vessel
We will smile at the storm.—*Cho.*

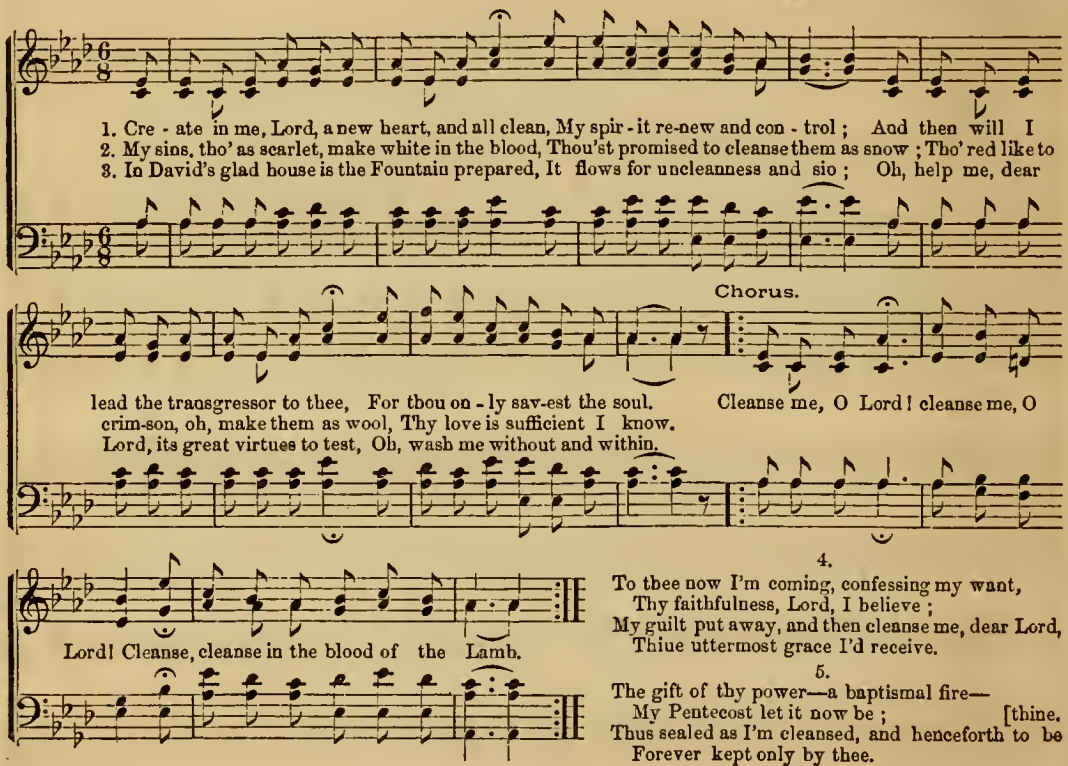
BLESS ME NOW.

REV. A. CLARK. *"Have mercy on me."* PHILIP PHILLIPS.



CLEANSE ME, O LORD.

"*Create in me a clean heart.*" WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



4.

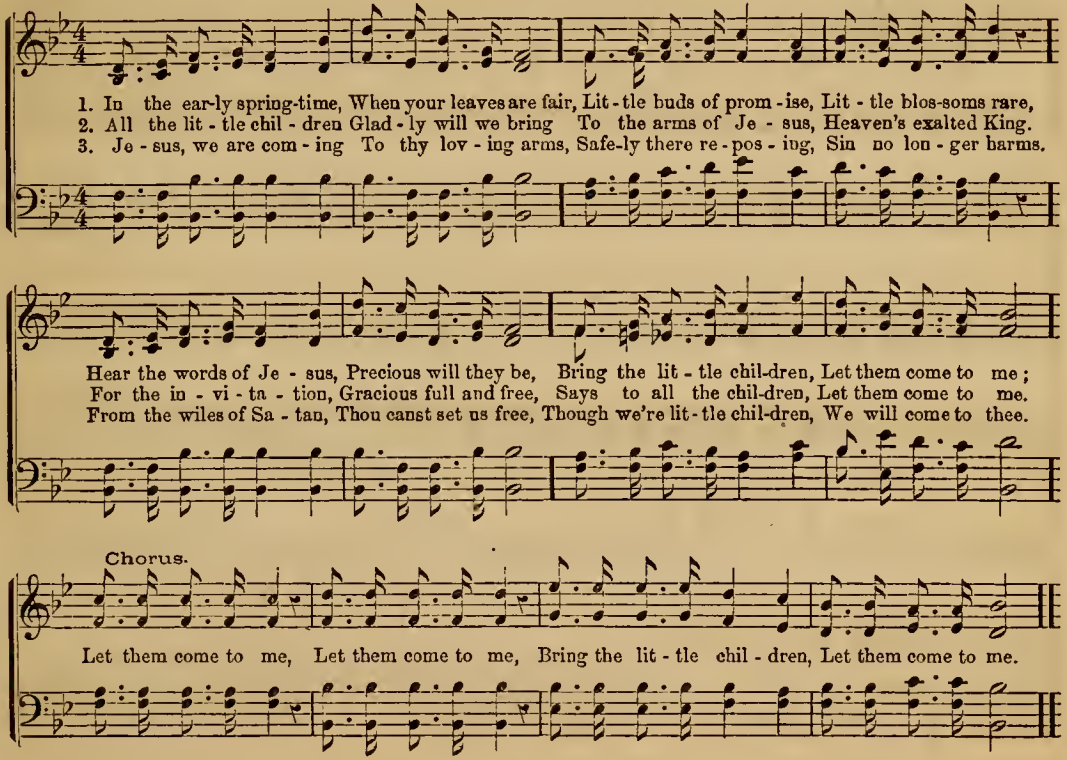
To thee now I'm coming, confessing my want,
Thy faithfulness, Lord, I believe ;
My guilt put away, and then cleanse me, dear Lord,
Thine uttermost grace I'd receive.

5.

The gift of thy power—a baptismal fire—
My Pentecost let it now be ; [thine.
Thus sealed as I'm cleansed, and henceforth to be
Forever kept only by thee.

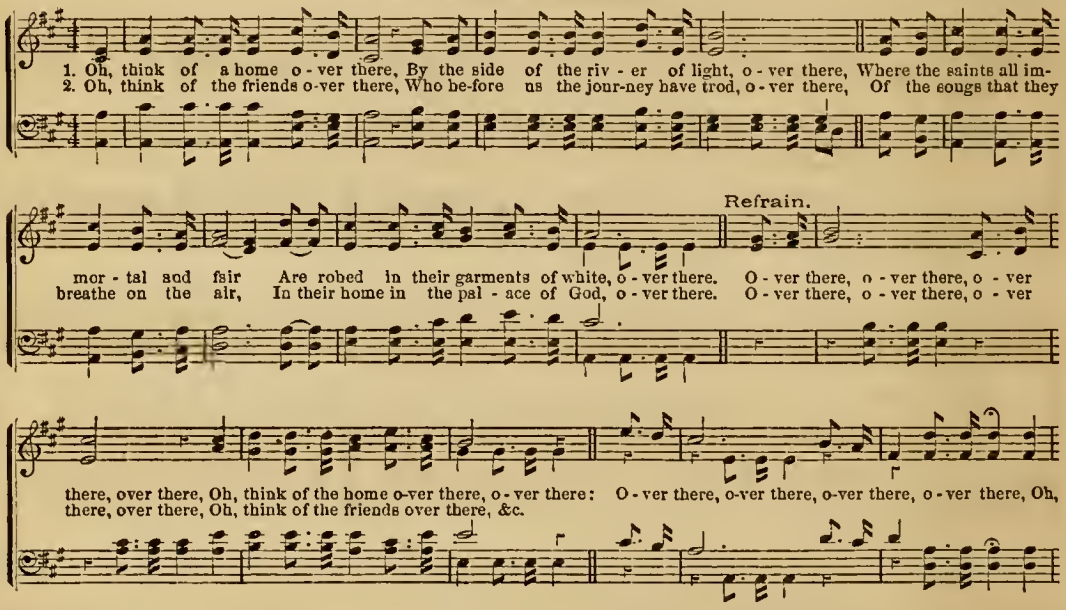
"Suffer little children to come unto me."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



WE'VE A HOME OVER THERE.

"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God." T. C. O'KANE.



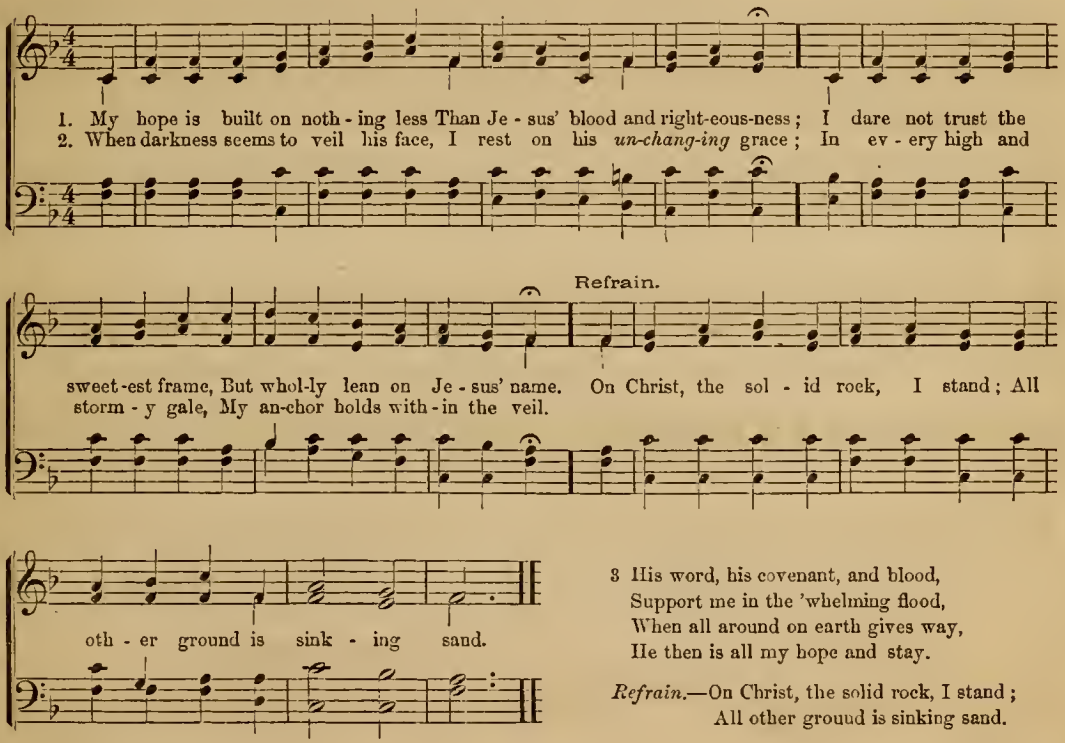
3 My Saviour is now over there, [reet;
There my kindred and friends are at
Then away from my sorrow and care,
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
Over there, over there,
My Saviour is now over there.

4.

I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart over there,
Are watching and waiting for me,
Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

" And it fell not for it was founded upon a rock."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



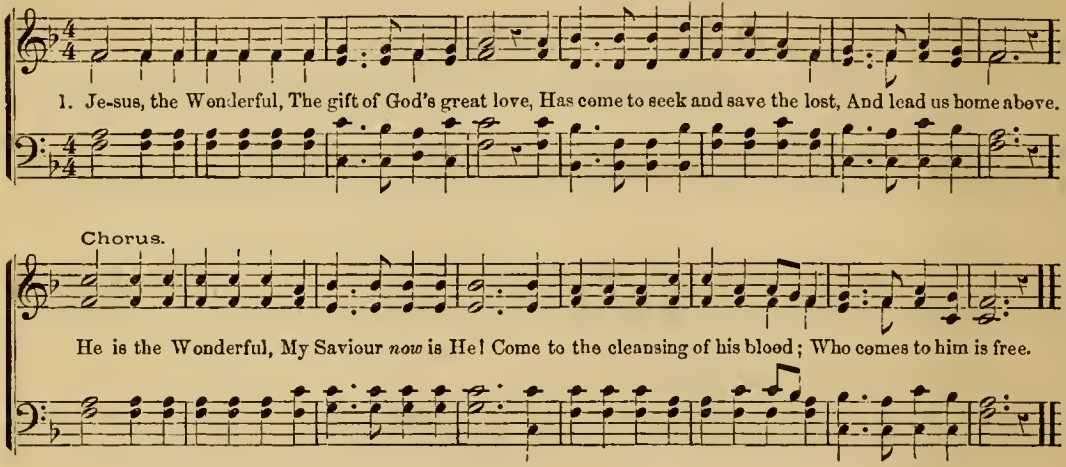
3 His word, his covenant, and blood,
Support me in the 'whelming flood,
When all around on earth gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

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

JESUS THE WONDERFUL.

"*And his name shall be called Wonderful.*"

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



2 Jesus, the Wonderful,
Just takes the crushing load
Of sin from off believing hearts,
And brings them back to God.
CHO.—He is, &c.

3 Jesus, the Wonderful,
Has robbed the darkest grave
Of its chief terror, shame, and gloom,
So *mighty* he to save.
CHO.—He is, &c.

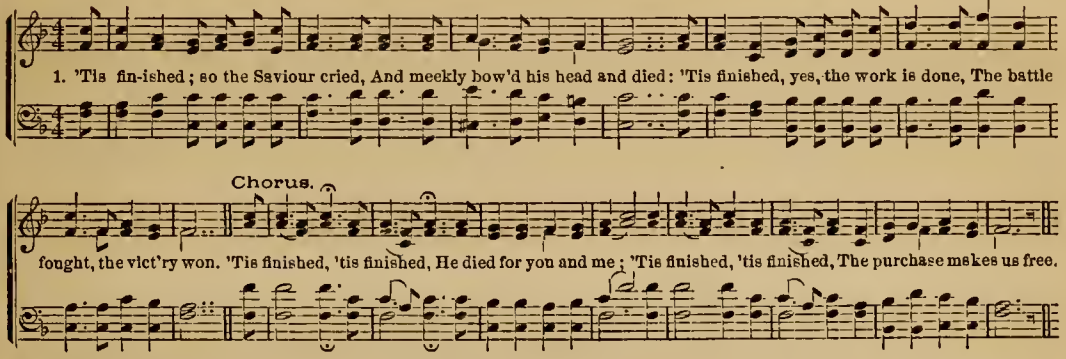
4 Jesus, the Wonderful,
In every struggle strong;
Alone he tramples in the dust
The foes that round us throng.
CHO.—He is, &c.

5 Jesus, the *Wonderful*,
My *Counsellor*, I see,
The *Mighty God*, the *Father*, too,
The *Prince of Peace* is he.
CHO.—He is, &c.

'TIS FINISHED! HE CRIED.

"He said, It is finished; and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost."

P. P.



2 'Tis finished: Aaron now no more
Must stain his robes with purple gore:
The sacred vail is rent in twain,
And Jewish rites no more remain.

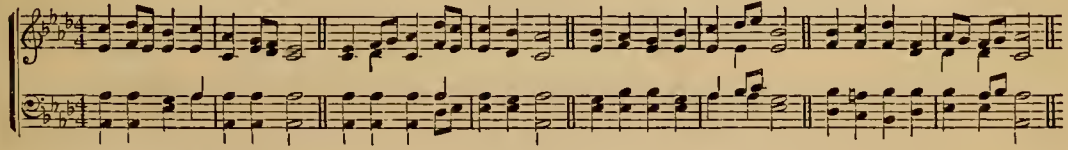
3 'Tis finished: this my dying groan,
Shall sins of every kind atone:
Millions shall be redeemed from death,
By this, my last expiring breath.

4 'Tis finished: heaven is reconciled,
And all the powers of darkness spoiled:
Peace, love, and happiness, again
Return and dwell with sinful men.

COME, SAID JESUS' SACRED VOICE.

"Come and see."

P. P.



1 Come, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home,
Weary wanderer, hither come.

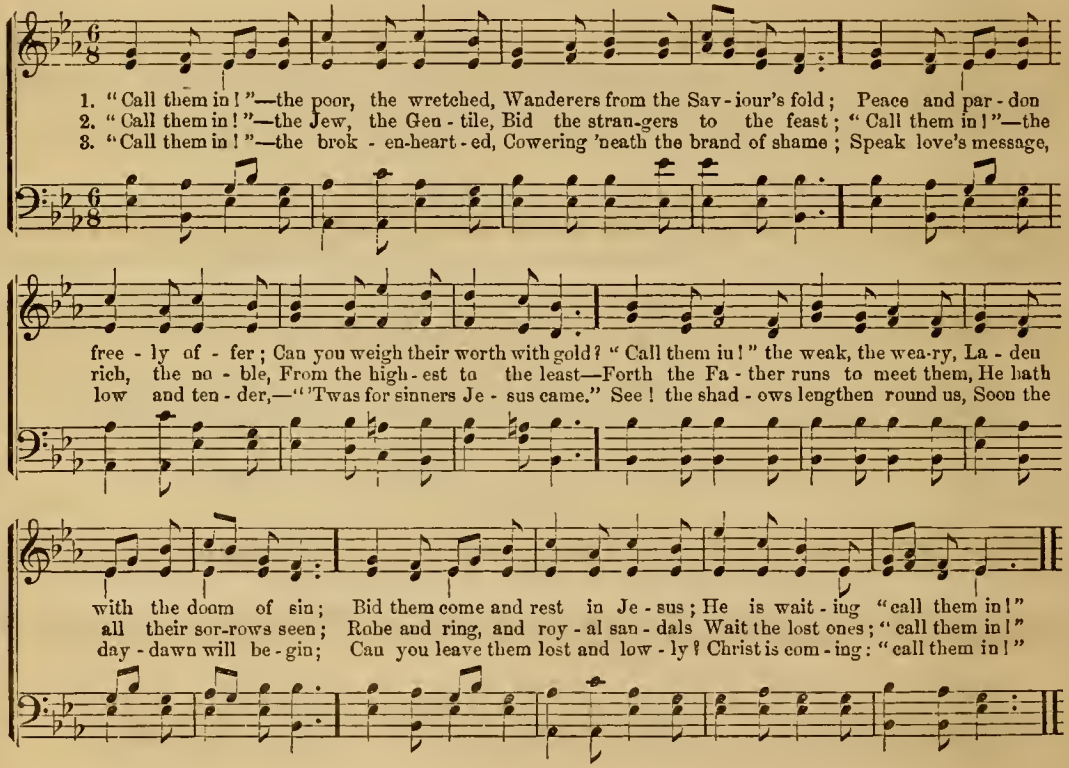
2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

CALL THEM IN.

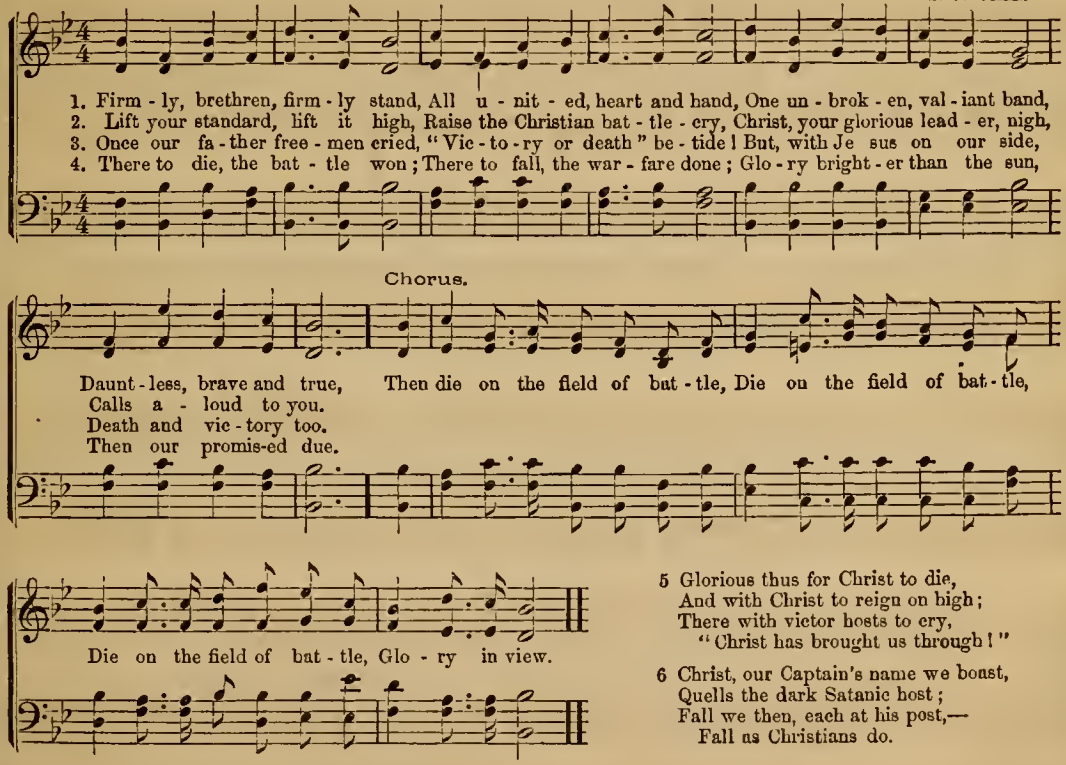
"*Call the poor.*"

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



" God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

S. J. VAIL.



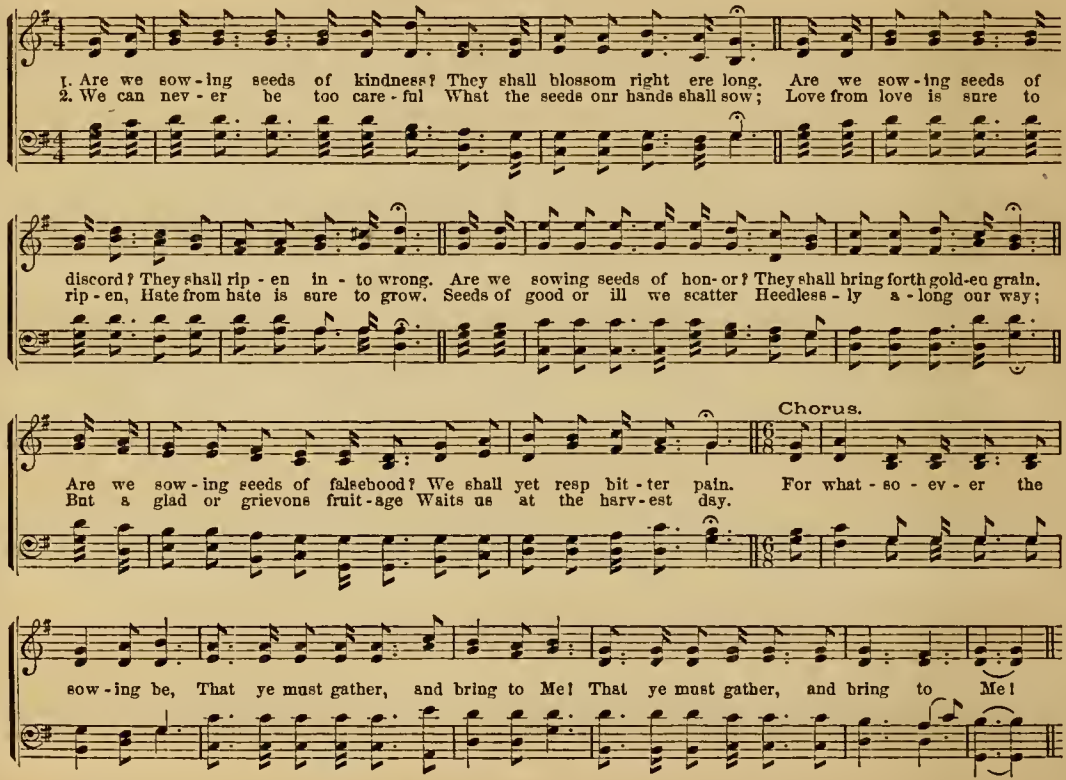
5 Glorious thus for Christ to die,
And with Christ to reign on high;
There with victor hosts to cry,
" Christ has brought us through ! "

6 Christ, our Captain's name we boast,
Quells the dark Satanic host;
Fall we then, each at his post,—
Fall as Christians do.

WHATSOEVER THE SOWING BE.

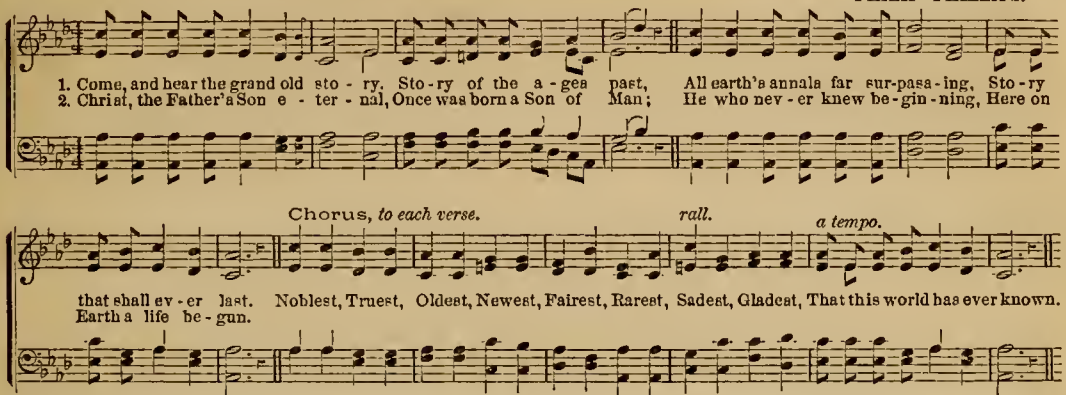
"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

S. J. VAIL.



"Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



3 Words of truth and deeds of kindness,
Miracles of grace and might,
Scatter fragrance all around him,
Shine with heaven's most glorious light.

4 In Gethsemane behold him,
In the agony of prayer;
Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding,
Soul and body prostrate there.

5 Onward to Golgotha he hastens,
Yonder stands his cross of woe;
From the hands, and feet, and forehead,
See the precious life-blood flow.

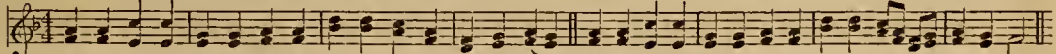
6 It is finished! see his body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb;
'Tis for us he lieth yonder,
Prince of Life, enwrapped in gloom.

7 But in vain the grave has bound him,
Death has bared its gates in vain;
See, for us the Saviour rises,
Lo! for us he bursts the chains.

8 Hear we, then, this grand old story,
And, in listening, learn to love;
Flowing through it to the guilty
From a pardoning God above.

TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.

"The promise is to your children."



1. Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me; Bless thy little lamb to-night; Thro' the darkness be thou near me; Keep me safe till morning light.
2. All this day thy hand has led me, And I thank thee for thy care; Thou hast warm'd me, cloth'd and fed me, Listen to my evening pray'r!

First Commandment.—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Second Commandment.—Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness *of anything* that *is* in heaven above, or that *is* in the earth beneath, or that *is* in the water under the earth: Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them; for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth *generation* of them that hate me; and showing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Third Commandment.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Fourth Commandment.—Remember the sabbath-day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work: But the seventh day *is* the sabbath of the Lord thy God; *in it* thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor the stranger that *is* within thy gates: For *in* six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them *is*, and rested the seventh day: wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath-day and hallowed it.

Fifth Commandment.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Sixth Commandment.—Thou shalt not kill.

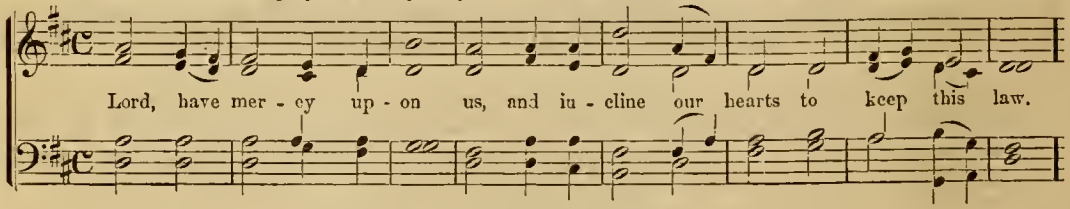
Seventh Commandment.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Eighth Commandment.—Thou shalt not steal.

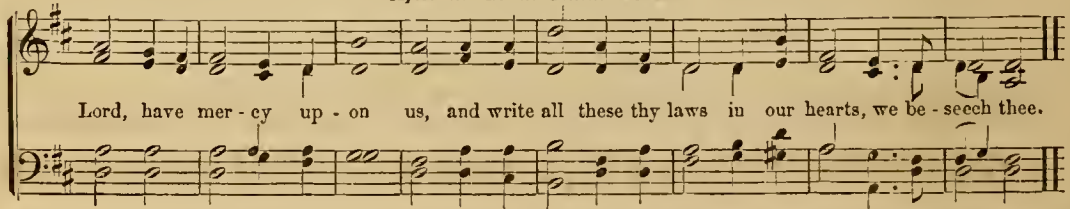
Ninth Commandment.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.

Tenth Commandment.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that *is* thy neighbor's.

To sing after each of the first nine Commandments have been read.



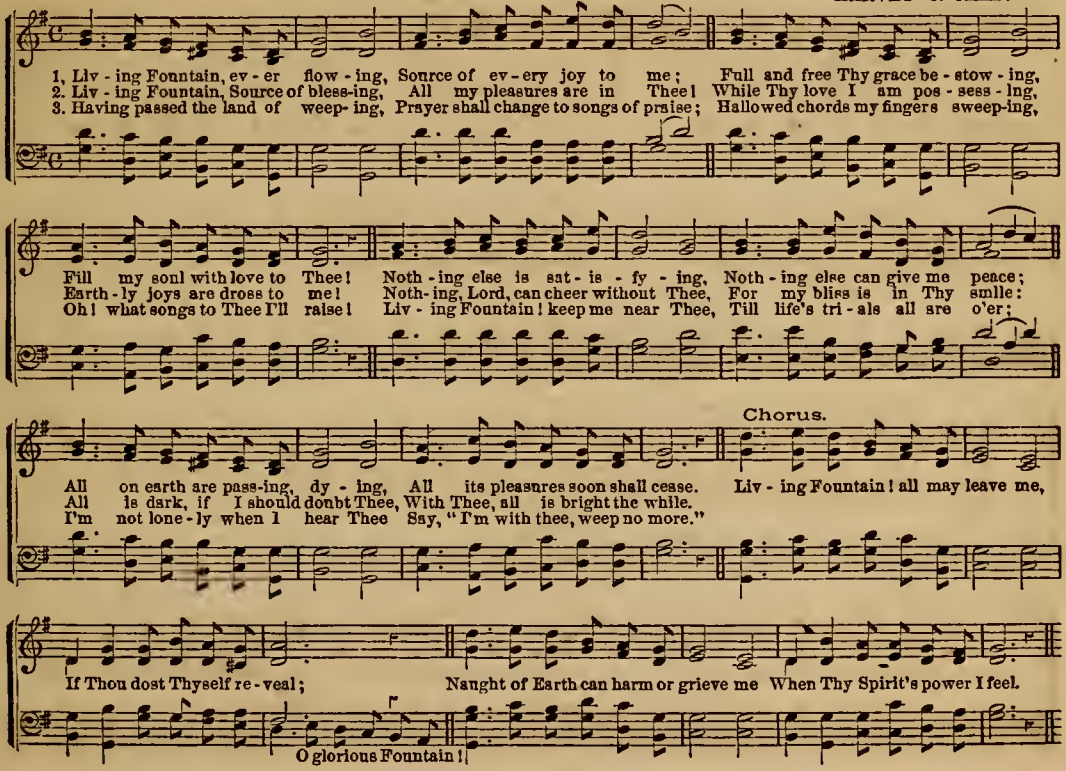
After the Tenth Commandment.



LIVING FOUNTAIN.

"Shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

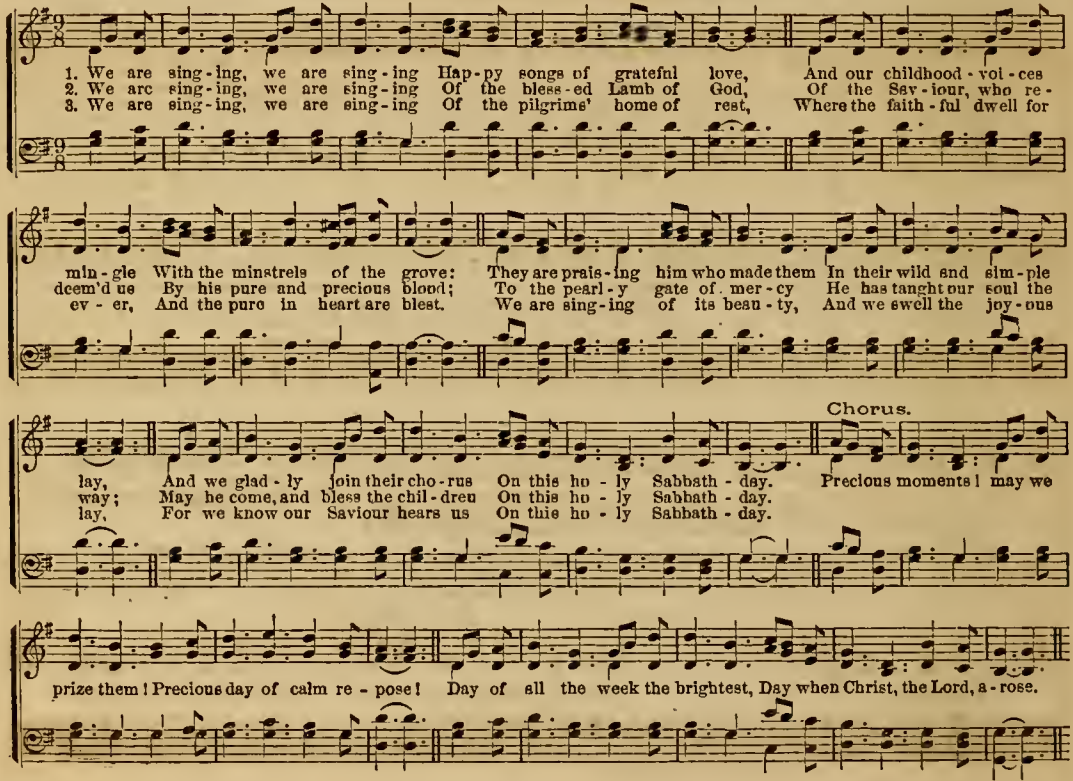
HARVEY C. CAMP.



THE LORD'S DAY.

"And the Lord blessed the sabbath-day and hallowed it."

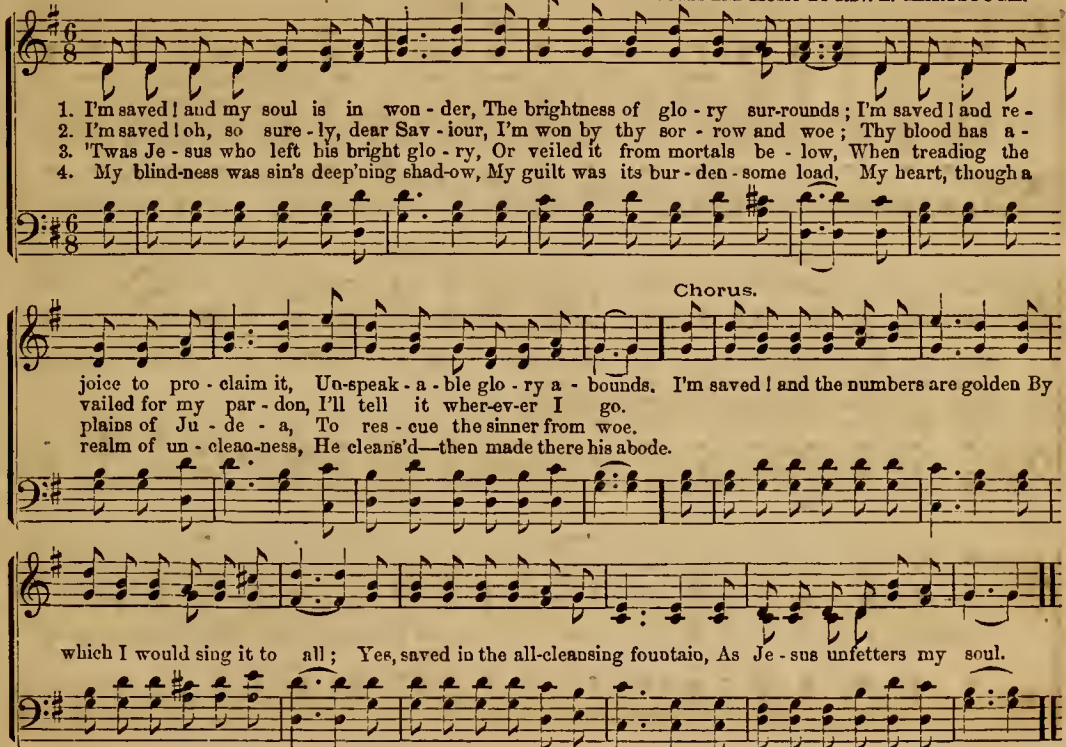
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



I'M SAVED.

"But by the grace of God, I am what I am."

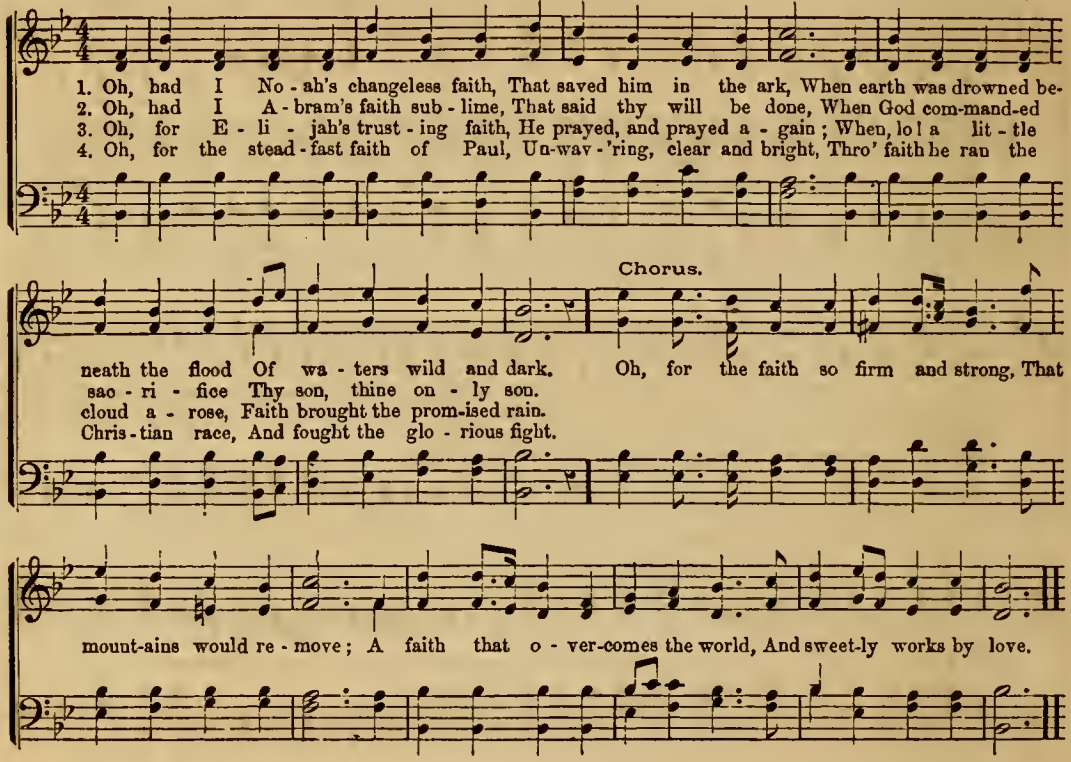
WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



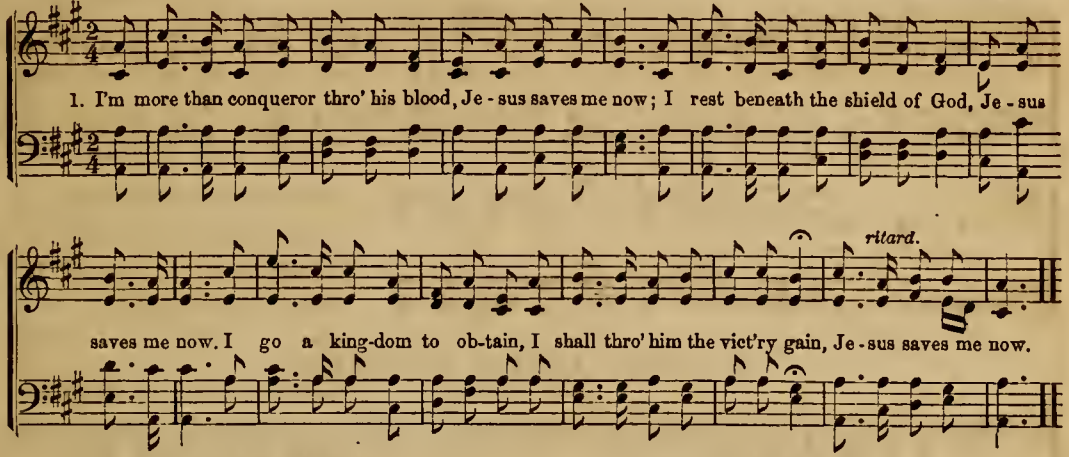
SONG OF FAITH.

" The just shall live by faith."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



"Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city." HARVEY C. CAMP.



2 Before the battle-lines are spread,
Jesus saves me now;
Before the boasting foe is dead,
Jesus saves me now.
I win the fight, though not begun,
I'll trust and shout still marching on,
Jesus saves me now.

3 I'll ask no more that I may see,
Jesus saves me now;
His promise is enough for me,
Jesus saves me now.
Though foes be strong and walls be high,
I'll shout. He gives the victory,
Jesus saves me now.

4 Why should I ask a sign from God,
Jesus saves me now;
Can I not trust the precious blood,
Jesus saves me now.
Strong in His word, I meet the foe,
And, *shouting,* win without a blow,
Jesus saves me now.

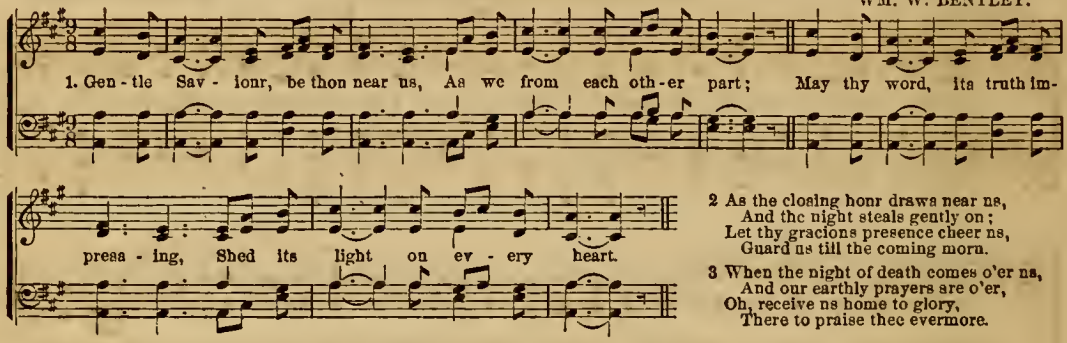
5 Should Satan come like whelming waves,
Jesus saves me now;
Ere trials crush, my Father saves,
Jesus saves me now.
He hides me till the storm is past,
For me He tempers every blast,
Jesus saves me now.

REV. JOHN PARKER.

HOUR OF PARTING.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."

WM. W. BENTLEY.



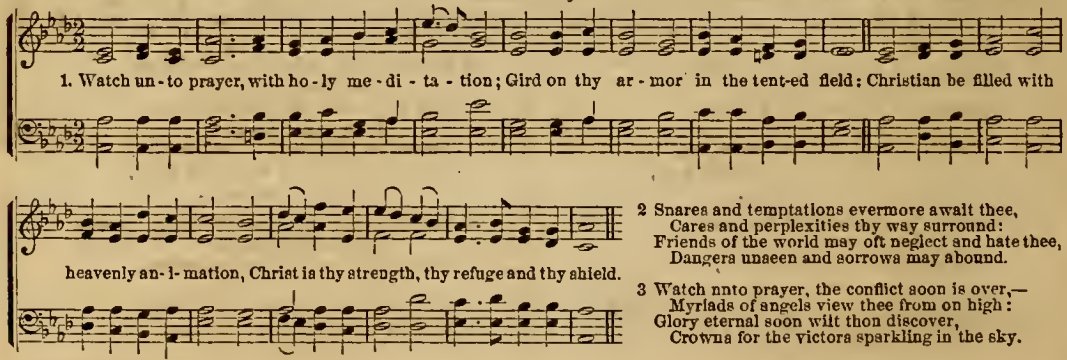
2 As the closing hour draws near us,
And the night steals gently on;
Let thy gracious presence cheer us,
Guard us till the coming morn.

3 When the night of death comes o'er us,
And our earthly prayers are o'er,
Oh, receive us home to glory,
There to praise thee evermore.

WATCH UNTO PRAYER.

"Watch therefore."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY DR. HASTINGS.



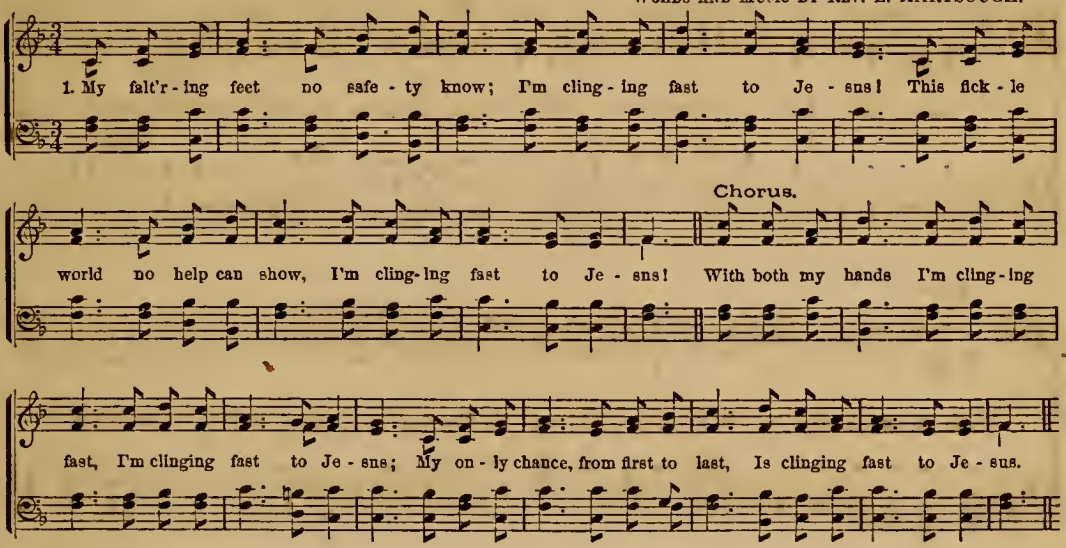
2 Snares and temptations evermore await thee,
Cares and perplexities thy way surround:
Friends of the world may oft neglect and hate thee,
Dangers unseen and sorrows may abound.

3 Watch unto prayer, the conflict soon is over,—
Myriads of angels view thee from on high:
Glory eternal soon wilt thou discover,
Crowns for the victors sparkling in the sky.

CLINGING FAST.

"In this slippery world, where we are none of us sure from falling, it takes both my hands to cling fast to Jesus, *and I have none to spare to point scornfully at those that are down."*—LADIES' REPOSITORY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



2 In every step along my way,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus!
I dare not trust myself a day,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus!
CHO.—With both my hands, &c.

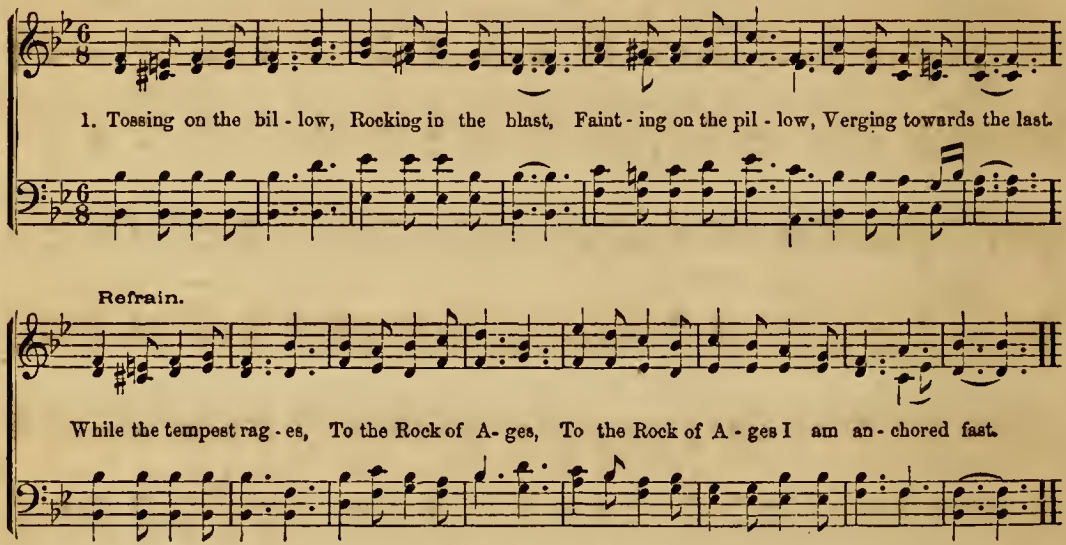
3 From sin's dread bondage I would flee,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus!
Christ is my only hope and plea,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus!
CHO.—With both my hands, &c.

4 'Tis cleansing, too, that I would find,
I'm clinging fast to Jesus!
I would conform to Christ's pure mind,
So cling I fast to Jesus!
CHO.—With both my hands, &c.

5 He comes! he comes! my trust makes good,
Whilst clinging fast to Jesus;
I'm resting only on his word,
And clinging fast to Jesus.
CHO.—With both my hands, &c.

TOSSING ON THE BILLOW.

"God is the refuge of his people." S. J. VAIL.



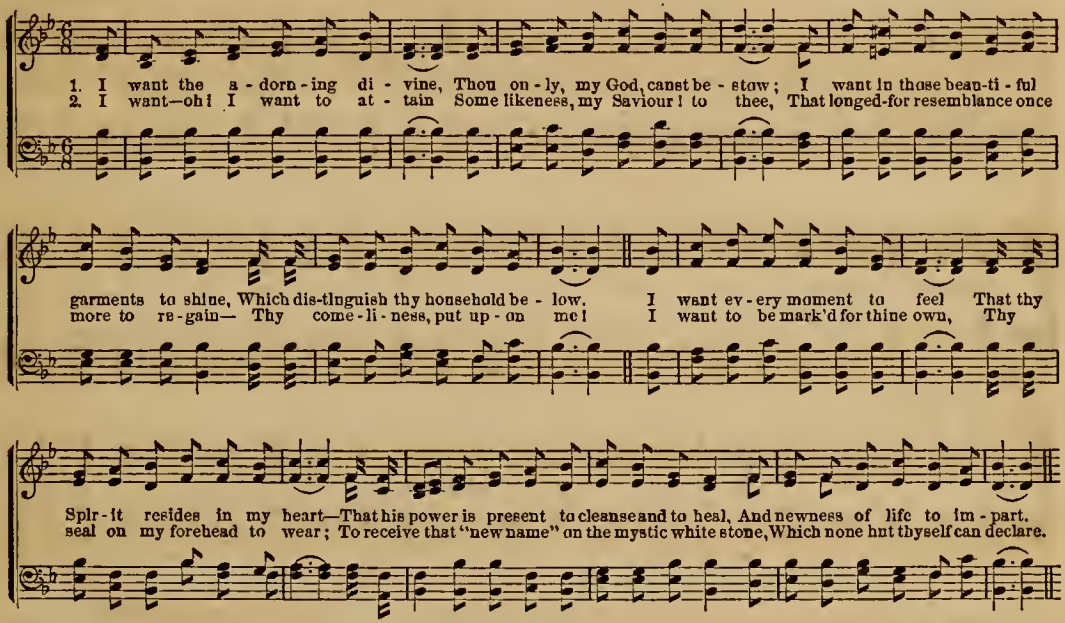
2 Skies all clad in sable,
Storm-clouds scudding past,
Clinging to the cable,
I am anchored fast.
Cho.—While the tempest, &c.

3 Gone each earthly treasure,
Cut away each mast,
Vanish earthly pleasure—
Still I'm anchored fast.
Cho.—While the tempest, &c.

4 Sorrows multiplying,
Prospects overcast,
Weeping, groaning, sighing,
Still I'm anchored fast.
Cho.—While the tempest, &c.

THE PILGRIM'S WANTS.

"This is the will of God even your sanctification." PHILIP PHILLIPS.



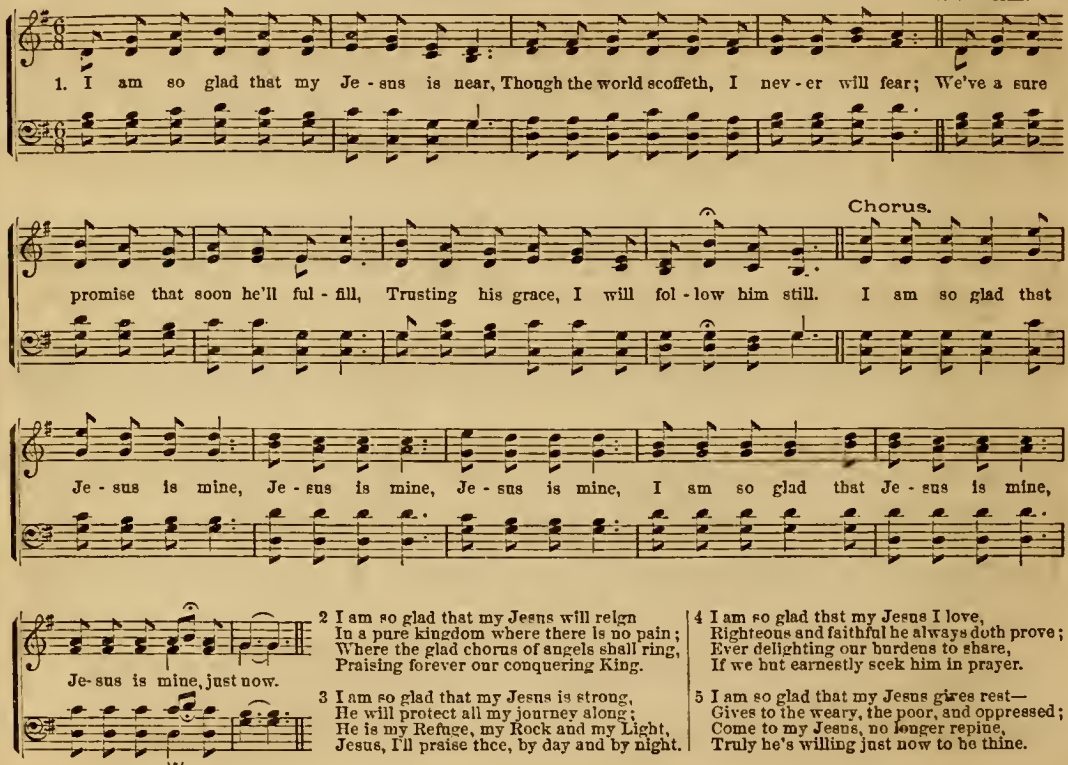
3 I want so in thee to abide,
As to bring forth some fruit to thy praise,
The branch which thou prunest, though feeble and dried,
May languish, but never decays.
I want thine own hand to unbind
Each tie to terrestrial things—
Too tenderly cherish'd, too closely entwined,
Where my heart too tenaciously clings.

4 I want, as a traveller, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause on my way;
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance to waste
On the tent only pitch'd for a day.
I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to thy care,
And breathe out, in faith, my last sigh!

I AM SO GLAD.

*"Christ * * * is made unto us wisdom and righteousness, sanctification and redemption."*

S. J. VAIL.



2 I am so glad that my Jesus will reign
In a pure kingdom where there is no pain;
Where the glad chorus of angels shall ring,
Praising forever our conquering King.

3 I am so glad that my Jesus is strong,
He will protect all my journey along;
He is my Refuge, my Rock and my Light,
Jesus, I'll praise thee, by day and by night.

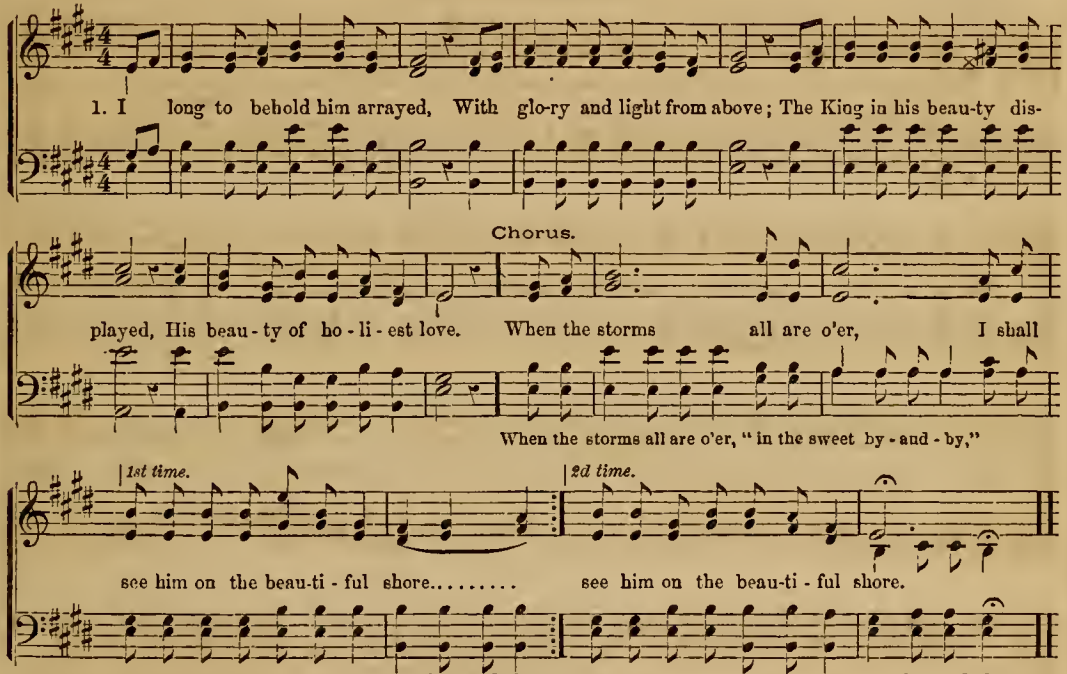
4 I am so glad that my Jesus I love,
Righteous and faithful he always doth prove;
Ever delighting our burdens to share,
If we but earnestly seek him in prayer.

5 I am so glad that my Jesus gives rest—
Gives to the weary, the poor, and oppressed;
Come to my Jesus, no longer repine,
Truly he's willing just now to be thine.

I LONG TO BEHOLD HIM.

"We shall see him as he is."

T. C. O'KANE.



2 I languish and sigh to be there,
Where Jesus hath fixed his abode:
Oh, when shall we meet in the air,
And fly to the mountain of God.

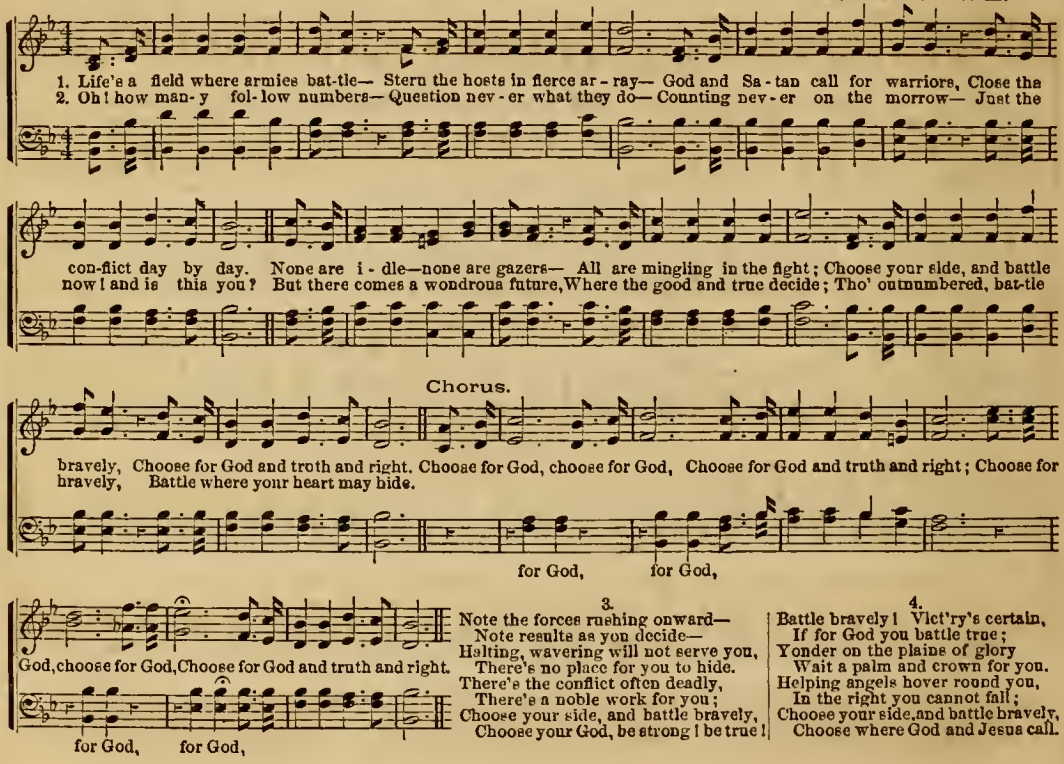
3 With him I on Zion shall stand,
For Jesus hath spoken the word;
The breadth of Immanuel's land
Survey by the light of my Lord.

3 But when, on thy bosom reclined,
Thy face I am strengthened to see;
My fullness of rapture I find,
My heaven of heavens in thee.

CHOOSE FOR GOD.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

WORDS BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH. MUSIC BY S. J. VAIL.



3.

Note the forces rushing onward—
Note results as you decide—
Halting, wavering will not serve you,
There's no place for you to hide.
There's the conflict often deadly,
There's a noble work for you;
Choose your side, and battle bravely,
Choose your God, be strong! be true!

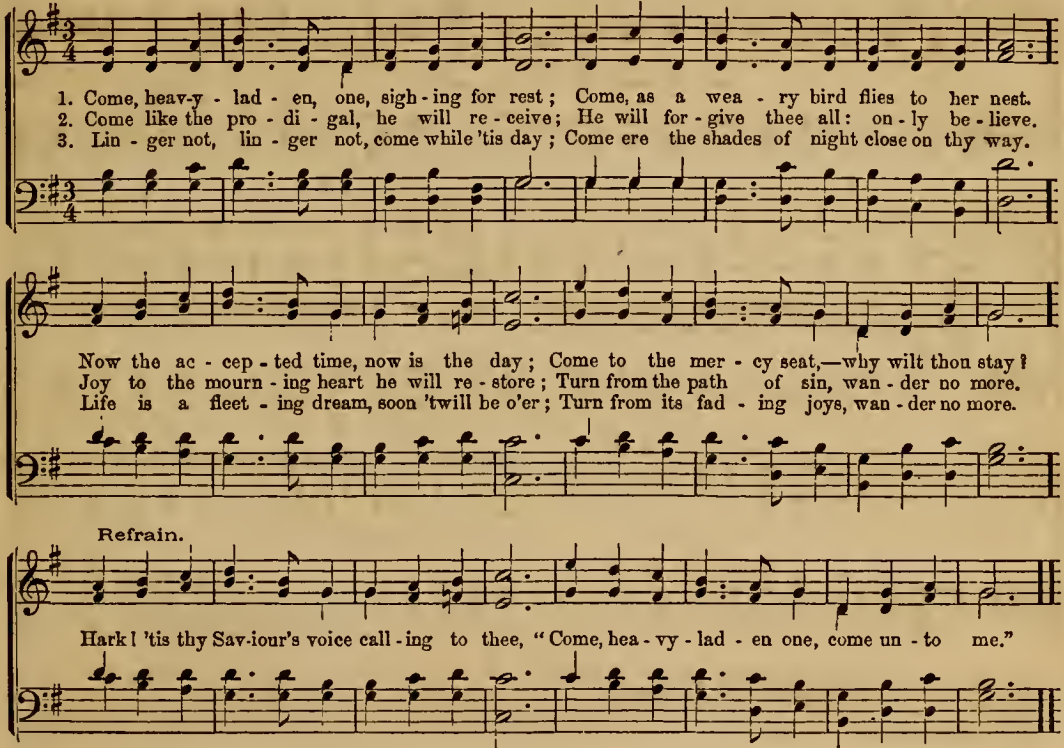
4.

Battle bravely! Vict'ry's certain,
If for God you battle true;
Yonder on the plains of glory
Wait a palm and crown for you.
Helping angels hover round you,
In the right you cannot fall;
Choose your side, and battle bravely,
Choose where God and Jesus call.

COME UNTO ME.

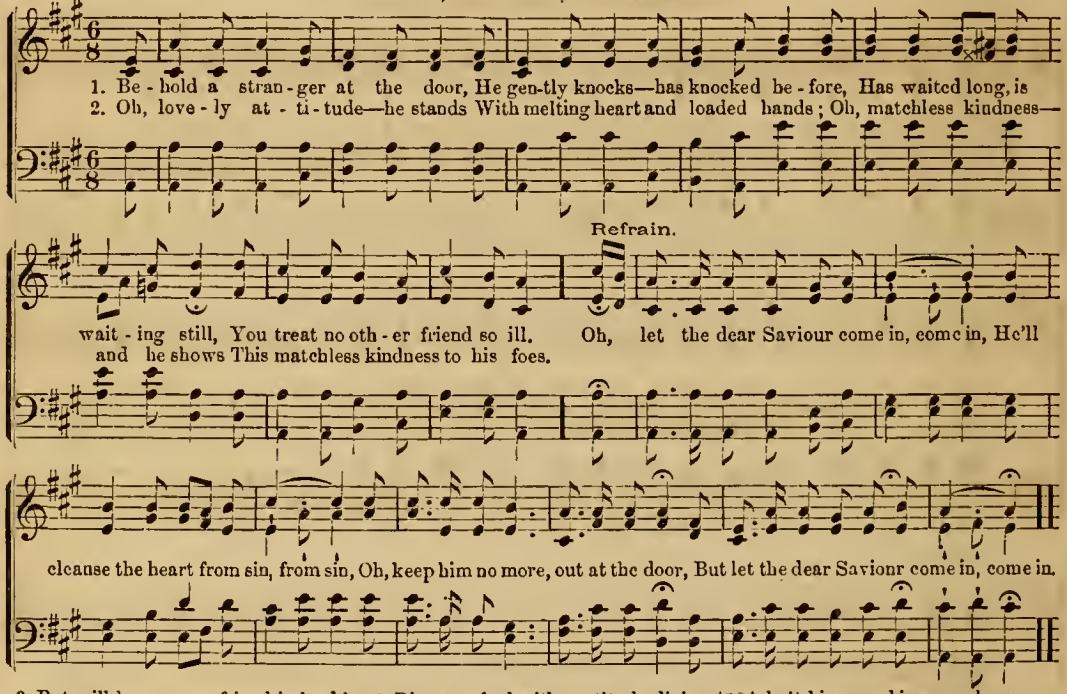
*"Come unto me * * and I will give you rest."*

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR.

"*Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*" T. C. O'KANE.



3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

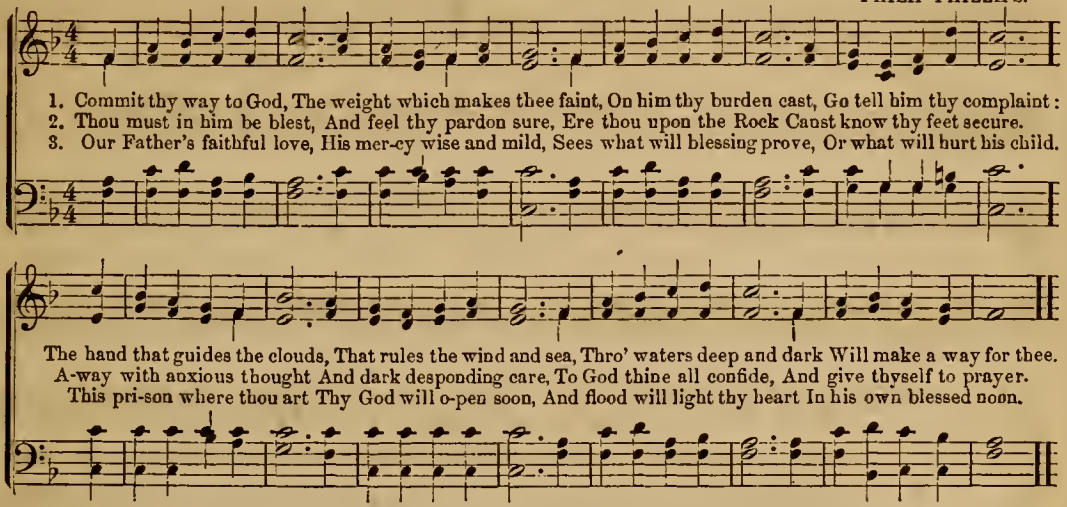
4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine:
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at *his* door rejected stand.

COMMIT THY WAY TO GOD.

"Trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



LORD! I DELIGHT IN THEE. S. M.

TUNE—"LABAN."

1 LORD! I delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only Friend.

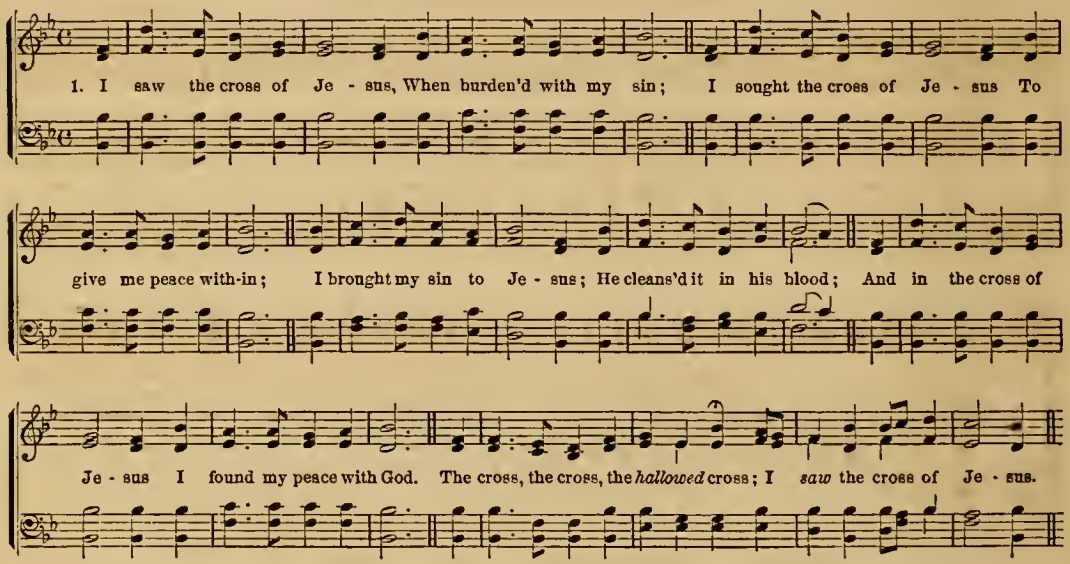
2 When nature's streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
With this will I be satisfied,
And glory in thy Name.

3 Who made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want besides?

4 I cast my care on thee!
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

THE CROSS OF JESUS.

"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross." HARVEY C. CAMP.



2 I love the cross of Jesus!
It tells me what I am,
A vile and guilty creature,
Saved only through the Lamb:
No righteousness, no merit,
No beauty, can I plead;
Yet in the cross I glory,
My title there I read.
The cross, the cross, the *precious* cross!
I *love* the cross of Jesus.

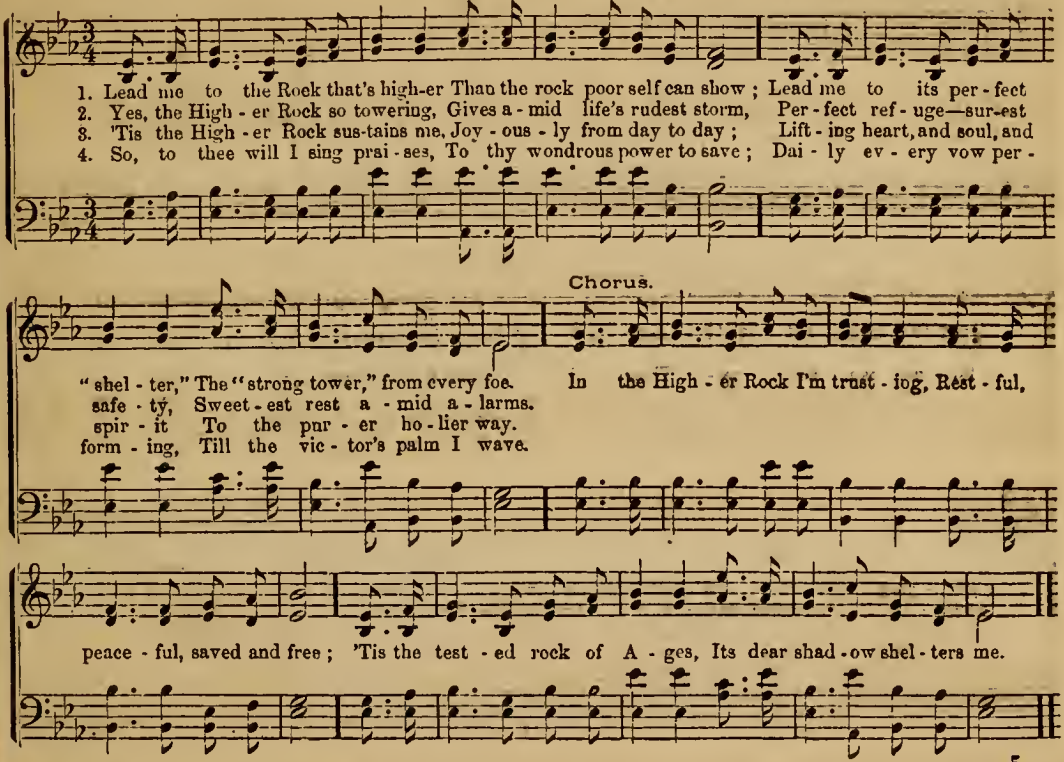
3 I clasp the cross of Jesus
In ev'ry trying hour,
My sure and certain refuge,
My never-failing tower.
In ev'ry fear and conflict
I "more than conqueror" am;
Living I'm safe, or dying,
Through Christ, the bleeding Lamb.
The cross, the cross, the *shelt'ring* cross!
I *clasp* the cross of Jesus.

4 Sweet is the cross of Jesus!
There let my weary heart
Still rest in *perfect peace*
Till life itself depart.
And then in strains of glory
I'll sing thy wond'rous power,
Where sin can never enter
And death is known no more.
The cross, the cross, the *wondrous* cross!
Sweet is the cross of Jesus.

THE HIGHER ROCK.

"Lead me to the Rock."

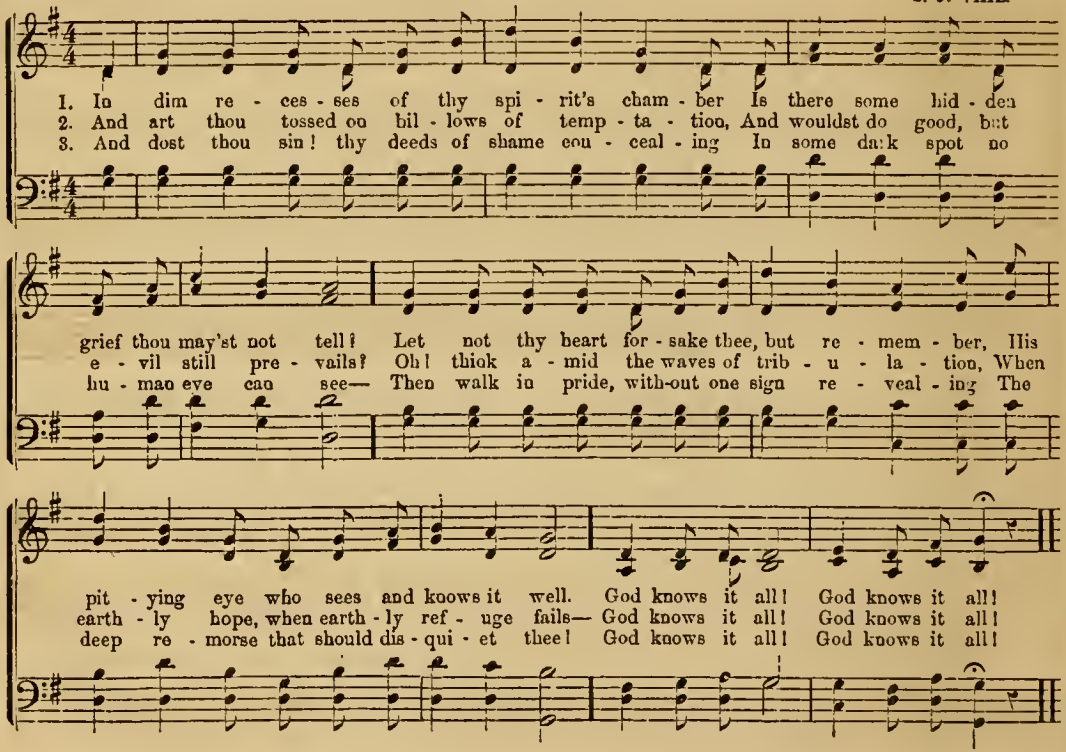
WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

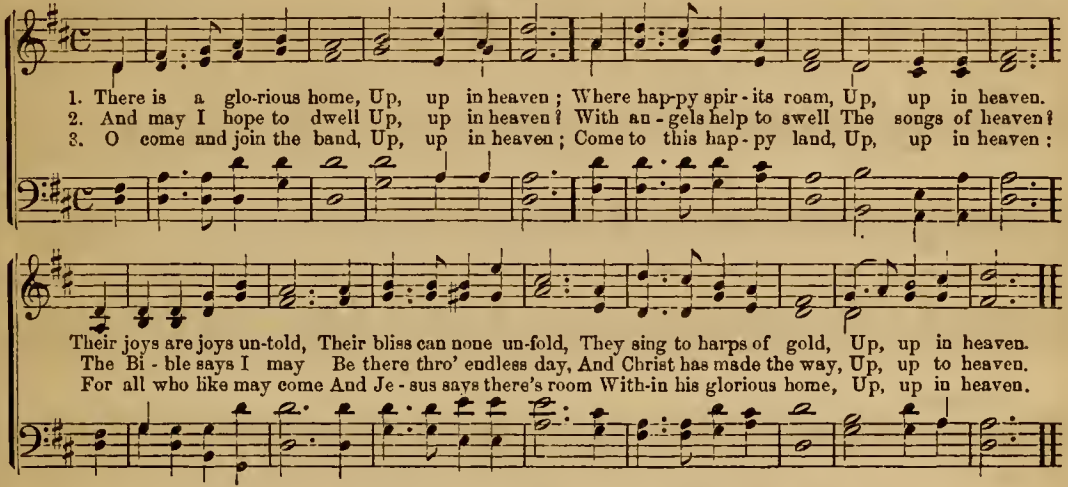
"For your heavenly Father knoweth."

S. J. VAIL.



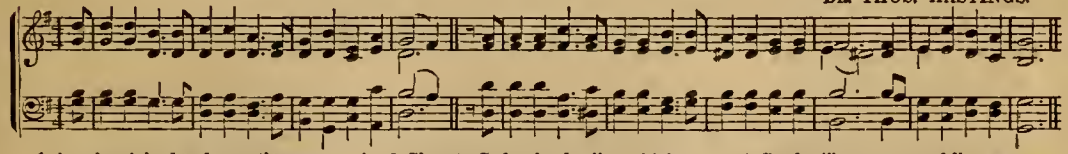
GLORIOUS HOME.

J. W. PEARSE. "*I go to prepare a place for you.*" GEO. D. SAWYER.



THE ANGELS' SONG.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.



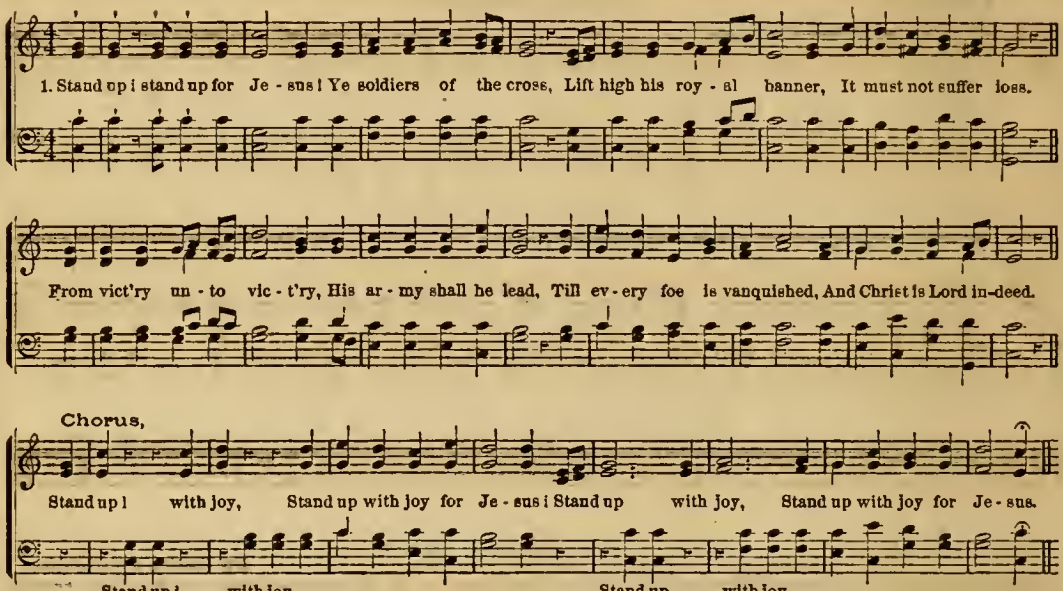
1 Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!

3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich abounding grace
To save, and not destroy.

STAND UP FOR JESUS.

"*Stand fast, therefore.*" T. C. O'KANE.



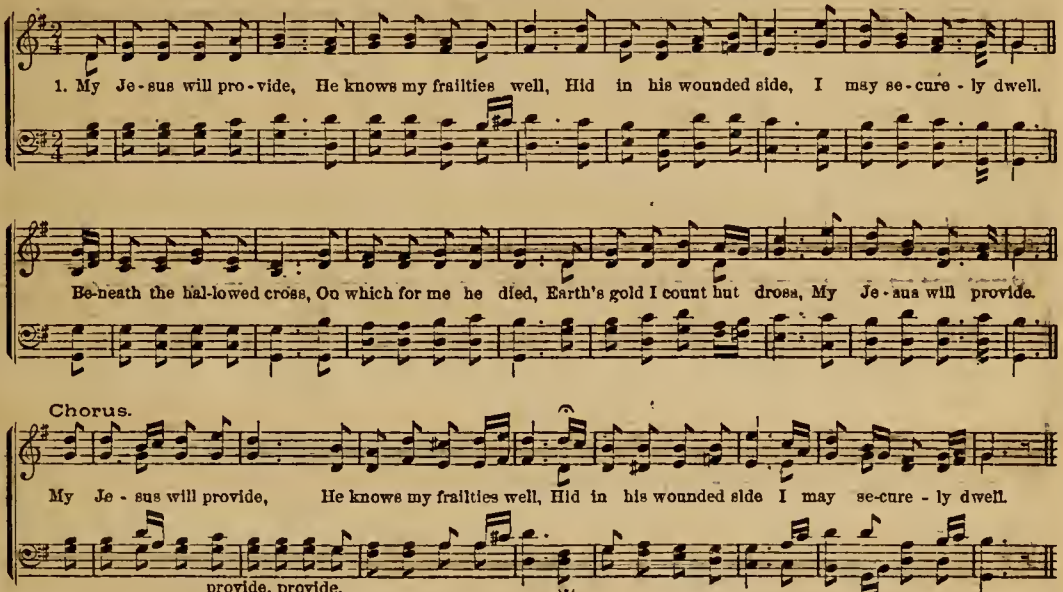
2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day;
"Ye that are men now serve him"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.
CHO.—Stand up! &c.

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,
CHO.—Stand up, &c.

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.
CHO.—Stand up, &c.

MY JESUS WILL PROVIDE.

REV. J. E. RANKIN, D.D. *"No good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly."* H. C. C.



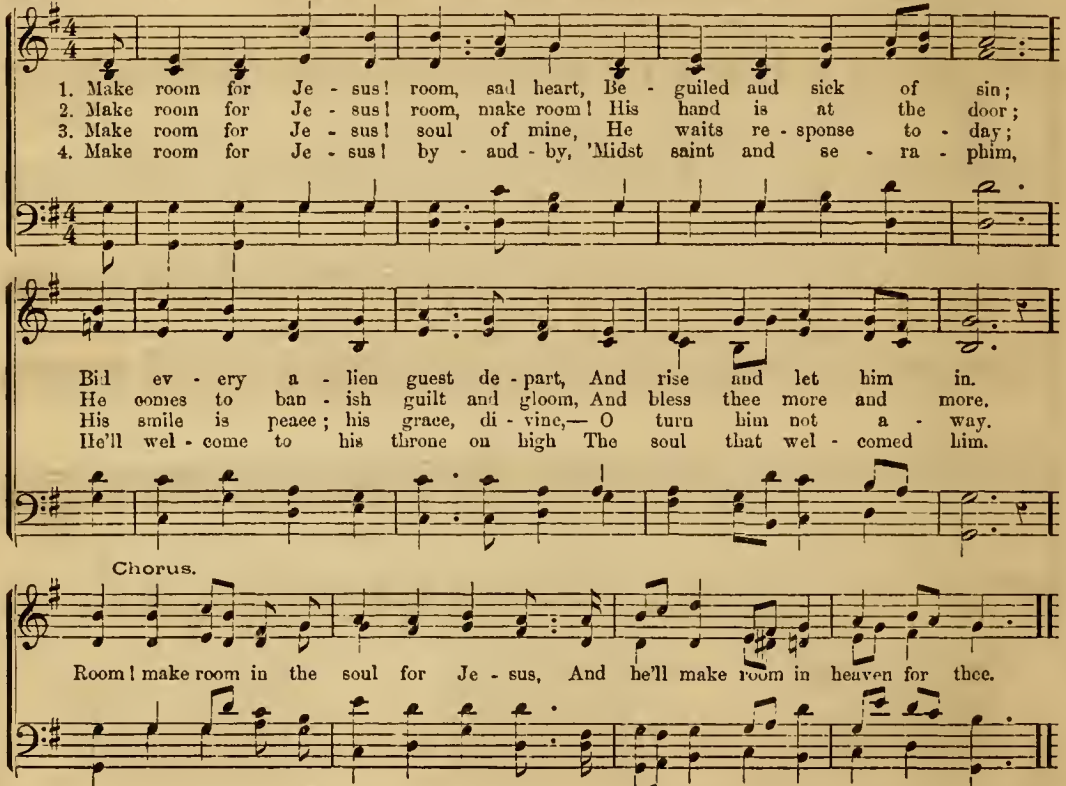
2 My Jesus will provide,
When beating sorrows fall;
To him I all confide,
On him for comfort call.
The path I journey here,
His wisdom shall decide,
He'll make the darkness clear,
My Jesus will provide.—*Cho*

3 My Jesus will provide,
When I draw near to death,
He'll wait my couch beside,
He'll catch my latest breath.
His staff shall be my stay,
When I shall touch death's tide,
He'll drive my fears away,
My Jesus will provide.—*Cho.*

4 My Jesus will provide
Beyond a heavenly throne,
From him naught can divide
A soul he's called his own.
What shall that future be,
I'll let his love decide;
This is enough for me,
My Jesus will provide.—*Cho.*

MAKE ROOM FOR JESUS.

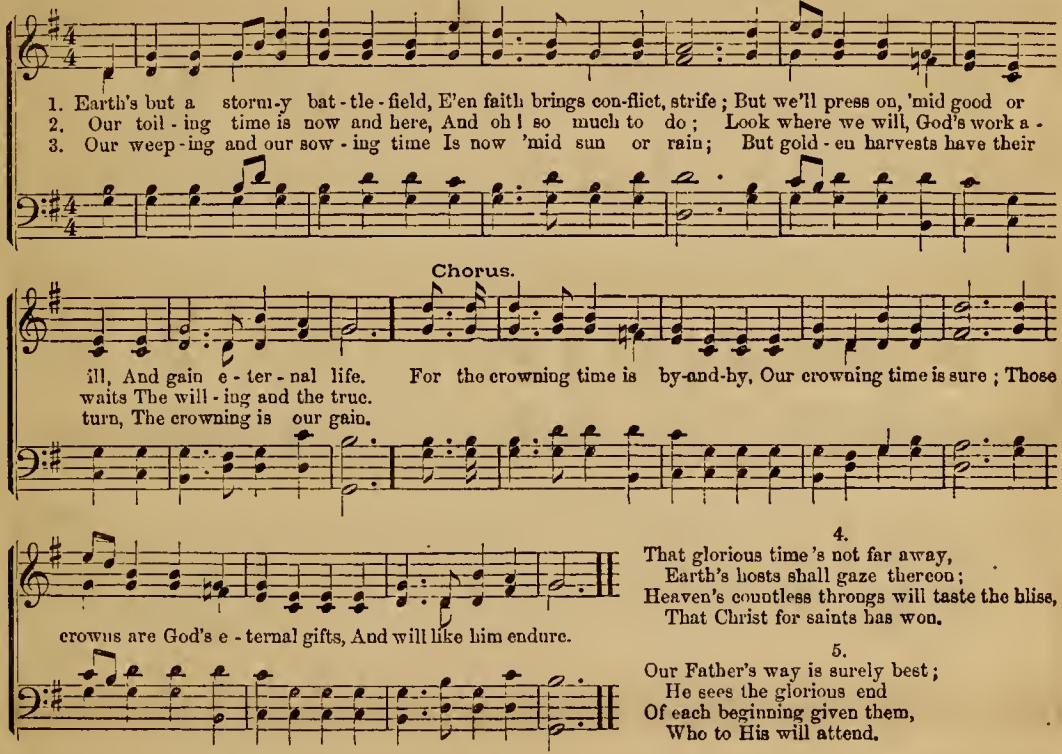
REV. A. CLARK. *"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in."* PHILIP PHILLIPS.



OUR CROWNING TIME IS SURE.

"Be thou faithful and I will give thee a crown of life."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



4.

That glorious time 's not far away,
Earth's hosts shall gaze thereon;
Heaven's countless throngs will taste the bliss,
That Christ for saints has won.

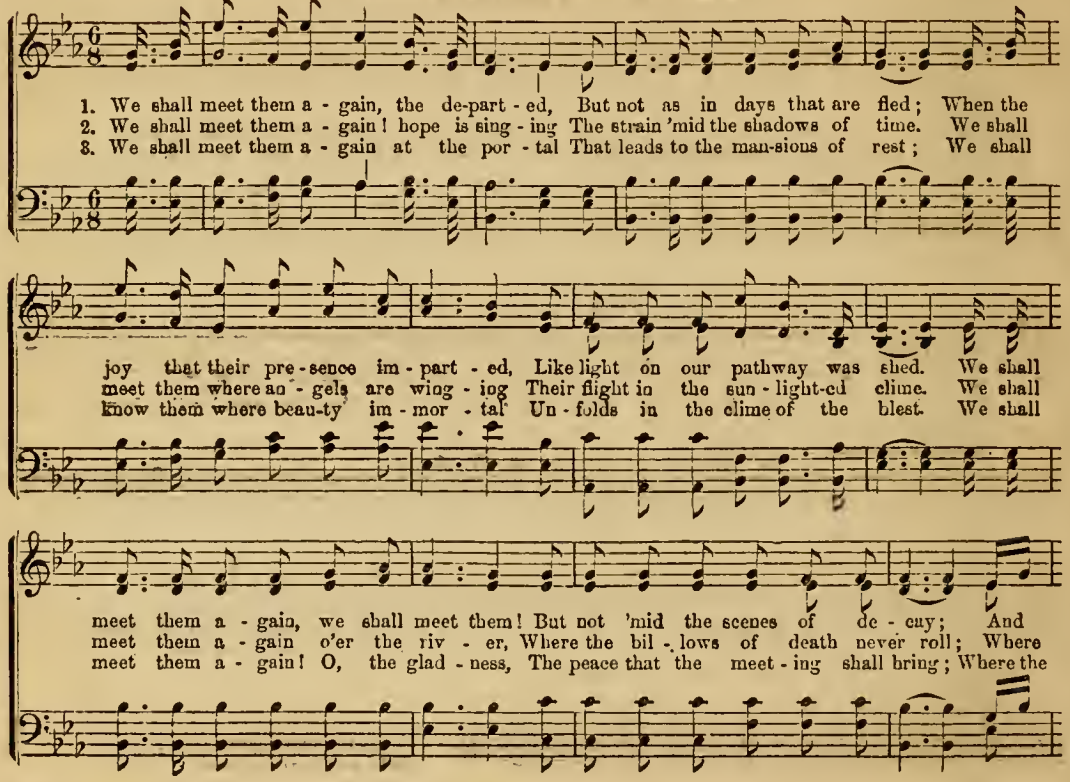
5.

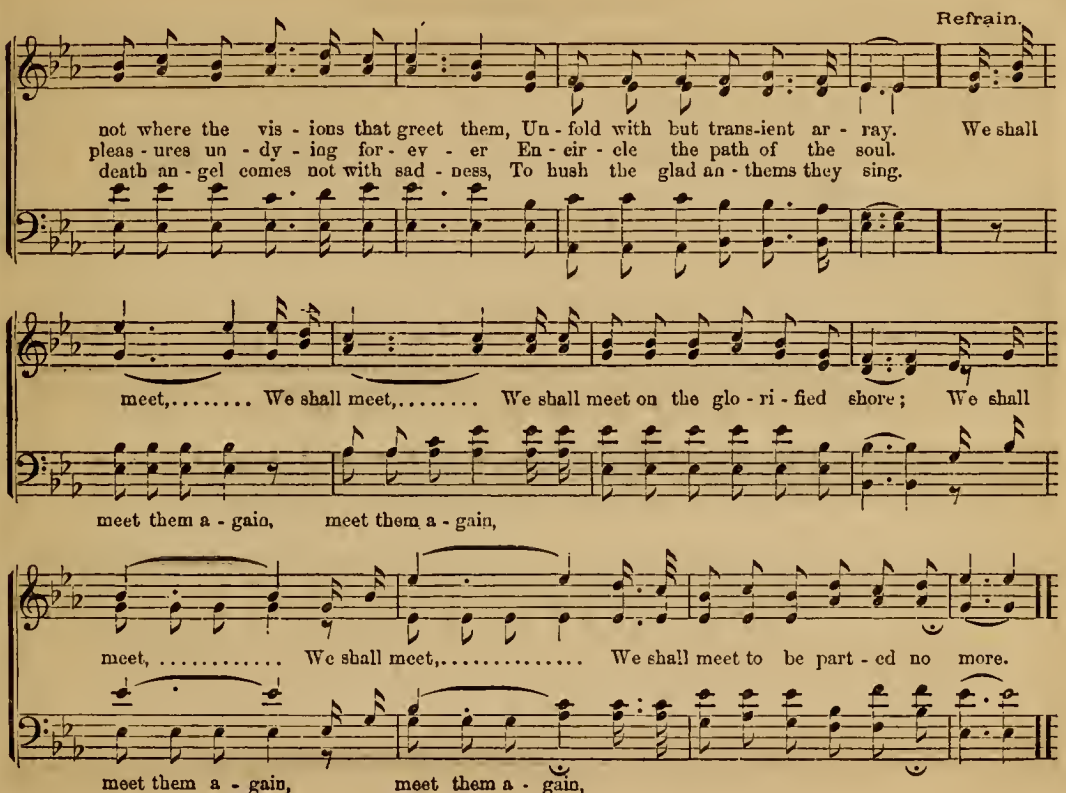
Our Father's way is surely best;
He sees the glorious end
Of each beginning given them,
Who to His will attend.

WE SHALL MEET THEM AGAIN.

"But then I shall know even as I also am known."

S. J. VAIL.

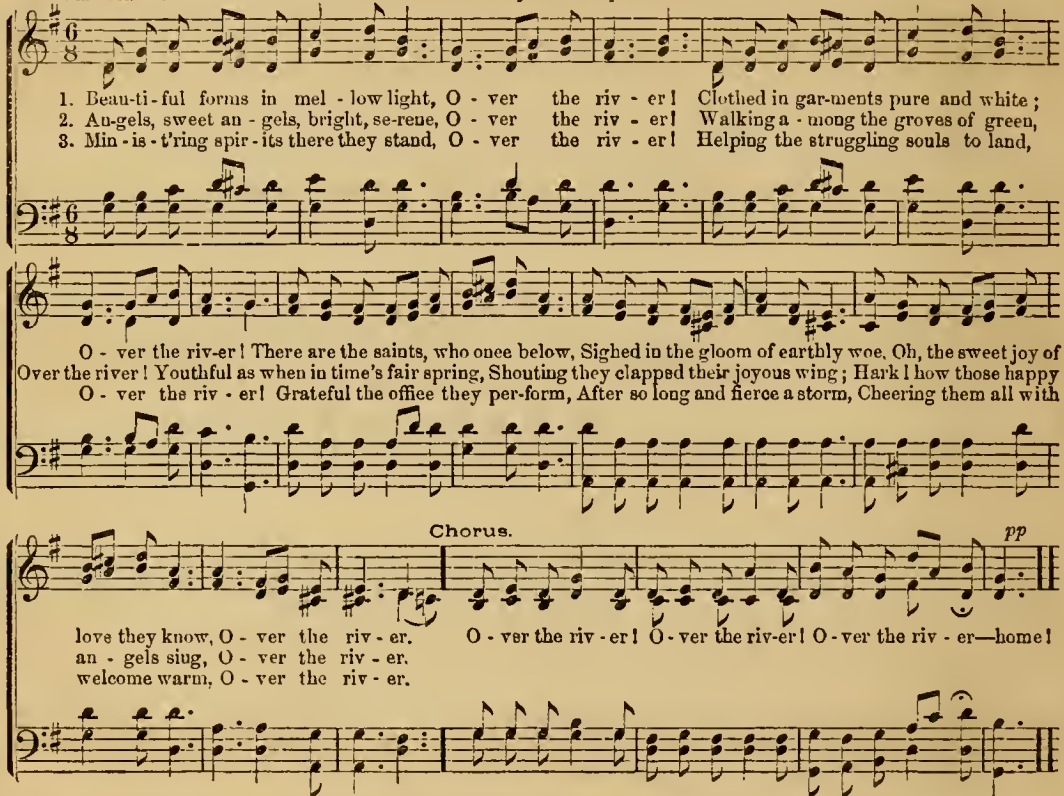



Refrain.
not where the vis - ions that greet them, Un - fold with but trans-ient ar - ray. We shall
pleas - ures un - dy - ing for - ev - er En - cir - cle the path of the soul.
death an - gel comes not with sad - ness, To hush the glad an - thems they sing.
meet,..... We shall meet,..... We shall meet on the glo - ri - fied shore; We shall
meet them a - gain, meet them a - gain,
meet, ... We shall meet,..... We shall meet to be part - ed no more.
meet them a - gain, meet them a - gain,

OVER THE RIVER.

DR. WM. HUNTER.

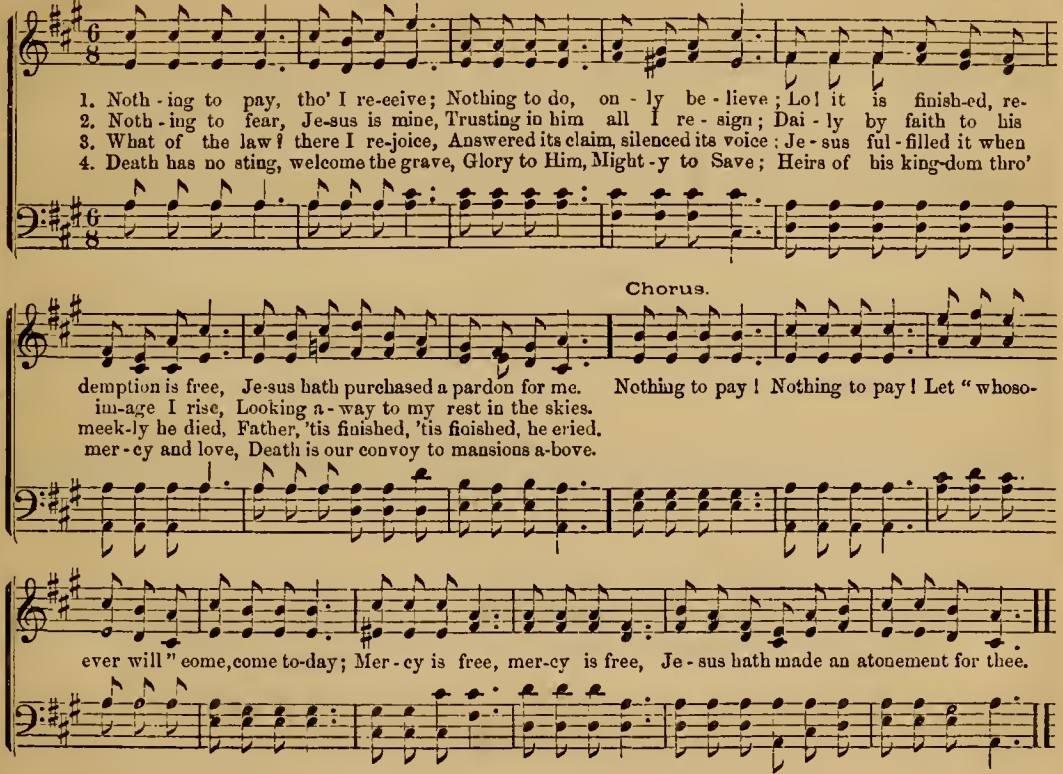
"Some are fallen asleep."



NOTHING TO PAY.

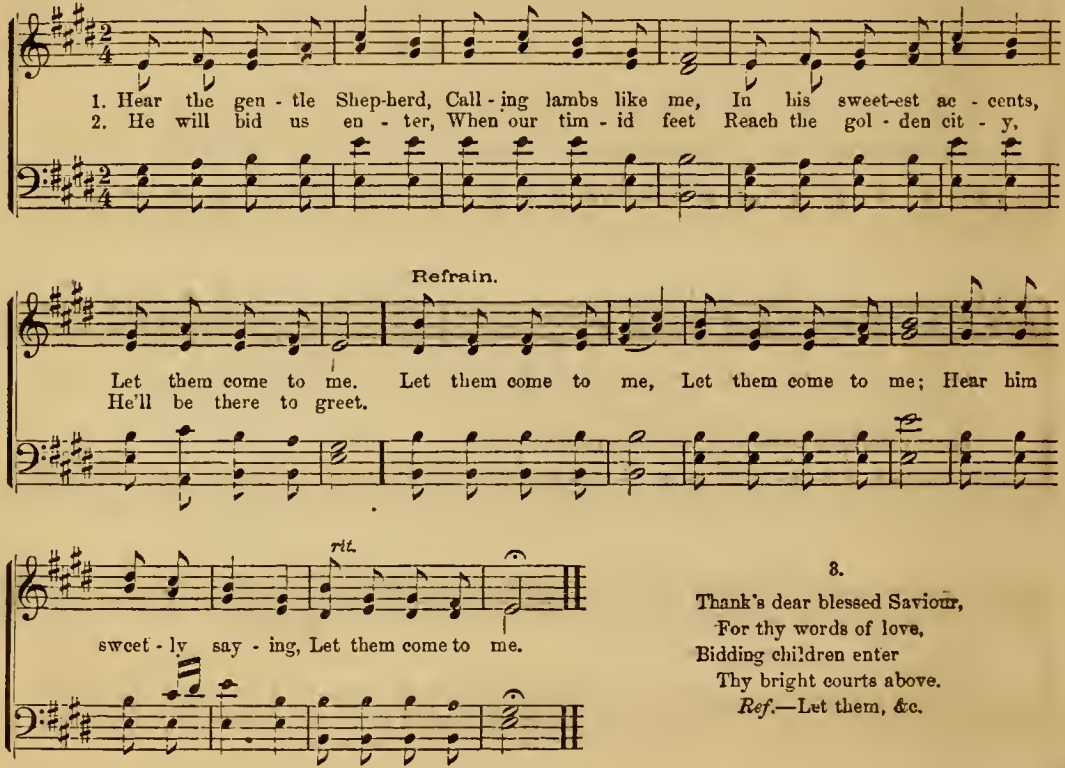
"It is finished."

H. C. CAMP.



LET THEM COME TO ME.

A. H. ADAMS. "*For of such is the kingdom of heaven.*" W. W. BENTLEY.

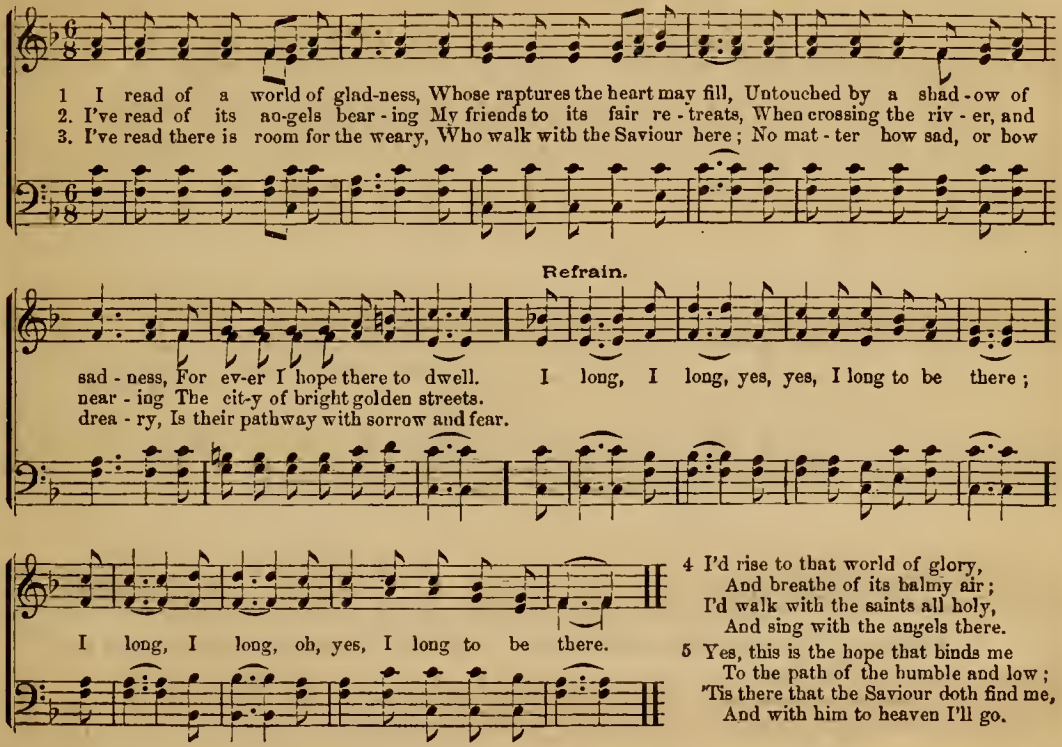


3.

Thank's dear blessed Saviour,
For thy words of love,
Bidding children enter
Thy bright courts above.
Ref.—Let them, &c.

"God shall wipe away all tears."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



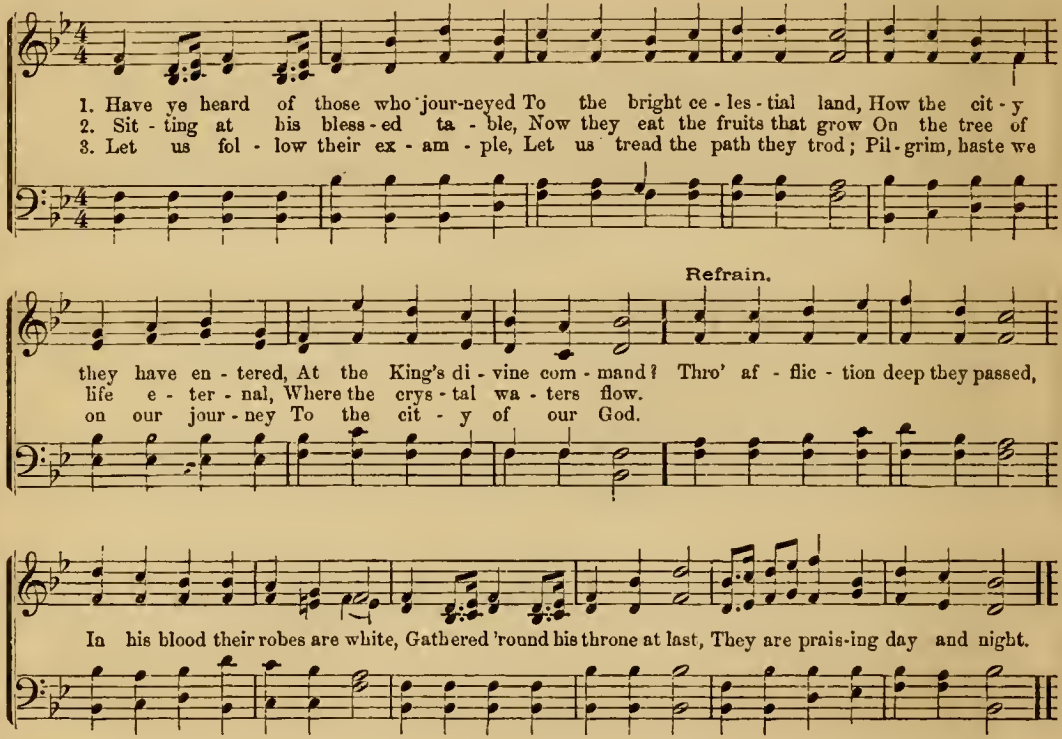
4 I'd rise to that world of glory,
And breathe of its balmy air;
I'd walk with the saints all holy,
And sing with the angels there.

5 Yes, this is the hope that binds me
To the path of the humble and low;
'Tis there that the Saviour doth find me,
And with him to heaven I'll go.

THEY ARE PRAISING DAY AND NIGHT.

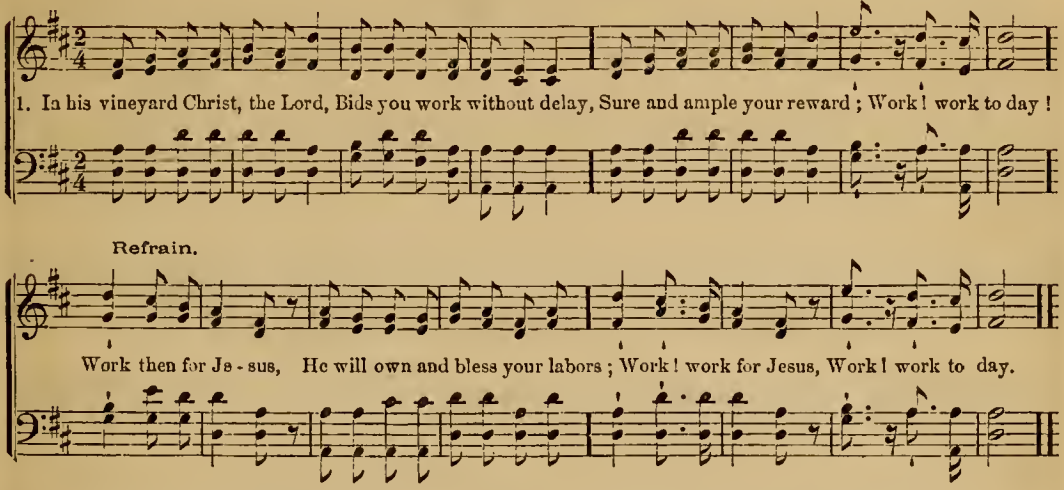
"*Therefore are they before the throne.*"

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



WORK THEN FOR JESUS.

"Go, work to-day in my vineyard." T. C. O'KANE.



2 Lo, the grain is rip'ning fast!
Now the Master's call obey,
In the Gospel Sickle cast;
Work! work to-day.

3 Few the lab'rers in the land,
Linger not in all the way,
Come, and join the Reaping Band;
Work! work to-day.

4 Swift your hours are passing by,
Nor will, at your bidding, stay:
Garner now the grain on high:
Work! work to-day.

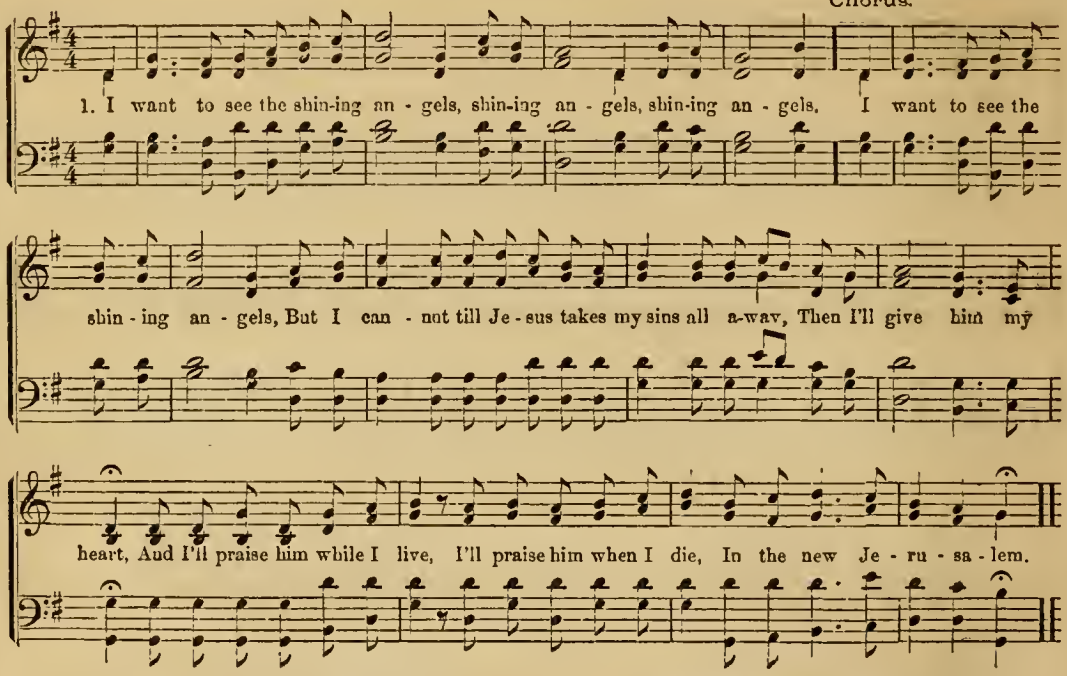
5 Soon the Harvest King will come,
And his lab'rers call away
Up to heaven, their "Harvest Home."
Work! watch, and pray.

SHINING ANGELS.

" We shall see him as he is."

ARRANGED.

Chorus.



2 I want to see my blessed Jesus, &c.

3 I want to see the Golden City, &c.

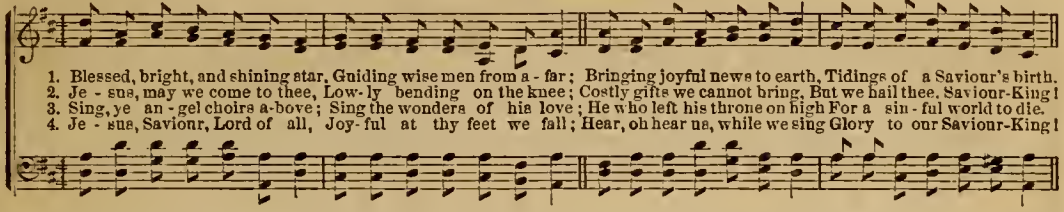
4 I want to see the saints in glory, &c.

5 I want to meet my friends in heaven, &c.

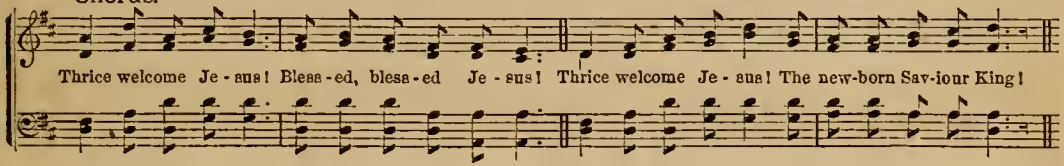
BRIGHT AND SHINING STAR.

"Come ye, and buy without money."

S. J. VAIL.



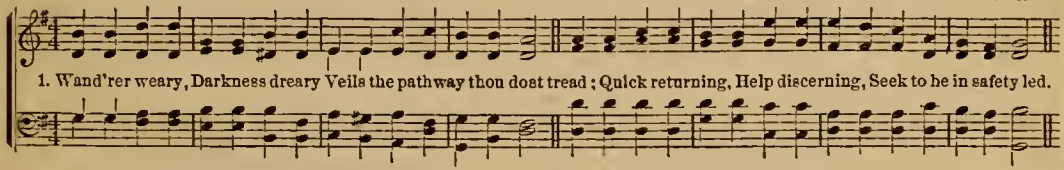
Chorus.



WAND'RER WEARY.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY DR. HASTINGS.



2 God is gracious.
Christ is precious,
Yield thee to his blest control;
Bow before him,
And adore him,
As the portion of thy soul.

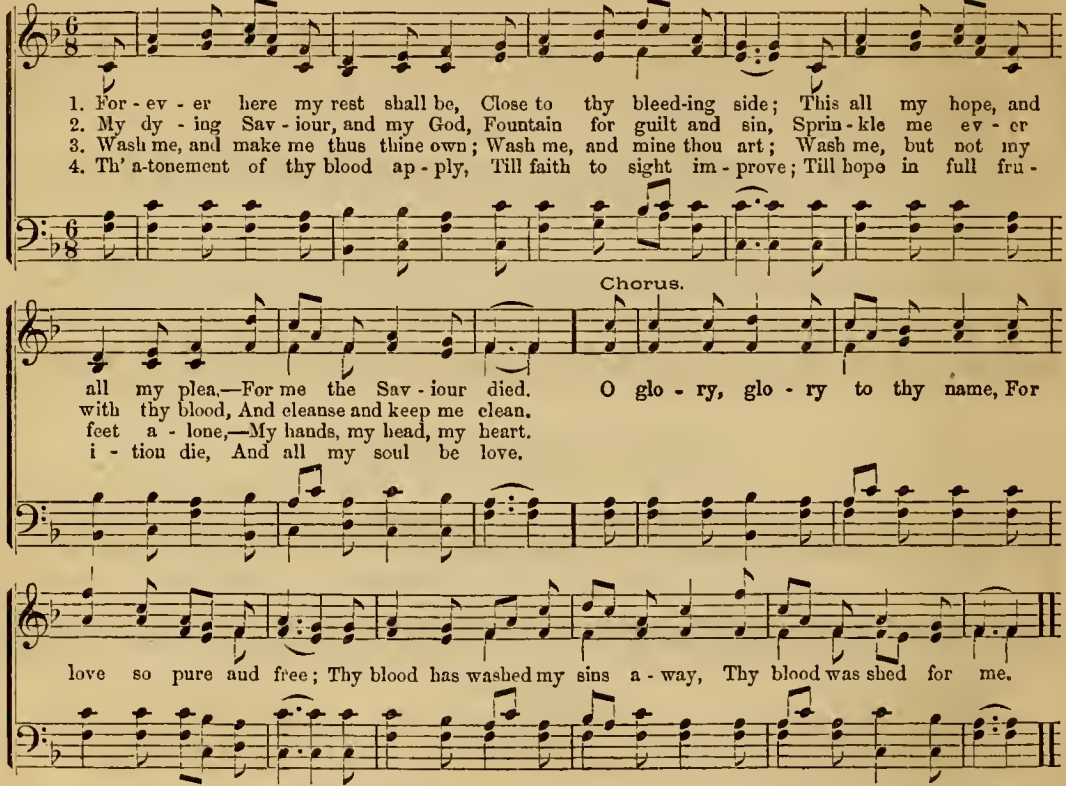
3 Through his merit,
By his Spirit,
And the sprinkling of his blood,
He would save thee,
He would have thee
Fully reconciled to God.

4 Now believing,
Light receiving,
Seek for pardon, life and peace;
O delay not,
Disobey not,
From the ways of ruin cease.

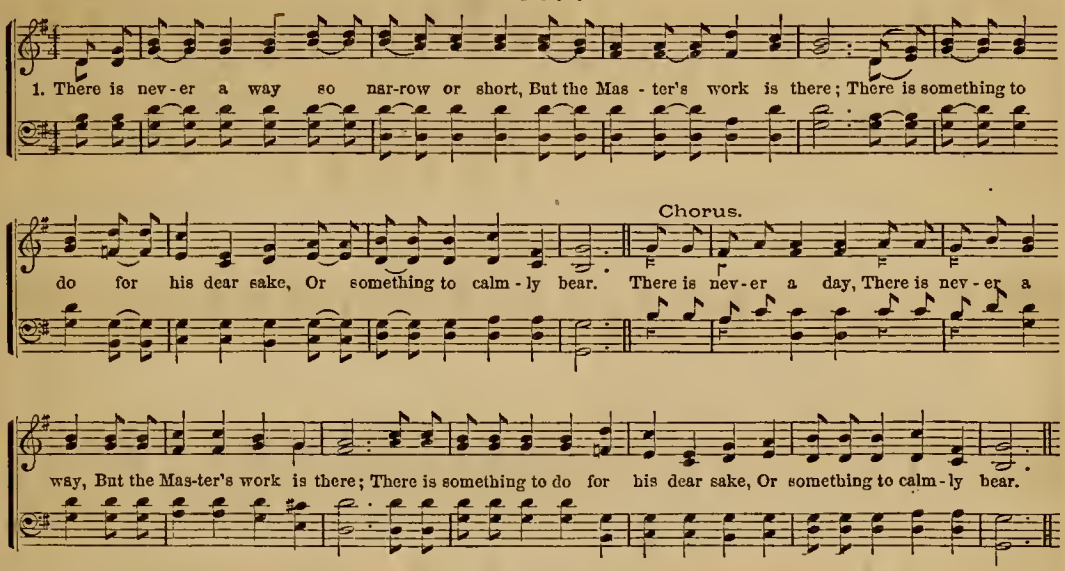
THE REST OF FAITH.

"This is my rest forever; here will I dwell."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



WORDS BY ADDIE L. WYMAN. *"Ye shall reap if ye faint not."* S. J. VAIL.



2 There are trials to meet with Christian faith,
And duties with Christian grace;
And there's Christian sweetness to every one,
To be given in every place.

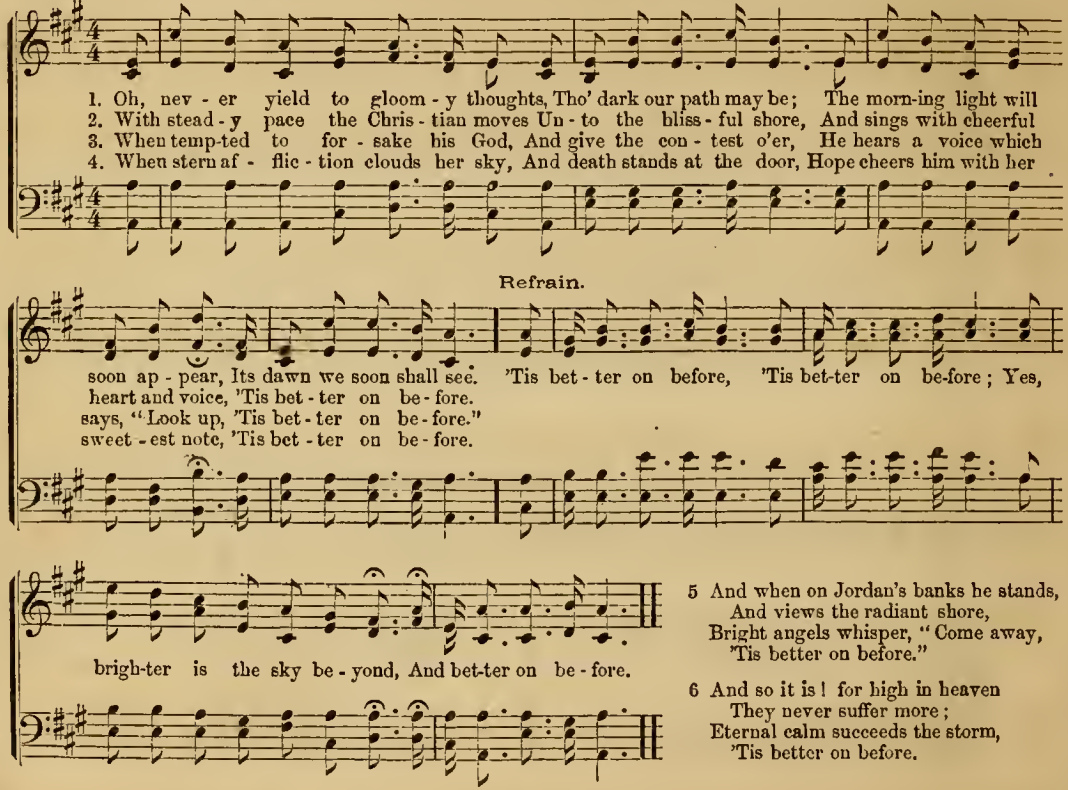
3 Their working days are never so hard
Who find in Christ a stay;
And days of darkness are days of light
When Jesus leads the way.

4 There are flowers down in the valley low,
And over the mountain side,
Which never were praised by a human voice,
Nor by human eyes descried;

5 Yet as sweet as the breath of the royal rose.
Is the perfume they exhale;
And why they bloom, and where they bloom,
The good Lord knoweth well.

80 REV. JNO. PARKER. 'TIS BETTER ON BEFORE.

*"Our light affliction * * * worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."* P. P.



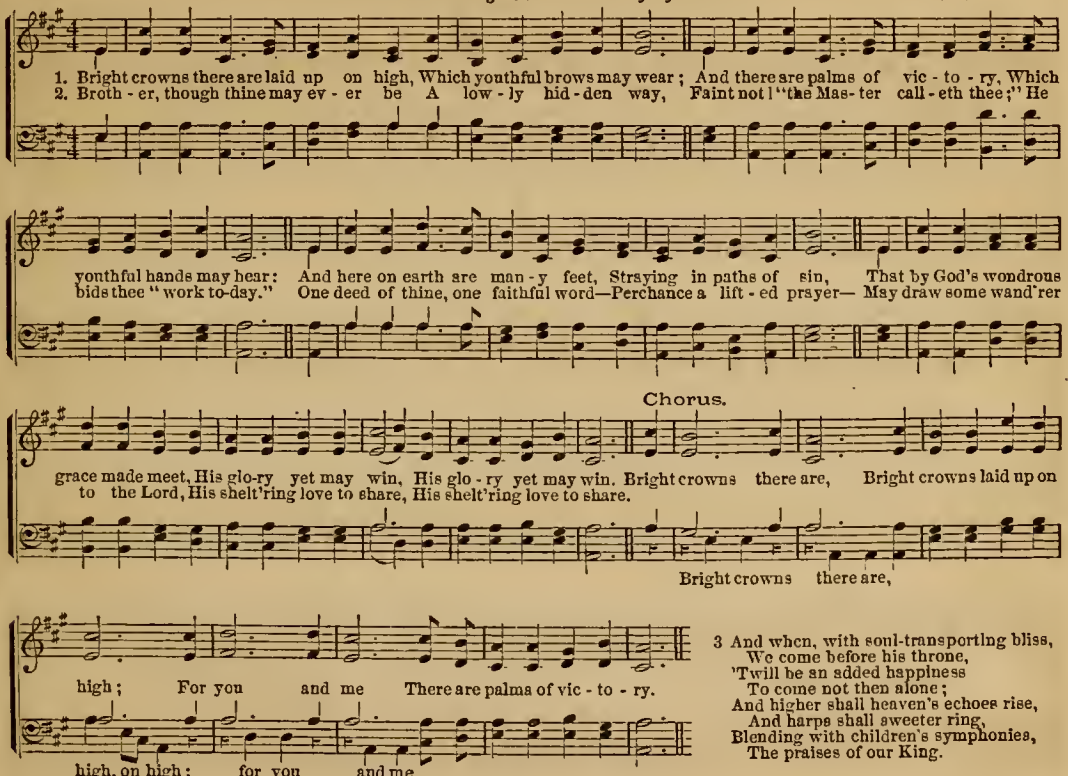
5 And when on Jordan's banks he stands,
And views the radiant shore,
Bright angels whisper, "Come away,
'Tis better on before."

6 And so it is! for high in heaven
They never suffer more;
Eternal calm succeeds the storm,
'Tis better on before.

BRIGHT CROWNS.

"And I will give thee a crown of life."

H. C. C.

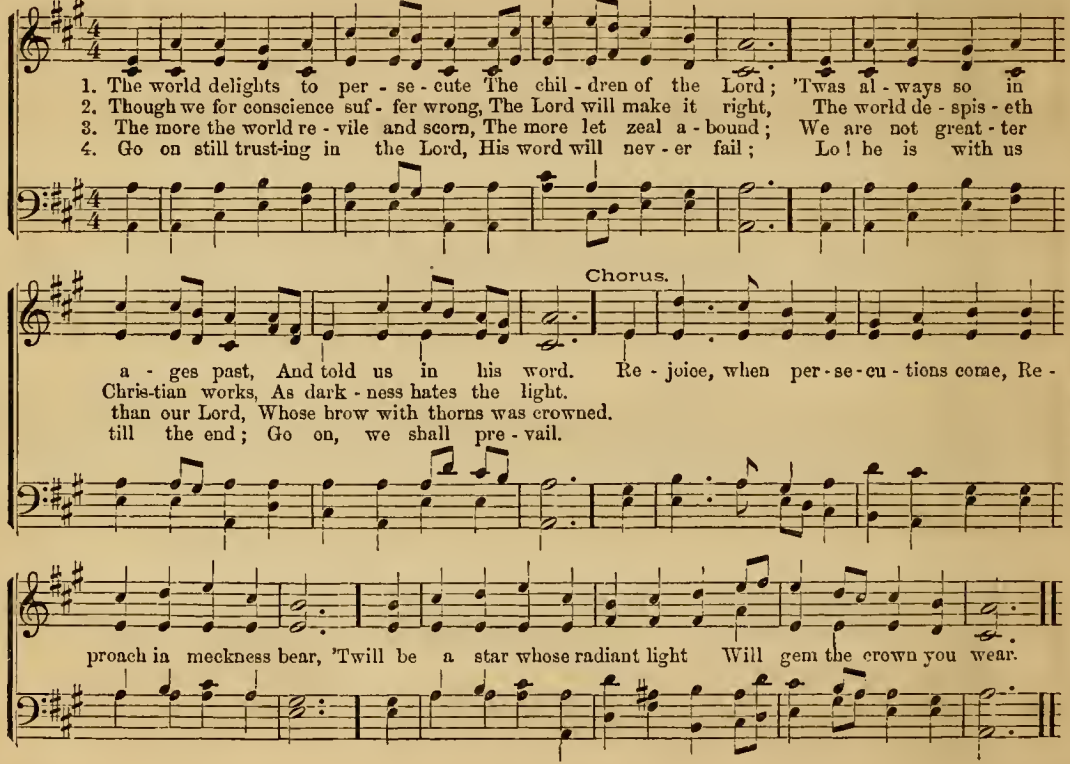


3 And when, with soul-transporting bliss,
We come before his throne,
'Twill be an added happiness
To come not then alone;
And higher shall heaven's echoes rise,
And harps shall sweeter ring,
Blending with children's symphonies,
The praises of our King.

GLORY IN TRIBULATION.

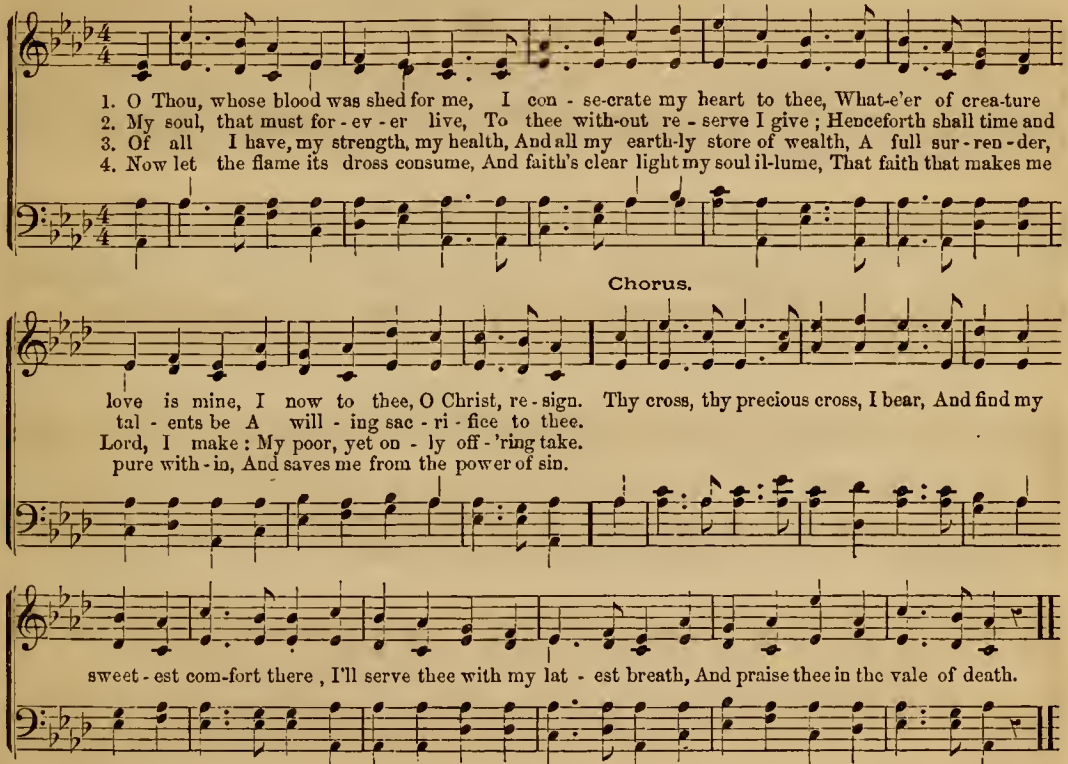
"Knowing that tribulation worketh patience, etc."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



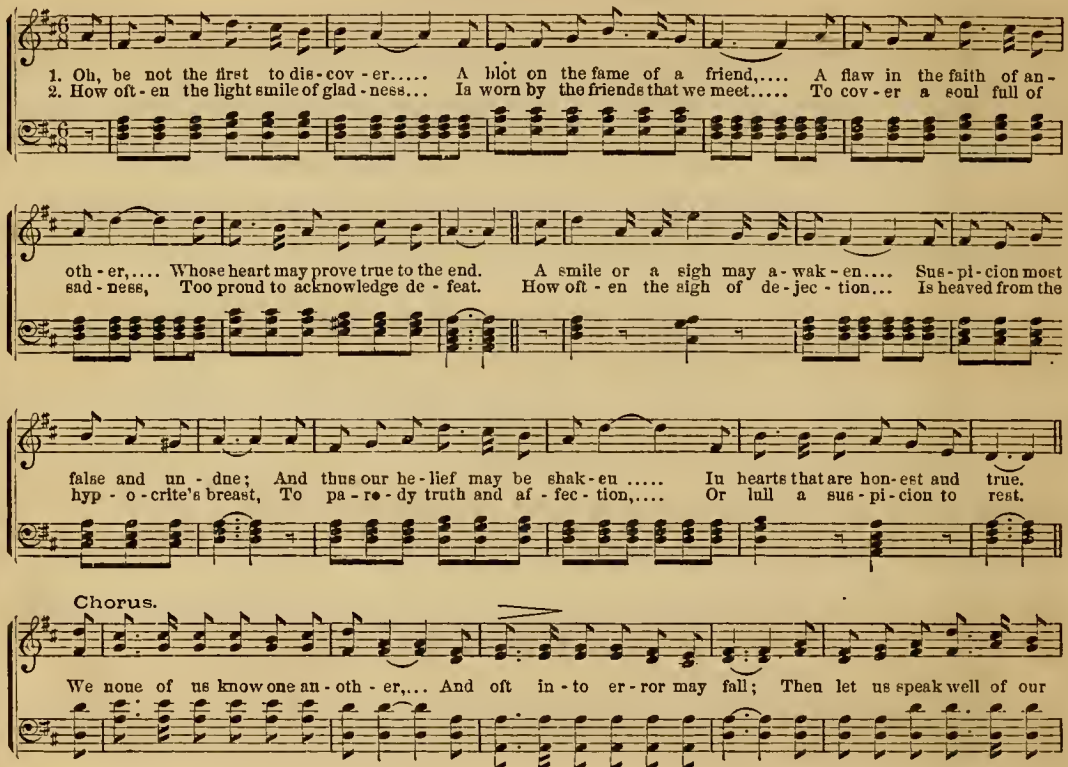
CONSECRATION HYMN.

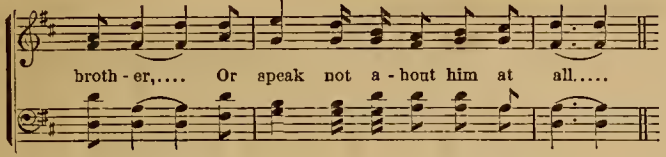
" Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart." P. P.



LET US SPEAK WELL OF OUR BROTHER.

"But the greatest of these is charity." S. J. VAIL.



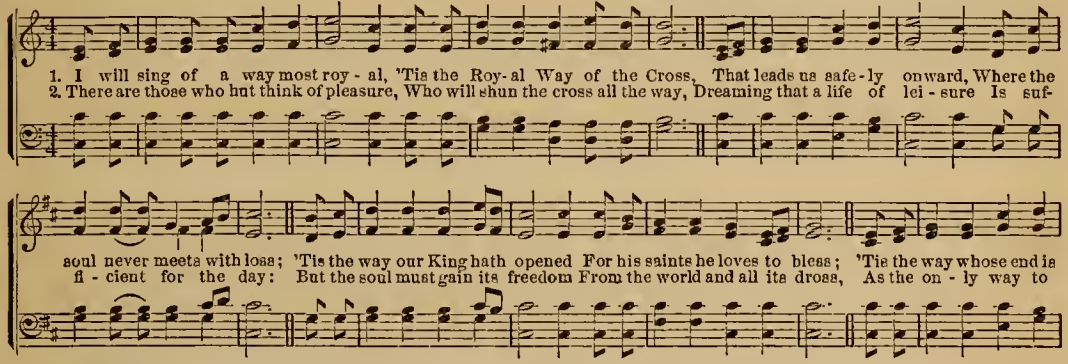


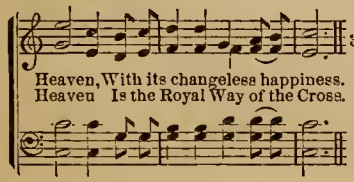
3 How often the friends we hold dearest
Their noblest emotions conceal;
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they cannot reveal,
We none of us know one another,
And oft into error may fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.—*Chor.*

ROYAL WAY OF THE CROSS.

"*No man cometh unto the Father, but by me.*"

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



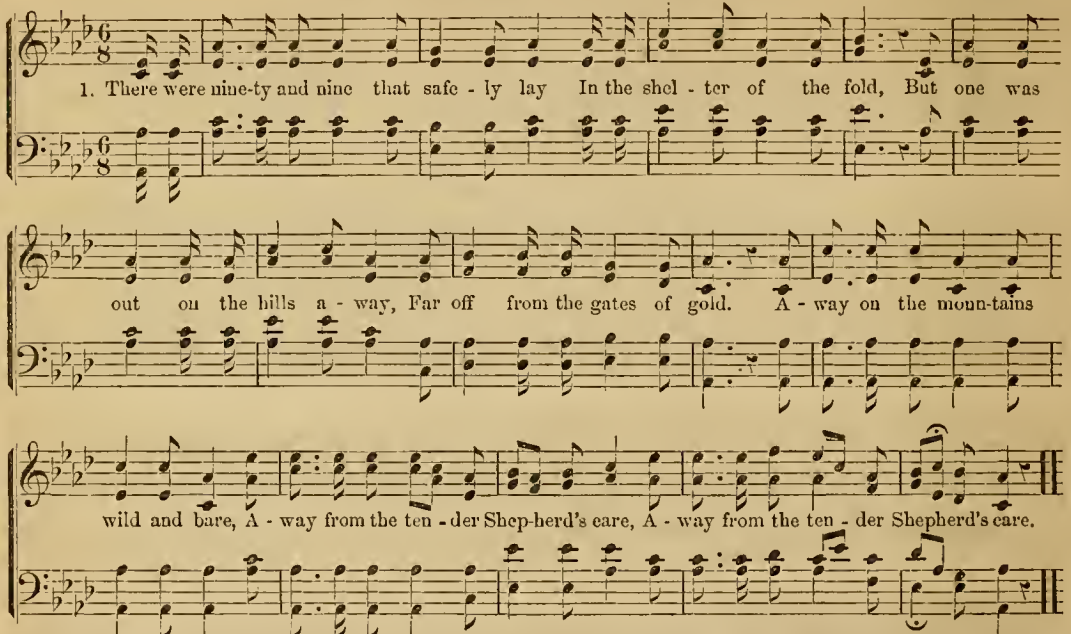


3 Would we see the King in his beauty,
And be counted all his own?
Would we walk the streets all golden?
Would we share his glorious throne?
We must take the way he has opened,
Never heeding the seeming loss,
For the only way to Heaven
Is the Royal Way of the Cross.

4 Would we shine in the Saviour's likeness?
Would we gather sheaves by the way,
That will cheer us at the Judgment,
'Mid the fires of that great day?
Then be led by the blessed Spirit,
Life's allurements from us toss,
And press on to joys eternal
By the Royal Way of the Cross.

THE LOST SHEEP.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost." I. D. SANKEY.



2 "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of mine
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

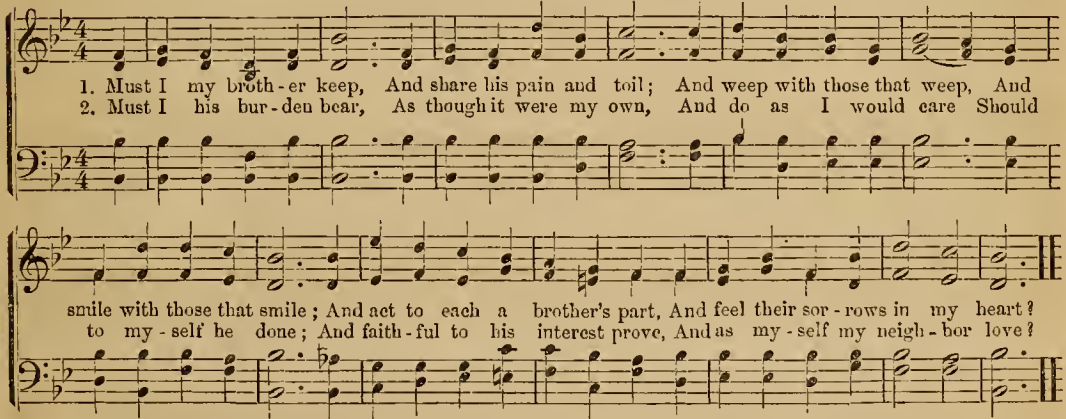
3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed; [through,
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the desert he heard its cry—
'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.

4 "Lord, whence are those blood-drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
"They are piercéd to-night by many a thorn."

5 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back his own."

BROTHERLY LOVE.

"*Thou shalt love * * * thy neighbor as thyself.*" PHILIP PHILLIPS.

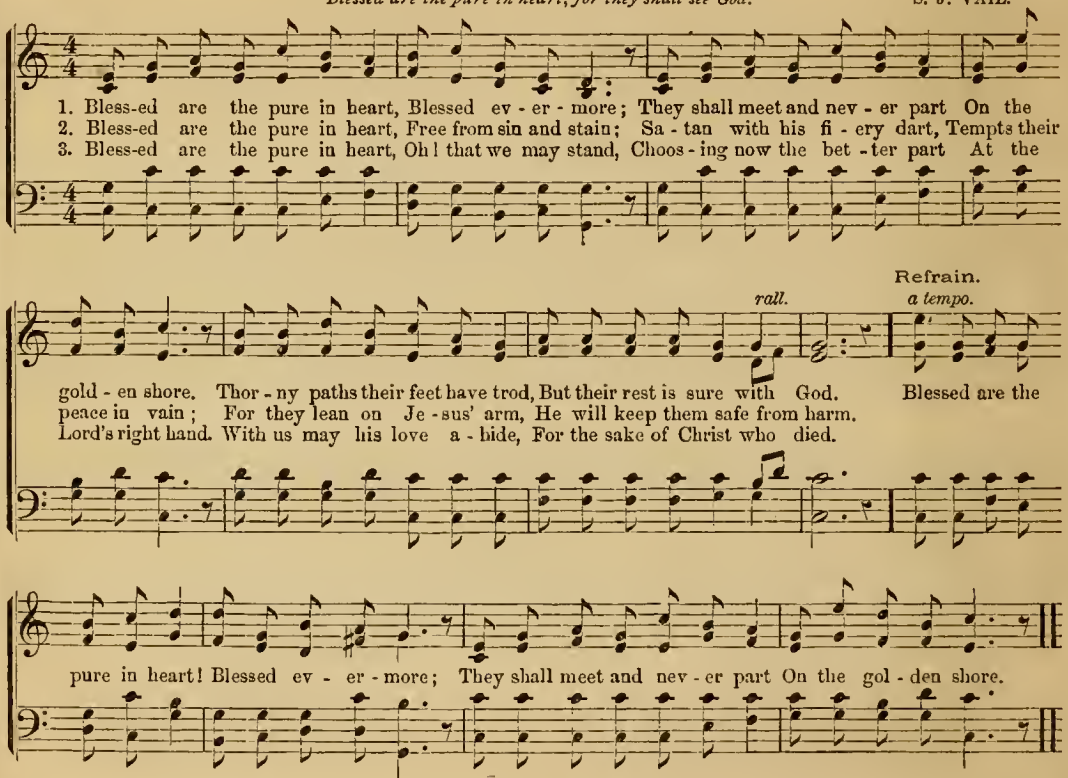


3 Then, Jesus, at thy feet
A student let me be,
And learn, as it is meet,
My duty, Lord, of thee:
For thou didst come on mercy's plan,
And all thy life was love to man.

4 Oh! make me as thou art;
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow—
The kind and gentle heart
That feels another's woe.
May I be thus like thee, my Head,
And in my Saviour's footsteps tread!

PURE IN HEART.

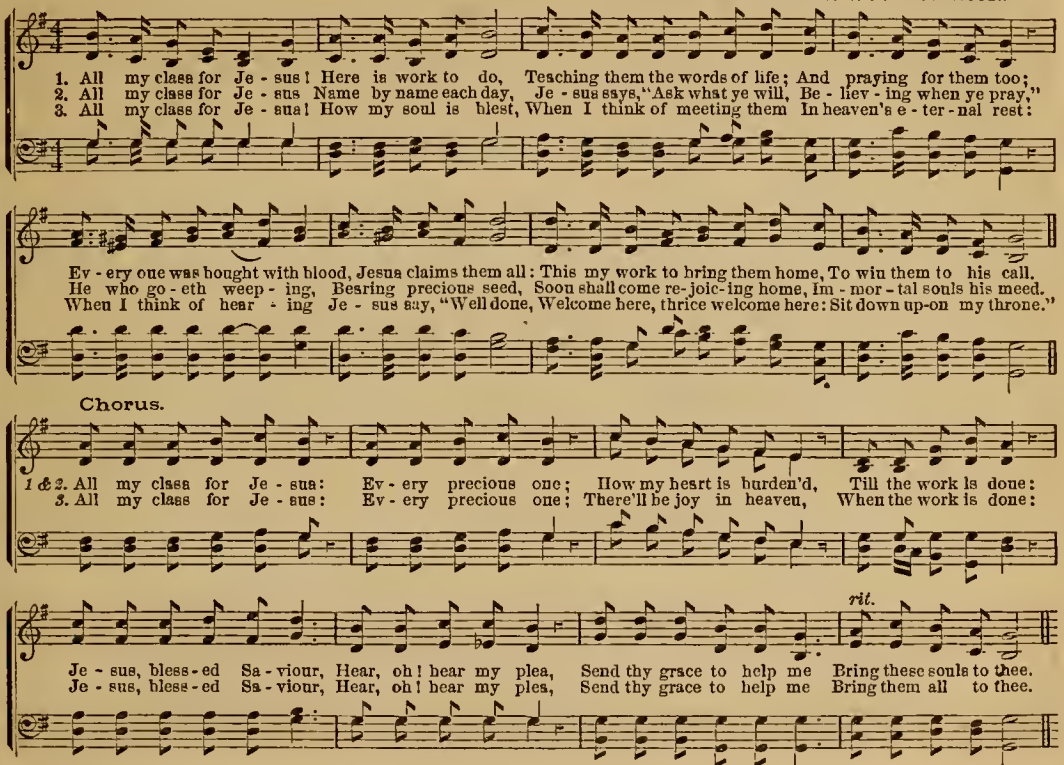
"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God." S. J. VAIL.



ALL MY CLASS FOR JESUS.

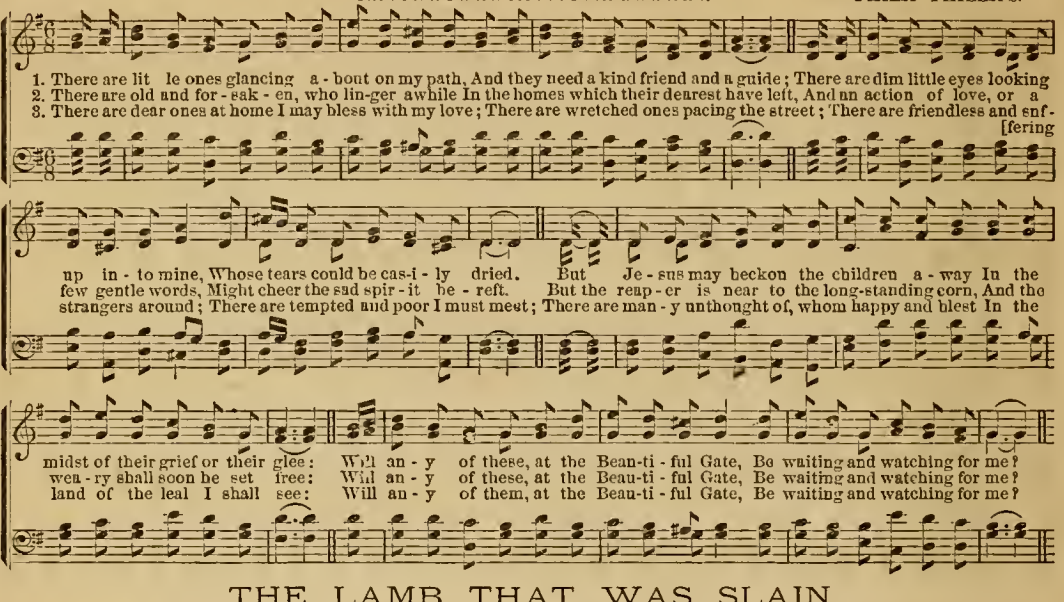
*"Teaching * * * in all wisdom that we may present every man perfect in Christ Jesus."*

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. S. B. DICKINSON.



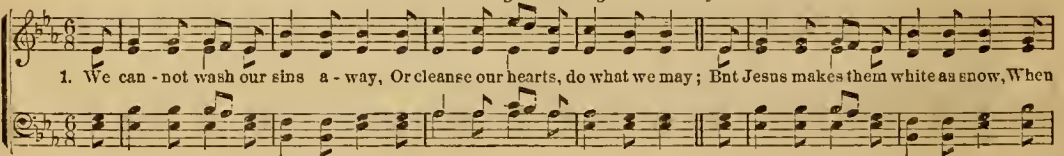
WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

"Then shall I know even as I also am known." PHILIP PHILLIPS.

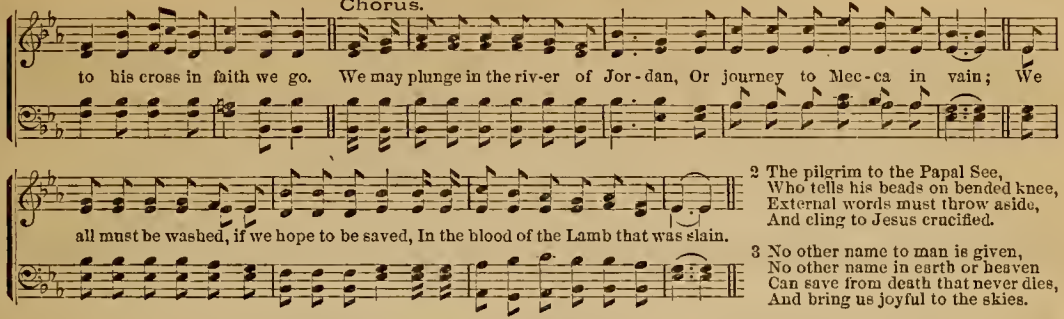


THE LAMB THAT WAS SLAIN.

"There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."



Chorus.

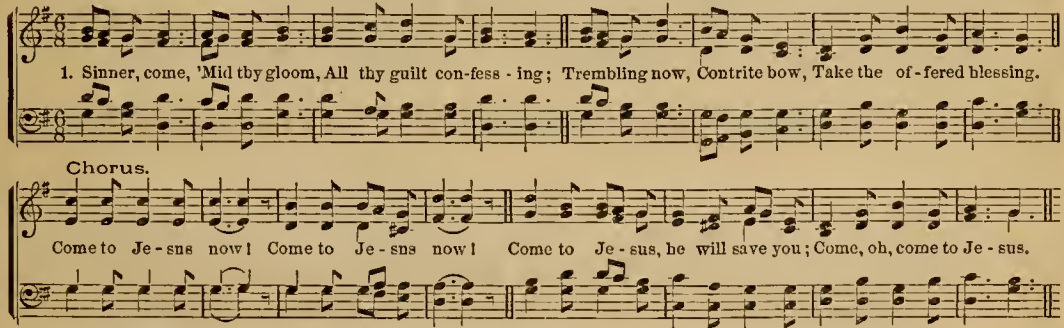


2 The pilgrim to the Papal See,
Who tells his beads on bended knee,
External words must throw aside,
And cling to Jesus crucified.

3 No other name to man is given,
No other name in earth or heaven
Can save from death that never dies,
And bring us joyful to the skies.

COME, OH, COME TO JESUS.

"*I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.*" HARVEY C. CAMP.



2 Sinner, come!
While there's room,
While the feast is waiting;
While the Lord,
By his word,
Kindly is inviting, *Cho.*

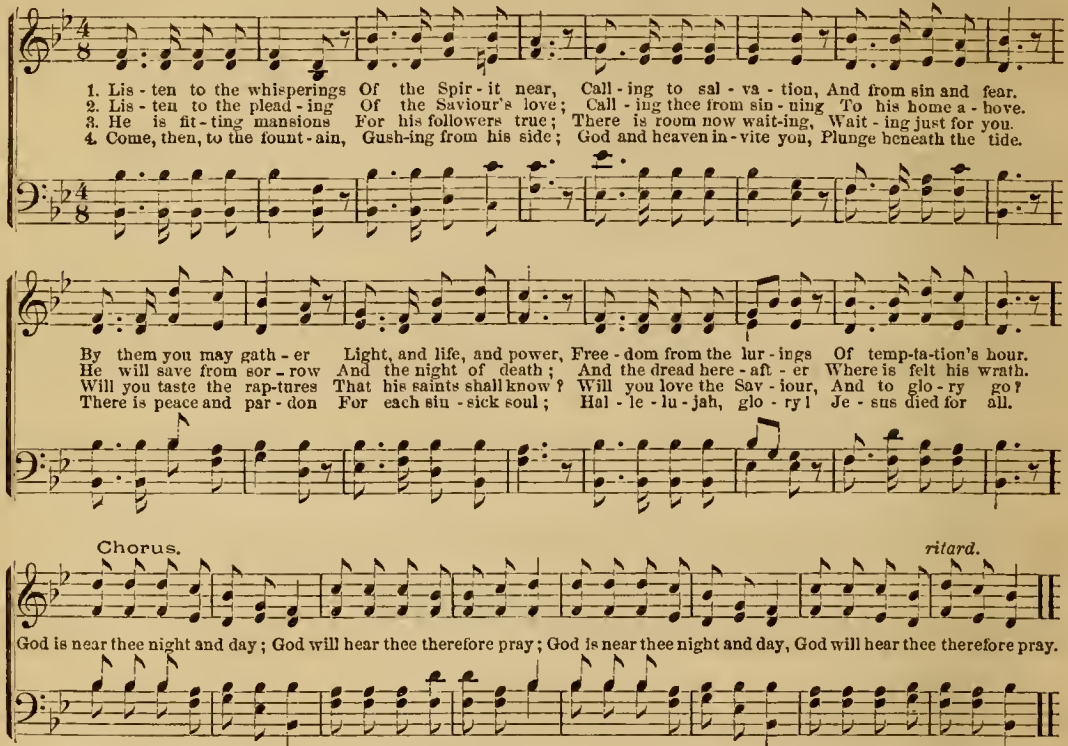
3 Sinner, come,
Ere thy doom
Shall be sealed forever;
Now return,
Grieve and mourn,
Flee to Christ the Saviour, *Cho.*

4 Come believe,
O receive
Peace that like a river
Flows for thee,
Pure and free;
Drink and live forever. *Cho.*

GOD IS NEAR THEE.

"*The word is nigh thee even in thy mouth.*"

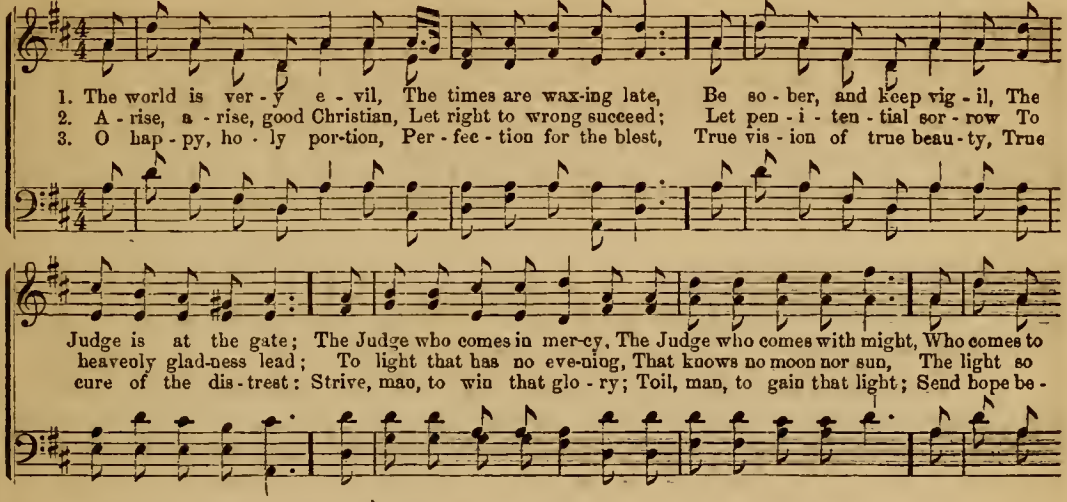
WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



THE JUDGE IS AT THE GATE.

"Work your work betimes, and in his time he will give you your reward."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

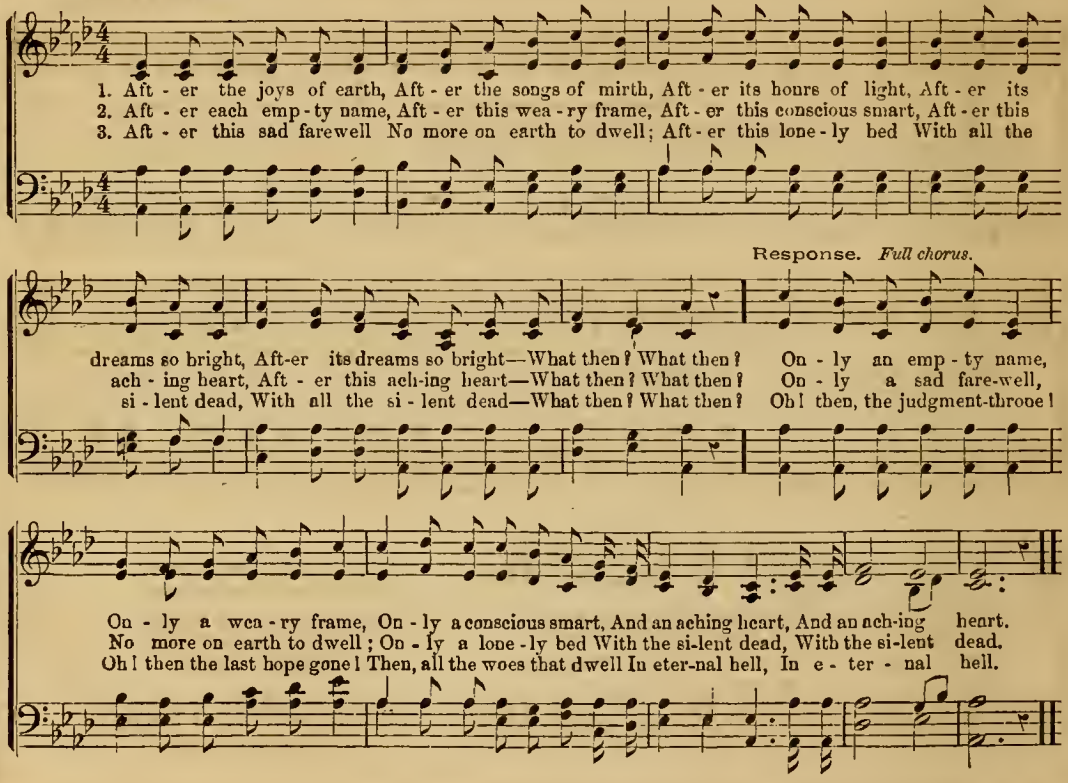


4.

O sweet and blessed country,
The home of God's elect;
O sweet and blessed country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy brings us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

AFTER ALL THE JOYS OF EARTH.

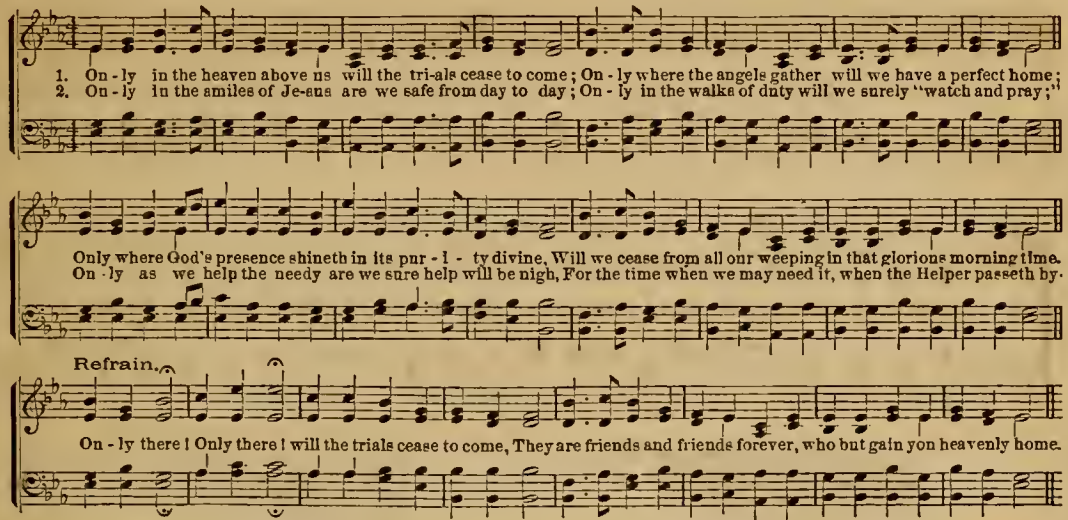
Quartett, *or Semi-chorus.* "*Behold now is the accepted time.*" S. J. VAIL.



ONLY!

"For the former things are passed away."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



3.

Only in the Saviour's mansions will there come no pain or care;
Only in the spotless glory will there be no need of prayer;
Only in the glades of Eden will the flowers never fade;
Only in the light celestial will no shadows cast their shade.
REFRAIN.—Only there! Only there! &c.

4.

Only in the Master's likeness will we ere be satisfied;
Only in his glorious presence are the pleasures ne'er denied;
Only where his hand doth lead us reigns the joy that never dies,
In the greenness of his pastures, by the streams that angels prize.
REFRAIN.—Only there! Only there! &c.

5.

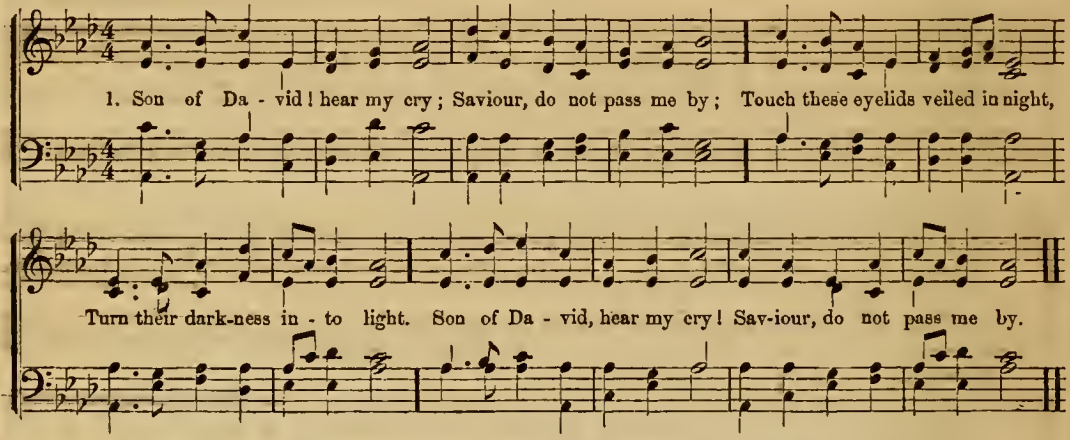
Only when the palms are waving o'er the victory complete;
Only when the heavenly harpers tread the bright and golden street;
Only where the river floweth from beneath the throne of God,
Will we need to cease from watching, or to call upon the Lord.
REFRAIN.—Only there! Only there! &c.

6.

Only when we stand in beauty, robed in immortality,
Only when the Saviour crowns us in yon blest eternity;
Only when from sin and sinners we are parted evermore,
Will we shout the warfare ended, safe upon the brighter shore.
REFRAIN.—Only there! Only there!

BLIND BARTIMEUS.

FANNY CROSBY. *"Hear my cry."* PHILIP PHILLIPS.



2 Though the prond my voice would still,
They may chide me if they will,
Yet the more I'll pray for grace,
Only here shall be my place.
Son of David, hear my cry!
Saviour, do not pass me by.

3 Though despised by all but thee,
Thou a blessing hast for me;
Faith and prayer can never fail,
Lord, with thee I *must* prevail,
Son of David, hear my cry!
Saviour, do not pass me by.

4 Glorious vision! heavenly ray!
All my gloom has passed away;
Now my joyful eye doth see,
And my soul still clings to thee,
Thine the glory evermore,
Mine to worship and adore.

ENTIRE CONSECRATION.

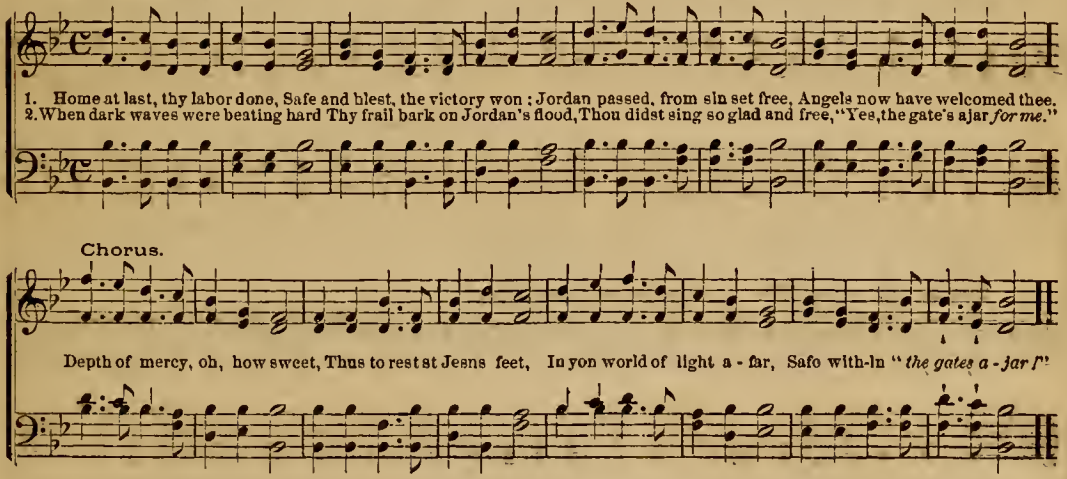
1 FATHER, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One in Three, and Three in One,
As by the celestial host,
Let thy will on earth be done;
Praise by all to thee be given,
Glorious Lord of earth and heaven.

2 If so poor a worm as I
May to thy great glory live,
All my actions sanctify,
All my words and thoughts receive;
Claim me for thy service, claim
All I have, and all I am.

3 Take my soul and body's powers;
Take my mem'ry, mind, and will;
All my goods, and all my hours;
All I know, and all I feel;
All I think, or speak, or do;
Take my heart, but take it new.

NOTE.—*All was packed, and ready for her going home to Aberdeen, her school-days being over. At 6.35, on Tuesday morning, the train for the North started, and she, with her eyes upon her hymn-book, the leaf turned down at her best-loved song, "The Gate Ajar For Me," tasted once more of the love of Jesus. The awful catastrophe took place, and the collision with the mineral train left her severely injured, and the page of her hymn-book stained with her blood. During the two days of suffering that followed in the house to which she was moved at Manuel, the scene of the railway accident, she often whispered and sang the words of the hymn which was to be her song till death. The minister, who watched by her, said the expression of her countenance could not be described as she again and again repeated the words, "Yes, for me, for me!"*—(Written on the dying words of a young convert (Maggie Lindsay), who lost her life in the railroad catastrophe at Manuel.)

Slow and with expression. WORDS AND MUSIC BY I. D. SANKEY.



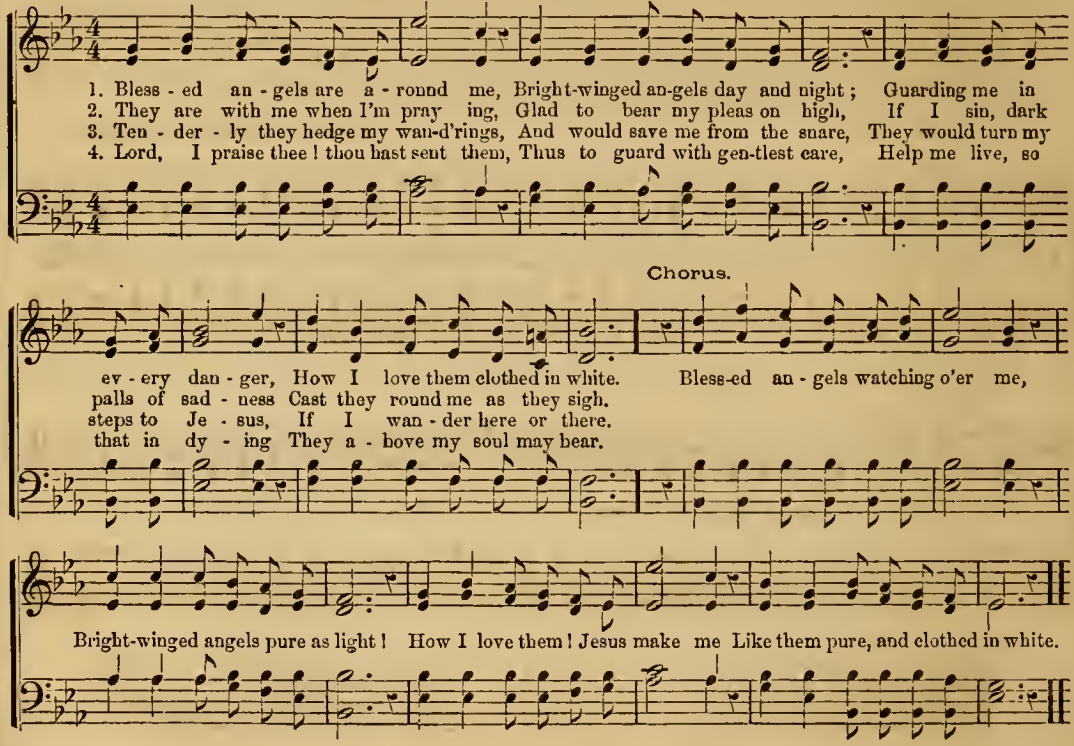
3 One short day of joy below,
Such as pardoned sinners know,
Then away on wings of love
To thy home prepared above.

4 When earth's songs have all been sung,
Labor ended, trials done,
"We'll meet again," oh, happy word!
And be "for ever with the Lord."

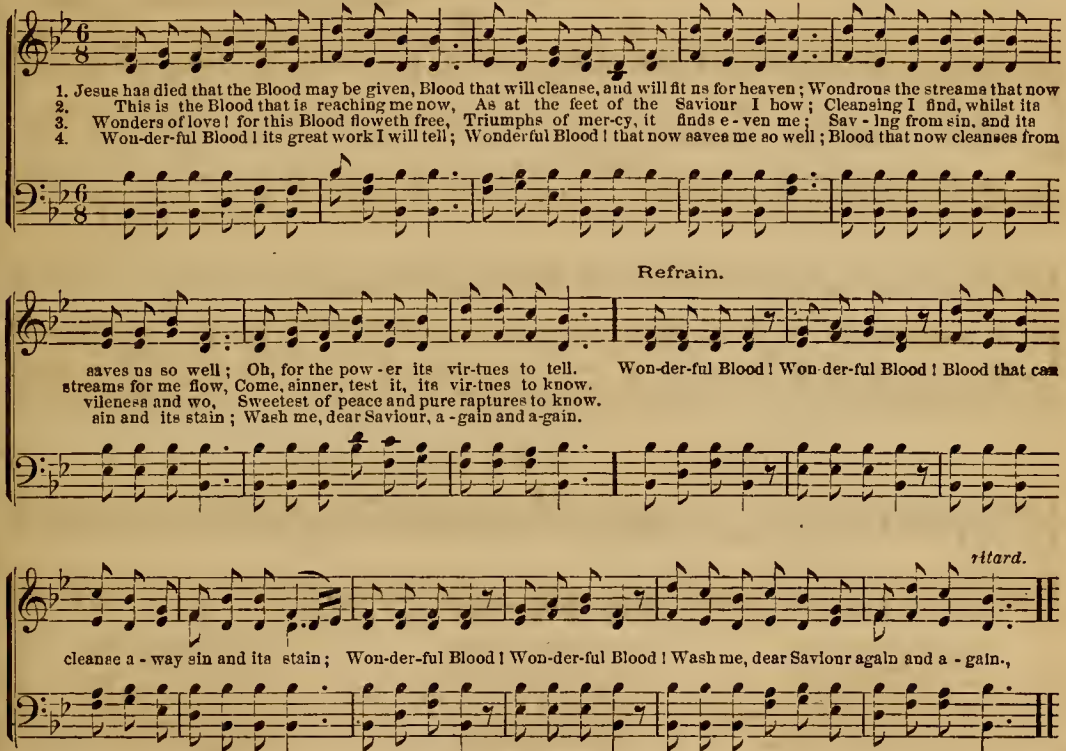
BLESSED ANGELS WATCHING O'ER ME.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee."

WORDS BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH. MUSIC BY SILAS J. VAIL



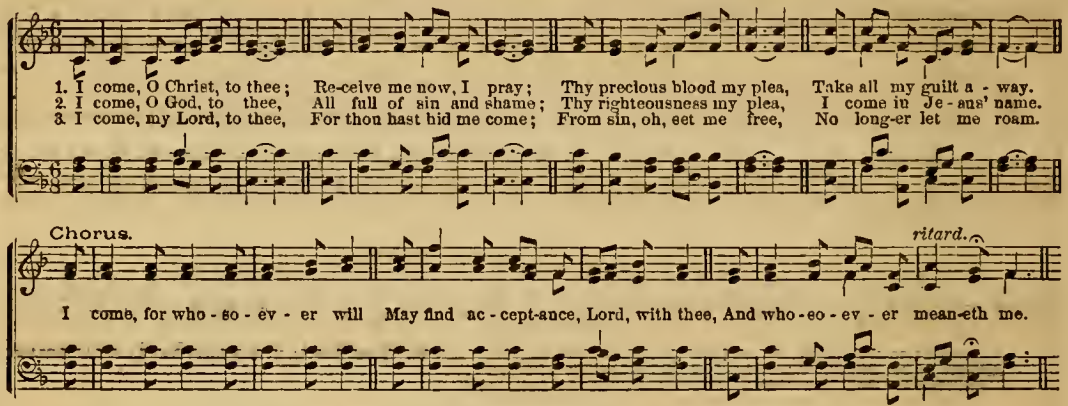
"Without the shedding of blood there is no remission." REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



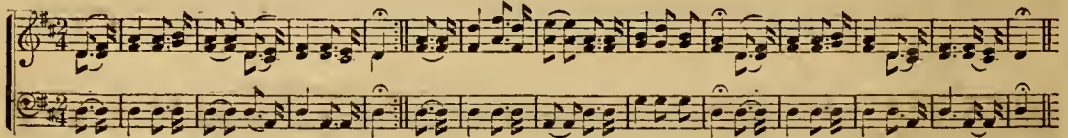
100 I COME, O CHRIST, TO THEE.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PHILIP PHILLIPS.



COME TO THE SAVIOUR.



1 OH, come, will you come,
To the Saviour to-day?
Oh, come now to Jesus,
And make no delay.
He will save you and bless you,
And rest you so sweet,
For his mercy is boundless,
And love so complete.

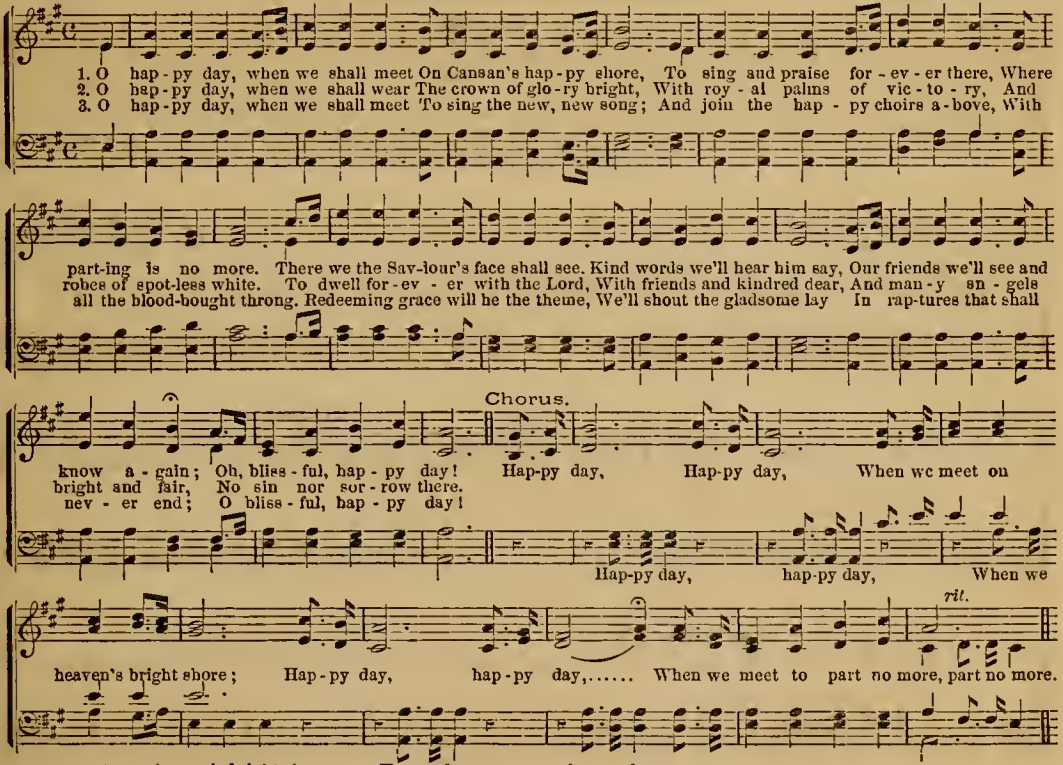
2 He is calling in mercy;
Oh, why yet delay?
Waiting still to receive you;
Oh, turn not away,
But come to the Saviour;
He died on the cross,
To give full salvation
That none may be lost.

3 He will pardon so freely,
And make you his child.
Giving joy for your sorrow,
And peace undefiled:
And when you are weary,
And summoned to die,
You can lean on his bosom,
And soar to the sky.

THE HAPPY DAY.

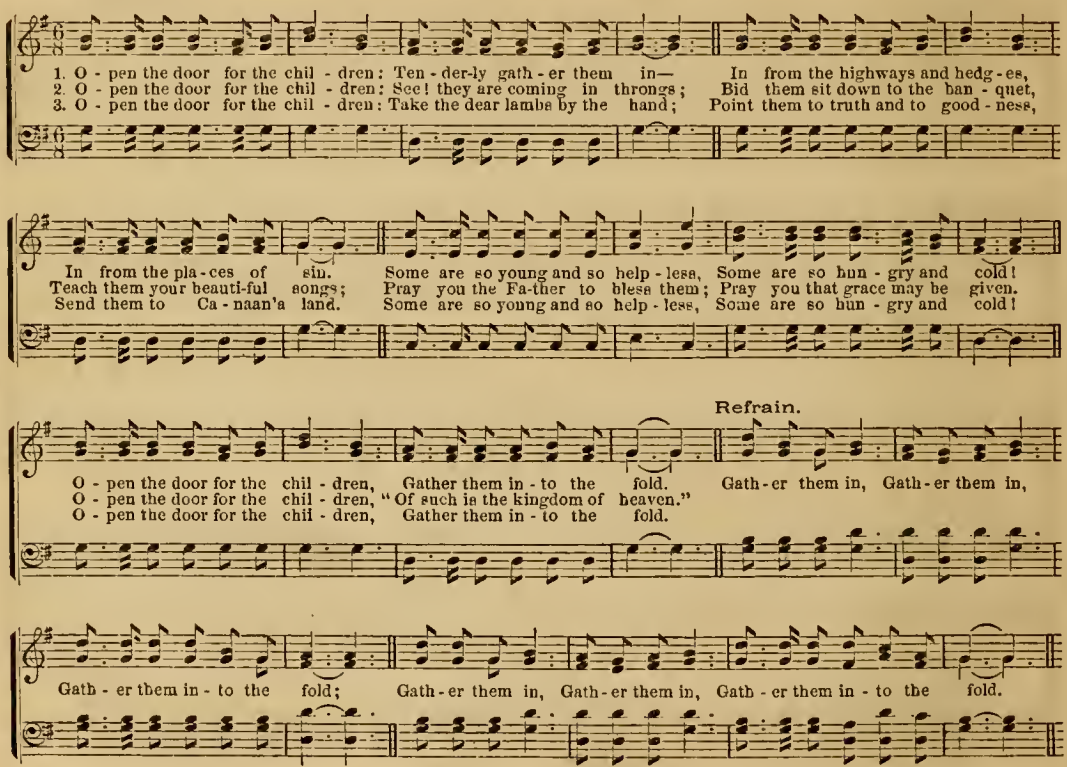
"Then shall I know even as I also am known."

JAMES PRICE.



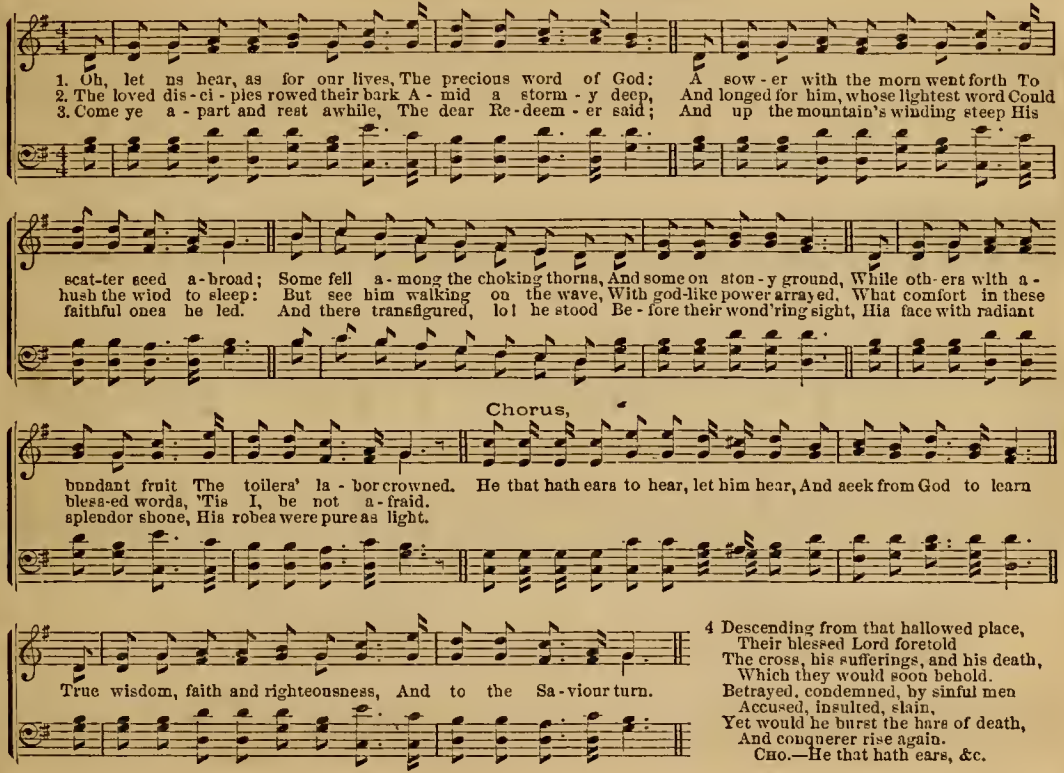
102 OPEN THE DOOR FOR THE CHILDREN.

MRS. KIDDER. *"He shall gather the lambs with his arms."* REV. A. B. SMITH.



HE THAT HATH EARS TO HEAR.

F. C. *"His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor."* S. J. VAIL.

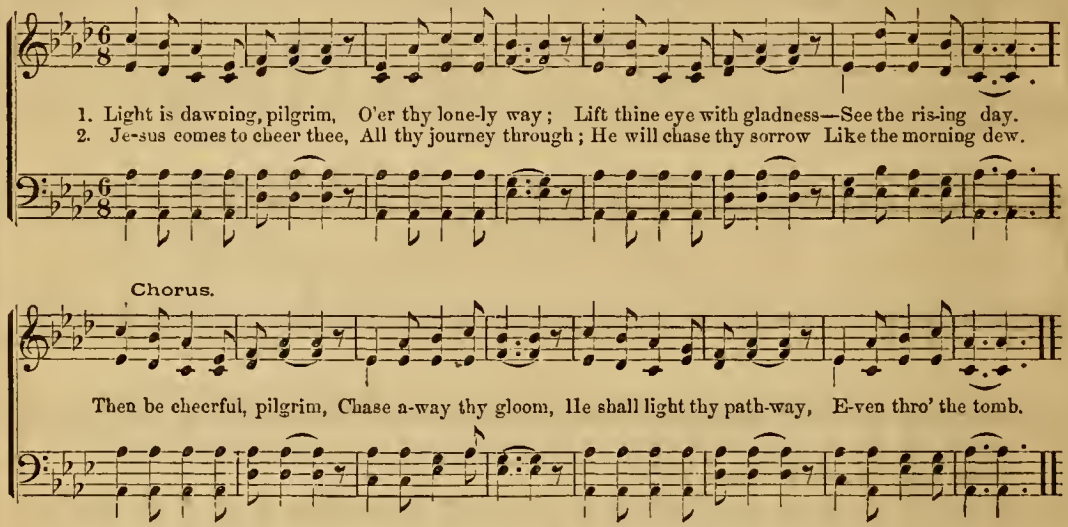


4 Descending from that hallowed place,
Their blessed Lord foretold
The cross, his sufferings, and his death,
Which they would soon behold.
Betrayed, condemned, by sinful men
Accused, insulted, slain,
Yet would he burst the bars of death,
And conquerer rise again.
CHO.—He that hath ears, &c.

LIGHT IS DAWNING.

"My presence shall go with thee."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. A. C. ROSE.



3 Yes! the night is passing,—
Soon it will be gone,
For the hills are gilded
By the rising sun.

4 Weep no more then, Christian,
Soon the night will end,—
Thou hast spent it weeping—
Joy shall morn attend.

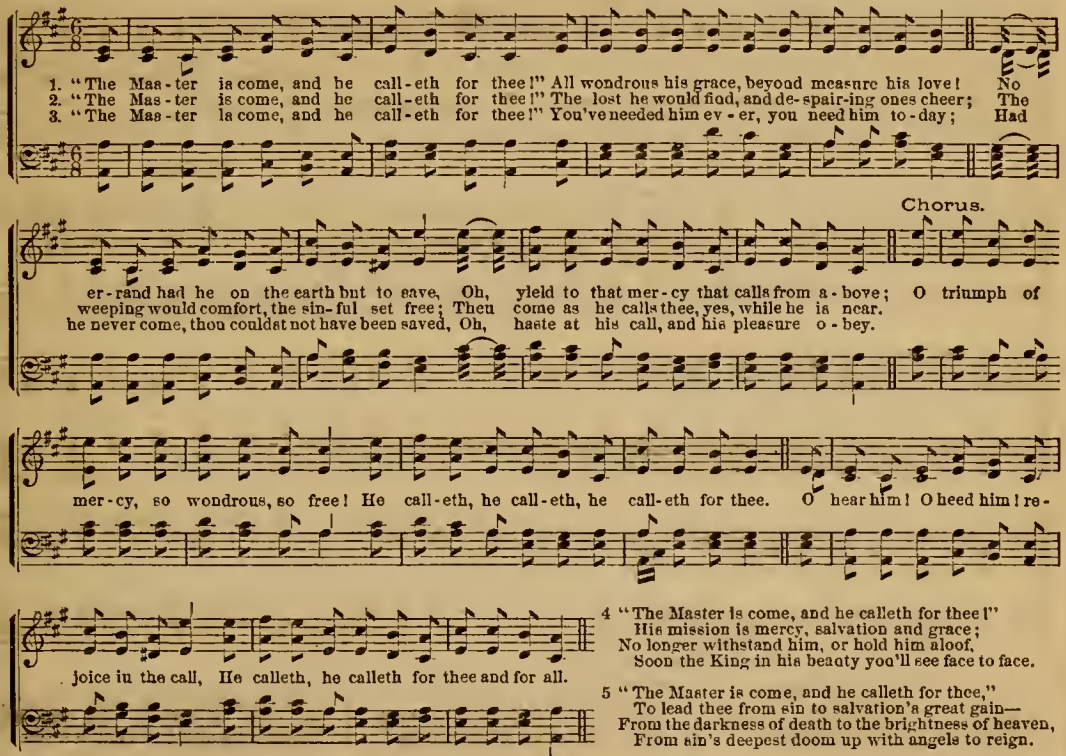
5 Then in endless glory,
Pilgrim, thou shalt rest,
There thy night of weeping
Is forever past.

6 There shall end thy journey,
Where no night can come;
Thou shalt rest forever
In thy long-sought home.

HE CALLETH FOR THEE.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



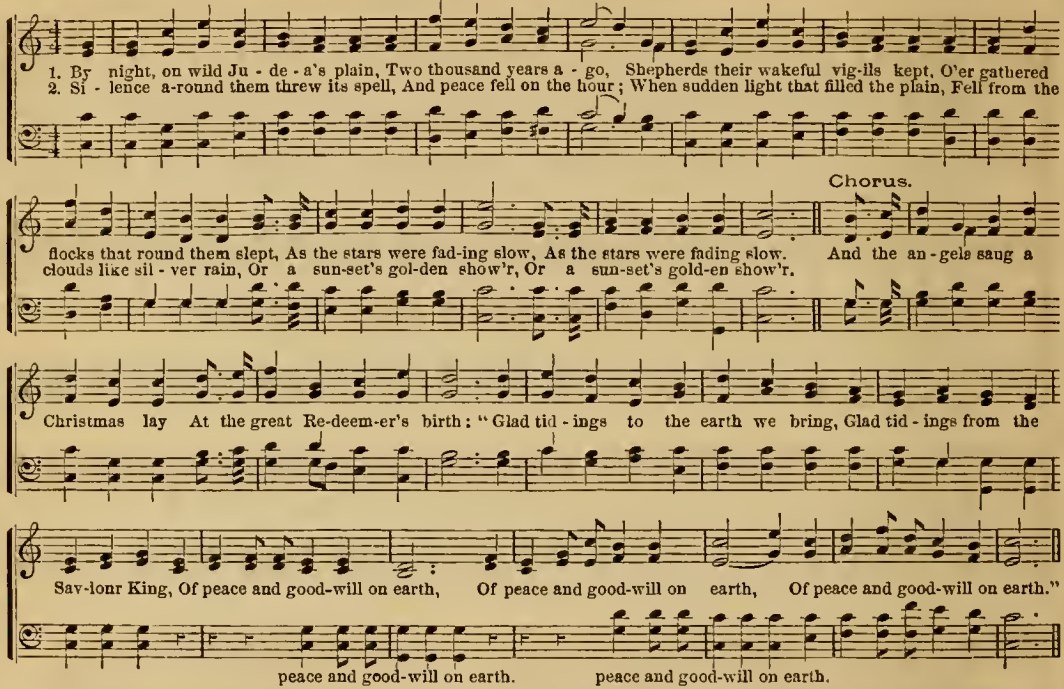
4 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee!"
His mission is mercy, salvation and grace;
No longer withstand him, or hold him aloof,
Soon the King in his beauty you'll see face to face.

5 "The Master is come, and he calleth for thee,"
To lead thee from sin to salvation's great gain—
From the darkness of death to the brightness of heaven,
From sin's deepest doom up with angels to reign.

PEACE ON EARTH.

"*Glory to God in the highest.*"

S. J. VAIL.

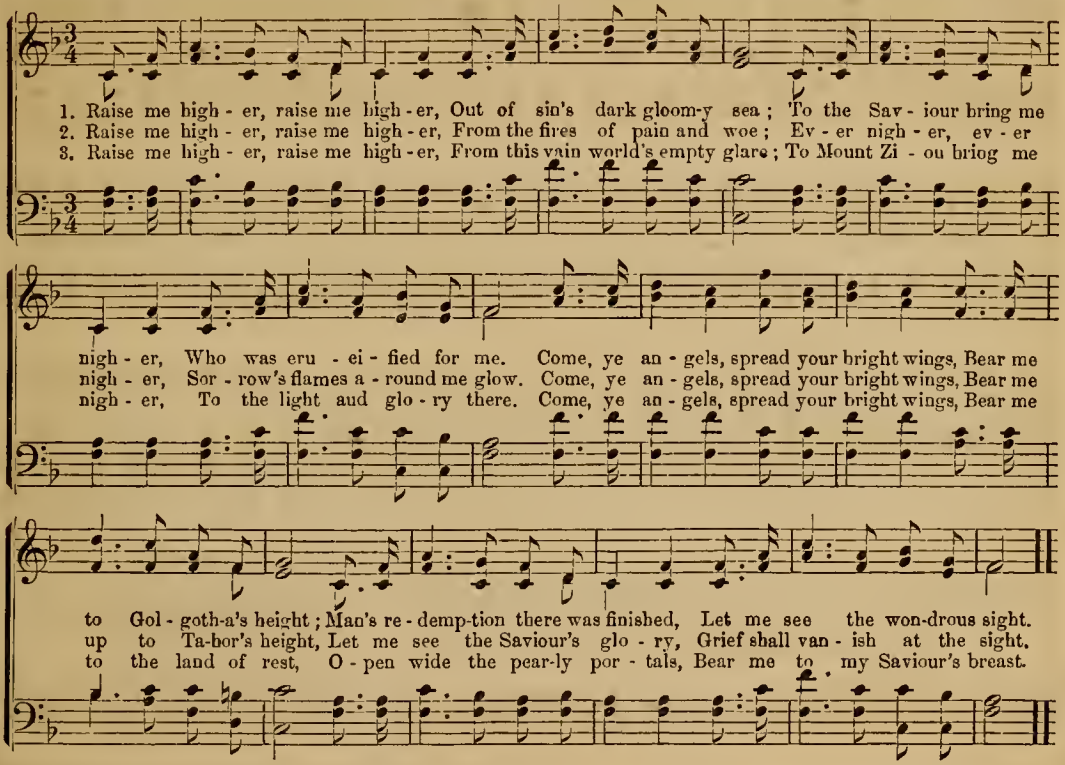


3 To their bewildered sight appeared,
A vision wondrous fair,
Of angel forms from out the cloud,
And angel voices hymning loud,
Till their music filled the air.

4 A manger rude his form enwrapt,
In guise of lowliest birth,
You'll find Messiah, Christ, the Lord,—
Lo! 'tis foretold in prophet word,
He shall bring sweet peace on earth.

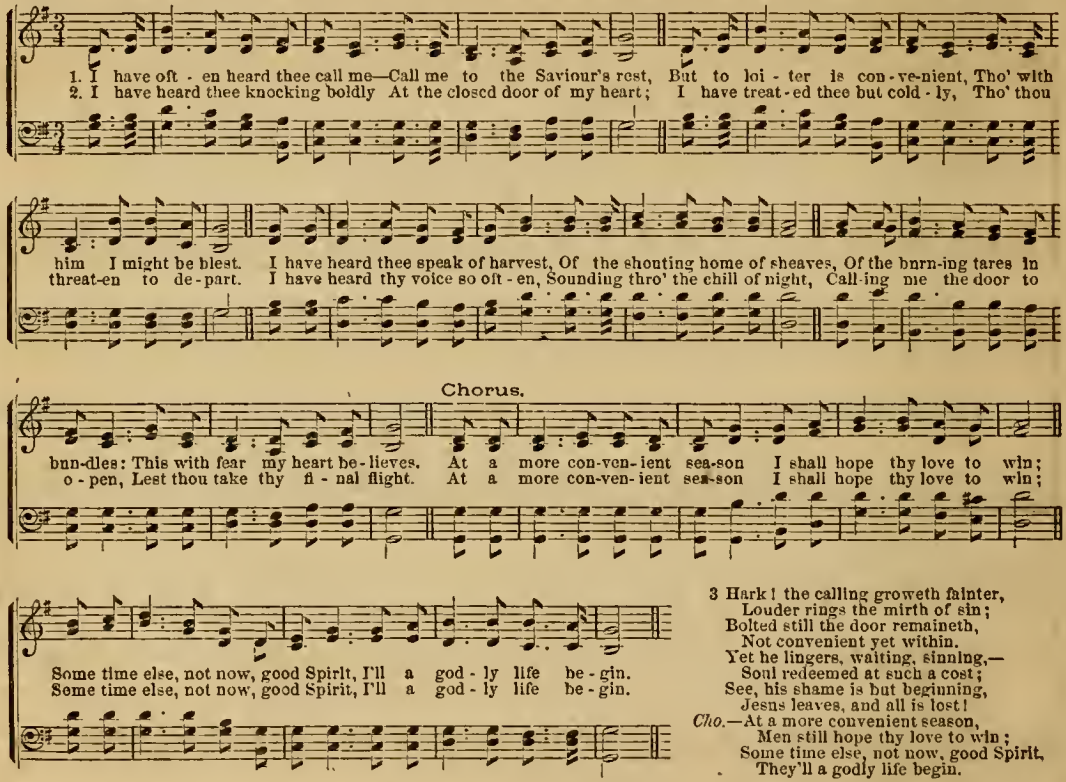
5 And now, as each returning year
Brings round his natal day, [mirth,
We greet each friend with hallowed
Symbol with gifts God's gift to earth,
And a merry Christmas lay.

NOTE.—*A dying girl suddenly opened her eyes, and said, "Raise me higher! raise me higher!" Her loving parents sought to arrange her pillows better, when she smiled, and said, "Not so; I mean something far different—Higher! higher!" and soon she was borne by angels into the joy of her Lord. Her tombstone bears the inscription:—"J. B. aged 13 years. 'Raised Higher.'"*



THE CONVENIENT SEASON.

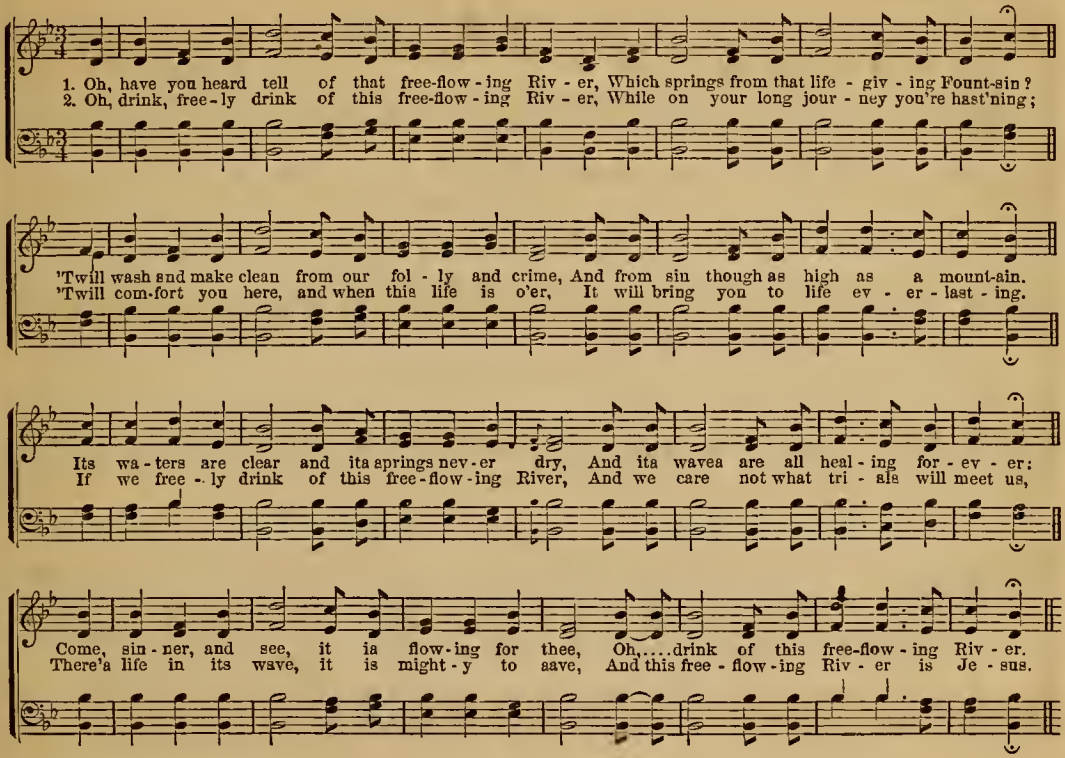
REV. JNO. PARKER. *"Go thy way for this time; when I have a convenient season, I will call for thee."* S. J. VAIL.



3 Hark! the calling groweth fainter,
Louder rings the mirth of sin;
Bolted still the door remaineth,
Not convenient yet within.
Yet he lingers, waiting, sinning,—
Soul redeemed at such a cost;
See, his shame is but beginning,
Jesus leaves, and all is lost!

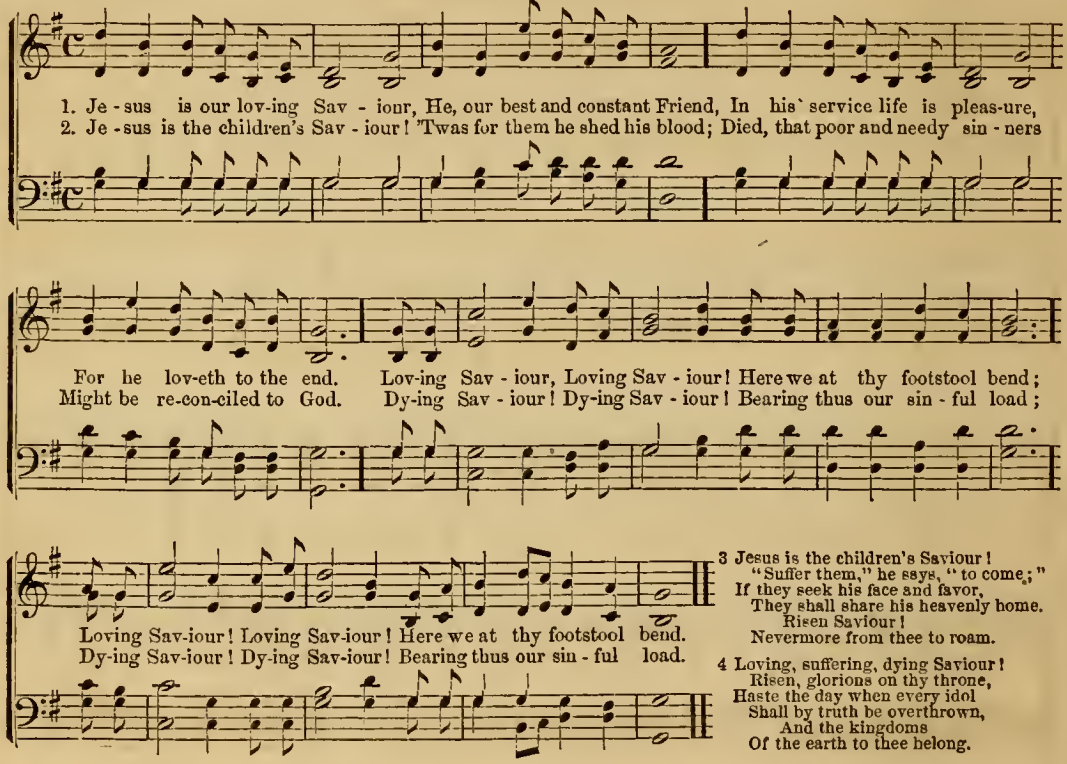
Cho.—At a more convenient season,
Men still hope thy love to win;
Some time else, not now, good Spirit,
They'll a godly life begin.

"The streams whereof shall make glad the city of God." JAMES PRICE.



110 JESUS IS OUR LOVING SAVIOUR.

R. P. CLARK. *"A Saviour which is Christ the Lord."* H. C. C.



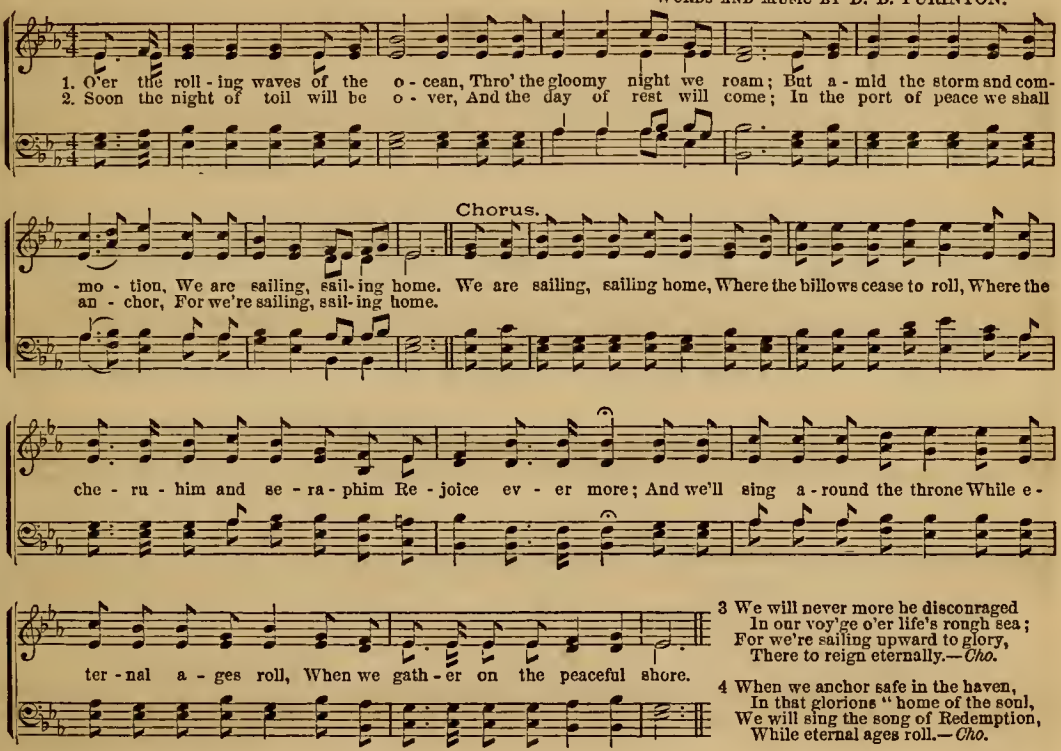
3 Jesus is the children's Saviour!
"Suffer them," he says, "to come;"
If they seek his face and favor,
They shall share his heavenly home.
Risen Saviour!
Nevermore from thee to roam.

4 Loving, suffering, dying Saviour!
Risen, glorious on thy throne,
Haste the day when every idol
Shall by truth be overthrown,
And the kingdoms
Of the earth to thee belong.

SAILING HOME.

"In My Father's house are many mansions."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY D. B. PURINTON.

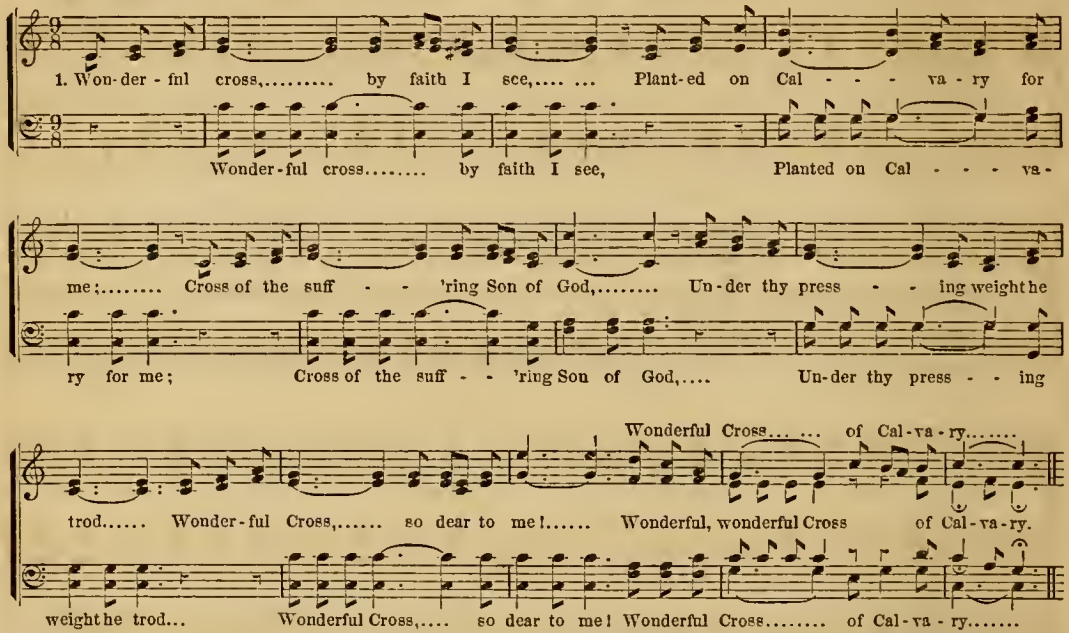


3 We will never more be disconraged
In our voy'ge o'er life's rough sea;
For we're sailing upward to glory,
There to reign eternally.—*Cho.*

4 When we anchor safe in the haven,
In that glorious "home of the soul,
We will sing the song of Redemption,
While eternal ages roll.—*Cho.*

WONDERFUL CROSS.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER. *"God forbid that I should glory save in the cross."* HARVEY C. CAMP.



2 Wonderful faith, that lifts me up,
Where I may taste the bitter cup;
Wonderful faith, that helps me bear
Crosses and ills, his love to share;
Wonderful faith, when tempest-tossed,
Wonderful faith, in Jesus' cross.

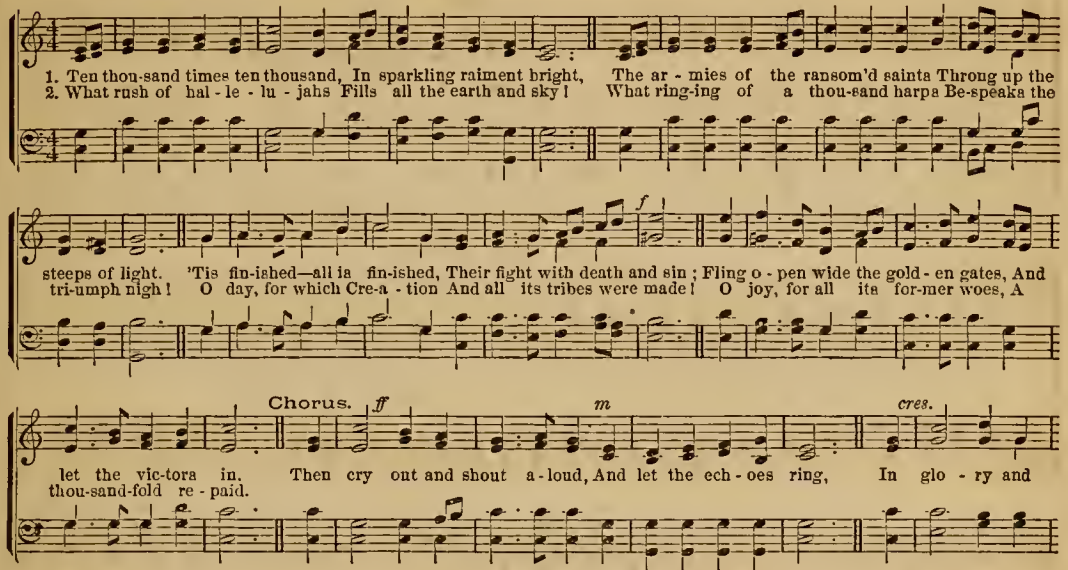
3 Wonderful cross of Calvary,
Oh, how my spirit clings to thee!
Wonderful faith, that brings thee near;
Wonderful love, that makes thee dear;
Wonderful cross and faith and love,
Sending me up to heaven above.

4 Wonderful cross, by this I rise
Into the rest of Paradise;
Wonderful cross and tears and blood,
Making me king and priest to God;
Wonderful joy, at last, I'll share,
Leaving the cross, the crown to wear.

CRY OUT AND SHOUT.

"And the number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand.."

DR. ALFORD, *late Dean of Canterbury.* H. C. CAMP.



3.

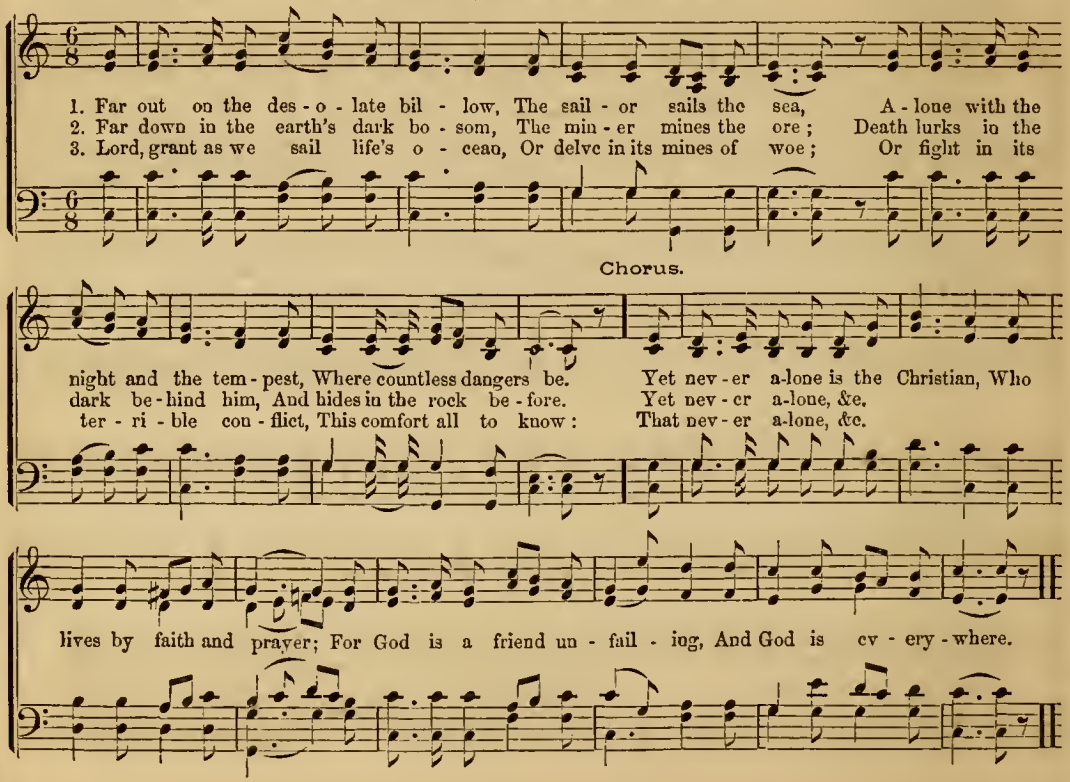
3 O then what raptured greetings
On Canaan's happy shore,
What knitting sever'd friendships
Where partings are no more!
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
That brimmed with tears of late;
Orphans no longer fatherless,
Nor widows desolate.

4.

Bring near thy great salvation,
Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
Fill up the roll of thine elect,
Then take thy power and reign.
Appear, Desire of nations,—
Thine exiles long for home;
Show in the heav'n thy promised sign,
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!"

NEVER ALONE.

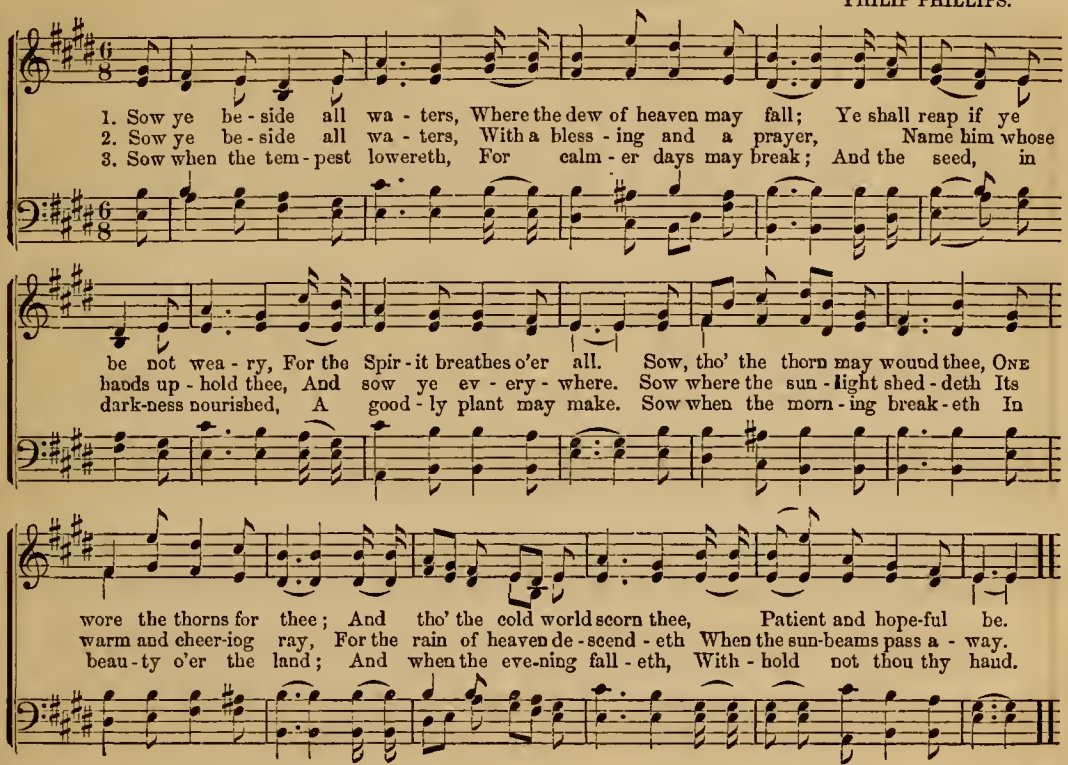
R. W. RAYMOND. *"I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."* F. SILCHER.



SOW YE BESIDE ALL WATERS.

" Let us not be weary in well-doing : for in due season we shall reap if we faint not."

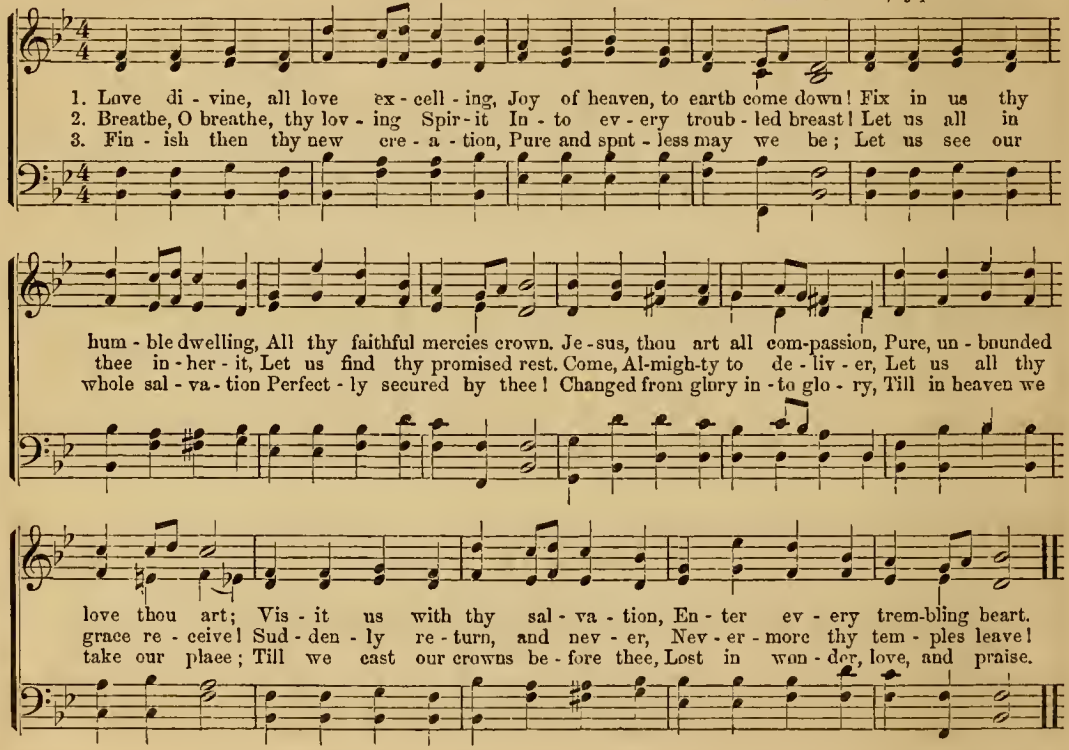
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



LOVE DIVINE.

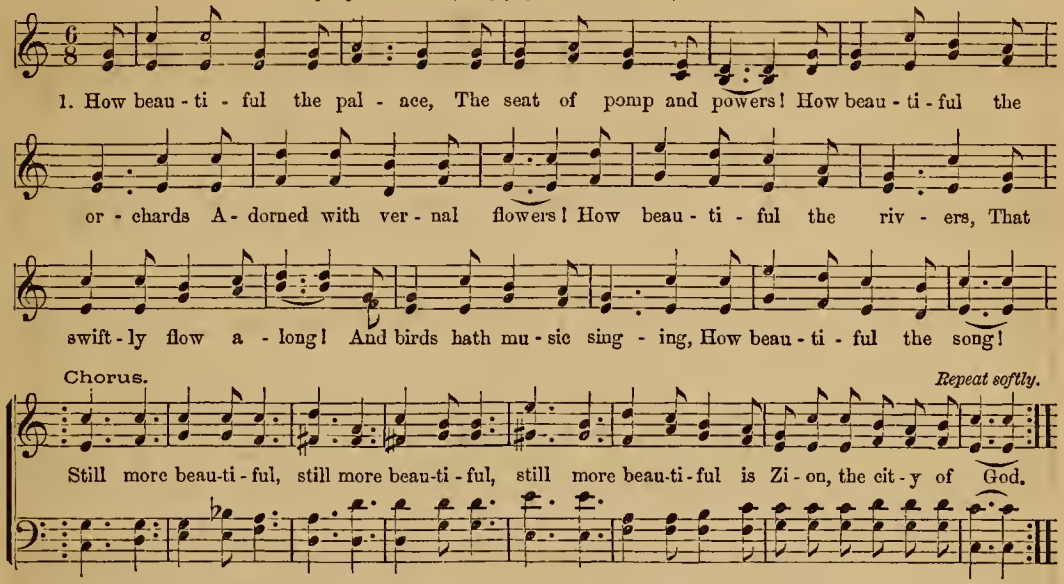
"*Greater love hath no man than this.*"

JOHN ZUNDEL, *by permission.*



BEAUTIFUL IS ZION.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is Mount Zion." JAMES PRICE.



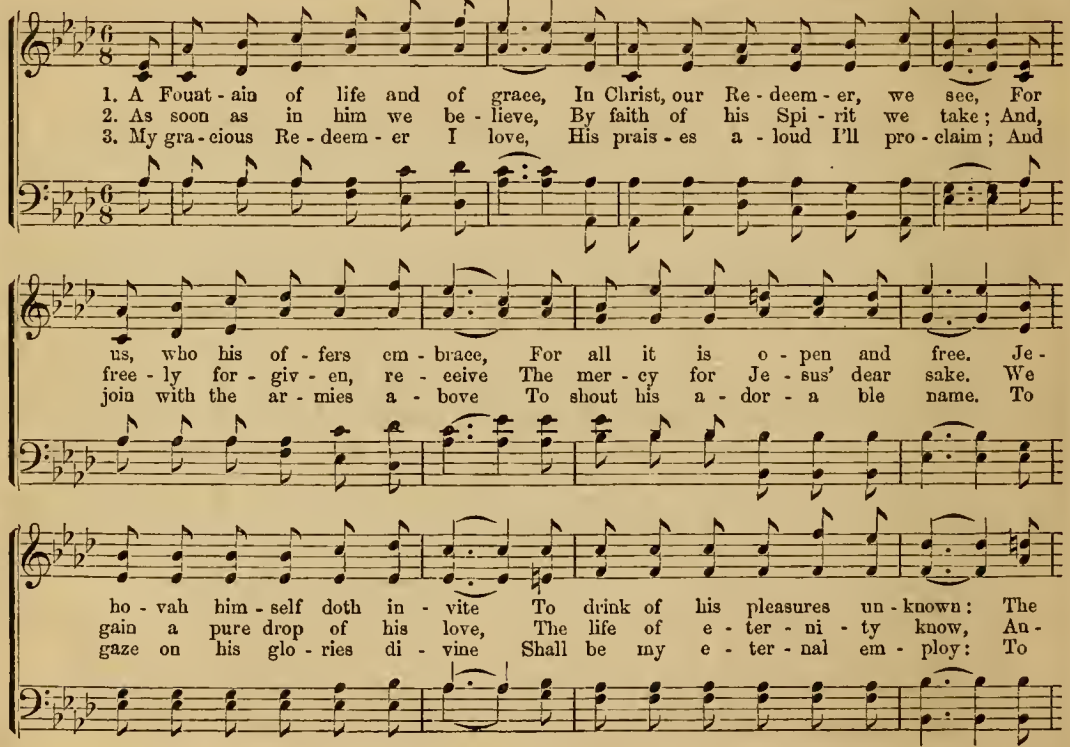
3 There's beauty in the meadows,
When all is fresh and green;
Among the lovely roses,
There's beauty to be seen.
There's beauty in the moonlight,
When all is clear and bright,
The stars when brightly shining—
How beautiful the sight!

3 There's beauty in the treasures
Of silver and of gold;
And many stately mansions
Are beauteous to behold.
In many a thing there's beauty,
But there's more beauty still—
And, oh! 'tis sweet and pleasant—
The road to Zion's hill.

THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE.

"*Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.*"

HARVEY C. CAMP.



Chorus.

streams of im - mor - tal de - light, That flow from his heav - en - ly throne. Then
gel - i - cal hap - pi - ness prove, And wit - ness a heav - en be - low.
see them in - ces - sant - ly shine, My bound-less in - eff - a - ble joy.

come..... to that Fount - - ain, that Fount - - - ain of grace,..... Its

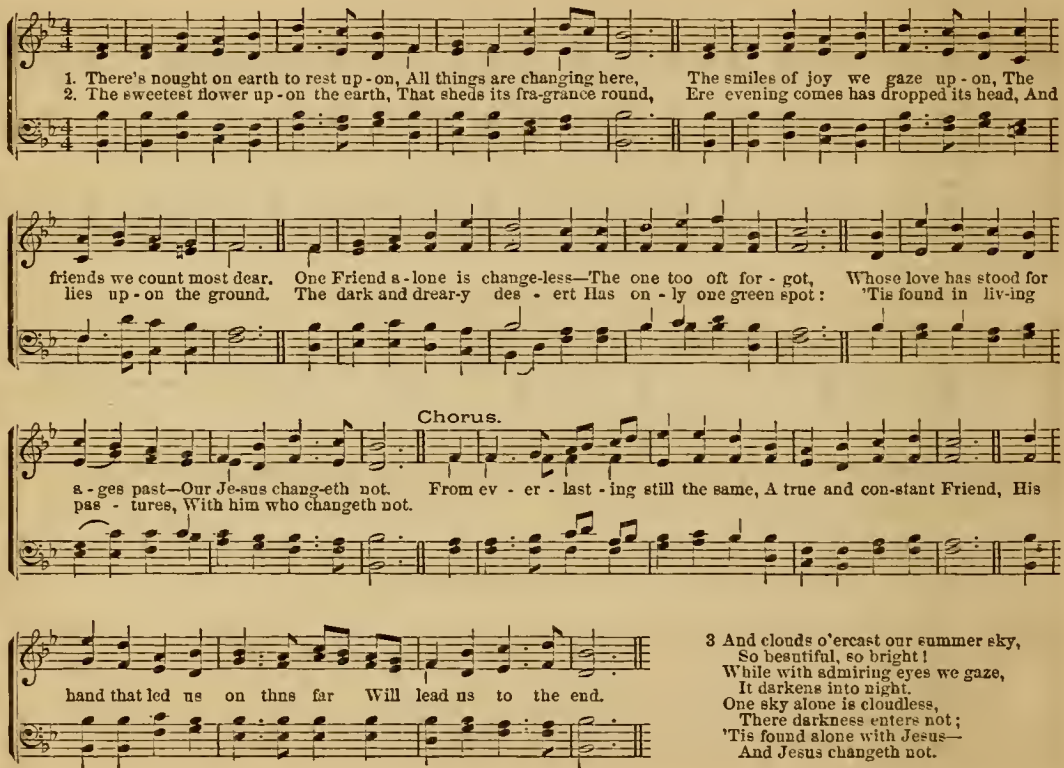
come to that Fountain, that Fountain of grace, That Fountain, that Fountain of life and of grace, Its

wa - - - - ters are flow - - - ing with heav - - - en - ly peace.....

wa - ters sweet wa-ters are flow - ing with peace, With glorious, heav-en - ly, heav - en - ly peace.

OUR JESUS CHANGETH NOT

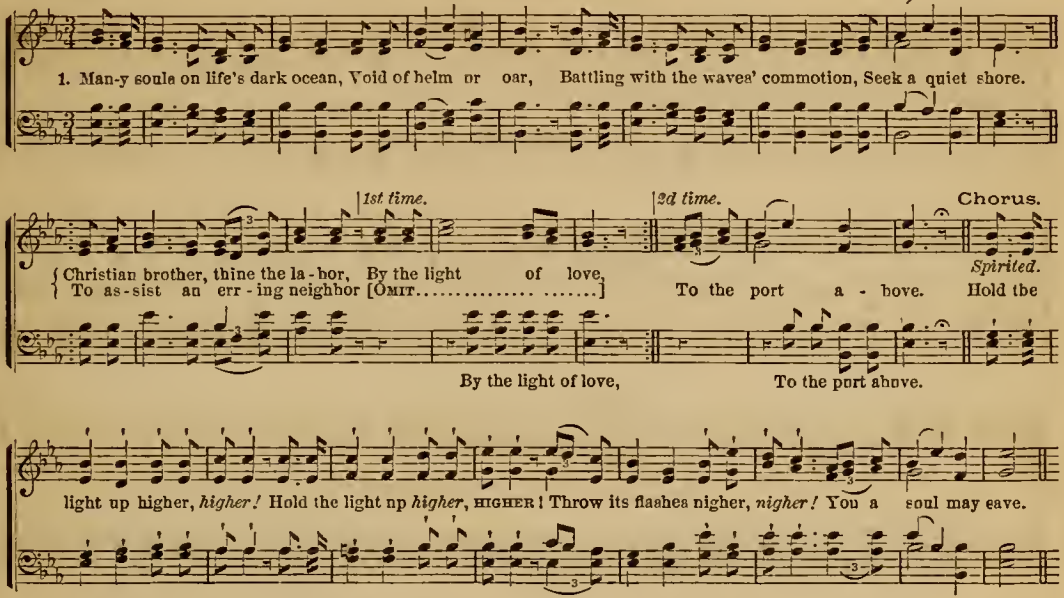
"The same yesterday, and to-day, and forever." P. P.



3 And clouds o'ercast our summer sky,
So beautiful, so bright!
While with admiring eyes we gaze,
It darkens into night.
One sky alone is cloudless,
There darkness enters not;
'Tis found alone with Jesus—
And Jesus changeth not.

HOLD THE LIGHT UP HIGHER.

"I am made all things to all men, that I might by all means save some." T. C. O'KANE.



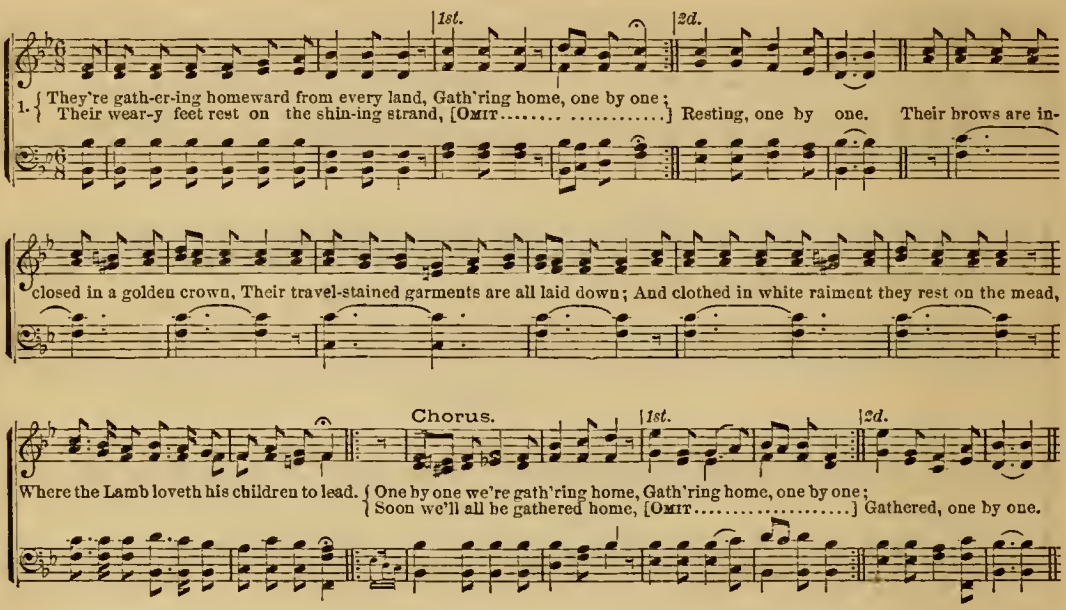
2 Like the lighthouse watcher, keeping
Every beacon bright,
Waking while the world is sleeping,
Wrapt in thickest night.
There is many an ocean ranger
Out upon the shoals,
Friends and comrades are in danger,
Save their precious souls.

3 Hold the light for one another,
'Tis the Lord's command,
Seize the shipwrecked, drowning brother,
With a manly hand;
Rouse him up to life and action,
Ply the means to save,
And by love's divine attraction
Lift him from the wave.

4 Hold the light up higher, higher,
Thousands need your aid:
Throw its flashes nigher, nigher,
Urge, constrain, persuade:
Borrow torches from the altar
Blazing like the sun,
Hold them up, nor flag nor falter,
Till the work is done.

ONE BY ONE WE'RE GATHERING HOME.

"Enter into thy rest." T. C. O'KANE.

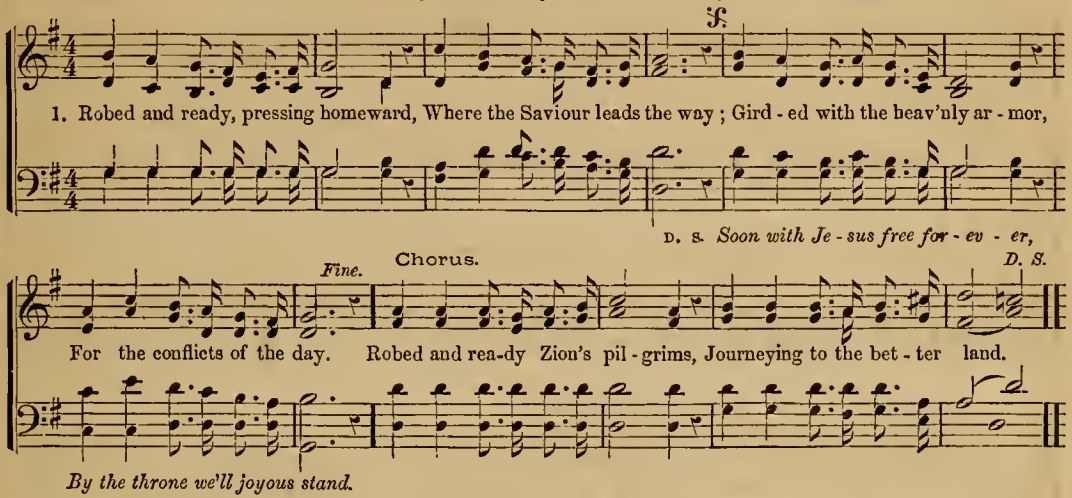


2 Before they can rest they must pass through strife,
Passing through, one by one;
'Tis only through death they can enter life,
Ent'ring, one by one.
To some are the floods of the river still,
While fording their way to the heavenly hill;
To others the billows rage fierce and roar,—
Still they all land on the heavenly shore.

3 We also shall come to the river's side,
Coming home, one by one;
We're nearer its waters each eventide,
Nearer, one by one.
We now hear the noise and the dash of the stream,
Again and again through our life's deep dream;
And sometimes the floods o'er the banks o'erflow,
Sometimes in ripples the smaller waves go.

ROBED AND READY.

WORDS BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH. "*Wherefore take unto you the whole armor of God.*" MUSIC BY S. J. VAIL.



2 Robed and ready, saved of Jesus,
Robed for all the journey through ;
Duty's call accepting gladly,
Saviour, keep us blest and true.

3 Robed and ready, pressing homeward,
Ready for the cross or crown ;
Ready still to do or suffer,
Yonder waits the saints' dear home.

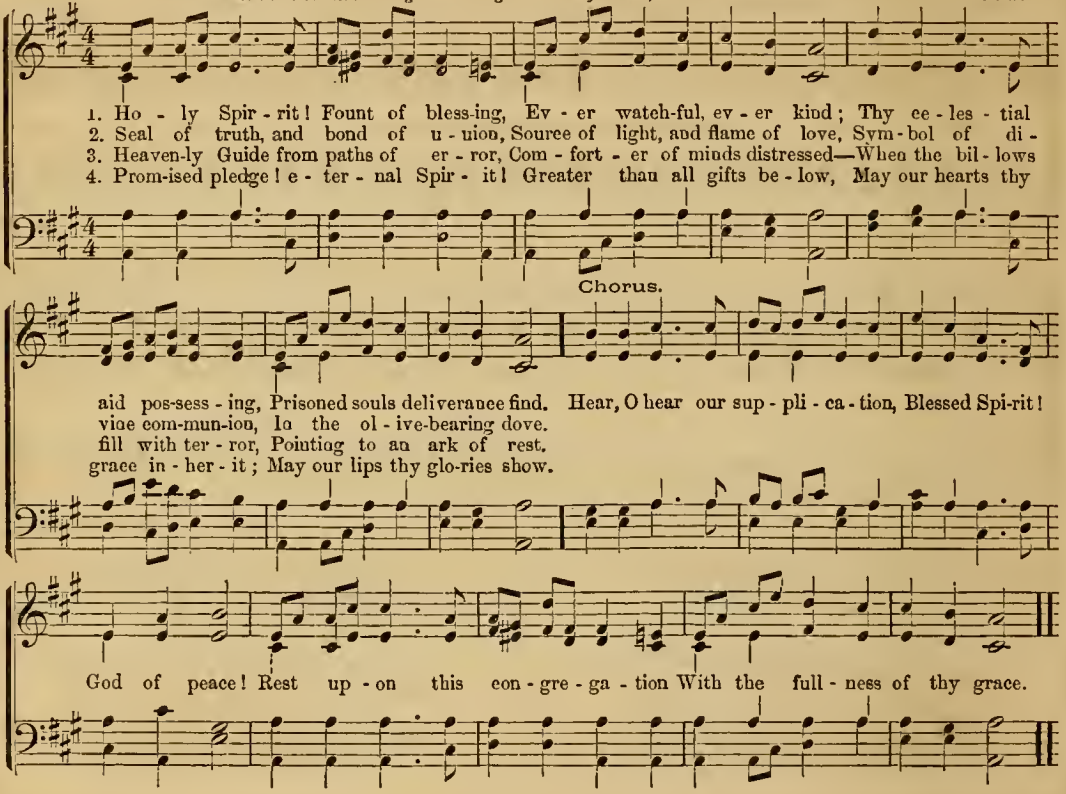
4 Robed and ready for the struggles
That this life must ever have,
Leaning on the arm extended,
Just to guide, and guard, and save.

5 Robed and ready for the burdens
Jesus has for us to bear ;
Crowns will only be the brighter,
Higher glories we shall share.

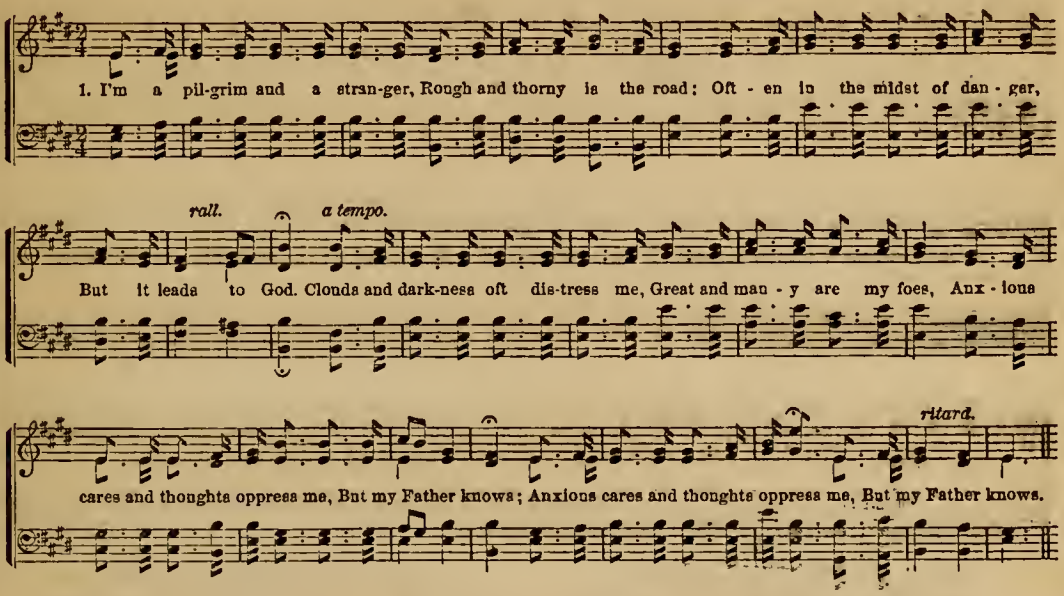
6 Robed and ready, saved and happy,
Robed by Jesus for the way ;
Ready thus his word to follow,
Robed and ready, day by day.

HEAR, O HEAR OUR SUPPLICATION.

"When two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." P. P.



"All things work together for good to them that love God." H. C. CAMP.



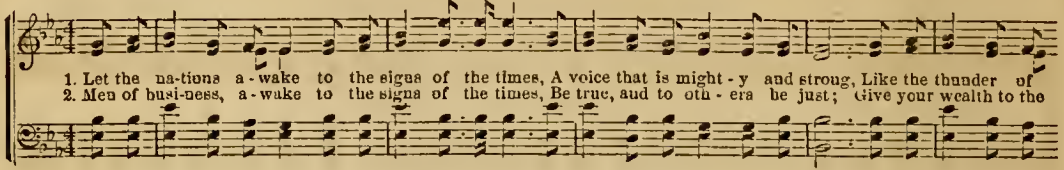
2 Oh, how sweet is this assurance,
'Midst the conflict and the strife,
Although sorrows past endurance,
Follow me through life!
Home in prospect still can cheer me,
Yes, and give me sweet repose,
While I feel his presence near me,
For my Father knows.

3 Yes, he sees and knows me daily,
Watches over me in love,
Sends me help when foes assail me,
Bids me look above.
Soon my journey will be ended,
Life is drawing to a close;
I shall then be well attended,
This my Father knows.

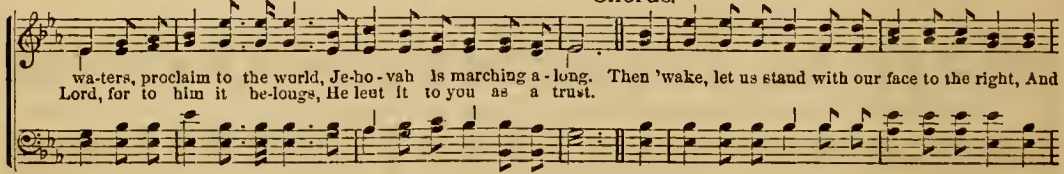
4 I shall there with joy behold him,
Face to face my Father see:
Fall with rapture and adore him
For his love to me.
Nothing more will then distress me
In the land of sweet repose,
Jesus stands engaged to bless me—
This my Father knows.

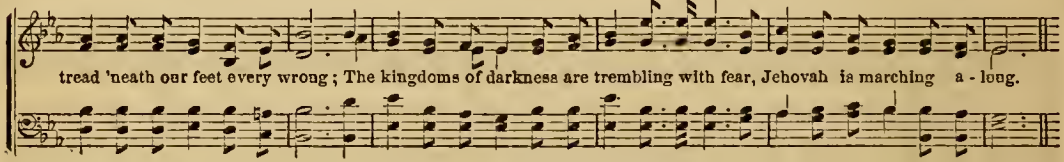
THE SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

FANNY CROSBY. *"Awake, thou that sleepest; arise, for thy light is come."* PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Chorus.





3 Let the women awake to the signs of the times,
God calls you—the cross nobly bear;
You can light up the heart with the pages of life,
And triumph with God through your prayer.
Cho.—Then 'wake, let us stand, &c.

4 Let the Christian awake to the signs of the times,
For long at the post some have slept;
Arise, for the Master may suddenly come,
And frown at the watch you have kept.
Cho.—Then 'wake, let us stand, &c.

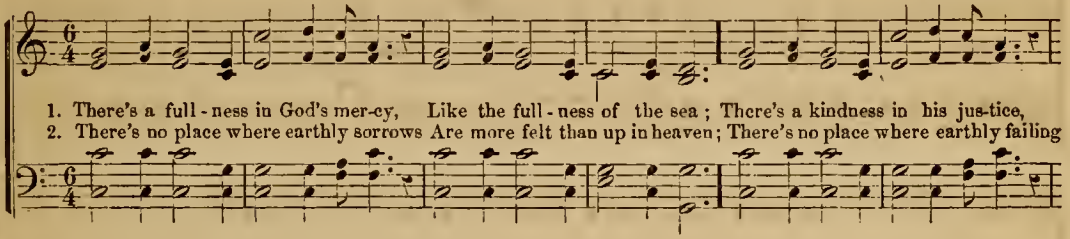
5 Let the young men awake to the signs of the times,
God calls you, because ye are strong;
You can work in the vineyard, with ardor and zeal,
For him who is marching along.
Cho.—Then 'wake, let us stand, &c.

6 Careless sinner, awake to the signs of the times,
Give Jesus your heart while you may;
O be washed in his blood—he will make you his child,
And take your transgressions away.
Cho.—Then 'wake, let us stand, &c.

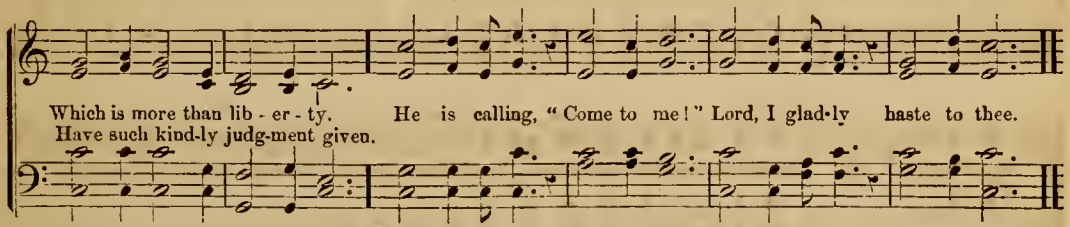
COME NEARER JESUS.

" A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."

ARRANGED.



Refrain.



3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind ;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.
Ref.—He is calling, &c.

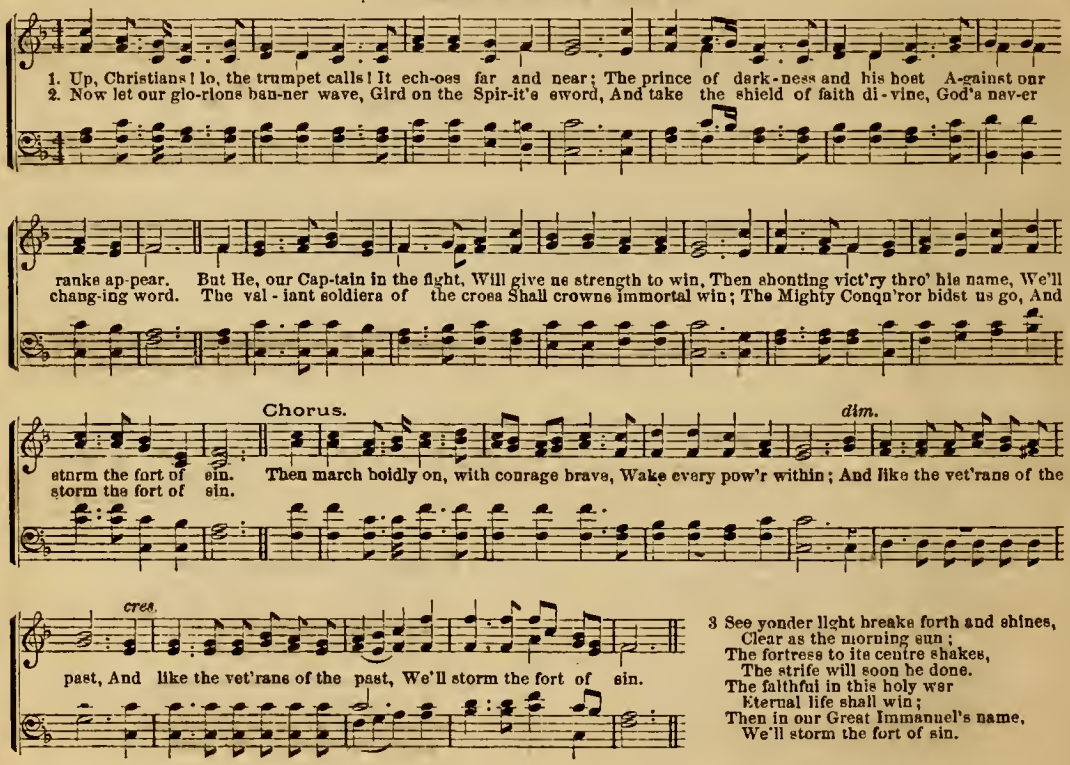
4 But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.
Ref.—He is calling, etc.

5 Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus ;
Come, but come not doubting thus ;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.
Ref.—He is calling, &c.

6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word:
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.
Ref.—He is calling, &c.

WE'LL STORM THE FORT OF SIN.

"Through God we shall do valiantly." S. J. VAIL.

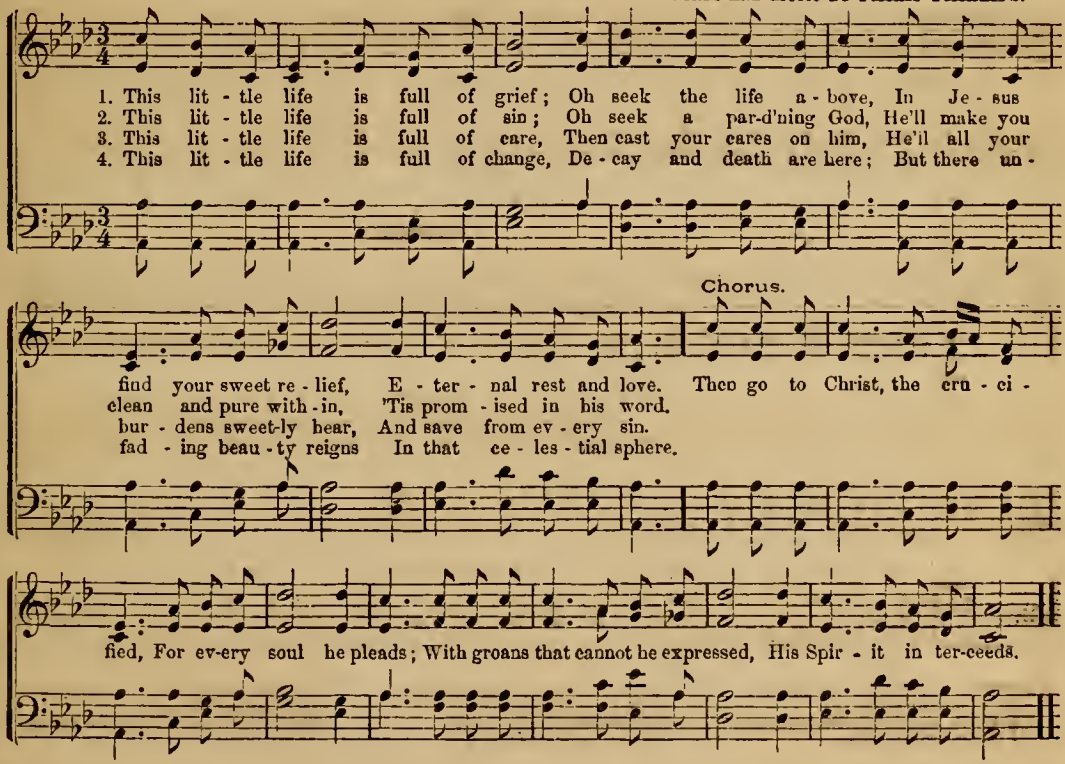


3 See yonder light breaks forth and shines,
Clear as the morning sun;
The fortress to its centre shakes,
The strife will soon be done.
The faithful in this holy war
Eternal life shall win;
Then in our Great Immanuel's name,
We'll storm the fort of sin.

HIS SPIRIT INTERCEDES.

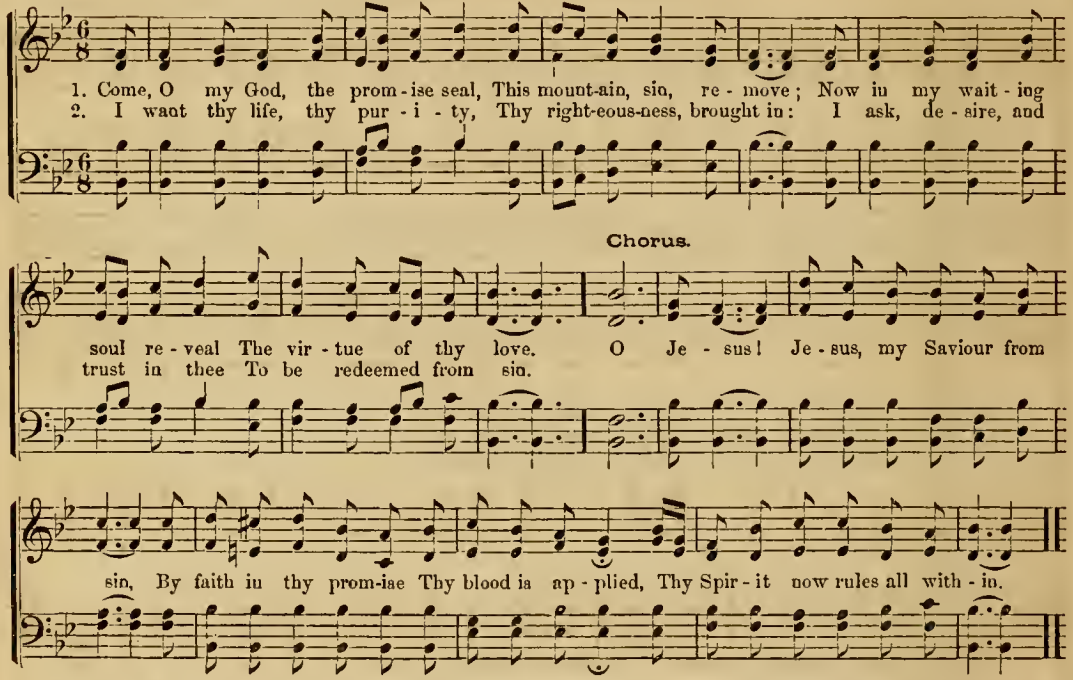
"With groanings that cannot be uttered."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY PHILIP PHILLIPS.



JESUS, MY SAVIOUR.

*"But now being made free from sin, * * * ye have your fruit unto holiness."* H. C. CAMP.



3 For this, as taught by thee, I pray,
My inbred sin cast out:
Thou wilt, in me, thy power display;
I can no longer doubt.

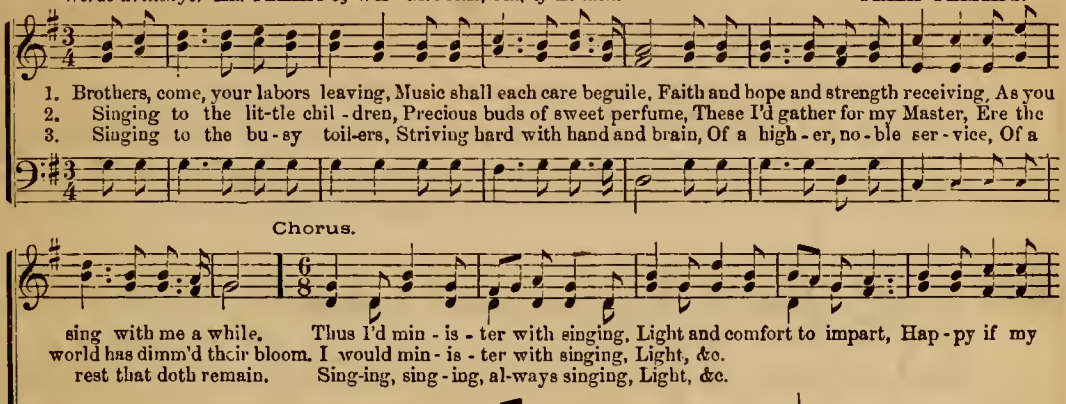
4 Saviour, to thee, my soul looks up,
My present Saviour thou!
In all the confidence of hope
I claim the blessing *now*.

5 'Tis done; thou dost this moment save—
With full salvation bless;
Redemption through thy blood I have,
And spotless love and peace.

ALWAYS SINGING.

"I will sing praises to my God while I have my being."

Words written for MR. PHILLIPS *by* WM. GROSER, JR., *of London.* PHILIP PHILLIPS.



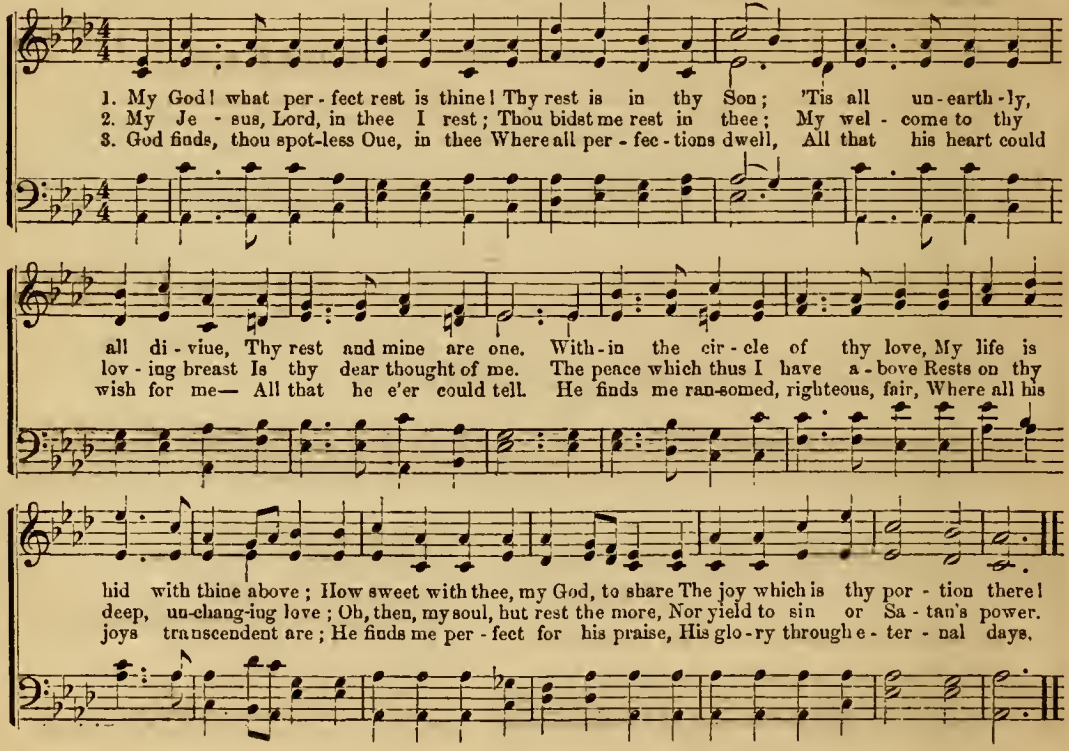
4 Singing to the pilgrims hoary,
Bending 'neath the load of years
Telling of the land of glory,
End of trials, end of tears.
Cho.—Singing, singing, always singing, Light, &c.

5 Till the morning brighten o'er us,
Till the welcome call is given,
Till we reach the home before us,
Sing with me the songs of heaven.
Cho.—So I would be always singing, Light, &c.

PERFECT REST.

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



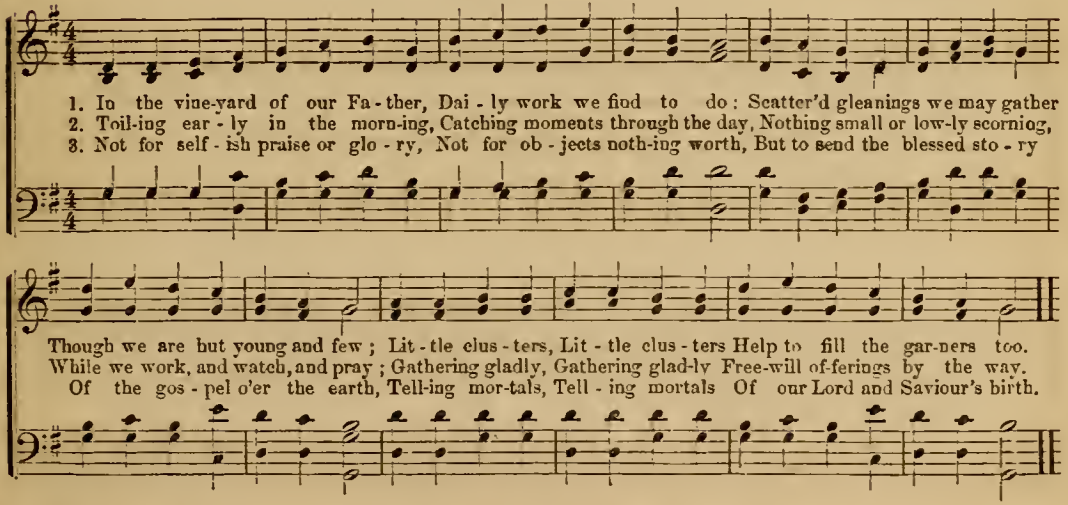
4 Oh, strange, that I should ever leave
Such place of love in thee;
That I should o'er thy Spirit grieve,
Or from thy presence flee;
To turn to creature joy for rest
Is but to wander from thy breast;
Yielding to sin's enticing snare
But mars my sweet abidance there.

5 Oh! keep me then, dear, loving Lord,
Abiding in thee still;
In deep communion through thy word
Thy life in me fulfil.
Dark shadows here are all around,
I'm only safe as in thee found:
Soon and for ever on thy breast
Will be my long eternal rest.

IN THE VINEYARD.

"Other fell into good ground, and brought forth the fruit."

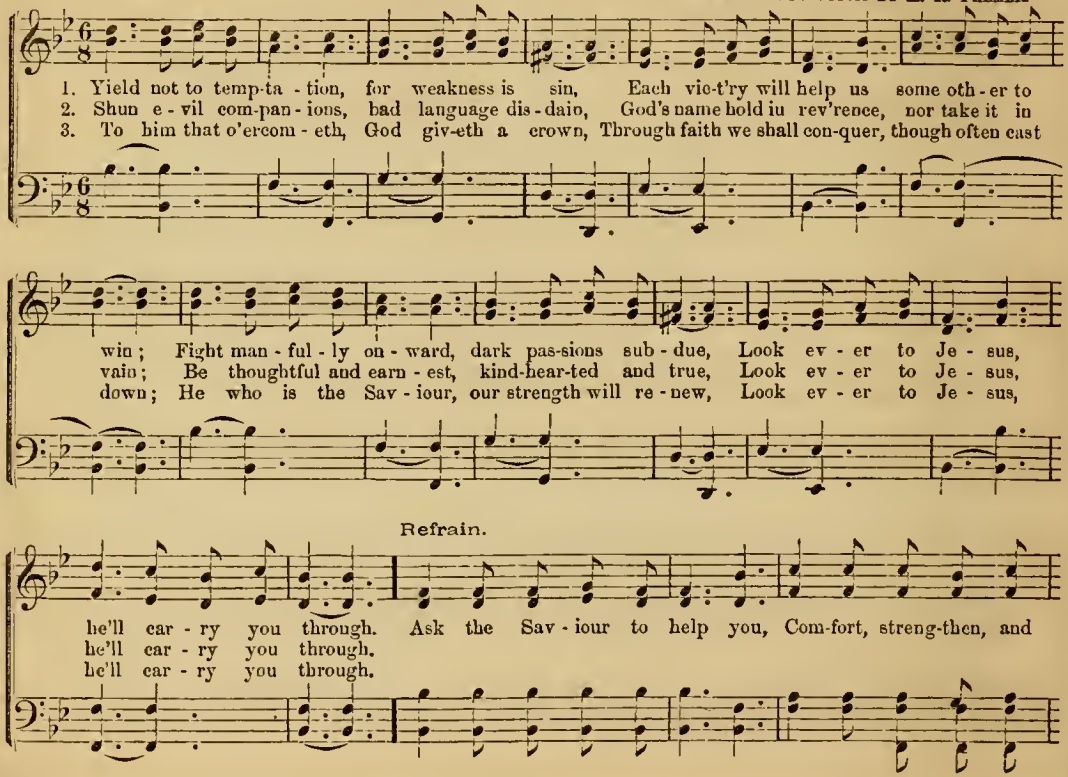
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

"Abstain from all appearance of evil."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. R. PALMER.



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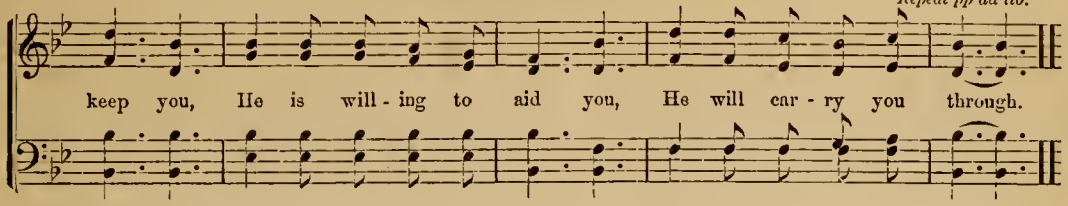
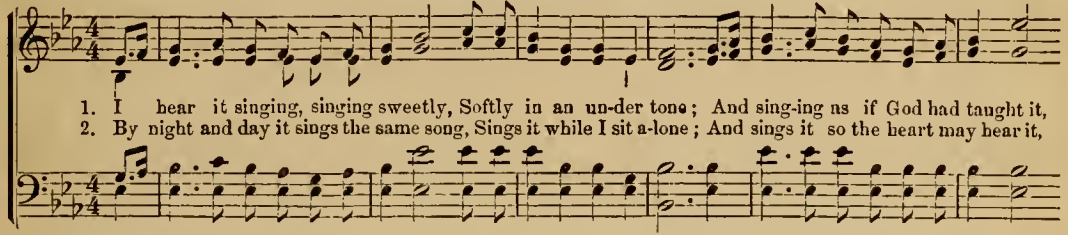
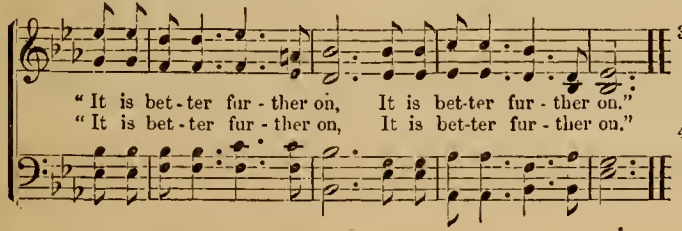


IT IS BETTER FURTHER ON.

"In due season we shall reap if we faint not."

S. J. VAIL.





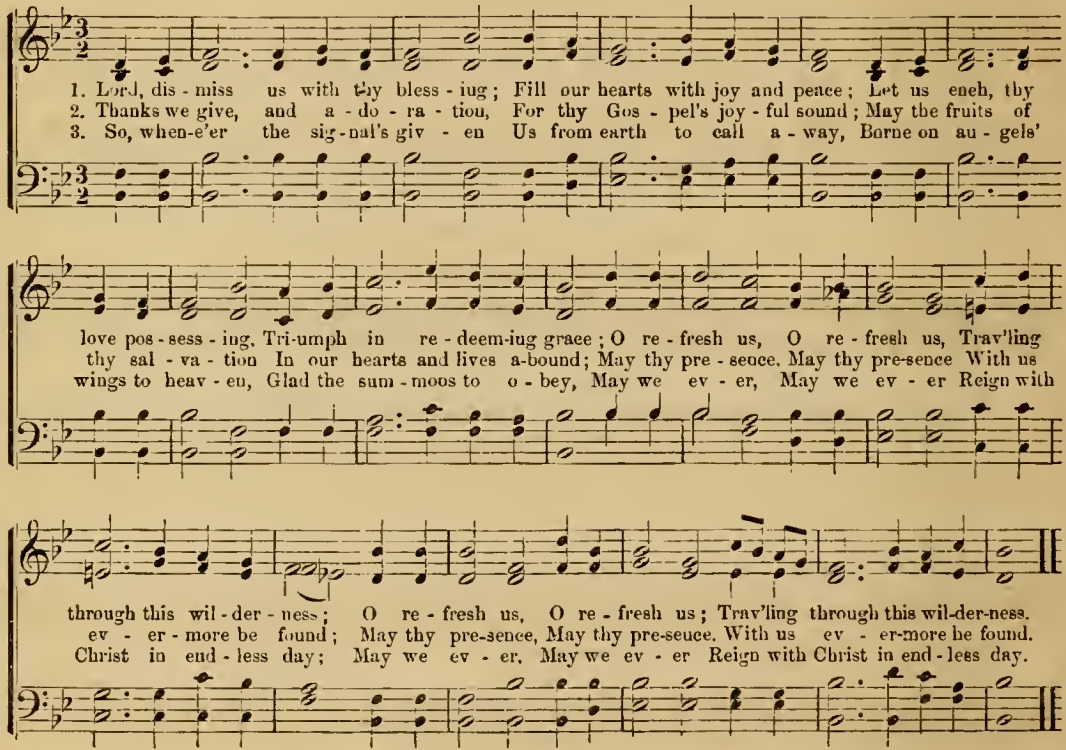
3 It sits upon the grave and sings it—
Sings it when the heart would groan;
And sings it when the shadows darken,
"It is better further on."

4 Still further on! Oh, how much further?
Count the mile stones one by one;
No, no! no counting—only trusting,
"It is better further on."

DISMISSION.

"Grace be with thee."

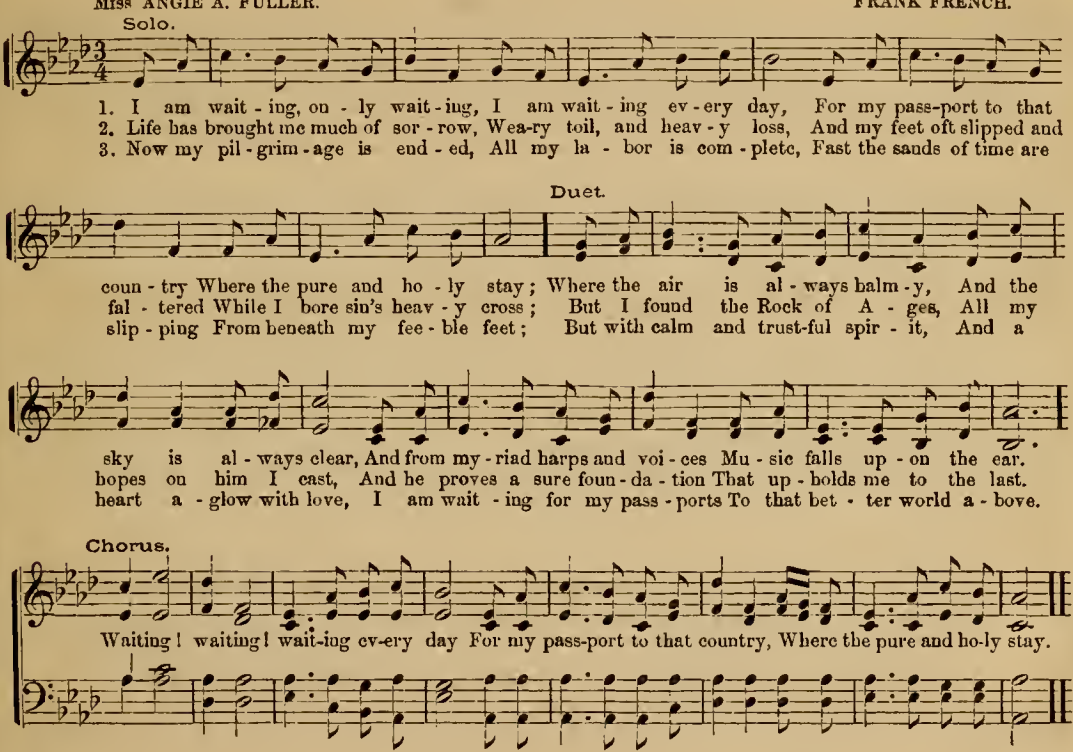
H. K. TRAUL.



WAITING FOR THE PASSPORT.

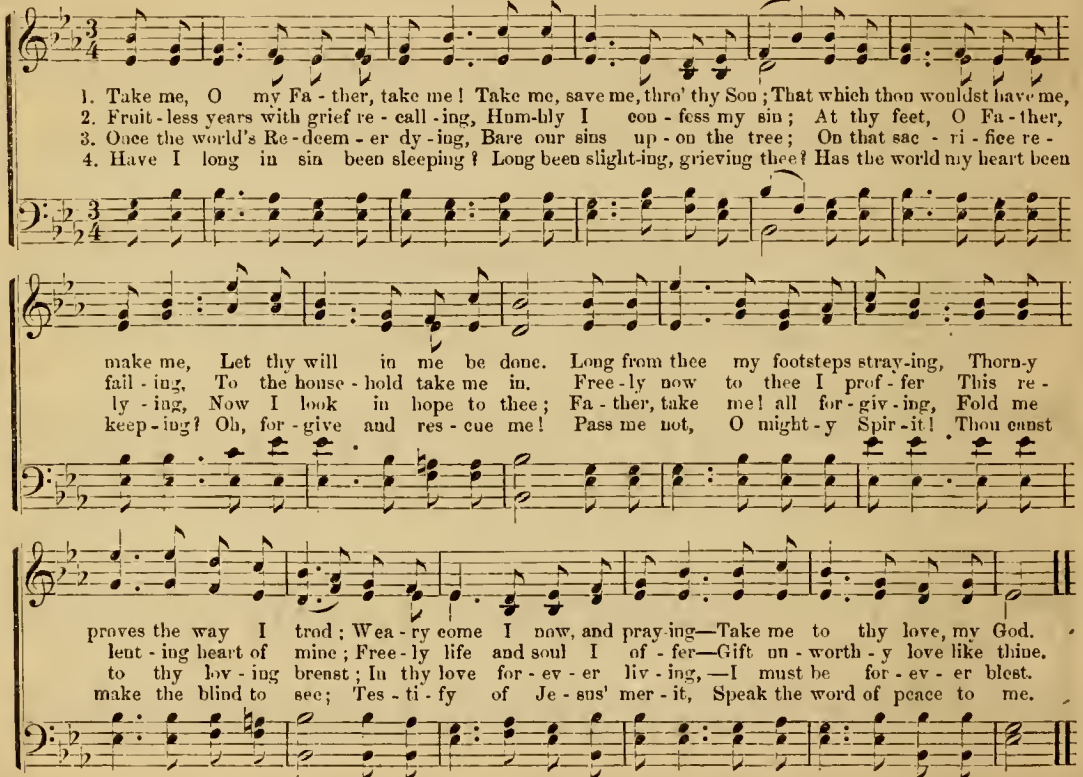
"I have finished my course."

Miss ANGIE A. FULLER. FRANK FRENCH.



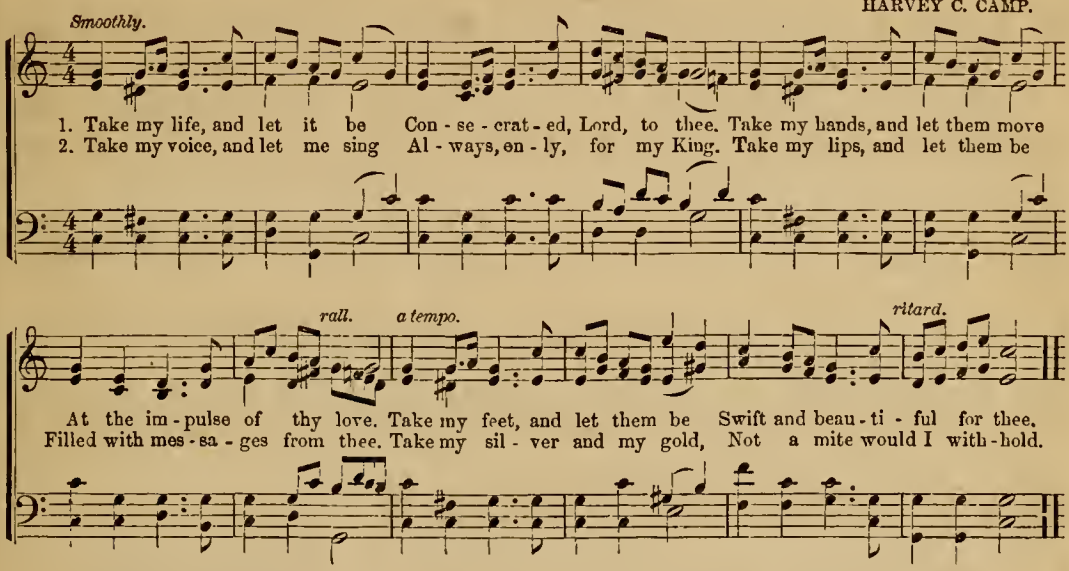
TAKE ME, O MY FATHER, TAKE ME!

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise." H. C. C.



"Present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, and acceptable unto the Lord."

HARVEY C. CAMP.

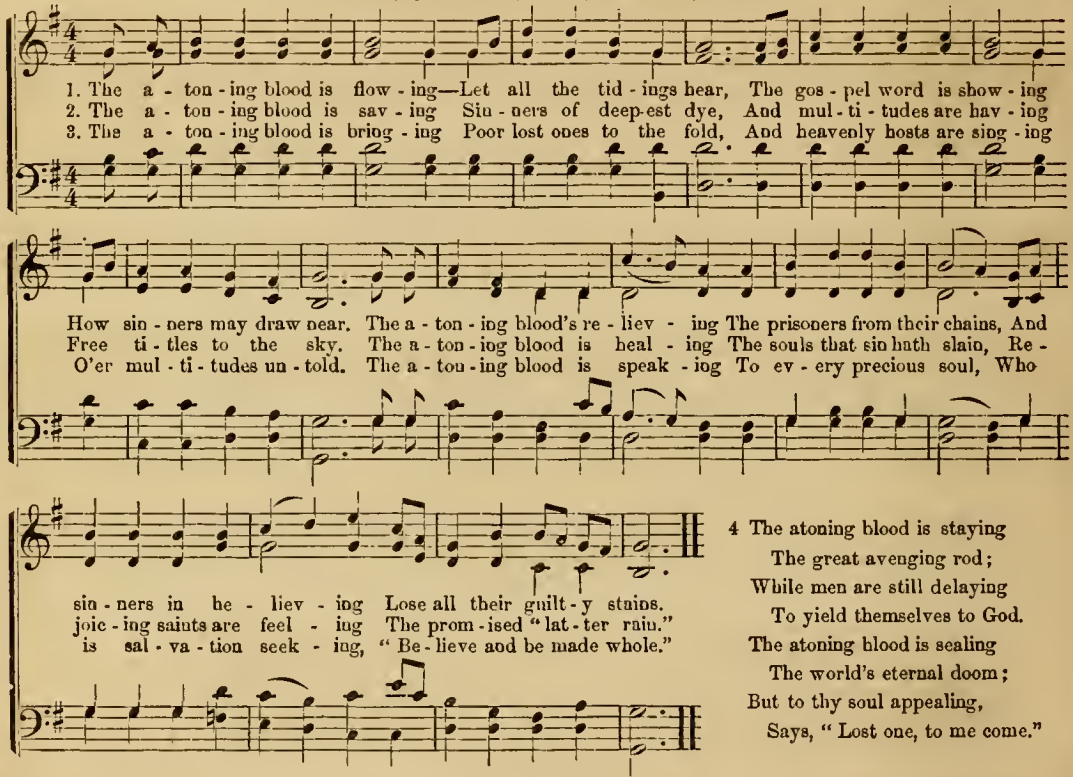


3 Take my moments and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my intellect, and use
Every power as thou shalt choose.
Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine.

4 Take my heart, it is thine own!
It shall be thy royal throne.
Take my love; my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all, for thee!

THE ATONING BLOOD.

"The blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin." PHILIP PHILLIPS.

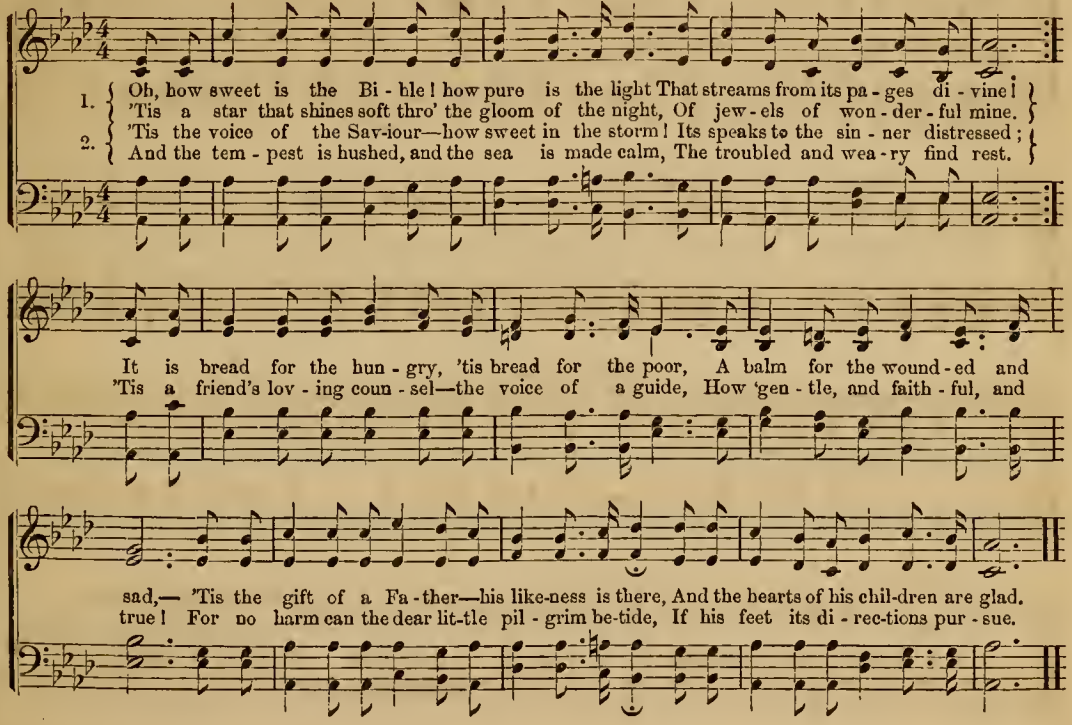


4 The atoning blood is staying
The great avenging rod;
While men are still delaying
To yield themselves to God.
The atoning blood is sealing
The world's eternal doom;
But to thy soul appealing,
Says, "Lost one, to me come."

HOW SWEET IS THE BIBLE.

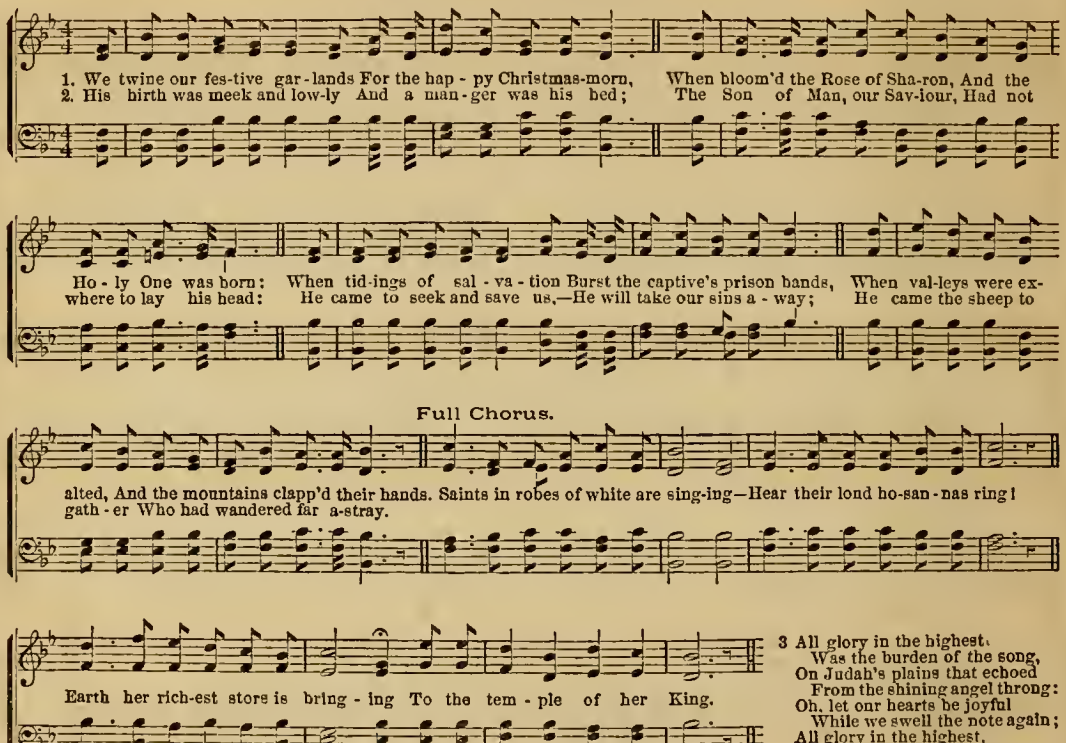
" Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

S. J. VAIL.



OUR FESTIVE GARLAND.

"*A Saviour which is Christ the Lord.*" S. J. VAIL.

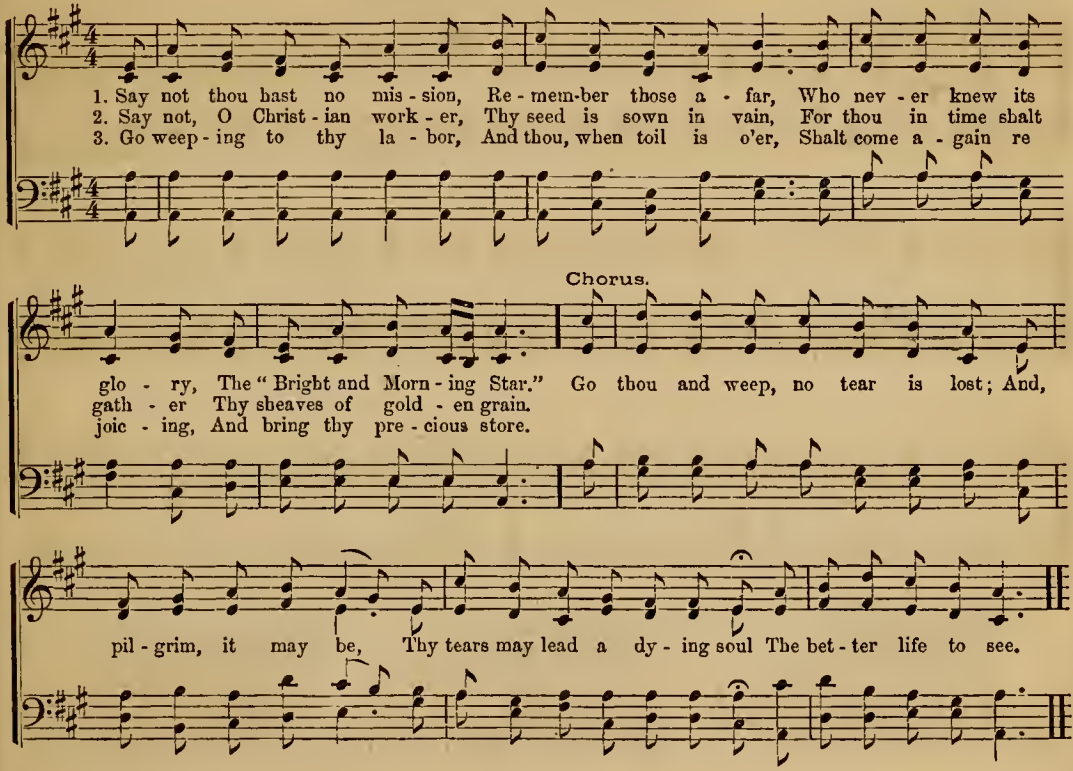


3 All glory in the highest,
Was the burden of the song,
On Judah's plains that echoed
From the shining angel throng:
Oh, let our hearts be joyful
While we swell the note again;
All glory in the highest,
And on earth good-will to men.

GO THOU AND WEEP.

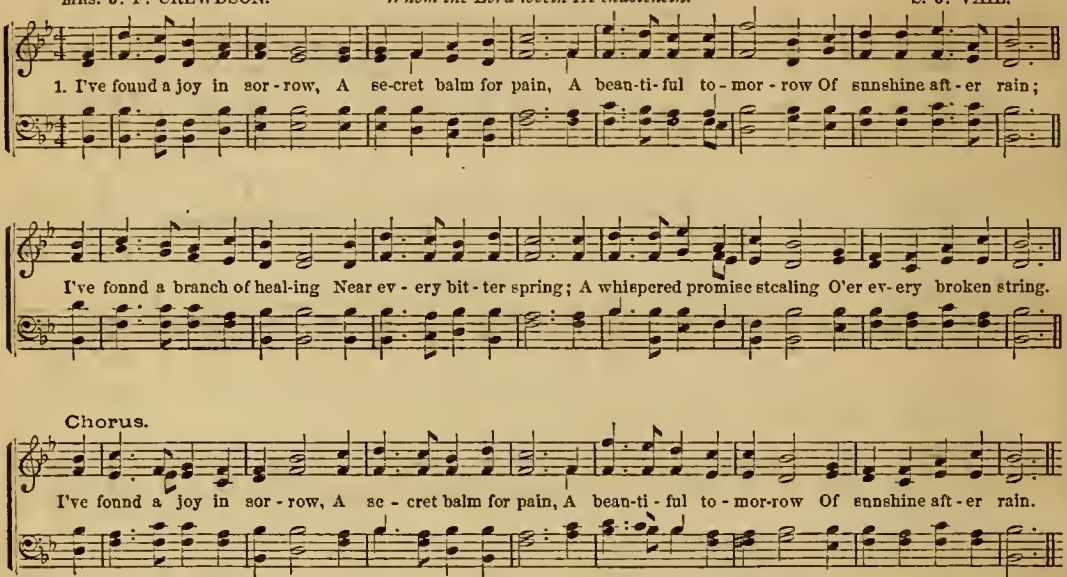
"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



A JOY IN SORROW.

Mrs. J. F. CREWDSON. *"Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth."* S. J. VAIL.



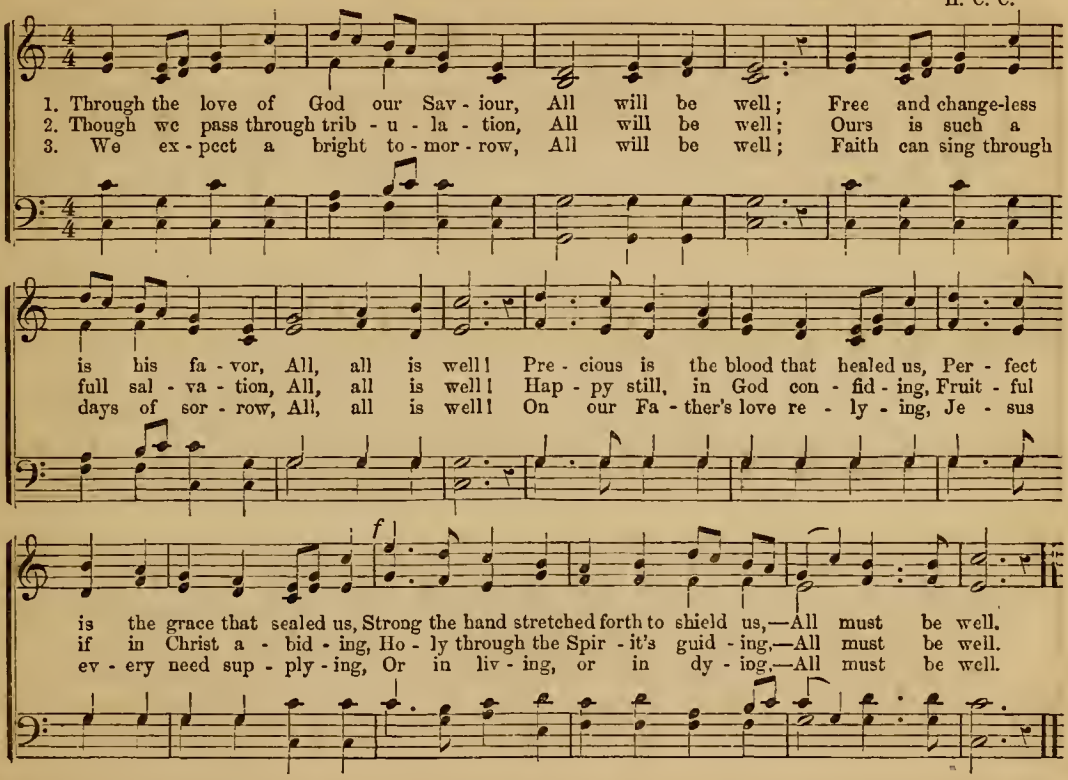
2 I've found a glad hosanna
For every woe and wail,
A handful of sweet manna
When grapes of Eschol fail;
I've found a Rock of Ages,
When desert wells were dry;
And, after weary stages,
I've found an Elim nigh.
Cho.—I've found a joy, &c.

3 An Elim with its coolness,
Its fountains and its shade,
A blessing in its fulness,
When buds of promise fade.
O'er tears of soft contrition,
I've seen a rainbow light,
A glory and fruition,
So near!—yet out of sight.
Cho.—I've found a joy, &c.

3 My Saviour, thee possessing,
I have the joy, the balm,
The healing and the blessing,
The sunshine and the psalm.
The promise for the fearful,
The Elim for the faint,
The rainbow for the tearful,
The glory for the saint.
Cho.—I've found a joy, &c.

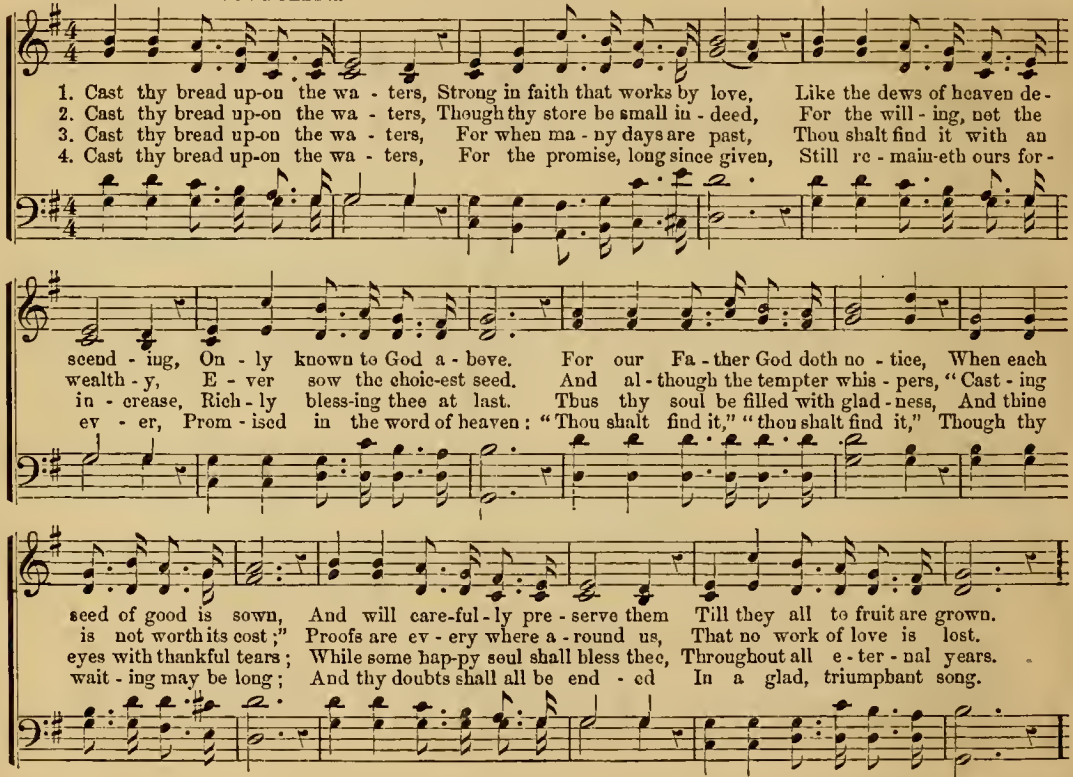
*"Our light affliction, * * * worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."*

H. C. C.

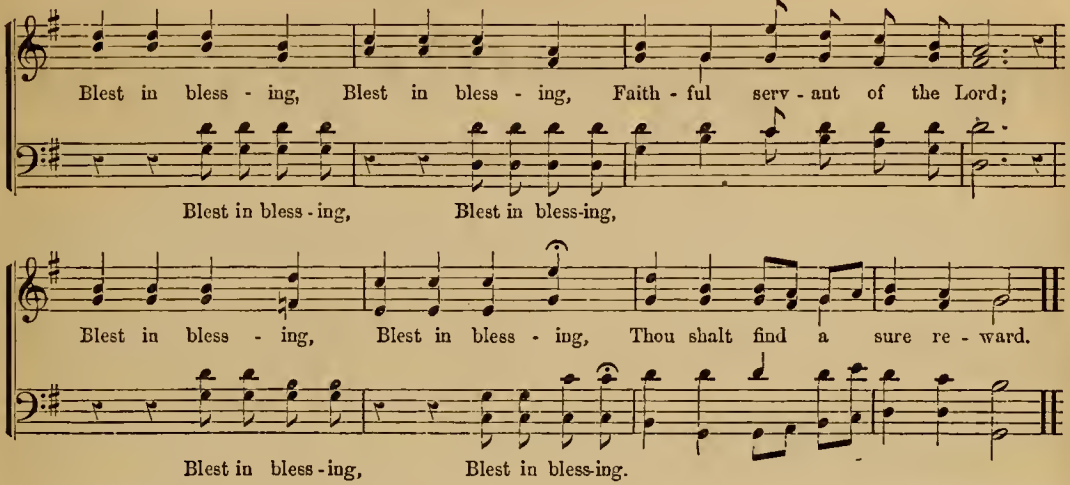


CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

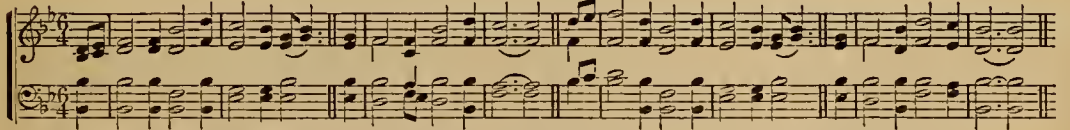
WORDS BY MISS A. A. FULLER. "*In the morning sow thy seed.*" SILAS J. VAIL.



Chorus.



CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

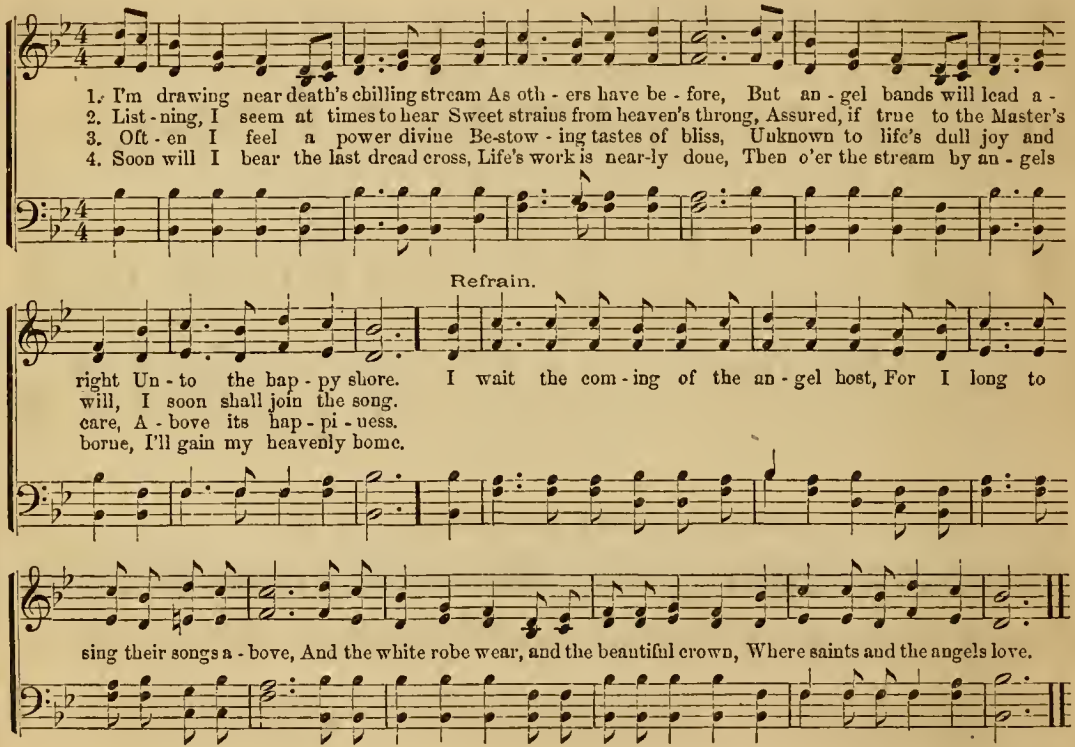
2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set us free,
And then go home my crown to wear,—
For there's a crown for me!

148 I WAIT THE COMING ANGEL HOST.

"*For here have we no continuing city.*"

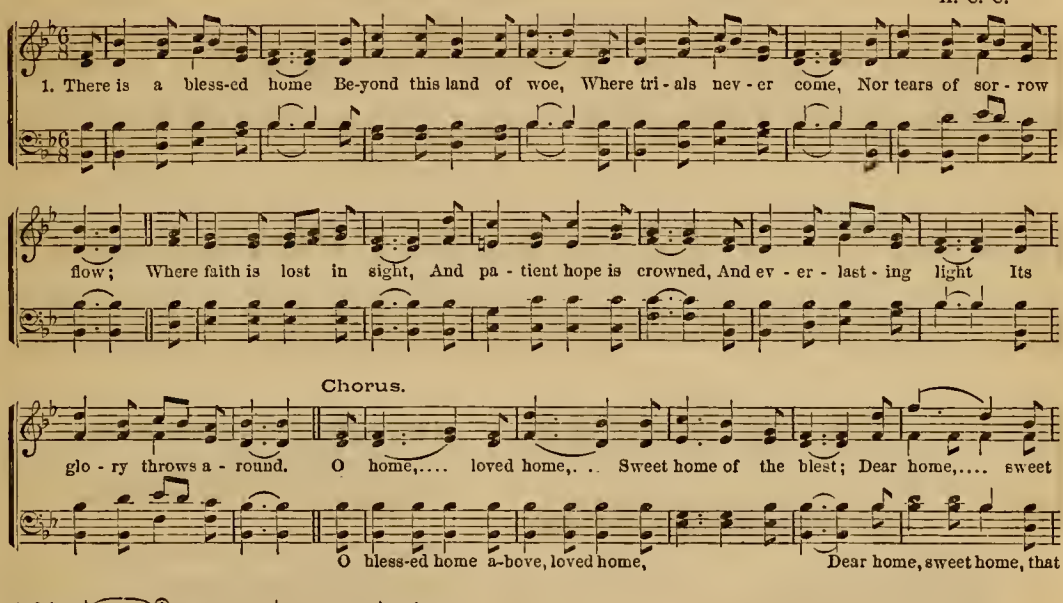
WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. L. HARTSOUGH.



THE BLESSED HOME.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying."

H. C. C.



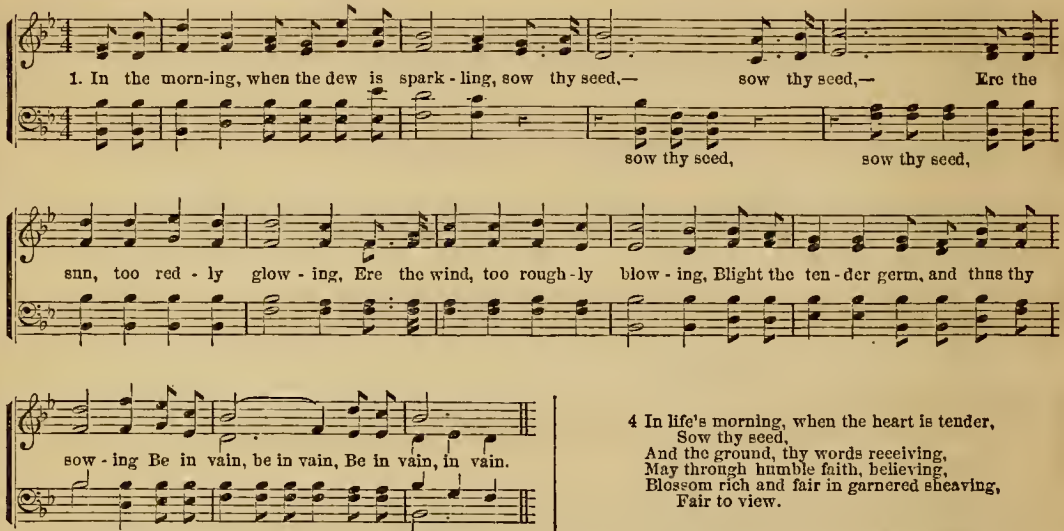
2 O joy, all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred wound
In hands and feet and side;
To give to him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things he hath done.

3 Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod,
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

SOW THY SEED.

"Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

WORDS BY EMILY H. CHAPMAN. S. J. VAIL.



2 When with welcome showers the earth is watered,
Sow thy seed,—
That the gentle rain distilling,
All the germ with new life filling,
Bring a gladsome harvest for thy tilling,
Rich and rare.

3 With a heart where hope and love are dwelling,
Sow thy seed.
Let not earnest zeal be wanting;
Press through trials, nothing daunting,
Trusting in the blessed Lord for granting
Thy request.

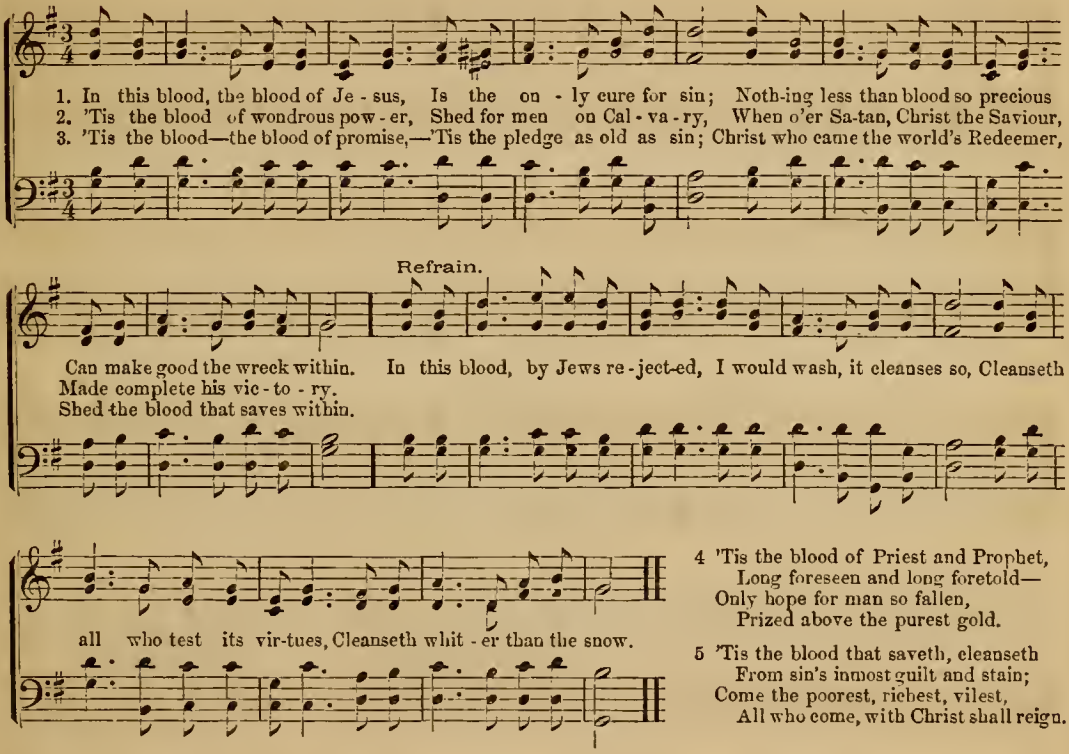
4 In life's morning, when the heart is tender,
Sow thy seed,
And the ground, thy words receiving,
May through humble faith, believing,
Blossom rich and fair in garnered sheaving,
Fair to view.

5 Teacher, strong in faith and earnest effort,
Sow thy seed:
Be thy task with prayer anointed;
Steadfast at thy post appointed,
Find at last the glorious harvest granted,—
Thy reward.

6 In the name of Christ, thy Lord and Master,
Sow thy seed.
He a loving watch is keeping;
He to joy will change thy weeping:
And in heaven behold with joy the reaping
Of thy toil!

IN THIS BLOOD.

"Without the shedding of blood, there is no remission." REV. L. H.

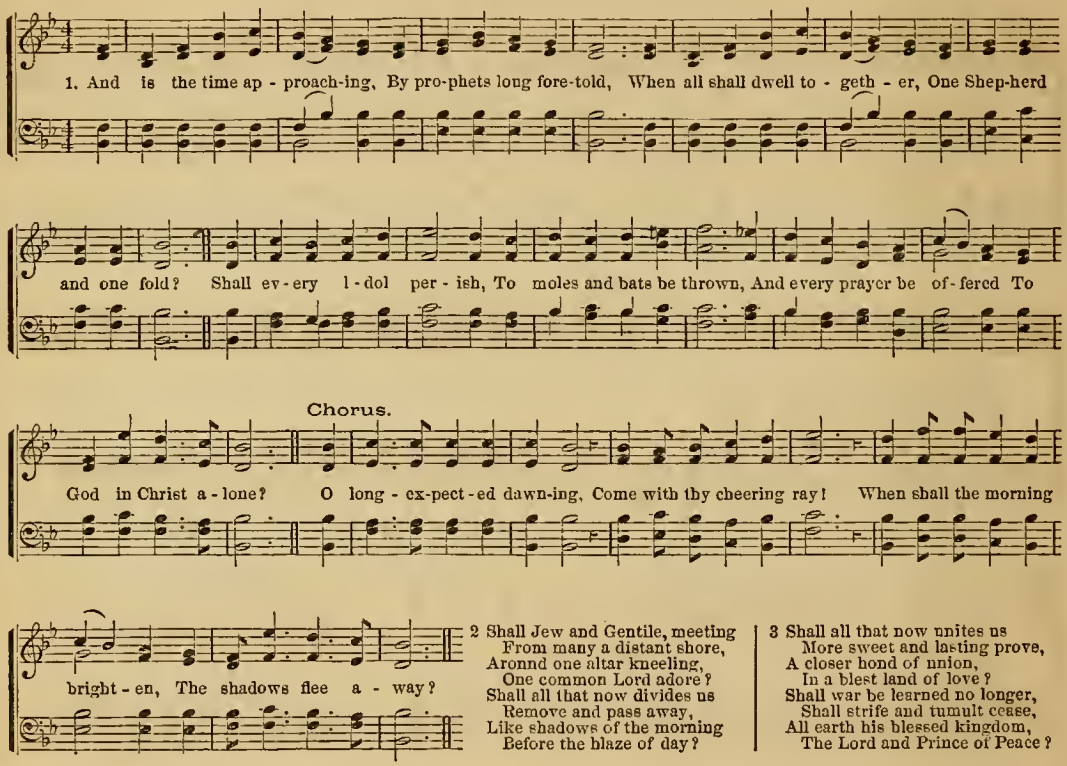


4 'Tis the blood of Priest and Prophet,
Long foreseen and long foretold—
Only hope for man so fallen,
Prized above the purest gold.

5 'Tis the blood that saveth, cleanseth
From sin's inmost guilt and stain;
Come the poorest, richest, vilest,
All who come, with Christ shall reign.

O LONG-EXPECTED DAWNING.

Isaiah 2 : 1–5. S. J. VAIL.



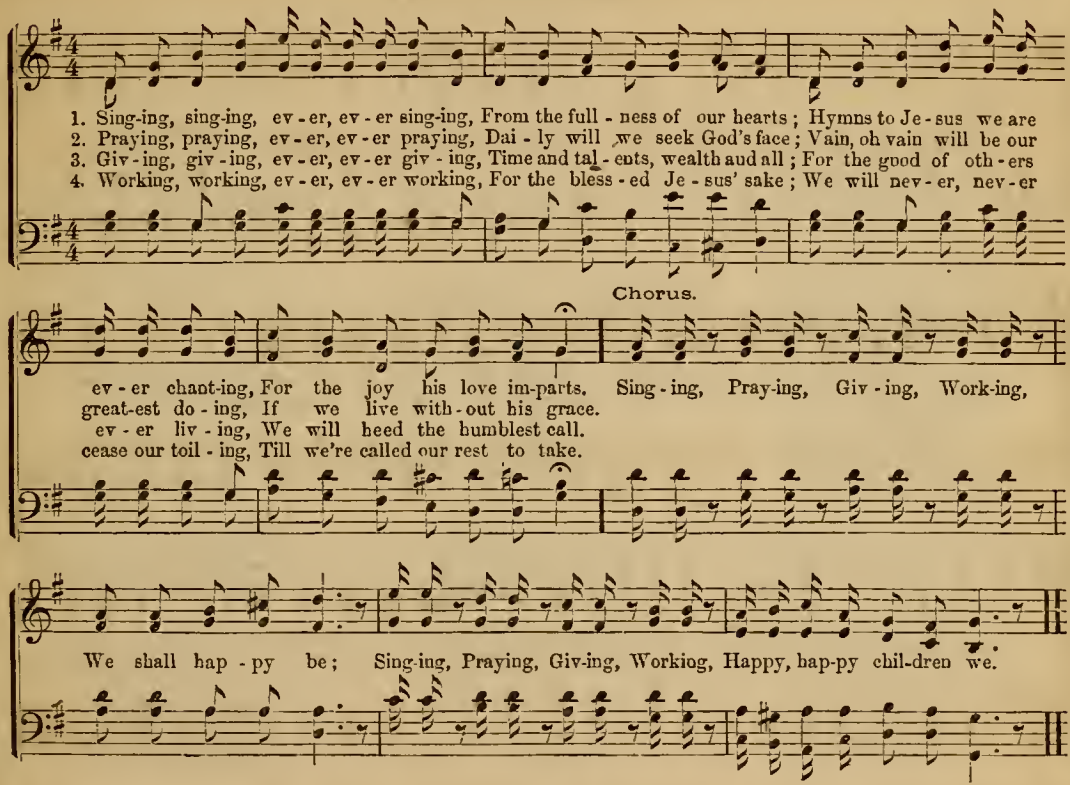
2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Aronnd one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth his blessed kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

HAPPY CHILDREN WE.

"Workers together with Him.

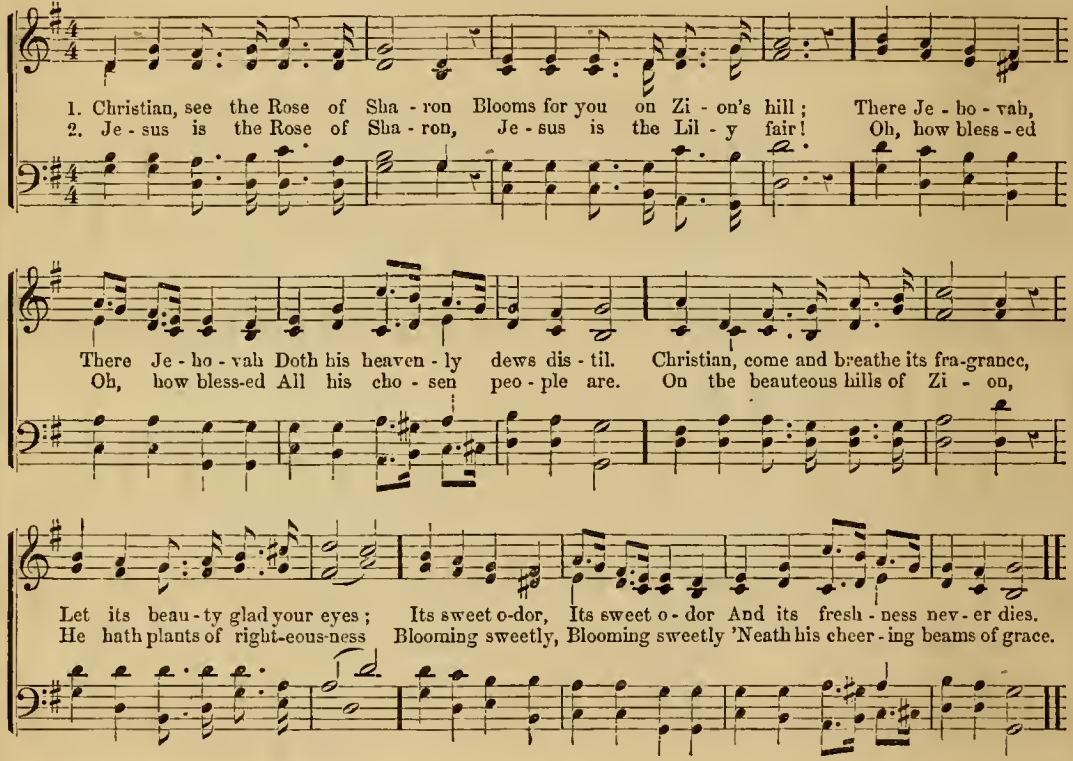
S. J. VAIL.



THE ROSE OF SHARON.

"I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the valley."

S. J. VAIL.



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 strown;
The heathen in his blindness
Bows down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lightad,
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation!—O 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 ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

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,
Prepar'd for Zion's war.

2 Blest river of Salvation,
Pursue thy 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!"

1 We won't give up the Bible,
God's holy book divine,
The book of inspiration,
Where truth and wisdom shine.
No hand shall wrest it from us,
No tyrant power we fear,
We won't give up the Bible,
Our fathers loved so dear.

2 We won't give up the Bible,
That tells a Saviour's love,
The precious Lamp that guides us,
To purer joys above.
We won't give up the Bible,
But read it day by day,
God help us by its council,
To find the narrow way.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me.
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me
My rest a stone.
Yet in my dreams I'd be,
Nearer, my God, &c.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps up to heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given.
Angels do beckon me,
Nearer, my God, &c.

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, &c.

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, &c.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Saviour divine!
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
Oh, let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire:
As thou hast died for me
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day;
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

1 JUST as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

2 Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

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

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

1 A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
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.

1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love:
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes:
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain,
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

1 THERE is a gate that stands ajar,
And, through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the Cross afar
The Saviour's love revealing.

Ref.—Oh, depths of mercy! can it be
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me, for me, for me,
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.—*Ref.*

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.—*Ref.*

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.—*Ref.*

1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee,
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
This for sin could ne'er atone,
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou from hence, my all shalt be.

2 Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hoped, or known;
Yet how rich is my condition!
God and heaven are still my own.

3 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like them, untrue.

4 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may scorn me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

5 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.

6 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
Oh! 'twere not in joy to charm me.
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

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