



**HYMNS OF THE  
CHRISTIAN LIFE**

**No. 3**



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# HYMNS

OF THE

# CHRISTIAN LIFE

NO. 3

For Church Worship, Conventions, Evangelistic Services,  
Prayer Meetings, Missionary Meetings, Revival  
Services, Rescue Mission Work  
and Sunday Schools

COMPILED BY

REV. A. B. SIMPSON

MRS. MAY AGNEW STEPHENS

MARGARET M. SIMPSON

~~WITHDRAWN~~

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## PREFACE

After an interval of twelve years since the issue of No. 1 Hymns of the Christian Life, and six years since the second series was published, Hymns of the Christian Life No. 3 is now issued with the earnest hope and prayer that the sacred songs of faith, hope and love which it contains may be made a richer blessing to the household of faith than even the previous numbers, which have been so widely used.

Our special acknowledgments are due to many composers and publishers for the use of their copyrights, including Messrs. Stebbins, Towner, Kirkpatrick, Hugg, Weedon, Tillman, Hoffman, Mrs. M. Whittle Moody, Messrs. Hillis, Mackenzie, Rimanocsy, Hood, Kenning, Mrs. May Agnew Stephens and others.

The double index, including both titles and first lines and also topical arrangement of hymns at the end, will greatly add to the value of the collection. Besides an unusual number of new pieces, the book also contains a large number of standard hymns suitable for church worship, and will, we believe, be found sufficiently complete to cover the needs both of evangelistic services and meetings for the promotion of deeper spiritual life.

The volume has been copyrighted in the United States, Great Britain and the Provinces, and a separate copyright has also been obtained for each of the new pieces introduced.

A list of prices and discounts will be found on the last page.

THE PUBLISHERS



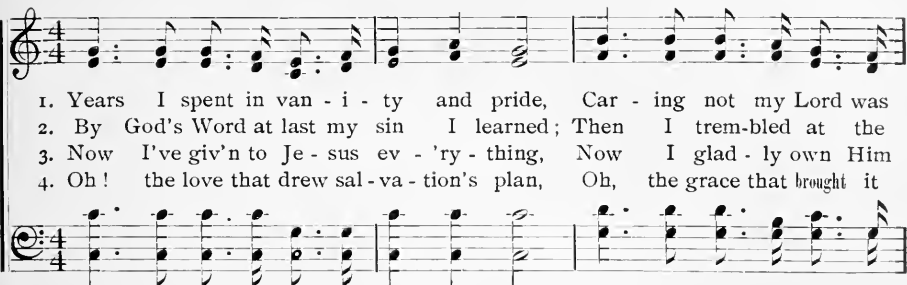


# HYMNS OF THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

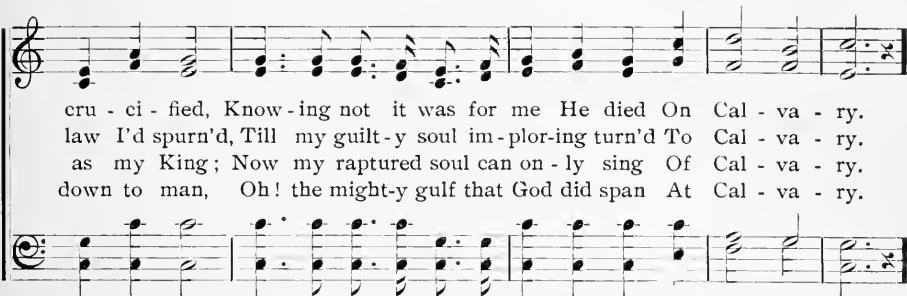
## 1 At Calvary.

WM. R. NEWELL.

D. B. TOWNER.

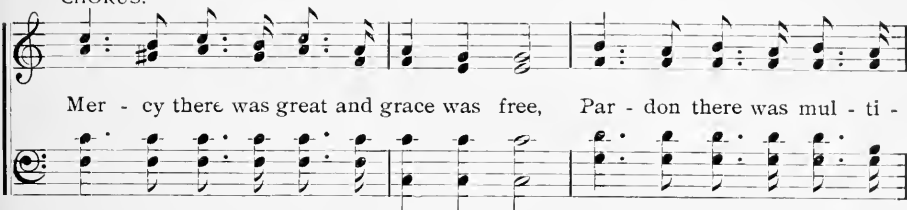


1. Years I spent in van-i-ty and pride, Car-ing not my Lord was  
2. By God's Word at last my sin I learned; Then I trem-bled at the  
3. Now I've giv'n to Je-sus ev-'ry-thing, Now I glad-ly own Him  
4. Oh! the love that drew sal-va-tion's plan, Oh, the grace that brought it



cru-ci-fied, Know-ing not it was for me He died On Cal-va-ry.  
law I'd spurn'd, Till my guilt-y soul im-plor-ing turn'd To Cal-va-ry.  
as my King; Now my raptured soul can on-ly sing Of Cal-va-ry.  
down to man, Oh! the might-y gulf that God did span At Cal-va-ry.

### CHORUS.



Mer-cy there was great and grace was free, Par-don there was mul-ti-



plied to me, There my bur-dened soul found lib-er-ty, At Cal-va-ry.

## The Upper Room of Love.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. By per.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Are you dwelling in the "Upper Room" of fel-low-ship and light, With your  
 2. Tho' Geth-se-me-ne be near it and lone Cal-va-ry at hand, Where the  
 3. There is counsel, strength and wis-dom for each hum-ble, low-ly mind, Ho-ly

windows wide-ly o-pen to the sky? Then the rich-es of the in-fi-nite are  
 worm-wood is ming-led with the gall, Yet the Veil is rent a-sun-der by the  
 healing, peace and comfort by the Blood, Grace for ev-ry min-is-tra-tion, Char-i-

breaking in-to sight, And the glo-ries of the heav-en-ly are nigh.....  
 Con-quer-or's de-mand And the Up-per Room triumphant o-ver all.....  
 ty for hearts refined, And the pow-er of the Ho-ly One of God.....

## CHORUS.

Come a-way!..... There is room..... Learn the sweet-  
 O, come, be-lov-ed! There is room for all, a-bove; Learn the sweet-ness of a-

-ness of the, "Upper Room" of Love. Come away! O, come, be-lov-ed! There is  
 bid-ing in the

## The Upper Room of Love.—Concluded.



room for all a-bove; Learn the sweet-ness of a - bid-ing In the "Upper Room" of Love.



3

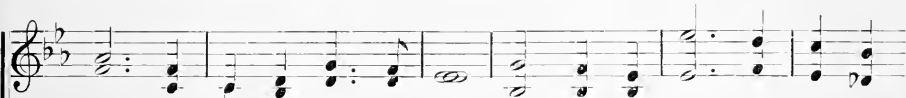
## We Would See Jesus.

Anon.

F. MENDELSSOHN. Arr.



1. We would see Je - sus— for the shad-ows length-en A - cross this
2. We would see Je - sus— the great Rock-foun- da - tion, Where - on our
3. We would see Je - sus— oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long
4. We would see Je - sus— this is all we're need - ing, Strength, joy, and



lit - tle land-scape of our life; We would see Je - sus, our weak feet were set with sov-'reign grace; Not life, nor death, with all their years we have re-joiced to see; The bless - ings of our pil-grim - will - ing - ness, come with the sight; We would see Je - sus, dy - ing,



faith to strength-en For the last wea - ri - ness—the fi - nal strife. ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence re - move us, if we see His face. age are fail - ing; We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee. ris - en, plead - ing; Then wel - come, day! and fare-well, mor - tal night!



# I Belong to Him.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. Tell me not of earth-ly pleasures, Tempt me not with sor-did gain;  
 2. O, the bless-ed rest it brings us To be-long to Christ a-lone;  
 3. Wea-ry soul, give up the strug-gle, Cease at length thy-self to own;

Mock me not with earth's il-lu-sions, Vex me not with hon-ors vain.  
 We can draw on all His ful-ness When we've noth-ing of our own.  
 Give your-self a-way to Je-sus, And be-long to Him a-lone.

I am weaned from sin-ful i-dols; I am hence-forth not my own;  
 Bless-ed Je-sus, take me, own me, Make me, keep me whol-ly Thine,  
 Once He gave His all to win thee, Now He asks as much of thee;

I have giv'n my heart to Je-sus, I be-long to Him a-lone.  
 Deign to find in me Thy por-tion, While I joy to call Thee mine.  
 All He has He ful-ly gives thee; Let thy love His por-tion be.

## CHORUS.

I am not my own, I be-long to Him,

# I Belong to Him. — Concluded.

I am His a - lone, I be - long to Him.

5

## No, Not One!

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

*Slow, and with great feeling.*

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

## The Story of the Cross.

CARRIE E. BRECK.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

*Slowly.*

1. A - bove the sweetest songs of earth, Thro' all the strife of gain and loss,
2. Oh, none but Je - sus bore such scorn, No stricken lamb so meek as He;
3. Oh, bless-ed cross of sac - ri - fice, Where Je - sus died for me, for me!



A - bove the sounds of grief and mirth, I hear the sto - ry of the cross.  
 No oth - er brow so bruised by thorn, No oth - er heart so bled for me.  
 The cross of my Re - deem - er, Christ, Who makes the guilt - y cap - tive free!



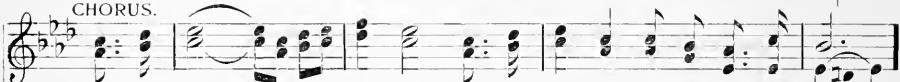
That sto - ry is a tale of love That wipes a - way the sin - ner's tears,  
 No oth - er feet the wine - press trod, No oth - er hand so free - ly gave,  
 That shining cross shall ev - er stand For all of love that man can know;



It makes him heir of heav'n a - bove, And gives him joy thro' end - less years.  
 No Sav - iour like the Son of God! No love like His to reach and save!  
 Yet none may full - ly un - der - stand The love that God a - lone can show.



## CHORUS.



'Tis the old, . . . . old sto - ry, 'Tis the old, old sto - ry of the cross;  
 old, the old,



# The Story of the Cross.—Concluded.

When e - ter - ni - ty is hoar - y, Precious still will be the sto - ry

Of re - demp - tion by the cross, Of re - demp - tion by the cross.

## 7 Our Blest Redeemer.

HARRIET AUBER.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der last fare-well,  
 2. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing Guest,  
 3. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of even,  
 4. And ev-'ry vir-tue we pos-sess, And ev-'ry vic-t'ry won,  
 5. Spir-it of pur-i-ty and grace, Our weak-ness, pit-ying, see:

A Guide, a Com-fort-er, be-queathed With us to dwell.  
 While He can find one hum-ble heart Where-in to rest.  
 That checks each thought, that calms each fear, And speaks of heaven.  
 And ev-'ry thought of ho-li-ness, Are His a-lone.  
 O make our hearts Thy dwell-ing-place, And worth-ier Thee.

## Tarry for the Power.

A. B. SIMPSON.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. We are waiting for the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are seeking while the  
 2. We are longing for the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are sending up our  
 3. We are coming for the Promise of the Fa - ther, We're re-ceiving while He  
 4. We are go-ing in the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are tak-ing all His  
 5. We are tell-ing of the Promise of the Fa - ther, We are calling while the

Lord is nigh; He has bid-den us to tar-ry for the bless - ing;  
 plead - ing cry; We are thirsting for the fulness of the Spir - it;  
 pass - es by; We're be-liev-ing for the fulness of the bless - ing;  
 fulness can supply; We will work and we will witness for the Mas - ter  
 Lord is nigh; Claim your portion in the Promise of the Fa - ther,

CHORUS.

We are wait-ing for the pow-er from on high.  
 We are long-ing for the pow-er from on high.  
 We are com-ing for the pow-er from on high.  
 As He clothes us with the pow-er from on high.  
 And Be cloth-ed with the pow-er from on high.

} Tar-ry, (tar - ry), for the

pow-er from on high: Come while the Lord is nigh. He is nigh, Wait for the

Promise of the Fa - ther, Tar-ry, tar-ry for the pow-er from on high.



# Not My Will.

M. A. L., adapted by A. B. S.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. Take Thou the heart I can not give; Take that which is Thine own.
2. Yet lean - ing on th'-up - hold - ing arm, I trust, but can not see:
3. And when Thou hast re - ceived Thine own, Oh, keep it, Lord, I pray;
4. Light of all tempt - ed souls, be mine, Till, sea and des - ert passed,



To give, to take, to will, to do, Is Thine, and Thine a - lone.  
 Help me, as of my self, to stretch My help - less hands to Thee.  
 And save me from the way - ward will That seeks a wid - er way.  
 Safe in Thy circ - ling love I find My an - chor - age at last.



## CHORUS.



Lord, make me Thine for - ev - er; O, let me nev - er from Thee stray, Live



out Thy life in me each moment, And keep me faithful day by day.



## Thy Love is Sunshine.

Adapted from FABER by A. B. SIMPSON.

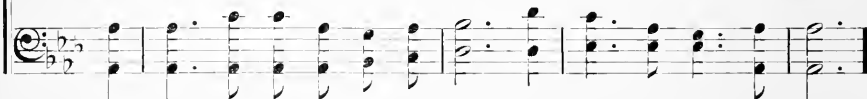
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. O Thou, whose thoughts are brightest light, Whose love runs al-ways clear;
2. But Christ has made the mystery plain, By love and grace di-vine;
3. Yet e-vil hab-its ling-er still, More grace, O Lord, more grace,



To whose kind wis-dom sinning souls A-mid their sins are dear,  
 My worth-less-ness is counted His, His right-eousness is mine,  
 More sweet-ness from Thy loving heart, More sun-shine from Thy face,



How Thou canst think so well of us And be the God Thou art  
 And now ac-cept-ed in His love Thy grace can reach to me.  
 Shine with Thy brightness in my mind, Thy sun-shine in my heart.



Is dark-ness to my in-tel-lect, But sunshine to my heart.  
 Thou still canst be the God Thou art, And love me e'en as He.  
 Till ev-en I, at length, O Lord, Be like Thee as Thou art.



# Thy Love is Sunshine.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



Thy love is sunshine to my heart ; Thy ways I may not understand,  
to my heart, not understand.



But when I cannot trace Thy Hand, Thy love is sun-shine, sun-shine to my heart  
trace Thy hand, to my heart.



11

# Christian, seek not yet repose.

C. ELLIOTT.

W. H. MONK.



1. Chris-tian, seek not yet re- pose, Cast thy dreams of ease a - way;
2. Gird thy heavenly ar - mor on, Wear it ev - er night and day;
3. Hear the vic - tors who o'er-came; Still they watch each warrior's way;
4. Hear, a - bove all these, thy Lord, Him thou lov - est to o - bey;
5. Watch, as if on that a - lone Hung the is - sue of the day;



Thou art in the midst of foes : Watch and pray.  
Near thee lurks the e - vil one; Watch and pray.  
All with one deep voice ex - claim, Watch and pray.  
Hide with - in thy heart His word, Watch and pray.  
Pray that help may be sent down; Watch and pray.



## All the Way to Calvary.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. Cru - ci - fied..... with Christ my Saviour, To the world..... and self and  
 2. 'Tis not hard..... to die with Je - sus When His ris - - en life we  
 3. If we die..... we'll live with Je - sus, If we suf - - fer we shall

sin. T, the death - - born life of Je - sus I am  
 know. 'Tis not hard..... to share His suff'rings When our  
 reign On - ly thus..... the prize of glo - ry Can the

sweet - - ly ent'ring in, ent'ring in, In His fel - - low-ship of  
 hearts..... with joy o'erflow, o'er - flow, In His res - - ur - rec - tion  
 con - - quer - or at - tain, at - tain, Oh, how sweet,..... on that glad

suff - 'ring To His death..... conformed to be, I am  
 pow - er He has come..... to dwell in me, And my  
 morn - ing Should the Mas - ter say to thee, "Yes, my

go - - ing with my Saviour All the way..... to Cal - va - ry, to Cal - va - ry.  
 heart.... is glad - ly go - ing All the way..... to Cal - va - ry, to Cal - va - ry.  
 child, ... thou didst go with me All the way..... to Cal - va - ry, to Cal - va - ry."

# All the Way to Calvary.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

All the way to Cal - va - ry, Where my Sav - iour went for me,

Help me, Lord, to go with Thee, All the way to Cal - va - ry.

13

## In the Cross of Christ 11 Glory.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

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

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

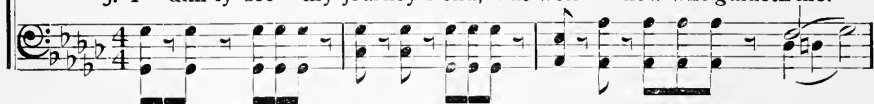
## Saving Grace.

JULIA H. JOHNSON.

D. B. TOWNER.



1. O golden day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glories shall un-fold, *pp*  
 2. Life's upward way, a nar-row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling-place  
 3. I dim-ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guideth me.



When He who knows the path I take Shall ope for me the gates of gold.  
 Where, safe from sin, and storm, and wrath, They live who trust redeeming grace.  
 I follow him, that wondrous Friend Whose matchless love is full and free.



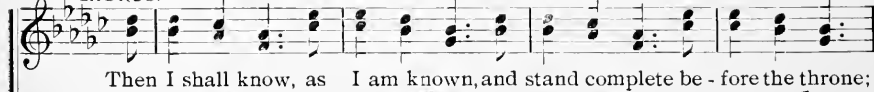
Earth's little while will soon be past, My pil-grim song will soon be o'er, The  
 Sing, sing, my heart a-long the way, The grace that saves will keep and guide Till  
 And when with him I en-ter in, And all the way look back to trace, The



grace that saves sha'll time outlast, And be my theme on yonder shore.  
 breaks the glo-rious crown-ing day, And I shall cross to yon-der side.  
 conqueror's palm I then shall win Thro' Christ, and his redeeming grace.



## CHORUS.



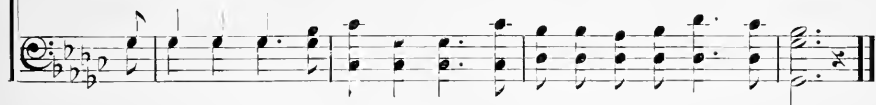
Then I shall know, as I am known, and stand complete be-fore the throne;



## Saving Grace.—Concluded.



Then I shall see my Saviour's face, And all my song be, "Saving grace."



15

## Like a River Glorious.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

J. MOUNTAIN.

*Joyful.*



1. Like a riv - er, glo - rious Is God's per - fect peace, O - ver all vic -
2. Hid - den in the hol - low Of His bless - ed hand, Nev - er foe can
3. Ev - 'ry joy or tri - al Fall - eth from a - bove, Trac'd up - on our



to - rious In its bright in - crease; Per - fect, yet it flow - eth  
fol - low Nev - er trai - tor stand; Not a surge of wor - ry,  
di - al By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful - ly

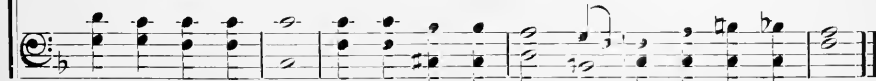


CHORUS.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah,



*Chorus, D S*

Full - er ev - 'ry day, Per - fect, yet it grow - eth Deep - er all the way.  
Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur - ry Touch the spir - it there.  
All for us to do; They who trust Him whol - ly Find Him wholly true.



Hearts are ful - ly blest; Finding, as He promised, Per - fect peace and rest.

## God's Transcendent Love.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. { There's a song I love to sing All oth - er songs a - bove,  
 { Could we meas - ure heav-en's height, Where worlds in myr-iads shine,  
 2. { Could the dis - tance of the East From furth - est West be told,  
 { All would far too trifi - ing be, Al - tho' so deep, so broad,  
 3. { Old - er than the birth of time, Long as e - ter - ni - ty,  
 { Pre - cious, won-drous, love of God, So rich and yet so free,

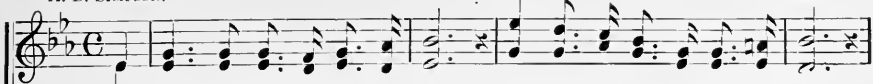
High as heaven its notes shall ring, 'Tis God's transcendent love.)  
 Mea - sure then per - haps we might The height of Love di - vine.)  
 Could we know a Father's heart, And all' its love un - fold.)  
 To ex - plore that mys - ter - y, The bound - less love of God.)  
 Reach - ing ev - 'ry race and clime, And reach - ing ev - en me.)  
 Love so deep, so high, so broad, Lord, teach that love to me.)

## CHORUS.

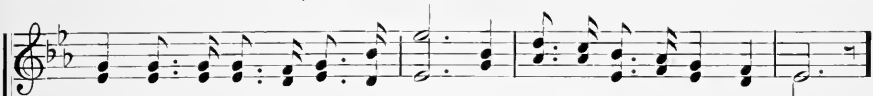
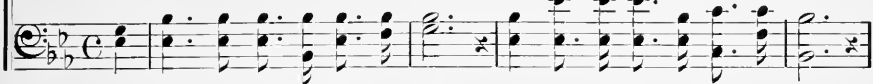
Won - drous love of God, O, match - less mys - ter - y!  
 Won - drous love, yes, won - drous love of God! O, matchless, matchless mys - ter - y of love!

Love, so deep, so high, so broad; Lord, teach that love to me.  
 Wondrous love teach that wondrous love to me, to me.

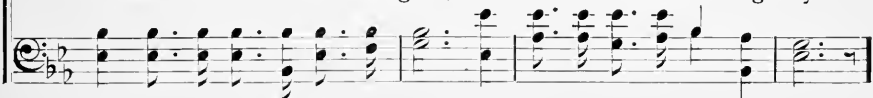




1. O fire of God be-gin in me, Burn out the dross of self and sin,  
 2. Bap-tize with fire this soul of mine, En - due me with Thy Spirit's might,  
 3. Burn in, O fire of God, burn in, Till all my soul Christ's image bears,  
 4. Burn on, O fire of God, burn on, Till all my dross is burn'd a-way,



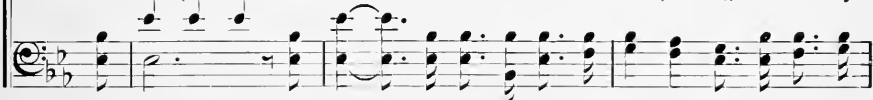
Burn off my fet-ters, set me free, And make my heart a heav'n with-in.  
 And make me by Thy pow'r di-vine A burn-ing and a shin-ing light.  
 And ev-'ry pow'r and pulse with-in His ho-ly, heav'n-ly na-ture wears.  
 Till earth and sin and self are gone, And I can stand the test-ing day.



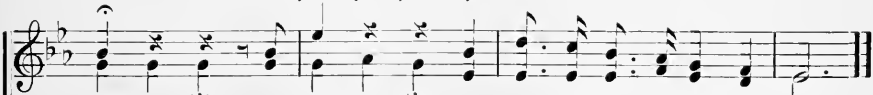
## CHORUS.



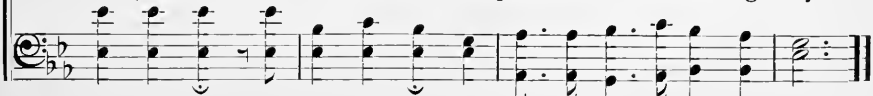
Burn on! (burn on!) burn on! O fire of God, burn on, (burn on,) Till all my



dross, (till all my dross,) is burned a - way, (is burned a - way.) Burn



on! (burn on!) burn on! (burn on!) Pre-pare me for the test-ing day.



## 'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent His might - y power To this poor, sin - ful heart, To  
 2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A  
 3. No good that I have done, His prom - ise I em - brace; Ac -

keep me ev - 'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since His Spir - it came,  
 will - ing off'ring now, My all from day to - day. My Sav - iour paid the price,  
 cept - ed in the Son, He saves me by His grace. All glo - ry be to God!

To take supreme control, The love - enkindled flame Is burning in my soul.  
 My name He sweetly calls; Up - on the sac - ri - fice The fire from heaven falls.  
 Let hal - le - lu - jahs roll; His love is shed a - broad, The fire is in my soul.

## CHORUS.

'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly

love is burn - ing in my soul. The Ho - ly Spir - it came, All  
 burn - ing in my soul,

# 'Tis Burning in My Soul.—Concluded.

glo-ry to His name! The fire of heav'nly love is burning in my soul.  
burn-ing in my soul.

19

## When I Survey.

DR. WATTS.

ANON.

*Andante.*

1. (When I sur-vey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of Glo-ry died, )  
( All earthly gain I count but loss, And pour contempt on all my pride. )  
2. ( For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God ; )  
( All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His Blood. )

CHORUS.

It was on the Cross He shed His Blood, It was there He was cru-ci - fied ;

But He rose a-gain, and lives in my heart, Where all is peace and per-fect love.

- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet, 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down : That were a present far too small ;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet? Love so amazing, so divine,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown? Shall have my soul, my life, my all.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Sinner, would you know the heart of the Father, And how it feels to the  
 2. Suff' rer, would you know the heart of the Father, And how it feels for thy  
 3. Christian, would you know the heart of the Father, And its depths of  
 4. But the heart of God is larg - er, vast - er, Then the lit - tle cir - cle

err - ing and the lost? Look to the Cross of the dy - ing Saviour,  
 sor - row and thy woe? Look at the tears of the Man of Sor - rows,  
 love more ful - ly prove? Ask the Ho - ly Spir - it to re - veal Him,  
 of our self - ish love. For it was the world God loved so dear - ly,

And the precious life thy ransom cost. Je - sus, is the an - swer of the Father's  
 Tenderly they with the mourners flow. Bidding us to come with all our griefs and  
 Love is only known to hearts that love. O, the depths of grace He longs to  
 That He gave His Son that love to prove. And our love must be as large and

bos - om, And the rev - e - la - tion of His Face, Telling of a love that  
 bur - dens, Home to the heart of our Father - God For we never find His  
 show us! O the heights of glo - ry yet in store! Heart of God, unveil Thy  
 boundless, If His fulness we would know, For the love that

## The Heart of God.—Concluded.

knows no meas-ure, Depths of mer-cy, heights of boundless grace, boundless grace.  
 love so ten - der, As when we are fainting 'neath His rod His rod.  
 ful - ness to me, Be my por-tion now and ev - er-more.ev-er - more.  
 comes to Him for blessing, With that blessing must to oth - ers go, oth-ers go.

CHORUS.

O, to know the heart of God! Love so deep, so high, so broad, so broad;

Help me, Lord, to ful - ly prove All it means that God is love, is love.

21

## Christ, of all My Hopes.

RALPH WARDLAW.

J. H. KNECHT.

1. Christ, of all my hopes the ground, Christ, the spring of all my joy,
2. Let Thy love my heart in - flame; Keep Thy fear be - fore my sight;
3. Foun-tain of o'er - flow-ing grace, Free - ly from Thy ful - ness give;
4. Firm - ly trust - ing in Thy blood, Noth - ing shall my heart con-found;

Still in Thee may I be found, Still for Thee my pow'rs em - ploy.  
 Be Thy praise my high - est aim; Be Thy smile my chief de - light.  
 Till I close my earth - ly race, Be it 'Christ for me to live!'  
 Safe - ly I shall pass the flood, Safe - ly reach Im - man - uel's ground.

# ⊙ Cross of Christ.

ANON. Words of Chorus by A. B. S.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. Though Christ a thou-sand times, In Beth-le - hem be born,  
 2. What - e'er thou lov - est, man, That too be - come thou must;  
 3. To bring thee to thy God, Love takes the short - est route;

If He's not born in thee Thy soul is still for - lorn.  
 God, if thou lov - est God, Dust, if thou lov - est dust.  
 The way which knowledge leads, Is but a round - a - bout.

The Cross on Gol - goth - a, . . . Will nev - er save thy soul;  
 Go out, God will go in; . . . Die thou and let Him live;  
 Drive out from thee the world, And then thy heart shall be,

The Cross in thine own heart, A - lone can make thee whole.  
 Be not and He will be; Wait and He'll all things give.  
 Fill'd with the love of God, And ho - ly like as He.

CHORUS.

O, Cross of Christ, I take thee In - to this heart of mine,

# Ⓞ Cross of Christ.—Concluded.

To help me die to my own self, And rise to Thy life Di - vine.

23

## Abundant Life.

W. LESLIE.

Arr. by CHAS. Mc W. BONNAR.

1. Un-der the burdens of guilt and care, Ma - ny a spir - it is grieving,  
 2. Burden'd one, why will you long - er bear Sorrows from which He re - leas - es?  
 3. Oh, for the show'rs on the thirst - y land! Oh, for a might - y re - vi - val!

Who in the joy of the Lord might share, Life ev - er - last - ing re - ceiv - ing.  
 O - pen your heart and re - joic - ing share, Life "more abundant" in Je - sus!  
 Oh, for a sanc - ti - fied, fear - less band, Read - y to hail its ar - ri - val!

### CHORUS.

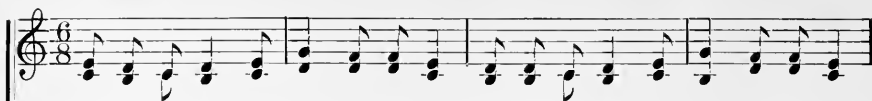
Life! life e - ter - nal life! Je - sus a - lone is the Giv - er!

Life! life a - bun - dant life! Glo - ry to Je - sus for ev - er!

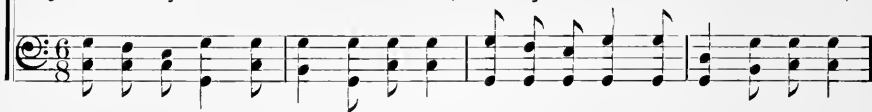
## Christ is All in All to Me.

A. B. SIMPSON.

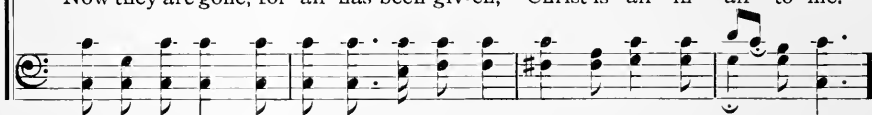
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. Ma-ny an earthly friend may leave me; Ma-ny an earthly joy may grieve me;
2. He is my Saviour, once He bought me, He is my Shepherd, long He sought me.
3. Oft-en my wil-ful heart has striven; Slowly the cords of self were riv-en;



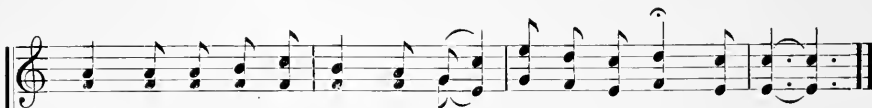
But there is One who'll nev-er deceive me, Christ is all in all to me.  
 He is my Teach-er, how He has taught me, Christ is all in all to me.  
 Now they are gone, for all has been giv-en, Christ is all in all to me.



## CHORUS.



Christ is all in all to me; More than all to my heart is He.



Help me ev-er, dear Lord, to be On-ly and all for Thee.

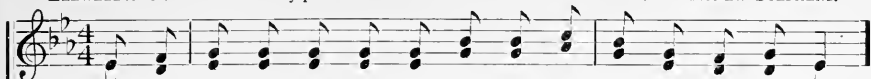




## This Peace Keeps Me.

LLEWELLYN A. MORRISON. By per.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



1. To the great Tri-une Je - ho - vah, Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost,
2. Ere my soul knew Christ and par-don, I was struggling af - ter peace,
3. I had once but Je - sus on - ly For my way-ward heart to plead,
4. And the re - con - cil - ed Fa - ther And re - mis - sion of my sin;



Give I praise and a - do - ra - tion, Of re - demp - tion make my boast ;  
 Yet my spir - it could not win it, Though in pray'r I did not cease ;  
 With the Fa - ther for His mer - cy In my un - de - serv - ing need,  
 With my heart His ho - ly Tem - ple And all glo - ri - ous with - in ;



Sing un - ceas - ing of sal - va - tion By His fa - vor full and free,  
 But He found me, my Be - lov - ed ! All my soul in ju - bi - lee,  
 I have now the Ho - ly Spir - it Join'd with Him, and they a - gree  
 Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Spir - it ; Three in One, and one in Three,



## CHORUS



My Redeemer is my Kinsman, And His peace keeps me.  
 Rose to meet Him, in the conflict Now His peace keeps me. His peace keeps me,  
 In a dou - ble in - ter - ces - sion ; So His peace keeps me.  
 Guiding, shield - ing, sanc - ti - fy - ing ; And His peace keeps me.



His peace keeps me ; It pass - eth un - der - stand - ing how His peace keeps me.



## I Want to be Holy.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. O souls that are seeking for pleasure, Your fol-lies and pleasures pur-sue ;  
 2. I'm wea-ry of sinning and stum-bling, Re-pen-ting and fall-ing a - gain ;  
 3. I want to be pa-tient and gen-tle, Long suf-fer-ing, lov-ing and kind ;

Con-tend for the priz-es of for - tune, Such baubles may answer for you.  
 I'm tired of re - solving and striv-ing, And finding the struggle so vain.  
 As quick to acknowledge my failings, As I to an-oth-er's am blind.

But mine is a nobler am-bi-tion ; I seek for a rich-er re - ward ;  
 I long for an arm to up-hold me, A will that is stronger than mine ;  
 I want to be qui-et and peaceful, Tho' tempests around me may roll,

I want to be Christ-like and ho - ly ; I want to be just like my Lord.  
 A Saviour to cleanse me and fill me. And keep me by pow-er di - vine.  
 The stillness of Je - sus with-in me, Pos-sess-ing and fill-ing my soul.

## CHORUS.

I long, oh, I long to be ho - ly, Conformed to His will and His word ;

# I Want to be Holy.—Concluded.

I want to be gen-tle and Christ-like, I want to be just like my Lord.

27

## It's Rolling In.

ANON.

Arr by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. The Sea of God's e - ter - nal love Is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in;  
2. With love for souls my life pos - sess; It's roll - ing in, it's roll - ing in;

It's cur - rent deep and strong and wide Is roll - ing in, is roll - ing in.  
With fie - ry zeal now fill my breast; It's roll - ing in, it's roll - ing in.

Up - on its waves new hope it brings Of constant vic - t'ry o - ver sin,  
And thro' me let Thy treasures pour, That wea - ry hearts that now are sore

Chorus.—It's roll - ing in it's roll - ing in, The Sea of love is roll - ing in,

*D.S. for Chorus.*

This bless - ed work just now be - gins It's roll - ing in, it's roll - ing in.  
May feel Thy touch of love once more, It's roll - ing in, it's roll - ing in.

Lord, I be - lieve, Lord I re - ceive, The Spir - it's love is roll - ing in.

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## Be All At Rest.

FRED A HANSBURY ALLEN

Music and Chorus by MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. "Be all at rest, my soul." Oh! blessed se - cret Of the true  
 2. "Be all at rest, my soul," for rest is ser - vice, To the still  
 3. "Be all at rest," so shalt thou be an an - swer To those who

life that glo - ri - fies thy Lord: Not al - ways doth the busiest soul best  
 heart God doth His secrets tell; Thus shalt thou learn to wait, and watch and  
 question, "Who is God and where"? For God is rest, and where He dwells is

serve Him, But He who rest - eth on His faith - ful word. "Be all at  
 la - bor, Strengthened to bear, since Christ in thee doth dwell. For what is  
 still - ness, And they who dwell in Him His rest shall share. And what shall

rest," "let not your heart be rip - pled," For ti - ny wavelets mar the  
 ser - vice, but the life of Je - sus Lived thro' a ves - sel of earth's  
 meet the deep un - rest a - round thee But the calm peace of God that

im - age fair, Which the still pool re - flects of heaven's glo - ry— And  
 fra - gile clay. Lov - ing and giv - ing and pour'd forth for oth - ers, "A  
 filled his breast? For still a liv - ing voice calls to the wea - ry From

## Be All At Rest.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

thus the im-age He would have thee bear.) O rest-less heart,.....  
 liv-ing sac-rifice' from day to-day? Him who said, 'Come unto me and rest.' 0 rest-less heart,  
 The Mas-ter calls thee, Come unto me,..... And I will give you rest.  
 Come in-to me,'

29

## Art Thou Weary?

TR. JOHN M. NEALE.

HENRY W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wea-ry? Art thou lan-guid? Art thou sore dis-trest?  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, if He be my guide?  
 3. If I find Him, if I fol-low, What His guer-don here?  
 4. If I still hold close-ly to Him, What hath He at last?  
 5. If I ask Him to re-ceive me, Will He say me nay?  
 "Come to Me," saith One, "and com-ing, Be at rest!"  
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."  
 "Many a sor-row, many a la-lor, Many a tear."  
 "Sor-row vanquished, la-lor end-ed, Jor-dan passed."  
 "Not till earth, and not till heav-en Pass a-way."

## Three Crosses.

ANON.

MARGARET M. SIMSON.



1. Three crosses stood grimly side by side On the hill of Cal - va - ry; On
2. Like a lamb they led Him out to die From dark Geth-sem-a-ne; He
3. Like a wandering sheep I'd gone astray, But all my in - i - qui - ty, My
4. My brother, be hold Him cru - ci - fied, On the cross of Cal - va - ry; Thy



each a suf-f'ring man had died; Two for their crimes, and the Other for me.  
 uttered no moan, no bit - ter cry; 'Twas love that moved Him to die for me.  
 God laid on Him that aw - ful day, When, bearing my sins, He died for me.  
 ran - som see in that crim-son tide; O, free-ly it flowed for you and me.



CHORUS.

to me,



O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love, The love of God, O won-der-ful love, It



brought my Sav - iour from a - bove To die on Cal - va - ry, for me.



## Just as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

C. H. PURDY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, I'm  
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not, I'm  
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout, I'm  
 4. Just as I am, poor, wretch - ed, blind, I'm

com - ing, Lord, But that Thy blood was shed for  
 com - ing, Lord, To rid my soul of one dark  
 com - ing, Lord, With many a con - flict, many a  
 com - ing, Lord, Sight, ric - es, heal - ing of the

me, I'm com - ing, Lord, And that Thou bidst me  
 blot, I'm com - ing, Lord, To Thee whose blood can  
 doubt, I'm com - ing, Lord, Fight - ings and fears, with - in  
 mind, I'm com - ing, Lord, Yea, all I need, in

come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 in, with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!  
 Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

5 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,  
 I'm coming, Lord,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
 I'm coming, Lord,  
 Because Thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am, Thy love unknown,  
 I'm coming, Lord,  
 Hath broken every barrier down,  
 I'm coming, Lord,  
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

## Be Silent to God.

H. D. WINANT.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. What shall I do when my way is all clouded, When o'er my path shines no  
 2. When hope deferred brings thy heart nigh to breaking, With upward looking thine  
 3. Still then thy heart for the voice that would guide thee, Hush ev-'ry tho't that His

bright guiding ray: All is obscure, and with darkness en-shroud-ed,  
 eyes seem to fail; When thy poor heart has grown wea-ry with ach-ing  
 word you may hear. Fear not the way for what-e'er may be-tide thee,

CHORUS.

Nev-er a voice saying, "This is the way."  
 And pow'rs of e-vil thy spir-it as-sail. Be si-lent to God! Still the  
 He will be with thee to help and to cheer.

voice of thy grieving; Turn from thy thinking and ag-o-nized pray'r, Patient-ly

wait, In His loving hands leaving All of thy hopes, and thy burdens and care.



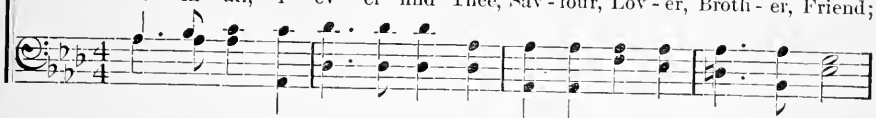
## Every Bridge is Burned Behind Me.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

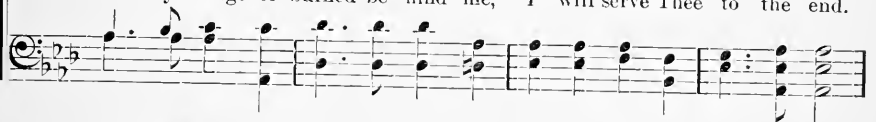
GEO. C. HUGG.



1. Since I start-ed out to find Thee, Since I to the Cross did flee,
2. Thou didst hear my plea so kind - ly, Thou didst grant me so much grace;
3. Cares of life per - plex and grieve me, Yet I keep the nar - row way;
4. All in all, I ev - er find Thee, Sav - iour, Lov - er, Broth - er, Friend;



Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, I will nev - er turn from Thee.  
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, I will ne'er my steps re - trace.  
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, I from Thee will nev - er stray.  
 Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, I will serve Thee to the end.



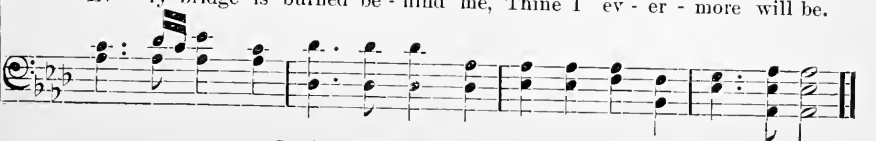
## CHORUS.



Strengthen all the ties that bind me Clos - er, clos - er, Lord, to Thee;



Ev - 'ry bridge is burned be - hind me, Thine I ev - er - more will be.





## Be Still.—Concluded.

not, thy Fa-ther's arms en - fold thee; Take up thy cross, lay  
*ad lib.*  
 down thy will, Be si - lent un - to God, and let Him mould thee.

35

PAUL GERHARDT.

## Only Thee.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. Je - sus, Thy boundless love to me, No thought can reach, no tongue declare;  
 2. O Love, how charming is Thy ray! All fear be - fore Thy Pres - ence flies;  
 3. What in Thy love pos - sess I not? My star by night, my sun by day,  
 4. In suff'ring be Thy love my peace, In dark - ness be Thine arm my strength,

Oh, knit my thank - ful heart to Thee, And reign with - out a ri - val there:  
 Care, anguish, sor - row, pass a - way, Where'er Thy heal - ing beams a - rise:  
 My spring of life when parch'd with drought, My wine to cheer, my bread to stay,  
 And when the storms of life shall cease, And Thou from heav'n shalt come at length,

*rit.*  
 Thine, wholly Thine, a - lone I'd live; My - self to Thee en - tire - ly give.  
 Lord Je - sus, noth - ing may I see, Noth - ing de - sire a - part from Thee.  
 My strength, my shield, my safe a - bode, My robe be - fore the throne of God.  
 Lord Je - sus, then this heart shall be For - ev - er sat - is - fied with Thee.

## To Thee, O Dear, Dear Saviour.

J. S. B. MONSELL.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. To Thee, O dear, dear Sav- iour, My Spir- it turns for rest; My peace is  
 2. In Thee my trust a - bid - eth, On Thee my hope re - lies; O Thou, whose  
 3. O for that choicest bless - ing Of liv - ing in Thy love, And thus on

in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast: Tho' all the world de -  
 love pro - vid - eth For all beneath the skies: O Thou whose mer - cy  
 earth pos - sess - ing The peace of heav'n a - love! O for the bliss that

ceive me, I know that I am Thine, And Thou wilt nev - er leave me, O  
 found me, From bondage set me free, And then, for - ev - er bound me, With  
 by it The soul se - cure - ly knows The ho - ly calm and qui - et Of

## CHORUS.

bless - ed Sav - iour mine. }  
 three - fold cords to Thee. } O bless - ed, bless - ed Sav - iour! I come to  
 faith's se - rene re - pose. }

Thee for rest, My peace is in Thy fa - vor, My pil - low on Thy breast.

## Worthy the Lamb.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. "Worthy is the Lamb," the hosts of heaven sing, As be-fore the throne they  
 2. Worthy is the Lamb who shed His precious blood To re-store a world to  
 3. Worthy is the Lamb, the bleeding sac-ri-fice Who for Adam's race paid  
 4. "Worthy is the Lamb," let men and an-gels sing, "Worthy is the Lamb," let

make His praises ring; "Worthy is the Lamb the book to o - pen wide,  
 hap - pi-ness and God; "When no eye could pit - y and no arm could save,"  
 such a fear - ful price; Worthy is the Lamb, the Paschal Lamb of God,  
 hal - le - lu - jah's ring; And when life is past, up - on the golden shore,

CHORUS.

Worthy is the Lamb who once was cru - ci - fied."  
 Je - sus, for our ran - som, Himself free - ly gave. } Oh, this bleeding Lamb,  
 For the world received "Re - demption thro' His blood." }  
 "Worthy is the Lamb," we'll shout for-ev - er - more.

oh, this bleeding Lamb, Oh, this dying Lamb, He was found worthy; Oh, this

bleeding Lamb, oh, this bleeding Lamb, Oh, this dying Lamb, He was found worthy.

1. There's a hill lone and gray In a land far a-way, In a coun-try be-  
 2. Oh, so faint on the road, 'Neath the world's heavy load, Comes a thorn-crowned  
 3. Hark, I hear the dull blow Of the hammer swung low, They are nail-ing my  
 4. How they mock Him in death To His last lab'ring breath, While His friends sadly

yond the blue sea, Where beneath that fair sky, Went a Man forth to die,  
 Man on the way! With a cross He is bowed, But still on thro' the crowd  
 Lord to the tree! And the cross they up-raise While the mul-ti-tude gaze  
 weep o'er the way! But, tho' lone-ly and faint, Still no word of complaint

CHORUS.

For the world and for you and for me,  
 He's as-cend-ing that hill lone and gray. } 1-5. Oh, it bows down my heart, And the  
 On the blest Lamb of dark Cal-va-ry! } 6. Shout aloud, then, my soul, Let the  
 Fell from Him on that hil-lock of gray.

tear-drops will start, When in mem'ry that gray hill I see; For 'twas there on its  
 glad-ti-dings roll From the land to the ends of the sea! Je-sus conquered the

side Je-sus suffered and died, To re-deem a poor sin-ner like me.  
 grave, And has ris-en to save The whole world, and to make us all free.

5 Then the darkness came down,  
 And the rocks rent around,  
 And a cry pierced the sad-laden air!  
 'Twas the voice of our King,  
 Who received death's dark sting,  
 All to save us from endless despair.

6 Let the sun hide its face,  
 Let the earth reel apace,  
 Over men who their Saviour have slain,  
 But, behold! from the sod  
 Comes the blessed Lamb of God,  
 Who was slain, but is risen again.

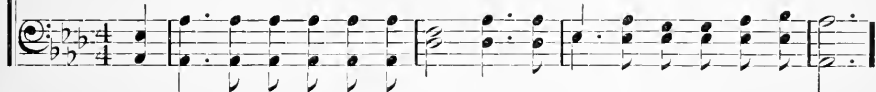
## 'Tis Better Far to Follow Jesus.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

Arr. by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



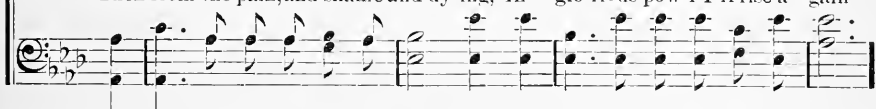
1. 'Tis bet - ter far to fol - low Je - sus No matter where His hand may lead;
2. What mat - ter if the way be thorn - y, Or if dark waves of sorrow roll?
3. What mat - ter while I walk with Je - sus If to Geth - sem - a - ne I go,
4. What mat - ter if I stand at Cal - v'ry And lay my life down for the lost?



Than with the world's vain fleeting pleasures Our souls' inmor - tal longings feed;  
 Be - side me walks my loving Sav - iour And I shall safe - ly reach the goal;  
 And in the darkness of its shad - ows The full - est cup of anguish know?  
 'Twas on - ly what He did be - fore me, I'll fol - low Him at an - y cost;



For He has made us for His glo - ry And His are joys that nev - er die;  
 For *me* He bore the thorns and scoff - ing, It was for *me* He bled and died;  
 For *me* shall be the af - ter sweetness Of an - gels' min - is - try and strength,  
 Then from the pain, and shame and dy - ing, In glo - rious pow'r I'll rise a - gain



'Tis sweet - er far to fol - low Je - sus, For He a - lone can sat - is - fy.  
 'Tis sweet that I may share His sor - row And walk for - ev - er at His side.  
 And tho' the wa - ters may be bit - ter In heaven's peace I'll rest at length.  
 To share the glo - ry of His kingdom And ev - ermore with Je - sus reign.



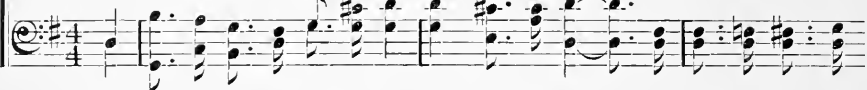
## I am Crucified with Christ.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.



1. When Je - sus died on Cal - vary, I too was there; 'Twas in my place He
2. When Je - sus rose with life di - vine, I too was there; His res - ur - rec - tion
3. When Je - sus comes some day for me, I shall be there; With Him and like Him
4. O bless - ed life so deep, so high, Lord keep me there; Help me with Christ to



stood for me, And now ac - cept - ed e'en as He, His name I bear.  
 pow'r is mine, And as the branches and the vine His life I share.  
 I shall be, And all His glo - rious maj - es - ty I too shall share.  
 live, to die, And let me with Him, bye and bye His glo - ry share.



## CHORUS.



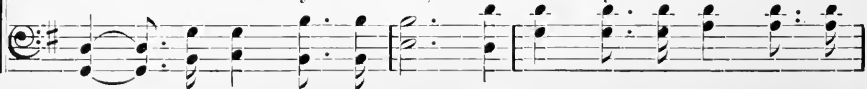
I am cru - ci - fied with Christ, nev - er - the - less I live,



Yet, not I, but Christ who liv - eth in me; in me; And the



life I live by the flesh, I live by the faith of the





# I am Crucified with Christ.—Concluded.

Son of God, Who lov'd,..... and gave Him-self for me.  
Who lov'd, for me.

41

## Hearer.

Rev. R. B. LOCKWOOD.

F. E. RIMANOCZY.

*Moderato con cspres.*

1. Near-er to Him that hath lov'd me, Near-er to Him who hath died;
2. Near-er the foun-tain of bless-ing, Near-er the soul-cleansing tide;
3. Near-er to Je-sus, my Sav-iour, Near-er, still near-er His side;
4. Near-er to robes of pure whiteness, Near-er where lov'd ones a-bide;

Near-er through crosses and tri-als, Near-er the cru-ci-fied.  
Near-er the blood of the sprink-ling, Near-er the riv-en side,  
Near-er my bless-ed Re-deem-er, Near-er my Shepherd and guide.  
Near-er the throne of His mer-cy, Near-er the glo-ri-fied.

REFRAIN.

*ritard.*

*ritard.*

Near-er, near-er to Him, Nearer to Je-sus, my Saviour, Nearer the cru-ci-fied.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. God is love! O wondrous message, High-er than the heav'ns a-bove,  
 2. God is love! O word so pre cious To the bur - dened sin-ner's ear,  
 3. God is love! O word of com-fort When the heart is lone and sad,  
 4. Love di-vine! O let us meet it, Take it, make it all our own;

Deep-er than the depths of wis - dom, On - ly learned by hearts that love.  
 Bring-ing peace and pard'ning mer - cy, Still-ing ev - 'ry doubt and fear.  
 When all oth - er love has failed us, Je - sus' love can make us glad.  
 Give it back in boundless meas - ure, Make our hearts its roy - al throne.

Heav'n and earth with all their beau-ty Nev - er can its ful-ness prove:  
 God is love, O word of pow - er To the soul en-slaved by sin,  
 And when flesh and heart are fail-ing And the lone - ly vale is near,  
 Let it lift our hearts to heav-en, Let it make our lives sub-lime,

It was Je - sus, Je - sus on - ly, Ful - ly taught us God is love.  
 Bring-ing ho - li - ness and cleans-ing Thro' His love enthroned with-in.  
 Love di-vine will light the dark-ness, Wipe a - way each fall-ing tear.  
 And in-scribe on all our be - ing, God is love, and God is mine.

## God is Love.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

There's no friend like the dear Lord Je-sus, There's no love like the Saviour's love;

When your heart is crushed with an-guish, There's no friend like your Friend above.

43

## A Prayer.

Rev. G. W. CROFTS.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

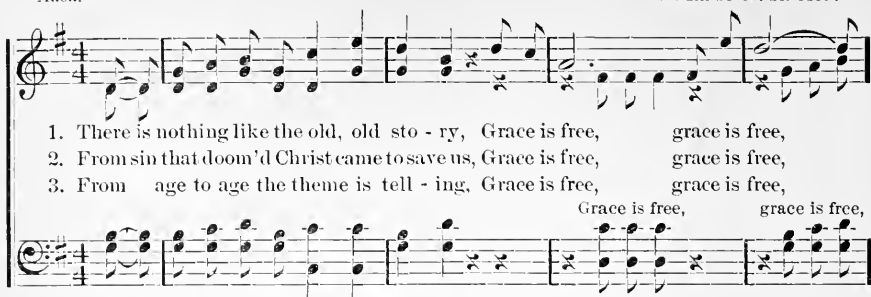
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, while we bend, Gra - cious - ly on us de-scend;  
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, come with - in, Cru - ci - fy this heart of sin,  
 3. Ho - ly Spir - it, life pro - vide For the heart thus cru - ci - fied,  
 4. Ho - ly Spir - it, I would be Filled, yea, whol - ly filled by Thee;  
 5. Ho - ly Spir - it, heav'n on earth, Seal me with ce - les - tial birth;

Like a gen - tle dove ap - pear To each wait - ing spir - it here.  
 Let it die up - on the cross With its soul - de - fil - ing dress.  
 Let it break the bonds of death By the pow - er of Thy breath.  
 Come with o - ver - flow - ing love, Let me Thy sweet pres - ence prove.  
 Bear me on Thy wings of love To my bliss - ful home a - bove.

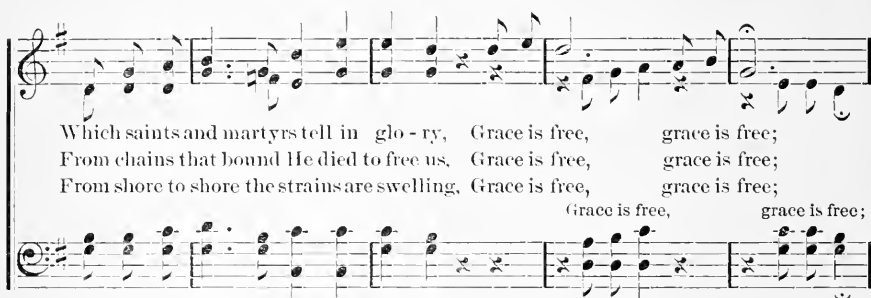
## Grace is Free.

Anon.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



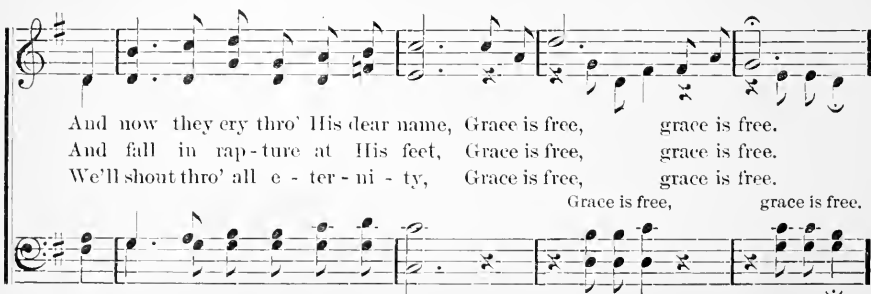
1. There is nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free,  
 2. From sin that doom'd Christ came to save us, Grace is free, grace is free,  
 3. From age to age the theme is tell - ing, Grace is free, grace is free,  
 Grace is free, grace is free,



Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free;  
 From chains that bound He died to free us, Grace is free, grace is free;  
 From shore to shore the strains are swelling, Grace is free, grace is free;  
 Grace is free, grace is free;



It bro't them thro' the flood and flame, By it they fought and o-ver-came;  
 Who would not tell the sto - ry sweet, Of love so wondrous and complete,  
 And when that time shall cease to be, And faith is crown'd with vic-to - ry,



And now they cry thro' His dear name, Grace is free, grace is free.  
 And fall in rap-ture at His feet, Grace is free, grace is free.  
 We'll shout thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Grace is free, grace is free.  
 Grace is free, grace is free.

## Grace is free.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

There is nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free,.....  
Grace is free, grace is free,

Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free.  
Grace is free, grace is free.

45

## Immortal Love.

J. G. WHITTIER.

R. FARRANT.

1. Im - mor - tal love, for - ev - er full, For - ev - er flow - ing free;  
2. Our out - ward lips con - fess the Name All oth - er naun - a - love;  
3. We may not climb the heav'ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;

For - ev - er shared, for - ev - er whole, A nev - er ebb - ing sea!  
Love on - ly know - eth whence it came, And com - pre - hend - eth love.  
In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.

4 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet  
A present help is He;  
And faith has still its Olivet,  
And love its Galilee.

5 The healing of His seamless dress  
Is by our beds of pain;  
We touch Him in life's throng and press,  
And we are whole again.

## Nor Silver nor Gold.

JAMES M. GRAY, D. D.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, No rich - es of  
 2. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The guilt on my  
 3. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The ho - ly com -  
 4. Nor sil - ver nor gold hath obtained my redemption, The way in - to

earth could have saved my poor soul; The blood of the cross is my  
 con - science too heav - y had grown; The blood of the cross is my  
 mand - ment for - bade me draw near; The blood of the cross is my  
 heav - en could not thus be bought; The blood of the cross is my

on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour now mak - eth me whole.  
 on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour could on - ly a - tone.  
 on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour re - mov - eth my fear.  
 on - ly foun - da - tion, The death of my Sav - iour redemption hath wrought.

CHORUS.

I am re - deemed,..... but not with sil - ver,  
 I am redeemed, I am re - deemed, but not with sil - ver,

I am bought,..... but not with gold; Bought with a  
 I am bought, I am bought, but not with gold;

## Nor Silver nor Gold.—Concluded.

price—..... the blood of Je - sus, Precious price of love un - told.  
 Bought with a price— the precious blood of Je-sus,

47

## Thy Way, Not Mine.

THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How - ev - er dark it be!  
 2. I dare not choose my lot; I would not if I might:

Lead me by Thine own hand, Choose out the path for me.  
 Choose Thou for me, my God, So shall I walk a - right.

Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best;  
 The king - dom that I seek Is Thine; so let the way

Wind - ing or straight, it leads Right on - ward to Thy rest.  
 That leads it to be Thine, Else I must sure - ly stray.

## A Taste of Heaven Here.

E. G. Y.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO F. H. SINNING, M. D.

EDNA G. YOUNG.

1. I used to think that heav-en was ver - y far a-way, That earth be-  
 2. I used to think that e - vil must in my heart a-bide, That no one  
 3. O yes, my life is hap-py, since He has full con-trol, I've no de-  
 4. Now come and seek this bless-ing and taste of heav-en too! Let Je - sus

low, was but a des - ert drear; But since the Ho - ly Spir - it brought  
 while on earth was free from sin; But glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! He  
 sire for things that once I craved; I'm sat - is - fied complete - ly, and  
 have pos - ses - sion of your soul. He'll sat - is - fy that long-ing, which

com - fort to my soul, I know I've had a taste of heav-en here.  
 cleansed me from it all, That He, Him-self, might come and reign with-in.  
 love to shout a - loud, "O hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord! I'm saved!"  
 ev - er will be felt, Un - til you yield your-self to His con - trol.

CHORUS.

I know I've had a taste of heav - en here,..... For  
 I know I've had a taste..... of heav - en here,

noth - ing earth - ly doth the same ap - pear; Such bliss - ful waves of love,



## A Taste of Heaven Here.—Concluded.

Swept o'er me from a - bove, And now I know that heav'n is ver - y near.

49

## In Heavenly Love Abiding.

ANNA L. WARING, 1850.

"Aurelia."

1. In heav - 'nly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear,  
2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back:  
3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen;

And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here:  
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack;  
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been:

The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;  
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;  
My hope I can - not meas - ure; My path to life is free;

But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?  
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.  
My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

## Hidden Away with Jesus.

Mrs. MARY ANDERSON HAWKINS.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

Chorus by A. B. S.

1. In the se - cret of His pres-ence! Hast thou found this blest re-treat,  
 2. Lis-ten, dear one, Christ is yearn-ing— With an un - told stress of need—  
 3. Do not ques - tion of the mor-row, Nor the path where He may choose  
 4. In the se - cret of His pres-ence, See - ing but His bless-ed face,

Hid a-way from care-less seek-ers, And from hur - rying, rest-less feet?  
 Straight in-to His hallowed pres-ence Ev - 'ry seek - ing heart to lead.  
 In His ten - der love to leave thee; All our plan-nings we must lose  
 Thou, e'en thou, tho' weak and helpless— Just a sin - ner saved by grace—

Hast thou sought and yet hast found not? Art thou sad and heav - y - eyed?  
 Cease thy hur - rying and thy struggling: Cast thy-self prone at His feet;  
 If we would a - bide each mo-ment In His pres - ence, rest-ful, calm,  
 Thou canst go and tell the lost ones Of the Sav - iour thou hast found,

Dost thou whis - per: "Others find Him, Yet my plead - ings are de - nied?"  
 Yield thy life, thy will, thy "all things" To His guid - ance full, com-plete.  
 Find-ing, in His love en - fold - ed, For each hurt a heal-ing balm.  
 Till, in soil now parched and barren, Heal-ing wa - ters shall a - bond.

# Hidden Away with Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Blest rock of sal - va - tion! Once riv - en for me,  
 Blest rock of sal - va - tion, sal - va - tion! yes, for me,

Safe - ly hid in Thy bo - som, I'm resting, yes rest - ing in Thee.  
 I'm rest - ing in Thee.

51

## I Could not do Without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

SIGISMUND THALBERG. Arr.

1. I could not do without Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost, Whose pre - cious blood re -  
 2. I could not do without Thee, I can - not stand a - lone; I have no strength or  
 3. I could not do without Thee, For years are fleeing fast; And soon in sol - emn

deemed me At such tre - men - dous cost; Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy  
 good - ness, No wis - dom of my own; But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art  
 si - lence The riv - er must be passed; But Thou wilt nev - er leave me; And

sac - ri - fice, must be My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.  
 all in all to me; And weak - ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on Thee.  
 tho' the waves run high, I know Thou wilt be near me, And whisper, "It is I."

## Let Us Rejoice.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. O let us re-joice in the Lord ev - er - more, Tho' all things a -  
 2. O let us re-joice in the Lord ev - er - more When the darts of the  
 3. O let us re-joice in the Lord ev - er - more, When sick - ness up -  
 4. O let us re-joice in the Lord ev - er - more, For home - ward we

round us be try - ing, Tho' floods of af - flic - tion like sea billows roar,  
 tempt - er are fly - ing, For Sa - tan still dreads, as he oft did of yore,  
 on us is steal - ing, No cor - dial like gladness our strength can re - store,  
 swift - ly are hie - ing, And soon will be sing - ing with those gone be - fore,

## CHORUS.

It is bet - ter to sing than be sigh - ing.  
 Our sing - ing much more than our sigh - ing. } Then re - rejoice ev - er - more, re -  
 For joy is the fount - ain of heal - ing.  
 And cease from all sor - row and sigh - ing.

joice ev - er - more, It is bet - ter to sing than be sigh - ing: It is

bet - ter to live than be dy - ing; So let us re - rejoice ev - er - more. ev - er - more.

## The Stream of Life.

M. A. S. Chorus adapted.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. There flows from Cal - va - ry a stream For ev - 'ry sin - ner's pain, And  
 2. Earth's fountains fair but mock our souls, Like des - ert phan - toms lure, And  
 3. This stream from Cal - va - ry still flows, To bless and cleanse and heal, And  
 4. Oh, bless - ed stream of pure de - light! Oh, balm for ev - 'ry pain! To

he that drink - eth, Je - sus said, Shall nev - er thirst a - gain.  
 they that drink, the faint - er grow, The keen - er thirst en - dure.  
 he that drink - eth, Je - sus said, New life and rest shall feel.  
 thee I haste, for Je - sus said, I'll nev - er thirst a - gain.  
 1. Shall nev - er thirst a - gain.

CHORUS.

What! nev - er thirst a - gain? No, nev - er thirst a - gain; What!

nev - er thirst a - gain? No, nev - er thirst a - gain, For

*ritard.....*

he that drinketh, Je - sus said, Shall nev - er, nev - er thirst a - gain.

*Andante con espress.*

1. When the bus - y world a - bout me seems so filled with toil and care, That the  
 2. When per - plex - ing questions face me and I know not where to turn, And the  
 3. When af - flic - tion adds its bur - den to the load al - read - y borne, And my  
 4. Yes, it's true "we have our troubles and our lit - tle tri - als, too," And our

Spir - its gen - tle voice is quite unknown, Oft I slip in - to my elos - et,  
 e - vil one would tempt my heart to groan; I have found there's not a prob - lem,  
 e - her - ished hopes by adverse winds are blown; It is then I seek the Sav - iour,  
 souls the tempt - er ne'er will leave a - lone; But the bless - ed Lord has told us

and the Saviour meets me there, And we spend an hour be - fore the Father's throne.  
 if I real - ly want to learn, That we can not solve be - fore the Father's throne.  
 for His heart like mine was torn, And we spend an hour to - geth - er at the throne.  
 there is grace to help us thro' If we'll on - ly spend an hour be - fore the throne.

## CHORUS.

Oh, that hap - py se - cret hour I spend with Je - sus, What commun - ion there have

I with Christ, a - lone; How my heart is e - aused to burn, by the

## At the Throne.—Concluded.

*ritard.*

lessons that I learn, In that hap-py, se-cret hour be-fore the throne.....  
be-fore the throne.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff. The piece concludes with a 'ritard.' (ritardando) marking.

55

## Evening Hymn.

F. W. FABER.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Sweet Sav-our! bless us ere we go; Thy word in-to our mind in-still;  
2. Grant us, dear Lord, from e-vil ways True ab-so-lu-tion and re-lease,  
3. Do more than par-don, give us joy, Sweet fear and so-ber lib-er-ty,  
4. La-lor is sweet, for Thou hast toiled, And care is light, for Thou hast cared;

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

And make our luke-warm hearts to glow With low-ly love and fer-vent will.  
And bless us more than in past days, With pur-i-ty and in-ward peace.  
And lov-ing hearts without al-loy, That on-ly long to be like Thee.  
Let not our works with self be soiled, Nor in un-sim-ple ways en-snared.

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

Thro' life's long day and death's dark night, O gen-tle Je-sus, be our light!

The musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melodic line in the upper staff and a harmonic accompaniment in the lower staff.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

GEO. C. HUGG.

*Joyously.*

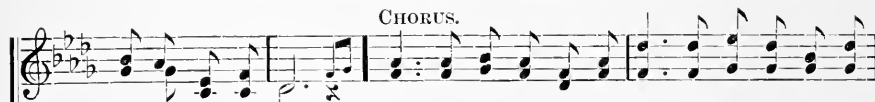
1. I've been on Mount Pisgah's lofty height, And I've sat - is - fied my longing
2. I will walk with Jesus, bless His name, And to be like Him I ev-'ry
3. I my all up - on the al - tar lay, As I to my clos - et lov - ing -
4. By faith's eye I scan the ocean's foam, And be - yond I see the ha - ven



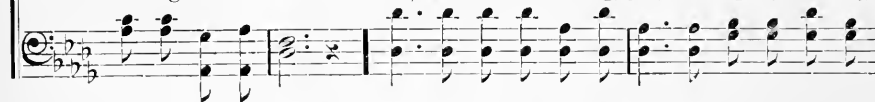
heart's de - sire; For I caught a glimpse of glo - ry bright, And my soul is  
 day as - pire; For His love is like a heav'nly flame, And my soul is  
 ly re - tire; And the flame consumes while there I pray, And my soul is  
 I de - sire; There I view the bea - con light of home, And my soul is



## CHORUS.



burning with the fire. Oh, the fire is burning, yes, 'tis brightly burning,



Oh, 'tis burning, burning in my soul; Oh, the fire is burning,



yes, 'tis brightly burning, Oh, 'tis burning, burning in my soul.  
 burning in my soul.





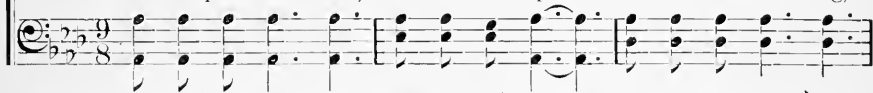
## Keep on Believing.

M. D.

L. M. B.

*Con espress.*

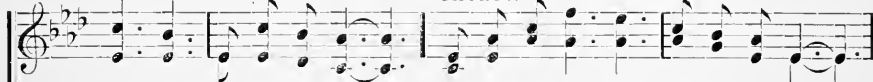
1. When you feel weak - est, dan - gers sur - round; Sub - tle temp - ta - tions,  
 2. If all were ea - sy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?  
 3. God is your wis - dom; God is your might; God's ev - er near you,  
 4. Let us press on then; nev - er de - spair;— Live a - bove feel - ing,



trou - les a - bound; Nothing seems hopeful, nothing seems glad, All is de -  
 where would the fight? But in the hard - ness, God gives to you, Chances for  
 guid - ing you right; He un - derstands you, knows all your need, Trusting in  
 vic - to - ry's there; Je - sus can keep us so near to Him, That never -



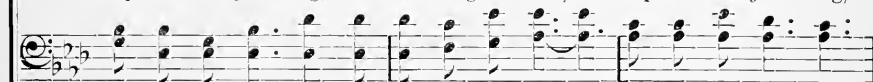
## CHORUS.



spair - ing, oft - entimes sad.  
 prov - ing what He can do. } 1. Keep on be - liev - ing, Je - sus is near,  
 Him, you'll sure - ly suc - ceed. } 2. Keep on re - joic - ing, Je - sus is near,  
 more our faith shall grow dim.



Keep on be - liev - ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be - liev - ing,  
 Keep on re - joic - ing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on re - joic - ing,



this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.  
 this is the way, Songs in the night as well as the day.



## Heaven to the Soul.

G. B. F.

G. B. FIELDS.

1. Oh, 'twas heav - en to my soul when the Sav - iour made me whole  
 2. Oft we have a fore - taste here of the glo - ry o - ver there,  
 3. Oh, 'tis heav - en to the soul, and 'tis joy be - yond con - trol

By His love from a - bove! When He whispered, "Peace, bestill!"  
 And we sing to our King As we walk by His dear side  
 To a - bid at His side! Why not now your all for - sake  
 By His love from a - bove!

and subdued my stubborn will, Glo - ry shone from the throne.  
 and to Him our love con - fide Day by day, all the way.  
 and God's richer blessing take? 'Tis for thee, full and free.  
 Glo - ry shone from the throne.

## CHORUS.

Why not seek for a full - er blessing? Why still cling to the mire and clay?

# Heaven to the Soul.—Concluded.

With His storehouse so full of treas-ure, Why go on in the same old way?

## 59 || Choose Thee, Blessed Will of God.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

Rev. K. MACKENZIE, Jr.

*Andante.*

1. I choose Thee, bless-ed will of God! In Thee a-lone, my heart can rest,
2. I choose Thee, bless-ed will of God! No lon - ger shall this will of mine
3. I choose Thee, bless-ed will of God! Thesweetest thing my heart hath known
4. I choose Thee, bless-ed will of God! For in the circling of Thine arms,

The cur - rent of Thy love, I know Can on - ly bear me to Thy breast.  
 In sel - fish blindness to Thy love, Its hate - ful choice and strength combine.  
 A cha - ri - ot my God hath sent To bear me up - ward to His throne.  
 The glad - dest Spring of Joy I find; Out - side Thee fears and strange a - larms.

REFRAIN.

I choose Thee bless-ed will of God! In Thee a-lone my heart can rest.

5 I choose Thee, blessed will of God!  
 For all Thou art is wondrous love;  
 The bitterest cup Thy hand extends  
 Becomes a draught from streams above.

6 I choose Thee, blessed will of God!  
 And all Thou art! Why should I fear?  
 Heaven is translated to my soul,  
 And life's deep mysteries grow clear.

## Fulfillment.

Adapted from WILLIAM A. MÜHLENBERG.

By A. E. S.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. O cease, my wand'ring soul, On rest - less wing to roam;  
 2. Be - hold the ark of God, Be - hold the o - pen door!  
 3. There safe thou shalt a - bide, There sweet shall be thy rest,

All this wide world, to ei - ther pole, Hath not for thee a home.  
 O haste to gain that dear a - bode, And rove, my soul, no more.  
 And ev - 'ry long - ing sat - is - fied, With full sal - va - tion blest.

## CHORUS.

There is rest, there is peace, Tho' the  
 There is rest, there is peace,

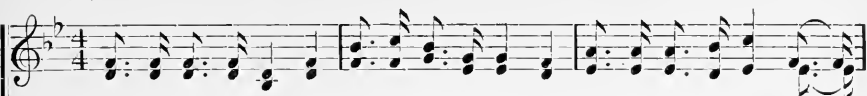
waves Tho' the waves wild - ly roar, In the se - cret of His  
 Tho' the waves wild - ly roar,

pres - ence There is rest..... for - ev - er more.  
 there is rest for - ev - er - more.

## Jesus Giveth Us the Victory.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. There's a bat - tle rag - ing in the heav'nly places, Sin and death and sickness with
2. Faith can hear our Cap - tain call - ing from the heavens, "Courage, brother, I have
3. We are led by one who nev - er lost a bat - tle, And our ad - ver - sa - ry
4. Let us take the vic - t'ry, o - ver Satan's kingdom, O - ver sickness, sor - row,



Sa - tan lead - ing on; With the hosts of earth and hell arrayed a - gainst us,  
o - ver - come for you, Fear not, I am with you, I will nev - er fail you,  
is a conquered foe; We are more than conq'u'rors, thro' our Captain's tri - umph;  
self and sin; Let us bear the ban - ner, o'er the lands of dark - ness



## CHORUS.

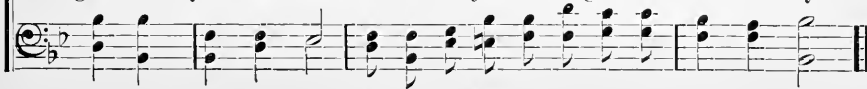
How in all our weakness shall the fight be won?  
Trust - ing in my prom - ise, you shall con - quer too. } Je - sus giv - eth us the  
Let us shout the vic - t'ry as we on - ward go.  
Till the foes' last stronghold we for Christ shall win.



vic - to - ry, He who o - ver - came on Cal - va - ry, O - ver - comes a -



gain in you and me. Hal - le - lu - jah! Je - sus gives the vic - to - ry!



## I'll Follow Thee.

A. M. H.

Mrs. A. M. HEATHCOTE.

*p Andante.*

1. I heard a voice..... so soft - ly call - ing,..... "Take up thy  
 2. The world was cold..... and vain its pleas - ure,..... My wea - ry  
 3. I saw the poor,..... the maimed, the low - ly,..... Look un - to  
 4. I drew me near,..... the road was thorn - y,..... And worldlings

1. I heard a voice call-ing, soft-ly call - ing,

cross,..... and fol - low Me;"..... A tem - pest  
 heart..... saw all was drear;..... It heaped on  
 Je - - - sus, look and live;..... I felt a  
 scoffed,..... the cross was there,..... 'Twas nar - row  
 "Take up thy cross, and fol - low Me;"

o'er..... my heart was fall - ing,..... A liv - ing  
 me..... its smiles with meas - ure,..... I looked to  
 wish..... to be made ho - ly,..... I knew that  
 too..... no room for help - er,..... I knew His

A tem - pest o'er my heart, my heart was fall - ing,

*crs.*

cross..... this was to me. I strug-gled sore,..... I struggled  
 find..... each leaf was sear; And sick and wea - - - ry, heavy  
 He..... would me for - give; I stood a - far,..... I hastened  
 ear..... would hear my pray'r; And past the thron',..... and thro' the

A liv - ing cross I struggled sore,

# I'll follow Thee.—Concluded.

*rit.* *f*

vain - ly, No oth - er light..... my eyes could see.  
 lad - en, I dreamt I saw..... my help was near.  
 on - ward, I heard His voice,..... "My peace I'll give."  
 fol - ly, I laid me low,..... I laid me there.

No oth - er light

CHORUS. *mp* *cres.*

I'll fol - low Thee,..... of life the Giv - er, I'll fol - low  
 I'll fol - low Thee,

*mf*

Thee,..... suff-'ring Re-deem - er; I'll fol - low Thee,..... de -  
 I'll fol-low Thee, I'll fol-low Thee,

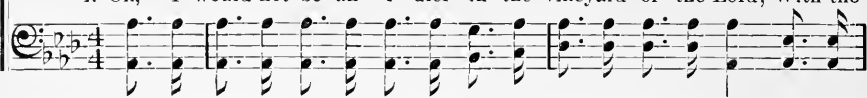
ny Thee nev - er, By Thy grace..... I'll fol - low Thee.  
 By Thy grace

5 I heard His voice unto me saying,  
 "Take up thy cross and follow Me;"  
 My heart is Thine, now Thee obeying,  
 Speak all Thy will, dear Lord, to me;  
 Make weakness strength, Thy power now give me,  
 And from this hour I'll follow Thee.

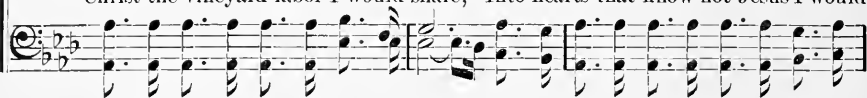
6 His cross I took—which cross no longer,  
 A hundred-fold brings life to me;  
 Of weary days I often ponder,  
 Of days that now bring liberty;  
 My heart is filled with joy o'er-flowing,  
 His love and life are light to me,



1. Send me forth, O bless-ed Master! where are souls in sorrow bowed, Send me
2. There are lives that may be brightened by a word of hope and cheer, There are
3. There is work with-in the vineyard, there is serv-ice to be done, There's a
4. Oh, I would not be an i-dler in the vineyard of the Lord; With the



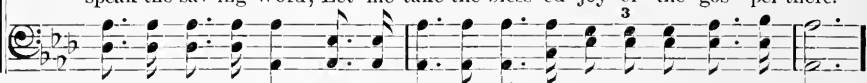
forth to homes of want and homes of care, And with joy I will o-bey the call, and  
souls with whom life's blessings I should share; There are hearts that may be lightened of the  
mes-sage of sal-va-tion to de-clare; Send me forth to tell the sto-ry to the  
Christ the vineyard labor I would share; Into hearts that know not Jesus I would



FINE.

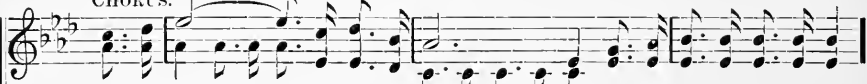


in Thy precious name I will take the bless-ed light of the gos-pel there.  
burdens which they bear; Let me take the bless-ed hope of the gos-pel there.  
homes of sin-ful men; Let me take the bless-ed Christ of the gos-pel there.  
speak the sav-ing Word; Let me take the bless-ed joy of the gos-pel there.



*D.S.*—And I'll go on an - y er-rand of love for Thee.

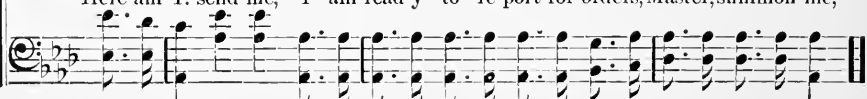
CHORUS.



Call me forth..... to ac-tive serv - - ice, And my prompt response shall be,  
call me forth service call me forth,

*D.S.*

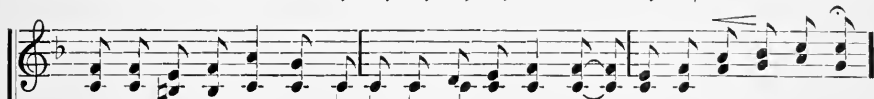
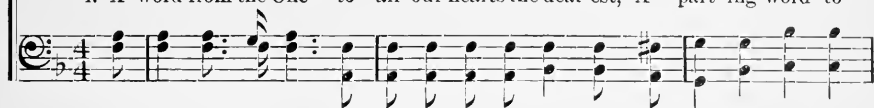
"Here am I! send me," I am read-y to re-port for orders, Master, summon me,



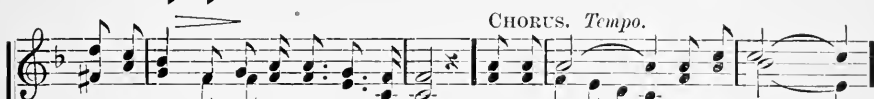
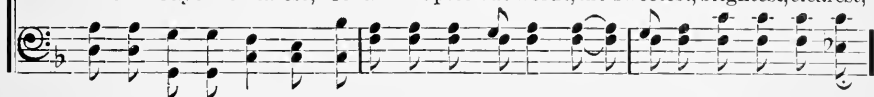




1. A lamp in the night, a song in time of sor-row; A great glad hope which
2. A star in the sky, a bea-con bright to guide us; An an-chor sure to
3. A call of command, like trumpet clearly sound-ing, To make us bold when
4. A word from the One to all our hearts the dear-est, A part-ing word to

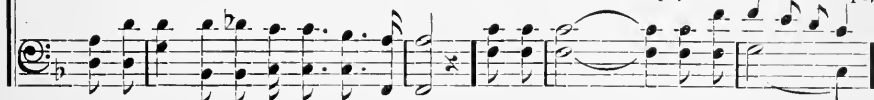


faith can ev-er bor-row To gild the pass-ing day with the glo-ry of the mor-row,  
hold when storms betide us; A ref-uge for the soul, where in quiet we may hide us,  
e-vil is surround-ing; To stir the sluggish heart and to keep in good abound-ing,  
make Him aye the nearest; Of all His precious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest,

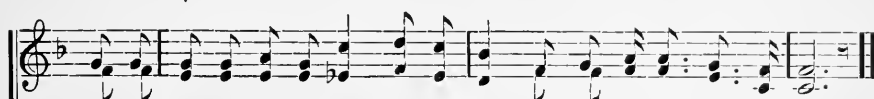


CHORUS. *Tempo.*

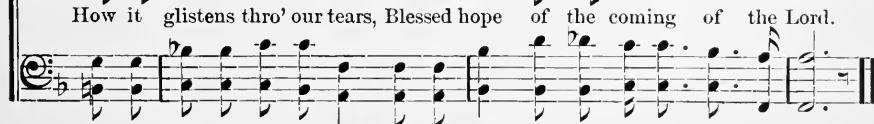
Is the hope of the coming of the Lord. Blessed hope,..... blessed hope,.....  
blessed hope, blessed hope,



Bless-ed hope of the coming of the Lord; How the ach-ing heart it cheers,



How it glistens thro' our tears, Blessed hope of the coming of the Lord.



# 65 Expect to Get to Heaven by the Same Old Way.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

GEO. C. HUGG.

1. The way our fa-ther's traveled is good e-nough for me, They followed  
 2. The world may sneer and tell me I'll nev-er reach the goal, That good works  
 3. When bow'rs of sin en-tice me to rest my wea-ry feet, I find in  
 4. Mill-ions are now in glo-ry, in shin-ing white ar-rayed, Who trav-eled

in the foot-steps that led from Cal-va-ry, It led them up to glo-ry, that  
 are suf-fi-cient to save a hu-man soul, But while the world is talking, I  
 Christ my Sav-iour, a safe, a sure re-treat, He tells me to press onward, and  
 this same pathway, and oft-en were dismayed, But hap-py now in glo-ry they

land of end-less day, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.  
 still will watch and pray, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.  
 not look back, nor stay, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.  
 sing both night and day, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.

## CHORUS.

O this bless-ed old way, it is good e-nough for me, It is good e-

nough for me, it is good e-nough for me; My Sav-iour goes be-fore me, I

# ¶ Expect to Get to Heaven, etc.—concluded.

fol- low Him each day, I ex-pect to get to heav-en by the same old way.

66

## Somebody.

A. B. S.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. Somebod - y chose the bet - ter part, Yield - ed to Christ a lov - ing heart,
2. Somebod - y gave a life to God, Went at His call to realms a - broad,
3. Somebod - y made a sae - ri - fice, Yield - ed some gift be - yond all price,
4. Somebod - y gave the wid - ow's mite, Lit - tle to man, but in His sight,

Some - bod - y ceased for self to live, Some - bod - y learned his all to give.  
 Liv - ing to seek and save the lost, Work - ing for souls at an - y cost.  
 Some - bod - y won God's hundred fold, Rich - er than gems or crowns of gold.  
 All of earth's treasures far a - bove, Meas - ured a - lone by worth of love.

Was that somebod - y you?..... Was that somebod - y you?.....  
 Somebody - y you? Somebody - y you?

5 Somebody idled all the hours,  
 Carelessly crushed life's fairest flowers,  
 Somebody made life loss, not gain,  
 Thoughtlessly seemed to live in vain.

6 Somebody filled the days with light,  
 Constantly chased away the night,  
 Somebody's work bore joy and peace,  
 Surely that life shall never cease.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN. By per.

1. I wan - der'd in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,  
 2. Tho' clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll,  
 3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I, sweet com - munion find;  
 4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,  
 5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me;

And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.  
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soul.  
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.  
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.  
 Be - hold the bright - ness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

Sun - light, sun - light, in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light,  
 to - day, yes,

all a - long the way, Since the Sav - iour found me,  
 nar - row way,

took a - way my sin, I have had the sun - light of His love with - in.  
 load of sin,

## Jesus is Able.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. Je - sus is a - ble to save you, Tho' you have gone a - stray,  
 2. Je - sus is a - ble to cleanse you, Whit - er than wool or snow,  
 3. Je - sus is a - ble to keep you, Safe from the tempter's pow'r;  
 4. Je - sus is a - ble to make you Hap - py the whole day long;  
 5. Je - sus is a - ble to take you Home when your life is done;

He will for - give you free - ly, Wash all your sins a - way.  
 A - ble to save you from sin - ning, Guide you wher - ev - er you go.  
 Je - sus is a - ble to give you, Strength for the try - ing hour.  
 Fill - ing your heart with sun - shine, Fill - ing your mouth with song,  
 Home to a crown and king - dom, Bright - er than star or sun.

## CHORUS.

A - ble to save, yes, a - ble to save, Je - sus is a - ble and

will - ing to save; Once His own life for your ran - som He gave,

And He is a - ble and will - ing to save.....  
 yes, to save.

## There is Joy in Heaven.

A. B. S.

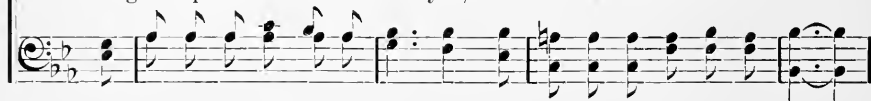
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. O sin-ner, the Sav-iour is call - ing, The Spir - it is pleading to - day,
2. They know as no oth - ers the val - ue, The worth and the in - fi - nite cost
3. Per - haps there is some one up yon - der, To whom your sal - va - tion would be
4. There's one who has lov'd you far bet - ter Than an - gel, or kindred or friend.



The an - gels of mer - cy are wait - ing To bear the glad ti - dings a - way.  
Of God's great sal - va - tion for sin - ners, They know what it means to be lost.  
More sweet than the rapture of heav - en, Some lov'd one long waiting for thee.  
He gave up His life to re - deem you, His love has no measure or end.



That some one has turn'd from his straying to - day, And entered the ha - ven of rest,  
And oh, with what wonder they watch you to - day, As far from the Sav - iour you roam,  
O has - ten, ye an - gels of glo - ry, to - day, And tell them the lost one has come,  
Long, long has He followed your straying a - way, And borne with your folly and sin,



O is it of you they are sing - ing, In yon - der bright home of the blest ?  
They're waiting and watching this mo - ment, To see some poor sinner come home.  
O sin - ner, come back to thy Sav - iour, While lov'd ones are waiting, come home.  
Oh, o - pen the door while He's knocking, And bid the dear Sav - iour come in.



## There is Joy in Heaven.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O lin-ger, ye an-gels of glo - ry, Till one more poor wand' rer shall come,  
 O sin-ner, come back to the Fa- ther, While the Saviour is call- ing come home.

70

## Jesus, Master, Whose I Am.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

DIMITRI BORTNIANSKI.

1. Je - sus, Mas - ter, whose I am, Purchased Thine a - lone to be  
 2. Oth - er lords have long held sway, Now Thy name a - lone to bear,  
 3. Je - sus, Mas - ter, I am Thine; Keep me faith - ful keep me near;

By Thy blood, O spot - less Lamb, Shed so will - ing - ly for me,  
 Thy dear voice a - lone o - bey, Is my dai - ly, hour - ly pray'r;  
 Let Thy pres - ence in me shine All my homeward way to cheer.

Let my heart be all Thine own, Let me live to Thee a - lone.  
 Whom have I in heav'n but Thee? Noth - ing else my joy can be.  
 Je - sus, at Thy feet I fall, Oh, be Thou my all in all.

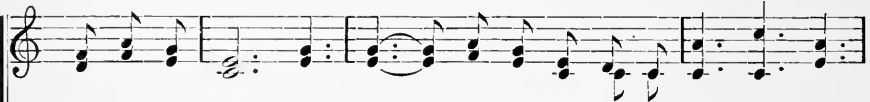
# Mine Eyes Shall Behold Him.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I know not the hour of His com - ing, Nor how He will  
 2. I know not the bliss that a - waits me, At rest with my  
 3. Per - haps in the midst of my la - bor, A voice from my  
 4. I know not, but O I am watch - ing My lamp ev - er



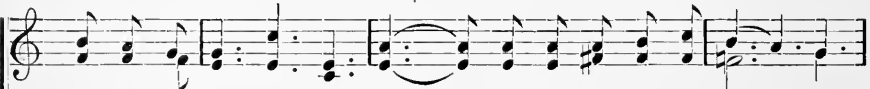
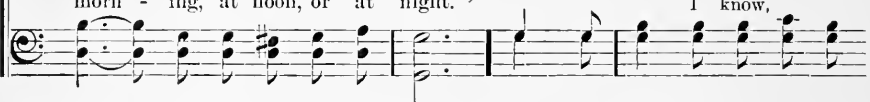
speak to my heart; Or wheth - er at morning or mid - day, My  
 Sav - iour a - bove; I know not how soon I shall en - ter, And  
 Lord I shall hear; Per - haps in the slum - ber of mid - night, Its  
 burn - ing and bright; I know not if Je - sus will call me, At



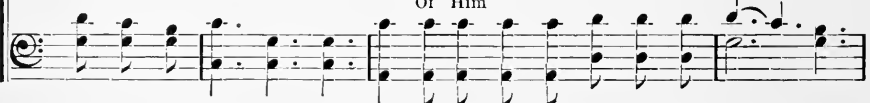
## CHORUS.



spir - it to him will de - part. } But I know..... I shall  
 bathe in the o - cean of love. }  
 mes - sage may fall on my ear. }  
 morn - ing, at noon, or at night. } I know,



wake in the like - ness of Him..... I am long - ing to see;..... I  
 Of Him



know that mine eyes shall behold Him, And that..... is enough for me.  
 I know is enough,

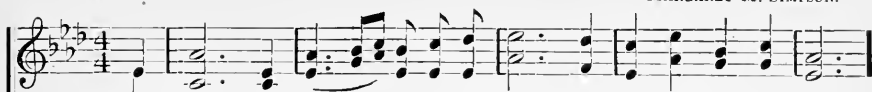




## Am I a Soldier of the Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

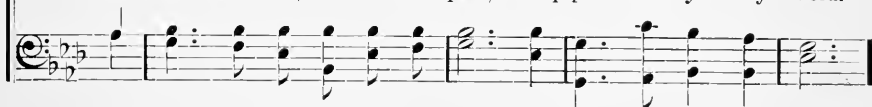
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. Am I a sol - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb?
2. Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - 'ry beds of ease,
3. Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood,
4. Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my courage, Lord,



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?  
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?  
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy Word.



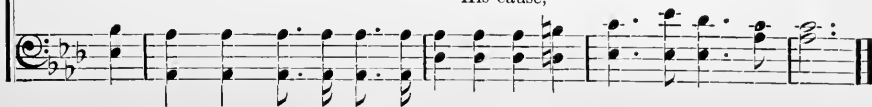
## CHORUS.



I'm a sol - - dier of the cross, A foll - 'wer of the Lamb,  
 I'm a sol - dier of the cross, of the cross, the Lamb,



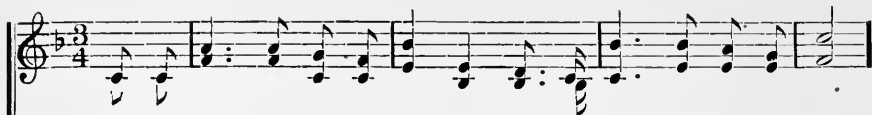
I'm not a - shamed to own His cause, But glo - ry in His name.  
 His cause,



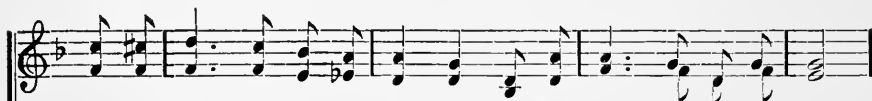
## Just a Step.

Anon.

Arranged by M. A. S.



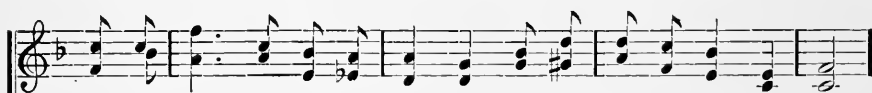
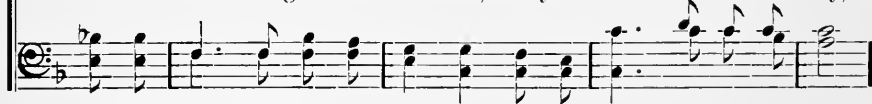
1. It is just a step to Je - sus, Wont you take it, friend, to-night?
2. It is just a step to Je - sus, If you'll on - ly take it now,
3. It is just a step to Je - sus, Sin - ner wont you cross the line?
4. It is just a step to Je - sus, Do not tar - ry, come to-night,



He is wait - ing to re - ceive you, Wont you walk in - to the light?  
 Breathe a prayer for He is list'ning, Whis - per si - lent - ly a vow.  
 Wont you let His love so pre - cious In your life for - ev - er shine?  
 Put your hand in His and fol - low In the bless - ed - ness of light.



With a ten - der - ness e - ter - nal, That is deep - er than the sea,  
 Place your hand in His con - fid - ing, Let Him lead you where He will  
 Tho' the world has charms al - lur - ing, They are like the fad - ing leaf,  
 With a full and glad sur - ren - der, Put your trust in Him and say,



He im - plores you and in - vites you, Say - ing kind - ly, "Come to me."  
 Thro' the mead - ows green with ver - dure, By the wa - ters cool and still.  
 And at last will fall and with - er, Leav - ing on - ly pain and grief.  
 "Where Thou lead - est me, O Sav - iour, I will go, and nev - er stray."



## Just a Step.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

It is just a step to Je - sus, Then why not take it now?  
just now,

On - ly a step, on - ly a step, O sinner take it now.

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## ☉ Love that Will not let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON.

ALBERT L. PEACH.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my weary soul in thee; I give thee
2. O Light that followest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to thee; My heart re-
3. O Joy that seekest me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to thee; I trace the
4. O Cross that liftest up my head, I dare not ask to fly from thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in thine ocean depths its flow May richer, full-er be.  
 stores its borrowed ray, That in thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fairer be.  
 rainbow thro' the rain, And feel the promise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.  
 dust life's glo-ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall endless be.

## It Seems Too Good to Be True.

A. B. S.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. When Christ in my heart, in His ful-ness di-vine, Was re-vealed to my  
 2. And then when I learned that on Cal-va-ry's tree, He had borne all my  
 3. And now when I'm told that He's com-ing a-gain From these heavens so

won-der-ing view,... I mar-velled that mer-cy so vast could be mine,  
 sick-ness-es too,..... And His stripes and His shame had brought healing for me,  
 bound-less and blue,.... Is com-ing to earth with His lov'd ones to reign,

And it seem'd too good to be true..... To think that He'd stoop to a  
 It seem'd too good to be true..... But now since His hand has been  
 It seems too good to be true. (to be true.) But since I have learn'd that He

sin-ner like me, My sor-row and sin to un-do,..... To  
 laid on my frame, My strength and my life to re-new,..... I  
 soon will be here, It has nerved me to dare and to do,..... And I'm

help me to will, and to do, and to be; It was al-most too good to be true.  
 long to a suf-fer-ing world to proclaim, That it is not too good to be true.  
 working and watching till He shall appear, For it is not too good to be true.

# It Seems Too Good to Be True.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

It seems too good to be true, brother, But it's all for me and for you, brother,

Then what are you going to do, brother, With a Saviour so good and so true?  
so true?

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## Jesus, and Shall it Ever Be?

J. GRIGG.

H. K. OLIVER.

1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man ashamed of Thee?  
2. Ashamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let evening blush to own a star:  
3. Ashamed of Je - sus! just as soon Let midnight be ashamed of noon;  
4. Ashamed of Je - sus, that dear friend On whom my hopes of heav'n de - pend!

Ashamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?  
He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this benight - ed soul of mine.  
'Tis midnight with my soul, till He, Bright morning star, bid dark - ness flee.  
No, when I blush, be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.

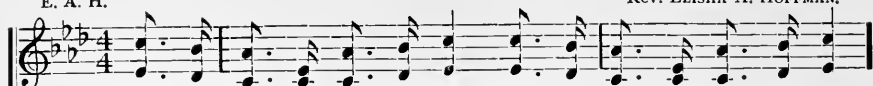
5 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

6 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And oh, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.


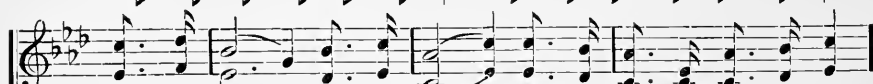
## On to Victory.

E. A. H.


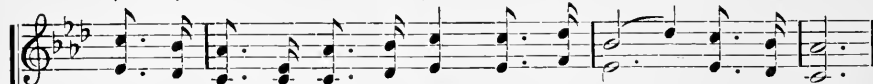
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.




1. Chris-tian, gird the arm-or on, There's a vic-t'ry to be won  
 2. Let His ban-ner be un-fur'd Till it waves o'er all the world,  
 3. When the bat-tle shall be done, And the vic-to-ry be won,  
 4. That will be an hour of joy, Praise shall then our tongues em-ploy,

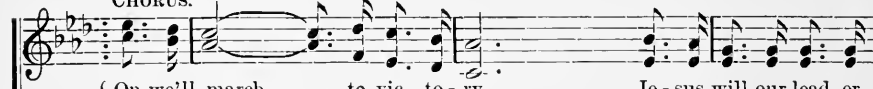
For the Lord, for the Lord; Take the hel-met, sword and shield,  
 Sea to sea, shore to shore; Till the na-tions all shall own  
 Con-flict past, con-flict past; In the new Je-ru-sa-lem  
 More and more, more and more; We shall stand be-fore the King,

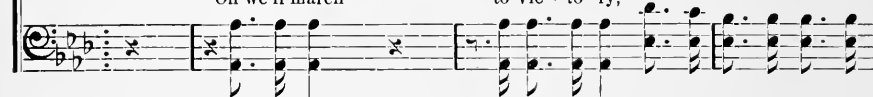
Forth un-to the bat-tle-field At His word, at His word.  
 He is King, and He a-lone, Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.  
 We shall wear a di-a-dem At the last, at the last.  
 And the song of tri-umph sing Ev-er-more, ev-er-more.



## CHORUS.



{ On we'll march..... to vic-to-ry, Je-sus will our lead-er  
 { On we'll march..... to vic-to-ry, To a fi-nal and a  
 On we'll march to vic-to-ry,




1 be, Je-sus will our lead-er be; } glo-ri-ous vic-to-ry.  
 (Omit.)



## My Anchor Holds.

W. C. MARTIN.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. Tho' the an - gry surg - es roll On my tem - pest driv - en soul, I am  
 2. Might - y tides a - bout me sweep, Per - ils lurk with - in the deep; An - gry  
 3. Troubles al - most whelm the soul, Griefs like billows o'er me roll; Tempters

peace - ful, for I know, Wild - ly tho' the winds may blow, I've an an - chor safe and  
 clouds o'er shade the sky, And the tem - pest ris - es high; Still I stand the tempest's  
 seek to lure a - stray; Storms obscure the light of day; I can face them and be

CHORUS.  
 sure, That can ev - er - more en - dure. } And it holds, my an - chor holds;  
 shock, For my an - chor grips the rock. }  
 bold, I've an an - chor that shall hold. } And it holds,..... my an - chor holds;

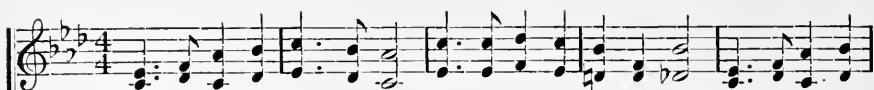
Blow your wildest, then, O gale, On my bark so small and frail; I shall  
 Blow your wild - est, then, O gale,

nev - er, nev - er fail, For my an - chor holds, my an - chor holds.  
 For my anchor holds, it firm - ly holds,

## Shine On.

A. B. S.

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.



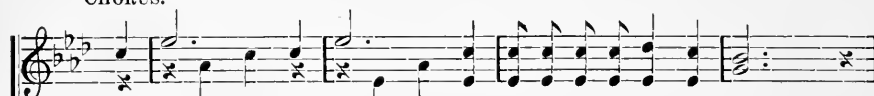
1. As the glorious orb of light With a radiance all di-vine, Bursts the fetters
2. As the beacon shines a - far, O'er the raging ocean's brine, Like some welcome
3. As the sunshine free and glad, Falls where gloom and squalor pine; So where all is
4. As the glorious King of Day, Thro' the clouds that hide the dawn, Press-es up his



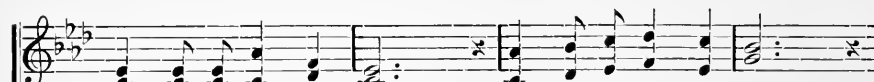
of the night, And a - ris - es in his might, Let your light so shine.  
 guid-ing star, Till the boat has crossed the bar, Let your light so shine.  
 dark and sad, On the good and on the bad, Let your light so shine.  
 shin-ing way, Till the mists have rolled a-way, Let your light shine on.



## CHORUS.



Shine on, shine on, Ye children of the light, shine on;  
 Shine on, shine on, shine on, shine on;



Shine as the bea - con light, Shine as the sunshine bright,  
 Shine on, Shine on,





## Shine On.—Concluded.

Shine as the children of the light, Shine on, shine on! shine on!  
Shine on, shine on!

5 As the beacon brightest shines,  
When the sun and stars are gone,  
So though every hope declines,  
And though every foe combines,  
Let your light shine on.

6 We are children of the light,  
Waiting for th' eternal dawn,  
Let us keep our armor bright,  
And through all earth's dreary night  
Let our light shine on.

## 80 Thou Who Didst On Calvary Bleed.

J. D. BURNS.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. Thou who didst on Calvary bleed, Thou who didst for sin - ners plead, Help me  
2. In my dark-ness and my grief, With my heart of un - be - lief, I, who  
3. Oth - ers long in fet - ters bound There de - liv'rance sought and found, Heard the  
4. There on Thee I cast my care, There to Thee I raise my pray'r; Je - sus,

CHORUS.

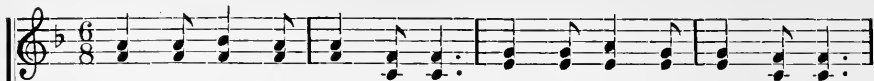
in my time of need: Je - sus, hear my cry!  
am of sinners chief, Lift to Thee mine eye.  
voice of mer - cy sound: Surely so may I! } Hear, O hear my cry,  
save me from de - spair— Save me or I die!

Lift to me Thine eye; Let Thine arm be nigh, Je - sus, hear my cry.

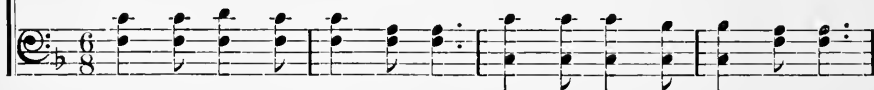
## Launch Out Into the Deep.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

Geo. C. HUGG.



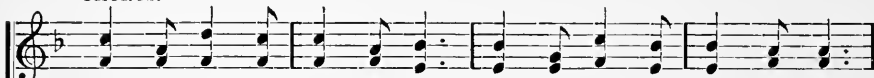
1. All night long the fish - ers sought, But at morn had noth - ing caught;  
 2. How these fish - ers were re - paid When the Sav - iour they o - beyed!  
 3. If of grace you would have more, Do not liu - ger near the shore,  
 4. If you would be sanc - ti - fied, Ho - ly made, in Cal - v'ry's tide,



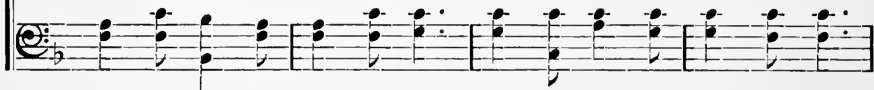
Then they heard the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.  
 When they heard the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.  
 List - en to the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.  
 List - en to the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.



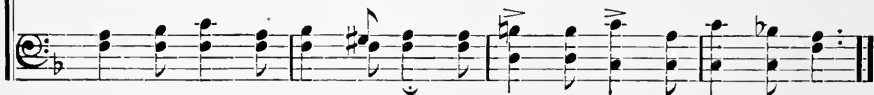
## CHORUS.



No use stay - ing near the shore, Where the bil - lows break and roar;



List - en to the Mas - ter speak, Launch out, launch out in - to the deep.



5 Fishers would you be, of men?  
 Cut loose every shore line, then;  
 Listen to the Master speak,  
 Launch out, launch out into the deep.

6 Would you gain that blessed shore,  
 There to rest forever more?  
 Listen to the Master speak,  
 Launch out, launch out into the deep.

## Jesus is Coming Again.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

A. B. S.

1. Je - sus is com - ing a - gain, they say, Com - ing to end our sor - row;  
 2. Have you been rob'd in the rai - ment white, And are your lights all burn - ing,  
 3. Have you been watching while oth - ers slept, Faith - ful tho' faint and wea - ry?  
 4. Have you been sending a - broad the light Tell - ing the old, old sto - ry,

Com - ing a - gain some glo - rious day, Com - ing, per - haps to - mor - row.  
 Oil in your lamps, and all things right, Read - y for His re - turn - ing?  
 Have you been seeking the "oth - ers - sheep," Out on the mountains drear - y?  
 Hast - ing to bring with all your might, Christ and His com - ing king - dom?

## CHORUS.

What are you do - ing, my broth - er, I pray? What are you

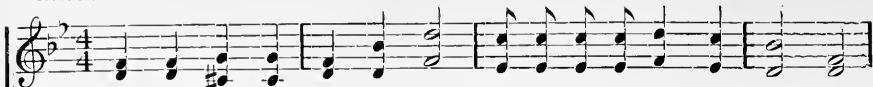
do - ing His com - ing to bring? What are you do - ing from

day to day, To has - ten the coming of the King? (of the King?)

## Living in the Glory.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

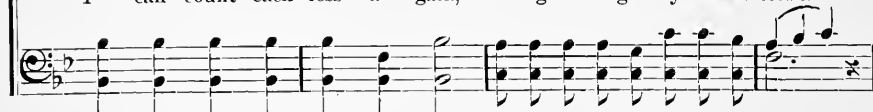
MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



1. I have found a heav'n be - low, I am liv - ing in the glo - ry;  
 2. Storms of sor - row 'round me fall, But I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry;  
 3. Sa - tan can - not touch my heart While I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry;  
 4. I can tri - umph o - ver pain While I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry;



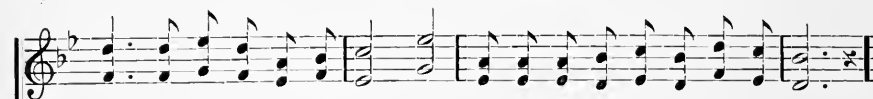
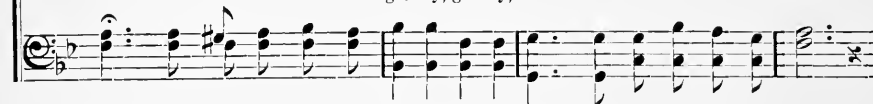
O! the joy and strength I know, Living in the glo - ry of the Lord.  
 I can sing a - bove them all, Living in the glo - ry of the Lord.  
 This dis - arms each fier - y dart, Living in the glo - ry of the Lord.  
 I can count each loss a gain, Living in the glo - ry of the Lord.



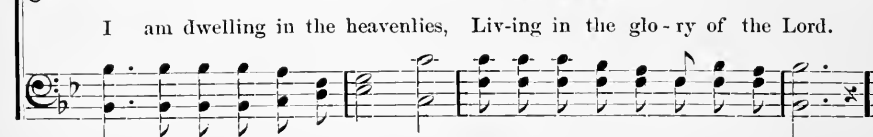
## CHORUS.



Yes, I'm liv - ing in the glo - ry, As He promised in His word;  
 glo - ry, glo - ry,



I am dwelling in the heavenlies, Liv - ing in the glo - ry of the Lord.



5 I am poor and little known,  
 But I'm living in the glory;  
 And I'm waiting for a throne,  
 Living in the glory of the Lord.

6 Soon the King will come for me,  
 To be with Him in the glory;  
 Then my sweeter song shall be  
 Reiguing in the glory of the Lord.

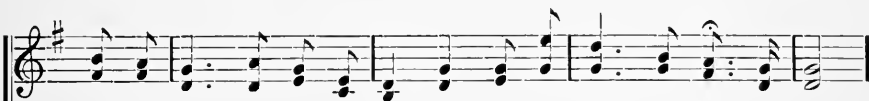
## I'll Be Saved, But Not To-night.

Anon.

Arr. by M. A. S.



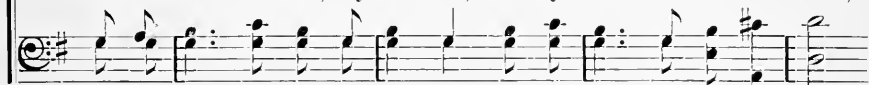
1. Come, poor sin - ner, seek sal - va - tion, Je - sus waits to put you right;
2. Oh, how vain is the de - lus - ion That the Lord your time will wait,
3. When the Judgment o - ver - takes you, How those words will stand in sight,



Do not give that dreadful an - swer, "I'll be saved, but not to - night;  
Millions now are lost for - ev - er, Shut with - out the Gold - en Gate;  
When they prayed and pleaded with you, And you an - swered, "Not to - night;"



Give me just a lit - tle lon - ger, For this world seems, oh! so bright,  
Once the Sav - iour spake and bade them En - ter in His per - feet light;  
Then will be the time, my bro - ther, When you stand at death's cold brink,

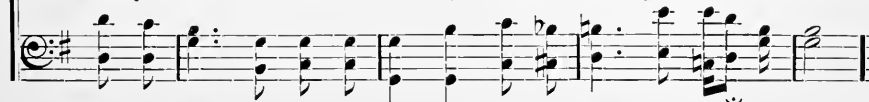


CHO.—"Give me just a lit - tle lon - ger, For this world seems, oh! so bright,



Chorus, D.S.

When I feel that I am dy - ing, I'll be saved, but not to - night."  
But, like you, they answered soft - ly, "I'll be saved, but not to - night."  
When your soul is lost for - ev - er, With - out Christ you're sure to sink.



When I feel that I am dy - ing, I'll be saved, but not to - night."

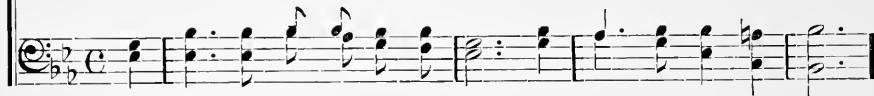
## Must Jesus Bear the Cross Alone?

T. SHEPHERD.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crys - tal pavement, down At Je - sus' pier - ed feet,
4. O pre - cious cross! O glo - rious crown! O res - ur - rec - tion day!



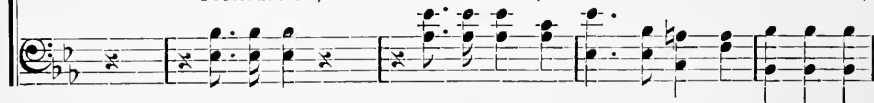
No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.  
 And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
 Joy - ful I'll cast my gold - en crown, And His dear name re - peat.  
 Ye an - gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.



## CHORUS.



Precious cross, fadeless crown, That Christ has left for me,  
 Precious cross, fade-less crown, for me,



I'll bear the cross and win the crown, My bless - ed Lord, thro' Thee.



## The Has Come.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. He has come! He has come! my Re-deem-er has come, He has tak - en my  
 2. He has come! He has come! my Love and my Lord, Ev - 'ry tho't of my  
 3. He has come! He has come! oh, hap - pi - est heart, He has giv - en His  
 4. He has come to a - bide, and ho - ly must be The place where my

heart as His own chos - en home; At last I have giv - en the  
 be - ing is swayed by His word; He has come! and He rules in the  
 word that He will not de - part; No troub - le can en - ter, no  
 Lord deigns to ban - quet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord,

wel - come He sought, He has come, and His coming all glad - ness has brought.  
 realm of my soul, And His scap - ter is *love*, oh, bless - ed con - trol!  
 e - vil can come, To the heart where the *God* of peace has His home.  
 since Thou art come, Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.

## CHORUS.

Joy! joy is mine, My Sav-iour divine Comes to abide with me, with me;  
 with me;

Comes to abide, ev - er to a - bide, My own lov - ing Saviour a - bid - eth with me.

*Marching time.*

1. Sol-diers of the heav'n-ly le-gion, Marching thro' this hos-tile re-gion,  
 2. Foes may throng the heavenly pla-ces, Let us set like flint our fa-ces;  
 3. Trust no arm of flesh; 'twill fail you; On-ly Je-sus can a-vail you;  
 4. Forward! sol-diers of the le-gion, Win for Him each hos-tile re-gion;

All the powers of hell withstanding, Christ Himself His hosts commanding,  
 All their hosts need not a-larm you; All their darts will fail to harm you;  
 He, who once re-turned vic-to-rious, Leads you forth to triumph glo-rious;  
 Till the ban-ner of sal-va-tion Floats o'er ev-'ry heathen na-tion,

Hear your Captain call-ing to you;—Christ is Conqu'ror, Halle-lu-jah!  
 Hear your Captain call-ing to you;—Christ is Conqu'ror, Halle-lu-jah!  
 Hear your Captain call-ing to you;—Christ is Conqu'ror, Halle-lu-jah!  
 And the heav'ns shall an-swer to you;—Christ is Conqu'ror, Halle-lu-jah!

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is Conqu'ror! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is Conqu'ror!

What tho' earth and sin may woo you, Christ is Conqu'ror! Hal-le-lu-jah!



Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. When the roll is called in heav - en, And the hosts shall muster there,  
 2. When the roll is called in heav - en, I will an - swer to my name,  
 3. When the roll is called in heav - en, To the front I'll make my way,  
 4. When the roll is called in heav - en, On that morn - ing, cloudless, fair,

I will take my place a - mong them, And the joy and triumph share.  
 And come for - ward, at the summons, My in - her - it - ance to claim.  
 And be welcomed by the Mas - ter To the home of end - less day.  
 To re - ceive my crown of glo - ry With God's faith - ful I'll be there.

CHORUS.

Call the roll of the redeemed ones; Mus - ter - day in heav'n pro - claim;

Call the roll and, at the summons, I will an - swer to my name.

## Sowing the Tares.

Words by a Convict.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Sow - ing the tares when it might have been wheat, Sow - ing of mal - ice,  
 2. Sow - ing the tares, O how dark the black sin! Mingling a curse with  
 3. Sow - ing the tares that bring sor - row down, Robs of its jew - els  
 4. Sow - ing the tares un - der cov - er of night, Which might have been wheat all

spite and de - ceit; We might have sown ros - es a - mid life's sad cares,  
 life's sweetest hymn, And heed - ing no an - guish, no pit - e - ous pray'rs,  
 life's fair - est crown; And turn - ing to sil - ver the once gold - en hairs,  
 gold - en and bright; O heart, turn to God with re - pent - ance and pray'rs,

## CHORUS.

While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.  
 While we were so cru - el - ly sow - ing the tares.  
 Grown whit - er and whit - er while we sowed the tares. } Sow - ing the tares,  
 And plead for for - give - ness for sow - ing the tares.

sow - ing the tares; We plead for for - give - ness for sow - ing the tares.

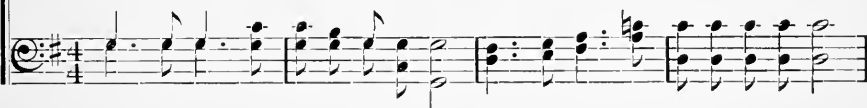
## This Same Jesus.

A. B. SIMPSON.

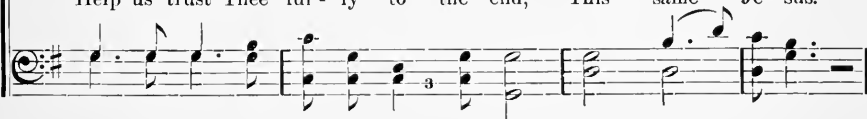
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. Once on earth He healed the sick and lame, Now, in heav'n, His love is just the same;
2. As of old He wiped the mourner's tears, Still He comes to drive away our fears;
3. As of old He heard the sinner's cry, Still He tries to bring the wand'rer nigh;
4. Yes, He's just the very same to-day, Nev - er shall His love or strength de-cay;
5. Blessed Jesus, great and changeless friend, Help us on Thee always to de - pend;



A - ges can - not change His gra - cious name, This same Je - sus.  
 With a love e - ter - nal as His years, This same Je - sus.  
 Still He hears and helps us from on high, This same Je - sus.  
 Nev - er can His prom - ise pass a - way, This same Je - sus.  
 Help us trust Thee ful - ly to the end, This same Je - sus.



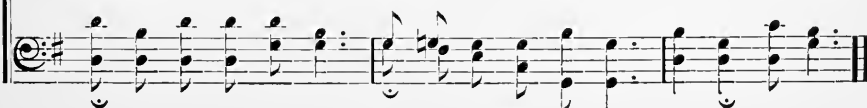
## CHORUS.



This same Je - sus, This same Je - sus, No, He changes nev - er;



Naught His love can sev - er, He will be for - ev - er This same Je - sus.

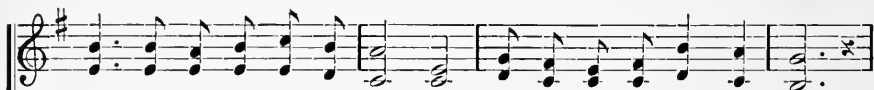


K. M., Jr.

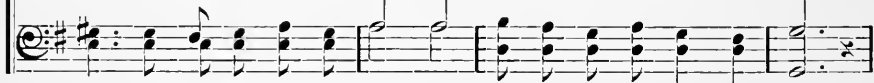
Rev. K. MACKENZIE, JR.

*Moderato.*

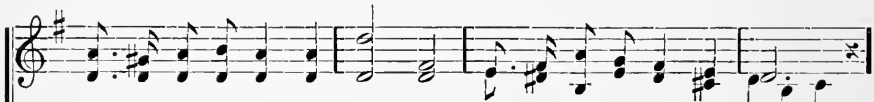
1. I have heard my Sav-iour call - ing, To the harvest rich and fair;
2. Or, per-haps there may be stand - ing, Hid among the weeds of sin,
3. Yes, I'm read - y for His serv - ice, In my gracious Mas - ter's name
4. Pre - cious Sav-iour, be Thou near me, Help my light to hum - bly shine;



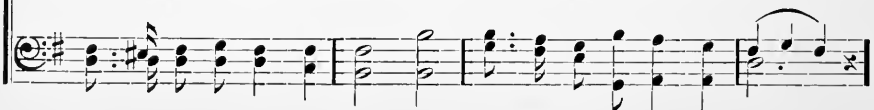
Where the workmen now are bus - y, I must take my sta - tion there.  
 Gold - en grain to grace the gar - ner, Which the lab'ers have not seen.  
 I'll de - vote my ev - 'ry tal - ent That He may His lost re - claim.  
 Let Thy bless - ed pres - ence cheer me With the rays of light di - vine.



Tho' I may not with the reap - ers Gath - er large and heav - y sheaves,  
 These are mine to speak of Je - sus, Mine to point the way a - bove,  
 These my hands and feet shall la - bor; This my heart His all shall be,  
 Tho' my ef - ferts may be fee - ble Sin - ful hearts to win to Thee,



I, like Ruth, may catch stray handfuls Which some careless gleaner leaves....  
 Mine to car - ry with thanks - giv - ing To the Saviour's arms of love.....  
 While my lips exclaim with rap - ture "Here am I, O Lord, send me.".....  
 Thou wilt give me grace to tell them, "Je - sus says, 'come un - to me.'"....



## Here Am I, O Lord.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, use me now and ev - er I will give my-self to Thee,  
 Je - sus, use me now and ev - er

Thine to be in bod - y, soul and spir - it, Here am I, O Lord, send me.

92

## Lead, kindly Light.

J. H. NEWMAN.

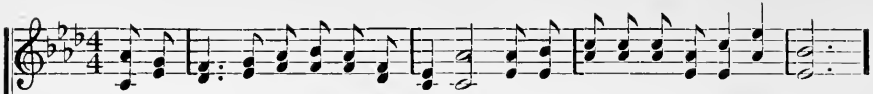
Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Lead, kindly Light! amid th'encircling gloom, Lead Thou me on; The night is  
 2. I was not ev - er thus, nor pray'd that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to  
 3. So long Thy pow'r has bless'd me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and

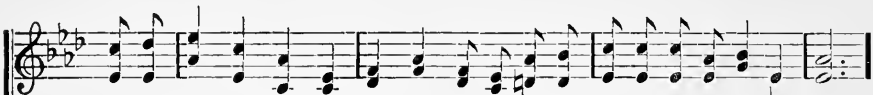
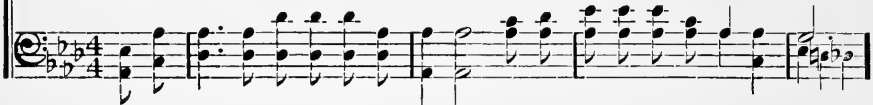
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I  
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish  
 fen, o'er Craig and torrent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

do not ask to see The dis - dant scene; one step e - nough for me.  
 day, and spite of fears, Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years.  
 an - gel - fac - es smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

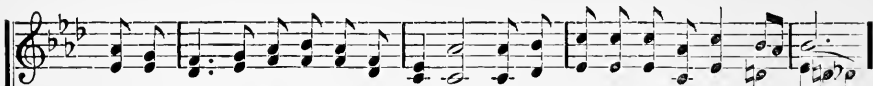
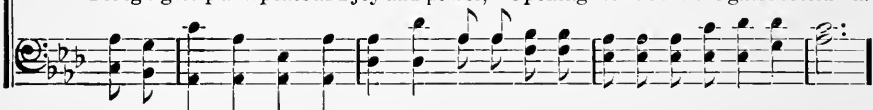
## Fellowship.



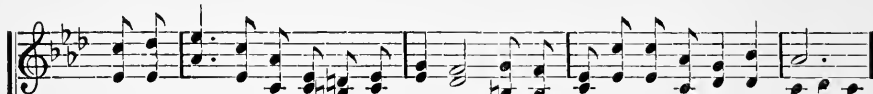
1. Do you know the fellowship of Jesus? Have you prov'd His precious friendship true?
2. Like the loved disciple on His bosom, Or like Ma-ry sitting at His feet,
3. There's no time too busy for His leisure, There's no task too hard for Him to bear,
4. Blessed, blessed fellowship of Je-sus, Blessed they to whom this bliss is given,



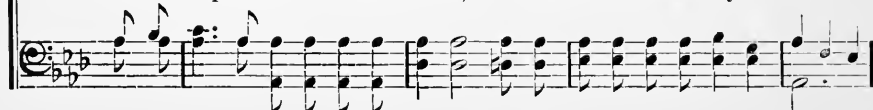
Do you come to Him with ev'-ry burden; Take Him with you all you say and do?  
 We may come as close in heart-communion, We may find His fellowship as sweet.  
 There's no soul too low - ly for His notice, There's no need too trifling for His care.  
 Bringing help and peace and joy and power, Opening to us all the gates of heav'n.



Do you love to have Him always lead you? Do you only want His will and way?  
 We may ev - en share His very suffering, And the Master's burdens help to bear,  
 There's no place too lonely for His presence, There's no pain His bosom cannot feel,  
 Bless-ed Je - sus, draw us closer to Thee, Let us live the life of per - fect love,

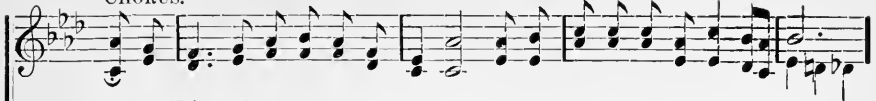


Is He near - er, dearer than your dearest? Is He your companion ev'ry day?(each day?)  
 Watching with Him in the midnight conflict, Waiting with him in the hour of prayer.  
 There's no sorrow that He cannot comfort, There's no sickness that He cannot heal.  
 'Till in deepest union and communion, We shall know Thee as they do a - bove.

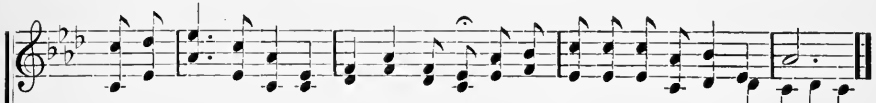
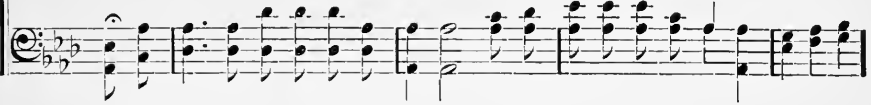


## Fellowship.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



There's a Friend that's closer than a brother; There's a blessed fellowship divine,  
divine.



Christ is nearer, dearer than all other, And His precious fellowship is mine,  
is mine.



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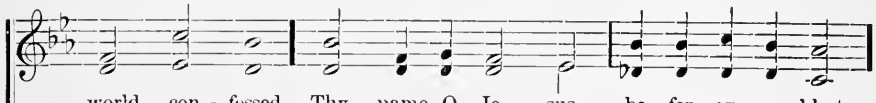
## For all Thy Saints.

W. W. How.

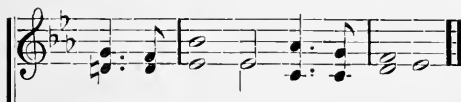
J. BARNBY.



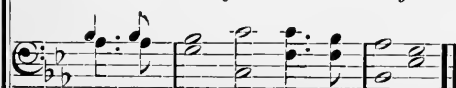
1. For all Thy saints, who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith before the  
2. Oh, blest communion, fel - low-ship di - vine! We fee-bly struggle, they in



world con - fessed, Thy name, O Je - sus, be for ev - er blest.  
glo - ry shine; Yet all are one in Thee, for all are thine.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!



3. But, lo, there breaks a yet more glorious  
day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright  
array:  
The King of glory passes on His way.
4. From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's  
farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the  
countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

## Only Believe It, and Leave It.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Would you be saved by the pre - cious blood? On - ly be - lieve it;  
 2. This is the balm for your ev - 'ry care, On - ly be - lieve it;  
 3. This is the fount - ain for ev - 'ry stain, On - ly be - lieve it;

Would you be freed from your guilt - y load? On - ly be -  
 This is the se - cret of an - swered prayer, On - ly be -  
 This is the heal - ing for ev - 'ry pain, On - ly be -

## CHORUS.

lieve it, and leave it. Take Him at His word and just be - lieve it,  
 Take Him at His word, O take Him, just be - lieve it,

Cast on Him your burden, and then leave it; Thank Him for His  
 leave it, leave it;

mer - cy and re - ceive it, On - ly be - lieve it, and leave it.



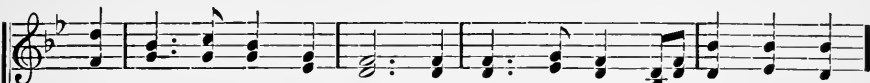
## Will You Be There?

Anon.

RAN. C. STOREY.



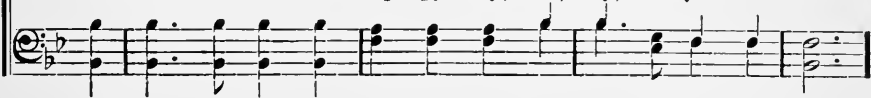
1. Be - yond this life of hope and fears, Be-yond this world of grief and tears,  
 2. Its glo - rious gates are closed to sin, Naught that defiles can en - ter in  
 3. No droop - ing form, no tear - ful eye, No heav - y head, no wea - ry sigh,  
 4. Yes, I shall be in that fair land, And with the saints and angels staud,



There is a re - gion fair; It knows no change and no de - cay—  
 To mar its beau - ty rare; Up - on that bright e - ter - nal shore,  
 No pain, no grief, no care; But joys which mor - tals may not know,  
 And all its glo - ries share; And there with Christ I'll ev - er stay—



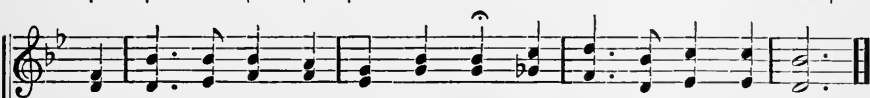
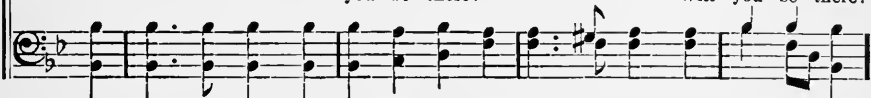
No night obscures its end - less day; Oh, say, will you be there?  
 Earth's bit - ter curse is known no more; Oh, say, will you be there?  
 Like peace - ful riv - ers ev - er flow; Oh, say, will you be there?  
 In that e - ter - nal, hap - py day; Oh, say, will you be there?



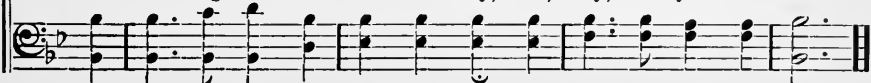
## CHORUS.



Will you be there? will you? Will you be there? will you?  
 Will you be there? Will you be there?



In that bright land of end - less day, Oh, say, will you be there?





# The Narrow Path.—Concluded.

*rit.*

fol - low,..... I will, I will fol - low in the footsteps of my Lord.

98

## Jesus is Near.

Mrs. HEATHCOTE.

Words and Music arr. by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Oft - en the day is drear - y,      Oft - en the storm-clouds lower;  
 2. Bear-ing in His own bod - y      Sickness as well as sin;  
 3. Wondrons the love of Je - sus!      Sweet is the rest He gives;

Oft - en the spir - it's wea - ry,      Je - sus then speaks His pow'r.  
 Giv - ing me life and heal - ing,      Dwelling Him-self with - in.  
 Quicken-ing all my be - ing,      While in my heart He lives.

### CHORUS.

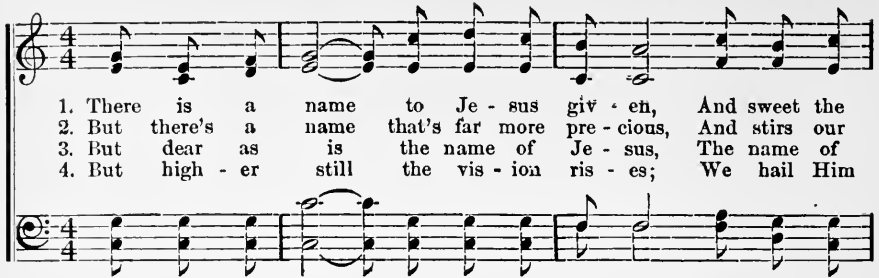
Je - sus is near, bur-dens to bear,      Wea-ry one, Je - sus will help thee;

Je - sus is near, burdens to bear,      His blood will cleanse and heal thee.

## The Names of Jesus.

A. B. S.


MARGARET M. SIMPSON,



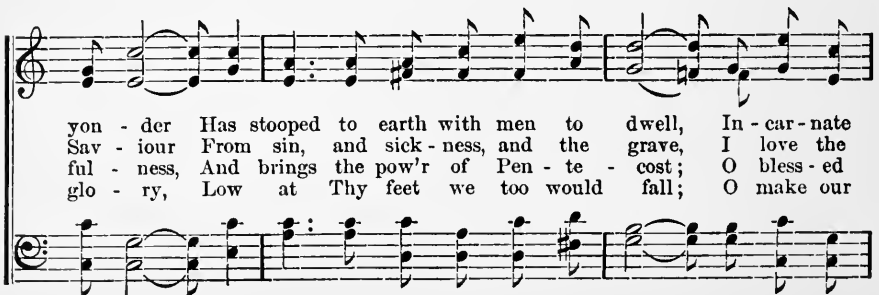
1. There is a name to Je - sus giv - en, And sweet the  
 2. But there's a name that's far more pre - cious, And stirs our  
 3. But dear as is the name of Je - sus, The name of  
 4. But high - er still the vis - ion ris - es; We hail Him



love its ac - cents tell; It tells me that He is my Broth - er,  
 hearts with fond - est love; It is the charm - ing name of Je - sus,  
 Christ is high - er still; It tells of one who dwells with - in us,  
 next as Is - rael's King; The an - gel choirs and East - ern Ma - gi,



This is His name—Em - man - u - el! The Lord whom an - gels worship  
 The name all oth - er names a - bove, It tells me that He is my  
 Our sin - ful heart to cleanse and fill; It tells me of the Spir - it's  
 Be - fore His feet their off'rings bring. Great Da - vid's Son, and King of



yon - der Has stooped to earth with men to dwell, In - car - nate  
 Sav - iour From sin, and sick - ness, and the grave, I love the  
 ful - ness, And brings the pow'r of Pen - te - cost; O bless - ed  
 glo - ry, Low at Thy feet we too would fall; O make our

## The Names of Jesus.—Concluded.

God, and man for - ev - er, Our own be - loved Em - man - u - el.  
 pre - cious name of Je - sus, For I'm the one He came to save.  
 Christ, a - noint me al - so, And fill me with the Ho - ly Ghost.  
 hearts Thy ho - ly king - dom, And help us crown Thee, Lord of all.

100

## Come to Me.

H. K.

Rev. H. KENNING.

1. Lone the path thy feet have wandered Hard the load thy soul doth bear,  
 2. All the way His love hath sought thee O'er the mountains, rough and steep;  
 3. In His arms He'll gen - tly bear thee To the fold of love and peace;

Friends for-sake thee; foes surround thee, Naught seems left, but dark despair.  
 Let His love to - day o'er-take thee; Let the Shepherd find His sheep.  
 Day by day His grace re - veal - ing, Give thee joy that ne'er shall cease.

### CHORUS.

Wait no lon - ger, doubt - ing, fear - ing, Hark! thy Sav - iour call - eth thee,

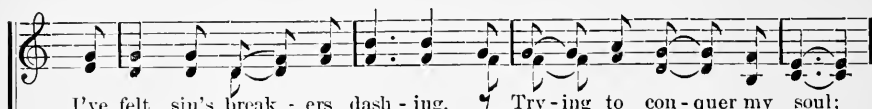
“Wea - ry, sin - sick, heav - y - la - den, Help - less, hopeless, come to me.”



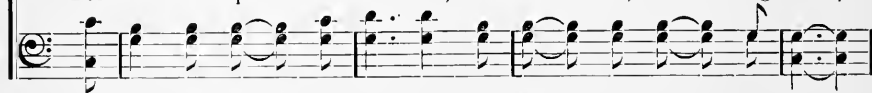
1. I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll;  
 2. The world's fierce winds are blow - ing Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen;  
 3. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care,  
 4. He died for me on the mount - ain, For me they pierced His side;



Cho.—7 No, nev - er a - lone! 7 No, nev - er a - lone!



I've felt sin's break - ers dash - ing, 7 Try - ing to con - quer my soul;  
 I feel a peace in know - ing, My Sav - iour stands be - tween;  
 My Sav - iour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear;  
 For me He opened the fount - ain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide;



He prom - ised nev - er to leave me, 7 Nev - er to leave me a - lone;

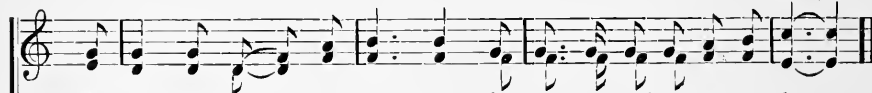


I've heard the voice of my Sav - iour, 7 Tell - ing me still to fight on;  
 He stands to shield me from dan - ger When earth - ly friends are gone;  
 My feet, en - tang - led with bri - ars 7 Read - y to cast me down,  
 For me He's waiting in glo - ry, 7 Seat - ed up - on His throne;



7 No, nev - er a - lone! 7 No, nev - er a - lone!

*Chorus, D. C.*



He promised nev - er to leave me, 7 Nev - er to leave me a - lone.  
 He promised nev - er to leave me, 7 Nev - er to leave me a - lone.  
 My Sav - iour whispers His prom - ise: "I nev - er will leave thee a - lone."  
 He promised nev - er to leave me, 7 Nev - er to leave me a - lone.



He promised nev - er to leave me, 7 Nev - er to leave me a - lone.

1. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, 'Tis God's re - deem - ing love, It  
 2. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It keeps me ev - 'ry hour; For  
 3. I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It cheers me day by day; My

comes with light and glo - ry From Him who reigns a - bove. I love the blessed  
 Christ, the Prince of glo - ry, Im - parts His sav - ing pow'r. I love the blessed  
 hope, my joy, my glo - ry, I own its gen - tle sway. I love the blessed

sto - ry, Its theme, the Lamb of God, Who left His home in glo - ry, For  
 sto - ry, 'Tis man - na to my soul; The balm of life and glo - ry, It  
 sto - ry, My por - tion ey - er - more; 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, When

## CHORUS.

me to shed His blood. } I love the gos - pel sto - ry, It nev - er can grow  
 makes my spir - it whole. }  
 earth - ly cares are o'er. }

old; It helps me on to glo - ry, The more I hear it told.





## Will You Meet Me in the Air?—Concluded.

Yes, I'll meet you, yes, I'll greet you, Greet you with the ransomed over there.  
o- ver there.

5 Will you meet me in the air,  
From some distant heathen land?  
Shall we greet you over there,  
As we gather hand in hand?

6 Will you meet me in the air,  
With a robe of spotless white?  
Will you greet me over there,  
With a crown of glory bright?

104

## Rise, Crowned with Light!

A. POPE.

REV. K. MACKENZIE, JR.

1. Rise crown'd with light, im - pe - rial Sa - lem, rise! Ex - alt thy  
2. See a long race thy spa - cious courts a - dorn: See fu - ture  
3. See bar - barous na - tions at thy gates at - tend, Walk in thy  
4. The seas shall waste, the skies to smoke de - cay, Rocks fall to

tow'r - ing head and lift thine eyes! See heav'n its spark - ling  
sons, and daughters yet un - born, In crowd - ing ranks on  
light, and in thy tem - ple bend; See thy bright 'al - tars  
dust, and mountains melt a - way; But fix'd His word, His

por - tals wide dis - play, And break up - on thee in a flood of day.  
ev - 'ry side a - rise, De - mand - ing life, im - pa - tient for the skies.  
throng'd with prostrate kings, While ev - 'ry land its joy - ous trib - ute brings.  
sav - ing pow'r re - mains; Thy realm shall last, thy own Mess - ah reigns.

## Let not your Heart be Troubled.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Are you tempt - ed, troub - led or dis - cour - aged? Are you  
 2. It is not our out - ward ills that crush us; 'Tis the  
 3. There's a peace that pass - eth un - der - stand - ing; There's a  
 4. Fill me, bless - ed Mas - ter, with Thy Spir - it; Keep me,

doubt - ing, anx - ious or dis - mayed? O how ten - der - ly the  
 heartaches and the hid - den wounds that wear; There is noth - ing in the  
 pow'r that can keep the mind and heart; There's a presence that can  
 bless - ed Com - fort - er di - vine, Then my peace - ful heart shall

Sav - iour whis - pers, Let not your heart be troubled nor a - fraid.  
 world can harm us, If we keep our spir - it sweet and free from care.  
 still the spir - it; There is a shield can quench each fier - y dart.  
 not be troub - led, While Thy peace, Thy joy, Thy comfort are all mine.

## CHORUS.

Let not your heart be troubled, Neither let it be a - fraid; In my

## Let not your Heart be Troubled.—Concluded.

Fa - ther's house are ma - ny man - sions, I am go - ing to pre-

pare a place be - fore you, I am coming to re - ceive you to be

with me, Let not your heart be troubled, nor a - fraid. nor a - fraid.

106

## I saw One hanging on a Tree.

JOHN NEWTON.

Arr. from ROSSINI.

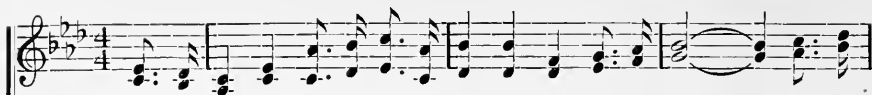
1. I saw One hanging on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood
2. Sure, nev - er, till my la - test breath, Can I for - get that look.
3. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain;
4. A second look He gave, that said, “I free - ly all for - give:

Who fixed His languid eyes on me, As near the cross I stood.  
 It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.  
 Where shall my trembling soul be hid, For I the Lord have slain,  
 This blood is for Thy ransom paid; I die that Thou may'st live.”

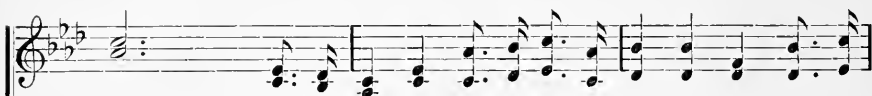
## Speed the Light.

E. A. H.

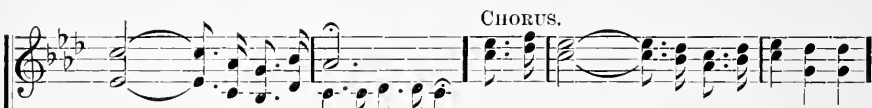
REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. To the millions living o'er the deep, deep sea Speed the light,..... speed the
2. There in anguish millions for the gos-pel wait, Speed the light,..... speed the
3. Je - sus bids us bear to them the gos-pel news, Speed the light,..... speed the
4. We will go, and in our blessed Master's name Speed the light,..... speed the  
Speed the light,



light; To their cry of pit - y dare we heed-less be? Speed the  
 light; Go and seek their res-cue ere it is too late, Speed the  
 light; Can the souls He ransomed His re-quest re-fuse? Speed the  
 light; We will His sal - va - tion and His love proclaim, Speed the  
 speed the light;



light,..... O speed the light! Speed the light,..... the blessed gospel light,  
 Speed the light, O speed the light! Speed the light,



To the lands..... which are in gloom and night; Souls are wait - ing, and the  
 To the lands Souls are waiting,



## Speed the Light.—Concluded.

fields are white; Speed the light,..... O speed the light!  
Speed the light, O speed the light!

108

## Heaven is Our Home.

T. R. TAYLOR.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

1. We are but strangers here, Heav'n is our home; Earth is a  
2. What tho' the tempests rage? Heav'n is our home; Short is our  
3. There at the Saviour's side, Heav'n is our home, May we be  
4. Grant us to mur-mur not, Heav'n is our home. What - e'er our

des-ert drear, Heav'n is our home. Dan-ger and sor-row stand Round us on  
pil-grimage, Heav'n is our home. And Time's wild wintry blast Soon shall be  
glo-ri-fied: Heav'n is our home. There are the good and blest, Those we love  
earth-ly lot, Heav'n is our home. Grant us at last to stand There at Thine

ev-'ry hand, Heav'n is our fa-ther-land, Heav'n is our home.  
o-ver-past; We shall reach home at last; Heav'n is our home.  
most and best, Grant us with them to rest: Heav'n is our home.  
own right hand, Je-sus, in fa-ther-land: Heav'n is our home.

1. Come to Je - sus Christ to - day! Swift the moments speed a - way! Time for  
 2. Come to Je - sus; He who died All life's gates to o - pen wide—Who be -  
 3. Come to Christ, God's wondrous Son, Who such wealth for thee has won! He was

thee will soon be past, Some day's bur - den be the last. Come to Je - sus!  
 yond the cross and grave Lives, om - nip - o - tent to save! What a price was  
 God revealed for man: Who may gauge redemption's plan? Judgment waits with-

come with haste! Do not life's pure treasure waste! Let it to the world be known,  
 paid for thee! Yield thy will to love's decree! Come! He did for sin a - tone,  
 in the door; Mer - cy pleadeth ev - er - more; Christ, from love's e - ter - nal throne,

## CHORUS.

Thou art His, and His a - lone.  
 Thou art safe in Him a - lone. } Come to Je - sus, come a -  
 Call - eth, "Art thou mine a - lone!" } Come to Je - sus,

way, Come to Je - sus, come to - day, Heed His  
 come a - way, Come to Je - sus, come to - day,

# Come to Jesus Christ To-Day.—Concluded.

ten - - der voice now pleading, Come to Je - - - sus, come a-way!  
 Heed His tender voice now pleading, Come to Je - sus, O come away!

110

## Jerusalem, My Happy Home!

F. B. P.

SAMUEL A. WARD.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me!  
 2. O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend,  
 3. Why should I shrink at pain or woe, Or feel at death, dis - may?

When shall my la - bors have an end, In joy, and peace with thee?  
 Where con - gre - ga - tions ne'er break up, And Sab - bath has no end?  
 I've Ca - naan's good - ly land in view, And realms of end - less day.

When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And pearl - y gates be - hold?  
 There happier bow'rs than E - den's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know:  
 Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My soul still pants for thee;

*rit.*  
 Thy bul - warks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?  
 Blest seats! thro' rude and storm - y scenes I on - ward press to you.  
 Then shall my la - bors have an end When I thy joys shall see.

# 111 The Story of Jesus can Never Grow Old.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. They tell me the sto - ry of Je - sus is old, And they ask that we  
 2. Yet the sto - ry is old, as the sun - light is old, Tho' its new ev - 'ry  
 3. For what can we tell of the wea - ry of heart, If we preach not sal -  
 4. So with sor - row we turn from the wise of this world, To the wan - der - ers

preach something new; They say that the babe, and the Man of the cross,  
 morn all the same; As it floods all the world with its glad-ness and light,  
 va - tion from sin? And how can we com-fort the souls that de-part,  
 far from the fold; With hearts for the mes-sage they'll join in our song,

## REFRAIN.

For the wise of this world will not do.  
 Kindling far a - way stars by its flame. } It can nev - er grow old, It can  
 If we tell not how Christ rose a - gain?  
 That the sto - ry can nev - er grow old.

nev - er grow old, Tho' a mill - ion times o - ver the sto - ry is told; Whiles in lives un -

vanquished, And death rules the world, The story of Je - sus can nev - er grow old.



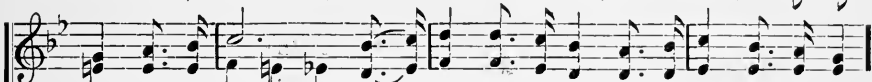
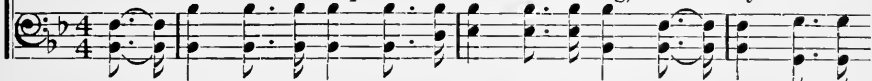
## The Regions Beyond.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



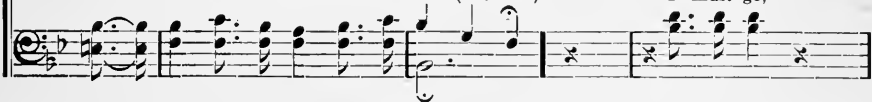
1. To the re - gions beyond I must go, I must go, Where the sto - ry has
2. To the hard - est of plac - es He calls me to go, Not think - ing of
3. Oh, ye that are spend - ing your leisure and pow'rs, In pleas - ures so
4. There are oth - er "lost sheep" that the Master must bring, And they must the



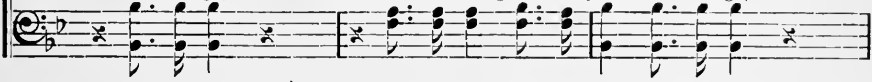
nev - er been told; (been told;) To the millions that nev - er have heard of His love,  
 com - fort or ease; (or ease;) The world may pronounce me a dream - er, a fool,  
 fool - ish and fond; (and fond;) A - wake from your self - ish - ness, fol - ly, and sin,  
 mes - sage be told; (be told;) He sends me to gath - er them out of all lands,

CHORUS. *With spirit.*

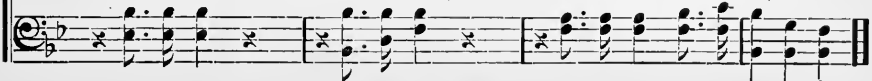
I must tell the sweet sto - ry of old. (of old.) To the re - gions be -  
 E - nough if the Mas - ter I please. (I please.)  
 And go to the re - gions beyond. (be - yond.)  
 And welcome them back to His fold. (His fold.)



yond, I must go, I must go, To the re - gions be - yond I must go, Till the



world, Till the world, all the world, His sal - va - tion shall know.  
 all the world, His sal - vation shall know, shall know.



## The Song of Hope.

Dr. JOSEPH PARKER.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. I hear it sing-ing, sweet-ly sing-ing, Soft-ly in an un-dertone;  
 2. By night and day it sings the same song, Sings it while I sit a-lone;  
 3. It sits up-on the grave and sings it—Sings it when the heart would groan;  
 4. Far-ther on? but how much far-ther? Count the milestones one by one;

Sing-ing as if God had taught it, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."  
 Sings it so the heart may hear it—"It is bet-ter far-ther on."  
 Sings it when the shad-ows dark-en, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."  
 No! no count-ing— on-ly trust-ing: "It is bet-ter far-ther on."

## CHORUS.

Far-ther on, ..... yes, farther on, It is bet- - - ter far-ther  
 Farther on, farther on, bet-ter, it is bet-ter

on; What tho' life..... has many a sor-row, Why should we..... new troubles  
 What tho' life Why should we

## The Song of Hope.—Concluded.

borrow? Faith can claim a bright to-morrow, It is bet-ter far-ther on.

114

## In the Hour of Trial.

J. MONTGOMERY.

S. LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Je - sus, plead for me, Lest by base de -
2. With for - bid - den pleas - ures Would this vain world charm; Or its sor - did
3. Should Thy mercy send me Sor - row, toil, and woe; Or should pain at -
4. When my last hour com - eth, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust re -

ni - al I de - part from Thee; When Thou see'st me wav - er,  
 treas - ures Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - mem - brance  
 tend me On my path be - low; Grant that I may nev - er  
 tura - eth To the dust a - gain; On Thy truth re - ly - ing,

*rall.*

With a look re - call, Nor for fear or fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.  
 Sad Gethsem - a - ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crown'd Calvary.  
 Fail Thy hand to see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on Thee.  
 Thro' that mor - tal strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, To e - ter - nal life.

## Speak, Saviour, Speak!

H. B.

HERBERT BOOTH.

1. Let me hear Thy voice now speaking,      Let me hear and I'll o - bey;  
 2. Let me hear and I will fol - low,      Tho' the path be strewed with thorns;  
 3. Let the blood of Christ for ev - er,      Flood and cleanse my heart within;

While be - fore Thy Cross I'm seek - ing,      Oh, chase my fears a - way.  
 It is joy to share Thy sor - row,      Thou makest calm the storm.  
 That to grieve Thee I may nev - er      More stain my soul with sin.

Oh, let the light now fall - ing      Re - veal my ev' - ry need;  
 Now my heart Thy temple making,      In Thy ful - ness dwell with me;  
 Fare - well to world - ly pleasure,      Fare - well to self and pride;

Now hear me while I'm calling,      Oh! speak, and I will heed.  
 Ev'ry e - vil way for - sak - ing,      Thine on - ly I will be.  
 How won - drous is my treasure,      With Je - sus at my side!

## CHORUS.

Speak, Sav - iour, speak! O - bey Thee I will ev - er;

# Speak, Saviour, Speak!—Concluded.

Now at Thy cross I seek From all that's wrong to sev - er.

116

## Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have thine af - fections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do - min - ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con - dem - na - tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs un - der Je - sus' con - trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?

Dost thou count all things for Je - sus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?  
 O - ver all e - vil with - out and with - in? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does Je - sus rule in the tem - ple with - in? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Does He each moment a - bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?  
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?

CHORUS.

Is thy heart right with God, Wash'd in the crim - son flood,

Cleans'd and made holy, humble and low - ly, Right in the sight of God?  
 of God.

# ○ Sinner, Come Home To-night.

F. E. R.

F. E. RIMANOCZY.

*p Andante con moto.*

1. If you lis - ten you will hear a voice, (hear a voice,) That will  
 2. Ma - ny weary years have pass'd since first you heard, (first you heard,) Of that  
 3. Lis - ten now to Mer - cy's voice and then o - bey, (then o - bey,) Do not

make your ver - y soul re - joice, (soul re - joice;) Son, I have  
 wondrous love re - cord - ed in His word, (in His word;) Love that still  
 wait un - til a more con - ve - nient day, (con - ve - nient day;) Time is fast

purchased thee Sal - va - tion rich and free, I wait to welcome thee,  
 calls to thee, "Son, I have purchased thee Sal - va - tion rich and free,"  
 fleet - ing by, Judgment is draw - ing nigh, Do not your God de - fy,

1 2 *mf* CHORUS. *Allegro.*  
 Come home to - night. night. For the an - gels are sweetly sing - ing,

"Come home to - night," Hear the heav'nly arch - es ring - ing, "Come home to - night,"

# ○ Sinner, Come Home To-night.—Concluded.

All the host of heaven swell that chorus loud and bright, O sinner, come home to-night.

118

## Who'll Stand Up for Jesus?

Anon.

Arr. by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Oh, who'll stand up for Je - sus,      The low - ly Naz - a - rene,  
 2. Oh, who'll stand up for Je - sus,      A - mid re - proach and shame?  
 3. Tho' fierce may be the bat - tle,      And wild the storm may blow,  
 4. My all to Christ I've giv - en,      My ta - lents, time and voice,

And raise the blood-stain'd banner      A - mid the hosts of sin?  
 While oth - ers shrink and fal - ter,      Who'll glo - ry in His name?  
 With naught but souls for wa - ges,      Who will with Je - sus go?  
 My - self, my rep - u - ta - tion,      His glo - ry is my choice.

### CHORUS.

Christ is all in all to me,      And His glo - ry I shall see,

And oh, my lov - ing Sav - iour,      I leave all to fol - low Thee.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Lord, Thou hast giv'n to me a trust, A high and ho-ly dis-pen-sa-tion,  
 2. Thou hast com-mand-ed us to go, O nev-er let our hearts betray Thee;  
 3. We all are debt-ors to our race; God holds us bound to one an-oth-er;

To tell the world, and tell I must, The sto-ry of Thy great sal-va-tion;  
 And thou hast left an aw-ful woe, On all who light-ly dis-o-bey Thee;  
 The gifts and bless-ings of His grace Were giv-en thee to give thy broth-er;

Thou mightst have sent from heav'n above An-gel-ic hosts to tell the sto-ry,  
 O let us feel and fear that woe, As we would guard our own salva-tion,  
 We owe to ev-'ry child of sin One chance, at least, for hope of heav-en,

But in Thy con-descend-ing love, On men Thou hast conferred the glo-ry.  
 And let us an-swer to that "go," As wit-ness-es in ev-'ry na-tion.  
 O by the love that brought us in, Let help and hope to them be giv-en.

## CHORUS.

Let me be faith-ful to my trust, Tell-ing the world the sto-ry,



## My Trust.—Concluded.

Press on my heart the woe; Put in my feet the go;

Let me be faith-ful to my trust, And use me for Thy glo-ry.

The musical score consists of two systems. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The first system contains two measures of music with lyrics. The second system contains two measures of music with lyrics, ending with a double bar line.

120

## Why is thy Faith so Small?

W. F. S.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Why is thy faith, O child of God, so small? Why doth thy  
 2. Oh, blest as-sur-ance from our ris-en Lord! Oh, pre-cious  
 3. "Ask what thou wilt," but, oh, re-mem-ber this— We ask and  
 4. In-crease our faith, and clear our vis-ion, Lord; Help us to

heart shrink back at du-ty's call? Art thou o-bey-ing this—"A-  
 com-fort breathing from the Word! How great the prom-ise! could there  
 have not, for we ask a-miss When, weak in faith, we on-ly  
 take Thee at Thy sim-ple word, No more with cold dis-trust to

bide in me," And doth the Mas-ter's word a-bide in thee?  
 great-er be? "Ask what thou wilt, it shall be done for thee!"  
 half be-lieve That what we ask we real-ly shall re-ceive.  
 bring Thee grief; Lord, we be-lieve! help Thou our un-be-lief.

The musical score consists of three systems. Each system has a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower staff. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The first system contains four numbered verses of lyrics. The second system contains two lines of lyrics. The third system contains three lines of lyrics, ending with a double bar line.

1. No dis-tant Lord have I, Lov-ing a-far to be; Made flesh for me—He  
 2. I need not journey far This distant Friend to see; Com-pan-ion-ship is  
 3. As-cend-ed now to God My witness there to be; His witness here am

can-not rest, un-til He rests in me. Brother in joy or pain; Bone of my  
 always mine, He makes His home with me. I en-vy not the twelve; Near-er to  
 I, because His Spir-it dwells in me. O glorious Son of God! In - car-nate

bone was He, Now with ma-n-y clos-er still—He dwells Himself in me.  
 me is He, The life He once liv'd here on earth He lives a-gain in me.  
 De - i - ty! I shall for-ev-er be with Thee Be-cause Thou art with me.

## CHORUS.

I'll cling clos-er to Je - sus, He my com-pan - ion shall be;

Wheth-er in joy, or in sor-row, Je - sus is ev - er with me.  
 with me.

# The Loveth His Sheep.

(GOOD AS A SOLO.)

WILLIAM M. RAMSEY.

1. The..... winds blow fierce from the hills to the sea, But the  
 2. And they tran - quil - ly rest in..... love and sweet peace, And the  
 3. O..... wea - ry, heart - bro - ken, and storm - beat - en soul, There's a  
 4. The..... rock that doth break the wrath of the sea, And the

rocks, like a for - tress, shall keep The wrath of the storm from the  
 lambs shall lie down and sleep; For the storm by the Shep - herd is  
 shel - ter for all who will seek; And He hear - eth their cry—'tis a  
 voice that doth qui - et the deep, Shall guard thee, and guide to a

D. S.—And He hear - eth their cry, And He'll

FINE.

flock on the shore, For the Mas - ter, He lov - eth His sheep.  
 tem - pered for them, For the Mas - ter, He lov - eth His sheep.  
 hope un - ex - pressed, Oh! the Mas - ter, He lov - eth His sheep.  
 ha - ven of rest, Ah! the Mas - ter, He lov - eth His sheep.

ne'er pass them by, For the Mas - ter, He lov - eth His sheep.

CHORUS.

D.S.

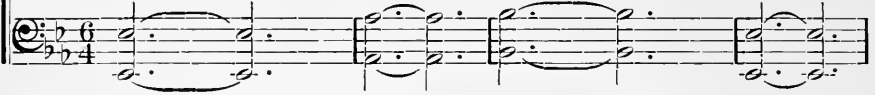
He lov - eth His sheep! And the lambs He protects while they sleep;  
 He lov - eth His sheep, He lov - eth His sheep!

## Over Life's Pathway A Journey.

## DUET.



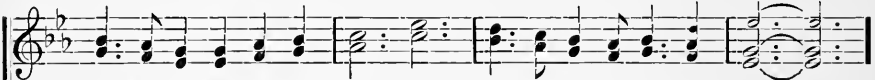
1. O - ver life's pathway I jour - ney, Long - ing - ly sigh - ing for home;  
 2. So while I'm here "in the bod - y" "Ab - sent" in form "from my Lord,"  
 3. If 'tis so blest "in the Spir - it," Walk - ing with Jesus be - low,



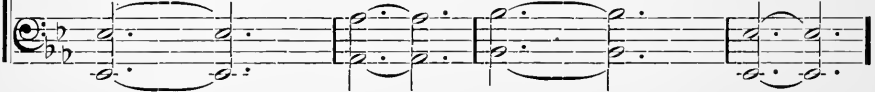
Wand'ring a "pilgrim and stran - ger," Wait - ing for Je - sus to come.  
 Yet with my spir - it in heav - en, I hear His voice in the Word.  
 What will it be in the rap - ture, When of "His fulness" we know?



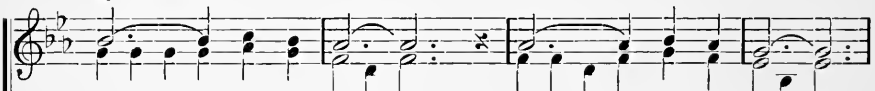
Here finds no place a - bid - ing, Here there's no home of rest.  
 So "at His feet" I'm sit - ting, "Taught by His Spir - it" true;  
 So with "our con - ver - sa - tion"—"Cit - i - zen - ship"—a - bove.



But with my Bridegroom return - ing; Peace on His dear loving breast.  
 Out of His blest "treasure" bringing Heav - en - ly "things old and new."  
 "Changed" at His "glorious appearing," "Blameless before Him in love."



## QUARTET.



Peace..... rest and home..... "Lord..... quick - ly O come."  
 "That will be peace, rest and home, sweet home," "E - ven so, Lord, quick - ly come."  
 "Come."



# Over Life's Pathway II Journey,—Concluded.

*rit.*

No..... more to roam..... Home..... sweet home.  
 At Thy side, no more to roam a - lone, That will be home, sweet home.

124

## The Rolls the Sea Away.

EMMA PITT.

D. B. TOWNER.

1. In an - cient days when Is - rael's host In dark - est bondage lay,  
 2. The waves of sin swept o'er my soul, Temp - ta - tions held their sway,  
 3. Tho' doubts and fears ob - scure my path, With Je - sus I will stay,  
 4. Dear Je - sus, when in my last hour I face toward realms of day,

The might - y pow'r of God was shown, He rolled the sea a - way.  
 The Lord spoke peace, and par - don gave, He rolled the sea a - way.  
 He'll keep me near his lov - ing heart, And roll the sea a - way.  
 Thy pres - ence then shall pi - lot me, And roll the sea a - way.

CHORUS.

He rolls the sea a - way! He rolls the sea a - way! With

Je - sus ev - er near, No foe have I to fear, He rolls the sea a - way!

## Take It and Leave It There.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Are you oppress'd with the burden of sin? Take it to God in prayer;  
 2. Have you a sickness no oth - er can heal? Take it to God in prayer;  
 3. Have you a burden for some one you love? Take it to God in prayer;  
 4. Have you been praying and pleading in vain? Take it to God in prayer;  
 5. This will change sorrow to gladness and song, Take it to God in prayer;

Is there a trouble with-out or with-in? Take it and leave it there.  
 There is no sorrow His heart can - not feel, Take it and leave it there.  
 He can reach hearts that you never could move, Take it and leave it there.  
 Lay down your burden nor touch it a - gain, Take it and leave it there.  
 This will bring heaven the whole way along, Take it and leave it there.

## CHORUS.

Take it to God in pray'r, take it to Him; Take it and leave it there, leave it with Him;

Why should you still your burden bear? Je - sus has promised to carry your care;

## Take It and Leave It There.—Concluded.

Take it to God, and leave it there, Leave..... it with Him.....  
leave it, oh, leave it with Him.

126

## The Sands of Time are Sinking,

ANNE R. COUSIN.

CHRÉTIEN D'URHAN.  
Har. E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks, The sum - mer
2. Oh, Christ, He is the fount - ain, The deep, sweet well of love! The streams of
3. With mer - cy and with judgment My web of time He wove, And aye the
4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear bridegroom's face; I will not

morn I've sigh'd for, The fair, sweet morn a - wakes. Oh! dark hath been the midnight,  
earth I've tast - ed; More deep I'll drink a - bove. There to an o - cean ful - ness  
dews of sor - ry Were lusted with His love: I'll bless the hand that guid - ed,  
gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of grace; Not at the crown He giv - eth,

But dayspring is at hand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Emmanuel's land.  
His mer - cy doth expand, And glo - ry, glo - ry dwelleth In Emmanuel's land.  
I'll bless the heart that plann'd When thron'd where glo - ry dwelleth In Emmanuel's land.  
But on His pierced hand: The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Emmanuel's land.

## Rise, Soul, and Confess Him.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Is Christ a Sav - iour from all sin? Con - fess Him to the world;  
 2. Has Je - sus made all sin to cease? Con - fess Him to the world;  
 3. For vic - t'ry in temp - ta - tion's hour, Con - fess Him to the world;  
 4. Be - cause the Lord has so loved thee, Con - fess Him to the world;  
 5. With great - i - tude, in fer - vent love, Con - fess Him to the world;

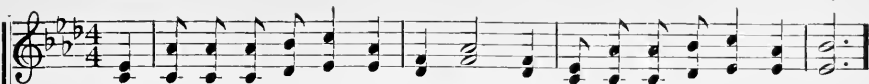
Thy heart, has Je - sus made it clean? Con - fess Him to the world.  
 Has He bestowed His per - fect peace? Con - fess Him to the world.  
 For faith and o - ver - com - ing pow'r, Con - fess Him to the world.  
 Be - cause His grace has been so free, Con - fess Him to the world.  
 Your loy - al - ty to Je - sus prove, Con - fess Him to the world.

CHORUS.

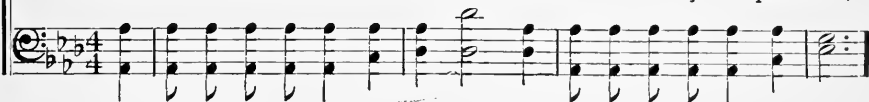
Rise now, and con - fess Him, And tell what He has done for thy soul;

Now faith - ful - ly wit - ness That Je - sus' blood hath made thee whole.

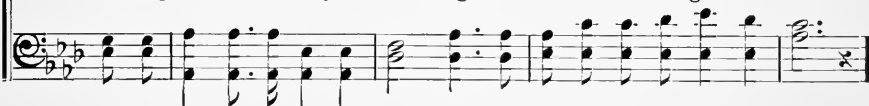




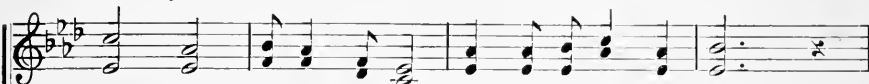
1. The Lord is leading forth His le-gions, His hand has opened ev-'ry door;
2. The walls of Jer-i-cho are fall-ing, The shout of faith to heav'n has gone;
3. To India's plains and China's millions, To Af-ric's long benight-ed land,
4. March out to meet the hos-tile le-gions, March in at ev-'ry o - pen door,



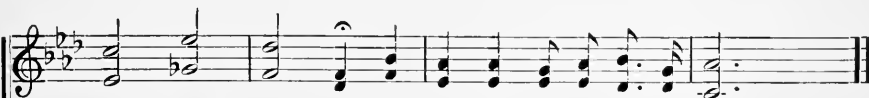
Let us march on behind His ban - ner, The Lord is marching on be - fore.  
 Let us march in and take the cit - y, The Lord of hosts is leading on.  
 To darkest realms and farthest re-gions, March on, march on at God's command.  
 March up to meet the Bridegroom's com - ing, The Lord is marching on be - fore.



CHORUS. *Quicker.*



March on, fol-low the Flag, En - ter the o - pen door;  
 March on, march on,



March on, march on! The Lord is go-ing on be - fore.  
 march on, march on! on be - fore.



## Always Together.

ADA A. WHIDDINGTON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. Oh, why should I care if my jour-ney be drear? I have nothing to  
 2. When the world looks cold, I still have His love, And calm-ly I'll  
 3. Come sor-row or pleasure, come weal or come woe; Should my bark on life's  
 4. Oh priv-i-lege gra-cious to be at His side; I hold His dear

dread and noth-ing to fear; I'll not shed a tear and I'll  
 smile as I look up a-bove, And I'll lean on the One who is  
 sea be tossed to and fro, My faith in His wis-dom will  
 hand, and there sweetly a-bide; So close-ly u-nit-ed, so

not breathe a sigh, For we're "always to-gether," my Lord and I. I will  
 ev-er-er nigh, For we're "always to-gether," my Lord and I. I'll  
 ev-er re-ly, For we're "always to-gether," my Lord and I. We're  
 bliss-ful-ly nigh; We are "always to-gether," my Lord and I. We're

climb up the moun-tain's diz-zy height, I will walk by faith and  
 hold His hand tight when troubles as-sail, His love will be sweeter when  
 always to-gether, e'en when my sight's dim; My pres-ent, my fu-ture, I  
 always to-gether at work or at rest; In eat-ing and drinking, He

## Always Together.—Concluded.

nev - er by sight ; Oh, lit - tle I'll trouble where ev - er I hie, For we're  
earthly friends fail; What matters what happens when Jesus is nigh? For we're  
leave them with Him; I rest on His word, on His promise re - ly, We are  
still is my guest ; Oh, rapturous thought ! Should I live, should I die, We are

CHORUS.

'al - ways to - geth - er," my Lord and I. Al - ways to - geth - er,

al - ways to - geth - er, We're al - ways to - geth - er, my Lord and I.

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C. WESLEY.

## Hail the Day!

Ait. fr. WARTENSEE.

1. Hail the day that sees Him rise, Glo - rious, to His na - tive skies !
2. There the glo - rious tri - umph waits ; Lift your heads, e - ter - nal gates !
3. Still for us He in - ter - cedes, His pre - vail - ing death He pleads ;

Christ, a - while to mor - tals giv'n, En - ters now the gates of heaven.  
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin ; Take the King of glo - ry in.  
Near him - self pre - pares a place, Great Fore - run - ner of our race.

## I was a Wandering Sheep.

H. BONAR.

J. ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wandering sheep, I did not love the fold;  
 2. The Shep-herd sought His sheep, The Fa-ther sought His child;  
 3. Je-sus my Shep-herd is, 'Twas He that loved my soul,  
 4. I was a wandering sheep, I would not be con-trolled;

I did not love my Shepherd's voice, I would not be con-trolled.  
 They fol-lowed me o'er vale and hill, O'er des-erts waste and wild:  
 'Twas He that washed me in His blood, 'Twas He that made me whole;  
 But now I love the Shepherd's voice, I love, I love the fold;

I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home;  
 They found me nigh to death, Fam-ished and faint, and lone;  
 'Twas He that sought the lost, That found the wandering sheep,  
 I was a way-ward child, I once pre-ferred to roam;

I did not love my Fa-ther's voice; I loved a-far to roam.  
 They bound me with the bands of love; They saved the wandering one.  
 'Twas He that brought me to the fold, 'Tis He that still doth keep.  
 But now I love my Fa-ther's voice, I love, I love His home.

## I've Left the World Behind Me.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

FLORENCE M. HOFFMAN.

1. I've turn'd my back up - on the world With all its i - dle pleasures,  
 2. I've left the old sad life of sin, Its fol - lies all for - sak - en;  
 3. My soul shall ne'er re - turn a - gain Back to its for - mer sta - tion,  
 4. My choice is made for - ev - er - more, I want no oth - er Sav - iour;

And set my heart on bet - ter things, On high - er, ho - lier treasures;  
 My standing place is now in Christ, His ho - ly vows I've tak - en;  
 For here a - lone is per - fect peace, And rest from con - dem - na - tion;  
 I ask no pur - er hap - pi - ness Than His sweet love and fa - vor;

No more its glit - ter and its glare, And van - i - ty shall blind me;  
 Be - neatn the stand - ard of the cross The world henceforth shall find me;  
 I've made exchange of mas - ters now, The vows of heav - en bind me,  
 My heart is fixed on Je - sus Christ, No more the world shall blind me;

*FINE.*

D. S.—I've cross'd the sep - a - rat - ing line, And left the world be - hind me.  
 D. S.—I've pass'd in Christ from death to life, And left the world be - hind me.  
 D. S.—And once for all I've left the world, Yes, left the world be - hind me.  
 D. S.—I've cross'd the Red Sea of His blood, And left the world be - hind me.

*CHORUS.* *D. S.*

Far, far be - hind me! Far, far be - hind me!

## Unto the Coming of the Lord.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Are you liv - ing for the com - ing of the Lord, my broth - er? Are your  
2. Are you work - ing for the com - ing of the Lord, my broth - er? Are you  
3. Are you long - ing for the com - ing of the Lord, my broth - er? Does it

life and your hope in full ac - cord? (full accord?) Is your heart all pure and right?  
sending forth the wit - ness of His word? (of His word?) Are you gath'ring in the Bride,  
stir . . . . your spirit's deepest chord? (deepest chord?) Does your yearning heart say come?

Are your garments clean and white? Are you read - y for the coming of the Lord?  
From the nations far and wide? Are you working for the coming of the Lord?  
Will it be your "home, sweet home?" Are you longing for the coming of the Lord?

## CHORUS.

Yes, I'm liv - ing for the com - ing of the Lord, (of the Lord,) Hal - le -

lu - jah! For the soul in - spir - ing word, As I walk, . . . . .  
Hal - le - lu - jah! As I walk,

## Unto the Coming of the Lord.—concluded.

the ho - ly way, the ho - ly way, As I work . . . . . to haste the day, As I work to haste the day,

Oh, that all, . . . . . I do may say, Un - to the coming of the Lord, of the Lord.  
Oh, that all,

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## One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

P. CARY.

ANON.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Near-er my home, to -  
2. Near-er the bound of life Where burdens are laid down; Near-er to leave the  
3. Ev'n now, perchance, my feet Are slip-ping on the brink, And I, to - day, am

day, am I Than e'er I've been before. Near-er my Father's house, Where many  
heavy cross; Nearer to gain the crown. But, ly - ing dark between, Winding down  
nearer home, Nearer than now I think. Fa - ther, perfect my trust; Strength-en my

mansions be; Near - er to - day the great white throne, Near-er the crys - tal sea.  
thro' the night, There rolls the si - lent, unknown stream That leads at last to light.  
spir - it's faith; Nor tell me stand, at last, a - lone Up - on the shore of death.

## The Voice of Jesus.

Rev. HENRY OSTROM,  
UNISON SOLO.

JOHN P. HILLIS.

1. Oh, sweet the voic - es of the morn, When birds their matins sing ; But  
2. I hear it in the Gos - pel call, In friend, in sea, in skies ; Yea,  
3. That voice can speak my spir - it free From deepest guilt and sin ; One  
4. What if that voice, so ten - der now, Should cease to welcome Thee ! What

sweet - er far the voice of Love That doth sal - va - tion bring : That  
soft - er than a whis - pered note It speaks, and an - guish dies : It  
word from my Al - might - y Christ, And I am pure with - in. When  
if thy sink - ing soul should call, And aye un - answered be ! O

voice hath charms more rich, more dear Than mother's call could tell ; Its  
speaks in ho - ly tones of prayer, It pleads from lips of death ; On  
tempters would my peace de - stroy, When might - y foes as - sail, He  
spurn not Love's re - deem - ing plea, But hark - en while you may ; He

mu - sic rests the wea - ry soul ; It speaks and all is well.  
Cal - va - ry it called for me ; 'Tis in the Spir - it's breath.  
speaks, "Be not a - fraid, my child, My love can nev - er fail."  
speaks the word of vic - to - ry For vanquished souls to - day.



## The Voice of Jesus.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

That voice still calls in ac - cents sweet, "My child, no lon - ger roam !"

I hear and heed my Fa-ther's call; O Lamb of God, I come!

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## The Morning Light is Breaking.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. The morning light is break - ing, The darkness dis-ap - pears; The sons of  
2. See heathen nations bend - ing Be - fore the God we love, And thousand  
3. Blest riv - er of sal - va - tion, Pur-sue thine onward way; Flow thou to

earth are waking To pen-i-ten-tial tears; Each breeze that sweeps the ocean Brings  
hearts as-cending In grat - i - tude a-bove; While sinners now con-fessing, The  
ev - 'ry na-tion, Nor in thy richness stay; Stay not till all the low - ly Tri -

tidings from a - far, Of nations in com-mo - tion Prepar'd for Zion's war.  
gos-pel call o - bey, And seek the Saviour's blessing, A na-tion in a day.  
umphant reach their home, Stay not till all the ho - ly Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

# Behold! O God!

ANON.

Arr. by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Be-hold! O God!..... Thy chos - en race,.....  
 2. As sev - 'ral branch - - - es long they've lain,.....  
 3. "Me whom they pierced..... they shall be - hold!".....  
 4. Daughter of Zi - - - on, rise! pre - pare.....

1. Be-hold! O God! Thy chos - en race,

The stock whence sprang..... Im-man - u - el.....  
 Their sight ob - scured..... by blind - ing scale;.....  
 Sav-our, can this..... Thy prom - ise fail?.....  
 Thy long re - ject - - - ed King to hail!.....

The stock whence sprang Im - man - u - el.

Scattered and peeled,..... and with - out place.....  
 Yet Thou canst graft..... them in a - gain,.....  
 For these long out - - - casts from Thy fold.....  
 Lift up thy pen - - - i - ten - tial prayer.....

Scat-tered and peeled, and with - out place

In all the earth..... where-in to dwell.....  
 And from their eyes..... re-move the veil.....  
 Shall not Thy cleans - - - ing blood a - veil?.....  
 From Ju - dah's ev - - - 'ry hill and vale.....

In all the earth where-in to dwell.

# Behold! O God!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

O Is - ra - el! O Is - ra - el! The stock whence sprang Imman - u - el,

Scatter'd and peeled, and with-out place In all the earth wherein to dwell, to dwell

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## holy, holy, holy.

REGINALD HEBER.

JOHN B. DYKES.

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

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

mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!  
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
 there is none be - side Thee Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty.  
 mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Per - sons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

## Hasting on His Coming.

A. B. S.

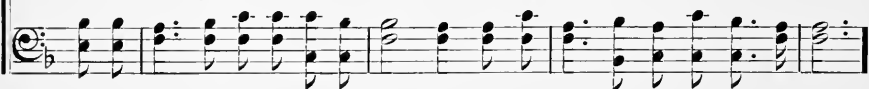
A. B. SIMPSON.



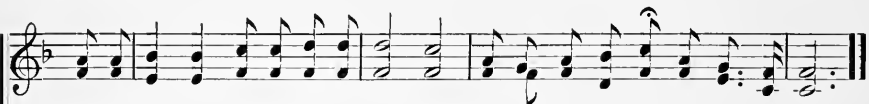
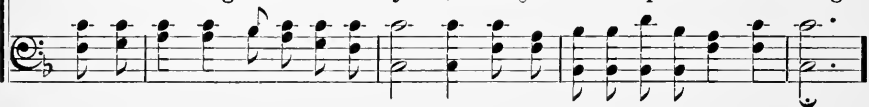
1. Looking for the coming of the Master, Hasting on the glad Millennial Day ;
2. Longing for the coming of the Master, It will bring us all we hold most dear ;
3. Hasting on the coming of the Master, Let us speed the days that linger still,
4. Is there some one still among your lov'd ones Would be missing should He come to-day ?



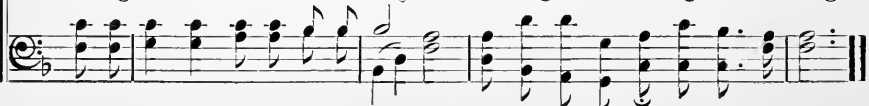
So the Bride should wait for His returning, So the Church should wait, and watch and pray.  
 Oh, to be with Je - sus in His glo - ry, And to have our lov'd ones with us there.  
 Time is counted yonder, not by numbers, But conditions which we may ful - fil.  
 Is there a - ny sin up - on our conscience That would make us from Him hide away ?



We may hasten forward His appearing, We may speed along the lingering years,  
 All our griefs and wrongs shall then be righted, Earth shall be a paradise a - gain,  
 If we bring the 'oth-er sheep' to Je - sus, If we send the Gospel every-where,  
 Is there something we could do for Jesus, Something that would help to make Him King ?



We may send the Gospel as a wit-ness, And prepare the way ere He appears.  
 Sin and sickness, death and sorrow ended, Joy and peace shall hold an endless reign.  
 We may hasten forward His ap-pear-ing, And His blessed coming help prepare.  
 Let us gird our loins to meet the bridegroom, And His glorious coming haste to bring.



## Is it not Wonderful?

E. A. H.

REV. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Wondrous it seem - eth to me, Je - sus so gracious should be,  
 2. Heart of mine nev - er could know Je - sus such peace could bestow,  
 3. Once I was full of all sin, Now, thro' the blood, I am clean ;  
 4. Long I re - sist - ed His grace, In my heart gave Him no place,  
 5. He doth my new heart con - trol, Cleansing and keep - ing me whole,

Mer - cy re - veal - ing, com - fort - ing, heal - ing, Blessing a sin - ner like me.  
 Till the dear Saviour showed me His fa - vor, Cleansed my heart whiter than snow.  
 Will - ing to save me, par - don He gave me, And I am hap - py with - in.  
 But Jesus sought me till He had brought me, Pen - i - tent, seeking His face.  
 Ban - ish - ing sad - ness, with joy and glad - ness Fill - ing and thrilling my soul.

CHORUS.

Is it not won - der - ful, is it not won - der - ful Je - sus so  
 Yes, it is won - der - ful, strange and so won - der - ful,

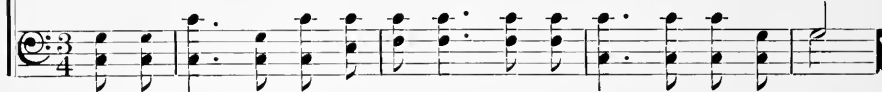
gra - cious should be ? . . . . . That He should save e - ven me ! . . . . .  
 lov - ing and gra - cious should be ? That He should par - don and save e - ven me !

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. Let us go and preach the gos-pel, As a wit - ness to the world;  
 2. Let us pray as well as la - bor, God a - lone the work can do,  
 3. Let us give to send the gos-pel As a wit - ness ev - 'ry - where;



O - ver ev - 'ry land and na - tion Let the Ban - ner be un - furled.  
 Pray that He will send forth reap-ers, For the la - bor - ers are few.  
 We can help to send the work-ers, And their toils, and triumphs share.



Christ is wait - ing till earth's millions Shall His full sal - va - tion know;  
 O, for such a might-y bap-tism, As will bring the Ad-vent day,  
 Sac - ri - fice is high-est ser-vice; On - ly while we love we live;



## CHORUS.

As we long for His ap - pear - ing, Let us go. Let us  
 As we long to haste its dawn-ing. Let us pray. Let us  
 By the might - y Gift He gave us, Let us give. Let us



## Let Us Go.—Concluded.

go,..... O, let us go!..... Till the gos - - - pel of sal -  
 Let us go! let us go!  
 pray,..... O, let us pray!..... Till the gos-pel  
 Let us pray, let us pray,  
 give,..... O, let us give .....  
 Let us give, let us give,

va - tion Un-to ev - - - 'ry land and na - tion we shall bring.  
 Un-to ev -'ry shall bring.

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## Missionary Chant.

B. H. DRAPER.

C. ZEUNER.

1. Ye Christian her-alds, go pro-claim Sal - vation thro' Em-man-uel's name ;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breasts in - spire,
3. And when our la - bors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more ;

To dis-tant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sha - ron there.  
 Bid rag-ing winds their fu - ry cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.  
 Meet, with the ransom'd throng to fall, And crown our Je-sus Lord of all.

## The Lost Found.

MARY IRENE McLEAN.

A. F. MYERS.

*Spirited.*

1. The shepherd who miss-es a sheep from the fold, Re-gard-less of  
 2. And when he has found it his joy is so deep, Though wea-ry and  
 3. Though wet with the dews of the night are his locks, And dark are the

dan-ger or cost, Will search on the mountains all night in the cold,  
 hun-gry and cold, He ten-der-ly lifts in his arms the poor sheep,  
 wa-ters he crossed, How blithely he sings when in sight of his flocks,

CHORUS.  
 To res-cue the sheep that is lost, There's joy.....  
 And car-ries it back to the fold.  
 "I've brought back the sheep that was lost." There's joy 'mong the an-gels, there's

..... in heav'n.... a-bove,..... Joy, joy a-  
 joy 'mong the an-gels, there's joy 'mong the an-gels in heav-en a-bove, An-gels in heav-en are

bove,..... Joy, joy a-bove,..... When a sin-  
 al-ways re-joic-ing, An-gels in heav-en are al-ways re-joic-ing, When a sin-ner re-



## The Lost found.—Concluded.

ner re - pents..... There's joy, joy a - bove.....  
 pents, there is joy 'mong the an - gels, There's joy 'mong the an - gels in heav - en a - bove.

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## ◎ Come, all ye faithful.

J. READING.

1. O come, all ye faith - ful, Joy - ful and tri - umph - ant, O come ye, O  
 2. God of God, Light of Light, Lo! He ab -  
 3. Sing, choirs of An - gels, Sing in ex - ul - ta - tion, Sing, all ye  
 4. Yea, Lord, we greet Thee, Born this happy morn - ing, Je - sus, to

come ye to Beth - le - hem; Come and be - hold Him Born the King of An - gels ;  
 hors not the Vir - gin's womb; Ver - y God, Be - got - ten, not cre - a - ted;  
 cit - i - zens of heav'n a - bove: Glo - ry to God In the high - est;  
 Thee be glo - ry giv'n; Word of the Fa - ther, Now in flesh ap - pear - ing;

*After each verse.*

O come, let us a - dore Him, O come, let us a -

dore Him, O come, let us a - dore Him, Christ, the Lord.

HENRY TWELLS.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. At ev - en, ere the sun was set, The sick, O Lord, a -  
 2. O Sav-iour Christ, our woes dis - pel; For some are sick, and  
 3. And some have found the world is vain, Yet from the world they  
 4. O Sav-iour Christ, Thou too art man; Thou hast been trou - bled,

round Thee lay; O in what di - vers pains they met! O with what  
 some are sad; And some have nev - er loved Thee well! And some have  
 break not free; And some have friends who give them pain, Yet have not  
 tempt-ed, tried; Thy kind but search - ing glance can scan The ve - ry

joy they went a - way! Once more 'tis ev - en - tide, and  
 lost the love they had. And some are pressed with world - ly  
 found a friend in Thee. And none, O Lord, have per - fect  
 wounds that shame would hide! Thy touch has still its an - cient

we, Op-pressed by va - rious ills draw near; What if Thy  
 care, And some are tried with sin - ful doubt; And some such  
 rest, For none are whol - ly free from sin; And they who  
 power, No word from Thee can fruit - less fall, Hear in this

## At Even.—Concluded.

form we can - not see, We know and feel that Thou art here.  
 griev - ous pas - sions tear, That on - ly Thou canst cast them out.  
 fain would serve Thee best, Are conscious most of wrong with-in.  
 sol - emn eve - ning hour, And in Thy mer - cy heal us all.

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## Room at the Cross.

W. B. B.

W. B. BLAKE.

1. Room at the Cross for a trembling soul, Room at the Cross for you;  
 2. Room at the Cross for a breaking heart, Room at the Cross for you;  
 3. Room at the Cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the Cross for you;

Where the sin - la - den may be made whole, Room at the Cross for you.  
 Choose, then, like Ma - ry, the bet - ter part, Room at the Cross for you.  
 Come, then, oh! come, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the Cross for you.

ll. 8.— Room at the Cross for you.

REFRAIN.

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you; Room, room, room at the Cross.

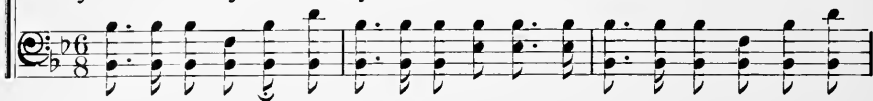
## Just the Same Jesus.

E. M. EXTON.

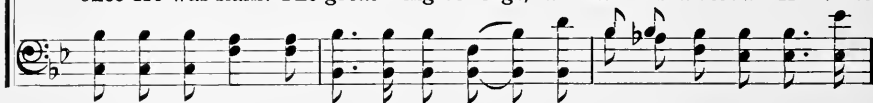
MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



1. Just "the same Jesus!" It fills us with gladness That just "the same Jesus" is
2. Just "the same Jesus" shall come in like manner As when He as-cend-ed from
3. Just "the same Jesus," but robed in His glory! Past are the thorns, and the
4. Just "the same Jesus," and God will bring with Him All those who have fallen a -
5. Just "the same Jesus," the Lord keep us watching! The signs of His com-ing are
6. Just "the same Jesus!" All eyes shall behold Him, Ex-alt-ed to hon - or where



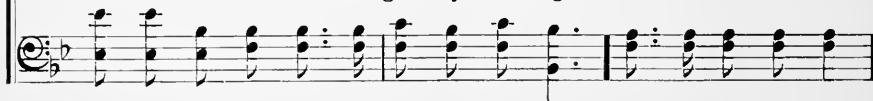
com-ing a - gain! The same that was slain up - on Cal - va-ry's mountain Is  
 Ol - i - vet's hill! Christ the Mes-si - ah! Our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Is  
 mocking and pain; No more to be pierc'd by the nail or the spear thrust!  
 sleep in the Lord! Tell this good news to the mourner in pit - y, Naught  
 seen far and near. The night is far spent; the day is approach-ing When  
 once He was slain! The great King of kings, all nations shall crown Him! For



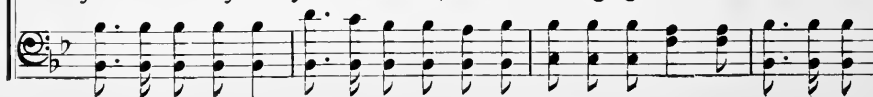
## CHORUS.



com-ing to earth, in His glo - ry to reign.  
 com-ing with blessings the whole world to fill.  
 On - ly the mem-'ry and scars will re - main. Just the same Je - sus!  
 else on this earth can such com-fort af - ford.  
 Christ in His glo - ry and pow'r shall ap-pear.  
 o - ver all earth He in glo - ry shall reign.



Just the same Jesus! Just the same Jesus is coming again, The same that was



## Just the Same Jesus.—Concluded.

slain up on Calvary's mountain Is coming to earth in His glo-ry to reign.

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## O Saviour, Precious Saviour.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

LAUSANNE PSALTER.

1. O Saviour, precious Sav - iour, Whom yet unseen we love, O Name of
2. O bring-er of sal - va - tion, Who wondrously hath wrought, Thyself the
3. In Thee all ful - ness dwelleth, All grace and pow'r divine; The glo - ry
4. Oh, grant the consum - ma - tion Of this our song a - bove, In end - less

might and fa - vor, All other names a - bove! We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To  
rev - e - la - tion Of love beyond our thought, We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To  
that ex - cell - eth, O Son of God, is Thine; We worship Thee, we bless Thee, To  
ad - o - ra - tion, And ev - er - last - ing love; Then shall we praise and bless Thee Where

Thee, O Christ, we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our holy Lord and King.  
Thee, O Christ, we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our gracious Lord and King.  
Thee, O Christ, we sing; We praise Thee, and confess Thee Our glorious Lord and King.  
perfect praises ring, And ev - er - more confess Thee Our Saviour and our King.

1. 'Twas the promise of the Lord to His chosen race, Which the ancient  
 2. There's a promise of the Lord for His holy ones, And the watching  
 3. There are some to whom that day as a thief shall come, As a snare and

prophet brings, That the Sun of Righteousness on them should rise With  
 virgins wise, That the day-star of that dawn as an earnest bright With-  
 sad surprise, Be it ours to watch its signs and its coming haste, With

healing in His wings. But the message of the Lord to the Church, His Bride,  
 in our hearts shall rise. Christ in us the hope of glory has come to dwell  
 glad and wond'ring eyes. God forbid that we should wait till the trumpet shall call,

Is a promise sweeter far, (sweeter far,) That for her the Lord would  
 And His waiting Bride prepare, (prepare,) For the rapture of the  
 And the slumbering world awake, (awake,) Let us meet the blessed

CHORUS.  
 come ere the day shall break, As the bright and Morning Star,  
 saints in the Advent Morn, And the meeting in the air. Then wake me in the  
 Lord as the Morning Star, Ere the Advent dawn shall break.

## The Morning Star.—Concluded.

morning ere the day shall break, And the sunrise shine a - far, (shine a - far,) For the

meeting with the Bridegroom ere the world shall wake, As the bright and Morning Star.

150

## Lord, for Ever at Thy Side.

J. MONTGOMERY.

Arr. fr. C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Lord, for ev - er at Thy side Let my place and por - tion be ;  
 2. Meek - ly may my soul re - ceive All Thy Spir - it hath revealed ;  
 3. Hum - ble as a lit - tle child, Wean - ed from the moth - er's breast,  
 4. Is - rael now and ev - er - more, In the Lord Je - ho - vah trust ;

Strip me of the robe of pride, Clothe me with hu - mil - i - ty.  
 Thou hast spo - ken ; I be - lieve, Though the or - a - cle be sealed.  
 By no sub - tle - ties be - guiled, On Thy faith - ful word I rest.  
 Him, in all His ways, a - dore, Wise, and won - der - ful, and just.

ANON.

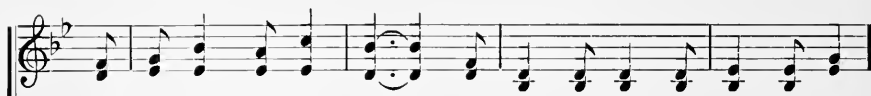
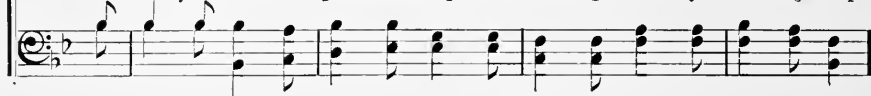
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



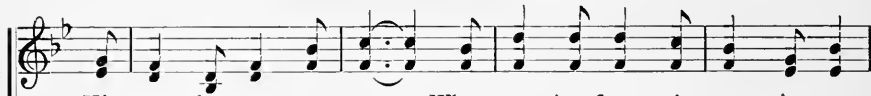
1. I know not if He come at eve, Or night or morn or noon;
2. I know not round His bless-ed feet What peer-less glo-ries throng;
3. I know not if we long must wait The sum-mer of His smile;



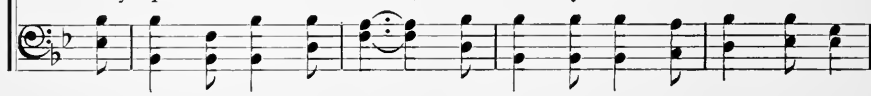
I know the breeze of twi-light gray That fans the cheek of dy-ing day,  
I on-ly know from rending tomb The good shall burst in beauty's bloom,  
I on-ly know that hope doth sweep With thrilling touch my heart strings deep,



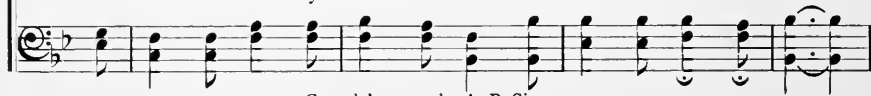
Doth ev-en whis-per "soon." I know not why our souls should doubt  
And faith as-sures "not long." I know not if His char-iot wheels  
And sings "a lit-tle while." I know not on this glorious theme



His prom-ise to ap-pear, When ev-'ry flow-er's ope-ning eye  
Yet near or dis-tant are; I on-ly know each thun-der roll  
Why lips so oft are dumb; I on-ly know the sad-dened earth



Looks up in-to the chang-ing sky, And seems to mur-mur "near,"  
Doth wake an ech-o in my soul That saith "not ver-y far."  
Will flush with beau-ty and with mirth At sound of "Lo! I come."





## A Little While.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

*rit.*

A lit - tle while, a lit - tle while, And Je - sus will be here.

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## Ten Thousand Times Ten Thousand.

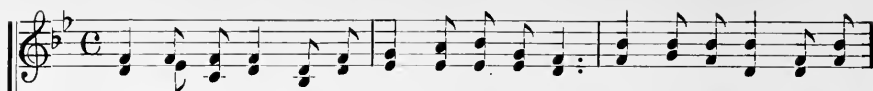
H. ALFORD.

J. B. DYKES.

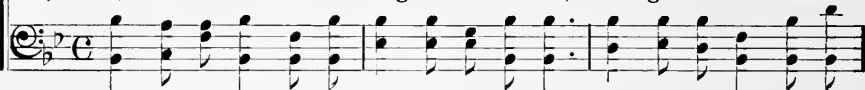
1. Ten thousand times ten thousand In sparkling raiment bright, The armies of the
2. What rush of al - le - lu - ias Fills all the earth and sky! What ringing of a
3. Oh, then what raptur'd greetings On Canaan's happy shore; What knitting sever'd
4. Bring near Thy great salvation, Thou Lamb for sinners slain; Fill up the roll of

ransom'd saints Throng up the steep's of light: 'Tis finish'd! all is finish'd, Their fight with  
thousand harps Be - speaks the triumph nigh! Oh, day for which cre - a - tion And all its  
friendships up, Where partings are no more! Then eyes with joy shall sparkle That brim'm'd with  
Thine elect, Then take Thy pow'r and reign: Ap - pear, De - sire of na - tions, Thine exiles

death and sin: Fling o - pen wide the golden gates, And let the vic - tors in  
tribes were made; Oh, joy, for all its former woes A thousand - fold re - paid!  
tears of late; Orphans no long - er fath - er - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late.  
long for home: Show in the heavens Thy prom - ised sign; Thou Prince and Saviour, come!



1. Where shall we go when our spir - it is sink - ing Un - der the burdens too
2. Where shall we go when in sick - ness we languish Find - ing the help of the
3. Where shall we go when this world is re - ced - ing, And the dark wa - ters of
4. Yes, there's an arm that is strong to de - liv - er; Stronger than sickness and



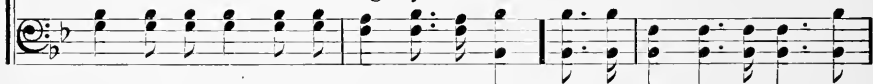
hev - y to bear? Is there an arm that is a - ble to help us?  
 world to be vain? Is there a balm that can heal our dis - eas - es,  
 Jor - dan are near? Is there a light can il - lum - ine the darkness?  
 sin and the grave: Yes, there's a love that can nev - er grow wea - ry,



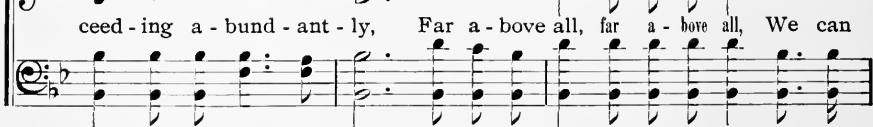
## CHORUS.



Is there a love that will ans - wer our pray'r.  
 And a Phy - si - cian can ban - ish our pain? He is a - ble to do ex -  
 Is there a pres - ence can ban - ish our fear? He is a - ble to do ex -  
 Yes, there's a Christ that is might - y to save.



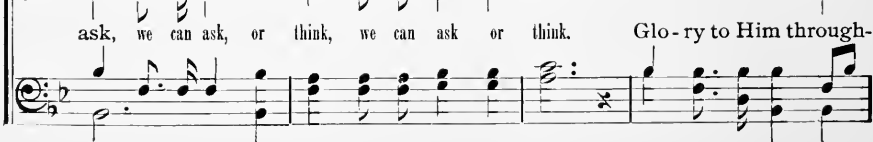
ceed - ing a - bund - ant - ly, Far a - bove all, far a - bove all, We can



think, .....



ask, we can ask, or think, we can ask or think. Glo - ry to Him through -



## He is Able.—Concluded.

out all a - ges, World with-out end, A - men, a - men, a - men.

154

## Golden Harps are Sounding.

F. R. H.

FRANCIS R. HAVERGAL.

1. Golden harps are sounding, An - gel voices ring, Pear-ly gates are o - pened,
2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with gladness
3. Pray-ing for His chil - dren In that blessed place, Calling them to glo - ry,

Opened for the King, Christ, the King of Glo - ry, Je - sus, King of love,  
At His Father's side, Nev-er more to suf - fer, Nev-er more to die,  
Sending them His grace, His bright home prepar - ing, Lit - tle ones, for you ;

REFRAIN.

Is gone up in tri-umph To His throne a - bove.  
Je - sus, King of glo - ry, Is gone up on high. All His work is end - ed,  
Je - sus ev - er liv - eth, Ev - er lov - eth too.

Joy - ful - ly we sing ; Je - sus hath as - cend - ed ! Glo - ry to our King !

Rev. B. C.

Rev. B. CARRADINE,

1. I had wandered off from heav-en, On the mountains cold and gray,  
 2. I was work-ing in the tem-ple With the Sav-iour by my side,  
 3. Ma-n-y ear-ly friends had left me, While the va-cant room and chair,  
 4. Then I saw at once that Je-sus Could be bet-ter far than all,  
 5. So I heard the Sav-iour call-ing, Come, thou wea-ry one, a-way,

When I heard my Sav-iour call-ing To His lost sheep far a-way;  
 Where the mul-ti-tude as-sem-bled, In its mis-e-ry and pride;  
 Were re-mind-ers of the pric-es I had paid down to be there,  
 He could light-en up the path-way, Could sur-round me like a wall;  
 And my an-swer quick-ly followed, Lord, I'm com-ing home to-day;

How I listened as the tear-drops Cours'd a-down like fall-ing rain,  
 Glanc-ing up-ward from my la-bor I just caught His dis-tant smile,  
 I was brood-ing o'er my loss-es, When the Sav-iour spoke to me,  
 He could take the place of lov'd ones, Wipe the fall-ing tears a-way,  
 Now His lov-ing arms are 'round me, And my head is on His breast,

D. S.— No... mat-ter who the wan-d'r'er, Nor how far He's gone a-stray,

While His ten-der words of prom-ise, Made my spir-it glad a-gain,  
 "You have plac'd your work be-tween us, Come and talk with me a-while."  
 "You have let your sor-rows set-tle, Like a cloud 'tween me and thee."  
 Turn my sor-row in-to laugh-ter, Change the night-tide in-to day.  
 While I catch His faint-est whis-per, And my spir-it is at rest.

Be-hold, who-so-ev-er com-eth, I will com-fort him to-day."

## The Wanderer.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

“Come, oh, come to me,” said Je-sus, “Come and I will give you rest,  
I will take a-way the bur-den From the heav-y la-den breast.”

*D. S.*

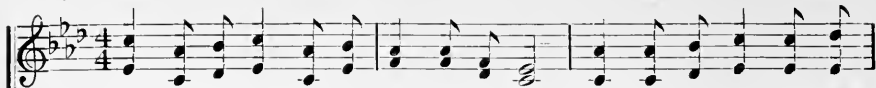
156

## ⊙ Jesus, Thou art Standing.

W. W. How.

E. HUSBAND.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low-ly  
2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy  
3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In accents meek and low,—"I died for  
patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er: We bear the name of Christians, His  
brow en-cir-cle, And tears Thy face have marred: Oh, love that passeth knowl-edge So  
you, my children, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sorrow We  
name and sign we bear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us! To keep Him standing there.  
pa-tient-ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e-equal, So fast to bar the gate!  
o-pen now the door: Dear Saviour, en-ter, en-ter, And leave us nevermore!



1. Sav - ing and serv - ing our watchword shall be; Liv - ing for oth - ers and
2. Serv - ing a Mas - ter so good and so true, Find - ing some ser - vice in
3. Sav - ing the lost ones wherev - er they roam; Seek - ing the wand'ers and
4. Sav - ing and serv - ing, O bless - ed em - ploy! Heav - en it - self has no



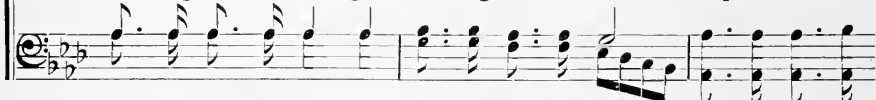
liv - ing for Thee; Help us, dear Lord, to be true to our trust, Serv - ing the  
all that we do; Seek - ing His glo - ry and do - ing His will; Waiting or  
bringing them home; Go - ing where darkness and sorrow are found, Seeking the  
ho - li - er joy; And we shall win heaven's richest re - ward By saving the



Mas - ter and sav - ing the lost.  
working but serv - ing Him still. Serv - ing the Lord and sav - ing the lost;  
- lost to earth's ut - termost bounds.  
lost ones and serv - ing the Lord.



Shrinking not from dan - ger, count - ing not the cost. Keep us, bless - ed



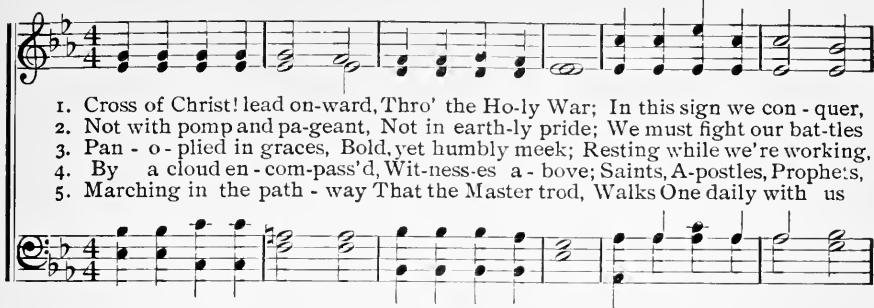
Mas - ter, true to our trust, Serv - ing the Lord and sav - ing the lost.



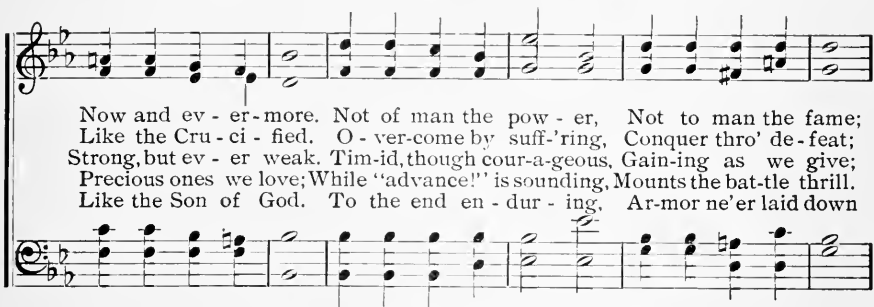
## Cross of Christ! Lead Onward.

R. K. C.

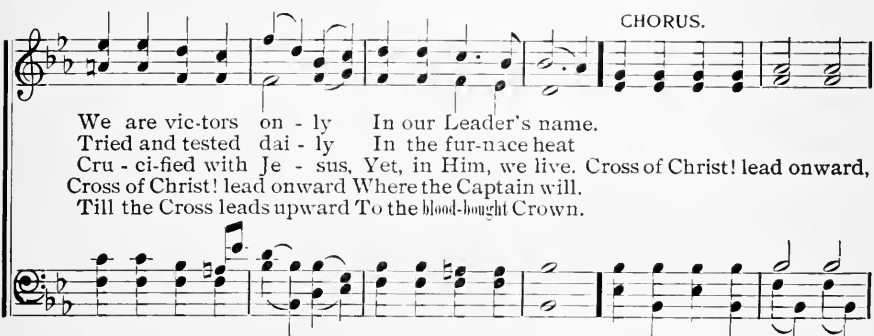
R. KELSO CARTER.



1. Cross of Christ! lead on-ward, Thro' the Ho-ly War; In this sign we con-quer,  
 2. Not with pomp and pa-geant, Not in earth-ly pride; We must fight our bat-tles  
 3. Pan-o-plied in graces, Bold, yet humbly meek; Resting while we're working,  
 4. By a cloud en-com-pass'd, Wit-ness-es a-bove; Saints, A-postles, Prophe:s,  
 5. Marching in the path-way That the Master trod, Walks One daily with us

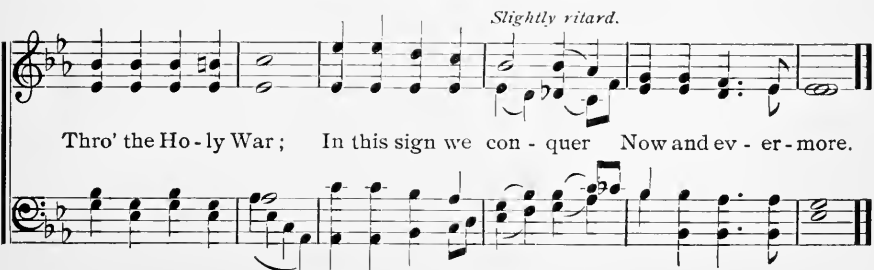


Now and ev-er-more. Not of man the pow-er, Not to man the fame;  
 Like the Cru-ci-fied. O-ver-come by suff-ring, Conquer thro' de-feat;  
 Strong, but ev-er weak. Tim-id, though cour-a-geous, Gain-ing as we give;  
 Precious ones we love; While "advance!" is sounding, Mounts the bat-tle thrill.  
 Like the Son of God. To the end en-dur-ing, Ar-mor ne'er laid down



CHORUS.

We are vic-tors on-ly In our Leader's name.  
 Tried and tested dai-ly In the fur-nace heat  
 Cru-ci-fied with Je-sus, Yet, in Him, we live. Cross of Christ! lead onward,  
 Cross of Christ! lead onward Where the Captain will.  
 Till the Cross leads upward To the blood-bought Crown.



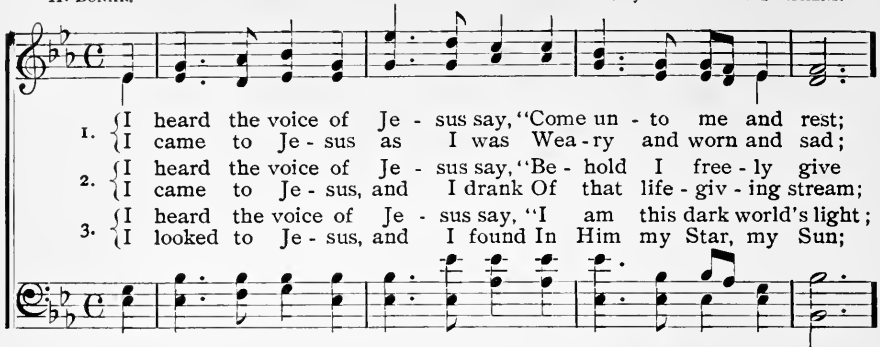
*Slightly ritard.*

Thro' the Ho-ly War; In this sign we con-quer Now and ev-er-more.

## I heard the Voice of Jesus say.

H. BONAR.

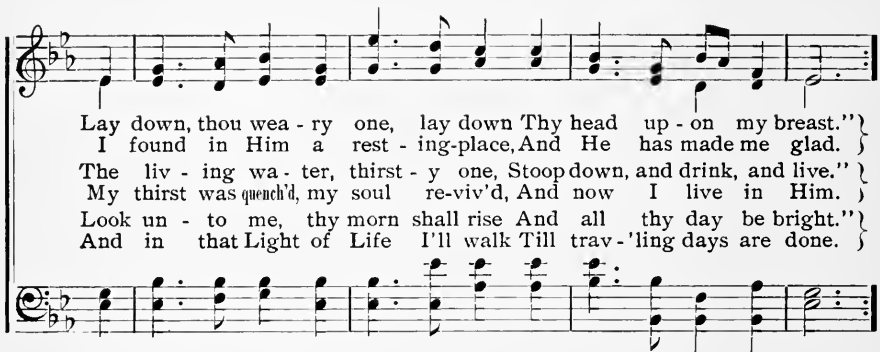
Arr. by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.



1. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to me and rest;  
I came to Je - sus as I was Wea - ry and worn and sad;

2. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Be - hold I free - ly give  
I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;

3. { I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "I am this dark world's light;  
I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;



Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast." }  
I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad. }  
The liv - ing wa - ter, thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live." }  
My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - viv'd, And now I live in Him. }  
Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise And all thy day be bright." }  
And in that Light of Life I'll walk Till trav - 'ling days are done. }

## CHORUS.



Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship di - vine.—



Oh, what blessed sweet com - mun - ion! Je - sus is a friend of mine.



## Send the Gospel Faster.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. "Go to all the world and preach the gos - pel," Was the last com -  
 2. As men swift - ly fly on wings of mer - cy When some ti - dings  
 3. Oh, how much we spend for earth - ly tri - fles, And neg - lect the

mand - ment of the Mas - ter; And the an - swer comes from ev - ry na - tion:  
 come of dire dis - as - ter; So, be - fore a thousand millions per - ish,  
 need that's so much vast - er; Wake us, Master, from our guilt - y tri - fling,

CHORUS. *Quicker.*

"We are dying, send the gos - pel fast - er." } Faster, faster, fast - er!  
 Let us haste to send the gos - pel fast - er.  
 Help us send the gos - pel fast - er, fast - er.

Hear their pleading cry; Save them from dis - ast - er, Help them ere they

die; Who will an - swer, Mas - ter, send me, here am I, send me. (send me.)

## He is Coming Back Again.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

JOHN T. BENSON.

1. Do you know why I'm longing for the coming of the Lord, And watching His  
2. Do you know why no longer I can call the world my home, My heart from its

glo-ry to see? 'Tis be-cause He's my Bridegroom, beloved, and a-dored,  
fet-ters is free? 'Tis be-cause I am waiting my Bridegroom to come,

And I know He is coming for me. Do you know why He's robed me in  
And I know He is coming for me. Do you know why I'm sending the

garments of white, And bid-den me read-y to be..... With oil in my  
ti-dings to all, And warn-ing from judgment to flee?..... He has sent me His

ves-sel, and my lamp trimmed and bright? 'Tis be-cause He is coming for me.  
guests to the wed-ding to call, For He's coming, and coming for me.

# The is Coming Back Again.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh! He's com - ing back a - gain; He is com - ing back a - gain, I'm so  
 glad that He is com - ing back a - gain. He is com - ing aft - er me,  
*ad lib.*  
 And His glo - ry I shall see, I'm so glad He is com - ing for me.

## 162. Jesus, Thou Joy of Loving Hearts.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX.

Arr. fr. BEETHOVEN.

1. Je - sus, Thou joy of lov - ing hearts, Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men,  
 2. Thy truth unchanged hath ev - er stood; Thou sav - est those that on Thee call;  
 3. We taste Thee, O Thou liv - ing Bread, And long to feast up - on Thee still;  
 From the best bliss that earth im - parts, We turn un - fill'd to Thee a - gain.  
 To them that seek Thee, Thou art good, To them that find Thee, all in all!  
 We drink of Thee, the Fountain Head, And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for Thee,  
 Where'er our changeful lot is cast;  
 Glad, when Thy gracious smile we see,  
 Blest, when our faith can hold Thee fast.

5 O Jesus, ever with us stay;  
 Make all our moments calm and bright;  
 Chase the dark night of sin away;  
 Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

## The Other Sheep.

A. B. S.

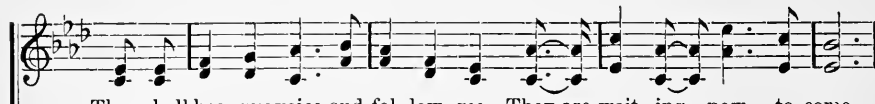
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



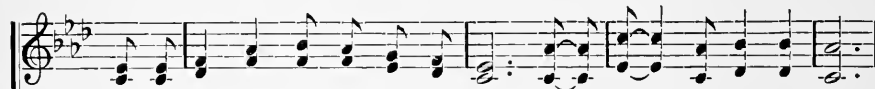
1. "There are oth - er sheep" the Mas - ter said, "That are not of this fold,"
2. There are oth - er sheep in heathen lands, For whom the Shepherd died;
3. There are oth - er sheep in heathen lands, Who have nev - er heard His call,
4. And home to His fold the Shepherd kind, These "oth - er sheep" must bring,



I must seek them out, and bring them back, From the mountains wild and cold.  
 They have ma - ny tints and many tongues, They are scattered far and wide.  
 They have none to lead them to the fold, As they blindly grope and fall.  
 Be - fore He can come from the heav - ens above, As our glorious Lord and King.



They shall hear my voice, and fol - low me, They are wait - ing now to come,  
 But His blood redeemed their souls to God, As much as you and me,  
 You were once like them a poor lost sheep, In the dark wild wastes of sin,  
 But how sweet 'twill be in that blest day, When we meet in the "Up - per Room,"

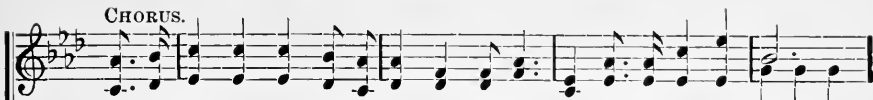


But the un - der Shepherds must go forth, And gather the lost ones home.  
 And the poor lost sheep of Con - go land, Are as dear to His heart as we.  
 By the love that res - cued you go forth, And gath - er His lost ones in.  
 That we helped to bring His lost ones home, From the mountains wild and cold.



## The Other Sheep.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



O those oth - er sheep that the Lord is seeking, Out on the mountains cold;  
mountains cold.



We must go.....and find the lost ones, And bring them to the fold.  
We must go we must go, yes, bring to the fold.



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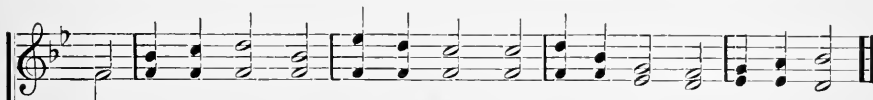
## Go, Labor On.

H. BONAR.

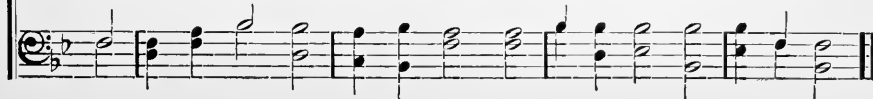
LOWELL MASON.



1. Go, la - bor on, while it is day; The world's dark night is hastening on;
2. Men die in dark - ness at your side, With - out a hope to cheer the tomb:
3. Toil on,—faint not; keep watch and pray! Be wise the er - ring soul to win;
4. Go, la - bor on: your hands are weak; Your knees are faint, your soul cast down;



Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth a - way! It is not thus that souls are won.  
Take up the torch and wave it wide—The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.  
Go forth in - to the world's highway; Com - pel the wan - derer to come in.  
Yet fal - ter not; the prize you seek Is near,—a king - dom and a crown!



H. K. WHITE.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Oft in dan-ger, oft in woe, On - ward, Christians, on - ward go;  
 2. Let your drooping hearts be glad: March in heav'n-ly arm - or clad:  
 3. Let not sor - row dim your eye, Soon shall ev - 'ry tear be dry;  
 4. On - ward then in bat - tle move, More than conqu'rors ye shall prove;

Fight the fight, main - tain the strife, Strengthen'd with the bread of life.  
 Fight, nor think the bat - tle long, Vie - t'ry soon shall tune your song.  
 Let not fears your course im - pede, Great your strength, if great your need.  
 Tho' op - posed by many a foe, Chris - tian sol - diers, on - ward go.

CHORUS. (Adapted.)

*Spirited.*

And when the bat - tle's o - ver, We shall wear a crown,

We shall wear a crown, We shall wear a crown, And when the bat - tle's

o - ver, We shall wear a crown, In the New Je - ru - sa - lem. FINE.

# Onward Go.—Concluded.

*D.S.*

Wear a crown, wear a crown; A-way o-ver Jor-dan with  
Wear a crown, wear a crown;

*D.C. Chorus.*

my bless-ed Je-sus, A-way o-ver Jor-dan, to wear a star-ry crown.

166

# A Few More Years shall Roll.

H. BONAR.

Arr. by A. S. SULLIVAN.

*Slowly.*

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with
2. A few more suns shall set O'er these dark hills of time, And we shall be where
3. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore, And we shall be where

REFRAIN.

those that rest Asleep within the tomb; }  
suns are not, A far se-ren-er clime; } Then, O my Lord, prepare My soul for  
tempests cease, And surges swell no more: }

that great day; Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood, And take my sins a-way.

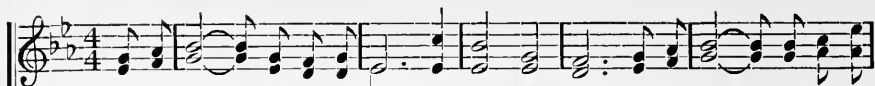
4 A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:

5 'Tis but a little while  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, who lives  
That we with Him may reign:

## When Jesus Comes.

A. B. S.

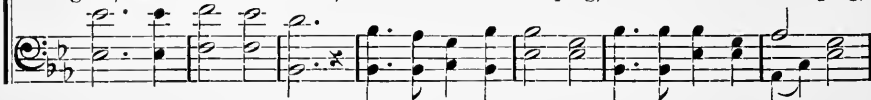
A. B. SIMPSON.



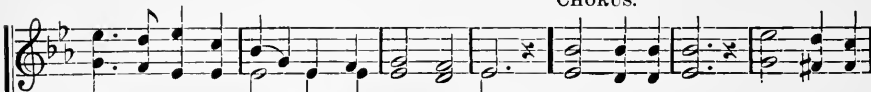
1. We are wait - ing for the day, When Je - sus comes, How we watch and work and
2. We shall all His image bear, When Je - sus comes, Weshall all His glo - ry
3. We shall hear His glad "Well done," When Je - sus comes, Weshall meet our loved ones



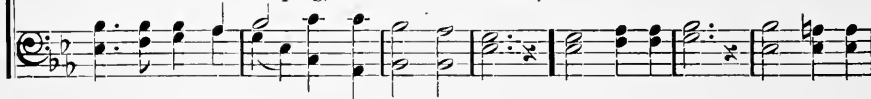
pray, Till Je - sus comes; Earth will cease hersighing, There'll be no more crying,  
 share, When Je - sus comes; Ne'er to know temptation, Ne'er to feel pri - va - tion,  
 gone, When Je - sus comes; Then will end our weeping, Then will come our reaping,



## CHORUS.



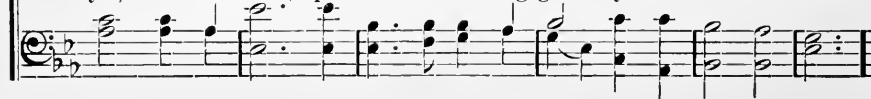
There'll be no more dy - ing, When Je - sus comes. }  
 Crown'd with full salvation, When Je - sus comes. } Yes, Je - sus comes, yes, Je - sus  
 So our watch we're keeping, Till Je - sus comes. }



comes, Tell out the joy - ful sto - ry that Je - sus come; Yes, Je - sus comes,



yes, Je - sus comes, Speed on the com - ing glo - ry When Je - sus comes.





## Thy God is Nigh.

H. K.

H. KENNING.

*Andante con espressione.*

*p*

1. Is thy heart with sor-row la - den, And for help thy soul doth  
 2. When thy feet had well nigh slipped, And it seem'd thy soul must  
 3. He doth know the way thou tak - est, He doth watch thee with His

*rall.*

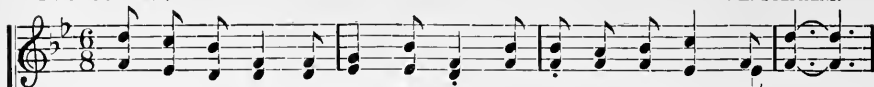
cry? Doth it seem all night around thee? Troubled soul, thy God is nigh!  
 die; How His arms thy life eu-fold - ed! He up-held thee, He was nigh!  
 eye; He is true, tho' all for-sake thee, He doth love thee, He is nigh!

*rall.*

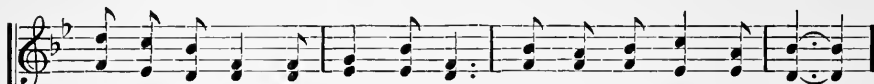
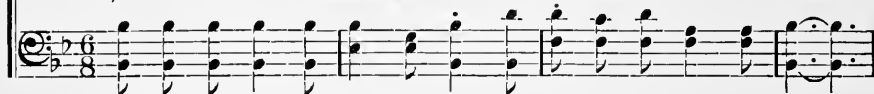
REFRAIN. *f ad lib.* *rall.*

Thy God is nigh, thy God is nigh, Be still and rest, thy God is nigh.

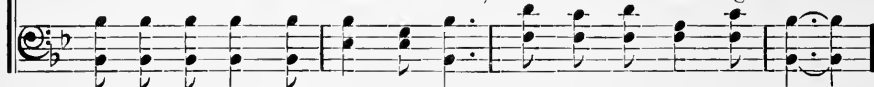
*f* *rall.*



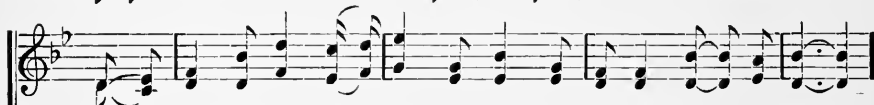
1. Church of the liv - ing God a - wake! A - wake from thy sin - ful sleep!  
 2. Watchman of God thou seest now The sword of de - struc - tion come;  
 3. Go, for the Sav - iour sends thee forth To call from the dis - tant East



Dost thou not hear thy broth - ers' cry Still sound - ing o'er the deep?  
 Why soundest not the warn - ing cry 'Mid hosts of heath - en - dom?  
 I - dol - a - tors for whom Christ died, To heav - en's mar - riage feast.



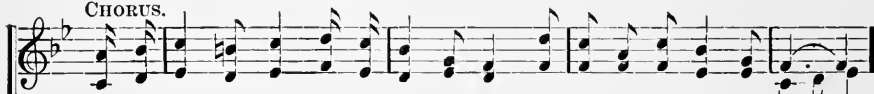
Is it nought that one of ev - 'ry four Of all the hu - man race.  
 God says that if thou warn - est not The wicked at His com - mand,  
 The gos - pel that thou hear - est now The pow'r of God shall prove



Should in Chi - na die, having nev - er heard The gos - pel of God's grace?  
 He shall per - ish, but His blood shall be Re - quir - ed at thy hand.  
 To tri - umph o'er the souls of men By th'omni - potence of love.



## CHORUS.



Canst thou shut thine ear to the aw - ful sound, The voice of thy brothers' blood,



## China's Millions.—Concluded.

A mill-ion a month in Chi - na are dy - ing with out God.

## 170 Angels from the Realms of Glory.

J. MONTGOMERY.

H. SMART.

1. An - gels, from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;  
 2. Shepherds, in the field a - bid - ing, Watch - ing o'er your flocks by night;  
 3. Sa - ges, leave your con - tem - pla - tions, Bright - er vis - ions beam a - far;  
 4. Saints be - fore the al - tar bend - ing, Watch - ing long in hope and fear,

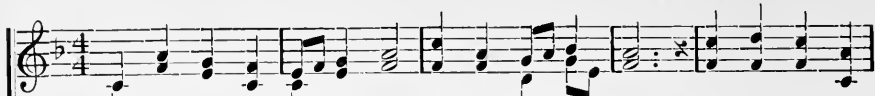
Ye, who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth;  
 God with man is now re - sid - ing, Yon - der shines the in - fant light;  
 Seek the great De - sire of na - tions, Ye have seen His na - tal star;  
 Sud - den - ly the Lord, de - scend - ing, In His tem - ple shall ap - pear;

Come and wor - ship, Come and wor - ship, Wor - ship Christ, the new - born King.

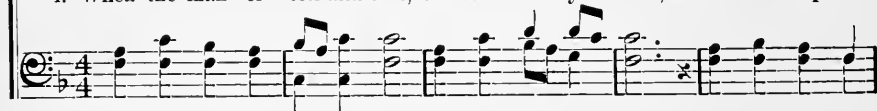
## When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

HORATIUS BONAR.

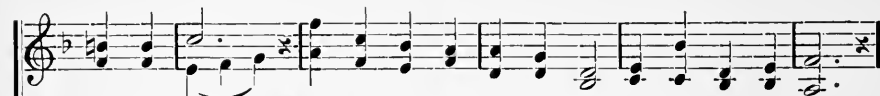
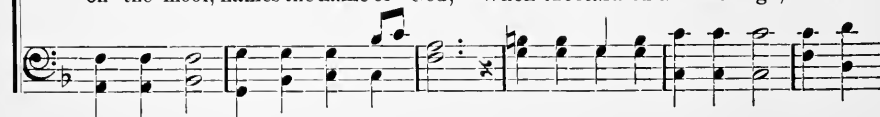
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



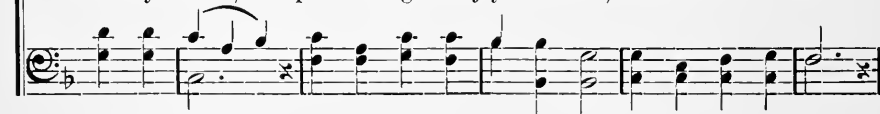
1. When the wea - ry, seek - ing rest, To Thy good - ness flee; When the heav - y -
2. When the worldling, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod - i -
3. When the stran - ger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hun - gry
4. When the man of toil and care, In the cit - y crowd; When the Shepherd



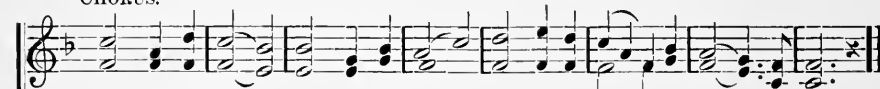
la - den cast all their load on Thee; When the troubled, seeking peace, On Thy  
 gal looks back to his fa - ther's love; When the proud man in his pride, Stoops to  
 crav - eth food, and the poor a friend; When the sail - or on the wave, Bows the  
 on the moor, names the name of God; When the learn - ed and the high, Tired of



name shall call; When the sin - ner, seek - ing life, At Thy feet shall fall.  
 seek Thy face; When the burdened brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace.  
 fer - vent knee; When the sol - dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee.  
 earth - ly fame, Up - on high - er joys in - tent, Name the blessed name.



## CHORUS.

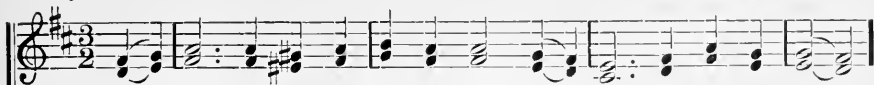


Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry, In heav'n Thy dwelling place on high.

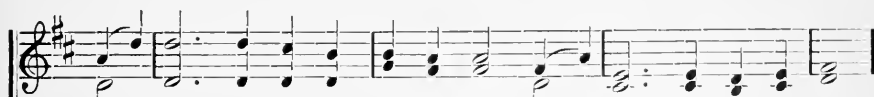
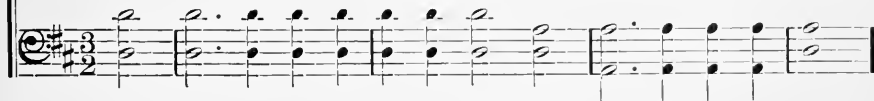


Adapted.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. There is an eye that nev - er sleeps Be - neath the wing of night;
2. There is an arm that nev - er tires, When hu - man strength gives way;
3. That eye is fix'd on ser - aph throngs; That arm up - holds the sky;
4. But there's a pow'r which man can wield, When mor - tal aid is vain,
5. That pow'r is pray'r, which soars on high Thro' Je - sus to the throne,



There is an ear that nev - er shuts, When sink the beams of light:  
 There is a love that nev - er fails, When earth - ly loves de - cay.  
 That ear is fill'd with an - gel songs; That love is throned on high.  
 That eye, that arm, that love to reach, That lis - t'ning ear to gain.  
 And moves the hand, which moves the world To bring sal - va - tion down.



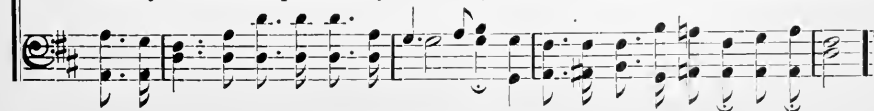
## CHORUS.

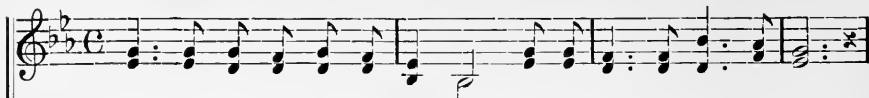


Oh, the love that nev - er sleeps, nor slumbers, Oh, the strength that shields from all alarms;



In Thy bo - som keep me safe - ly hid - ing, And leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.

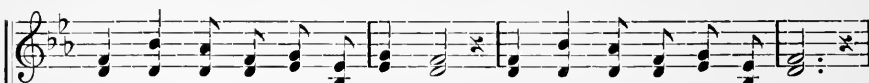
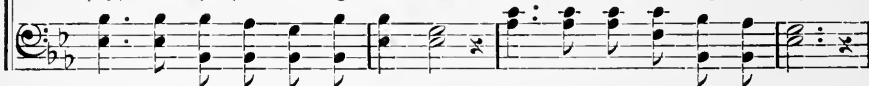




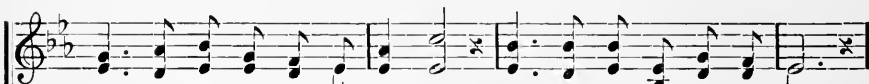
1. Share thy hand-ful with the stran-ger; Bid the Proph-et to thy board;
2. Trust! the Lord will not de-ny thee, Ev-'ry long-ing shall be stilled;
3. Why shouldst thou forecast the mor-row? Take with gladness while you may;



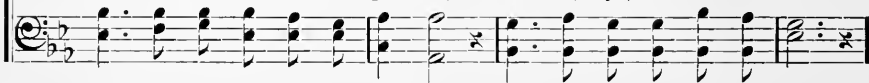
No re-sour-c-es are in dan-ger Whose ex-cheq-uer is the Lord.  
Trust! the cruse will yet sup-ply thee, Nev-er emp-ty, nev-er filled.  
Why, dismayed, for-bod-ings bor-row? See! thou hast e-nough to - day:



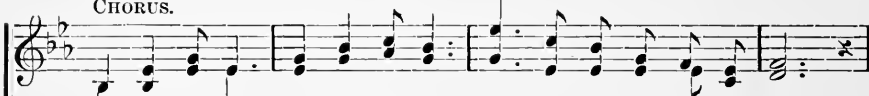
Dai - ly new de-mands a - wait thee, Dai - ly new sup-plies are sent;  
Should the lil - ies lack ap - par - el? Should the ra - vens cry in vain?  
'Tis by lov - ing that thou liv - est, Spend - ing doth not waste thy store,



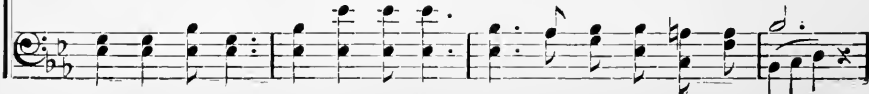
He a - lone who doth cre - ate thee Can se - cure thy nour-ish-ment.  
E - ven then the wid-ow's bar - rel Shall its hand-ful still re - tain.  
Tho' it seem the last thou giv - est, There is, aye, one hand-ful more.



## CHORUS.



Keep on lov - ing, keep on giv - ing, Still you'll find one hand-ful more,



## The Last Bandful.—Concluded.

Musical notation for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

Lov - ing is the tru - est liv - ing, God will doub - le all thy store.

## 174 The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

REGINALD HEBER.

Dr. H. S. CUTLER.

Musical notation for the first system of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;  
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,  
 3. A no - ble ar - my, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

Musical notation for the second system of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far, Who fol - lows in His train?  
 Who saw His Mas - ter in the sky, And call'd on Him to save;  
 A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - ray'd;

Musical notation for the third system of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain,  
 Like Him, with par - dou on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,  
 They clim'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain,

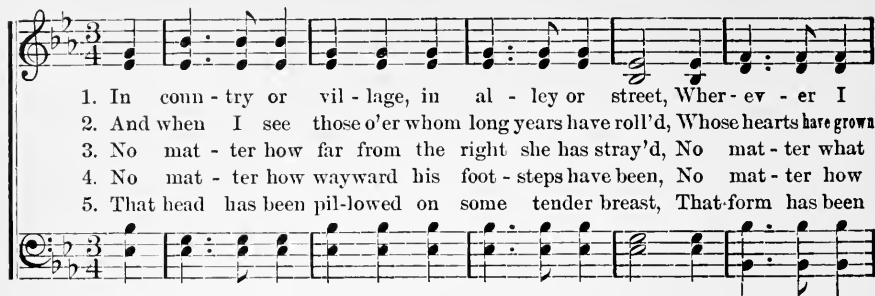
Musical notation for the fourth system of the hymn, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics underneath.

Who pa - tient bears His cross be - low, He fol - lows in His train.  
 He pray'd for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in His train?  
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train!

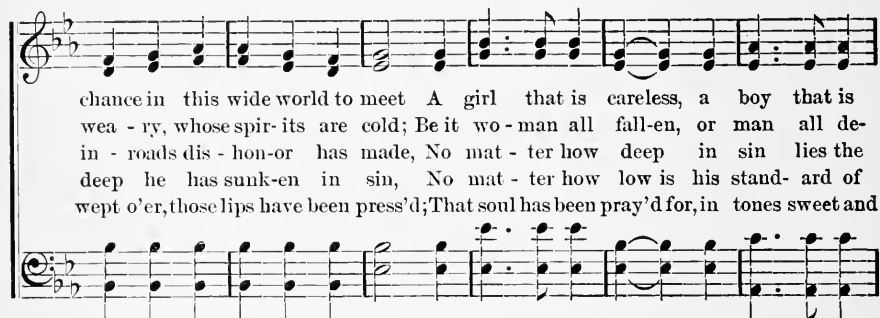
## Some Mother's Child.

Anon.

Arr. by MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

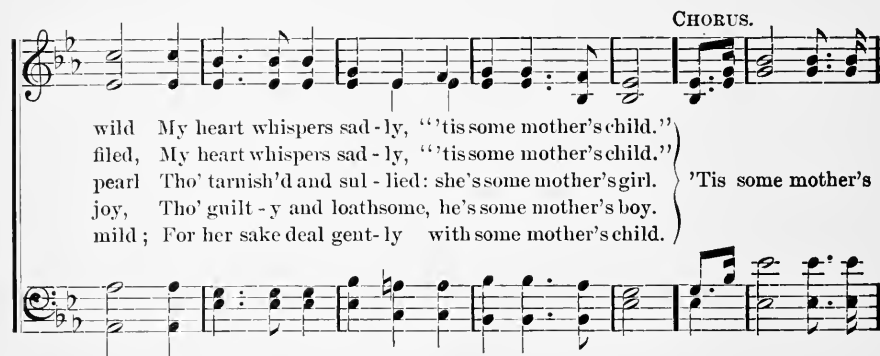


1. In coun - try or vil - lage, in al - ley or street, Wher - ev - er I  
 2. And when I see those o'er whom long years have roll'd, Whose hearts have grown  
 3. No mat - ter how far from the right she has stray'd, No mat - ter what  
 4. No mat - ter how wayward his foot - steps have been, No mat - ter how  
 5. That head has been pil - lowed on some tender breast, That form has been



chance in this wide world to meet A girl that is careless, a boy that is  
 wea - ry, whose spir - its are cold; Be it wo - man all fall - en, or man all de -  
 in - roads dis - hon - or has made, No mat - ter how deep in sin lies the  
 deep he has sunk - en in sin, No mat - ter how low is his stand - ard of  
 wept o'er, those lips have been press'd; That soul has been pray'd for, in tones sweet and

CHORUS.



wild My heart whispers sad - ly, "'tis some mother's child."  
 filed, My heart whispers sad - ly, "'tis some mother's child."  
 pearl Tho' tarnish'd and sul - lied: she's some mother's girl. 'Tis some mother's  
 joy, Tho' guilt - y and loathsome, he's some mother's boy.  
 mild; For her sake deal gent - ly with some mother's child.



child, 'tis some mother's child, My heart whispers sad - ly: 'tis some mother's child.



1. There is much I can-not un-der - stand, In the path that  
 2. There is ma - ny a sting - ing smart, There is ma-ny a  
 3. Tho' the light may oft be dim, Tho' the cup be  
 4. Tho' I know I am prone to stray, He will give me

leads to the bet - ter land, But I still hold fast to my Fa - ther's hand,  
 fierce and fier - y dart, But I've found a balm for my wound - ed heart,  
 fill'd to the bit - ter brim, I will walk by faith, I will walk with Him,  
 strength for the e - vil day, He will keep my feet in the nar - row way,

CHORUS.

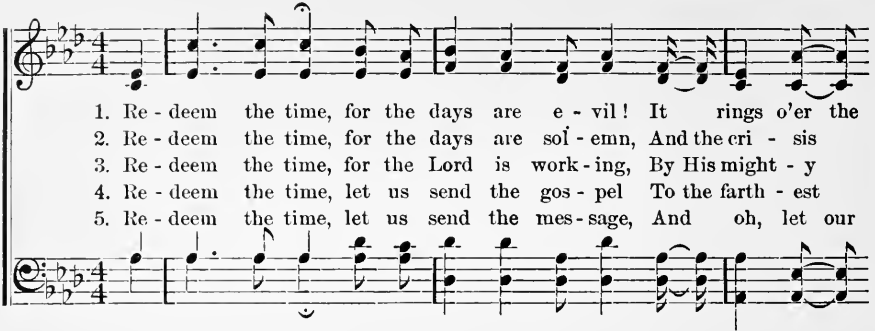
And sing, "He knows, He knows." } He knows, He knows, What sweet re - pose!  
 And sing, "He loves, He loves." } He loves, He loves, What sweet re - pose!  
 And sing, "He leads, He leads." } He leads, He leads, What sweet re - pose!  
 He knows, He loves, He keeps. } He keeps, He keeps, What sweet re - pose!

I'll cast on Him my ev' - ry care, And sing, He knows, He knows.  
 my ev'ry care.

## Redeem the Time.

A. B. SIMPSON.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



1. Re - deem the time, for the days are e - vil! It rings o'er the  
 2. Re - deem the time, for the days are sol - emn, And the cri - sis  
 3. Re - deem the time, for the Lord is work - ing, By His might - y  
 4. Re - deem the time, let us send the gos - pel To the farth - est  
 5. Re - deem the time, let us send the mes - sage, And oh, let our



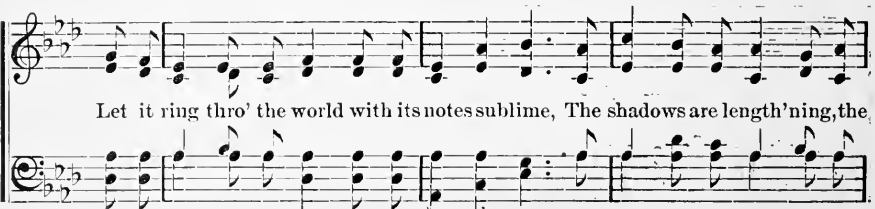
earth with its notes sublime; 'Tis the voice of God to His slumb'ring people;  
 hour of the world is near, The mys - tic scroll is un - fold - ing swiftly,  
 pow - er in ev - 'ry land; Let us fol - low on as He leads His armies,  
 bounds of the hu - man race; O - ver all the world let us spread the tidings,  
 lives be more sub - lime; With a soul on fire and a life in earnest,

## CHORUS.



Re - deem, re - deem the time.  
 The Lord will soon be here.  
 With strong and might - y hand.  
 While lasts our day of grace.  
 Re - deem, re - deem the time.

Re-deem the time, for the days are e - vil,



Let it ring thro' the world with its notes sublime, The shadows are length'ning, the

## Redeem the Time.—Concluded.

night is near, The King Himself will soon appear; Redeem, redeem the time.  
Re-deem the time.

178

## Forward, Christian Soldier.

L. TUTTIETT.

J. FARMER.

1. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Be - neath His banner true, The Lord Himself, thy
2. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe, For more o'er thee are
3. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Nor dream of peaceful rest, Till Sa - tan's host is
4. Go forward, Christian sol - dier, Fear not the gath'ring night, The Lord has been thy

lead - er, Shall all thy foes snb - due; His love fore - tells thy tri - als, He  
watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know; Trust on - ly Christ, thy Cap - tain, Cease  
vanquished, And heav'n is all pos - sessed; Till Christ Himself shall call thee, To  
shel - ter, The Lord will be thy light; When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy

knows thine hourly need, He can with bread of heaven, Thy fainting spir - it feed.  
not to watch and pray, Heed not the treach'rous voices That lure thy soul a - stray.  
lay thine arm - or by, And wear in end - less glo - ry, The crown of vic - to - ry.  
dan - gers all are past, Oh, pray that faith and virtue, May keep thee to the last!

## Take the Step.

MARY MORE.

J. H. BURKE.

1. Broth - er, at the thresh - old stand - ing, See you not the o - pen door,  
 2. See the ban - quet hall of mer - cy, See thy seat that va - cant stands,  
 3. Keep thy Lord no lon - ger wait - ing, He hath died, thy soul to win,  
 4. Just a step, will you not take it, While in pray'r to God we bow,

See you not the hand ex - tend - ed, Reach - ing out to help you o'er?  
 Think of lov'd ones wait - ing for thee, See them now with beck'ning hands.  
 Let His love, thy heart con - strain - ing, Lead thee now to en - ter in.  
 Will you not your sins for - sak - ing, Trust in Christ, and trust Him now?

CHORUS.

Take the step,..... my broth - er, take  
 Oh, take the step, my broth - er, take it,  
 my broth - er, take it,

Take the step..... and yield to God;.....  
 Oh, take the step, and yield to God,

Rise and Christ..... con - fess as Sav - - iour,  
 A - rise, and Christ con - fess as Sav - iour,

## Take the Step.—Concluded.

Take the step..... and trust His word.  
Oh, take the step, and trust His word.

180

## Still, Still with Thee.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break - eth, When the bird  
2. Still, still to Thee! as to each new-born morn - ing, A fresh and  
3. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing  
4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn-ing, When the soul

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, lov - li -  
sol - emn splendor still is giv'n, So does this bless - ed con - scious -  
eye looks up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy  
wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than

er than day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee.  
ness a - wak - ing, Breathe each day near - ness un - to Thee and heav'n.  
wings o'er - shad - ing, But sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there.  
day - light dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious tho't—I am with Thee.

## Cast Not Away Your Confidence.

A. B. S.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. When floods of sor - row o'er my soul Like an - gry bil - lows dark - ly roll,  
 2. When Satan's fier - y darts as - sail, And e - ven faith has seem'd to fail,  
 3. When all my worth - less - ness I see, And know there's naught of good in me,  
 4. O bless - ed con - fidence how sweet To leave my load at Je - sus' feet;

When earth - ly joys and hopes are fled, And all my heart is cold and dead;  
 When flesh and heart are faint with fear, And e - ven death's dark vale seems near,  
 The Spir - it points me to the blood, And in the right - eous - ness of God  
 'Tis more than faith—'tis trust and rest, To lean my head on Je - sus' breast,

I seem to hear the Spir - it say, "Cast not your con - fidence a - way."  
 I seem to hear the Spir - it say, "Cast not your con - fidence a - way."  
 I stand ar - rayed and hear Him say, "Cast not your con - fidence a - way."  
 And ev - er hear Him sweet - ly say, "Cast not your con - fidence a - way."

CHORUS.

Cast..... not your confidence away, Tho' your tri - - als seem so great,  
 Cast not away, trials, tho' your trials seem so great,

# Cast Not Away Your Confidence.—Concluded.

Dark-est night will turn to day. If you on-ly trust and wait.....  
 will turn to day, trust and wait,

182

## Oh, Come, Emmanuel.

J. M. NEALE, tr.

REV. K. MACKENZIE, JR.

1. Oh, come, oh, come, Em-man - u - el, And ran-som captive Is - ra - el;  
 2. Oh, come, Thou Rod of Jes - se, free Thine own from Satan's ty - ran - ny;  
 3. Oh, come, Thou Day-spring, come and cheer, Our spirits by Thine Ad - vent here;  
 4. Oh, come, oh, come, Thou Lord of might! Who to Thy tribes, on Si - nai's height,

That mourns in lone - ly ex - ile here, Un - til the Son of God ap - pear.  
 From depths of hell Thy peo - ple save, And give them vic - t'ry o'er the grave.  
 Dis - perse the gloom-y clouds of night, And death's dark shadows put to flight.  
 In ancient times didst give the law, In cloud, and maj-es - ty, and awe.

### CHORUS.

Rejoice! re-joyce! Emman- u - el Shall come to thee, O Is - ra - el!  
 Rejoice! rejoyce!

FRANCES V. HUBBARD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The redeem'd of the Lord shall re - turn To Zi - on with mu - sic and  
 2. The redeem'd of the Lord shall re - turn From lands where, as captives, they  
 3. The redeem'd of the Lord shall re - turn With sing - ing for Zi - on's bright

song; And dai - ly sweet les - sons of mer - cy will learn, As they  
 sighed; With love and de - vo - tion their spir - its shall burn, As they  
 day, Far, far on the hill - tops their glad eyes dis - cern, And

CHORUS.

jour - ney the pathway a - long, } With joy and with singing, Thanks -  
 sing of the Once Cru - ci - fied. }  
 sor - row and fear flee a - way. } With joy Thanks -

giv - ing and praise, Their sweet voic - es ring - ing In triumph - ant  
 giv - ing and with praise, Their sweet

lays; His mer - - cy and goodness Shall still be their song,



# The Redeemed of the Lord.—Concluded.

As home - - ward to Zi - on they jour - ney a - long.  
homeward, homeward, a - long.

184

## Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling.

DANIEL MARCH.

Spanish Melody.

1. Hark, the voice of Je - sus call - ing, "Who will go and work to - day?  
2. Let none hear you i - dly say - ing, "There is noth - ing I can do,"

Fields are white, and har - vests wait - ing, Who will bear the sheaves away?"  
While the souls of men are dy - ing, And the Mas - ter calls for you;

Loud and long the Mas - ter call - eth, Rich re - ward He of - fers free;  
Take the task He gives you, glad - ly; Let His work your pleasure be;

Who will an - swer, glad - ly say - ing, "Here am I, send me, send me?"  
An - swer quick - ly when He call - eth, "Here am I, send me, send me."

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Down by the house of the Pot - ter, I went with the Lord one day,  
 2. But as I watched his work - ing, He turned with a look of pain,  
 3. Then as I watched and won - dered, He took up the clay once more,

And I watched while he slowly fashioned A ves - sel from the plas - tic clay.  
 For the ves - sel in his hand was fractured, And his work, alas, seem'd all in vain.  
 And a - round on the wheel he turned it, And fashioned it o'er and o'er.

Slow - ly on the wheel he turned it, Shaping it with pa - tient skill;  
 Something in the clay had marred it, Somewhere there had been a strain;  
 Pa - tient - ly he pressed and shaped it, With a bright and smil - ing face;

Till the plastic clay was mould - ed, Ac - cord - ing to the Pot - ter's will.  
 And the work must be sus - pend - ed, The Pot - ter must be - gin a - gain.  
 Till at last from the wheel he took it, A ves - sel of sur - pass - ing grace.

## CHORUS.

O Lord, Thou art our Pot - ter, And we the plas - tic clay;

## The Potter and the Clay.—concluded.

O mould us to Thy per - fect will, And lead us in Thy way.

## 186 Father, I know that all My Life.

A. L. WARING.

R. DEWITT MALLARY.

1. Fa - ther, I know that all my life Is portioned out for me;  
 2. I ask Thee for a thought - ful love, Thro' constant watching wise,  
 3. I would not have the rest - less will That hur - ries to and fro,  
 4. Wher - ev - er in the world I am, In what - so - e'er es - tate,

The chang - es that will sure - ly come I do not fear to see:  
 To meet the glad with joy - ful smiles, And wipe the weep - ing eyes;  
 Seek - ing for some great thing to do, Or se - cret thing to know;  
 I have a fel - low - ship with hearts To keep and cul - ti - vate;

I ask thee for a pres - ent mind, In - tent on pleas - ing thee.  
 A heart at leis - ure from it - self, To soothe and sym - pa - thize.  
 I would be treat - ed as a child, And guid - ed where I go.  
 A work of low - ly love to do For Him on whom I wait.

5 I ask Thee for the daily strength,  
 To none that ask denied,  
 A mind to blend with outward life,  
 While keeping at Thy side,  
 Content to fill a little space,  
 If Thou be glorified.

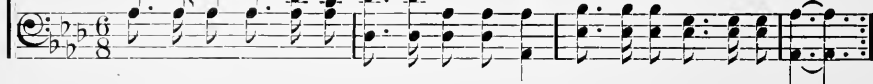
6 In service which Thy will appoints  
 There are no bonds for me;  
 My secret heart is taught the truth  
 That makes Thy children free;  
 A life of self-renouncing love  
 Is one of liberty.

L. L. P.

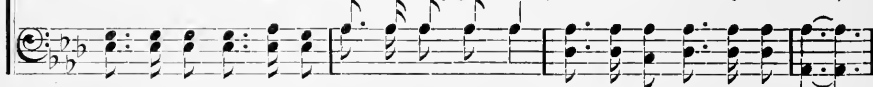
L. L. PICKETT.



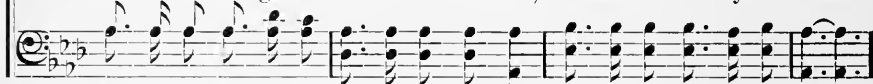
1. { Sing out the tidings that tell us of Je - sus, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; }  
 { Sing it to all, that from sin He now frees us, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; }  
 2. { Tell of His birth in the Beth - le - hem manger, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; }  
 3. { Tell of the cross unto which they once nailed Him, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; }  
 { Tell how He press'd to where ev'ry friend failed Him, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love; }



When we were straying, in pit - y He sought us, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love;  
 Came from the rich - es and crowns of His glo - ry, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love;  
 Tell of the thorns in the crown which they gave Him, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love;



Out of the darkness of sin hath He bro't us, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.  
 We will keep telling the mar - vel - ous sto - ry, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.  
 Tell how the an - gels so wanted to save Him, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.

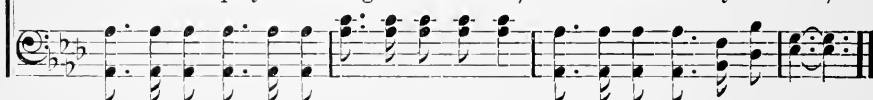


*D.S.*—Men are now dying—they perish without it, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love.

CHORUS.

*D.S.*

Preach it and pray it and sing it and shout it, Won - der - ful sto - ry of love;



- 4 Tell of the tree upon which He did lan - 5 Tell how He rose from the grave and as -  
 Wonderful story of love, [guish, Wonderful story of love, [cended,  
 How for poor sinners He suffered in an -  
 Wonderful story of love; [guish, Rose in great triumph, His sorrows all  
 Tell of the tomb of the rich where they [laid Him, Wonderful story of love; [cended,  
 Wonderful story of love, [laid Him, Soon He is coming in glory and power,  
 Tell it till all have received and obeyed Wonderful story of love,  
 Wonderful story of love. [Him, Robed and rejoicing, we hail the glad hour,  
 Wonderful story of love.

## The Risen One.

A. B. SIMPSON.

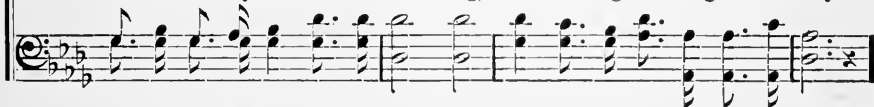
MARGARET M. SIMPSON.



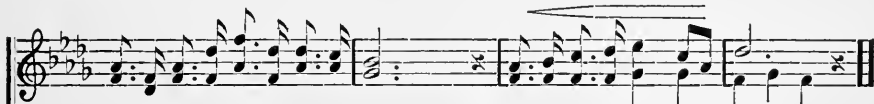
1. Cruel was the cross where they nailed Him, Now all His anguish is o'er;
2. Vain-ly had they posted their ward - ers, Dawn found the stone rolled away;
3. Harder than the rocks of His pris - on, Once was this cold heart of mine;
4. Now with Him I dwell in the heav-en-lies, As one a - live from the dead;
5. Dai - ly let us watch for His com - ing, Soon shall the days roll a - way;



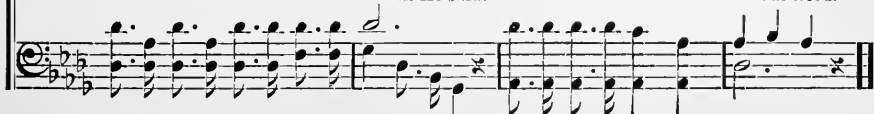
Lonely was the tomb where they laid Him, But He's a - live for ev - er more.  
 And an an - gel watcher pro-claim-ing: "Come, see the place wherein He lay!"  
 But the ris - en Je - sus has touch'd me, And raised me by His pow'r di-vine.  
 Drawing all my life ev - 'ry mo - ment From Him, my glorious living Head.  
 O that He may find us all watch-ing, And hasting on that glo - rious day.

CHORUS. *Joyfully.*

Risen, He is risen from the dead! Living as our glorious Living Head!  
 from the dead! Living Head!

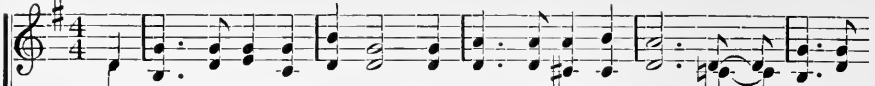


Coming, He is coming as He said! Glory be to Christ, our Lord!  
 as He said! our Lord!



## Lest we Forget.

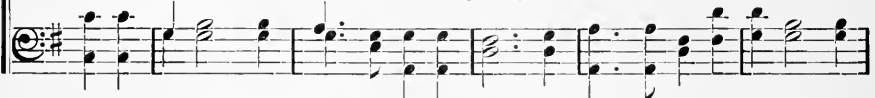
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. "How can your Father love you, And be the God you say, When He nev-er
2. Why are the heathen dy - ing, In dark and endless night, When Je - sus
3. What if He should forget thee, In life's last solemn hour, Thy soul would



sends you succor?" A scof - fer asked one day, The suff'ring child made answer, "My  
came from heaven To give them life and light? It is not that their Father For-  
sink in darkness 'Neath Sa-tan's awful pow'r, O let His love constrain us To



God! O blame Him not; He told some one to tell me, And they, a-las, for - got."  
gets their helpless lot; He told some one to tell them, And they, a-las, for - got.  
pay our sacred debt, Lord, keep us true and faithful, Lest we our trust for - got.



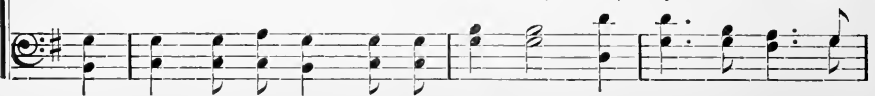
## CHORUS.



Lord, let us nev - er for - get, ..... Our great and sa - cred debt,  
nev - er for - get,



While mill - ions are dy - ing a - round us, Oh, by the love that



## Lest we Forget.—Concluded.

found us, Lord, let us nev - er for - get, No, nev - er for - get.

## 190 Thou Hidden Source of Calm Repose.

C. WESLEY.

J. G. WALTON.

1. Thou hidden source of calm re - pose, Thou all - suf - fi - cient Love di - vine,
2. Thy mighty name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my hap - py soul a - bove ;
3. Je - sus, my all in all Thou art, My rest in toil, my ease in pain,
4. In want my plen - ti - ful sup - ply, In weakness, my al - might - y pow'r,

My help and ref - uge from my foes, Se - cure I am, if Thou art mine ;  
Com - fort it brings, and pow'r, and peace, And joy, and ev - er - last - ing love ;  
The medicine of my bro - ken heart, In war, my peace, in loss, my gain,  
In bonds, my per - fect lib - er - ty, My light in Sa - tan's dark - est hour,

And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je - sus, in Thy name.  
To me, with Thy dear name, are giv'n Pardon, and ho - li - ness, and heav'n.  
My smile be - neath the ty - rant's frown, In shame, my glo - ry and my crown ;  
In grief, my joy un - speak - a - ble, — My life in death, my all in all.

## The Died for Me.

A. B. S.

MARGARET M. SIMPSON.

1. He died for me that I might live; I live for Him who died,  
 2. He died for me that I might die To Sa - tan, self, and sin;  
 3. He lives for me that I may live As spot-less e'en as He;  
 4. He lives for me that I may give His love to hearts that pine;

My life, my love to Him I give,—Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied.  
 O death so deep! O life so high! Help me to en - ter in.  
 Sav-our to me Thy na - ture give, And live Thy life in me.  
 Let me like Him for oth - ers live, And trace His steps di - vine.

## CHORUS.

O Je - sus, my Lord and Sav-our, Help me to ful - ly fol-low Thee.

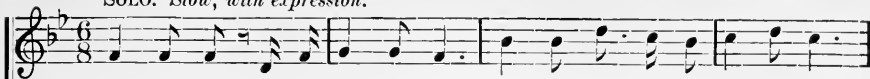
*ad lib.*  
 In life and death and loving serv - ice, As Thou hast lived and died for me.....  
 for me.



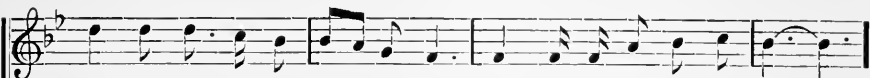
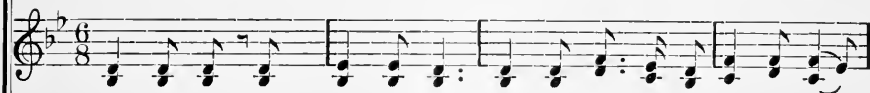
## Just One Touch.

BIRDIE BELL.

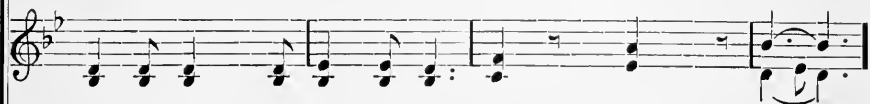
J. HOWARD ENTWISTLE.

SOLO. *Slow, with expression.*

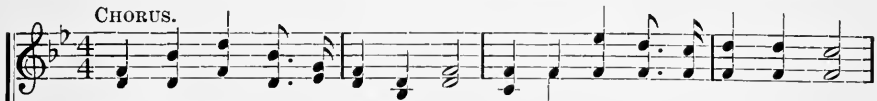
1. Just one touch as He moves a - lone, Push'd and press'd by the jostling throng,
2. Just one touch and He makes me whole, Speaks sweet peace to my sin-sick soul,
3. Just one touch! and the work is done, I am saved by the bless-ed Son,
4. Just one touch! and He turns to me, O the love in His eyes I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



Just one touch and the weak was strong, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.  
 At His feet all my bur - dens roll, — Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.  
 I will sing while the a - ges run, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.  
 I am His for He hears my plea, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.  
 Thou canst hear tho' the tem-pests low'r, Cured by the Heal-er di - vine.



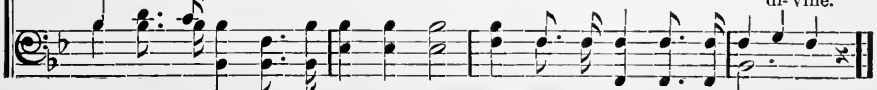
## CHORUS.



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



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



Old Ballad. Adapted A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.



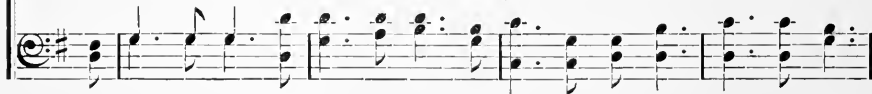
1. The wild wind swept the mountain height, And pathless grew the drear - y wild;
2. But cold - er still the winds did blow, And dark - er hours of night came on;
3. She stripped the mantle from her breast, And bared her bo - som to the storm;
4. At dawn a trav - 'ler pass - ing by, He saw her 'neath the snow - y veil;
5. But there's a sad - der, sweet - er tale Of Him who died up - on that tree;



As thro' the dark'ning hours of night, A moth - er wan - dered with her child;  
 And deep - er grew the drifts of snow, Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone;  
 While round the child she wrapped the rest, And smiled to think her babe was warm;  
 The frost of death was in her eye, Her cheek was cold, and hard, and pale;  
 All earth - ly woe and sor - row pale Be - fore the cross of Cal - va - ry;



As thro' the drift - ing snow she pressed, Her babe was sleep - ing on her breast.  
 "O God!" she cried in ac - cents wild, "If I must per - ish, save my child."  
 Then one long kiss—one tear she shed, And sank up - on her snow - y bed.  
 He drew the robe from off the child, The babe looked up and sweet - ly smiled.  
 He saved us from the yawn - ing grave, But, O Him - self, He can - not save.



## CHORUS.



O won - drous cross of Cal - va - ry! O won - drous love so full and free;



# Himself, He Could not Save.—Concluded.

He died for you, He died for me, Him-self, He could not save.

could not save.  
*rit.*

194

## Sing with All the Sons of Glory.

WM. J. IRONS.

REV. K. MACKENZIE, JR.

*f*

1. Sing with all the sons of glo-ry, Sing the res-ur-rec-tion song!
2. Oh, what glo-ry, far ex-ceed-ing All that eye has yet perceived!
3. "Life e-ter-nal!" heav'n rejoic-es, Je-sus lives Who once was dead;

*mf*

Death and sor-row, earth's dark sto-ry, To the "for-mer days" be-long.  
Ho-liest hearts, for a-ges plead-ing, Nev-er that full joy con-ceived.  
Join, O man, the death-less voic-es, Child of God, lift up thy head.

*mp* *cres.*

E-ven now the dawn is break-ing, Soon the night of time shall cease,  
God has prom-ised, Christ prepares it, There on high our wel-come waits;  
Pa-tri-archs from dis-tant a-ges, Saints all long-ing for their heav'n,

*f*

And, in God's own like-ness wak-ing, Man shall know e-ter-nal peace.  
Ev-'ry hum-ble spir-it shares it, Christ has passed th' eter-nal gates.  
Proph-ets, psalm-ists, seers and sa-ges, All a-wait the glo-ry giv'n.

## Stretch Forth thy Hand.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. When Christ of old with healing pow'r Went forth thro' all the suff'ring land,  
 2. That changeless Christ is still as near, And just as kind and strong to save;  
 3. What tho' you feel so weak and faint? He can your will with strength endue;

His word so oft was wont to be "Stretch forth thy hand, stretch forth thy hand!"  
 He came to lift our fall-en race From sin and sick-ness and the grave:  
 New faith and cour-age breathe with-in, And work in you to will and do;

And tho' the pal-sied arm might shrink, And tremble at the strange command,  
 As in the days of Gal-i-lee, Dis-ease still flees at His command,  
 Reach out to meet His quick'ning touch, Take up your bed; a-rise and stand

The heal-ing touch was on-ly felt, While stretching forth the withered hand.  
 But ere His touch your frame can feel, You too must still stretch forth your hand.  
 And pressing thro' to meet your Lord, Stretch forth thy hand, stretch forth thy hand.

## CHORUS.

O suf-f'ring one,..... stretch forth thy hand,.....  
 O suf-f'ring one, stretch forth thy hand,

## Stretch Forth thy Hand.—Concluded.

Up - on His prom - - - ise take your stand,..... At His com -  
 Up - on His prom - ise, O take your stand,

mand.....stretch forth thy hand, And Christ shall make you whole.....  
 O take the stand, stretch forth thy hand, make you whole.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system includes the lyrics 'Up - on His prom - - - ise take your stand,..... At His com -' and 'Up - on His prom - ise, O take your stand,'. The second system includes 'mand.....stretch forth thy hand, And Christ shall make you whole.....' and 'O take the stand, stretch forth thy hand, make you whole.'.

## 196 When Gathering Clouds Around II View.

R. GRANT.

Arr. fr. F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. When gath'ring clouds a - round I view, And days are dark, and friends are few,  
 2. If aught should tempt my soul to stray From heav'nly wisdom's nar - row way,  
 3. If vexing thoughts with - in me rise, And, sore dismayed, my spir - it dies,

On Him I lean, who not in vain, Experienced ev - 'ry hu - man pain;  
 To fly the good I would pur - sue, Or do the sin I would not do,  
 Still He, who once vouchsafed to bear The sickening an - guish of de - spair,

He sees my wants, al - lays my fears, And counts and treasures up my tears.  
 Still He, who felt temp - ta - tion's pow'r, Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.  
 Shall sweetly soothe, shall gen - tly dry The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features three systems of staves. Each system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The first system contains the three numbered verses of the hymn. The second system contains the first two lines of the concluding prayer. The third system contains the final line of the concluding prayer.

## Go and Tell.

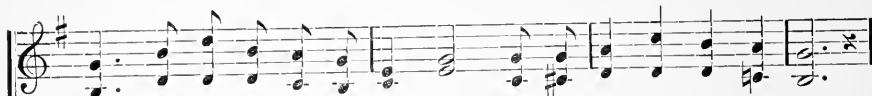
A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Send the gos-pel of sal - va - tion, To a world of dy - ing men;  
 2. 'Tis the church's great com-mis - sion, 'Tis the Mas-ter's last com-mand;  
 3. Tell it out to China's mill - ions, Tell it out in fair Ja - pan;  
 4. 'Mid the lone Tib - e - tan moun-tains, By the Or - i - no - co's strand;

1. dy - ing men;



Tell it out to ev - 'ry na - tion, 'Till the Lord shall come a gain.  
 Christ has died for ev - 'ry crea - ture, Tell it out in ev - 'ry land.  
 Tell it by the might - y Con - go, Tell it in the dark Sou - dan.  
 O'er the burning plains of In - dia, Tell it out in ev - 'ry land.



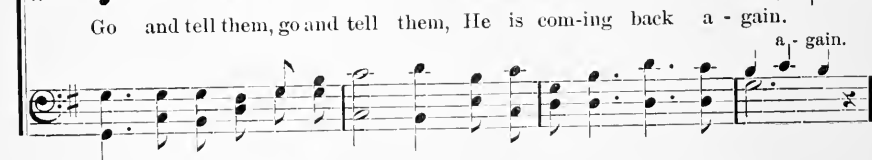
## CHORUS.



Go and tell..... them, go and tell them, Je - sus died for sin - ful men;  
 Go and tell go and tell, sin - ful men;



Go and tell them, go and tell them, He is com - ing back a - gain.



- 5 Christ is gathering out a people,  
 To His name from every race;  
 Haste to give the invitation,  
 Ere shall end the day of grace.

- 6 Give the gospel as a witness,  
 To a world of sinful men;  
 Till the Bride shall be completed,  
 And the Lord shall come again.

# 198 Behold, I Stand at the Door and Knock.

K. M., Jr.

Rev. K. MACKENZIE, Jr.

1. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock; Sin - ner, may I come  
 2. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock; See, I bring thee true  
 3. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock; Is there not for me  
 4. Be - hold, I stand at the door and knock; Must I lon - ger wait?  
 5. Be - hold, I've stood at the door and knock'd! Plead-ed, knock'd in vain;

In - to thy heart and sup with thee, And from hence thy por - tion  
 Par - don for sin, and grace to live; Light, I for thy dark - ness  
 Some earn - est zeal like fire to burn, Some sweet af - fee - tion in re -  
 Why not now thy mind de - cide? Hast - en, sin - ner, to o - pen  
 Thou hast scorned thy mer - cy - day; I, a - las! must go my

REFRAIN.

be, Make it now my home? } I'm wait - ing, wait - ing, wait -  
 give, And thy soul re - new. }  
 turn For my love to thee? } (Last verse only.)  
 wide, Ere it be too late. } I've wait - ed, wait - ed, wait -  
 way, Not to re - turn a - gain. }

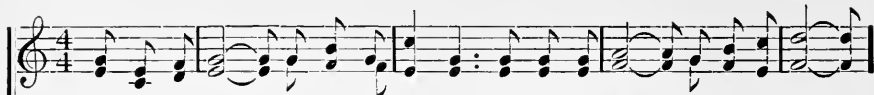
*ritard.*

ing, May I not come in? Oh, may I not come in?  
 ed, Now it is too late! Oh, now it is too late!

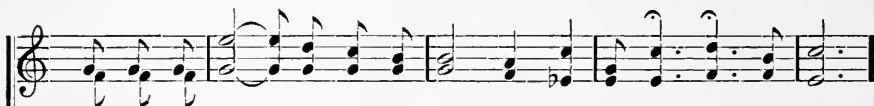
## A Sinner Saved by Grace.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.



1. When I shall reach my home in glo - ry, And see my Sav - iour face to face,
2. I'll tell how by His blood He bought me With all our lost and ransomed race;
3. I'll tell them how His Spir - it sealed me And cleansed me from each sin - ful trace;
4. I'll sing how lov - ing - ly He led me At last to yon - der heav'nly place;
5. Yes, when I reach my home in glo - ry And see my Sav - iour face to face;



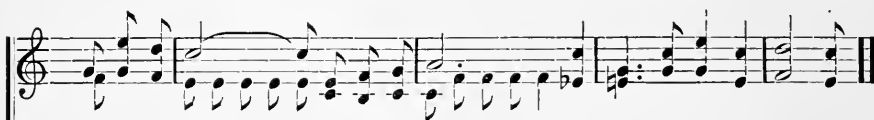
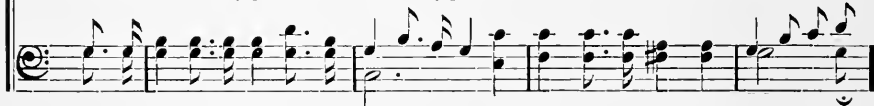
This shall be all my song and sto - ry, A sin - ner saved by grace.  
 And how, so ten - der - ly He sought me And saved me by His grace.  
 And how when sick and worn He healed me And saved me by His grace.  
 And how He shep - herd - ed and fed me And kept me by His grace.  
 This shall be all my song and sto - ry, A sin - ner saved by grace.



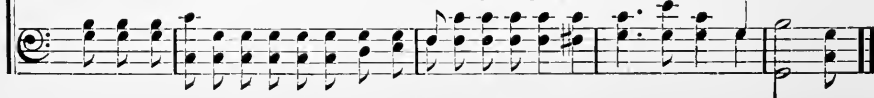
## CHORUS.



Saved by grace, saved by grace, For - ev - ev I'll tell the sto - ry,  
 Saved by grace, saved by grace, sto - ry of love,



How Je - sus saved..... me by His grace, And brought me to His glo - ry.  
 How Je - sus sav'd me by His grace,





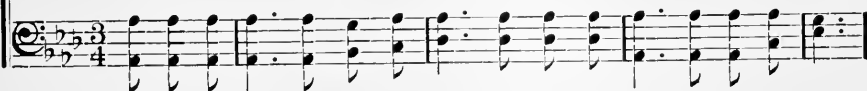
## Higher Ground.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



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



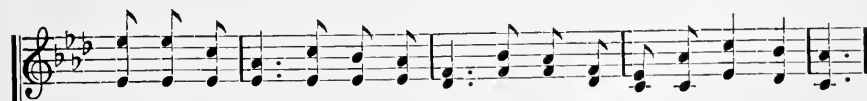
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord plant my feet on high-er ground."  
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r my aim is high-er ground.  
 For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.  
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to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



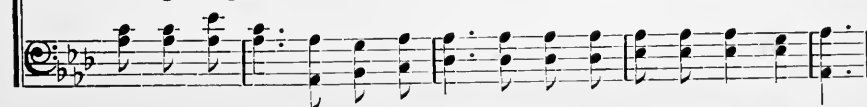
## CHORUS.



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



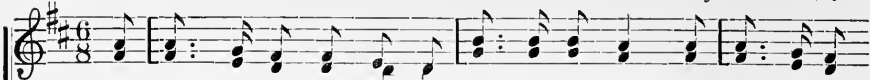
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.



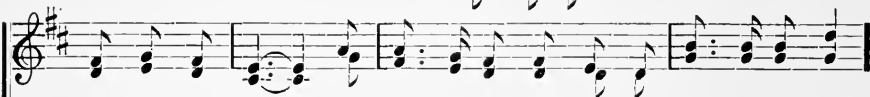
## He Hideth My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



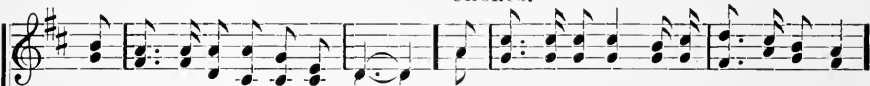
1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less bless - ings each mo - ment He crowns, And fill'd with His
4. When clothed in His brightness trans - port - ed I rise To meet Him in



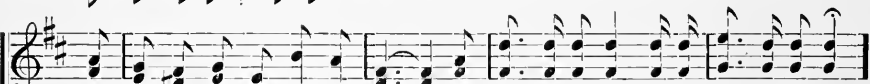
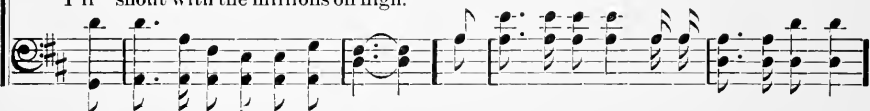
Sav - iour to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved,  
 ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God  
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, His won - der - ful love,



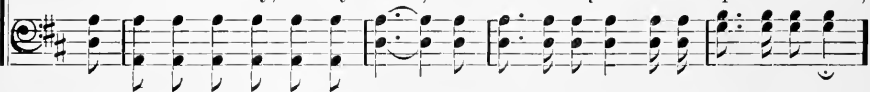
## CHORUS.



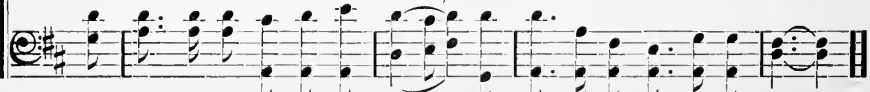
Where rivers of pleasure I see.  
 He giveth me strength as my day. } He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,  
 For such a Re-deem-er as mine. }  
 I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid-eth my life in the depths of His love,



And cov - ers me there with His hand, And cov - ers me there with His hand.

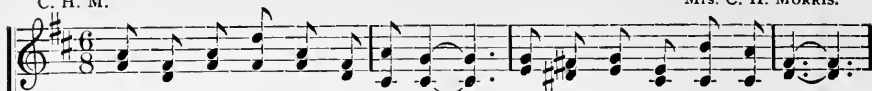




## Go in the Name of the Master.

C. H. M.

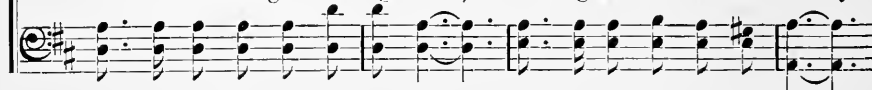
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



1. Go, in the strength of the Mas-ter, Go, 'twas His part-ing com-mand,  
 2. Go now in youth's ear-ly morn-ing, Gath-er the wand'ers of earth;  
 3. Go, and the Lord will go with thee, Keep-ing thy feet in the way;



Seek - ing the lost ones to gath - er, Scat - tered a-broad o'er the land.  
 Seek for His bright crown's adorn-ing, Lost gems of fab - u - lous worth.  
 Wis - dom and strength He will give thee, Teach-ing thee what thou shouldst say.



Lost, yet He ten - der - ly loves them, Pre - cious are they in His sight;  
 Go while the bright sun is shin - ing, Now is sal - va-tion's glad hour;  
 Faith - ful un - til He shall call thee Home to re - ceive thy re - ward;



You He com-mis-sions to bring them Back to the truth and the right,  
 Go ere the day is de - clin - ing, Go in the time of His pow'r.  
 Hear His "Well done, good and faith-ful: En - ter the joys of thy Lord."



## CHORUS.



Go!..... Go!..... Go!..... Go!.....  
 Go in the name of the Mas-ter, go! Teach-ing the lost ones His love to know;



# Go in the Name of the Master.—concluded.

Tell them His blood washes whiter than snow; Go! Go! Go!  
Hast - en, then speed-i - ly go!

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## II Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DEVENTER.  
DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give; }  
I will ev - er love and trust Him. In His pres - ence dai - ly live. }

2. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Hum - bly at His feet I bow, }  
World - ly pleas - ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }

3. { All to Je - sus I sur-ren - der, Make me, Sav - iour whol - ly Thine; }  
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine. }

### CHORUS.

I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all,  
I sur-ren - der all, I sur-ren - der all,

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

## I'm Saved and I know It.

A. E. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. I'm rest - ing on the fin - ished work of Je - sus; No  
 2. I'm rest - ing in the sim - ple word of Je - sus; His  
 3. I'm rest - ing on the keep - ing pow'r of Je - sus And  
 4. I'm rest - ing in the prom - ise of His com - ing To

arm can e'er o'er - throw it; His blood and righteousness have bought my  
 prom - ise fail - eth nev - er; His oath and cov - e - nant are pledg'd to  
 noth - ing need a - harm me; His Spir - it fills, His prov - i - dence sus -  
 end earth's brok - en sto - ry; He will not fail to call me up to

## CHORUS.

par - don And I am sav'd, and know it.  
 keep me And I am safe for - ev - er. } I'm rest - ing on the  
 tains me And naught can ev - er harm me.  
 meet Him And bring me to His glo - ry.

Rock of A - ges, No arm can e'er o'er - throw it; I'm

rest - ing on the Rock of A - ges; And I am sav'd, and know it.

## Weary, Heavy-Laden Soul.

W. M.

W. MACOMBER.

Arr. by R. K. CARTER.

DUET.

1. Wea - ry, heav - y - la - den soul, Je - sns will thy bur - den bear;  
 2. Why to - mor - row cloud with fears? Lift your heart to Him in pray'r;  
 3. Storms will gath - er, yet they flee, Leav - ing us a rain - bow fair;  
 4. He's a Friend that ev - er lives, Thou need'st nev - er know de - spair;

Glad - ly will He take the whole, Cast on Him thy ev - 'ry care.  
 Joy will come in - stead of tears, If you'll cast on Him your care.  
 So the light will beam on thee, If thou'lt cast on Him thy care.  
 Take the strength that Je - sus gives, Cast on Him thy ev - 'ry care.

CHORUS.

Cast - ing all..... your care on Him;..... Oh, the  
 Cast - ing all your care on Him;

rest..... that Je - sus gives,..... Earthly pleas - ures soon grow  
 Oh, the rest that Je - sus gives, Earth - ly joys

dim;..... When you cast,..... your care on Him.  
 soon grow dim; when you cast, care on Him.

## The Old Fountain.

EMMA M. JOHNSON.

EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. By Sa-ma-ria's way-side well Once a bless-ed mes-sage fell On a  
 2. And a lit-tle cap-tive maid, By a lep-er un-dis-mayed, Told to  
 3. And a wo-man in a crowd, Without word or cry a-loud, Just stoop'd

woman's thirsty soul, Long a-go; And to eyes that long were seal'd, Was the  
 him a simple sto-ry, Long a-go; That the stream where he might lave, Had a-  
 down and touch'd His garment, Long a-go; As her urgent soul appeal'd, So her

glo-rious light re-vealed, Thro' a fount-ain that was opened Long a-go.  
 lone the pow'r to save, Thro' his trust in that old fountain, Long a-go.  
 sin-ful soul was heal'd, In that fount-ain that was opened Long a-go.

## CHORUS.

There's a fount-ain that was o-pened Long a-go, ..... For the  
 Long a-go,

healing of the nations Is its flow; A-long the line of a-ges, The



## The Old Fountain.—Concluded.

prophets and the sages Caught the singing of its waters, Long a - go.....  
 Long a - go.

4 As the eunuch tried to read,  
 Philip taught him of his need,  
 And baptized him in the stream,  
 Long ago;  
 As the outward seal and sign  
 Of an inward work divine,  
 That was wrought through that old  
 Long ago. [fountain,

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,  
 Flowing from the wounded side  
 That was pierced for our redemption,  
 Long ago;  
 In thy ever cleansing wave,  
 There is found all power to save,  
 'Tis the power that healed the nations,  
 Long ago.

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## As I Am, O Jesus, Take Me.

MARY MORE.

J. H. BURKE.

1. As I am, O Je - sus, take me, I no longer will re - bel; Let Thy ho - ly  
 2. Take me, Lord, as Thou hast found me, Guilty, vile and far from Thee, Satan's fetters  
 3. Break me, Lord, from love of sinning, Break, O break my stubborn will, Now the work of  
 4. Make my, Lord, what thou would'st have me, Make me like Thy-self to be, Make me pure and

CHORUS.

Spir - it break me, And within meev - er dwell.  
 fastened round me, Take me, Lord, and make me free.  
 grace be - gin - ning, Let Thy love my spirit fill.  
 make me ho - ly, Con - se - cra - ted un - to Thee. } As I am, O Jesus, take me,

Here, I give myself to Thee; Saviour, take me, break, and make me, All that Thou would'st have me be.

## Come and Take.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.



1. We do not need at Mer-cy's gate To "knock and weep, and watch and wait,"
2. We do not have to plead for pow'r But we may come this ver - y hour;
3. We do not need with anx-ious care To won - der if He hears our prayer;
4. Then let us change our prayer to praise, And take Him at His word who says



For Mer-cy's gifts are of-fered free, And she has wait - ed long for thee.  
 And as we yield to Him our will, The Com - fort - er will cleanse and fill.  
 For He has told us to be-lieve, That what we ask we do re - ceive.  
 That who - so - ev - er will may take His gifts and grace for Je - sus' sake.



## CHORUS.



The Fountain of Life is flow - ing, Is flow - ing full and free;.....



O come and take the wa - ter of Life, So free - ly of - fered thee.



## Blessed Quietness.

W. S. MARSHALL.

Adapted by JAMES M. KIRK.

Anon.



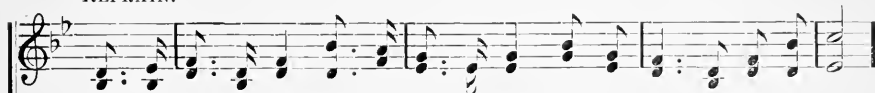
1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
2. Bring-ing life, and health and gladness, All a - round this heav'nly Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heav-en, Like the sun - light from the sky,
4. See a fruit-ful field is growing, Bless-ed fruits of right-eous-ness;
5. What a won-der - ful sal - va - tion, Where we al - ways see His face;



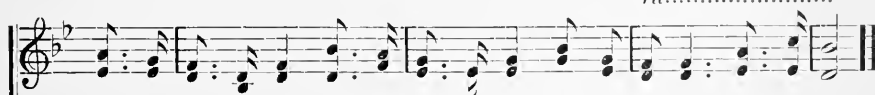
He a - bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trust - ing heart His home.  
 Ban-ished un - be - lief and sad-ness, Changed our wear - i - ness to rest.  
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.  
 And the streams of life are flow-ing, In the lone - ly wil - der-ness.  
 What a per - fect hab - i - ta - tion, What a qui - et rest - ing place.



## REFRAIN.



Bless - ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What as - sur - ance in my soul!



On the storm - y sea, He speaks peace to me, How the bil - lows cease to roll.



## When the Shadows Flee Away.

A. B. SIMPSON.

W. MACOMBER.

1. We are wait - ing for the dawn Of that ev - er - last - ing day,  
 2. Then our tears shall cease to flow, Loved ones meet to part no more;  
 3. We shall know as we are known, When the shad - ows flee a - way,

When the night of earth shall end And the shad - ows flee a - way.  
 Sin and pain and death shall cease And our sor - rows all be o'er;  
 We shall see Him as He is And be like Him in that day.

Morn of morn and day of days! How we wait and watch and pray  
 Ev - 'ry mys - t'ry shall be solved, Ev - 'ry night be turn'd to day,  
 Let us, then, with such a hope Live as chil - dren of the day;  
 1. Morn of morn and day of days! How we wait and watch and pray

Till the dawn of heav'n shall break, And the shad - ows flee a - way.  
 Ev - 'ry wrong shall be made right When the shad - ows flee a - way.  
 Till the dawn of heav'n shall break, And the shad - ows flee a - way.  
 Till the dawn of heav'n shall break, And the shad - ows flee a - way.

## CHORUS.

So I am wait - ing for His com - ing, For the glad e - ter - nal day.

## When the Shadows Flee Away.—Concluded.

For ev - 'ry wrong shall then be right - ed When the shad - ows flee a - way.

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## Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

*With great feeling.*

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;  
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;  
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;  
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;

*FINE.*

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com - ing home.  
 I now re - pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com - ing home.  
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com - ing home.  
 My strength re - new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm com - ing home.

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

CHORUS.

*D. S.*

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

5 My only hope, my only plea,  
 Now I'm coming home,  
 That Jesus died, and died for me,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,  
 Now I'm coming home;  
 O wash me whiter than the snow,  
 Lord, I'm coming home.

## In Tenderness He Sought Me.

W. SPENCER WALTON.

By per. A. J. GORDON.

1. In ten-der-ness He sought me, Wea-ry and sick with sin, And on His shoulders  
 2. He wash'd the bleeding sin-wounds, And poured in oil and wine; He whisper'd to-as-  
 3. He point-ed to the nail-prints, For me His blood was shed, A mocking crown so  
 4. I'm sitting in His presence, The sun-shine of His face, While with a-dor-ing  
 5. So while the hours are passing, All now is per-fect rest, I'm waiting for the

brought me, Back to His fold a - gain. While angels in His presence sang Until the  
 sure me, "I've found thee, thou art Mine;" I never heard a sweeter voice, It made my  
 thorn - y, Was plac'd upon His head: I wondered what He saw in me, To suf-fer  
 won - der His blessings I re - trace. It seems as if e-ter-nal days Are far too  
 morn-ing, The brightest and the best, When He will call us to His side, To be with

CHORUS.

courts of Heav-en rang.  
 ach - ing heart re - jice!  
 such deep ag - o - ny. } Oh, the love that sought me! Oh, the blood that bought me,  
 short to sound His praise.  
 Him, His spot-less bride.

Oh, the grace that brought me to the fold, Wondrous grace that brought me to the fold!



1. Once it was the bless-ing, Now it is the Lord; Once it was the feel-ing,
2. Once 'twas painful try-ing, Now 'tis per-fect trust; Once a half sal - va - tion,
3. Once 'twas busy plan-ning, Now 'tis trustful prayer; Once 'twas anxious car-ing,
4. Once it was my work-ing, His it hence shall be; Once I tried to use Him,
5. Once I hop'd in Je - sus, Now I know He's mine; Once my lamps were dy-ing,



Now it is His Word; Once His gift I want-ed, Now, the Giv-er own;  
 Now the ut - ter - most; Once 'twas ceaseless holding, Now He holds me fast;  
 Now He has the care; Once 'twas what I wanted, Now what Jesus says;  
 Now He us - es me; Once the pow'r I want-ed, Now the Mighty One;  
 Now they brightly shine; Once for death I waited, Now His coming hail;



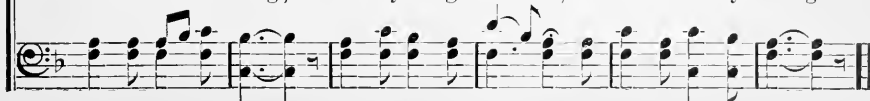
## CHORUS.



Once I sought for healing, Now Himself a - lone.  
 Once 'twas constant drifting, Now my anchor's cast.  
 Once 'twas constant asking, Now 'tis ceaseless praise. } All in all for ev - er,  
 Once for self I labored, Now for Him a - lone.  
 And my hopes are anchored Safe within the veil.



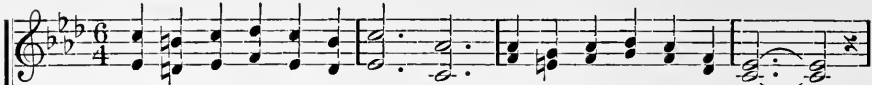
Je - sus will I sing; Ev' - ry thing in Je - sus, And Je - sus ev' - ry thing.



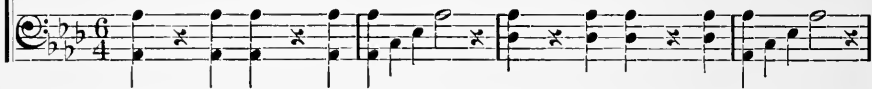
MRS. MARY B. WINGATE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

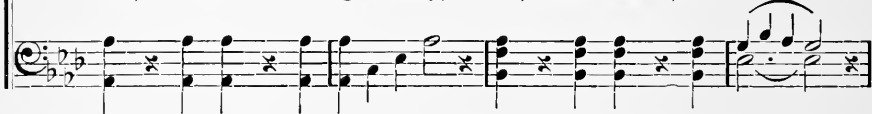
DUET.



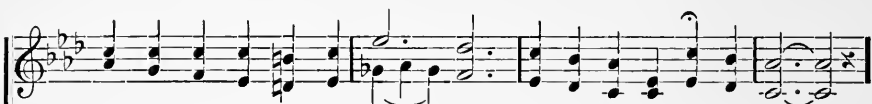
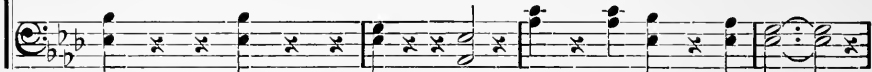
1. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the sheep of His fold;
2. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the lambs of His fold;
3. Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are the "ninety and nine;"
4. Green are the pastures in - vit - ing, Sweet are the wa - ters and "still;"



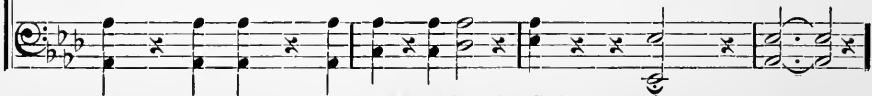
Dear is the love that He gives them, Dear-er than sil - ver or gold.  
 Some from the pasture are stray - ing, Hungry and helpless and cold.  
 Dear are the sheep that have wan - dered Out in the des - ert to pine.  
 Lord, we will answer Thee glad - ly, "Yes, blessed Master, we will!"



Dear to the heart of the Shep - herd, Dear are His "other" lost sheep;  
 See, the good Shepherd is seek - ing, Seeking the lambs that are lost;  
 Hark! He is ear - nest - ly call - ing, Ten - der - ly pleading to - day;  
 Make us Thy true un - der - shep - herds, Give us a love that is deep;



O - ver the mountains He fol - lows, O - ver the wa - ters so deep.  
 Bringing them in with re - joic - ing, Saved at such in - fi - nite cost.  
 "Will you not seek for my lost ones, Off from my shelter a - stray?"  
 Send us out in - to the des - ert Seeking Thy wandering sheep."





# Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

*poco rit.*

Out in the des - ert they wan - der, Hungry and helpless and cold;

*f a tempo.*

Off to the res-cue { He has - tens, } Bringing them back to the fold.  
(4th verse.) { we'll has - ten, }

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# Lead Us, Heavenly Father,

J. EDMESTON.

Arr. fr. J. M. HAYDN. [?]

1. Lead us, heav'nly Fa - ther, lead us, O'er the world's tem-pes-tuous sea;  
2. Saviour, breathe for-give-ness o'er us, All our weakness Thou dost know,  
3. Spir - it of our God, de-scend-ing, Fill our hearts with heav'nly joy;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but Thee;  
Thou didst tread this earth be - fore us, Thou didst feel its keen - est woe,  
Love with ev - 'ry pas - sion blend - ing, Pleas - ure that can nev - er cloy;

Yet pos - sess - ing ev - 'ry bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.  
Lone and drea - ry, faint and wea - ry, Thro' the des - ert Thou didst go.  
Thus pro - vid - ed, pardon - ed, guid - ed, Noth - ing can our peace de - stroy.

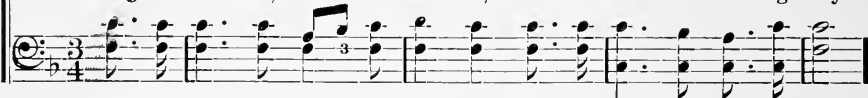
## Christ is Coming.

W. M.

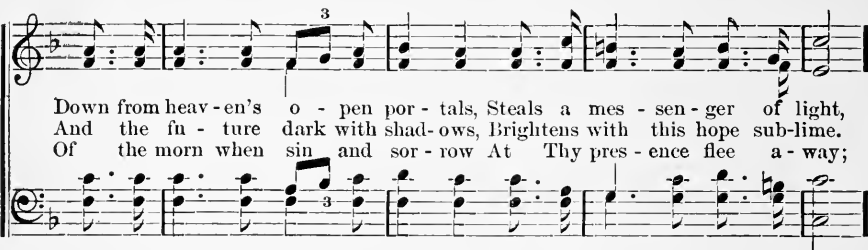
W. MACOMBER.



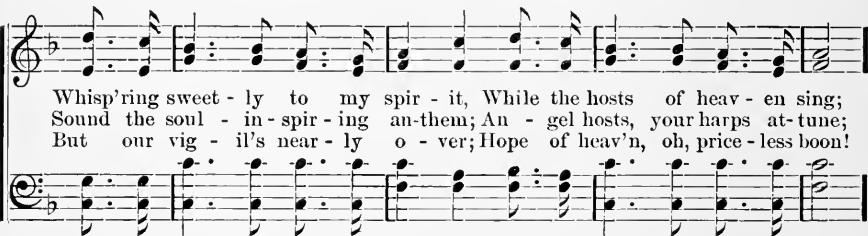
1. In the glow of ear - ly morn - ing, In the sol - emn hush of night;  
 2. Oft methinks I hear His foot - steps, Steal - ing down the paths of time;  
 3. Long we've wait - ed, blest Re - deem - er, Wait - ed for the first bright ray



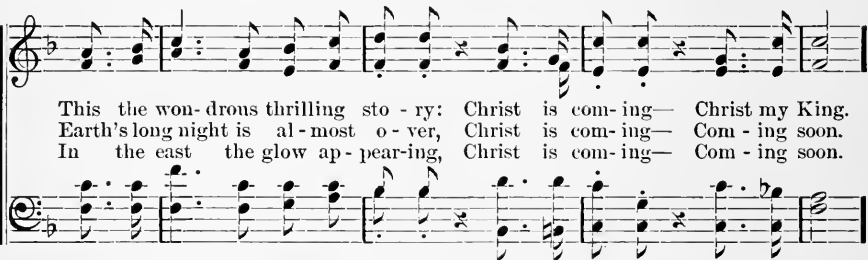
Down from heav - en's o - pen por - tals, Steals a mes - sen - ger of light,  
 And the fu - ture dark with shad - ows, Brightens with this hope sub - lime.  
 Of the morn when sin and sor - row At Thy pres - ence flee a - way;



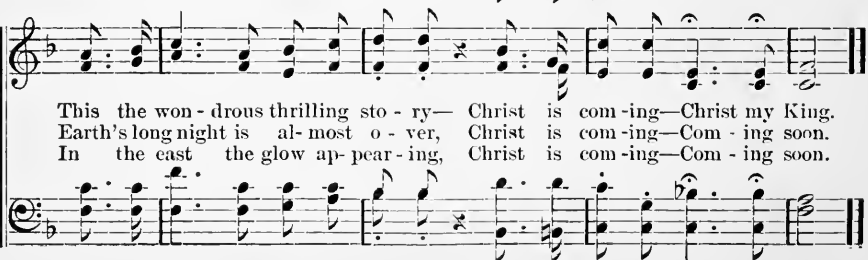
Whisp'ring sweet - ly to my spir - it, While the hosts of heav - en sing;  
 Sound the soul - in - spir - ing an - them; An - gel hosts, your harps at - tune;  
 But our vig - il's near - ly o - ver; Hope of heav'n, oh, price - less boon!



This the won - drous thrill - ing sto - ry: Christ is com - ing— Christ my King.  
 Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com - ing— Com - ing soon.  
 In the east the glow ap - pear - ing, Christ is com - ing— Com - ing soon.



This the won - drous thrill - ing sto - ry— Christ is com - ing— Christ my King.  
 Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is com - ing— Com - ing soon.  
 In the east the glow ap - pear - ing, Christ is com - ing— Com - ing soon.



## Whisper It to Jesus.

JAMES ROWE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Are you wea - ry? do you grieve? Whisper it to Je - sus, Whisper it to  
 2. Can you not your burdens bear? Whisper it to Je - sus, Whisper it to  
 3. Are you lost in sin's dark night? Whisper it to Je - sus, Whisper it to

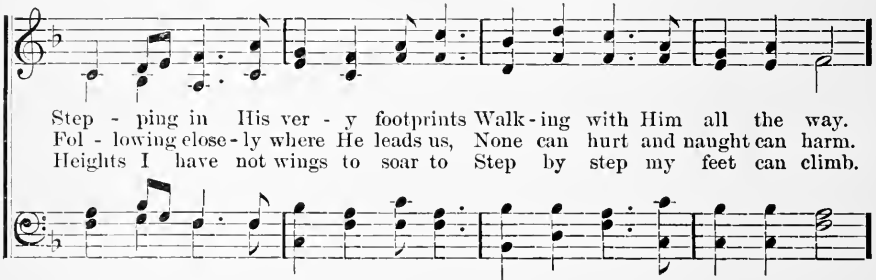
Je - sus; He is wait - ing to re - lieve, Whisper it, Whisper it to Je - sus.  
 Je - sus; Ere it sinks you in de - spair, Whisper it, Whisper it to Je - sus.  
 Je - sus; He will quick - ly give you light; Whisper it, Whisper it to Je - sus.

Heart, by world - ly cares dis - tressed, He will take you to His breast,  
 Do not strug - gle on a - lone; He will al - ways help his own;  
 Let your soul no long - er stray; Je - sus is the Per - fect Way;

Com - fort you and give you rest, Whis - per it, Whis - per it to Je - sus.  
 On - ly make your weakness known, Whis - per it, Whis - per it to Je - sus.  
 He will change your night to day, Whis - per it, Whis - per it to Je - sus.



1. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je-sus, Step by step and day by day;  
 2. 'Tis so safe to walk with Je-sus, Lean-ing hard up-on His arm,  
 3. Step by step I'll walk with Je-sus, Just a mo-ment at a time,




Step - ping in His ver - y footprints Walk - ing with Him all the way.  
 Fol - lowing close - ly where He leads us, None can hurt and naught can harm.  
 Heights I have not wings to soar to Step by step my feet can climb.

CHORUS.



Step by step, step by step, I would walk with Je - sus,  
 walk with Je - sus,



All the day, all the way, Keep - ing step with Je - sus.

- 4 All the way I'll walk with Jesus,  
 Thro' the sunshine, thro' the gloom,  
 Tho' His blood-marked steps may lead me  
 To the garden, to the tomb.
- 5 Here a while we walk with Jesus,  
 But the time will not be long  
 Till the night shall change to morning,  
 And the sorrow into song.
- 6 Then, with all who walked with Jesus,  
 We shall walk with Him in white,  
 While He turns our grief to gladness,  
 And our darkness into light.
- 7 Jesus, keep me closer—closer,  
 Step by step, and day by day :  
 Stepping in Thy very footprints,  
 Walking with Thee all the way.

1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me;  
 2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,  
 3. He knows how much I love Him, He knows I love Him well,  
 4. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,

He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;.....  
 And when He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek;.....  
 But with what love He lov - eth me, My tongue can nev - er tell;.....  
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;.....

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh;.....  
 He leads me in the paths of light Be - neath a sun - ny sky;.....  
 It is an ev - er - last - ing love In ev - er rich sup - ply, .....  
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try,.....

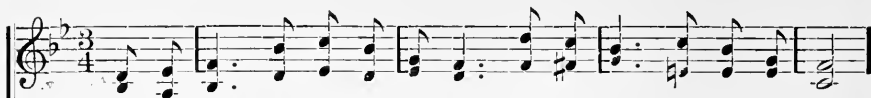
And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.  
 And so we love each oth - er, My Lord and I.  
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

5 He knows how I am longing  
 Some weary soul to win,  
 And so He bids me go and speak  
 A loving word for Him.  
 He bids me tell His wondrous love,  
 And why He came to die;  
 And so we work together,  
 My Lord and I,

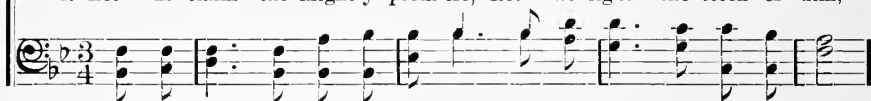
6 He tells me of His kingdom,  
 It is not far away;  
 And oh, His heart is longing  
 To take me there some day.  
 Immortal bliss is waiting,  
 And joys that never die;  
 Soon there will reign together  
 My Lord and I.

A. B. S

REV. A. B. SIMPSON.



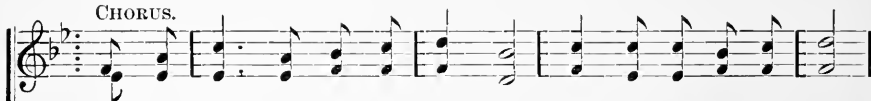
1. Oft there comes a wondrous mes-sage When my hopes are grow-ing dim,
2. When my frame is worn with sick-ness, And with tears my eye-lids swim,
3. When my way is closed in dark-ness, And my foes are fierce and grim,
4. When my heart is crushed with anguish, And the wa - ters reach the brim,
5. Let us claim the might-y prom-ise, Let us light the torch-es dim,



I can hear it thro' the dark-ness Like some sweet and far-off hymn.  
 I can hear the prom-ise ring-ing Like some sweet and heav'n-ly hymn.  
 Still it sings a-love the con-flict, Like some glad, vic-to-ri-ous hymn.  
 Faith can hear the might-y cho-rus, Like some might-y bat-tle-hymn.  
 Let us join the might-y cho-rus, Let us swell the glorious hymn.



## CHORUS.



Noth-ing is too hard for Je-sus, No man can work like Him;



Noth-ing is too hard for Je-sus, No man can work like Him.



HAROLD L. STEPHENS.

MAY AGNEW STEPHENS.

1. Oh, bless - ed grace, so free - ly giv'n To mor - tals such as we!  
 2. Oh, wondrous love for love - less souls! Oh, peace that comes so free!  
 3. Oh, bless - ed hope! 'tis all of grace; That glo - ry we shall see,

That rais'd us up from sin to heav'n And keeps us day by day,  
 What ev - er - last - ing joy will crown The hearts that trust in Thee.  
 When we be - hold His love - ly face Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.

## CHORUS.

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

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

Copyright, 1903, by H. L. Stephens.

E. H. PLUMPTREE.

Miss M. E. QUAIFFE.

1. Thine arm, O Lord, in days of old, Was strong to heal and save;  
 2. To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb, The pal - sied and the lame;  
 3. And lo! Thy touch brought life and health, Gave speech and strength and Light;  
 4. Be Thou our Great De - liv - 'rer still, Thou Lord of life and death,

It triumphed o'er dis - ease and death, O'er dark - ness and the grave.  
 The lep - er with his taint - ed life, The sick with fev - er - ed brain.  
 And youth re - newed and fren - zy calmed, Owned Thee, the Lord of light.  
 Re - store and quick - en, soothe and bless, With Thine al - might - y breath.

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# Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. { Oh, now I see the cleansing wave! The fountain deep and wide;  
 Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, (*Omit*.....) Points to His wounded side.

CHORUS.

{ The cleansing stream I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!  
 Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me! (*Omit*.....) It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.

- 2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,  
 Above the world of sin,  
 With heart made pure and garments white,  
 And Christ enthroned within.
- 3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below  
 To feel the blood applied;  
 And Jesus, only Jesus, know,  
 My Jesus crucified.

# Wonderful Saviour.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN. By per.

1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a won-der-ful Saviour! We are re-  
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Saviour! That rec-on-  
 3. To Him I've giv-en all my heart, What a won-der-ful Saviour! The world shall

CHORUS.

deem'd! the price is paid! What a won-der-ful Sav-iour! }  
 eiled my soul to God; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour! } What a won-der-ful  
 nev-er share a part; What a won-der-ful Sav-iour! }

Sav-iour is Je-sus, my Jesus! What a wonder-ful Saviour is Je-sus, my Lord!



## Breathe Upon Us.

R. K. C.

R. KELSO CARTER.

*Slow.*

1. Breathe up - on us, Lord, from heav-en, Fill us with the Ho - ly Ghost;  
 2. While the Spir - it hov - ers o'er us, O - pen all our hearts we pray;  
 3. Lift us, Lord, oh, lift us high-cr, From the car - nal mind set free;

Prom - ise of the Fa - ther giv - en, Send us now a Pen - te - cost.  
 To Thine im - age, Lord, re - store us, Wit - ness in our souls to - day.  
 Fill us with re - fin - ing fire, Give us per - fect lib - er - ty.

*D.S.*—Breathe up - on us, breathe up - on us, Lord, bap - tize us now with fire.

CHORUS. *rit.* *D.S.*  
 Breathe up - on us, Breathe up - on us, With Thy love our hearts in - spire.

Copyright, 1891, by R. Kelso Carter.

## Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.

1. All praise to Him who reigns above. In majesty supreme; Who gave His Son for man to die,  
 2. His name above all names shall stand, Exalted more and more, At God the Father's own right hand,  
 3. Redeemer, Saviour, Friend of man Once ruined by the fall, Thou hast devised salvation's plan,  
 4. His name shall be the Counsellor, The mighty Prince of Peace, Of all earth's kingdoms, conqueror,

CHORUS.  
 That He might man redeem.  
 Where an - gel hosts a - dore. } Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the  
 For Thou hast died for all.  
 Whose reign shall never cease.

Lord; Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Copyright, 1888, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

## Yesterday, To-day, Forever.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

J. H. BURKE.

1. Oh, how sweet the glo - rious mes - sage, Sim - ple faith may claim;  
 2. He who was the friend of sin - ners, Seeks thee, lost one, now;  
 3. Oft on earth He healed the suf - f'rer, By His might - y hand;  
 4. As of old He walked to Em - maus, With them to a - bide;

Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same,  
 Sin - ner, come, and at His foot - stool, Pen - i - tent - ly bow.  
 Still our sick - ness - es and sor - rows, Go at His com - mand.  
 So through all life's way He walk - eth, Ev - er near our side.

Still He loves to save the sin - ful, Heal the sick and lame;  
 He who said, "I'll not con - demn thee, Go and sin no more;"  
 He who gave His heal - ing vir - tue, To a wo - man's touch;  
 Soon a - gain we shall be - hold Him, Has - ten, Lord, the day!

Cheer the mourn - er, still the tem - pest; Glo - ry to His name!  
 Speaks to thee that word of par - don, As in days of yore.  
 To the faith that claims His ful - ness, Still will give as much.  
 But 'twill still be "this same Je - sus," As He went a - way.

## CHORUS.

Yes - ter - day, to - day, for - ev - er, Je - sus is the same,

All may change, but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name.

# Yesterday, To-day, Forever.—concluded.

Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

All may change, but Je - sus nev - er! Glo - ry to His name.

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## Jesus, I'm Resting, Resting.

JEAN SOPHIA PIGOTT.

J. MOUNTAIN.

*Joyfully.*

1. Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what Thou art;  
 2. Sim - ply trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as Thou art;  
 3. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;

Chor.—Je - sus! I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what Thou art,

FINE.

I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart,  
 And Thy love so pure, so change - less, Sat - is - fies my heart;  
 Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shad - ows flee.

I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart,

Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,  
 Sat - is - fies its deep - est long - ings, Meets, sup - plies its ev - ry need,  
 Brightness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,

*cres.*

*p*

*D.C. Chorus.*

For - by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole,  
 Con - pass - eth me round with bless - ings: Thine is love in - deed!  
 Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing, Fill me with Thy grace.

## My Jesus, I Love Thee.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

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

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

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

## While Jesus Whispers to You.

WILL E. WITTIER.

H. R. PALMER. By per.

1. While Je - sus whis - pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are  
 2. Are you too heav - y la - den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will  
 3. Oh, hear His ten - der plead - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re -

pray - ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,  
 bear your bur - den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de - ceive you,  
 ceive the bless - ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,

Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now re - deem you, Come, sin - ner, come!  
 Come, sin - ner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sin - ner, come!

G. W. BETHUNE.

J. B. DYKES.

1. O Je - sus, when I think of Thee, Thy man - ger, cross, and throne,  
 2. I see Thee in Thy weak - ness first; Then, glo - rious from Thy shame,  
 3. For me Thou didst be - come a man, For me didst weep and die;

My spir - it trusts ex - ult - ing - ly In Thee, and Thee a - lone.  
 I see Thee death's strong fet - ters burst, And reach heaven's mightiest name.  
 For me a - chieve Thy won - drous plan, For me as - cend on high.

4 O let me share Thy holy birth,  
 Thy faith, Thy death to sin,  
 And, strong amidst the toils of earth,  
 My heavenly life begin.

5 Then shall I know what means the strain  
 Triumphant of Saint Paul :  
 "To live is Christ, to die is gain;"  
 "Christ is my all in all."

## 233 Jesus, These Eyes Have Never Seen.

(Tune above.)

1 Jesus, these eyes have never seen  
 That radiant form of Thine;  
 The veil of sense hangs dark between  
 Thy blessed face and mine!

2 I see Thee not, I hear Thee not,  
 Yet art Thou oft with me;  
 And earth hath ne'er so dear a spot,  
 As where I meet with Thee.

3 Like some bright dream that comes un -  
 When slumbers o'er me roll, [sought

Thine image ever fills my thought,  
 And charms my ravished soul.

4 Yet though I have not seen, and still  
 Must rest in faith alone,  
 I love Thee, dearest Lord,—and will,  
 Unseen, but not unknown.

5 When death these mortal eyes shall seal,  
 And still this throbbing heart,  
 The rending veil shall Thee reveal  
 All glorious as Thou art.

—R. Palmer.

## 234

## To our Redeemer's Name.

(Tune above.)

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name  
 Awake the sacred song;  
 Oh, may His love, immortal flame,  
 Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love, what mortal thought can reach,  
 What mortal tongue display;  
 Imagination's utmost stretch  
 In wonder dies away.

3 Let wonder still with love unite,  
 And gratitude, and joy;

Be Jesus our supreme delight,  
 His praise our best employ.

4 Dear Lord, while we, adoring, pay  
 Our humble thanks to Thee,  
 May every heart with rapture say,  
 The Saviour died for me.

5 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme  
 Fill every heart and tongue,  
 Till strangers love Thy charming name,  
 And join the sacred song.

—A. Steele.

## Father, whate'er of Earthly Bliss.

A. STEELE.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Fa - ther, whate'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sov - 'reign will de - nies,  
 2. Give me a calm, a thank - ful heart, From ev - 'ry mur - mur free;  
 3. Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine My path of life at - tend;

Ac - cept - ed at Thy throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:  
 The blessings of Thy grace im - part, And let me live to Thee.  
 Thy pres - ence thro' my jour - ney shine, And bless its hap - py end.

## Walk in the Light.

*(Tune above.)*

- 1 Walk in the light, so shalt thou know  
 That fellowship of love,  
 His Spirit only can bestow,  
 Who reigns in light above.
- 2 Walk in the light, and thou shalt find  
 Thy heart made truly His  
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,  
 In whom no darkness is.
- 3 Walk in the light, and thou shalt own  
 Thy darkness passed away,  
 Because that light hath on thee shone,  
 In which is perfect day.
- 4 Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb  
 No fearful shade shall wear;  
 Glory shall chase away its gloom,  
 For Christ hath conquered there.
- 5 Walk in the light, and thine shall be  
 A path, though thorny, bright;  
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,  
 And God Himself is light.

*—B. Barton.*

## Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul.

A. STEELE.

I. SMITH.

1. Dear ref - uge of my wea - ry soul, On Thee, when sor - rows rise,  
 2. To Thee I tell each ris - ing grief, For Thou a - lone canst heal;  
 3. But oh, when gloom - y doubts pre - vail, I fear to call Thee mine;  
 4. Yet, gra - cious God, where shall I flee? Thou art my on - ly trust,  
 5. Thy mer - cy - seat is o - pen still; Here let my soul re - treat,

## Dear Refuge of My Weary Soul.—Concluded.

On Thee, when waves of trou - ble roll, My faint - ing hope re - lies.  
Thy word can bring a sweet re - lief For ev - 'ry pain I feel.  
The springs of com - fort seem to fail, And all my hopes de - cline.  
And still my soul would cleave to Thee, Tho' pros - trate in the dust.  
With hum - ble hope at - tend Thy will, And wait be - neath Thy feet.

## 238 Oh, Where Shall Rest be Found?

J. MONTGOMERY.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

1. Oh, where shall rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry soul?  
2. The world can nev - er give The bliss for which we sigh;  
3. Be - yond this vale of tears There is a life a - bove,  
4. Here would we end our quest: A - lone are found in Thee

'Twere vain the o - cean-depths to sound, Or pierce to ei - ther pole.  
'Tis not the whole of life to live, Nor all of death to die.  
Un - meas - ured by the flight of years, And all that life is love.  
The life of per - fect love, the rest Of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

## 239 Still with Thee ☉ my God!

(Tune above.)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Still with Thee, oh, my God,<br/>I would desire to be,<br/>By day, by night; at home, abroad,<br/>I would be still with Thee,</p> <p>2 With Thee when dawn comes in<br/>And calls me back to care,<br/>Each day returning to begin<br/>With Thee, my God, in prayer.</p> <p>3 With Thee amid the crowd<br/>That throngs the busy mart,<br/>To hear Thy voice, where time's is loud,<br/>Speak softly to my heart.</p> | <p>4 With Thee when day is done,<br/>And evening calms the mind<br/>The setting as the rising sun<br/>With Thee my heart would find,</p> <p>5 With Thee when darkness brings<br/>The signal of repose,<br/>Calm in the shadow of Thy wings,<br/>Mine eyelids I would close.</p> <p>6 With Thee, in Thee, by faith<br/>Abiding, I would be;<br/>By day, by night, in life, in death,<br/>I would still be with Thee.</p> |
|--|---|

—J. D. Burns.

W. B. TAPPAN.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on Ol-ive's brow The star is dimm'd that late - ly shone:  
 2. 'Tis midnight, and from all removed The Sav-iour wrestles lone with fears;  
 3. 'Tis midnight, and for oth - ers' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;  
 4. 'Tis midnight, and from heav'nly plains Is borne the song that an - gels know;

'Tis midnight; in the gar - den now, The suff'ring Sav-iour prays a - lone.  
 'E'en the dis - ci - ple whom He loved Heeds not his Mas-ter's grief and tears.  
 Yet He who hath in an - guish knelt Is not for - sak - en by His God.  
 Un - heard by mor-tals are the strains That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

## 241 The Head that Once was Crowned.

T. KELLY.

HUGH WILSON.

1. The Head that once was crown'd with thorns Is crown'd with glo - ry now;  
 2. The high - est place that heav'n af - fords Is His, is His by right,  
 3. The joy of all who dwell a - bove, The joy of all be - low,  
 4. To them the cross with all its shame, With all its grace, is giv'n;

A roy - al di - a - dem a - dorns The might - y Vic - tor's brow.  
 The King of kings, and Lord of lords, And heav'n's e - ter - nal light.  
 To whom He man - i - fests His love And grants His name to know.  
 Their name an ev - er - last - ing name, Their joy the joy of heav'n.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,  
 They reign with Him above,  
 Their profit and their joy to know  
 The mystery of His love.

6 The cross He bore is life and health,  
 Though shame and death to Him:  
 His people's hopes, His people's wealth,  
 Their everlasting theme.



## Glory to God On High!

J. ALLEN.

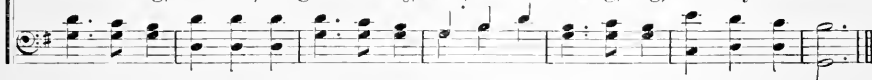
F. GIARDINI.



1. Glo-ry to God on high! Let praises fill the sky; Praise ye His name: Angels His
2. All they a-round the throne Cheerfully join in one, Praising His name: We who have
3. Join all the hu-man race Our Lord and God to bless, Praise ye His name: In Him we
4. Tho' we must change our place, Our souls shall never cease Praising His name: To Him we'll



name adore, Who all our sorrows bore; And saints cry ev-ernmore, "Worthy the Lamb!"  
felt His blood Sealing our peace with God, Spread His dear name abroad; Worthy the Lamb!  
will rejoice, Making a cheerful noise, Saying with heart and voice, "Worthy the Lamb!"  
tribute bring, Laud Him, our gracious king, And, without ceasing, sing, "Worthy the Lamb!"



243

## Thou Whose Almighty Word.

(Tune above.)

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 Thou, whose almighty word<br/>Chaos and darkness heard,<br/>And took their flight;<br/>Hear us, we humbly pray,<br/>And, where the Gospel day<br/>Sheds not its glorious ray,<br/>Let there be light!</li> <li>2 Thou who didst come to bring<br/>On Thy redeeming wing<br/>Healing and sight,<br/>Health to the sick in mind,</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>Sight to the inly blind,<br/>Oh, now to all mankind,<br/>Let there be light!</li> <li>3 Holy and blessed Three,<br/>Glorious Trinity,<br/>Wisdom, Love, Might;<br/>Boundless as ocean's tide<br/>Rolling in fullest pride,<br/>Through the world, far and wide,<br/>Let there be light!</li> </ol> |
|--|---|

—J. Marriott.

244

## Peace, Perfect Peace.

Bishop EDWARD H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.



1. Peace, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin? The blood of Jesus whispers peace within.
2. Peace, perfect peace, by thronging duties press'd? To do the will of Je-sus, this is rest.
3. Peace, perfect peace, with sorrows surging round? On Jesus' bosom naught but calm is found.



- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>4 Peace, perfect peace, with loved ones far away? In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.</li> <li>5 Peace, perfect peace, our future all unknown? Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>6 Peace, perfect peace, death shadowing us and ours? Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.</li> <li>7 It is enough; earth's struggles soon shall cease, And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.</li> </ol> |
|---|---|

# 245 All hail the Power of Jesus' Name!

EDW. PERRONET.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall;  
 2. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The worm - wood and the gall;  
 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball;  
 4. Oh, that with you - der sa - cred thron'g We at His feet may fall!

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

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

# 246

## Lord, Speak to Me.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;  
 2. Oh, lead me, Lord, that I may lead The wan - d'ring and the way - ring feet,  
 3. Oh, teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious things Thou dost im - part;  
 4. Oh, give Thine own sweet rest to me, That I may speak with soothing pow'r

As Thou hast sought so let me seek Thy err - ing chil - dren, lost and lone.  
 Oh, feed me, Lord, that I may feed Thy hung - ring ones with man - na sweet.  
 And wing my words that they may reach The hid - den depths of ma - ny a heart.  
 A word in sea - son, as from Thee, To wea - ry ones in need - ful hour.

5 Oh, fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
 Until my very heart o'erflow  
 In kindling thought and glowing word,  
 Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

6 Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,  
 Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;  
 Until Thy blessed face I see,  
 Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

JOHN ELLERTON.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Sav - iour, a - gain to Thy dear name we raise With one ac -  
 2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our home-ward way; With Thee be -  
 3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com - ing night; Turn Thou for  
 4. Grant us Thy peace through-out our earth - ly life, Our balm in

cord our part - ing hymn of praise; We rise to bless Thee ere our  
 gan, with Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the  
 us its dark - ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy  
 sor - row, and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our

wor - ship cease, And now de - part - ing, wait Thy word of peace.  
 hearts from shame, That in this house have called up - on Thy name.  
 chil - dren free, For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.  
 con - flict cease, Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace.

## Not what I Am.

(Tune above.)

- 1 Not what I am, O Lord, but what Thou art!  
 That, that alone, can be my soul's true rest;  
 Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt de -  
 part,  
 And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.
- 2 Thy name is love;—I hear it from yon cross,  
 Thy name is love;—I read it in yon tomb;
- 3 More of Thyself, oh, show me hour by hour,  
 More of Thy glory, O my God and Lord;  
 More of Thyself in all Thy grace and power,  
 More of Thy love and truth, incarnate Word!

—Horatius Bonar.

## I Believe God Answers Prayer.

I be - lieve God an - swers prayer; I am sure God an - swers prayer;

I have proved God an - swers prayer;—Glo - ry to His name!

J. BOWRING.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. God is love, His mer - cy brightens All the path in which we rove:  
 2. Chance and change are bus - y ev - er; Man de - cays, and a - ges move;  
 3. E'en the hour that dark - est seem - eth Will His changeless good - ness prove;  
 4. He with earth - ly cares en - twin - eth Hope and com - fort from a - bove;

Bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens; God is wis - dom, God is love.  
 But His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er: God is wis - dom, God is love.  
 From the gloom His brightness streameth: God is wis - dom, God is love.  
 Ev - 'ry - where His glo - ry shin - eth: God is wis - dom, God is love.

251

## Sweet the Moments.

*(Tune above.)*

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,<br/>         Which before the cross I spend,<br/>         Life, and health, and peace possessing,<br/>         From the sinner's dying Friend.</p> <p>2 Here I rest, forever viewing<br/>         Mercy's stream in streams of blood;<br/>         Precious drops, my soul bedewing,<br/>         Plead and claim my peace with God.</p> <p>3 Truly blessed is this station,<br/>         Low before His Cross to lie,</p> | <p>While I see divine compassion<br/>         Pleading in His languid eye.</p> <p>4 Here it is I find my heaven,<br/>         While upon the Lamb I gaze;<br/>         Love I much? I've much forgiven,—<br/>         I'm a miracle of grace.</p> <p>5 Lord, in loving contemplation<br/>         Fix my heart and eyes on Thee,<br/>         Till I taste Thy full salvation,<br/>         And Thine unveiled glories see.</p> |
|--|---|

—W. Shirley.

252

## Yes, for Me He Careth.

*(Tune above.)*

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Yes, for me, for me He careth<br/>         With a brother's tender care;<br/>         Yes, with me, with me He shareth<br/>         Every burden, every fear.</p> <p>2 Yes, o'er me, o'er me He watcheth,<br/>         Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;<br/>         Yes, e'en me, e'en me He snatcheth<br/>         From the perils of the way.</p> <p>3 Yes, for me He standeth pleading<br/>         At the mercy-seat above;</p> | <p>Ever for me interceding,<br/>         Constant in untiring love.</p> <p>4 Yes, in me, in me He dwelleth;<br/>         I in Him, and He in me!<br/>         And my empty soul He filleth,<br/>         Here and through eternity.</p> <p>5 Thus I wait for His returning,<br/>         Singing all the way to heaven;<br/>         Such the joyful song of morning,<br/>         Such the tranquil song of even.</p> |
|---|--|

—H. Bonar.

E. SCOTT.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. Awake, ye saints, a-wake, And hail the sa - cred day! In loft - iest songs of praise  
Your joy - ful hom - age pay; Come, bless the day that God hath blest, The type of  
heav'n's e - ter - nal rest, The type of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest.

The type of heav'n's e - ter - nal rest.

- 2 On this auspicious morn  
The Lord of life arose,  
And burst the bars of death,  
And vanquished all our foes;  
And now He pleads our cause above  
And reaps the fruit of all His love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!  
Heaven with hosannas rings,  
And earth, in humbler strains,

- Thy praise responsive sings:  
Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign!
- 4 Great King, gird on Thy sword,  
Ascend Thy conquering car,  
While justice, power, and love  
Maintain the glorious war:  
This day let sinners own Thy sway,  
And rebels cast their arms away!

(Tune above.)

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;  
Shake off thy guilty fears;  
The bleeding Sacrifice  
In my behalf appears:  
Before the throne my Surety stands,  
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,  
For me to intercede;  
His all redeeming love,  
His precious blood to plead;  
His blood atoned for all our race,  
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,  
Received on Calvary;  
They pour effectual prayers,  
They strongly plead for me:  
"Forgive him, oh, forgive," they cry,  
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 4 The Father hears Him pray,  
His dear anointed One:  
He cannot turn away  
The presence of His Son:  
His Spirit answers to the blood,  
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconciled;  
His pardoning voice I hear:  
He owns me for His child;  
I can no longer fear:  
With confidence I now draw nigh,  
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

—C. Wesley.

## Blest Day of God.

1. Blest day of God, most calm, most bright, The first, the best of days;  
 2. My Saviour's face made thee to shine; His ris - ing thee did raise,  
 3. The first-fruits oft a bless - ing prove To all the sheaves be - hind;  
 4. This day I must with God ap - pear, For, Lord, the day is Thine;

The laborer's rest, the saint's de-light, The day of pray'r and praise.  
 And made thee heav'nly and di-vine Be - yond all oth - er days.  
 And they the day of Christ who love, A hap - py week shall find.  
 Help me to spend it in Thy fear, And thus to make it mine.

## Oh, for a heart to praise my God.

*(Tune above.)*

- 1 Oh, for a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free,  
 A heart that always feels Thy blood;  
 So freely shed for me.
- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 My dear Redeemer's throne,  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,  
 Where Jesus reigns alone;
- 3 A humble, lowly, contrite heart,  
 Believing, true, and clean,
- Which neither life nor death can part  
 From Him that dwells within;
- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine,  
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of Thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;  
 Come quickly from above:  
 Write Thy new name upon my heart,  
 Thy new, best name of Love.

—C. Wesley.

## Thus far the Lord has Led Me On.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on, Thus far His pow'r pro-longs my days,  
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;  
 3. I lay my bod - y down to sleep; Peace is the pil - low for my head:

And ev - 'ry eve-ning shall make known Some fresh memo - rial of His grace.  
 But He for-gives my fol - lies past, And gives me strength for days to come.  
 While well - ap-point-ed an - gels keep Their watchful sta-tions round my bed.

# 258 O Thou, from Whom all Goodness Flows.

T. HAWEIS.

R. SIMPSON.

1. O Thou, from whom all good-ness flows, I lift my heart to Thee;  
 2. When on my ach-ing, burdened heart My sins lie heav-i-ly,  
 3. When tri-als sore ob-struct my way, And ills I can-not flee,

In all my sor-rows, con-flicts, woes, Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.  
 Thy par-don speak, new peace im-part; Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.  
 Oh, let my strength be as my day; Good Lord, re-mem-ber me.

- 4 When worn with pain, disease, and grief, This feeble body see;  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
 Good Lord, remember me.
- 5 When, in the solemn hour of death, I wait Thy just decree,  
 Be this the prayer of my last breath,  
 Good Lord, remember me.

259

# II Love to Steal Away.

Mrs. P. H. BROWN.

D. DUTTON.

1. I love to steal a-while a-way From ev-'ry cum-b'ring care,  
 2. I love in sol-i-tude to shed The pen-i-ten-tial tear.  
 3. I love to think on mer-cies past, And fu-ture good im-plore,

And spend the hours of set-ting day In hum-ble, grate-ful pray'r.  
 And all His prom-is-es to plead, Where none but God can hear.  
 And all my cares and sor-rows cast On Him whom I a-dore.

- 4 I love by faith to take a view  
 Of brighter scenes in heaven;  
 The prospect doth my strength renew,  
 While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,  
 May its departing ray  
 Be calm as this impressive hour,  
 And lead to endless day.

T. KELLY.

Arr. by L. MASON.

1. We sing the praise of Him who died, Of Him who died up - on the cross;  
 2. Inscribed up-on the cross we see In shining let - ters, God is love;  
 3. The cross, it takes our guilt a - way, It holds the faint-ing spir - it up;

The sinner's hope let men de - ride, For this we count the world but loss.  
 He bears our sins up - on the tree, He brings us mer - cy from a - bove.  
 It cheers with hope the gloom-y day, And sweetens ev - 'ry bit - ter cup.

4 It makes the coward spirit brave,  
 And nerves the feeble arm for fight,  
 It takes its terror from the grave,  
 And gilds the bed of death with light,

5 The balm of life, the cure of woe,  
 The measure, and the pledge of love,  
 The sinner's refuge here below,  
 The angels' theme in heaven above.

ISAAC WATTS.

Old Scotch Melody.

1. God is the ref - uge of His saints, When storms of sharp distress in - vade;  
 2. Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd Down to the deep, and bur - ied there,  
 3. Loud may the troubled o - cean roar; In sa - cred peace our souls a - bide;  
 4. There is a stream whose gen - tle flow Sup - plies the cit - y of our God,

Ere we can of - fer our complaints, Be - hold Him pres - ent with His aid.  
 Con - vulsions shake the sol - id world—Our faith shall nev - er yield to fear.  
 While ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry shore, Trembles, and dreads the swell - ing tide.  
 Life, love, and joy, still glid - ing thro', And wat'ring our di - vine a - bode.

5 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,  
 Our grief allays, our fear controls;  
 Sweet peace Thy promises afford,  
 And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Zion enjoys her monarch's love,  
 Secure against a threatening hour;  
 Nor can her firm foundation move,  
 Built on His truth, and armed with pow'r.



C. W. EVEREST.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. "Take up thy cross," the Sav-iour said, "If thou wouldst my dis-ci - ple be;  
 2. Take up thy cross; let not its weight Fill thy weak spir-it with a-larm;  
 3. Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame; Nor let thy fool-ish pride re-bel;  
 4. Take up thy cross, and fol-low Christ; Nor think till death to lay it down;

De - ny thy-self, the world for-sake, And hum-bly fol-low af-ter me."  
 His strength shall bear thy spir-it up, And brace thy heart and nerve thine arm.  
 Thy Lord for thee the cross en-dured, To save thy soul from death and hell.  
 For on - ly he who bears the cross May hope to wear the glo-rious crown.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

Arr. from FLEMMING.

1. O ho-ly Sav-iour! Friend un - seen, Since on Thine arm Thou bid'st me  
 2. With-out a mur-mur I dis - miss My former dreams of earth - ly  
 3. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earth-ly friends and hopes re -

lean, Help me, throughout life's changing scene, By faith to cling to Thee!  
 bliss; My joy, my rec - om-pense be this, Each hour to cling to Thee!  
 move; With patient, un - com-plain-ing love, Still would I cling to Thee!

4 Though oft I seem to tread alone  
 Life's dreary waste, with thorn's o'ergrown,  
 Thy voice of love, in gentlest tone,  
 Still whispers, "Cling to me!"

5 Though faith and hope are often tried,  
 I ask not, need not, aught beside;  
 So safe, so calm, so satisfied,  
 The soul that clings to Thee!

# 264 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned.

SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. HASTINGS.

1. Ma - jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned, Up - on the Saviour's brow; His head with radiant  
 2. No mor - tal can with Him compare, A - mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than  
 3. He saw me plung'd in deep distress, He flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the  
 4. Since from His bounty I re - ceive Such proofs of loved i - vine, Had I a thousand

glo - ries crown'd, His lips with grace o'er - flow, His lips with grace o'er - flow.  
 all the fair That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.  
 shame - ful cross, And car - ried all my grief, And car - ried all my grief.  
 hearts to give, Lord! they should all be Thine, Lord! they should all be Thine.

# 265 Jesus Christ is Passing By.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Mrs. Jos. F. KNAPP. By per.

1. Je - sus Christ is pass - ing by, Sin - ner lift to Him thine eye;  
 2. Lo! He stands and calls to thee, "What wilt thou then have of me?"  
 3. "Lord, I would Thy mer - cy see; Lord, re - veal Thy love to me;  
 4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal - va - tion's hour.

*rit.*  
 As the pre - cious moments flee, Cry he mer - ci - ful to me!  
 Rise, and tell Him all Thy need; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.  
 Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."  
 Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, "Faith hath saved thee, go in peace!"

# 266 There's a Wideness.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

LIZZIE S. TOURJER.

1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;  
 2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;  
 3. For the love of God is broad - er, Than the meas - ure of man's mind;  
 4. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;

## There's a Wideness.—Concluded.

There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.  
 There is mer - cy with the Sav-iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.  
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.  
 And our lives would be all sun-shine In the sweet-ness of our Lord.

## 267 Hasten, Lord, the Glorious Time.

HARRIET AUBER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. { Has - ten, Lord! the glo - rious time When, be - neath Mes - si - ah's sway, }  
 { Ev - 'ry na - tion, ev - 'ry clime, Shall the gos - pel's call o - bey. }  
 2. { Then shall wars and tu - mul'ts cease, Then be ban - ished grief and pain; }  
 { Righteous - ness and joy and peace Un - disturbed shall ev - er reign. }

*D.C.*—Sa - tan and his host, o'erthrown, Bound in chains, shall hurt no more.  
*D.C.*—All His might - y acts re - cord; All His wondrous love pro - claim.

Mightiest kings His pow'r shall own, Heathen tribes His name a - dore;  
 Bless we, then, our gra - cious Lord; Ev - er praise His glo - rious name;

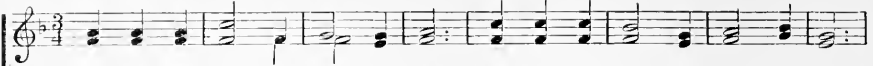
## 268 Softly Now the Light of Day.

GEO. W. DOANE.

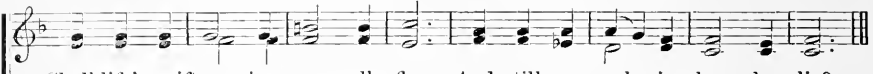
CARL M. VON WEBER.

1. Soft - ly now the light of day Fades up - on our sight a - way;  
 2. Thou whose all - per - vad - ing eye Naught es - capes, with - out, with - in,  
 3. Soon for us the light of day Shall for - ev - er pass a - way,

Free from care, from la - bor free, Lord, we would commune with Thee.  
 Par - don each in - firm - i - ty, O - pen fault and se - cret sin.  
 Then, from sin and sor - row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell with Thee.



1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?  
 2. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos - er lock?  
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall I give No heed, but still in bon-dage live?  
 4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield with-out de-lay.



Shall life's swift, passing years all fly, And still my soul in slum - ber lie?  
 He still is wait - ing to re - ceive, And shall I dare His Spir - it grieve?  
 I wait, but He does not for - sake; He calls me still: my heart, a - wake!  
 Vain world, farewell, from thee I part; The voice of God hath reach'd my heart.



## Behold, the Master Passeth By.

(Tune above.)

- 1 Behold, the Master passeth by!  
 Oh, seest thou not His pleading eye?  
 With low, sad voice He calleth thee,  
 "Leave this vain world and follow Me." 3 God gently calls us every day:  
 Why should we then our bliss delay?  
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—W. W. How.

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