

THE
INTERNATIONAL

ESSON

YMNAL

EDITED BY
DAVID C. COOK.

ASSISTED BY
THE
BUREAU OF S.S. MUSIC BUREAU OF S.S. POETRY

W. S. B. MATHEWS
W. A. OGDEN
WARREN C. COFFIN
J. M. STILLMAN
T. MARTIN TOWNE

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON
W. IRVING HARTSHORN
T. MARTIN TOWNE
REV. J. M. WORRALL D. D.
REV. S. F. SCOVEL

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46. MADISON STREET
CHICAGO. ILL



Division

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Section

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46 Madison St., CHICAGO.

P R E F A C E.

Realizing the place and power of song in the Sunday-school, and being fully assured of a large increase in its usefulness, as well as interest, by the introduction of Lesson Songs, in October, 1877, I issued a call to song writers for Songs on the Sunday-school lessons for the first quarter of 1878. This resulted in some forty pieces, the best of which were printed in our Teachers' and Scholars' Quarterlies, for first quarter of '78. The Quarterlies, thus improved, gave such satisfaction that their circulation, then less than forty thousand, was increased to over one hundred and seventy thousand with the first quarter; and a continuance of the call, and issue of lesson songs throughout the year, resulted in a largely increased competition from song writers, as well as warmest praise and support from schools.

This has led me to undertake, for 1879, a still larger scheme for securing and introducing the best of lesson songs, by issuing a general call for lesson poems and lesson songs, and organizing bureaus for judgment upon them.

The results I now publish in book form, and it is also the intention to publish them in the Quarterlies for the current year. It is only just to say that replies to the call for lesson songs for 1879 have been far beyond our expectation. We have received upwards of eight hundred poems for music and over five hundred pieces of music, from which the selection was made, and it is with great pleasure and thanksgiving that I issue this first INTERNATIONAL LESSON HYMNAL.

Acknowledging the obligation I am under, not only to the Bureaus of Sunday-school Music and Sunday-school Poetry, whose names appear on the cover and title page, but also to the hundreds who have contributed words and music, and asking from the Sunday-school only as hearty a support as has been given the project by the Sunday-school song writers of the land, I remain,

Yours truly,



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DAVID C. COOK, PUBLISHER, 46 MADISON ST., CHICAGO.

INTERNATIONAL LESSON HYMNAL.

1879.

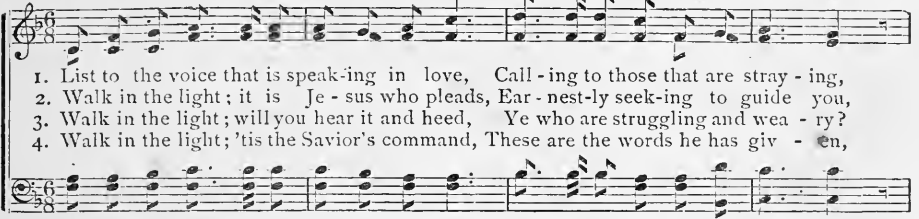
FIRST QUARTER.

No. 1. Walk in the Light.

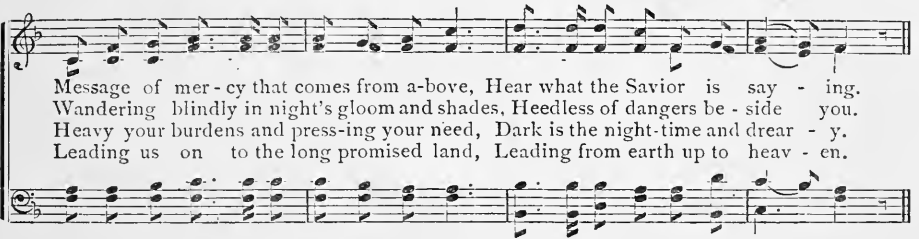
W. A. C.

L. 7. 1st Q.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.
First Prize Piece.



1. List to the voice that is speak - ing in love, Call - ing to those that are stray - ing,
2. Walk in the light; it is Je - sus who pleads, Ear - nest - ly seek - ing to guide you,
3. Walk in the light; will you hear it and heed, Ye who are struggling and wea - ry?
4. Walk in the light; 'tis the Savior's command, These are the words he has giv - en,



Message of mer - cy that comes from a - bove, Hear what the Savior is say - ing.
Wandering blindly in night's gloom and shades, Heedless of dangers be - side you.
Heavy your burdens and press - ing your need, Dark is the night - time and drear - y.
Leading us on to the long promised land, Leading from earth up to heav - en.

Chorus.



Walk..... in the light..... Fol - low the steps of the Sav - ior,
Walk in the light, O walk in the light,



Walk..... in the light..... Walk in the light for - ev - er.
Walk in the light, O walk in the light,

No. 2. Dedication of the Temple.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

L. 2. 1st Q.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.
(Not in competition.)

1. Joy-ful-ly, with glad hosannas, Voice of song and sound of prayer, Ded-i-cat-ed they the
2. Praise the Lord! rang out the anthem, For his faithfulness is sure, Praise the Lord, his loving-
3. Of this lat-ter house, the glo-ry, Saith Je-ho-vah, shall increase, And be great-er than the

Chorus.

temple, While sweet incense filled the air. Praise Je-ho-vah, hal-le-lu-jah! Shout the
kind-ness Shall for- ev-er-more en-dure. Praise Je-ho-vah, etc.
form-er, In this place will I give peace. Praise Je-ho-vah, etc.

joy-ous strain a-gain, Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Praise the Lord, Amen, a-men.

No. 3. Toward the Light.

MARY P. ROLLINS.

L. 7. 1st Q.

W. W. McINTIRE.

With expression.

1. Hear my pray-er, O blessed Sav-ior, Draw me clos-er to thy side,
2. Clos-er, lest the coming night-fall Star-less, des-o-late and cold,

Or my feet from duty's pathway, Oft will wander far and wide, Clos-er, Sav-ior.
Find me trem-b-ling and affrighted, Shel-ter-less, with-out the fold; Clos-er, when the

for temptation will be-set me, and I know, Save as thou dost guide, the journey
golden sunlight Round my path its glo-ries shed, Clos-er when the dark-ness gathers

Toward the Light--Concluded.

Chorus.

Wea - ri - some will be and slow. Closer, closer, day by day, Clos - er, all my
And the storm is ov - er - head. Closer, closer, etc.

pilgrim way, Clos - er till the gates un - fold, And I walk the streets of gold.

No. 4. We Gather in the Sabbath School.

MARY E. KAIL.

L. 11. 1st Q.

D. F. HODGES.

1. We gather in the Sabbath-school, Upon this blessed day, We meet together here in love,
2. We love to sing of him who died, To save the world from sin, And opened wide the golden gates,
3. And as we grow in strength of years, And labor for the right, We pray that all our work may meet

To read and sing and pray, And while to bless the Savior's name, Our tuneful voices raise,
That we may en - ter in, And all he asks of us to do, His blessing to re - ceive,
With fa - vor in his sight, And in the blessed book we read The glorious kingdom given,

Chorus.

We know the heavenly courts above, Re - ech - o with his praise. We gather in the Sabbath-school
Is just to learn his ho - ly will, To trust him and be - lieve. We gather in, etc.
Is like un - to a lit - tle child, Our resting place in heav'n. We gather in, etc.

To learn the ho - ly way, That leads from sorrow and from sin, Up to the gates of day.

No. 5. Blessed Home and Blessed Day.

L. B. M.

L. G. 1st Q.

L. B. MITCHELL.

1. Fa - ther, once a - gain we come, To our bless - ed Sab - bath home,
 2. May each schol - ar here be blest, On this day of sa - cred rest,
 3. Fire our hearts with ho - ly zeal, May we all thy pres - ence feel,
 4. When these Sab - bath days are o'er, And we reach the gold - en shore,

Bless - ed home and bless - ed day, Je - sus is him - self the way.
 May each teach - er here this hour, Feel the Spir - it's quick'ning power.
 May this hour a bless - ing prove, Last - ing as the life a - bove.
 May we all u - nite a - bove, In the bless - ed songs of love.

Chorus.

Help us, Lord, we hum - bly pray, To im - prove this ho - ly day;

Bless - ed Spir - it from a - bove, Fill our hearts with heav - en - ly love.

No. 6. Gird on the Armor.

P. J. S.

L. 4, 1st Q., and L. 8, 3d Q.

P. J. SPRAGUE.

1. Lo, our blinded foemen Boast that we are weak, That beneath our burden, Easy our defeat,
 2. Watch them night and morning, Ready ev'ry day, At a moment's warning, For the mighty fray;
 3. Courage, see the foemen Falter in the way, 'Tis a blessed o - men Of the coming day

While our walls are broken, And our labor great, Thus they oft have spoken, Should we longer wait?
 With our God entreating, For the cause of right, Ev'ry foe defeating, Thro' his will and might,
 When the shouts of glory, From mount Zion's wall, Shall proclaim the story, God is all in all.

Gird on the Armor--Concluded.

Chorus.

Gird on the ar-mor of the liv-ing God, With peace and courage let thy feet be shod,

Take salvation's helmet, faith in God to shield, Stand firm in his Spirit till the foemen yield.

No. 7. The All-seeing God.

FLORENCE SIDNEY SMITH.

L. 12. 1st Q.

D. B. WAY.

1. As Ha - gar in the des - ert, Thrust forth by blows and strife,
2. When se - cret sins be - set me, And tempt-ings snare my feet,
3. When turned from paths of e - vil, I dare not seek thy face,
4. When, lost in life's great des - ert, Worn out by sin and strife,

Sat lone - ly by the well - side a - wea - ry of her life,
Till hid from hu - man vis - ion I think their fruits are sweet,
But kneel in deep a - base - ment Be - fore the throne of grace;
I sit be - side the foun - tain Where springs the stream of life,

There came the an - gel mes - sage, "A - rise and homeward fare;"
Thy pres - ence hov - ers o'er me, I can not hide or flee—
When on - ly tears are tell - ing The prayers I bring to thee,
Send thou the an - gel mes - sage; Let my one com - fort be,

For, though the wild seemed emp - ty, The might - y God was there.
O thought how dread and aw - ful, That thou, God, seest me.
O thought how sweet and ten - der, That thou, God, seest me.
Still, still, where - e'er I wan - der, That thou, God, seest me.

No. 8. Oh, to be Forgiven!

E. B. HOLLIS.

L. 9. 1st Q.

W. H. H. SMITH.

1. The spot - less robe thou didst be - stow, When first I called thee mine,
2. The lamp thou gav - est to my hand, Has burned both low and dim,
3. The heart I vowed thine own should be, Has wandered far a - way,

Has stains and rents I dare not show To an - y eye but thine;
The flick - ering light each breeze has fanned, I oft for - got to trim;
The life I pledged to work for thee, Has wast - ed day by day,

And yet I bring it back to thee, Nor hide its dark - est spot,
And now I bring it back to thee, Just read - y to ex - pire,
And yet I come to thee a - gain, My prom - is - es re - new,

Thy blood can wash it white for me, Thy mer - cy fail - eth not.
Oh, kin - dle it a - fresh for me, From thine own al - tar fire.
With - out thee all my vows are vain, Oh, help me to be true.

Chorus. *Faster.*

Oh, to be for - giv - en, Oh, to be for - giv - en, I own my

Soft and slower.

need, Thy promise plead, Dear Sav - ior hear my prayer.

No. 9. The Way to Heaven.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

L. 7. 1st Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Second Prize Piece.

1. O where are you going, my broth - er? I pray you be care - ful to - day;
 2. Do you feel you're in safety, my broth - er? Is God in the darkness with you?
 3. Tho' paths where he leads you, my brother, Seem thorny and rough to the feet,

The path you are treading seems pleas - ant, But will it not lead you a - stray?
 If he's not, then turn from the dan - ger, No long - er, that pathway pur - sue,
 His love will be balm when thou'rt weary, And pain in his ser - vice is sweet,

Duet.

Look sharply a - bout you, my broth - er, No longer be blind to the truth;
 No long - er, I pray you, my broth - er, Go on in your journey a - lone,
 And the path will grow brighter and brighter, That starts at the foot of the cross,

Do pit - falls lurk un - der the flow - ers, A snare to the footsteps of youth?
 But take for a friend and com - pan - ion, The lov - ing and cru - ci - fied one.
 Till it ends in the beau - ti - ful coun - try, That nev - er is shadowed with loss.

Chorus.

O, choose for your journey, my broth - er, The way that is narrow and straight,

And leads to the beau - ti - ful coun - try, Be - yond the beau - ti - ful gate.

No. 10. Jesus is King.

MINNIE D. BATEHAM.

L. S. 1st Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. He who once suffered now reigneth a King, High on his Fa-ther's throne;
2. Ye who are burdened and long for re-lease, Yield to the King to - day!

Power and do-min-ion are given to him, Earth shall be his a-lone.
Love is his law and his kingdom is peace, Blessings are in his sway.

Vainly the wick-ed re-bel at his sway, Own not his laws and re-fuse to o-bey,
Christ, our Redeemer, we worship thee here, Praise thee re-joic-ing, and serve thee with fear,

They shall be turned from his presence away, When he shall claim his own.
Soon may thy glo-ri-ous kingdom appear Here on the earth, we pray!

Chorus.

Jesus is King, Messiah is King! Gladly our trib-ute of praises we bring,

Blessed the peo-ple who trust in his name, Jesus our Lord is King!

No. 11. They shall Shine.

M. E. SERVOS.

L. 7. 1st Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

Semi-Chorus of adults.

1. We're trying to gather the lambs in the fold, And turn back the sheep who have gone astray ;
 2. We're trying to teach them the story of old, How Je - sus died for the sins of all ;
 3. We're trying to fol-low where Jesus has led, With ear - nest zeal and a Christian's peace,

And to help the faint and the weary ones on, To a heav-en-ly land and an end-less day,
 And to help the dear children to cherish his love, And answer with joy to the Sav-ior's call.
 And un - til our Fa-ther shall call us on high, Our la - bor for Je-sus shall nev - er cease.

Semi-Chorus of children.

And this is the promise for those who work, And neglect their du - ty nev - er,

That they who turn ma - ny to right-eous-ness, Shall shine as the stars for - ev - er.

Full Chorus.

They shall shine..... they shall shine..... They shall shine as the stars for - ev - er,
 They shall shine, they shall shine,

They shall shine..... they shall shine..... They shall shine as the stars for - ev - er.
 They shall shine, they shall shine,

No. 12. Work, Builders, Work.

Rev. ROBERT KERR.

L. 4. 1st Q.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Up-on the Rock of A - ges, In God's ac-cept-ed time, Build up in all its
 2. Build on the Rock of A - ges, Of precious, liv-ing gems, A church whose life pre-
 3. Build on the Rock of A - ges, Nor heed what foes as - sail, The word di - vine en-
 4. Build on the Rock of A - ges, Hope that shall not ex - pire, When judgment wakes and
 5. Build on the Rock of A - ges, For God has ordered so; Your work in all its

Chorus.

stag - es, A life that is sub - lime. God will bless with good success All
 sag - es Her fu - ture di - a - dems. God will bless, etc.
 gag - es, You can - not but pre - vail. God will bless, etc.
 wag - es, Round earth a war of fire. God will bless, etc.
 stag - es, Is bet - ter than you know. God will bless, etc.

those who work for him, God will bless with good success All those who work for him.

No. 13. Hosanna Sing on High.

Rev. JOEL SWARTZ.

L. 1. 1st Q.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. All temples built with human hands, Will like those hands decay; The al - tars, songs, and
 2. But still the Lord has temples here, And built of liv - ing stones; These temples his dear
 3. Where children glad hosannas sing Beneath the outspread sky, There is the tem-ple

priestly bands In time shall pass a - way, But God re-mains and Je - sus reigns, And
 children are, The stones, his cho-sen ones. O make us kings and priests to thee, Thy
 of their King, There he him-self is nigh. Ho - san - nas we will sing be - low, Ho -

shall for aye and aye, But God remains and Je - sus reigns And shall for aye and aye.
 daughters and thy sons, O make us kings and priests to thee, Thy daughters and thy sons.
 san - nas sing on high, Ho - san - nas we will sing be - low, Ho - san - nas sing on - high.

No. 14. Buckle on the Sword.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

L. 4. 1st Q.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Brother, when you work for Je - sus, Buck - le on the sword, En - e - mies are
 2. Brother, when you work for Je - sus, Keep your ar - mor bright, Eit - e - mies are
 3. Brother, when you work for Je - sus, Watch as well as pray, En - e - mies are

all a - round you, Buck - le on the sword; Christ will give you wondrous power,
 all a - round you, Keep your ar - mor bright; Gird your - self a - bout with truth,
 all a - round you, Watch as well as pray; Set a watch both day and night,

Give you vic'try ev'ry hour, Make you more than conqueror, Buckle on the sword!
 Take with you the shield of faith, Would you conquer sin and death, Keep your armor bright!
 Pray in faith and work with might, Watch and pray and work and fight, Watch as well as pray!

No. 15. My Heart a Temple.

(Not in competition.)

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

L. 2. 1st Q.

W. F. SHERWIN.

1. My heart shall be a tem - ple For thee, my gracious Lord; I hear thy friendly
 2. My heart shall be a tem - ple, A con - se - crated place, Il - lu - mined by thy

Chorus.

sum - mons, I o - pen at thy word. My heart shall be a tem - ple, Pre -
 glo - ry, The shin - ing of thy face. My heart, etc.

pared for thee a - lone, I pray thee come and en - ter, O make it all thine own.

No. 16. Forgiveness.

E. M. C.
Andante.

L. 10. 1st Q.

E. MANFORD CLARK.

1. Oh, who would stay in the haunts of vice, Of sin and mis - er - y,
2. Or who would stay where but want and dread Lurk ev - er at the door,
3. Or who would tar - ry with that which flies, Which lasts but for a day,

When all the bliss of a par - a - dise On earth is of - fered thee?
When Je - sus of - fers a liv - ing bread, And peace for - ev - er - more?
When Je - sus of - fers to you a prize, That fad - eth not a - way?

Chorus.

Oh, bless - ed, most bless - ed he Whose sins are all for - giv - en,
Oh, bless - ed, oh, most bless - ed,

He dwells in sweet se - cur - i - ty, And tastes the joys of heav - en.

No. 17. The Path of the Just.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

L. 7. 1st Q.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. In the path I'm walk - ing, Pleasant is the way, Each day growing brighter,
2. Onward leads this pathway, Upward I am bound, Heav - en - ward I jour - ney,
3. In this pleasant path - way, Walk - ing will not tire, Running will not wea - ry,

Till the per - fect day; O, I love this high - way, Pathway of the just,
Where sweet rest is found; 'Tis the King's own highway, Cast up for his own;
As we mount up higher; Bless - ed are the pil - grims, Walking in this way,

The Path of the Just--Concluded.

Chorus.

Christ is my com-pan-ion, In him I will trust. In this bless-ed path-way,
 Are you walking thith-er, Guid-ed by his Son? In this bless-ed, etc.
 Shin-ing more and brighter, Till the per-fect day. In this bless-ed, etc.

Christ is my de-light, Hand in hand we jour-ney Toward the realms of light.

No. 18. I will Guide Thee with Mine Eye.

REV. N. T. DALE, by per.

L. 12. 1st. Q.

(Not in competition.) C. E. POLLOCK.

1. I'm a pil-grim here be-low, Traveling through this vale of woe,
 2. Oft my path is dark and drear, And my heart is filled with fear,
 3. When the fear-ful tem-pest blows, When my en-e-mies op-pose,
 4. When I tread death's gloom-y vale, Still his pres-ence shall not fail;

Yet my Fa-ther's ev-er nigh, And I hear his lov-ing cry:
 Yet I hear my Sav-ior's voice, And his words my heart re-joice:
 While the storm is pass-ing by, Still I hear my Sav-ior nigh:
 Then his staff will be my stay, And I'll hear my Sav-ior say:

Chorus.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;

In the way I will in-struct thee, I will guide thee with mine eye.

No. 19. Lord, have Mercy.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

L. 9. 1st Q.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. I ac - knowl - edge my trans - gres - sions, I have sinned so griev - ous - ly,
 2. Cast me not a - way, my Fa - ther! Let me thy sal - va - tion see;
 3. New cre - ate the heart with - in me, Fill me with thy per - fect love;
 4. Un - to thee, I come, dear Fa - ther, With a bro - ken, con - trite heart;

But I hum - bly make con - fes - sion, Lord, in mer - cy par - don me.
 Do not leave me, but the rath - er, Let thy mer - cy fall on me.
 Make me pure, and give me meet - ness For the par - a - dise a - bove.
 Take me to thy love and fa - vor, Thou the friend of sin - ners art.

Chorus.

Lord, have mer - cy, Lord, have mer - cy, Tho' my heart is full of sin,

Wash me in the blood of Je - sus, That a - lone can make me clean.

No. 20. The Publican's Prayer.

Rev. H. TAYLOR.

L. 9. 1st Q.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1. See the sin - ner at the temple door, Smit - ing on his guilt - y breast,
 2. Mercy speaking sweetly from a - bove, Free - ly jus - ti - fied him there;
 3. Humbly thus to Je - sus we con - fess, Stand - ing in his courts to - day;

Pen - i - tent and sor - row - ful and sore, Pray - ing from a soul op - pressed!
 Filled his spir - it with the Sav - ior's love, While he breathed that sim - ple prayer,
 Wait - ing for the Lord to come and bless, Poor and pen - i - tent we pray,

The Publican's Prayer--Concluded.

Chorus.

Crying, God be mer-ci-ful to me, to me, God be mer-ci-ful to me, to me,

Pen - i - tent I come to thee, God be mer-ci-ful to me!

No. 21. The Penitent's Prayer.

MARY P. ROLLINS.

L. 9 and 10. 1st Q.

W. W. MCINTIRE.

Earnestly, and not too slow.

Third Prize.

1. Wea-ry, weak and heav-y lad-en, I at Je-sus' feet would lay
2. Helpless, hope-less, poor and need-y, Life and strength and hope im-part,
3. Hum-bly would I plead thy mer-its, Kneel-ing at his gra-cious feet,
4. While I pray, my tear-ful vis-ion To his gen-tle face I raise,

All my sins and doubts and bur-dens, While with pen-i-tence I pray.
Let the love that pass-eth knowledge, Fill and thrill my wait-ing heart.
Trust thy grace and claim thy prom-ise, Ten-der, lov-ing, true and sweet.
And he whis-pers peace and par-don, So my heart is filled with praise.

Chorus.

cres. poco a poco. f
Hear me, help me, wash and cleanse me, Save me for thy mer-cy's sake;

Guard me, guide me, till in glo-ry With thy like-ness I a-wake.

No. 22. Marching to the Temple.

N. A. C.

L. 1. 1st. Q.

N. A. CLAPP.

1. We are lit - tle pil - grims, Hap - py on our way, Traveling on the
 2. We are lit - tle sol - diers, Fight - ing for the Lord, Gird - ed with his
 3. We are lit - tle Christians, Sing - ing on our way, Work - ing in God's

road that Leads to end - less day; Walk - ing in the path where
 ar - mor, Trust - ing in his word; Fight - ing in the field where
 vine - yard, Toil - ing day by day; Lead - ing in the path where

An - gels' feet have trod, March - ing to the tem - ple, The tem - ple of God.
 An - gels' feet have trod, March - ing to the tem - ple, The tem - ple of God.
 An - gels' feet have trod, Oth - ers to the tem - ple, The tem - ple of God.

Chorus.

March - ing to the tem - ple, March - ing to the tem - ple, March - ing to the

tem - ple, The tem - ple of God, Lift - ing high our ban - ner, The

ban - ner of our Lord, March - ing to the tem - ple, The tem - ple of God.

No. 23. The King has Come.

Rev. W. W. SMITH.

L. S. 1st Q.

M. A. RUBLEE.

1. Let heath - en rage, and kings com - bine, But Je - sus reign - eth still;
 2. Our God de - clares the firm de - cree, My son, this day art thou;
 3. Thou, Christ, shalt rule with rod of power, Thy might with awe we see;

"O let us break his bonds," they say, "And cast his cords from us a - way."
 O ask, and I shall give to thee. The ut - most land by ev - 'ry sea;
 We kiss the hand that saves from woe, And fol - low where thy foot - steps go;

Yet shall he reign to end - less day; His throne is Zi - on's hill.
 The glo - ry of the earth shall be A crown up - on thy brow.
 O bless - ed are the saints be - low, Who put their trust in thee.

No. 24. King in Zion.

Rev. E. A. DANMONT.

L. S. 1st Q.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. King in Zi - on, blessed Je - sus, glo - ry be to thee, Reign - ing in the city
 2. And the hosts are still in - creas - ing, but there's room for more, Saints and martyrs and our
 3. Blessed King, thy face'er smil - ing, we now long to see, And thy hands so gently
 4. When our work on earth is end - ed and the dawning come, Then, dear King, in thy near

gold - en, Lord, re - mem - ber me; An - gel choirs in ho - ly ser - vice,
 kin - dred, loved ones gone be - fore, All are prais - ing in the an - thems,
 guid - ing, keep us near to thee; Bend - ing low in love so kind - ly,
 pres - ence may we find our home; We will join the song e - ter - nal,

round a - bout thee stand, Sharing all thy heavenly treas - ure in fair Beau - lah land.
 round thy great white throne, So we all shall find heav'n's glory, now on earth unknown.
 hear our hum - ble prayer, That in frowning sky and storm - cloud, we may have thy care.
 and with an - gels sing, Sharing joy and peace un - end - ing, with our Zi - on's King.

No. 25. The Second Temple.

EDITH R. WILSON.

L. 1. 1st Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Oh, glo - ri - ous in beau - ty The tem - ple rose of old, Its pil - lars hung with
 2. But to the sec - ond tem - ple Came Christ the temple's King, Whom sac - ri - fice and
 3. Thou art the gold - en al - tar Whereon our gifts are laid; Thyself the bleeding
 4. The veil by which we en - ter The holiest shrine with - in; The priest who stands to

Chorus.

pur - ple, its por - tals crowned with gold. Thou art thy - self that tem - ple, Oh
 al - tar Were but fore - shad - ow - ing. Thou art, etc.
 vic - tim, By whom our sins are paid; Thou art, etc.
 of - fer A sac - ri - fice for sin. Thou art, etc.

Christ, our Savior, King, Whom earthly shrine and glo - ry Were but foreshadowing.

No. 26. Whiter than Snow.

L. 9. 1st Q.

Ps li. 1, 3, 5, 7. Literal version. From the U. P. Collection, by per.

W. T. WILEY.

1. Lord, to me com - pas - sion show, As thy ten - der mer - cies flow;
 2. Lo, con - ceived was I in sin, Born un - ho - ly and un - clean;
 3. Free my heart, O God, from sin, Spir - it right re - new with - in;
 4. Freed from guilt my tongue shall raise Songs thy right - eous - ness to praise;

In thy vast and boundless grace, My trans - gres - sions all e - rase.
 Yet thou dost de - sire to find Truth sin - cere with - in the mind.
 Cast me not a - way from thee, Nor thy Spir - it take from me.
 O - pen thou my lips, O Lord, Then my mouth shall praise ac - cord.

Chorus.

Wash me whol - ly from my sins, Cleanse me from my guilt - y stains.

Whiter than Snow--Concluded.

Then from all pol - lu - tion free, Whit - er than the snow I'll be.

No. 27. Lord God of Hosts, how Lovely!

L. 11. 1st Q.

Ps. lxxxiv. 1-7, 10, 11. Literal version. From the U. P. Collection, by per.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

1. Lord God of hosts, how love - ly The place where thou dost dwell! Thy
 2. Be - hold the spar - row find - eth A house in which to rest, The
 3. Blest who thy house in - hab - it, They ev - er give thee praise, Blest
 4. Our sun and shield, Je - ho - vah, Will grace and glo - ry give; No

tab - er - na - cles ho - ly In pleas - ant - ness ex - cel. My soul is long - ing,
 swal - low hath dis - cov - ered Where she may build her nest; And where se - cure - ly
 all whom thou dost strengthen Who love the sa - cred ways. So they from strength un -
 good will he de - ny them That up - right - ly do live. O God of hosts, Je -

faint - ing, Je - ho - vah's courts to see; My heart and flesh are cry - ing,
 sheltered, Her young she forth may bring; So, Lord of hosts, thy al - tars
 wear - ied, Go for - ward un - to strength, Till they ap - pear in Zi - on,
 ho - vah, How blest is ev - 'ry one, Who con - fi - dence re - pos - es

Chorus.

O liv - ing God, for thee. One day ex - cels a thou - sand, If
 I seek, my God, my King. One day ex - cels, etc.
 Be - fore the Lord at length. One day ex - cels, etc.
 On thee, O Lord, a - lone. One day ex - cels, etc.

spent thy courts within; I'll choose thy threshold rath - er Than dwell in tents of sin.

No. 28. The Cry of the Penitent.

ELIZA SHERMAN.
Cantabile.

L. 9. 1st Q.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.
(Not in competition.)

1. Fa-ther, I have heard thee call - ing In sweet ac - cents, "Come to me;"
2. Long Christ's spir - it has been plead - ing At the throne of God for me,
3. In thy lov - ing kindness, Fa - ther, All my tres - pass - es for - give;
4. Oh, my Fa - ther, all un - worth - y Am I of thy tenderest love,

Ver - y far a - way I've wandered, But I'm com - ing now to thee.
But I'm com - ing now, my Fa - ther, All un - worth - y tho' I be.
Je - sus, who hath died for sin - ners, Teach, oh, teach me how to live.
By which thou wouldst draw thy chil - dren To the heav - en - ly home a - bove.

Chorus.

Fa-ther, Fa - ther, I am com - ing, Nev - er - more from thee to roam,

While I hear thy sweet voice call - ing, Fa-ther, I am com - ing home.

No. 29. The Weary Pilgrim.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

Moderato.

L. 11. 1st Q.

KARL REDEN.

1. My heart cries out when wea - ry In paths by pil - grims trod; My
2. I trust my Fa - ther ful - ly; He know - eth all my needs, And
3. Oh, courts of God, my Fa - ther, How sweet the thought to me, That

soul is filled with long - ing To find the courts of God. I hear the hap - py
to the courts of heav - en The path he shows me leads. No good thing is with -
some day I shall en - ter, And always dwell with thee. My heart grows strong be -

The Weary Pilgrim--Concluded.

an - thems In strains of tri - umph ring, And yearn to share the glad - ness With
hold - en From those who walk with him, So trust - ing - ly I fol - low, Tho'
liev - ing That when the way is trod, The souls who walk up - right - ly Shall

Chorus.

those who praise the King. Oh, bless - ed, thrice bless - ed, The courts by pilgrims
rough the way and dim. Oh, bless - ed, etc.
see and live with God. Oh, bless - ed, etc.

trod, Where in his peace a - bid - ing, They praise the liv - ing God.

No. 30. Help Us, Dear Savior.

T. M. T.

L. G. 1st Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. While we worship thee, our King, With thy love our souls in - spire; Help us in our
2. Help us raise our songs of praise, Help us con the les - son o'er; While we learn of
3. From thy laws we would not stray, Ev - er watchful may we be; Sav - ior, help us
4. May we feast up - on thy truth, Liv - ing bread for hun - gry hearts; Yielding not, tho'

Chorus.

hearts to bring Prais - es glad and pure de - sire. Help us, dear Sav - ior,
wisdom's ways, May we love thee more and more. Help us, etc.
keep this day, Keep it ho - ly un - to thee. Help us, etc.
in our youth, Wisdom's ways to Sa - tan's arts. Help us, etc.

Help us, help us, Sav - ior, help us,

Help us to - day; Pa - tient - ly list - en, Turn not a - way.

Help us to - day, Pa - tient - ly list - en, list - en, Turn not a - way.

No. 31. Peace with God.

P. J. S.

L. 10, 1st Q. or 1, 3d Q.

P. J. SPRAGUE

1. Je-sus, dear, thro' faith in thee, God did set my spir - it free, Gra-cious-ly my
 2. Now I know my Sav - ior lives, Trusting whom as - sur-ance gives, That he free - ly
 3. Thou, oh Christ, hast made me whole, Thou a-lone redeemed my soul, Precious now to
 4. Nev-er let me cease to love Till I reach my home a - bove, Then thy glo-ries,

Chorus.

soul re-lease, Jus - ti - fy and give me peace. Hal-le - lu - jah ev - er - more,
 sheds a-broad In my heart the love of God. Hal-le - lu - jah, etc.
 me thy voice, Sweet-ly doth my soul re-joyce! Hal-le - lu - jah, etc.
 oh, my King! Will my ransomed spir - it sing. Hal-le - lu - jah, etc.

trust-ing in the Lord, Full sal - va-tion will re-store, Trust, then, in the Lord

No. 32. The All-seeing Eye.

E. M. C. *Reverently.*

L. 12, 1st Q.

E. MANFORD CLARK.

1. O thou whose all-per - vad - ing eye In - fin - ite space doth fill, As - sist me with be-
 2. Without the do-main of thy sight No mor-tal can re - pose, For, tho' they seek the
 3. Help me, O Lord, with god - ly fear, And love and ho-ly trust, To walk up-right - ly

com-ing awe To bow be-fore thy will, For tho' I mount the wing-ed winds, And
 shades of night, Lo there thy pres-ence goes; If I to heaven's por-tals fly, Or
 in thy sight, Till I re - turn to dust; Of thy free grace, oh, Lord, supply, Hear

fly thro' endless space, E'en there thy pen-e - trat - ing eye My track would surely trace.
 make my bed in hell, Be-hold thy searching eye a bides Wher-ev-er I may dwell.
 this my constant prayer, That whether it be life or death, Oh, let me find thee there.

No. 33. God is with Me.

G. W. H.

L. 12. 1st Q.

GEO. W. HOWELL.

1. Thou, O Lord, hast searched me and known me, My in-most soul hast read, And my
 2. If I take the wings of the morn-ing, And dwell be-yond the sea, Ev-en
 3. And when darkness cov-ers my path-way, Like day shall shine the night, For a-
 4. Whith-er shall I go from thy pres-ence, Or fly thy search-ing eye, If in
 5. Search my heart, O God, in thy mes-sage, And try my thoughts, I pray; Thou wilt

Chorus.

thoughts be-fore I speak them, All in thy sight are spread. God is with me
 there thy hand shall lead me, Thy presence there shall be. God is, etc.
 like to thee are darkness And gleams of noon-day light. God is, etc.
 heaven or hell I en-ter, Be-hold! e'en there thou'rt nigh. God is, etc.
 cleanse my soul and lead me A-long the heavenly way. God is, etc.

Ev-'ry-where I go, God be with me All my jour-ney through.

No. 34. God's Holy Sabbath Day.

C. A. F.

L. 6. 1st Q.

C. A. FYKE.

Joyfully.

1. Ho-ly Sab-bath! day of rest, Wel-come we thy quick re-turn, That from toils and
 2. Ho-ly Sab-bath! day of praise, Now, O Lord, to thee we bring All our grate-ful
 3. Ho-ly Sab-bath! day of prayer, When o'erflowing hearts we raise To the God of

Chorus.

cares of earth, Heavenward may our thoughts be borne. Hail, oh, hail the sa-cred day,
 hearts can raise, In the heav-en-ly songs we sing. Hail, oh, hail, etc.
 heaven a-bove, In u-nit-ed, con-stant praise. Hail, oh, hail, etc.

Ho-ly let it ev-er be, Hail, oh, hail the Sabbath day, God's holy Sabbath day.

No. 35. Nehemiah's Request.

JOHN COLLINS.

L. 3. 1st Q.

A. G. LITTLE.

1. My fa - thers' graves lie des - o - late, Je - ru - sa - lem is waste,
 2. Wilt thou not send me then to build The cit - y of my sires?
 3. Hear my re - quest, my lord, O king! Tho' cap - tive I may be,

Bro - ken and burnt is ev - 'ry gate, Her glo - ry all de - faced.
 For proph - e - cy yet un - ful - filled En - kin - dles my de - sires;
 End these long years of suf - fer - ing, And set our na - tion free.

How can I, then, but deep - ly mourn My ex - iled peo - ple's doom,
 I long to see its fall - en wall A - gain in beau - ty stand,
 So shall the peace of God be thine, O - bey - ing thus his will,

Or pray that they may yet re - turn To their Ju - de - an home?
 I long to hear from Zi - on's hill Praise ech - o o'er the land.
 While trust - ing in his word di - vine, Thy throne shall pros - per still.

No. 36. The Lord's Temple.

A. J. HODGE.

L. 1. 1st Q.

E. B. SMITH.

1. When the chos - en peo - ple, In the chos - en land, Built a might - y tem - ple,
 2. May not we the chos - en Of the Lord, to - day Build a great - er tem - ple,

Glo - ri - ous and grand; Framed its no - ble arch - es, All with jeal - ous care,
 That shall ne'er de - cay; Frame its might - y arch - es, Of good works and prayer?

The Lord's Temple--Concluded.

Chorus.

Joy was in the na - tion, Joy was ev-'ry - where. May not we, the
 Joy shall fill the na - tion, Joy be ev-'ry - where. May not we, etc.

cho - sen Of the Lord, to-day Build a greater tem - ple That shall ne'er de - cay?

No. 37. Precious to Me.

THOS. L. N. TIPTON.

L. 10. 1st Q.

EBEN H. BAILEY.

Spirited.

1. Pre - cious to me is that ho - ly word, Tell - ing of one who from sin can save,
2. Why do I love him, that bless - ed one? Why do I seek at his feet to be?
3. Fee - ble and yielding, I, tempt - ed, fell, Bit - ter the sorrow, how deep the woe,
4. Read - y to per - ish, I faint - ing lay, Swift to the res - cue the Help - er came;
5. O the de - light of that hap - py hour, Tast - ing forgiveness com - plete and free;

Tell - ing of him, my re - deem - ing Lord, Tri - umph - ing o - ver the dark - some grave.
 Lov - ing me first, all my love he won, He from the pit hath de - liv - ered me.
 None but the ones who have fall - en may tell, None but the ones who have felt may know.
 All of my sin did he take a - way, All of that bur - den of grief and shame.
 Life of my life, is there tongue hath power Ev - er to tell all my love for thee?

Chorus.

Heav - y, oh, heavy the load I bore, Hap - py, oh, hap - py, 'tis mine no more.

He hath the debt and the ran - som paid, All of my sins have on him been laid.

No. 38. I'll Ask of the Lord.

A. C.

L. 3 and 7. 1st Q.

AMELIA CLEMENT.

1. What is my mis-sion? If I knew, Methinks I'd to its light be true,
 2. Tho' but one step to me ap-pear, He gath-ers all; each day, each year
 3. And when my tir-ed feet shall rest Where earth's poor wea-ry ones are blest,

Nor fal-ter tho' its path-way led A-way from sun-shine in-to shade.
 He'll guide my err-ing feet a-right, And make each du-ty plain to sight.
 The hid-den goal will be attained, The crown of life at last be gained.

Chorus.

I'll ask of the Lord, and I shall know The path by which he'd have me go;

Tho' all the way I can-not see, I'll trust in him, he cares for me.

No. 39. Search the Scriptures.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

L. 5. 1st Q.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Ser-vants of the Lord, With the Spir-it's sword, God's own ho-ly word, You shall win,
 2. Word of wondrous power, Like a might-y tower, May I ev-'ry hour In thee hide,
 3. O-pen thou my eyes, That thy precepts wise I may dai-ly prize More and more;

O-ver pain and woe, O-ver ev-'ry foe, Tri-umph here be-low, Heaven gain.
 When I go a-stray Lead me in the way, And from day to day Be my Guide.
 Bless-ed Sav-iormine, May thy word di-vine Make my path to shine At death's door.

Search the Scriptures--Concluded.

Chorus.

Read the Bi - ble, Search the ho - ly Scriptures; Old and young all read the sa - cred word,

It will make you wise un - to sal - va - tion, It will lead you un - to Christ the Lord.

No. 40. Then Praise Him.

SUSIE M. DAY.
Spirited.

L. 1 and 2. 1st ♯.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O sing a - loud un - to the Lord, And praise his glo - rious name,
2. We cried to him in our dis - tress, He heard our fee - ble prayer;
3. Bet - ter to trust the Lord our God Than to con - fide in man;
4. The Lord is now our strength and song, And our sal - va - tion, too!

His mer - cy and his wondrous love For - ev - er are the same.
He brought us from cap - tiv - i - ty, To Zi - on, great and fair.
He can do more to help and save, Than kings and prin - ces can.
E - ter - ni - ty is not too long To tell what he can do.

Chorus.

Then praise him, praise him, All who dwell on earth, And all the

Then praise him all who dwell on earth, Then praise him all who dwell on earth,

hosts of heaven, Give thanks and sing, for he is good, And has our sin for - given.

he is good,

EBEN E REXFORD.

No. 41. The Penitent's Gift.

First Prize Words.

L. 9. 1st Q.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. They brought their gifts to Je - sus, And laid them at his feet, And
 2. A - part from oth - er giv - ers, A poor way - far - er stood; He
 3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sor - row, "I know how kind thou art, Take

love for this dear Sav - ior, Made ev - 'ry off - 'ring sweet; Good deeds and words of
 saw the gifts they of - fered, The poor - est counted good. And he was filled with
 all I have to give thee, My sin - ful, wayward heart." Then Je - sus answered

kind - ness, Help for the poor of earth, And not a gift a - mong them, Was
 long - ing, A gift, tho' poor to bring; A - las! all emp - ty hand - ed He
 soft - ly, "Count not the gift as small, Tho' all of them are pre - cious, Thine

Chorus.

thought of lit - tle worth. Wouldst bring a gift to Je - sus That he will count most
 stood be - fore the King. Wouldst bring a gift, etc.
 is the best of all." Wouldst bring a gift, etc.

sweet? Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee," And lay it at his feet.

No. 42. Gospel Temperance Hymn.

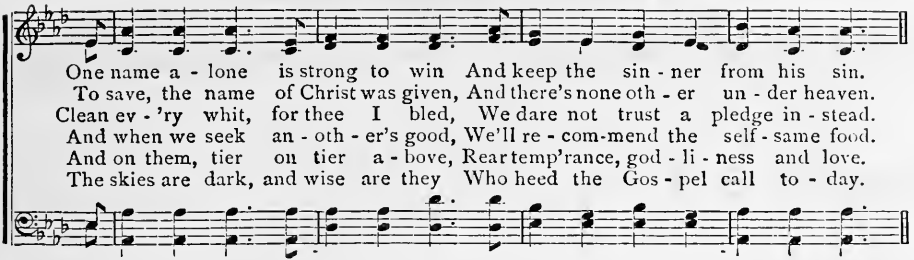
H. G. S.

L. 13. 1st Q.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

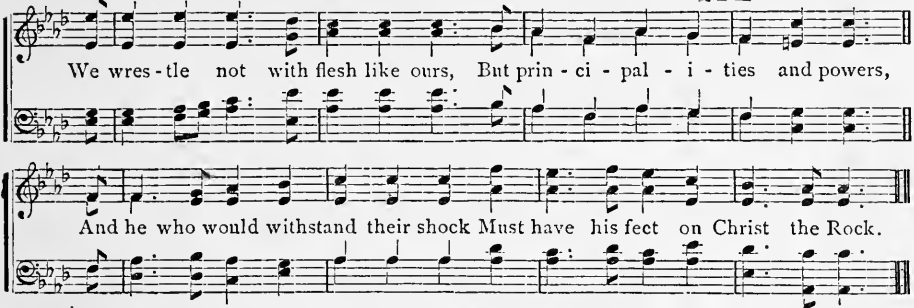
1. Ho! ye who seek to shun the cup, Run high the Gos - pel ban - ner up;
 2. We dare not trust our souls' great cause To hu - man help and mor - al laws;
 3. When Je - sus says to ev - 'ry man, Come to me now and be made clean—
 4. When our own hearts were cold and dead, We lived thro' Christ, the liv - ing bread,
 5. We choose for our foun - da - tion broad The pre - cious prom - is - es of God,
 6. Now pour the hosts of sin a - broad, As nev - er since the earth was trod;

Gospel Temperance Hymn--Concluded.



One name a - lone is strong to win And keep the sin - ner from his sin.
 To save, the name of Christ was given, And there's none oth - er un - der heaven.
 Clean ev - 'ry whit, for thee I bled, We dare not trust a pledge in - stead.
 And when we seek an - oth - er's good, We'll re - com - mend the self - same food.
 And on them, tier on tier a - bove, Rear temp'rance, god - li - ness and love.
 The skies are dark, and wise are they Who heed the Gos - pel call to - day.

Chorus.



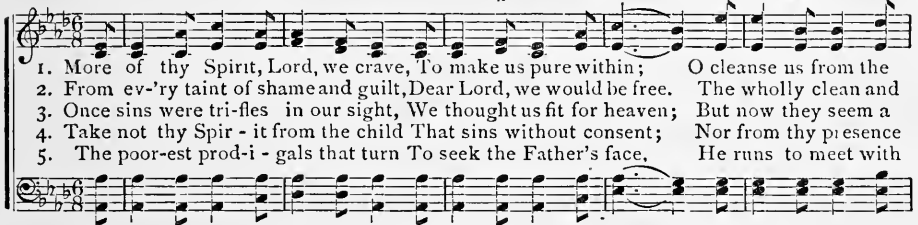
We wres - tle not with flesh like ours, But prin - ci - pal - i - ties and powers,
 And he who would withstand their shock Must have his feet on Christ the Rock.

No. 43. Penitence.

Rev. E. CORWIN.

L. 9. 1st Q.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. More of thy Spirit, Lord, we crave, To make us pure within; O cleanse us from the
 2. From ev-'ry taint of shame and guilt, Dear Lord, we would be free. The wholly clean and
 3. Once sins were tri-fles in our sight, We thought us fit for heaven; But now they seem a
 4. Take not thy Spir - it from the child That sins without consent; Nor from thy presence
 5. The poor - est prod - i - gals that turn To seek the Father's face, He runs to meet with

Chorus.



crimson stain, The scar - let dye of sin. O cleanse us in the heal - ing stream, To
 pure in heart Shall thy sal - va - tion see. O cleanse us, etc.
 mountain weight, Too great to be for - given. O cleanse us, etc.
 cast a - way The pleading pen - i - tent. O cleanse us, etc.
 o - pen arms, And owns them heirs of grace. O cleanse us, etc.

make us pure with - in, O cleanse us from the crimson stain, The scarlet dye of sin.

No. 44. The Joy of Forgiveness.

Mrs. SARAH L. JONES.

L. 10. 1st Q.

Dr. J. B. HERBERT.

Andante.

cres.

1. Heav-y, Lord, thy hand was on me, Sin a bur - den un - con-fessed, While I
 2. Now, my soul, long an-guish driv - en, 'Neath a troubled conscience' stings, Knows the
 3. From the sinner's whelming sor-row Thou my hid - ing place shalt be; Thro' the

vain - ly sought to shun thee, Day nor night could bring me rest, Till my
 joy of sins for - giv - en, Bless-ed peace which par - don brings. Since I
 clouds that shroud each mor-row, Well I know thine eye canst see. 'Neath thy

guilt no more con - ceal - ing, I thy pardon - ing grace be - sought; Swift for -
 hum - bly made con - fes - sion, Thou no more im - put - est sin; Thou hast
 guid - ance and di - rec - tion, Tho' the way be short or long, Safe I'll

give - ness came, re - veal - ing Love with rich - est bless - ings fraught.
 cov - ered each trans - gres - sion, Made me free from guile with - in,
 walk; thy sure pro - tec - tion, Thy for - giv - ing love my song.

Chorus. *Spirited.*

O the joy..... the sin-ner feels While a pen - i-tent he kneels,
 O the joy the sin-ner feels While a pen-i-tent he kneels,

Full for - give - ness, free for - give - ness God in mer - cy now re - veals.

No. 45. The King.

FANNIE E. TOWNSLEY.

L. S. 1st Q.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. Why should the heathen op - pose him, Je - sus, the might-i - est King?
 2. What shall we yield him as in - cense? Cost - li - est o - dors fail.
 3. On, thro' the num-ber-less a - ges, Sure-ly as in the past;

Why, when from hill-top and val - ley, Mil-lions his ex-cel-lence sing?
 What may we bring as an offering? Bright-est of gems must pale,
 One thing, a - lone, en - dur - eth— One gift a - lone will last.

Break-ing in piec-es op - pres - sion, Er - ror and wrong and strife,
 Gold from the darkness will tar - nish, Sil - ver must cease to shine;
 This will we bring to the Might - y, This will his grace ap - prove,

Chorus.

He, on the hill of Zi - on, Reigneth the King of life, Hail, for the King who is
 What can we bring that's worthy Off'ring up-on his shrine? Hail, etc.
 Here at his feet we're falling, Off'ring the gift of our love. Hail, etc.

great - est, Tru - est and best of them all, Still will attend when his weak ones

Ritard.

Lovingly, trustingly call, Still will attend when his weak ones Lovingly, trustingly call.

No. 46. Wash Me Clean.

J. E. H.

L. 9. 1st Q.

J. E. HALL.

1. Hear my prayer, my Fa-ther, hear, As I bow be-fore thy throne,
 2. Hear my prayer, oh, bend thine ear; Oh! how foul is my poor heart,
 3. Hear my prayer, thy mer-cy give; With-out mer-it all I am;
 4. Hear my prayer, oh, par-don now, Let me live no more in sin,

Un-to thee I would draw near, Thou canst cleanse me, thou a-lone.
 Let thy cleans-ing grace ap-pear, Love di-vine to me im-part.
 Tho' a reb-el, let me live For his sake, the bleed-ing Lamb.
 While at thy blest feet I bow, Make me spot-less, white with-in.

Chorus.

Wash me clean, make me white, Whit-er than wool, whit-er than snow;

Wash me clean, make me white, Whit-er than wool, whit-er than snow.

No. 47. Blessed Bible.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

L. 5. 1st.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. See the might-y con-gre-ga-tion Gath-ered now in sol-emn awe,
 2. Bless-ed be the Lord for-ev-er; All the peo-ple said, A-men,
 3. Ver-y sure are all thy pre-cepts, And thy law is my de-light;

While from out the book of Mo-ses, Ez-ra reads them of God's law.
 And their heads in rev-erence bow-ing, Spake the sol-emn word a-gain.
 From thy word is un-der-stand-ing, And its en-trance giv-eth light.

Blessed Bible--Concluded.

Chorus.

Bless-ed Bi - ble! , bless-ed Bi - ble! Shine up - on life's dark-ened way,

May thy words of ho - ly im - port, Turn its dark - ness in - to day.

No. 48. The Reading of the Law.

WM. C. HOLMES.

L. 5. 1st. Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Oh, may we search the Scrip - tures At morn - ing, noon and night,
 2. Oh, may we search the Scrip - tures, For they will give us light,
 3. Oh, may we search the Scrip - tures, For they of Je - sus tell,
 4. Oh, may we search the Scrip - tures With glad, en - quir - ing eyes—
 5. Oh, may we search the Scrip - tures Till life, with us, is o'er,

And make these blessed pag - es Our on - ly true de - light,
 To bright-en up our path - way, And guide our steps a - right.
 And where he is pre - par - ing A place for us to dwell.
 They give us un - der - stand - ing, And make the sim - ple wise,
 And teach them, preach them, send them To earth's re - mot - est shore.

Chorus.

So shall we nev - er, nev - er go a - stray, If guid - ed by this heav'nly lamp alway,

So shall we nev - er, nev - er go a - stray, If guid - ed by this heav'nly lamp alway.

No. 49. Happy in Jesus.

A. T. G.

L. 10. 1st. Q.

A. T. GORAM.

Joyously.

1. I am hap - py, oh, so hap - py, pre-cious Sav - ior, in thy love,
 2. I am hap - py, oh, so hap - py, for I know that thou art mine,
 3. I am hap - py, oh, so hap - py, and my heart is light and free

I could sing from morn till e - ven like the bless - ed saints a - bove
 And thy Spir - it - wit - ness whis - pers that I am a child of thine,
 As the bon - nie birds a - bove me warb - ling joy - ous mel - o - dy;

I could tell of thy sweet mer - cy thro' the bright, bright, sun - ny day,
 And an heir to life and glo - ry in the death - less sum - mer - land,
 I will sing of thee, my Sav - ior, bless thee with my fee - ble breath,

And in joy and ad - o - ra - tion pass the bliss - ful hours a - way.
 Where with saints and shin - ing an - gels in my white robes I shall stand.
 Till my eyes are closed to life - light and my earth - songs hushed in death.

Refrain.

I am hap - py, oh, so hap - py, I am hap - py, oh, so hap - py,

I am hap - py, yes, I'm hap - py, pre-cious Sav - ior, in thy love.

SECOND QUARTER.

No. 50. I am Waiting, dear Jesus, for Thee.

J. G.

L. 4. 2d Q.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. I am wait-ing for Je - sus to wel-come me home, To the place he has gone to pre-
 2. How I long to be roam-ing the blest fields of light, With the dear, loving children of
 3. Many loved ones have I in that beau-ti - ful land, They are watching and waiting for
 4. Roll along, then, sweet moments, and bear me a-way To my beau - ti - ful home in the

pare..... To the man-sion of light and the robe, pure and white, To the
 God..... And to sing the sweet song as we're march-ing a - long, Of re-
 me..... And they beck - on me o'er to that bright hap - py shore, There the
 sky..... To the land of the blest, where I sweet - ly shall rest In the

Chorus.

Wait - ing,
 harp and the crown for me there..... Wait - ing, dear Je - sus, yes,
 demp - tion thro' Je - sus' blood..... Wait - ing, etc.
 beau-ties of glo - ry to see..... Wait - ing, etc.
 pal - ace of Je - sus on high..... Wait - ing, etc.

wait - ing,
 wait - ing for thee, I am wait - ing, dear Je - sus, for thee;

Ev - er long - ing,
 Ev - er I'm longing, dear Je - sus, I'm longing, All the beauties of heaven to see.

No. 51. The Coming Savior.

E. M. C.

L. 4. 2d Q.

E. MANFORD CLARK.

1. Shout and sing aloud, all ye peo - ple! Sing un - to the Lord a new song!
 2. I have put my Spir - it up - on him, For a light un - to the Gen - tiles;
 3. I will hold thine hand and will keep thee, I will nev - er leave thee a - lone;

Fine.

For he hath fulfilled to us all his promises; Lo! the Savior stands in yon - der throng!
 Not a bruised reed by him shall be brok - en; For his coming waiteth all the isles.
 To my angels I have charged them concerning thee, Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

This is..... my Son be - loved..... And mine e -
 This is mine on - ly Son..... In whom I'm
 Ope thou..... the blinded eye!..... The pris'ners

This is my Son be - loved, My much be - lov - ed Son, My
 This is mine on - ly Son, My much be - lov - ed Son, In
 Ope thou the blind - ed eye, Ope thou the blind - ed eye, And

lect..... whom I up - hold..... He shall not fail..... shall not be
 pleased..... and do delight..... He is the long..... long promised
 bring..... ye forth to me..... Bid darkness like..... the morning

Son and mine e - lect, My Son whom I uphold, Not fail, he shall not fail, And
 whom I am well - pleased, In whom I do delight, He is the promised one, He
 bring the pris'ners forth, Yes, bring them forth to me; Bid darkness quickly fly, Yes,

moved..... Till all are brought..... in - to his fold.
 one..... The liv - ing way..... the truth, the light.
 fly..... And set my cap - tive children free.

he shall not be moved, Till all are in his fold, All safe - ly in his fold.
 is the promised one, He is the liv - ing way, The way, the truth, the light.
 bid it quick - ly fly, And set my captives free, My children, set them free.

NOTE.—For the D. C. sing first verse as chorus.

No. 52. The Kingdom of the Savior.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

L. 7. 2d Q.

J. H. TENNEY.

Third Prize Piece.

1. Hark! the voice of ma - ny na - tions, Like the wa - ters of the sea,
2. God shall judge a - mong the peo - ple, And re - buke the lands a - far,
3. Bless - ed king - dom of the Sav - ior, What a glo - ry shall be thine!

Say - ing, Hast - en to the moun - tains, Where the house of God shall be;
Till their swords are turned to plough - shares, And they know no more of war;
On the moun - tain - top thy tow - ers Like a bea - con light shall shine,

There is taught the way of wis - dom, Walk - ing in the paths of God,
Then the glo - ry of lost E - den, All the shin - ing hills shall crown,
And the souls that walk in dark - ness, See - ing thee, shall thith - er press,

Mind - ful of the laws of Zi - on, That he pub - lish - eth a - broad.
And the earth shall smile in glad - ness In the peace that com - eth down.
'Till they pass in - to the glo - ry, On the hills of right - eous - ness.

Chorus.
Oh, thou king - dom of the Sav - ior, Let my dwelling be in thee,
Oh, thou kingdom,

Where the King..... that reigns in Zi - on, I for - ev - er - more can see.
Where the King

No 53. The Crown Preparing.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

L. 12. 2d Q.

E. H. BAILEY.

Lively.

1. There is a crown prepar-ing, O mark its jewelled light, 'Tis for the Sav-ior's
 2. O who hath found such treasure? What was the price to pay? O who could say with
 3. It was our Je - sus sought them, Bright jewels that were lost, With precious blood he
 4. O who hath now in keep-ing, This list of jew - els rare? While friends of truth are
 5. 'Tis he who soon shall wear them, Their priceless worth he knows, His lov-ing eye shall

Chorus.

wear-ing, O whence its lus - tre bright? From ev - 'ry land and na - tion, Its
 pleas-ure, "They shall be mine to - day?" From ev - 'ry land and na - tion, etc.
 bought them, And none can count their cost. From ev - 'ry land and na - tion, etc.
 sleep-ing, Who guards with watchful care? From ev - 'ry land and na - tion, etc.
 spare them, Till each with beau - ty glows. From ev - 'ry land and na - tion, etc.

precious stones are brought, Where'er we find sal - va - tion, Its fair - est gems are sought.

No 54. The Savior's Call.

W. A. W.

L. 6. 2d Q.

W. A. WILLIAMS.

With expression.

1. I'm thirsting, fainting, dy - ing, I long to fly to thee, For life my soul is
 2. Come ye that have no mon - ey, Come, buy and eat and live, Buy wine and milk and
 3. Oh, lis - ten to his pleading, While life's fair day is bright, Lest all his calls un -

Chorus.

cry - ing, Oh, is there life for me? Ho! ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, 'Tis
 hon - ey, No price have you to give. Ho! ev - ry one, etc.
 heed-ing, Thy day be turned to night. Ho! ev - 'ry one, etc.

Je - sus calls to - day; Oh, come ye to the wa - ters, His lov-ing call o - bey.

No. 55. All for Jesus.

E. R. LATTA.

L. 12. 2d Q.

C. C. CHASE

1. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! By the grace his love sup-plies,
 2. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! Let me naught from him withhold;
 3. All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! While a pil - grim here be - low;

I on faith's ex - ult - ing pin - ion, To a high - er life will rise;
 I with all my heart would serve him, Him whose love can ne'er be told;
 Lord, I long the wondrous ful - ness Of thy bless - ing now to know,

Not by works can I at-tain it, I no good de - serts can claim,
 Ev - 'ry-thing I owe to Je - sus, Thro' his gra - cious death I live,
 Make me thine, thro' faith, dear Sav - ior, Who hast suf - fered for my sake,

It is on - ly by be - liev - ing, By be - liev - ing on his name.
 I am his, both soul and bod - y, Ev - 'ry-thing to him I give.
 Thine in time, and thine for - ev - er, Con - se - cra - tion full I make.

Chorus.

All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus, Let my mot - to ev - er be;
 All for Je - sus, All for Je - sus, Let my mot - to ev - er be;

All for Je - sus, All for Je - sus, Who has giv - en all for me.
 All for Je - sus, All for Je - sus,

No. 56. I have Need of Thee.

P. J. S.

L. 11. 2d Q.

P. J. SPRAGUE.

1. From thy throne, O God, is flow-ing Mer - cy, rich and free, While within my
 2. Let thy Spir - it, Lord, a - wake me, From this sin - ful sleep, In thy love do
 3. Like the light of sunshine beaming, Let thy glo - ry shine, To a - wake me

Chorus.

heart is grow-ing Sin and mis - er - y. Lord, a - wake in me thy Spir - it,
 not for - sake me, I am poor and weak. Lord, a - wake in me, etc.
 from this dreaming, In - to love di - vine. Lord, a - wake in me, etc.

Come and dwell in me; Come, re - new in me thy Spir - it, I have need of thee.

No. 57. Jesus, While with Thee We're Pleading.

Rev. A. W. WILLIAMS.

L. 8. 2d Q.

H. A. FRENCH.

1. Jesus, while with thee we're pleading, For thy ten - der love and care, Let thy Spir - it
 2. Grant thy blessing on our meet-ing, Pur - i - fy our souls from sin; As our lives are

in - ter - ced - ing, Upward all our wish - es bear; Give to us thy love un - end - ing,
 in thy keep-ing, Make them ho - ly, pure with-in; While our light from thee we borrow,

With thy peace now fill our heart, That to thee our prayers ascend-ing, May unite us tho' we part.
 Guide our footsteps all the way, May our minds from fear and sorrow, Rest in hope thro' - out the day.

No. 58. Sanctified Affliction.

EDITH R. WILSON.

L. 1. 2d Q.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Teach me, dear Lord, thro' life till death, With quickened or a - bat - ed breath,
 2. Not that I would not dare complain, Nor yet be-cause my strife were vain,
 3. Grant me thy grace that still each day, I step by step, may tread my way,
 4. Still flowed the blood from brows thorn-crowned, Pressed late for me up - on the ground,

By think - ing stead - fast - ly on thee, O'er - shad - owd by Geth - sem - a - ne,
 But that I whol - ly trust his love, Who watcheth o'er me from a - bove;
 And pa - tient bear my ev - 'ry loss, By thought of thee be - neath thy cross,
 Wrestling in ag - o - ny of prayer, Which none save thee could know or bear;

To say as it be - com - eth one Who followeth thee, "Thy will be done."
 Thou nev - er fail - est them that plead, Who knowest, ere I speak, my need.
 When faint from scourge and mock - er - y, Thou didst as - cend to Cal - va - ry,
 And this was borne, my God, for me, Then, Sav - ior, keep me true to thee.

No. 59. What are You Going to Do?

E. A. HOFFMAN.

L. 6. 2d Q.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Je - sus is call - ing and bids you re - turn, Why will you long - er his mer - cy spurn?
 2. Boundless in mer - cy, in - vit - ing he stands, Bear - ing a par - don with - in his hands.
 3. Of - ten re - ject - ed, he comes yet a - gain, When will you love and ac - cept him - when?
 4. Life is re - ced - ing and ebb - ing a - way, Why will you long - er from Je - sus stay?
 5. Christ is most ten - der - ly call - ing to you; Broth - er, oh, what are you go - ing to do?
 6. Why not accept him whose love is so great, Ere you shall find it for - ev - er too late?

Chorus.

Je - sus is wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing, Christians are fer - vent - ly pray - ing for you.

While yet the door of sweet mercy is o - pen, Broth - er, oh, what are you going to do?

No. 60. Softly He Cometh.

W. H. C.

L. 4. 2d Q.

WILBUR H. CHRISTY.

1. Soft-ly he com-eth, our King, our King, No sound on the mountains a - far,
 2. Low-ly he com-eth, our King, our King, No robes of bright pur-ple and gold,
 3. Quickly he com-eth, our King, our King, Come, ev-en so, Lord, for we wait,

No high-way with triumphs to ring, to ring, No her-ald save one si-lent star.
 No ban-ners their glo-ry to fling, to fling, No splen-dor nor pa-geant-ry bold.
 Till thou our glad welcome shalt bring, shalt bring, And lead us thro' that pearly gate.

Chorus.

He com - eth..... He com - eth..... Our souls in their glad-ness shall sing,
 He com-eth, our King, He com-eth, our King

He com - eth,..... He com - eth,..... Re - deem-er, and Sav-ior and King, our King.
 He com - eth, our King, He com - eth, our King.

No. 61. Knocking at the Door.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

L. 6. 2d Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

Mod.-staccato.

1. Lis-ten heart! be still, I pray, There's a knocking at thy door, And I hear a suppliant say,
 2. Op - en wide the door, I pray, Comes again the gen-tle plea, If thou hearest, let me in,
 3. Op - en wide thy heart to me, For I love thee, pleadeth Christ, For thy sins on Cal-va-ry,

As he oft has said be-fore, Knocking at thy heart, I wait, Wide un - do the bolts of sin,
 I would come and sup with thee; Oh, thou sup-pli-ant at the door, Hast thou never weary grown?
 Blood of mine hath all sufficed; Not in anger, tho' refused, Comes the loving voice to me,

Knocking at the Door--Concluded.

Chorus.

Hark! the hour is growing late, Rise, I pray, and let me in. Knocking, knocking at the door
Pleading, pleading evermore, For a welcome, yet unknown. Knocking, etc.
Oh, thou Savior of the world, En-ter in and sup with me. Knocking, etc.

ritard.
Of thy heart and mine he stands, Waiting, waiting evermore, With the nail-prints in his hands.

No. 62. The Savior's Call.

E. M. C.

L. G. 2d Q.

E. MANFORD CLARK.
Second Prize Piece.

1. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come un-to me, I have a fount-ain o-pen for thee;
2. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye, draw nigh, Come ere ye per-ish! Why will ye die,
3. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Wea-ry and weak, Come un-to me, how long must I seek
4. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye this way, Come, still the stream flows by thee to-day,
5. Ho! all ye thirst-y, Come ye, I pray. Wa-ter thy soul a-fresh hereto-day,

Freely it flows, Oh, pause ye and think, I am that fount, Oh, come ye and drink.
When ye might drink and thirst nevermore? Come, drink ye now, ye fam-ish-ing poor.
Thy soul to save and *you* nothing do, When I so much did free-ly for you?
'Tis but a step from you to its brink, Oh, will ye come while yet you may drink?
Come ye, no price bring ye in your hand, Come, saith the Spir-it, Bride, and the Lamb.

Chorus.

Ho! all ye thirst - y, come un-to me, I have a fount - ain o-pen for thee,

Ho! all ye thirsty, come unto me, I have a fountain open for thee,
Ho! all ye thirst - y, Come un-to me, I have a foun - tain open for thee,

Come, drink ye, free . . . yea, free-ly I give, Ho! all ye thirst - y, drink ye and live.

Come, drink ye free, yea, freely I give, Ho! all ye thirsty, drink ye and live.
Come drink ye, free, yea, free-ly I give, Ho! all ye thirst - y, drink ye and live.

No. 63. The Never Failing Word.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

L. 9. 2d Q.

E. B. SMITH.

1. Sun and moon and stars and all Planets, by and by, must fall, } Days and years will soon be o'er,
 Hill and mountain low be laid, All things beautiful must fade; }
 2. Search the Scriptures, there you find Promises for all mankind. }
 Weary souls are promised rest, Freedom for the sin-oppress'd, } All who hunger shall be fed
 3. If God's law we do de - fy, It is written, "Thou shalt die!" } In his prom-i-ses I'll trust,
 If his word we do believe, Life e - ter - nal he will give. }

Kings and kingdoms be no more; But tho' all else shall decay, God's word shall not pass away.
 Evermore with living bread; Not one promise e'er has failed, Not one blessing e'er withheld.
 Till I too re - turn to dust, Then in heav'n I'll praise the Lord, For his nev - er - fail - ing word.

Refrain.

Heaven and earth, all must de - cay, My word shall not pass a - way.

No 64. Perfect Trust.

LANTA WILSON.

L. 3. 2d Q.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa - ther, we know thy ten - der hand Doth guard thy children here; Then may we cast on
 2. When in the a - ges of the past Thy peo - ple trust - ed thee, Thou heardst their cry, and
 3. Oh, then, when care and sorrow come And death seems very near, Call thou with faith up -

Give us, O Lord, a per - fect trust

thee our care, And conquer ev - 'ry fear. Give us, O Lord, a perfect trust, What -
 thou a - lone Didst set the cap - tive free. Give us, O Lord, etc.
 on thy God, And he will sure - ly hear. Give us, O Lord, etc.

perfect trust,

Give us, O Lord, a per - fect trust,

Safe 'neath the shadow of thy wing,

ev - er life may be, Safe, 'neath the shad - ow of thy wing, We'll trust our all to thee.
 the shadow of thy wing, thy wing,

Safe 'neath the shad - ow of thy wing,

No. 65. Fair City.

EDITH R. WILSON.

L. 9. 2d Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Fair a cit - y rose of old, Flashed its pal - a - ces with gold, Gleaned its port - als
 2. But those snowy courts within Lurked the lep - ro - sy of sin; And those pil - lars
 3. Star and port - al of the sea, Thou art fall - en ut - ter - ly, And the tro - phies
 4. Thou that boastest thou art fair, There is one be - yond compare; Can the Lord of

snow - y white In the mel - low sun - set light; And the sea that round it crept,
 crowned with gold, Were the boast of pride's stronghold; So the Lord of pur - i - ty
 of thy pride Scattered thro' the des - ert wide, For the Judge thou wouldst not hear,
 Calv - ry see Like - ness to him - self in thee? Kneel, my soul, to him and pray,

Rocked and kissed it as it slept, And the sea that round it crept, Rocked and kissed it as it slept.
 Hid his face in wrath from thee, So the Lord of pur - i - ty Hid his face in wrath from thee.
 Sought thee in an hour of fear, For the Judge thou wouldst not hear, Sought thee in an hour of fear.
 Sav - ior, take my stains away, Kneel, my soul, to him and pray, Savior, take my stains away.

No. 66. The Golden Scepter.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

L. 3. 2d Q.

W. I. HARTSHORN.

With feeling.

Not in competition.

1. By the law condemned to per - ish, Vain for help I cry; Is there none to
 2. Will he take a soul in trou - ble, With no oth - er plea But a need of
 3. May I come with all my ru - in? All my sor - rows bring? Can I thus ap -

Chorus. *With Vigor.*

hear my pleading? Must I sure - ly die? See the scepter! pre - cious promise!
 love and par - don? Will he, ev - en me? See the scepter! etc.
 proach the Sav - ior? Thus address the King? See the scepter! etc.

Je - sus help can give; By the hand of love extended, All may touch and live

No. 67. Christ Our Friend.

ANELIA CLEMENT.

L. 1 and 2. 2d Q.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

(Not in competition.)

1. Ev - en in sor - row, Christ is our Friend, Ev - en in dan - ger he will de - fend.
 2. We are most hap - py if we en - dure, For by our chastening we shall be pure;
 3. He is the light, the truth and the way, Trust - ing in him, we can nev - er stray;

Kind - ly our path - way he will at - tend, If at his foot - stool we hum - bly bend.
 Sin may not harm, or Sa - tan al - lure, If in his love we a - bide se - cure.
 Heed now his call to come and o - bey, Your night of sor - row shall change to day.

Chorus.

Come to the Sav - ior! Oh, sin - ner, come! Cling to him closely, nor long - er roam.

He'll guide you safe - ly to rest and home, Do not re - ject him! come, sinner, come!

No. 68. I will Go to Jesus.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

L. 6. 2d Q.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

(Not in competition.)

1. I will go to Je - sus, Tell - ing all my sin, Pray - ing in con - tri - tion,
 2. I will go to Je - sus, Now, without de - lay, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,
 3. I will go to Je - sus, Long have I de - layed, For the Bi - ble tells me

"Je - sus, make me clean." He my prayer will an - swer, If in faith I go,
 Wash - es guilt a - way; He will love me free - ly, All my bur - dens bear,
 All the debt is paid. Je - sus' tender mer - cy Is my on - ly plea;

I will Go to Jesus--Concluded.

Chorus.

Give me peace and par - don, Wash me white as snow. Yes, I'll go to Je - sus,
 And he waits to an - swer Ev-'ry earn-est prayer. Yes, I'll go, etc.
 Yes, I'll go to Je - sus, And he'll come to me. Yes, I'll go, etc.

me . . . He is calling, calling me, Tho' I am un-worth-y, He is call-ing, calling me,
 me . . .

ELIZA SHERMAN.

No. 69. Trust in Jesus.

L. 6. 2d Q.

J. M. STILLMAN.

1. Do you doubt the Sav-ior's mer - cy? Do you doubt his con-stant care?
 2. Ten - der - ly he'll lead you on-ward, All a - long life's pil-grim way;
 3. Lov-ing - ly he's wait-ed for you, Called you to him o'er and o'er;
 4. Lov-ing - ly his arms en - fold you, Clos - er hold you day by day;

Go and tell him all your troub-le, He will ev - 'ry bur-den bear.
 Sweetest peace his love can give you, Come and try that love to - day.
 Come and take him as your Sav-ior, Come and doubt his love no more.
 Come to Je - sus, on - ly trust him, You shall bear a song a - way.

Chorus.

Trust in Je - sus, on - ly trust him, Sweet-est joy his love can give;

On the cross he died to save you, He will teach you how to live.

No. 70. Does the Lord Afflict His Chosen ?

ANNIE K. MOULTON.

L. 1. 2d Q.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Does the Lord af - flict his cho - sen? 'Tis to draw them near - er home;
 2. Whom God lov-eth, him he chasteneth, Grinds his i - dols in - to dust;
 3. All his rag - ing waves and bil - lows O'er thee now may wild - ly roll,
 4. He will ne'er for - sake nor leave us, He'll complete the work be - gun.

Ma - ny are the wiles that lure them From their Fa - ther's house to roam.
 Turns earth's pleasures in - to ash - es, Shows how vain in them to trust.
 Yet he sure - ly will de - liv - er Ev - 'ry hum - ble, con - trite soul.
 We will trust him, ev - er trust him, Till we hear his glad "Well done."

Chorus.

Lis - ten to his lov - ing whis - per, "Wea - ry soul, come un - to

me." Lis - ten to his loud - er sum - mons, Still 'tis love that call - eth thee.

No. 71. Queen Esther.

EDITH R. WILSON.

L. 3. 2d Q.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Tremb - ling - ly, as once of old, Es - ther, in the roy - al court,
 2. So I come, my King, to thee, Trem - bling at thy feet I fall,
 3. I have naught to of - fer thee, Naught to plead in sin's de - fense;
 4. Thou hast crown'd me with thy love, Summoned me thy name to bear;
 5. King of grace and love un - told, Come and feast with me to - day,

For a peo - ple cap - tive sold, Mer - cy and de - liv - erance sought,
 Stretch thy scep - ter o - ver me, Let me hear thy gra - cious call.
 Yet un - to thy courts I flee; Je - sus, do not drive me thence.
 Bend - ing from thy throne a - bove, King of heav - en, hear my prayer.
 Not as Es - ther's king of old, But for - ev - er - more to stay.

No. 72. How Can I Let Thee Go?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

L. 11. 2d Q.

A. G. LITTLE.

1. Dear Lord, I need thee all the time, The road is rough and steep,
2. Temp-ta-tions meet me ev-'ry-where, To lure my heart from thee;
3. Dear Lord, I trem-ble when from me Thy gen-tle face is hid,

And on-ly as I trust to thee, The way to heaven I keep.
I can-not fight them all a-lone—Dear Lord, my help-er be.
And fal-ter in the way to heaven, Earth's drear-y storms a-mid.

How heav-y are the ma-ny sins Which grieve thy kind heart so!
This heart of mine so stained with sin, Oh, wash it white like snow;
But when I touch thy lov-ing hand, What rest and peace I know!

Dear Lord, un-til thy bless-ing comes, How can I let thee go?
Un-til the bless-ing comes, dear Lord, How can I let thee go?
Dear Lord, I need thee all the time, And can-not let thee go.

Chorus.

Dear Lord, I need thee more and more As earth-ly trou-bles come;

Oh, let me keep my hand in thine, Till safe with thee at home.

No. 73. The Valley of Vision.

E. WELLS.

L. 10. 2d Q.

FRANK M. DAVIS

1. The val - ley of vis - ion is dust - y and dry, The dead are laid there 'neath the
 2. Was Is - ra - el lost and her hope perished quite? Did God with his judg - ment her
 3. The world, with its mul - ti - tude, needs the same word, A great - er than prophet's e -

storms of the sky; Come the sunshine and rain and the sea - sons and years, But
 sins thus re - quite? Are we not more favored than they that were slain? Then
 van - gel is heard; A - wake from the dead, thou that sleepest, a - rise, Christ

Chorus.

no sign of life in the val - ley ap - pears. But these that are dead may have
 help us the bless - ing of grace to ob - tain. But these, etc.
 gives to thee light, is thy guide to the skies. But these, etc.

life now a - gain, If thy Spir - it breathe and thy word shall pro - claim; Then

breathe in these slain, for they're dead in sin, Cause life to abound where destruction hath been.

No. 74. O Tyre.

Rev. I. M. ELY.

L. 9. 2d Q.

D. B. WAT.

Lively.

1. O Tyre, crowned em - press of the sea, Proud mer - chant for the isles,
 2. Thy tem - ple pil - lars strew the wave, Thy songs are heard no more;
 3. Be - cause a - gainst Je - ho - vah's land Was heard thy im - pious boast,
 4. O Tyre, a - long thy lone - ly shore The na - tions walk and wail;
 5. In heav - en - ly gar - ni - ture ap - pears The cit - y of his love;

O Tyre--Concluded.

How at thy fall the princ-es flee, And kings di- vide thy spoils.
 No sound now breaks thy still- ness save The surg- es on thy shore.
 In right-eous wrath his might- y hand Hath swept thee from thy coast.
 To Zi- on—Mount of God— I soar, Whose word can nev- er fail.
 Its gold- en harp- ings thrill my ears— Je- ru- sa- lem a- bove!

Chorus.

The em-pires of man pass a- way, The cit- y of God shall en- dure,

No foe can her glo- ry de- lay, The prom- ise of God standeth sure.

No. 75. Trust in God.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

L. 2. 2d Q.

A. G. LITTLE.

1. Trust in God and he will be More than all the world to thee; Life and rich- es,
 2. Trust in God and do his will; Trust a- like for good and ill; To his pre- cious
 3. Trust in God and onward go, Conquer ev- 'ry fear and foe; Strong in faith and

peace and bless- ing, All in all in him pos- sess- ing, Hap- py, hap- py
 prom- ise cling- ing, Go thy way with joy and sing- ing, Tho' he slay thee
 brave in tri- al, Walk the path of self- de- ni- al, Till thy work is

Chorus.

• thou shalt be. Trust in God and do his will; Tho' he slay thee, trust him still.
 trust him still. Trust in God, etc.
 done be- low. Trust in God, etc.

No. 76. No, not My Power.

E. M. C.

L. 11. 2d Q.

E. MANFORD CLARK.

Prayerfully.

1. No, not my power, but thine, O Lord! Can suc - cor me, or peace af - ford;
 2. No, not my power, oh, Sav ior, dear! Can soothe one pain, can dry one tear;
 3. No, not my power, most ho - ly One! Can com - fort when life's race is run;
 4. No, not my power, Al-might-y God! Could stand beneath thy chast'ning rod;
 5. No, not my power, oh, Lord of earth! Can save me from the jaws of death;

Thy Spir - it, Lord, thy gen - tle voice A - lone can make this heart re - joice!
 How soon would fail my fee - ble power, Ex - cept thou help me ev - 'ry hour!
 A - las! the help of man how vain, Ex - cept thy Spir - it, Lord, re - main!
 Ex - cept thou, Lord, in love ap - pear, To draw thy ho - ly Spir - it near!
 'Tis thou, thy Spir - it, Lord, I need! 'Tis thou, a - lone canst raise the dead!

Chorus.

No, not my power—nor aught I have—Nor aught in earth can be my stay;

'Tis thou and thou a - lone canst save! Oh, Lord, I need thee ev - 'ry day.

No. 77. When He Cometh for His Jewels.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

L. 12. 2d Q.

J. Wm. SLAUGHTER.

1. When life's bat - tles all are o - ver, When my work on earth is done,
 2. When all earth - ly ties are sun - dered, On earth - friends I cease to gaze,
 3. When I en - ter in the val - ley, Where the Jor - dan rolls be - fore,
 4. When the last dread foe is conquered, When the dark, cold stream I brave,

When life's tri - als all are end - ed, When my trophies all are won;
 No more friend - ly Chris - tian greet - ings, When my prayer is turned to praise;
 When the shad - ows round me gath - er, When I reach the oth - er shore;
 When the last loud trump is sound - ed, When I triumph o'er the grave;

Refrain.

When he com-eth for his jew - els, If I know that he is mine,
I shall dwell with him for - ev - er, Ev - er - more like stars to shine.

No. 78. Rejoicing Evermore.

REV. C. R. PATTEE.

L. 1. 2d ♯.

REV. L. F. COLE.

1. Sing - ing on a - mid the sun - shine, Yearn - ing not for days of yore,
2. Trusting on a - mid the dark - ness, Look - ing for the far - ther shore,
3. Hop - ing on a - mid the con - flict, When the bat - tle rag - es sore,
4. Shouting on a - mid death's wa - ters, Heed - ing not their sul - len roar,
5. Joy - ing on a - mid the blood - washed, As they sing, their suff.'rings o'er.

All my path a scene of glad - ness, Shin - ing bright - est on be - fore;
Calm - ly wait - ing for the morn - ing, When the shad - ows shall be o'er;
Tho' the heart all crushed and break - ing, Wounded, bleeds at ev - 'ry pore;
Shouting back in ho - ly tri - umph, From the ev - er bless - ed shore;
And a - long the end - less a - ges Songs of heav - enly rap - ture pour;

Sing - ing ev - er, sigh - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more;
Trust - ing ev - er, doubt - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more;
Hop - ing ev - er, yield - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more;
Shout - ing ev - er, fear - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more;
Joy - ing ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more;

Sing - ing ev - er, sigh - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more.
Trust - ing ev - er, doubt - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more.
Hop - ing ev - er, yield - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more.
Shout - ing ev - er, fear - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more.
Joy - ing ev - er, ceas - ing nev - er, And re - joic - ing ev - er - more.

No. 79. Behold the Suffering Savior.

REV. GEO. W. COLMAN.

L. 5. 2d Q.

J. E. HALL.

1. Who hath our proph - e - cy be - lieved? To whom hath God his Son made known?
 2. We knew him not, the man of grief, Smit - ten be - neath the Fa - ther's rod,
 3. But for our sins condemned he stands, 'The Lamb prepared for sac - ri - fice;
 4. He 'mid the great shall stand su - preme, Be - cause he free - ly bore the guilt

Or who his ex - cel - lence perceived? So lit - tle was his glo - ry shown.
 De - spised, re - ject - ed, un - be - lief Re - fused to own the Son of God.
 While man's in - jus - tice binds his hands And hope of mem - o - ry de - nies.
 Of sin - ners whom he did re - deem, And for whose crimes his blood was spilt.

Chorus.

Be - hold the suffering Sav - ior there! Oh! hear his ag - o - niz - ing prayer;

Such goad - ing thorns, lo, he doth wear, Up - on the cru - el cross.

No. 80. See the Savior in the Garden.

L. B. M.

L. 5. 2d Q.

L. B. MITCHELL.

1. See the Sav - ior in the gar - den, Sweat - ing there great drops of blood,
 2. Trembling sin - ner, come to Je - sus, Come with all your grief and care,
 3. Come with all thy sin and sor - row, Je - sus' love is full and free,
 4. Yes, dear Sav - ior, we will ren - der Thee our ser - vice, true and pure;

To pro - cure our soul's sal - va - tion, And re - deem us back to God.
 For thy Fa - ther still re - mem - bers All thy Sav - ior's pleadings there.
 Plead thou on - ly in the mer - it Of his suf - ferings there for thee.
 Do thou help us to re - mem - ber What thou didst for us en - dure.

See the Savior in the Garden--Concluded.

Chorus.

In the gar - den, in the gar - den, In that dread - ful night of woe,

Oh, how much the Sav - ior suf - fered, We can nev - er, nev - er know.

No. 81. Hear the News.

J. E. H.

L. 4. 2d Q.

J. E. HALL.

Lively.

First Prize Piece.

1. Hear the news, glad news of Je - sus, He is com - ing now this way,
 2. Hear the news, ye blind ones, hear it, Je - sus comes your sight to give;
 3. Hear the news, O sad and wea - ry, He, the Lord, is now so near,
 4. Hear the news, ye sick and dy - ing, Je - sus comes his power to show;

Joy - ful tid - ings that he brings us, Hail with joy the Lord to - day.
 All ye deaf and dumb be - lieve it, And the bless - ing now re - ceive
 He will all your bur - dens car - ry, And your soul with love will cheer.
 Ask his aid and trust his mer - cy, Per - fect health you then shall know.

Chorus.

Hear the news, Hear the news, 'Tis the Sav - ior comes to - day,
 Hear the news, Hear the news,

Hear the news, Hear the news, Now pre - pare with - out de - lay.
 Hear the news, Hear the news,

No. 82. Our Father Who art in Heaven.

W. E. M.

L. 7. 2d Q.

W. E. Moss.

Hear us, oh, our Sav - ior, Hear us when we pray; Hear us, bless-ed

Je - sus, hear, oh, hear us pray: 1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name,
2. Give us this day our daily bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. D. S.
And forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass a - gainst us.
For thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory, A - men.

No. 83. Fling It Out, the Royal Banner.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN.

L. 7. 2d Q.

Rev. S. MORRISON.

1. Fling it out, the roy - al ban - ner! Fling it out up on the air;
2. Hear ye now the bu - gle call - ing? Lin - ger not, fall in - to line;
3. In Christ's name we break our fet - ters, He's the stand - ard of the free!

Let the wel - kin ring ho - san - na, All things yield to faith and prayer.
Sa - tan's ranks be - fore us fall - ing, Thro' a name that is di - vine.
Bought with blood, we no more debt - ors To past sin and shame can be.

Chorus.

Shout the cho - rus, God is o'er us! Tho' we're weak, he is strong;

Fling It Out, the Royal Banner--Concluded.

'Neath his ban - ner sing ho - san - na! Christ, the theme of our song.

No. 84. Oh, Believe Him.

P. J. S.

L. 10. 2d Q.

P. J. SPRAGUE.

1. Have you seen Him, have you heard Him who is a - ble to save? Have you
 2. There is mer - cy, there is bless - ing, there is par - don for you, If you
 3. On the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing, when the ran - somed shall rise, In the

sought Him, have you found Him who is will - ing to save? Do you love him and o -
 ask Him He will an - swer, and your spir - it re - new; Do not lin - ger, do not
 tri - umphs of the faith - ful each as - cend - ing the skies; Do you wish to be a -

bey him, do you tru - ly be - lieve? He is will - ing and is wait - ing now his
 wa - ver, firm - ly trust in the Lord, He will give you peace and plen - ty for your
 mong them and the an - gels a - bove, There to sing God's praise for - ev - er and re -

Refrain.

child to re - ceive. Oh, be - lieve Him, oh, be - lieve Him, He is a - ble to
 last - ing re - ward. Oh, be - lieve Him, etc.
 joice in his love. Oh, be - lieve Him, etc.

save; On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, He is will - ing to save.

No. 85. Awake, Awake, O Zion.

Rev. W. W. SMITH.

L. 4. 2d Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. A - wake, a - wake, O Zi - on, In strength and glo - ry sing,
 2. Thy bond - age and thy mourn - ing Shall pass like night a - way;
 3. The her - als of sal - va - tion, How beau - ti - ful their feet!
 4. The voice of watch - men sing - ing, On ev - 'ry breeze is blown;
 5. Our God in might a - ris - ing, Hath bared his arm and cried,

Put on thy robe of beau - ty, With ho - ly joy and du - ty,
 No more the foe op - press - ing, But God thy wrongs re - dress - ing,
 Up - on the moun - tains fly - ing, With news to sin - ners dy - ing,
 With eye to eye be - hold - ing The glo - rious day un - fold - ing,
 "Ho, ye of ev - 'ry na - tion, Re - turn and taste sal - va - tion,

Thou cit - y of the King, Thou cit - y of the King!
 Thy dark - ness turns to day, Thy dark - ness turns to day.
 Their ran - som is com - plete, Their ran - som is com - plete.
 When Christ shall reign a - lone, When Christ shall reign a - lone.
 For Christ, your Lord, hath died, For Christ, your Lord, hath died."

No. 86. Awake the Loud Trumpet.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.

L. 4. 2d Q.

Wm. G. FISCHER.

1. A - wake the loud trumpet, the glad ju - bi - lee, Pro - claim it in triumph, the
 2. Break forth in - to sing - ing, be joy - ful, O earth, Ex - alt the Re - deem - er with
 3. The Lord hath de - liv - ered the wretched, oppressed, And giv - en the burdened and
 4. With tim - brel, and or - gan, and harp of sweet sound, The fame and the glo - ry of

cap - tives are free, The day of re - demp - tion for sin - ners has come, The
 mu - sic and mirth, And pub - lish a - broad his a - dor - a - ble name, With
 sor - row - ful rest, His arm has sal - va - tion and vic - to - ry wrought, His
 Christ spread a - round, With glad - ness and tri - umph re - ech - o his praise, Ex -

Awake the Loud Trumpet--Concluded.

Chorus.

ransomed of Zi - on re - turn to their home. Re-sound the glad tid - ings o'er
 song and with shouting his hon - ors pro-claim. Re-sound the glad, etc.
 blood has re-demp-tion and lib - er - ty bought. Re-sound the glad, etc.
 tol and a - dore him in ju - bi - lant lays. Re-sound the glad, etc.

land and o'er sea, The Sav - ior has conquered, His peo - ple are free.

No. 87. Arise, Thou Glorious Light.

Rev. JOEL SWARTZ, D. D.

L. J. 2d Q.

J. C. MACY.

First Prize Words. (*For the year.*)

1. More sweet He comes than morning light Upon the gold-en hills; And sweeter than the
 2. He comes to pour a glad-some ray Wher-ev - er night may be; To ush - er in an
 3. He comes to break the prison bars Where souls in bondage lie; To heal what-ev - er
 4. He pass - es by no hu-man need, What'er its source or name; He will not break the

dew of night, Which, with a si - lent freshness bright, The glittering landscape fills.
 end - less day, And gird the isl-ands far a-way With light, as with the sea.
 hurts or mars, Sin's sad-dest and most dead - ly scars Whereof, unhelped, we die.
 bruised reed, The faint - est spark of hope He'll feed, And trim the gold - en flame.

Chorus.

Arise, thou glorious light divine! Drive earth's long night away; On all be-night-ed

nations shine, And shine up - on this soul of mine, Un - to the per - fect day.

No. 88. Ho, Every One that Thirsteth.

FRANK H. CONVERSE.

L. G. 2d Q.

W. T. WILEY.

1. I drank of Ma-rah's wa - ters, And ate the husks of sin; I stood be-fore an
 2. There stands a ho-ly cit - y, Whose age was nev-er told, I wandered by, but
 3. I ate the bread of heav-en, I drank the wa-ter free, I left my sin, I

Chorus.

o - pen door, But would not en - ter in. Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirsteth, Come
 heard a cry With-in the gates of gold. Ho, ev - 'ry one, etc.
 en-tered in, His blood hath cleansed me. Ho, ev - 'ry one, etc.

taste the liv-ing spring. And here be fed with living bread, Nor heed the price you bring.

No. 89. Remember Thy Creator.

REV. ROB'T KERR.

General.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Re-mem-ber Him in youthful days Who gave thee life and breath, Whose mercy crowns thee,
 2. Re-mem-ber Him in life's fresh hour, So beau-ti - ful and bright, Be-fore old age shall
 3. Re-mem-ber Him who freely left The heights of bliss a - bove, And died for us, that

and whose power Redeems thee still from death; Re-mem-ber, O remember Him, Whose
 bring the days That yield thee no de - light; Re-mem-ber, O remember Him, Whose
 we might live, And give him love for love; Re-mem-ber, O remember Him, Who

goodness fol-lows thee, And let his service and his love, Thy constant glory be.
 heart so yearns to see Thy soul o'er-flow with purest joy, And seeks to dwell with thee.
 died up-on the tree, And when in glo-ry he appears, He will re-mem-ber thee.

THIRD QUARTER.

No. 90. Arm, Soldiers, Arm.

WM. A. ARMSTRONG.

L. 7. 3d Q.

E. A. HANCHET.

March time.

1. Arm, soldiers, for the fight, Sa - tan is mass-ing Foes on our left and right,
 2. What tho' our souls be worn, Night fast ad-vanc-ing; What tho' our plumes be torn,
 3. Full soon the sun will rise, Vic - to - ry bring-ing; Loud shouts will fill the skies,

Arm, soldiers, arm! Sure - ly our Leader's might Gives strength surpassing, He calls from
 Brave - ly we'll fight! Where e'er our flag be borne, Prospects en-hanc-ing, There wait we
 Glad prais-es ring; March we to take the prize, Ho - san-nas singing, Bright realms will

Chorus.

heaven's height, Arm, soldiers, arm. Clasp on the breastplate, Seize the trusty sword,
 'till the morn, Watch thro' the night! Clasp on the breastplate, etc.
 greet our eyes, Christ reign our King! Clasp on the breastplate, etc.

Take up your shield of faith, And call upon the Lord; Go forth and bravely fight,

Face the wil - y foe, "Faith - ful-ness" the watch-word, Go, sol-diers, go.

No. 91. The Higher Rock.

E. A. BARNES.

L. 2. 3d Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

Duet. Mod.

1. In times of af-flic-tion, of need and dis-tress, That I in my journey may see,
2. And when I am ly-ing in sick-ness and pain, Or when I am hap-py and well,
3. And oft as I jour-ney in faith and be-lief, Re-ceive-ing thy love and thy care,

And al- so when sea-sons of joy and suc-cess, May come in their bright-ness to me;
Or when the dark tempter is seek-ing to gain My soul where thou lovest to dwell;
In storm and in sun-shine, in joy and in grief, My spir-it shall murmur this prayer:

Chorus.

Then, Fa-ther, hear my cry, Oh, lead me to the firm, sure Rock, Then,
Oh, Fa-ther, hear my cry, And lead me to the firm, sure Rock, Oh,

Fa-ther, hear my cry, Oh, lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.
Fa-ther, hear my cry, And lead me to the Rock that is high-er than I.

No. 92. Saved by the Blood of Jesus.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

L. 1. 3d Q.

J. H. TENNEY.

Allegretto.

1. Tho' sorrows come a-bout our way, And life is full of loss-es, Our hearts grow stronger
2. Art wea-ry in the way to heav-en? Art bound with pain and sorrow? Think of the ma-ny
3. And so let pain and tri-al come, While patient in en-deav-or, We keep the way that

ev-'ry day, To bear their ma-ny cross-es, For trib-u-la-tion brings the soul Who
sins forgiven, And rest that comes to-mor-row. But let this thought be first of all: What
leadeth home, With trust in God for-ev-er. Each tri-al draws our hearts to him, And

Saved by the Blood of Jesus--Concluded.

trusts God's promise ev-er, The patient peace of heavenly hope, And faith that faileth nev-er
love the Fa-ther gave us, Rememb'ring when earth's troubles fall, Christ Jesus died to save us.
ever nearer, nearer, We press while things of earth grow dim, And things of heaven grow clearer.

Chorus.

How sweet the tho't, At peace with God! As heav'nward bound he sees us, He hears us singing

ev - er-more, Saved by the blood of Je - sus, Saved by the blood of Je - sus.

No. 93. He will Give Us Victory.

E. A. HOFFMAN

L. 7. 3d Q.

E. B. SMITH.

Spirited.

1. In the ar - mor of God to the bat-tle we will go, In the ar - mor of God we will
2. In the name of our God we will take the sword and shield, In the name of our God we will
3. With the help of the Lord we go forth with armor bright, With the help of the Lord we will
4. Comrades, join our ranks and en-dure the battle's heat, Till the tri - umph shall be

con-quer ev-'ry foe, For the God of heaven our strength will be, And
sure-ly win the field, For the God of heaven our strength will be, And
tri-umph for the right, For the God of heaven our strength will be, And
fi - nal and com-plete, For the God of heaven our strength will be, And

D. S. *And the God of heaven our strength will be, And*

Fine. Chorus.

D. S.

give us vic - to - ry. He will give us vic - to - ry, A glorious vic - to - ry;
give us vic - to - ry. He will give us vic - to - ry, etc.
give us vic - to - ry. He will give us vic - to - ry, etc.
give us vic - to - ry. He will give us vic - to - ry, etc.

give us vic - to - ry.

No. 94. I Want to be Like Jesus.

E. R. LATTA.

L. S. 3d Q.

GEO. B. LOOMIS.

1. I want to be like Je - sus, As gen - tle and as kind; I want his harmless
 2. I want to be like Je - sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way; I want to be like
 3. I want to be like Je - sus, Who gave his life for me; I want to be like

spir - it, His pure and pa-tient mind; His words were full of wis - dom, His
 Je - sus In all I think and say; He is the on - ly pat - tern, In
 Je - sus Where - ev - er I may be. Dear Sav - ior, ev - er lead me, Where -

heart was full of love, To suf - fer death for sin - ners, He left the courts a - bove.
 such a world as this, If I but tru - ly fol - low, I shall not go a - miss.
 e'er my lot be cast, And take me to thy pres - ence, With all the good at last.

No. 95. Put on the Armor.

A. W. FRENCH.

L. 7. 3d Q.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

With Vigor.

(Not in competition.)

1. Put ye on the Chris-tian ar-mor, 'Tis a coat of mail, With it on the
 2. 'Tis the ar-mor of sal-va-tion, Righteousness and truth, Gird your loins by
 3. Fal - ter not, but on - ward pressing, Crush the hordes of sin, By your prayer and

field of bat-tle, There you shall pre-vail. In - to line, put on the ar-mor,
 faith to con-quer, In the flush of youth. In - to line, etc.
 sup - pli - ca - tion, Right the day shall win. In - to line, etc.

Keeping you from loss, Forth to bat-tle, march triumphant, Soldiers of the cross.

No. 96. Nothing in Vain.

MARY E. KAIL.

L. 2. 3d Q. Mel. by T. B. BURLEY, arr. by M. V. ZIMMERMAN.

1. There's not a cloud that floats on high, And hides the gold-en light, But makes the splen-dor
 2. There's not a flow'r that fades at noon Beneath the sun's bright ray, But makes life sweet-er
 3. There's not a bird up-on the wing, Of all the count-less throng, But to some wea-ry
 4. Though oft our toil-ing seems in vain, The precious seed we sow, Tho' watered by the

Chorus.

of the sky, When beaming, seem more bright. Then let the clouds of darkness rise, And
 for its bloom, And glo-ri-fies the day. Then let the clouds, etc.
 heart may bring A bless-ing with its song. Then let the clouds, etc.
 tears of pain, In God's good time shall grow. Then let the clouds, etc.

hide the light a-bove; My soul shall mount beyond the gloom, And trust the Master's love.

No. 97. God is on Our Side.

LEILA E. HODGSON.

L. 11. 3d Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Work for Je - sus, tho' an host Should encamp a - round; For his work let
 2. Fight for Je - sus, truth and right Ev - er shall pre - vail; Gird the gos - pel
 3. Pray to Je - sus, he will help Those who love to pray; They who go with

Chorus.

no-ble hearts And will-ing hands be found. Do not fear what man can do,
 ar-mor on, And soon the foe will fail. Do not fear, etc.
 earnest heart, He nev-er turns a - way. Do not fear, etc.

God is on our side; We shall tri-umph if we pray, And in his love a - bide.

No. 98. Perfect Peace.

ELIZA SHERMAN.
Confidingly.

L. 1. 3d Q.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.
(Not in competition.)

1. Peace with God, what gift more pre-cious; All earth's cares and tri - als cease,
2. Peace with God that flow - eth ev - er, As a riv - er, pure and deep,
3. Peace with God that pass - eth knowledge, On his pre - cious word we rest,

When, like sweet - est ben - e - dic - tion Comes this gift of per - fect peace.
Thro' the sun - shine and the shad - ow, Thro' our wak - ing and our sleep.
Trust - ing in his lov - ing-kind ness, Ly - ing calm - ly on his breast.

Chorus.

Peace with God! a peace so per - fect, Earth - ly cares from troub - ling cease;

When the heart is stayed up - on him, Je - sus giv - eth per - fect peace.

No. 99. Reconciled.

REV. J. B. ARCHINSON.

L. 1 and 5. 3d Q.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Once I was dead in sin, Far from my God, Now I have peace within,
2. Once in my sin - ful heart, There was no room For Christ who stood without,
3. Once with - out hope and lost, Now I am found, Where sin had long oppressed

Thro' Je - sus' blood; Now Je - sus is my Guide, Now I in Christ a - bide,
Wait - ing to come; Now he has found the way, Dark - ness is turned to day,
Grace doth a - bound; To him who died for me, To him who made me free,

Reconciled--Concluded.

Chorus. *Faster.*

My soul is sat - is - fied, Praise, praise the Lord! To God I'm rec-onciled,
 Je - sus with me doth stay, My heart his home. To God, etc.
 To Christ of Cal - va - ry, Let praise re-sound. To God, etc.

He owns me for his child, With joy my heart is filled, Sweet peace is mine.

No. 100. O Blessed Peace.

Mrs. M. E. Cox.

L. 2. 3d 9.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O bless - ed peace, an - gel of light, Un - fold thy dove - like wing,
 2. De - part - ed were my gloom - y fears While not a doubt re - mained;
 3. Christ is the sure foun - da - tion stone, And naught can ev - er shake
 4. O, in - ward rest of per - fect peace, Stay with this soul of mine;

Brood o'er with si - lent ten - der - ness, This heart too full to sing.
 Now faith sits smil - ing on the Rock, The Rock of A - ges named.
 Be - liev - ing trust in that dear name, For whom our songs a - wake.
 One could not wish this world a - gain, With pres - ence so di - vine.

Chorus.

This qui - et rest with - in my breast, Calm as a gen - tle riv - er,

Need nev - er cease; the flow of peace May still go on for - ev - er.

No. 101. An Heir of God.

EBEN E. REXFORD.
Slow and steady.

L. 5. 3d Q.

E. MANFORD CLARK.

1. You think I am poor and need - y, For I have no vast es - tate, And
2. Oh, what is the pomp and splen - dor Of the life I may not share, When com -
3. Redeemed by the blood of Je - sus, For my sins that blood suf - ficed; Prince

'mong the proud and loft - y I am not reckoned great; But mine is un-count-ed
pared with end-less glo - ry, Of which I'm made joint-heir? Tho' I have no right or
of a line im-mor - tal, To live and reign with Christ; Oh, my heart leaps up ex -

treas - ure, As in earth's low ways I plod, Rich - er than earth - ly princ - es,
ti - tle To a foot of earth's green sod, Un - to the life e - ter - nal
ult - ant As I walk where saints have trod, Saved from the sin that bound me,

Chorus.

Heir to the things of God. Poor in all earth's pos - ses - sions, In the
Heir by the grace 'of God. Poor in all, etc.
And rec - on-ciled to God. Poor in all, etc.

low - ly ways I plod, But to the things e - ter - nal Heir by the grace of God.

No. 102. Charity for All.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

L. 3. 3d Q.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Tho' faith to move the mountains Were giv - en un - to me, I know that I am
2. Tho' to earth's poor and need - y I give from out my store, And no one emp - ty
3. For sins that grieve him sorely, The Father grants to me The par - don and for -

Charity for All--Concluded.

noth - ing, If lack - ing char - i - ty; The char - i - ty that think - eth No
hand - ed Is driv - en from my door, It pro - fit - eth me noth - ing With
give - ness Of his sweet char - i - ty. His pa - tience nev - er fail - eth, Long -

e - vil of a friend, That bear - eth and be - liev - eth, And trusteth to the end.
God, who seeth me, If for the faults of oth - ers I have not char - i - ty.
suffering, al - ways kind; Oh, let me be more like him, I pray, in heart and mind.

Chorus.

Lord, give me faith un - fal - t'ring, As on thy name I call,

Hope for the things of heav - en, And char - i - ty for all.

No. 103. The Fruits of the Spirit.

E. WELLS.

L. G. 3d Q.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. What are the fruits the Spir - it gives To quickened hearts? In these he lives,
2. Then peace beyond earth's measure far, Long suffer'ing which no ill can mar,
3. A faith which trusts and grows with years, A meekness, Sav - ior-like, ap - pears,
4. Lord, I would sow to reap with joy. The Spir - it grant! my powers em - ploy

And calls to life a heaven-born love, And joy a - kin to that a - bove.
A gen - tle - ness toward ev - 'ry one, And goodness ra - diant as the sun.
And tem - per - ance in life and heart; These fruits the Spir - it will im - part.
To mag - ni - fy thy grace be - low, And with thee all thy glo - ry know.

No. 104. Victory Over Death.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

L. 4. 3d Q.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Our Je - sus conquered ev - 'ry foe, From sin his power can save,
 2. Our Je - sus conquered ev - 'ry foe, A - way with doubt and fears!
 3. Our Je - sus conquered ev - 'ry foe, So jus - tice strikes in vain,

Since he hath laid the mon - ster low, We tri - umph o'er the grave.
 To die our souls shall nev - er know, Since life in Christ ap - pears.
 If mer - cy shields us from the blow, For us to die is gain.

Chorus.

O death, O death, where is thy sting? Where is thy boast-ed vic - to -
 O death, O death, where is thy sting? Where

ry? Thanks be to Je - sus we can sing He brought us vic - to - ry.
 is thy vic - to - ry?

No. 105. Love Each Other.

Mrs. E. P. NICKERSON.

L. 3. 3d Q.

A. W. WILLIAMS.

1. Tho' I speak with tongues of an - gels, And my faith could mountains move,
 2. Love is nei - ther proud nor haught-y, But re - gards her neighbor's right;
 3. And tho' all things else are fleet - ing, Char - i - ty shall nev - er fail,

And the poor re - ceive my bount - y, All is noth - ing with - out love.
 Is not quick - ly moved to an - ger, In no e - vil takes de - light,—
 Tongues shall cease and knowledge van - ish, Chris - tian love with - in the veil

Love Each Other--Concluded.

Duet.

Char - i - ty that is long-suf - fring, And is kind to all a - round,
 Al - ways in the truth re - joic - ing, For the truth can all things bear;
 Shall shine forth with add - ed glo - ry, In that high and ho - ly place,

Love that glad - ly sees an - oth - er With pros - per - i - ty a - bound.
 Con - stant - ly be - liev - ing, hop - ing, Ev - er watch - ing un - to prayer.
 Where we shall be like our Sav - ior, When we see him face to face.

No. 106. Following Jesus Home.

LEILA E. HODGSON.

L. 6. 3d. Q.

E. B. SMITH.

Second Prize Piece.

1. Bear - ing the fruit of the Spir - it, Gen - tle - ness, meekness and love,
 2. Cast - ing out all e - vil pas - sions, Ev - y - ing, ha - tred and strife,
 3. Help - ing to bear oth - ers' bur - dens, Heed - ing the law of our God;
 4. Send - ing our prayers and our prais - es Up to our Fa - ther on high;

Thus we are fol - low - ing Je - sus Up to the mansions a - bove.
 Walk - ing with Je - sus in spir - it, Pure in our ev - 'ry - day life.
 Thus would he teach us to fol - low Pathways our dear Sav - ior trod.
 Sow - ing the seed in our weak - ness, Reap - ing will come by and by.

Chorus.

Scat - ter - ing blessings and sun - shine, Cheer - ing the sad and the lone,

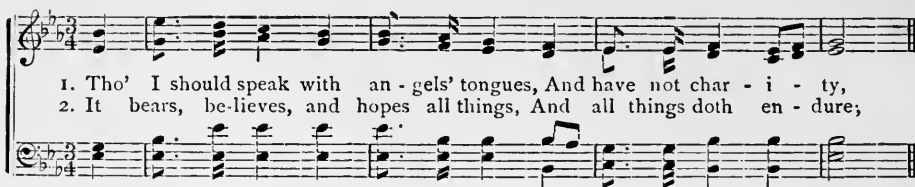
Then when the Mas - ter shall call us, Sure of a glad wel - come home.

No. 107. Christian Love.

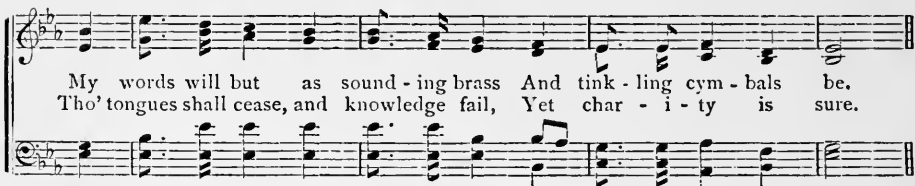
E. E. STARKEY.

L. 3. 3d Q.

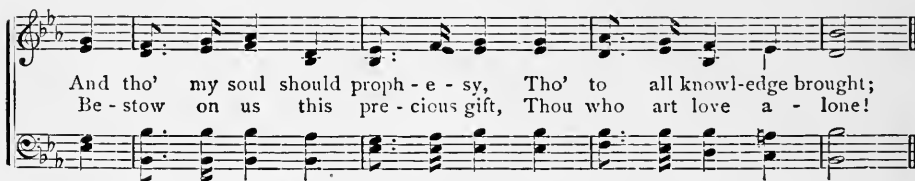
WILBUR A. CHRISTY.



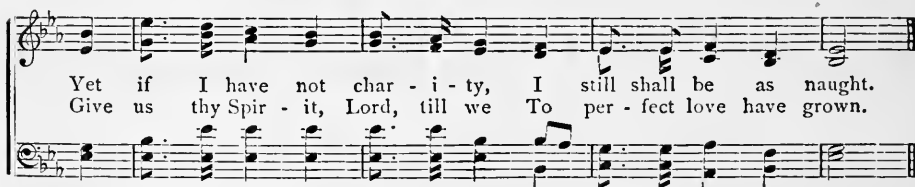
1. Tho' I should speak with an - gels' tongues, And have not char - i - ty,
2. It bears, be - lies, and hopes all things, And all things doth en - dure;



My words will but as sound - ing brass And tink - ling cym - bals be,
Tho' tongues shall cease, and knowledge fail, Yet char - i - ty is sure.



And tho' my soul should proph - e - sy, Tho' to all knowl - edge brought;
Be - stow on us this pre - cious gift, Thou who art love a - lone!



Yet if I have not char - i - ty, I still shall be as naught.
Give us thy Spir - it, Lord, till we To per - fect love have grown.

Refrain.



O love, sweet love,
O Chris - tian love, sweet Chris - tian love, The great - est gift of all,



O love, sweet love,
O Chris - tian love that nev - er fails, The great - est gift of all.

No. 108. The Warm Heart of Jesus.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

L. 5. 3d Q.

KARL REDEN.

Moderato.

1. O warm, warm heart of Je - sus, So full of love for me; Re - ceive an hum - ble
 2. O warm, warm heart of Je - sus, So ten - der, kind and true, Each moment in its
 3. O warm, warm heart of Je - sus, Re - ceive a sin - ner in, Who longs to share thy
 4. O warm, warm heart of Je - sus, So rich in grace to me; For peace and con - so -

Chorus.

sin - ner, Who comes for help to thee. O warm, warm heart of Jesus, So full of love to
 sweetness, I feel thy love a - new. O warm, warm heart, etc.
 mer - cy, And be redeemed from sin. O warm, warm heart, etc.
 la - tion, I come, I come to thee. O warm, warm heart, etc.

me; Bestow on me, my Savior, That love, that love, that love e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 109. Easter Hymn.

MINNIE C. BALLARD.

L. 4. 3d Q.

E. B. SMITH.

1. The Lord, the Lord is ris - en! Ex - ult - ing an - gels sing! He's left the grave's dark
 2. No more shall men in anguish His bleeding wounds survey, No more dis - ci - ples
 3. Bring flow - ers, sweetest flow - ers, His path - way to a - dorn, And hail the joy - ous

Refrain.

pris - on, And death has lost its sting. The Lord, the Lord is ris - en! Ex -
 languish, He comes! the Star of day. The Lord, etc.
 hours Of this fair East - er morn. The Lord, etc.

ult - ing an - gels sing! He's left the grave's dark pris - on, And death has lost its sting.

No. 110. Do the Duty Lying Nearest.

CARRIE WRIGHT.

L. 9. 3d Q.

F. W. TIDBALL.

1. Seek not for some far - off mis - sion, Un - done work is close at hand;
 2. Op - por - tu - ni - ties will greet thee, On - ly watch with great - est care;
 3. All the need - ed help He'll give thee, Tho' He work, or tri - als send;

Wait not for some glo - rious vis - ion, Al - most com - ing with com - mand.
 Some - thing brave to do, it may be, Or, per - haps, something to bear.
 On - ly trust and love Him al - ways, Serv - ing faith - ful to the end.

Chorus.

Do the du - ty ly - ing near - est, Ev - en tho' it hum - ble be,

There may come some price - less bless - ing, Last - ing as e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 111. Are You Ready?

J. E. H.

L. 10. 3d Q.

J. E. HALL.

1. Are you read - y for the com - ing Of the Son of Man, to - day?
 2. If you knew that ere the mor - row He would at your door a - wait,
 3. If my heart is in his keep - ing, I am sure it will be well;

Are you read - y for the go - ing? Does his pres - ence cheer the way?
 Would your heart be filled with sor - row? Would you mourn, "too late, too late?"
 With his grace I'll wait his com - ing, Then I'll go with him to dwell.

Are You Ready?--Concluded.

Chorus.

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Soon the Lord will call for you;

Are you read-y? Are you read-y, Should the Mas-ter come to-day?

No. 112. Art Thou Waiting on the Watch-Tower?

ELIZA SHERMAN.

L. 10. 3d Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

First Prize Piece.

1. Art thou wait-ing on the watch-tower, For the com-ing of thy Lord?
 2. Watch and pray, the hour ye know not Which shall bring your ab-sent Lord;
 3. Art thou wait-ing on thy watch-tower, Joy - ful - ly thy Lord to greet?
 4. Wait, then, still up - on thy watch-tower, 'Till thine ab-sent Lord ap - pear;

For his glo - ri - ous ap - pear - ing, The ful - fill - ing of his word?
 For be - hold, I will come quick - ly, And with me is my re - ward.
 'Till he comes in all his glo - ry, And ye wor - ship at his feet.
 Hold thou fast to thy pro - fes - sion, Thy re - demp - tion draweth near.

Chorus.

For be - hold, the bridegroom com-eth, Hear ye not the joy - ful cry,
 Behold the bridegroom

"Watch and be ye al - so read - y, Your re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh."

No. 113. The Christian Armor.

THOS. L. N. TIPTON.
Allegro.

L. 7. 3d Q.

EBEN H. BAILEY.

1. Forward, champion, to the fight, Gird thine ar - mor to thee, Take the Spir-it's
2. Thousand snares are for thee spread, Thousand foes as-sail - ing, Fast and thick a -
3. Fear not, flinch not, onward go, Faith thy bo-som shielding; Fight the fight, re -
4. With thy good blade, bright and bare, In thy right hand gleaming, With sal - va - tion's
5. All thy Savior's right-eous-ness, For a breast-plate wearing; In the vanguard
6. With the fond and faith-ful few, Where the bat-tle's rag - ing, There be found, O

Chorus.

sword of might; What shall then subdue thee? Take the helm-et, shield and sword,
round thy head, Fi - ery darts are hail-ing. Take the helm-et, etc.
sist the foe, Nev - er, nev - er yield-ing. Take the helm-et, etc.
hel - met fair On thy bold brow beaming. Take the helm-et, etc.
forward press, Ev - 'ry dan - ger shar-ing. Take the helm-et, etc.
sol-dier true, War-fare ev - er wag-ing. Take the helm-et, etc.

Warrior, warrior, arm thee, Take the armor of thy Lord, Nothing then shall harm thee.

No. 114. Practical Religion.

EDITH R. WILSON.

L. 9. 3d Q.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. There is nev - er a deed too small To bring to the Lord of all -
2. I can vis - it the cra - dle stall Where the low - ly shep - herds fall;
3. I can fol - low the guid - ing star With the king - ly seers a - far;
4. I can stand at the bless - ed side Of Je - sus the cru - ci - fied;
5. Let me find in each sad - dened face, The form of the Lord of grace;

A gift too poor to make An of - f'ring for his sake, Or a
For Ma - ry's right is mine To tend the Child di - vine, And His
With gifts of high - est price, Wor - ship and sac - ri - fice, And in
His cross is mine to share, Its weight I still may bear, When I
If Christ in all I see, And all be done for thee, Then with

Practical Religion--Concluded.

flower to lay In the thorn - y way Of the Lord of Cal - va - ry.
 fea - tures still I may trace at will, In those he has giv - en me.
 hom - age meet My heart at the feet Of my Sav - ior - king to lay.
 ease the strain Of an - oth - er's pain, Or light - en his wea - ry way.
 oint - ment sweet, I can bathe the feet Of the Lord of Cal - va - ry.

No. 115. Lowly in Mind.

J. C. M.

L. S. 3d Q.

J. C. MACY.

1. Low - ly in mind, yet earn - est and lov - ing, Free from vain - glo - ry
 2. Low - ly in mind, and lov - ing each oth - er, Free from all pride that
 3. Let all the earth be hum - ble be - fore him! Ev - en as heav - en

ev - er to be; Thus would I live, my faith - ful - ness prov - ing
 end - eth in strife; Thus should we be, as broth - er to broth - er,
 worships the King; Let ev - 'ry heart be glad to a - dore him,

Chorus.

To the dear Lord who suffered for me. Glo - ry to God, my
 Praising the might - y Giv - er of life. Glo - ry to God, etc.
 Teach ev - 'ry tongue his prais - es to sing. Glo - ry to God, etc.

heavenly Fa - ther! He who hath sent my Savior to me! I would be humble,

kind - ly and lov - ing, Ev - en like Je - sus, thus would I be.

No. 116. Always Ready.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

L. 10. 3d Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Read-y, Sav - ior, I would be, When the summons comes for me, Call-ing me from
 2. Read-y, Sav - ior, I would be, Whol - ly rec - on - ciled to thee; Troubled not by
 3. Read-y, tho' my heart still clings Close-ly to these earth - ly things, To the world thou'st

earth - ly scenes, Earth-ly hopes and earth-ly dreams; Read-y, clothed in heavenly dress—
 doubt or fear, Tho' the call be un - a - ware, Trusting, hop - ing, un - dis - mayed.
 formed so fair, To the friends thou'st made so dear; Tho' my plans are un - ful-filled,

Thine unsullied righteousness; Joy-ful feet al-read - y shod With the ho - ly peace of God.
 Lest the darkness make afraid, Thou hast promised, dearest Friend, To be with me to the end.
 Work un-fin-ished I have willed, All I'd leave with thee, and so, Take thy hand and smiling go.

No. 117. Savior, Make Me More Like Thee.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

L. S. 3d. Q.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Savior, make me more like thee, This my constant prayer shall be; More like thee in
 2. Savior, make me more like thee, This my song and this my plea; More like thee in
 3. Savior, I would ev - er be Dai - ly growing more like thee; Low - ly, gen - tle,

heart and mind, More submissive, more resigned, More like thee in dai - ly life,
 word and deed, More like thee to those who need; Full of sym - pa - thy and love;
 pa-tient, meek, All thy grac-es, Lord, I seek; All thy mind to me im-part,

Free from anger, free from strife; That I may be more like thee, Savior, come abide with me.
 Give me wisdom from above; That I may be more like thee, Draw me closer, Lord, to thee.
 Wash my hands, my head, my heart; Thou didst come to be like me, By and by I'll be like thee.

No. 118. I've Enlisted.

HATTIE TYNG GRISWOLD.
Spirited.

L. 1. 3d Q.

W. W. BENTLEY.

1. I've en - list - ed, I've en - list - ed In the ranks of God to - day,
 2. I've en - list - ed, I've en - list - ed, I shall brave - ly work and fight;
 3. I've en - list - ed, I've en - list - ed, Friends and comrades, ral - ly round,
 4. I've en - list - ed, I've en - list - ed A - gainst wrong and sin to fight,

We are go - ing out to bat - tle The great hosts of wrong to - day.
 Joy - ful in all toil and per - il, For the truth and for the right.
 There is room in God's great arm - y, Va - cant plac - es still are found.
 And joy - ful - ly my sword I'll wield For God and for the right.

Chorus.

God will lead us, he is Cap - tain, He will bring us safe - ly through;

Will you come and join our stand - ard? There is work for you to do.

No. 119. Blessed Redeemer.

AMY.

Not too slow.

L. 1. 3d Q.

W. O. PERKINS.

(Not in competition.)

1. Blessed Re - deem - er, Thy peace O send, Now as my prayer and praise to thee ascend.
 2. When darker shadows fall, Be thou still near, For with thee at my side, I know no fear.
 3. Oh! may thy love so great Shine thro' my life, Touching some weary heart Faint by the strife;

Thou Light of all my days, Je - sus, di - vine; O'er all my wea - ry way Thy mercies shine.
 Trust - ing thy prom - is - es, Striv - ing to be An earnest fol - low - er, Working for thee.
 Point - ing it to its God, Cheer - ing its way, Guiding it tow'rd's the home Of perfect day.

No. 120. The Christian Citizen.

Rev. JOEL SWARTZ, D. D.

L. 12. 3d Q.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. A two-fold loy - al - ty we own, And two-fold banners bear, One Lord of kings and
2. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, By subject and by king, May ev - 'ry tribe be-

lords, Whose throne and honors we may share; And Cæ-sar, who may bear the sword, At
neath the sun To thee their trib-ute bring, And may the banners of the world A-

Chorus.

once our ser - vant and our Lord, A - round the cross the flag we twine, While
round the glo - rious cross be furled. A - round the cross, etc.

both to us are dear, The one we love from love divine, The other we re - vere.

No. 121. We Shall Reap.

Mrs. E. A. SMIES.

L. 6. 3d Q.

J. W. SLAUGHENHAUP.

1. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, Worth - less seed or gold - en grain,
2. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, E'en in childhood's sun - ny hours,
3. We are sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, All thro' youth's bright summer day;
4. Still we're sow - ing, ev - er sow - ing, Till life's lat - est hour has flown;

And by day and night 'tis spring - ing; Good and bad a - like are bring - ing
Seeds of love and peace and glad - ness, Or of sor - row, pain and sad - ness,
Oft with reckless hand we're fling - ing Germs that con - stant - ly are spring - ing
Let us then, be ev - er care - ful, Ev - er watch - ful, ev - er prayer - ful,

We Shall Reap--Concluded.

Fruit we'll reap in joy or pain, Fruit we'll reap in joy or pain.
Yield - ing thorns or fra-grant flowers, Yield - ing thorns or fra-grant flowers.
In - to life a - long our way, In - to life a - long our way.
For we'll reap as we have sown, For we'll reap as we have sown.

Chorus.

We shall reap as we sow, Bit - ter fruit or gold - en grain;

We shall reap, as we sow,

We shall reap..... as we sow, Peace and joy, or grief and pain.

We shall reap as we sow,

No. 122. In the World but not of the World.

ANNIE K. MOULTON.

L. 11. 3d Q.

E. A. HANCHET.

1. In the world, O Christian, Let thy life be pure; Earth - ly fame or rich - es,
2. Riches bring temp - ta - tion, Pleasure bringeth pain; If God's care con - tent thee,
3. With the world, O Christian, Loi - ter not, nor stay; Called to life e - ter - nal,

Seek not to se - cure; Still, in faith and pa - tience, To the end en - dure.
Great shall be thy gain; If in heaven thy treas - ure, Earth's desires shall wane.
Onward speed thy way, Till thy Mas - ter sum - mons Thee from earth a - way.

Chorus.

In the world, O Christian, Turn thy heart to God, Walk the path of safety, Path that Jesus trod.

No. 123. The Coming of the Lord.

WM. N. MESERVE.

L. 10. 3d Q.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. We're saved by hope—a bless-ed hope, Whose range of view has heavenly scope;
 2. Our Je - sus died—a - gain he rose And burst the bonds of death's re - pose.
 3. Let Gabriel's trump, O com - ing Lord, En - thrill in us an answering chord;

The dead and liv - ing saint shall hear, When conquering Je - sus shall ap - pear.
 Our kin - dled faith peers thro' the veil; Thy first - fruit prom - ise can - not fail.
 We look a - bove, with eye intense, To catch the heavenly ra - di - ance.

Chorus.

The Lord is coming, com - ing soon, Let earth - ly harps be found in tune;

A - live or dead, with one accord We'll rise with joy to meet the Lord.

No. 124. Forever in the Lord.

THOS. L. N. TIPTON.

L. 10. 3d Q.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
 Third Prize Piece.

1. For - ev - er to dwell in that hap - py place, For - ev - er to
 2. For - ev - er with pre - cious ones gone be - fore, In beau - ty to
 3. For - ev - er to roam 'neath the cloud - less skies, For - ev - er to
 4. For - ev - er re - leased from this mor - tal strife, For - ev - er at

gaze on my Sav - ior's face, For - ev - er with pur - i - fied souls to
 walk on that shin - ing shore; For - ev - er to reign with my Lord and
 wan - der in Par - a - dise, For - ev - er the robe and the crown to
 rest 'neath the trees of life, For - ev - er where sor - row and weep - ing

Forever in the Lord--Concluded.

Chorus.

be, For-ev - er with Him who was slain for me. In bliss with the
King, For-ev - er his prais - es with them to sing. In bliss, etc.
wear, For-ev - er the con - quer - or's palm to bear. In bliss, etc.
cease, For-ev - er where all things are love and peace. In bliss, etc.

glo - ri-fied, dwell - ing there, O that will be joy - ous be - yond com - pare.

No. 125. Peace.

REV. E. CORWIN.

L. 1. 3d Q.

WM. S. PITTS.

Not too fast.

1. As flows the riv - er, calm and deep, In si - lence toward the sea,
2. He kind - ly keep-eth those he loves Se - cure from ev - 'ry fear.
3. What peace he bring-eth to my heart, Deep as the sound - less sea,
4. How calm at ev - en sinks the sun Be - yond the cloud - ed west;

So flow - eth ev - er, and ceas - eth nev - er, The love of God for me.
From the eye that weepeth for one that sleepeth, He gen - tly dries the tear.
How sweet - ly sing - eth the soul that cling - eth My lov - ing Lord to thee.
So, tem - pest - driv - en in - to the ha - ven, I reach the longed - for rest.

Chorus.

As flows the river, calm and deep, calm and deep, In silence toward the sea, the sea,

So flow - eth ev - er, and ceas - eth nev - er, The love of God to me, to me.

No. 126. His Own.

FRANK H. CONVERSE.

L. 8. 3d Q.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

(Not in competition.)

1. To the Rock that is high - er and great - er than I, The
 2. In the cleft of that Rock is thy ref - uge, sad soul, When
 3. To the Rock whose foun - da - tion re - main - eth un - moved, My
 4. The Rock is Christ Je - sus - the way is made plain By the

Rock of sal - va - tion a - lone; To the shel - ter from whence is the
 storm-clouds a-round thee are thrown; In thy trou - ble re - pair to the
 feet yet more firm - ly have grown; Since he called me by name, and I
 glo - ry which round it hath shone; And the soul that is sure of this

sur - est de - fense, He lead - eth in mer - cy his own.
 hid - ing - place where He keep - eth in safe - ty his own.
 pen - i - tent came, He chose me as one of his own.
 ref - uge se - cure, In heav - en shall dwell with his own.

No. 127. O Sweet Promise.

J. C. M.

From the "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly."

J. C. MACY.

1. O sweet promise so priceless and free! All for me, ev - en me! "Ask and it shall be
 2. O, the blessings I daily receive! I be - lieve, I believe! He will strengthen and
 3. He hath made me so happy to-day! I can say, I can say, Christ, the Savior, is

Chorus.

giv - en to thee, If thou'lt be - lieve in him." Sav - ior mine! Sav - ior mine!
 he will re - lieve; What can I do for him? Sav - ior mine! etc.
 with me al - way! I will be true to him. Sav - ior mine! etc.

I am blest with thy love di - vine! Joy at last, peace at last, Jesus hath promised me!

No. 128. Dare to Do Right.

E. E. STARKEY.

L. 7. 3d. Q.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

First Prize Words.

1. If fire-ry temptations en-com-pass thy soul, And high-dashing passion-waves
 2. If darkness o'er-take thee and dangers ap-pal, Re-mem-ber thine ar-mor is
 3. The word is the sword which the Spir-it doth wield, Sal-va-tion and faith are its

o-ver thee roll, Be strong in the Lord, in the strength of his might, Gird
 proof a-gainst all, And strong sup-pli-ca-tion will ban-ish the night, Then
 hel-met and shield; The breast-plate of right-cous-ness prayer will keep bright, Gird

Chorus.

on the whole ar-mor and dare to do right. Dare to do right, yes,
 gird on the ar-mor and dare to do right. Dare to do, etc.
 on the whole ar-mor and dare to do right. Dare to do, etc.

dare to do right, Gird on the whole ar-mor and dare to do right.

No. 129. Baptize Us Anew.

W. A. O.

General.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

From the "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly."

1. Baptize us a-new With fire from on high, With love, oh, refresh us, Dear Savior, draw nigh.
 2. Unworthy, we cry, Un-ho-ly, unclean, Oh, wash us and cleanse us From sin's guilty stain.
 3. Oh, heavenly Dove, Descend from on high, We plead thy rich blessing, In mercy draw nigh.
 4. Oh, list the glad voice, From heaven it came, "Thou art my beloved, Well pleased I am."

Chorus.

We humbly beseech thee, Lord Jesus we pray, With fire and the Spirit Baptize us to-day.
 We praise thee, we bless thee, Dear Lamb that was slain, We laud and adore thee, Amen and Amen.

No. 130. Bearing the Cross for Me.

W. S. B. M.

General.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

1. O - ver the hills of Ju - dea, Tossed on the waves of Gal - i - lee, Je - sus, the blessed
 2. Feed - ing the poor and hun - gry, Heal - ing the sick of low de - gree, Je - sus, the blessed
 3. Mock'd in the hall of Pi - late, Lift - ed for all on Calvary's tree, Je - sus, the blessed
 4. Borne to the tomb in sad - ness, Bursting its bars in vic - to - ry, Je - sus, the blessed
 5. High in the heavenly mansions, Walking the shores of the jasper sea, Je - sus, the blessed

Chorus.

Mas - ter, Is bear - ing the cross for me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, bless - ed Sav - ior,
 Mas - ter, Is bear - ing the cross for me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, etc.
 Mas - ter, Is bear - ing the cross for me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, etc.
 Mas - ter, Has triumphed for you and me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, etc.
 Mas - ter, Is car - ing for you and me. Bless - ed Sav - ior, etc.

Thou did'st come to save from sin; Come to my heart, dear Savior, And in it thy work be - gin.

No. 131. Grand Old Daniel.

Mrs. BELLE TOWNE.

From the "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly."

T. MARTIN TOWNE, by per

1. All along the Christian's pathway Snares are laid with utmost care; Heed them not, but
 2. When temptations gath - er fiercely, Dark - ly hed - ging in the way, Hold on firm - ly,
 3. Years are passing, tears are falling, Hearts are breaking with their load; Lift the light of

Chorus.

live be - liev - ing God will ev - er an - swer prayer. Let your faith, like grand old Daniel's,
 brave - ly bold - ly; Morning, noon and evening pray. Let your faith, etc.
 faith still high - er, Let it stream a - long the road. Let your faith, etc.

Brightly shine a - long the way; Showing to the world around you, *God is with you day by day.*

FOURTH QUARTER.

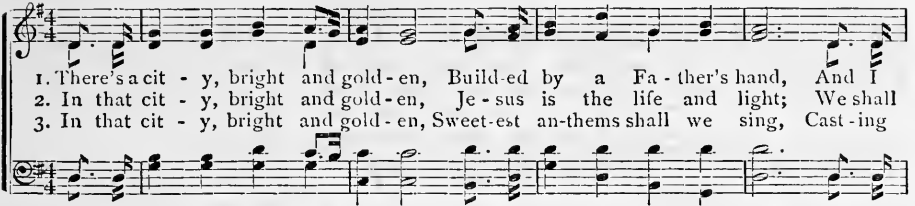
No. 132. There's a City, Bright and Golden.

ELIZA SHERMAN.

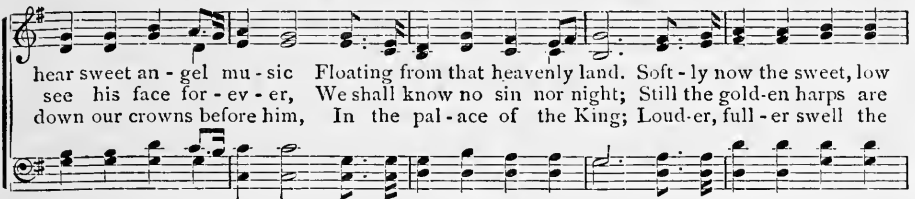
L. 10. 4th Q.

J. M. STILLMAN.

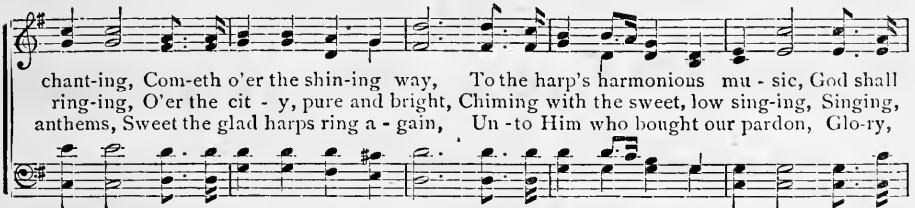
First Prize Words.



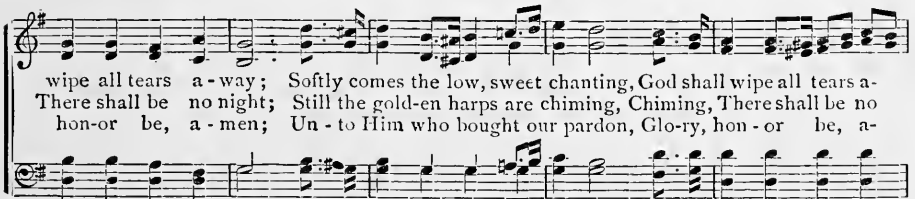
1. There's a cit - y, bright and gold - en, Build - ed by a Fa - ther's hand, And I
 2. In that cit - y, bright and gold - en, Je - sus is the life and light; We shall
 3. In that cit - y, bright and gold - en, Sweet - est an - thems shall we sing, Cast - ing




hear sweet an - gel mu - sic Floating from that heavenly land. Soft - ly now the sweet, low
 see his face for - ev - er, We shall know no sin nor night; Still the gold - en harps are
 down our crowns before him, In the pal - ace of the King; Loud - er, full - er swell the



chant - ing, Com - eth o'er the shin - ing way, To the harp's harmonious mu - sic, God shall
 ring - ing, O'er the cit - y, pure and bright, Chiming with the sweet, low sing - ing, Singing,
 anthems, Sweet the glad harps ring a - gain, Un - to Him who bought our pardon, Glo - ry,



wipe all tears a - way; Softly comes the low, sweet chanting, God shall wipe all tears a -
 There shall be no night; Still the gold - en harps are chiming, Chiming, There shall be no
 hon - or be, a - men; Un - to Him who bought our pardon, Glo - ry, hon - or be, a -



way; Soft - ly comes the low, sweet chanting, God shall wipe all tears a - way.
 night; Still the gold - en harps are chim - ing Chiming, There shall be no night,
 men; Un - to Him who bought our pardon, Glo - ry, hon - or be, a - men.

NO. 133. Come Over.

E. E. REXFORD.

L. 11. 4th Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. We shall not weep in heaven, We shall not sigh nor mourn, We nev-er shall grow weary
 2. Oh, when our footsteps enter The long and shining street, And all our dear departed
 3. No tears, no death in heaven, No grief, no pain, nor care; They leave their woes behind them

With burdens to be borne; For us toil will be o-ver, When on that hap-py day,
 We glad-ly, glad-ly greet, What rest shall fill the bosom, What rapture thrill the soul,
 Who glad-ly en-ter there; But rest and peace e-ter-nal, Shall come to you and me,

Chorus.

We hear beyond the river, The waiting angels say, Come o-ver, oh, come over,
 As down the golden arches, The an-gel anthems roll, Come o-ver, etc.
 When an-gels call us homeward, Oh, sweet the call will be, Come o-ver, etc.

To rest for-ev-er-more, Come o-ver, oh, come o-ver, To heaven's celestial shore. *rit.*

No. 134. God's Wonderful Love.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

L. 7. 4th Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! 'Twas God's great love for me,
 2. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! That fills my soul to - day;
 3. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! That cast - eth out all fear;
 4. 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis won-der-ful love! Will take me home at last.

That sent the Sav - ior from a - bove, My sac - ri - fice to be!
 'Tis love that fol - lows where I rove, That seeks me when I stray.
 'Tis love that doth my song ap - prove, And whis - pers, "I am near."
 To sing love's praise thro' end - less days, When tri - als all are past.

God's Wonderful Love--Concluded.

Chorus.

love

Won - der - ful, won - der - ful, won - der - ful love, Won - der - ful, won - der . ful,

love

wonderful love, That sent the Sav-ior from a-b-ove, My sac - ri - fice to be.

No. 135. Oh, It was Jesus!

E. A. BARNES.

L. 6. 4th Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

Andante.

Third Prize Piece.

1. Once there wandered o'er the earth, Lo! a man of humble birth, Yet the people far and near,
2. Bitter tears for Him were shed, Many mourn the Lord as dead, Yet, amid its sweet perfume,
3. For his mission here be-low, Ev'ry man and child should know, Jesus came our love to win,
4. Let us ear-ly seek his face, Gladly claim his saving grace, Let us do his ho-ly will,

Gladly came His word to hear; Oh, it was Je-sus, Oh, it was Je-sus,
Lo! he left his rock-y tomb; Yes, Je-sus left it, Yes, Je-sus left it,
And to free us from all sin; This was his mission, This was his mission,
Knowing that he loves us still! Yes, Je-sus loves us, Yes, Je-sus loves us,

Chorus.

Whom the scribes did cru-ci-ly, He, the Son of God on high. Precious name that all may speak,
That he might in lovefull, What was then his Father's will. Precious name, etc.
And he pleads for us to-day, In those mansions far away. Precious name, etc.
And his love will bring us home, To the life that is to come. Precious name, etc.

'Tis the name of Je-sus, Gracious love that all may seek, 'Tis the love of Je - sus.

No. 136. Dawn.

Rev. E. CORWIN.

L. 2. 4th Q.

J. C. MACY.

With animation.

Second Prize Piece.

1. Behold, the day is dawning, The sun its shadows casts, The heralds of the morn-ing,
2. So when on Sinai's summit, The Lord of light came down, The terrors of the tem - pest

Proclaim the night is past. What tho' these shifting shad-ows So soon shall flee a - way,
Were like a monarch's frown, And ev - 'ry type and shad-ow. And each pro-phet-ic ray,

Chorus.

Since they as faithful her - alds, Tell of the coming day? We are waiting, we are waiting,
Were heralds of the morn-ing, And harbingers of day? We are waiting, etc.

For the dawning of the light, And the shadows they are tell-ing Of the fading of the night.

No. 137. Bless Us To-day.

Rev. A. B. EMMOS.

L. 6. 4th, Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un-to me, Were the pre-cious words Je-sus said;
2. Suf - fer the chil-dren to come un-to me, Hear the Sav-iour call - ing so kind;
3. Still he is say - ing, Oh, come un-to me, We'll ac - cept his call and o - bey;

So we as thy children would come unto thee, Oh, place thy dear hand on each head.
Oh, where but to Je-sus shall sin-ful ones flee, Or where such true hap-pi-ness find?
With hearts of con-tri-tion we come un-to thee, O bless us, dear Sav - ior, we pray.

Bless Us To-Day--Concluded.

Chorus.

Glad - ly we come, we come un - to thee, Bless us, dear Sav - ior, we pray,
 Bless us to - day, Take sin a - way, Bless us, dear Sav - ior, we pray.

No. 138. The Shining City.

THOS. L. M. TIPTON.
Moderato.

L. 11. 4th Q.

E. H. BAILEY.

1. Far, far a-way, over the si - lent sea, Far off on that shin - ing shore,
2. O cit - y of God! it is build - ed fair, On high, on the ho - ly hill;
3. Fair cit - y, it tow - 'reth the skies a - bove, Its glo - ries no tongue may tell;
4. O Zi - on, blest Zi - on, it stand - eth sure, Its beau - ties may not wax old;
5. Bright home of the blessed, it know - eth no night, It need - eth nor moon nor sun;
6. A daz - zling ar - ray round that cit - y's wall, The ser - a - phim le - gions wait,

There standeth a cit - y, we long to be With - in it for - ev - er - more.
 Nor sin - ning, nor sor - row can en - ter there, For there do they do his will.
 'Tis there in the light of the Sav - ior's love, The pu - ri - fied peo - ple dwell.
 The walls, they are all of the jas - per pure, Its streets of the glittering gold.
 The Lamb, in its midst, is its liv - ing light, Its tem - ple the Ho - ly One.
 To all who have heed - ed the Mas - ter's call, They op - en the pearl - y gate.

Chorus.

O! beau - ti - ful home, where the bright ones roam, Where they drink of the stream of life,

a tempo.

We long to be there, where they know no care, Where there cometh no sound of strife,

No. 139. Who Shall Enter the City ?

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

L. 11. 4th Q.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. O who shall en - ter the cit - y? Who walk thro' the streets that are gold?
 2. O who shall bow in the tem - ple, Re - ceiv - ing the name that is new?
 3. O who shall hear the glad wel - come, When Je - sus shall meet with his own?

O who shall see all its glô - ry, And know of its pleas - ures un - told?
 O who shall wait in the pres - ence Of him who is faith - ful and true?
 Who reign with Christ in his king - dom, And sit with our Lord on his throne?

Chorus.

O ask, thy name shall be writ - ten, Our Je - sus the book shall un - seal;

With blood each claim is re - cord - ed, The Spir - it thy right shall re - veal.

No. 140. 'Tis Jesus, only Jesus.

ANNIE CUMMINGS.

L. 11. 4th Q.

J. M. STILLMAN.

1. Not for its walls of jas - per, Nor for its gold - en street, Nor
 2. With - in the ho - ly cit - y, There's nev - er an - y night; No
 3. And naught im - pure can en - ter, Noth - ing de - file there - in' Noth -

for its pearl - y gate - ways, Is heaven to me so sweet. Not for its gar - nished
 need of sun or can - dle, For Je - sus is its light. Then with his saved and
 ing that leads to fol - ly, Nothing that tempts to sin— O pure and ho - ly

'Tis Jesus, only Jesus--Concluded.

tow - ers, Its clear and crys - tal sea, Nor for its sure foun - da - tions, Is
ransomed, He'll make his own a - bode, And we will be his peo - ple, And
cit - y, A - bode of Christ my Lord, This is the strong at - trac - tion That

Chorus.

it so dear to me. 'Tis Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, O pur - est, sweetest
he will be our God. 'Tis Je - sus, etc.
draws me thith - er - ward. 'Tis Je - sus, etc.

bliss! We then shall look on Je - sus And see him as he is.

No. 141. The New Song.

G. B. DAY.

L. 10. 4th Q.

W. O. PERKINS.

(Not in competition.)

- O the rap - tures of the hour, When before the throne we stand, Cleansed by Christ's redeeming
- Who will speak the sin - ner's joy, Who portray the bursting song, When he joins the blest em -
- Ev'ry tongue shall laud his name, Ev'ry knee in reverence bend, Ev'ry hand with harp pro -
- Such the song no angelsings, Man redeemed must learn the strain, Lord of lords, and King of

Chorus.

power, Covered with his sheltering hand, Glo - ry to the Lamb that died, He our
ploy, Notes ce - les - tial to pro - long. Glo - ry to the Lamb, etc.
claim Hal - le - lu - jahs with - out end. Glo - ry to the Lamb, etc.
kings, Christ, the Lamb for sin - ners slain. Glo - ry to the Lamb, etc.

sins and sor - rows bore; Glo - ry to the cru - ci - fied, Shout his prais - es ev - er - more.

No 142. My Heavenly Friend.

REV. W. W. SMITH.

L. 6. 4th Q.

W. H. H. SMITH.

1. My Lord comes down, so friend-ly, free, And all my pain be - guil - eth;
 2. Be - fore I felt his love at first, I grieved him oft in blind - ness,
 3. And bless-ing thus my life's es - tate, Dark days, or sun-shine ver - nal,

And when I weep, he weeps with me, And when I'm glad he smil - eth.
 But now of all my wounds 'tis worst To sin a- gainst his kind - ness.
 He'll not de - sert me at the gate That leads to life e - ter - nal.

Chorus.

My friend, my friend, my heavenly friend, A friend that nev - er fail - eth!

Who guides me to my jour-ney's end, And o'er my sin pre - vail - eth!

No. 143. Types of the Savior.

FANNIE E. TOWNSLEY.

L. 2. 4th Q.

W. O. PERKINS.

(Not in competition.)

1. When the ho - ly tent I view, And the shew-bread ta - ble too; When the can - dle -
 2. Where the perfumed censer swings O'er the ark, with staves and rings; Ark o'er-laid with
 3. In the crimson blood that flowed For the debt the guilt - y owed, As their sins they
 4. In the holiest place of all, Where I hear the high priest call On Je - ho - vah,
 5. Bless-ed be the God of might, For the veil, the ark, the light; For the bread, the

stick for light, Flash-es on my wondering sight, I be - hold a Sav - ior.
 choic-est gold, Pre-cious tok-ens safe to hold, I can see a Sav - ior.
 each confessed, With the offering God had blessed, I be - hold my Sav - ior.
 pray-ing low, Save thy peo-ple, spare their woe, I can hear my Sav - ior.
 blood, the priest, Types whose meaning ne'er hath ceased, Bless - ed be the Sav - ior.

Types of the Savior--Concluded.

Chorus.

Soul, in each thy heart may trace Je - sus, bless-ed Lord of grace,
 Slain and bur - ied, but a - new Ris'n to in - ter - cede for you.

No. 144. At Evening Time it Shall be Light.

Mrs. M. E. Cox.

L. 3. 4th Q.

W. O. PERKINS.

May be sung as a duet to Chorus.

(Not in competition.)

1. If a sor - row, dark and heav - y, Casts its shad - ow o'er your way,
 2. What tho' in your youth's fair morn - ing, No blest work you planned to do,
 3. If, in - stead of high - est path - ways, Low - ly ones on earth you tread,
 4. If a treas - ure you have cher - ished, Hold - ing close - ly to your heart,
 5. Af - ter earn - est, strong en - deav - or, Pa - tient toil for ma - ny years,
 6. It will spring and bear rich har - vest, Good seed is not sown in vain;

Blot - ting out hope's blessed sun - light, And you have no words to pray,
 Strange - ly all your plans were thwarted, How or why you nev - er knew,
 Do not deem your life a fail - ure, Nor let use - less tears be shed.
 Should be tak - en by the Fa - ther, And your soul seems rent a - part,
 Heart grows wea - ry, and your la - bor Al - most with - out fruit ap - pears,
 Pres - ent chastening seem - eth griev - ous, Yet will prove e - ter - nal gain.

Chorus.

Lean on Je - sus, look to heav - en, Tho' all a - round be dark as night;
 Sweet the prom - ise that is giv - en, At evening time it shall be light.

No. 145. Work and Pray.

KATE SUMNER BURR.

L. 4. 4th Q.

M. J. MUNGER.
First Prize Piece.

1. Up, friends of Jesus, the harvest now is white, Work will soon be over, fast falls the shade of night;
2. Up, friends of Jesus, for time will soon be o'er, Harvest days are passing to come again no more,
3. Shout, friends of Jesus, for when our work is done, Joyful we will gather to greet the harvest home;

Strong in his strength, let us bind the golden sheaves, Could we meet the Master with naught but leaves?
Wake from repose, hear the Master calling still, Rise to earnest effort with right good will.
Then let us hasten the golden sheaves to bind, Rest and life eternal we all shall find.

Chorus.

Work and pray..... yes, work and pray, Let the watchword pass a - long,
Work and pray, Work and pray,

Work and pray..... Now while 'tis day, Come and join our hap-py throng.
Work and pray, While 'tis day,

NO. 146. Many Mansions.

E. A. BARNES.

L. 11. 4th Q.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. Ma - ny man - sions far a - bove, Ev - er bright with joy and love,
2. Not a morn that has its night, Not a day that bringeth blight,
3. Not a grave shall there ap - pear, Not a mourn - er's bit - ter tear,
4. Not a life that grow - eth old, Not a death with - in that fold;

Not a grief shall en - ter there, Not a tri - al, not a care.
Not a fate which oft be - leaves, Not a soul that sad - ly grieves.
Not a sigh from trouble born, Not a rose that has its thorn.
Ma - ny man - sions bright and free, Brother, is there one for thee?

No. 147. Herein is Love.

P. J. S.

L. 7, 4th Q., or 1, 3d Q.

P. J. SPRAGUE.

1. Love ev-'ry one as God hath done, For thereby do ye show The love of God is
 2. Come, love the Lord with one accord, All ye that dwell be-low, Seek from above his
 3. If he loved us, and dwelleth thus Within our inmost soul, We thereby know and
 4. Here-in is love from him a-bove, Whose free unbounded grace Sent down his Son, who

Chorus.

Here-in is love

shed a-broad, Within thy heart to grow. Herein is love from God a-bove, The
 wondrous love, And thy Re-deem-er know. Herein is love, etc.
 henceforth show, His Spir-it mak-eth whole. Herein is love, etc.
 died and won The whole of Adam's race. Herein is love, etc.

love that gave An on-ly Son, Our souls to save.

love of him who gave An only Son, whose work is done, Our souls he died to save.

No. 148. A Message to God's People.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.
Earnestly.

L. 8. 4th Q.

A. B. CONDO.

1. Fight the fight, thy foes are ma-ny, O-ver-com-ing, thou shalt be Clothed in raiment
 2. Fight the fight, thy foes are near thee, O-ver-com-ing, thou shalt be Safe beyond this
 3. Fight the fight, for thou shalt conquer, O-ver-com-ing, thou shalt be Seat-ed with thy

Chorus.

white and shin-ing, Emblem of thy pu-ri-ty. Hold the promise, Je-sus gave it,
 fierce temp-ta-tion, Nev-er-more thy foes to see. Hold the promise, etc.
 Lord in glo-ry, In a kingdom giv-en thee. Hold the promise, etc.

Promise of e-ter-nal life, Faith can on-ly grasp and save it, Save it thro' the coming strife.

No. 149. Lamb of God.

EDITH R. WILSON.

L. 1. 4th Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Lamb of God, with bleed-ing feet, Stand-ing at the mer-cy seat,
 2. Thou art gone; the veil with-in, Bear-ing ran-som for our sin,
 3. With a glo-ry stream-ing now From the thorn-prints on thy brow,
 4. Thro' thy blood our souls draw nigh To the throne of God most high;

Plead-ing those dear wounds of love For our sins, with God a - bove,
 Blood of sprink-ling to a - tone At the Fa-ther's al - tar - throne,
 And thy priest - ly ves - ture dyed With the blood from out thy side,
 Bold thro' thee our hands lay hold Of that al - tar, which of old

Thou art strong our souls to save, Vic - tor o - ver cross and grave.
 Lamb of God, by sin - ners slain, Plead for me thy bit - ter pain.
 Thou who once on earth didst bleed, Liv - est still to in - ter - cede.
 None could touch; but thou hast died, God, thro' thee, is rec - on - ciled.

No. 150. Faith.

Mrs. C. S. SHACKLOCK.

L. 3. 4th Q.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. The sky is o - ver-cast with clouds of gloom, The storm is nigh;
 2. Tho' faint and wea-ry with the con - flict long, I will not fear;
 3. Thou art my an-chor, tho' the dis - tant land I can - not see,
 4. I thought not of the ref - uge of thy cross When calm the sea;

On - ly thy pres-ence can the night il - lume; To thee I fly!
 I safe - ly pass the foam ing waves a - mong When thou art near;
 And darkness gathers round, thy guid - ing hand Still lead - eth me;
 When tempest-toss'd, oppressed with grief and loss, I fled to thee;

Faith--Concluded.

Thy voice can bid the rag-ing tempest cease, And fill my troubled heart with perfect peace.
 Sav-ior di-vine! O help the sor-row-ing, To thy dear cross still trustingly I cling.
 I know the ha-ven of my rest is near; Safe in thy sheltering care I can not fear.
 Sav-ior, to thee I lift my stream-ing eyes, On thee a-lone my soul for aid re-lies.

No. 151. The Last Words.

Mrs. A. L. DAVIDSON.

L. 12. 4th Q.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The des-ert way is long and drear, The foun-tains of-ten fail-ing;
 2. Ye wea-ry ones with souls oppressed With mor-tal pain and griev-ing,
 3. The wa-ters of a crys-tal stream Are near your path-way flow-ing,
 4. The grace of Christ is with you now, O pil-grims worn and wea-ry,

The shad-ows gath-er dark-ly round, The soul with fears as-sail-ing.
 To you that voice of mer-cy comes, Look up in hope be-liev-ing.
 And on its banks the tree of life In fade-less bloom is grow-ing.
 Look up, the day star shines a-far, No more the way is drear-y.

Chorus.

The Spir-it and the bride say, Come, Hear, O hear their call-ing,

To you, to you, O mourn-ing ones, Ye faint-ing, dy-ing, fall-ing,

Fine.

Come, O come, come, O come, Still for you they're calling.

D. S.

No. 152. Dependence.

W. F. COSNER.

L. 3 and 4. 4th Q.

C. E. POLLOCK..

1. Dear Je - sus, my Shep-herd, on thee I re - ly, My foot-steps to
 2. Dear Je - sus, my Rock, when the wild tem-pests blow, I cling to thee,
 3. Dear Je - sus, my Strength, thou wilt hear my com-plaint, When wea - ry and
 4. Dear Je - sus, my Sav - ior, on thee I re - ly, My foot-steps to

guide and my wants to sup - ply, My soul wilt thou lead where the
 no oth - er ref - uge I know, Tho' wild - ly the bil - lows may
 help - less and read - y to faint, I call thee who loved me, who
 guide and my wants to sup - ply, For thou hast re - deemed me with

bright wa - ters flow, Nor leave me to wan - der for - sak - en be - low.
 dash on the strand, The Rock of my ref - uge the storm shall withstand.
 car - est for me, Dear Je - sus, my Strength, I will lean up - on thee.
 thy pre - cious blood, The ran - som that brings the poor sin - ner to God.

No. 153. The Heavenly Song.

E. B. HOLLIS.

L. 10. 4th Q.

J. C. MACY.

Very Spiritedly.

1. Hark! the an - gel choir are singing Prais - es to their mighty God; Far and wide the
 2. Glo - ry, honor, strength and blessing, They ascribe to God their King, His cre - a - tive
 3. Hark! a new song now is sounding, And no an - gel knows the strain, White-robed host the
 4. With his pre - cious blood he bought them, 'Twas for them he bled and died, Tho' the wilder -
 5. Saints redeemed his love are praising, Singing glo - ry to his name, We on earth our

Chorus.

ech - oes ring - ing, Spread their anthems all a - broad. Oh! shout aloud the sto - ry, And
 hand con - fess - ing, His al - might - y power they sing. Oh! shout aloud, etc.
 throne surrounding, Sing the Lamb who once was slain. Oh! shout aloud, etc.
 ness he sought them. And they hail the Cru - ci - fied. Oh! shout aloud, etc.
 voic - es rais - ing, Glad - ly join the loud ac - claim Oh! shout aloud, etc.

sing our Sav - ior's glo - ry, Ho - san - na, ho - san - na, ho - san - na to his name!

No. 154. More Like Jesus.

Rev. A. A. Hoskins.
Moderato.

L. 5. 4th Q.

HENRY TUCKER.

1. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus, Ev-'ry day I long to be, Bend-ing
2. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus, Safe with him, my all shall be, Oh, the
3. More like Je - sus, more like Je - sus, Ev - er-more I hope to be, Onward

low in heart-con - tri - tion, Sav-ior, hear my soul-pe - ti - tion, Make me
glad - ness of a - bid - ing In the safe - ty of the hid - ing, Je - sus,
thro' this whole life go - ing, Then thro' heaven-ly a - ges grow - ing, Je - sus,

Chorus.

more and more like thee. More and more, more and more, More and more like
liv - ing more like thee. More and more, etc.
more and more like thee. More and more, etc.

More and more, more and more,

Je - sus. Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day, More and more like Je - sus.
Ev - 'ry day,

No. 155. Triumph of Faith.

F. H. CONVERSE.

L. 3. 4th Q.

P. J. SPRAGUE.

1. With long - ing eyes and wea - ry feet, We climb life's mist - hid height;
2. Yet those of old thro' de - vious ways, Up - on his staff and rod
3. Strangers and pil-grims, too, would we Be guid - ed by his hand;
4. "To him that o - ver - com - eth," Lord, We at thy feet lay down

Fear - ing to trust His prom - ise sweet, We fain would walk by sight.
Firm lean - ing, thro' the dark - ened days, Were up - ward led to God.
Lord, touch our eyes and make us see By faith thy prom - ised land.
The shield of faith—the Spir - it's sword, And claim thy prom - ised crown.

No. 156. Glorify Him.

MARIA STRAUB.

General.

S. W. STRAUB, by per.

Energetic.

From the "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly."

1. Glo - ri - fy the God who gave Thee the life he loves to save; Glo - ri - fy, nor dare to grieve
 2. Honor, love and serve him too, 'Tis the lit - tle you may do, Unto him who knows your care,
 3. Grateful for the joys you know, Oh, return the love you owe; For the blessings that he sends
 4. Him who from the world above, Stoops to show his wondrous love, Glorify, till time is o'er,

Chorus.

Him who gives the breath you breathe. Glorify, glo - ri - fy, glo - ri - fy him, Joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly,
 Hears each humble, fervent prayer. Glorify, et .
 Praise him with the breath he lends. Glorify, etc.
 Glo - ri - fy for - ev - er - more. Glorify, etc.

glorify him; Love him, and serve him, and keep from all sin, Glorify, glo - ri - fy, glo - ri - fy him.

No. 157. When 'Mid the Darkness of the Night.

MARY E. KAIL.

L. 7. 4th Q.

M. A. RUBLEE.

1. When 'mid the dark - ness of the night, My path I can - not see,
 2. I know that thou art still my friend; Tho' all the world be - side
 3. No storms of life shall cloud my soul, Thy bless - ed word shall be
 4. And when, be - side the shad - ow land, I wait my Sav - ior's call,
 5. Oh, bless - ed hope, when life is past, And all life's tri - als o'er,

I lift my tear - ful eyes to heaven, And trust my all to thee.
 Should prove un - true, with Je - sus' love I shall be sat - is - fied.
 A lamp to guide my trembling feet, And bring me safe to thee.
 His lov - ing arms shall bear me up, And keep me lest I fall.
 My soul shall rest with Christ in heaven, In joy for - ev - er - more.

No. 158. The Father's Love.

Mrs. A. H. DIXON.

L. 7. 4th Q.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Won-der-ful be-yond all tell-ing Is the love the Fa-ther bears,
 2. All the years since the cre-a-tion Have been guid-ed by his love;
 3. Thoughts of mer-cy had he for us, Ere we drew our earth-ly breath;

Ev-'ry hu-man love ex-cel-ling, Toward the crea-tures of his care.
 Ev-'ry tribe and ev-'ry na-tion Owes its strength to God a-bove;
 Mer-cy still will be a-bout us, When we close our eyes in death.

Have I heard a-right the sto-ry, Of the pre-cious gift he gave?
 But the love which gave us Je-sus Was the crown-ing love di-vine;
 Let us give him, then, for-ev-er, Praise from young hearts all a-glow,

How he sent his Son from glo-ry, Our poor dy-ing souls to save?
 Gilds our work with a new glo-ry, Makes the Chris-tian life to shine.
 Love our God, and love each oth-er, For he loved us first, you know.

Chorus.

Chil-dren of the King are we, Roy-al-ty pos-sess-ing,

Bonds are bro-ken, we are free, With His choic-est bless-ing.

No. 159. He Leadeth, and I Follow.

FRANK H. CONVERSE.

L. 4. 4th Q.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. In pas - tures green, by wa - ters still, He lead - eth, and I fol - low ;
 2. But o - ver steeps and moun - tain height, He since hath bade me fol - low ;
 3. But ah, the bur - den light - er grows, As fur - ther on I fol - low ;

Not whol - ly trust - ing to His will, I mur - mur as I fol - low—
 In storm - y days or dark - some night, I've some - times feared to fol - low.
 His hand the path - way bright - er shows When close to him I fol - low.

O Lord, if I thy ser - vant be, Hast thou no ser - vice, then, for me?
 My will a - thwart his own I've laid, And thus a heav - y bur - den made,
 Sup - port - ed by his staff and rod, I know the path my Mas - ter trod

Here lies no task—no toil for thee; In du - ty let me fol - low.
 Nor knew its mean - ing, till He said, Take up thy cross and fol - low.
 Will sure - ly lead me up to God— If trust - ful - ly I fol - low.

No. 160. Footprints of Jesus.

Mrs. L. B. THORPE.

L. 1. 4th Q.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. O, thou who hast sinned, Come, wash and be pure; Come, trav - el with - in The
 2. O, earth was so dark, Men roamed in despair, When Je - sus came down Our
 3. Now, earth may be dark, Sin's pit - falls a - bound, See each shin - ing mark, Our

path that is sure. Dear Je - sus has trod This des - o - late way; Come,
 bur - den to bear. Now, o - ver the wild, Bright foot - prints I see; Worn,
 path - way is found. Safe, safe o'er the way, E'en chil - dren may go, With

Footprints of Jesus--Concluded.

Chorus.

jour - ney to God, Come join us to - day. Foot - prints, bright footprints of
grieved and re - viled, Christ made them for me. Foot - prints, etc.
Je - sus to stay, Washed whit - er than snow. Foot - prints, etc.

Je - sus I see, Je - sus has left them for you and for me;

Hear him say, "Follow me;" Jesus, I come, Since thou hast loved me so, lead me safe home.

No. 161. O City of the Pearly Gates.

REV. E. CORWIN.

L. 11. 4th Q.

J. B. POZNONSKI.

1. O cit - y of the pearl - y gates, And of the streets of gold,
2. O night - less cit - y of the sun, Where yet no sun doth shine,
3. O tear - less realms where sor - rows cease, Nor pains nor part - ings come;
4. O sin - less cit - y of the pure, Where noth - ing can a - bide,

Whose ver - y walls are pre - cious stones Of weight and worth un - told;
Ir - ra - diant with the glo - ry beams, A lus - ter all di - vine;
Where fier - est storms are hushed to peace, All an - gry voic - es dumb;
That taints or tar - nish - es the soul, Nor aught of e - vil hide;

When may the poor - est sin - ner share Those rich - es man - i - fold?
When shall these wait - ing eyes be - hold That liv - ing light of Thine?
When shall these wea - ry feet find rest In that e - ter - nal home?
When shall I reach my blest a - bode A - mong the sanc - ti - fied?

No. 162. The Shadow of the Cross.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

L. G. 4th Q.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. We are press - ing, on - ward press - ing, In the straight and nar - row way;
 2. While it fall - eth on our path - way, It will lead our steps a - right;
 3. We are near - ing, we are near - ing Heav - en, our e - ter - nal home;

For it lead - eth to the king - dom, To the land of end - less day.
 From the pit - falls that be - set us, From the dark - ness to the light.
 From those mansions of the bless - ed, We shall nev - er wish to roam.

And we fol - low, glad - ly fol - low, Count - ing nei - ther gain nor loss,
 Of our ho - ly faith the to - ken, And the sign which seals our vow,
 With the Sav - ior we have fol - lowed, We the crown of life shall wear,

In the foot - steps of our Sav - ior, In the shad - ow of the cross.
 'Tis the sym - bol of our war - fare And we glad - ly fol - low now.
 In his pres - ence dwell for - ev - er, And the cross no long - er bear.

No. 163. Just Beside the River.

J. C. B.

L. 12. 4th Q.

J. CALVIN BUSHEY.

Sprightly.

1. Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us home;
 2. Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us o'er;
 3. Just be - side the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing till our work is done;

Soon we'll see the shin - ing, pearl - y gate Of our Father's gold - en throne.
 Soon we'll join the glorious songs of praise O - ver on the oth - er shore.
 If we faithful prove, we'll rest at last In our heavenly Father's home.

Just Beside the River--Concluded.

Chorus.

Just beside the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing near the gold - en throne,

Just beside the riv - er an - gels wait, Wait - ing there to take us home.

No. 164. By Name.

F. H. CONVERSE.

L. 8. 4th Q.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Oh, love di - vine and wondrous deep, How strong that Shepherd's claim, Who
 2. I sought his bless - ed cross a - lone, Bowed down with sin and shame, He
 3. I wondered, Lord, that thou couldst know Thus well the one who came, Till
 4. Now gen - tly guid - ing safe a - long, His care re - mains the same, Whose

not alone doth lead his sheep, But call - eth each by name; His voice we hear and follow
 met me there, in loving tone He called to me by name; And weary with my fruitless
 thou didst whisper sweet and low, "I al - ways knew thy name: I give thee now my seal and
 love appeareth ten - fold strong, Who knows his own by name, And leads from out the shadows

all, fol - low all, His guid - ing steps and gracious call, gracious call, Whose
 quest, fruitless quest, I told him all and thus found rest, thus found rest, And
 sign, seal and sign, That all may know that thou art mine, thou art mine, I
 gray, shadows gray, His ran - somed up to per - fect day, per - fect day, And

voice we hear and follow all, follow all, His guid - ing steps and gracious call.
 wea - ry with my fruitless quest, fruitless quest, I told him all and thus found rest,
 give thee now my seal and sign, seal and sign, That all may know that thou art mine."
 leads from out the shadows gray, shadows gray, His ransomed up to per - fect day.

No. 165. Awake! Awake!

E. B. HOLLIS.

L. 11. 3d Q.

J. M. STILLMAN.
(Not in competition.)

Con spirito.

1. A - wak - en, ye who slum - ber, The foe is at the gates, A host no man can
2. The bat - tle - cry is ring - ing Wher - ev - er sin is found, The bat - tle - song they're
3. This is no time for sleep - ing, Be - fore you is the foe, With stealth - y step he's

num - ber, Up - on your Captain waits, Yet you are i - dly sleep - ing, As
sing - ing, The whole wide earth a - round. Up, then, and join their num - ber, Your
creeping, Spring up and lay him low. Fling wide a - broad the ban - ner Of

if with naught to do, While an - gel eyes are keep - ing An anxious watch on you.
place no one can fill; Up from this slothful slumber, And fight with heart and will.
Christ, your Lord and King, And shout a loud ho - san - na, Till heaven's high arches ring.

Chorus.

A - wake! A - wake! Your sta - tion take, And fight to win your crown,

A - wake! A - wake! your sta - tion take, And fight to win your crown.

No. 166. Trust in the Lord.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

L. 3. 4th Q.

W. S. MARSHALL.

1. Sin - ner, wouldst thou be saved? Trust in the Lord; No long - er
2. Mourn - er, he'll. dry your tears, Trust in the Lord; Dis - pel your
3. Chris - tian, wouldst thou re - joice? Trust in the Lord; Make Christ your

Trust in the Lord--Concluded.

be en-slaved, Trust in the Lord; He's wait - ing now for thee,
doubts and fears, Trust in the Lord; He longs with you to share
con - stant choice, Trust in the Lord; Trust him in pain and joy,

Wait - ing to set you free, Would you his follower be? Trust in the Lord.
All sor - row, grief and care, He waits to answer prayer, Trust in the Lord.
Trust him when fears an - noy, Trust him and peace en - joy, Trust in the Lord.

No. 167. Art Thou Sitting in the Shadow?

ELIZA SHEERMAN.

L. 1. 2d Q.

J. M. STILLMAN.

First Prize Words.

(Not in competition.)

Tenderly.

1. Art thou sit - ting in the shad - ow? Does the day seem dark and long?
2. If thy tri - als and af - flic - tions Lov - ing - ly thy soul shalt bear,
3. Is the hand of God so heav - y That his face seems hid to thee?
4. Now, no chastening for the pres - ent Ev - er joy - ous seems to be,

While thy heart is sad and wea - ry, Si - lent is thy heart's sweet song.
Thou shalt be His son for - ev - er, And a crown of life shalt wear.
Trust him still, thy heavenly Fa - ther Knoweth what is best for thee.
But it al - ways yield - eth af - ter Fruit of peace and love to thee.

Chorus.

Je - sus loves thee, Je - sus loves thee, Whom he loves he chas - tens sore;

He will fold his arms a - bout thee; Trust his love and doubt no more.

No. 168. Christ in Glory.

Rev. ROB'T KERR.

L. 9. 4th Q.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. In glo - ry now, where an - gels bow, And stars be - fore Him pale,
 2. Our an - chor's cast where thou art passed, A - mong e - ter - nal things,
 3. A - long the way with heavenly ray, Il - lume our mor - tal night,
 4. The day shall dawn, the veil be drawn, Then bursts a won - drous scene—

Thro' his own word, faith sees our Lord En - throned with - in the veil.
 It holds se - cure while they en - dure, And peace and safe - ty brings.
 Un - til our eyes with glad sur - prise, Shall hail thee, Prince of light.
 The pres - ence bright, of love and light, In which we've al - ways been!

Chorus.

O Lamb, un - seen, shine thro' the sheen, Till faith is lost in sight.

No. 169. Christ Glorified in His Church.

Rev. E. CORWIN.

L. 9. 4th Q.

S. M. LUTZ.

1. 'Tis in his peo - ple here be - low, For whom the Sav - ior died,
 2. His vis - age like the shin - ing sun, Nor pain nor sor - row mars,
 3. How sweet the prom - ise he has made, That he will come a - gain.

Who in his like - ness dai - ly grow, And in his love a - bide,
 His feet like burnished brass a - flame—I see not now the scars;
 Thou art thy peo - ple's liv - ing head, With thee they live and reign;

The liv - ing lights that burn and glow, That Christ is glo - ri - fied.
 He is with glo - ry girt a - bout, And in his hand the stars.
 O thou that liv - est, and wast dead, The Al - pha and A - men.

No. 170. Let Us Sing Evermore.

M. M.

L. 6. 4th Q.

MINNIE MINTON.

Andante.

1. I will sing at morn of Je-sus' love, As I ev - er march on my lone way,
 2. I will sing at noon of Je-sus' love, For he's washed all my dark stains a-way,
 3. I will sing at eve of Je-sus' love, Yes, the joy to my soul I'll not stay,

For I'm saved by his dear, precious blood, So to him on-ly hon - age I'll pay.
 Oh, his love, what a joy to my soul, So I'll bless his dear name all the day.
 And at last, when our days are all past, Take us to thy sweet home, we now pray.

Chorus.

Let us sing, let us sing, Let us sing of his pre-cious
 ev - er - more ev - er - more,

love, Let us sing, let us sing.....
 pre - cious love, ev - er - more, ev - er - more,

Let us sing 'till we meet him a - bove, him a - bove.

No. 171. Gone with Jesus.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.
Slow and solemn.

Special.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.
(Not in competition.)

1. Sad - ly, O sad - ly, to - day we have come, One of our num - ber has
2. Sad - ly, O sad - ly, we bear her a - way, Fair is the cask - et that
3. Sad - ly, O sad - ly, our tears now may fall, Chastened by sor - row we

gone to her home; Friend and our schoolmate no more we shall see,
soon must de - cay; Late - ly, so late - ly the spir - it was here,
list to the call, "Al - so be read - y;" we know not the day,

Chorus.

Seat that is va - cant, still va - cant must be, Hope full of sad - ness! this
Joy - ous and beaming to all we hold dear. Hope full of sad - ness! etc.
Je - sus ap - pear - ing shall take us a - way. Hope full of sad - ness! etc.

thought brings re - lief, Friends gone with Je - sus, our part - ings are brief;

He in his mercy such grace shall impart, Soon we shall meet them, O never to part.

No. 172. In the New Jerusalem.

JEAN L. E. BOYNTON.

L. 11. 4th Q.

DR. J. B. HERBERT.

1. On the glittering spires and shimmering domes Of that cit - y of the blest;
2. Where the gates stand ajar, and shadows ne'er come, In the cit - y free from strife;
3. Where death is unknown, and happiness reigns, Joyous there we'll see His face;

In the New Jerusalem--Concluded.

On its walls of ma - ny jew - els rare, Our won - dering eyes will rest.
Where the crystal riv - er flow - eth on, Be - tween the trees of life.
In our shining fore - heads bear His name, In God's own dwelling place.

Chorus.

When we've crossed the narrow riv - er, And are safe at home for - ev - er,
When we've crossed the narrow, nar - row riv - er, And are safe at home, at home for - ev - er,

Safe at home, safe at home, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
Safe at home, Safe at home,

No. 173. Looking Backward Through the Year.

SUSIE M. DAY.

For Anniversary Occasions.

E. A. HANCHET.

- Looking backward thro' the year, Much that's wasted doth appear; What worth while can
- Oth - er work seems well nigh lost, Lit - tle worth the pain it cost; Earth's rewards grow
- Helping stray - ing feet to turn, Send - ing aid that all may learn, Spreading wide the
- Who, of all the friends we love, Will for - ev - er faith - ful prove? Nev - er dis - ap -

Chorus.

we re - call? Serv - ing Je - sus, that is all. Serv - ing Je - sus ev - 'ry day,
faint and small, Serv - ing Je - sus, that is all. Serv - ing Je - sus, etc.
Sav - ior's call, Serv - ing Je - sus, that is all. Serv - ing Je - sus, etc.
point nor fall? Per - fect Je - sus, he is all. Per - fect Sav - ior, per - fect Friend,

Serv - ing Je - sus as we may, In the great things and the small, Serv - ing Je - sus, that is all.
Per - fect love, that knows no end; Sat - is - fy - ing ev - 'ry call, Per - fect Sav - ior, all in all.

No. 174. In the Heavenly Land Beyond.

D. H. L.

L. 11. 4th Q.

D. HAYDEN LLOYD.

1. Oh, that land, the gold-en land, Just be-yond the Jor-dan's strand, Where the
 2. In his word I read the story Of His love and dy-ing glo-ry, How on
 3. With the dear ones gone be-fore, We shall stand for-ev-er-more; There we'll

promised mansions are, And the bright and morning Star, In the heavenly land beyond,
 earth He came to save us, And above He'll surely meet us, In the bless-ed heavenly land,
 watch and wait with Jesus, While the dear ones come and greet us, In the hap-py land be-yond,

Chorus.

In the heav-en-ly land be-yond. In the land, far be-
 In the bless-ed heav-en-ly land. In the land, etc.
 In the hap-py land be-yond. In the land, etc.

hap-py land,

yond, In the land, bless-ed land, In the
 far be-yond, heavenly land, bless-ed land,

land far beyond, In the heav-en-ly land be-yond.
 heavenly land, far be-yond,

No. 175. Jesus is My Savior.

J. H. B.

L. 9. 4th Q.

J. H. BURKE.

1. On Zi-on's rock I take my stand, And there a-wait my Lord's command,
 2. With his redeemed ones there to sing All praise and pow-er to the King,
 3. I here have no a-bid-ing place, I here but run the heavenly race,
 4. And when the world's temptations lower, When sin and dark-ness show their power,

Jesus is My Savior--Concluded.

To praise him in the glo - ry land, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
 For him who did sal - va - tion bring, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
 For Je - sus saves me by his grace, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.
 To him I'll look, my Rock, my Tower, Je - sus is my Sav - ior.

No. 176. Beautiful Star of Bethlehem.

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

(For Christmas.)

J. M. STILLMAN, by per.

From the "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly."

1. Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine O - ver the hills of Pal - es - tine,
 2. Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine, Shedding thy beauteous rays di - vine,
 3. Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine In - to the hearts that faint and pine,
 4. Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine O - ver this earth - ly home of mine.

There the Child Je - sus slum - ber - eth sweet, And we would bow at his ho - ly feet.
 Light the dark plac - es held in sin's thrall, Bringing thy peace and good-will to all.
 Show the Child Je - sus, humble, but King, Born to com - pas - sion and comfort bring.
 How the Child Je - sus, dwelling with me, Keepeth me pure and from sinning free.

Refrain.

Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine O - ver the hills of Pal - es - tine,
 Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine, Shedding thy beauteous rays di - vine,
 Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine In - to the hearts that faint and pine,
 Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine In - to this earth - ly home of mine,

Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine O - ver the hills of Pal - es - tine.
 Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine, Shedding thy beauteous rays di - vine.
 Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine In - to the hearts that faint and pine.
 Beau - ti - ful star of Beth - le - hem, shine In - to this earth - ly home of mine.

No. 177. Reward.

Rev. E. CORWIN.

L. 12. 4th Q.

J. C. MACY.

With feeling.

1. If on earth, so meek and mild, Christ, the bless - ed Sav - ior, smiled
 2. In the last great day's re - view, He will judge by what we do,
 3. Shall we chil - dren have a right To those ra - diant realms of light,
 4. Hail! thou bright and Morn - ing Star! We be - hold thee from a - far,

On the poor - est lit - tle child, On the poor - est lit - tle child,
 Whether we are good and true, Whether we are good and true.
 Dim - ly dawn - ing on our sight? Dim - ly dawn - ing on our sight?
 Com - ing in thy flam - ing car, Com - ing in thy flam - ing car.

Chorus.

What re - ward shall Je - sus bring, When he comes as Lord and King?

No. 178. Faith, Sweet Faith.

J. C. M.

L. 3. 4th Q.

J. C. MACY.

Earnestly.

1. Faith, sweet faith, is my strength and shield, Lord, I trust and be - lieve in thee;
 2. Take, O Fa - ther, my sac - ri - fice, World - ly pleas - ures and wayward deeds;
 3. Oh, how sweet is my faith to me! Strength and comfort, and joy un - told!

All the love of my heart I yield, For I know that thou lov - est me.
 All that com - eth by sin's de - vice, Faith can give what my spir - it needs.
 For it brings me so close to thee, Brings me near - er the streets of gold.

Chorus.

Yes, yes, I trust in thee! Thou wilt love and com - fort me!

No. 179. The Blood of Jesus.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

L. G. 4th Q.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. What is it flows in crim-son stream? 'Tis the blood of Je - sus;
 2. O where is heal - ing for the soul? In the blood of Je - sus;
 3. O stream of life! O stream of love! Pre - cious blood of Je - sus;

What is it does the world re - deem? 'Tis the blood of Je - sus;
 Where is the bro - ken heart made whole? In the blood of Je - sus;
 Pre - pare me for my home a - bove, Cleans - ing blood of Je - sus;

Yes, Je - sus' blood will cleanse each stain, And purge the heart from ev - 'ry sin,
 There is a balm for ev - 'ry wound, For all man - kind it doth a - bound,
 O pre - cious foun - tain filled with blood, I'll plunge be - neath thy pur - ple flood,

'Twill make man whol - ly pure with-in— Pre - cious blood of Je - sus!
 A heal - ing stream no depth can sound— 'Tis the blood of Je - sus!
 And rise redeemed, re - stored, re - newed, In the blood of Je - sus!

Chorus.

The blood of Je - sus, precious blood! The cleans - ing blood of Je - sus!
 precious blood,

Flow on thou stream of life and love— The blood, the blood of Je - sus!
 life and love,

No. 180. Lord, Remember Me.

W. A. O.

General.

W. A. OGDEN, by per.

From the "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly."

1. When thou com-est in - to thy kingdom, Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me;
 2. When thou com-est in - to thy kingdom, Mal - e - fac - tor tho' I be;
 3. When thou com-est in - to thy kingdom, Mounting up - ward to the skies,

Thus the pen - i - tent thief en - treat-ed Christ, the Lord, on Cal - va - ry.
 Like the pen - i - tent thief, I pray thee, Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me.
 Like the pen - i - tent thief, I pray to Be with thee in Par - a - dise.

Chorus.

Nev-er in vain, nev-er in vain, Faith in - spires this wonderful strain;

When thou com-est in - to thy kingdom, Je - sus, Lord, re - mem - ber me.

No. 181. I'll Give My Heart to Thee.

J. C. M.

General.

J. C. MACY,

Gladly.

From the "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly."

Prize Piece.

1. Loving, I'll go to the Sav - ior's side, Bless - ed Shepherd, who will pro-vide!
 2. Singing so joy - ous - ly, an - gels stand, Shin - ing host of the prom - ised land,
 3. Ten - der - ly car - ing for you and me, Je - sus giv - eth his love so free!

And he will o - pen the gates so wide, To bid me en - ter in.
 Glad that I've giv - en my heart and hand To Christ the Lord of all.
 Haste, then, his du - ti - ful child to be, And ye shall en - ter in.

I'll Give My Heart to Thee--Concluded.

Chorus.

Yes, lov-ing, I'll go to him, All sor-rows I'll leave with him;
 Yes, lov-ing, we'll go to him, All sorrows we'll leave with him;

Yes, I will go, go to him, Sor-row and care leave with him,

My heart will I give to him, Christ, the Sav-ior dear.
 Glad hearts will we bring to him, Christ, the Sav-ior dear.....
 Sav-ior dear.
 Sav-ior dear.

No. 182. We are Singing.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

General.

P. P. BLISS.

From the "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly."

Prize Piece.

1. We are sing - ing, prais - es bring - ing, To our Sav - ior to - day,
 2. He hath led us, kind - ly fed us With sweet man - na di - vine,
 3. Care and tri - als, self - de - ni - als, Meet we day af - ter day,
 4. Broth - er, love him, come and prove him Your Re - deem - er and King,

For his kind - ness in our blind - ness, Lead - ing safe - ly al - way.
 Gen - tly chid - ing, ere a - bid - ing On our path - way to shine.
 But so sweet - ly and com - plete - ly Je - sus drives them a - way.
 He'll re - ceive you and re - lieve you, Hal - le - lu - jah then sing.

Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We are march - ing a - long;
 Christ and glo - ry, wondrous sto - ry, Is the theme of our song.

No. 183. On to the City Yonder,

FANNIE E. TOWNSLEY.

L. 11. 4th Q.

T. MARTIN TOWNE.

Not too slow.

1. Trav'ler, tho' thy feet are worn, Climb a lit - tle long-er! Tho' with thorns thy hands are torn,
 2. Tho' thy heart is ach-ing sore, Bear a lit - tle long-er! Stands an-oth-er cross be-fore?
 3. Step by step climb higher still, Climb a lit - tle long-er! At the top thy heart shall thrill,
 4. Glo - ry in the sun-set land Waits a lit - tle long-er! Till the loved shall clasp thine hand

Cling a lit - tle long - er! Thorns shall change to wav-ing palms, Tem-pests cease in
 Lift a lit - tle long - er! No more heart-ache, no more pain, In the land thou
 Hope a lit - tle long - er! On thy brow shall shine a gem, Sparkling in life's
 With a love grown strong-er; Friends are beckoning from the skies, Urg - ing on the

heavenly calms, Joy shall ban - ish thine a-larms, Wait a lit - tle long - er!
 yet shalt gain, On - ly faith - ful - ly re-main True a lit - tle long - er!
 di - a - dem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem—On, a lit - tle long - er!
 soul that tries Still to reach heaven's par - a - dise, On! a lit - tle long - er!

No. 184. In the Glorious Coming Days.

H. M. DOUGLASS.

General.

C. P. HOFFMAN.

1. In the glo-rious com-ing days, Shall the Lord his moun-tain raise
 2. O'er the earth shall truth pre-vail, Sin shall van-ish, sor-row fail,
 3. Ma-ny na-tions shall draw near, Say-ing "Sure-ly God is here;
 4. Un-der spread-ing vine and tree, Men shall dwell from ter-ror free;

Far a - bove all heights of earth, For its match - less, price - less worth.
 Men shall have un - bro - ken peace, Care and trou - ble all shall cease.
 Let us learn his right - eous ways, Walk in glad - ness all our days,"
 All man - kind with love the same, Shall a - dore Je - ho - vah's name.

In the Glorious Coming Days--Concluded.

Chorus.

All shall sing, Christ is King, Praise him, Praise him, Praise our King, Praise our King, Praise our King.

No. 185. The Walk to Emmaus.

FANNIE I. KENNISH.

General.

E. A. RIDDLE.

From the "S. S. Scholar's Quarterly."

Prize Piece.

- Lo, two of the Lord's dis - ci - ples Walked side by side, And talked of the dear, dead
- And thus in the hush of evening They sat at meat, He brake of the bread and
- So wait we in pain and sor - row, In bit - ter tears, And talk of the deep - ning

Mas - ter, The Cru - ci - fied..... They spake with the pass - ing stran - ger,
blessed it, Said, "Take and eat"..... The eyes that were dim with weep - ing,
shad - ows, And gloom - y fears..... We mourn for the bleed - ing Sav - ior,

Who walked a - lone..... Nor heard in the words of com - fort, The
Flashed bright and clear.... The hearts that had mourned sang glad - ly, "The
The Cru - ci - fied..... Nor know 'tis the dear Lord walk - ing Close

Mas - ter's tone..... So, oft in the wan - ing twi - light, One pass - eth
Lord is here"... So, oft, etc.
by our side..... So, oft, etc.

by; His voice rings out thro' the dark - ness, "Lo, it is I".....

No. 186. Birth of Christ the Lord.

W. A. O.

General.

W. A. OGDEN.

From the "S. S. Scholars' Quarterly."

Prize Piece.

1. "Glory to God!" the an-gels are sing-ing, Tid-ings of joy to men they bring;
 2. "Glory to God!" the won-der-ful chorus! "Peace and good-will," the an-gels sing,
 3. "Glory to God!" the mul-ti-tude sing-eth, Glo-ry to God! let men re-ply;

Beth-lehem's plain with mu-sic is ring-ing, Je-sus to-day is born a King;
 For un-to you is born in the cit-y, Cit-y of Dav-id, Christ a King;
 Glo-ry to God! the ech-o still ring-eth, Ring-eth a-loud thro' earth and sky,

Not in a pal-ace, but in a man-ger Li-eth the dear Re-deem-er's head,
 Born to redeem, oh, might-y sal-va-tion! Je-sus, the Christ, oh, yes, 'tis he!
 Nations shall sit no long-er in dark-ness, Tell the good news o'er earth a-far!

Girded with glo-ry sag-es behold him, Low where the beasts of the stall are fed,
 Wrapp'd in the swaddling garments behold him, This un-to you a sign shall be.
 Seat-ed in glo-ry now behold him, Je-sus, the bright and Morn-ing Star.

Chorus.

"Glory to God"..... the an-gels are singing, Peace and good will.... to men they bring,
 Glory to God, Peace and good-will,

Beth-lehem's plain..... with mu-sic is ring-ing, Je-sus to-day..... is born a King.
 Beth-lehem's plain, Je-sus to-day,

GENERAL INDEX.

TITLE OF PIECES IN HEAVY FACE, FIRST LINE IN ROMAN.

| | No. | | No. | | No. |
|------------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------------|-----|-------------------------------------------|-----|
| A ll along the Christian's | 131 | F air city, | 65 | I am happy, oh so happy, | 49 |
| A ll for Jesus | 65 | Fair a city rose of old, | 65 | I drank of Marah's waters, | 88 |
| All temples built with human | 13 | Faith, sweet faith, | 150 | If a sorrow dark and heavy, | 144 |
| Always ready | 116 | Far, far away over the silent | 178 | If fiery temptations encompass | 128 |
| A message to God's people | 148 | Father, I have heard thee call | 23 | If on earth, so meek and mild | 177 |
| An heir of God | 101 | Father, once again we come, | 5 | I have need of thee, | 56 |
| Are you ready? | 111 | Father, we know thy tender | 64 | I'll ask of the Lord, | 38 |
| Arise, thou glorious light, | 87 | Father, we know thy tender | 5 | I'll give my heart to thee, | 181 |
| Arm, soldiers, arm, | 90 | Fight the fight, thy foes are | 148 | I'm a pilgrim here below, | 18 |
| Arm, soldiers, for the fight, | 90 | Fling it out, the royal banner, | 83 | I'm thirsting, fainting, dying, | 54 |
| Art thou sitting in the shadow? | 167 | Following Jesus home, | 106 | In glory now, | 168 |
| Art thou waiting on the watchtower | 112 | Footprints of Jesus, | 160 | In pastures green, by waters | 159 |
| As flows the river calm and | 125 | Forever in the Lord, | 124 | In the armor of God to the | 93 |
| As Hagar in the desert, | 7 | Forever to dwell in that happy | 24 | In the glorious coming day, | 184 |
| At evening time it shall be light, | 144 | Forgiveness, | 16 | In the heavenly land beyond, | 174 |
| A two-fold loyalty we owe, | 120 | Forward, champion, to the fight | 113 | In the New Jerusalem, | 172 |
| Awake! awake! | 165 | From thy throne, O God, is | 56 | In the path I'm walking, | 17 |
| Awake! awake, O Zion! | 85 | | | In the world, but not of the world, | 122 |
| Awaken, ye who slumber, | 165 | G ird on the armor, | 6 | In the world, O Christian, | 122 |
| Awake, the loud trumpet, | 86 | Glorify Him, | 156 | In times of affliction, | 91 |
| | | Glorify the God who gave, | 156 | I've enlisted, | 118 |
| B aptize us anew. | 129 | Glory to God, the angels, | 186 | I want to be like Jesus, | 94 |
| Bearing the cross for me, | 130 | God is on our side, | 97 | I will go to Jesus, | 68 |
| Bearing the fruit of the spirit, | 106 | God is with me, | 33 | I will guide thee with mine eye, | 18 |
| Beautiful star of Bethlehem, | 176 | God's holy Sabbath day, | 34 | I will sing at morn, | 170 |
| Behold the day is dawning, | 136 | God's wonderful love, | 134 | | |
| Behold the suffering Savior, | 79 | Gone with Jesus, | 171 | | |
| Birth of Christ the Lord, | 186 | Gospel temperance hymn, | 42 | J esus, dear, thro' faith in thee, | 31 |
| Blessed Bible, | 47 | Grand old Daniel, | 131 | Jesus is calling, and bids you | 59 |
| Blessed home and blessed day, | 5 | | | Jesus is king, | 10 |
| Blessed Redeemer, | 119 | H appy in Jesus, | 49 | Jesus is my Savior, | 175 |
| Blessed Redeemer, thy peace | 119 | Hark! the angel choir | 153 | Jesus, while with thee we're plead'g, | 67 |
| Bless us to-day, | 137 | Hark! the voice of many | 52 | Joyfully, with glad hosannas, | 2 |
| Brother, when you work for | 14 | Have you seen Him, have you | 84 | Just beside the river, | 163 |
| Buckle on the sword, | 14 | Hear my prayer, my Father, | 46 | | |
| By name, | 164 | Hear my prayer, O blessed | 3 | K ing in Zion, | 24 |
| By the law condemned to | 66 | Hear the news, | 81 | Knocking at the door, | 61 |
| | | Hear us, O our Savior, | 82 | | |
| C harity for all, | 102 | Heavy, Lord, thy hand was | 44 | L amb of God, | 149 |
| Christ glorified in his church, | 169 | He leadeth and I follow, | 159 | Lamb of God, with | 149 |
| Christ in glory, | 168 | Help us, dear Savior, | 30 | Let heathen rage and kings | 23 |
| Christian love, | 67 | Herein is love, | 147 | Let us sing evermore, | 170 |
| Christ our friend, | 133 | He will give us victory, | 93 | Listen heart, be still I pray, | 61 |
| Come over, | | He who once suffered, now | 10 | List to the voice that is speak'g | 1 |
| | | His own, | 126 | Looking backward thro' the year, | 173 |
| D are to do right, | 128 | Ho! all ye thirsty, come unto | 82 | Lo, our blinded foemen, | 6 |
| Dawn, | 136 | Ho! every one that thirsteth, | 68 | Lo, two of the Lord's discip. | 185 |
| Dear Jesus, my shepherd, | 152 | Holy Sabbath! day of rest, | 72 | Lord God of hosts, how lovely, | 27 |
| Dear Lord, I need thee all | 72 | Hosanna sing on high, | 2 | Lord, have mercy, | 19 |
| Dedication of the Temple, | 152 | How can I let thee go, | 70 | Lord, remember me, | 180 |
| Dependence, | 70 | Ho! ye who seek to shun | 110 | Lord to me compassion show, | 26 |
| Does the Lord afflict his chosen? | 110 | | 69 | Love each other, | 105 |
| Do the duty lying nearest, | 69 | | | Love every one, as God hath | 147 |
| Do you doubt the Savior's | | | | Loving I'll go to the Savior's | 181 |
| | | | | Lowly in mind, | 118 |
| E aster hymn, | 109 | I acknowledge my transgres | 19 | | |
| Even in sorrow, | 67 | I am waiting, dear Jesus, for thee, | 50 | | |
| | | I am waiting for Jesus to | 50 | | |

| | | | | | |
|----------------------------------|---------|------------------------------------|---------|----------------------------------------|---------|
| M any mansions, | No. 146 | S adly, oh sadly, | No. 171 | T hough I speak with tongues of | No. 105 |
| Many mansions far above | 146 | Sanctified affliction, | 22 | Thou' sorrows come about our | 92 |
| M arching to the temple, | 154 | Savior, make me more like thee | 47 | Thou, O Lord, hast searched | 33 |
| More like Jesus, | 43 | Search the scriptures, | 87 | 'Tis in his people, | 169 |
| More of thy spirit, Lord, | 8 | See the mighty congregation, | 39 | 'Tis Jesus, only Jesus, | 140 |
| More sweet he comes, | 35 | See the Savior in the garden, | 80 | 'Tis love, 'tis love, 'tis | 134 |
| My fathers' graves lie desolate, | 18 | See the sinner at the temple | 20 | To the rock that is higher | 126 |
| My heart a temple, | 29 | Seek not for some far off | 110 | Toward the light, | 3 |
| My heart cries out when weary, | 15 | Servants of the Lord, | 39 | Traveler, tho' thy feet are | 183 |
| My heart shall be a temple, | 142 | Shout and sing aloud, | 51 | Tremblingly as once of old, | 71 |
| My heavenly friend, | 142 | Singing on amid the sunshine, | 78 | Triumph of faith, | 156 |
| My Lord comes down so | 35 | Sinner, would'st thou be saved | 166 | Trust in God, | 65 |
| N ehemiah's request, | 76 | Softly he cometh, | 137 | Trust in Jesus, | 79 |
| No, not my power, | 140 | Suffer the children to come | 63 | Trust in the Lord, | 166 |
| Not for its walls of Jasper, | 96 | Sun and moon and stars and | 58 | Types of the Savior, | 143 |
| Nothing in vain, | 100 | T each me, dear Lord, thro' | 32 | U p, friends of Jesus, the | 145 |
| O blessed peace, | 161 | The all-seeing eye, | 79 | Upon the Rock of Ages, | 12 |
| O city of pearly gates, | 84 | The all-seeing God, | 113 | V ictory over death, | 104 |
| Oh, believe him, | 25 | The blood of Jesus, | 120 | W alk in the light, | 1 |
| Oh, glorious in beauty, | 135 | The Christian armor, | 123 | Wash me clean, | 46 |
| Oh, it was Jesus, | 164 | The Christian citizen, | 51 | Weary, weak and heavy | 21 |
| Oh, love divine, | 48 | The coming of the Lord, | 53 | We are little pilgrims, | 22 |
| Oh may we search the script's, | 174 | The coming Savior, | 8 | We are pressing, onward | 162 |
| Oh, that land, the golden | 8 | The crown preparing, | 151 | We are singing, | 182 |
| Oh to be forgiven, | 16 | The cry of the penitent, | 158 | We are sowing, ever sowing, | 121 |
| Oh who would stay in the | 99 | The desert way is long and | 103 | We gather in the Sabbath-school, | 4 |
| Once I was dead in sin, | 135 | The father's love, | 153 | We're saved by hope, a | 123 |
| Once there wandered o'er the | 172 | The fruits of the spirit, | 91 | We're trying to gather the | 11 |
| On the glittering spires, | 183 | The golden scepter, | 44 | We shall not weep in heaven, | 133 |
| On to the city yonder. | 175 | The heavenly song, | 45 | What are the fruits the spirit | 103 |
| On Zion's rock, | 40 | The higher rock, | 23 | What are you going to do, | 59 |
| O sing aloud unto the Lord, | 127 | The joy of forgiveness, | 36 | What is it flows, | 179 |
| O sweet promise, | 141 | The king, | 151 | What is my mission, | 38 |
| O the raptures of the hour, | 160 | The kingdom of the Savior, | 63 | When he cometh for his jewels, | 77 |
| O thou who hast sinned, | 32 | The king has come, | 141 | When life's battles all are over, | 77 |
| O thou whose all-pervading | 74 | The last words, | 40 | When, 'mid the darkness of the night, | 157 |
| O Tyre, | 82 | The Lord's temple, | 17 | When the chosen people, | 36 |
| Our father who art in heaven, | 104 | The Lord, the Lord is risen, | 21 | When the holy tent I view, | 143 |
| Our Jesus conquer'd ev'ry foe, | 130 | The never-failing word | 20 | When thou comest in thy | 180 |
| Over the hills of Judea, | 108 | The new song, | 48 | While we worship thee, our | 30 |
| O warm, warm heart of Jesus, | 9 | Then praise him, | 53 | Whiter than snow, | 26 |
| O where are you going, my | 125 | The path of the just, | 114 | Who hath our prophecy | 79 |
| P eace, | 31 | The penitent's gift, | 132 | Who shall enter the city | 139 |
| Peace with God, | 98 | The penitent's prayer, | 96 | Why should the heathen | 45 |
| Peace with God, what gift | 43 | The publican's prayer, | 64 | With longing eyes and weary | 155 |
| Penitence, | 98 | The reading of the law, | 25 | Wonderful beyond all telling, | 158 |
| Perfect peace, | 64 | There is a crown preparing, | 62 | Work and pray, | 145 |
| Perfect trust, | 114 | There is never a deed too small | 138 | Work, builders, work, | 12 |
| Practical religion, | 37 | There's a city, bright and golden, | 150 | Work for Jesus, tho' an host | 97 |
| Precious to me, | 37 | There's not a cloud that floats | 8 | Y ou think I am poor and | 101 |
| Precious to me is that holy word | 71 | The Savior's call, | 73 | | |
| Put on the armor, | 185 | The Savior's call, | 108 | | |
| Put ye on the Christian armor, | 99 | The second temple, | 9 | | |
| Q ueen Esther, | 116 | The shadow of the cross, | 29 | | |
| R econciled, | 78 | The shining city, | 41 | | |
| Ready, Savior, I would | 80 | The sky is overcast with | 102 | | |
| Rejoicing evermore, | 89 | The spotless robe thou did'st | 107 | | |
| Remember him in youthful | 177 | The valley of vision, | | | |
| Remember thy Creator, | | The walk to Emmaus, | | | |
| Reward, | | The warm heart of Jesus, | | | |
| | | The way to heaven, | | | |
| | | The weary pilgrim, | | | |
| | | They bro't their gifts to Jesus, | | | |
| | | They shall shine, | | | |
| | | Though faith to move the | | | |
| | | Tho' I should speak with | | | |

INDEX BY LESSONS OR SUBJECTS.

Numbers in heavy type (35) indicate pieces written squarely on the lesson; Numbers in Italic (54), pieces written specially on some one portion of the lesson; Numbers in Roman type (47) are those appropriate to the lesson, but not so especially suitable as either of the first named. These indications have special reference to the particular lesson, having no comparative reference to pieces on other lessons, and no reference to quality of music. The small numbers and letters following (35, 41, D) refer to the Comprehensive Index and Index of Similar Metres. The numbers referring to numbers of old tunes in the Comprehensive Index to which the pieces may be sung; the letter to the letter placed before list of tunes in this book which may be sung to one tune.

Less.

FIRST QUARTER.

- 1.—12, 20, 13, 2, 3, 23, 25, 35, 41, D. 22, 25, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, 28, 38, A. 36, 24, J. 40, 25, 41, D.
- 2.—2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 31, 32, 33, B. 15, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, 28, 35, A. 10.
- 3.—6, J. 35, 25, 35, 41, D. 38, 12, C.
- 4.—6, J. 12, 20, 14, 39, K.
- 5.—39, 47, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 31, 32, 33, B. 48, 3, 7, C.
- 6.—5, 6, 31, 32, 43, B. 30, 30, 43, 34, 1.
- 7.—1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 33, B. 9, 42. 11, 17, J. 38, 12, C.
- 8.—10, 23, 24, 30, K. 45, 26.
- 9.—8, 25, 35, 36, 41, D. 19, 4, 6, 7, 33, B. 20, 21, 4, 5, 6, 7, 29, 31, 32, 33, B. 26, 43, L. 28, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 21, 29, 31, 32, 33, B. 43, 2, 15, 23, 25, 35, 41, D. 46, 180.
- 10.—16, 2, 23, 25, 41, D. 21, 4, 5, 6, 7, 29, 31, 32, 33, B. 31, 37, 44, 4, 5, 6, 7, 31, 32, 33, B. 49, 4, 5, 6, 9, 18, 31, 32, 33, B.
- 11.—4, 46, M. 5, 5, 6, 31, 32, 43, B. 27, 1, 2, 3, 4, 16, 23, 27, 28, 44, A. 29, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, 27, 28, A.
- 12.—7, 1, 2, 3, 23, 27, 28, 38, A. 18, 1, 32, 21, 3, 23, 25, 35, 37, 41, D. L. 33.
- 13.—9, 45, 42, 10, 12, 34, 40, C. E. 48, 3, 7, C.

SECOND QUARTER.

- 1.—58, 10, 12, 34, 40, E. 67, 70, 4, 5, 6, 29, 31, 32, B. 78, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 29, 31, 32, 33, B. F. 167, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 29, 31, 32, 33, B.
- 2.—1, 67, 75.
- 3.—64, 25, 35, 41, D. 66, 71, 17, H.
- 4.—50, 51, 60, 81, 9, 85, 2, 3, 23, 86, 13, 19, G. 87.
- 5.—37, 79, 12, 40, C. 80, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 31, 32, 33, B.
- 6.—54, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, 28, 38, 46, A. 59, 61, 43, 62, 4, 13, 18, G. 68, J. 69, 4, 5, 6, 14, 29, B. 88, 2, 3, 16, 23, 7.—52, 4, 5, 6, 31, 32, B. L. 82, 83, 11, F. 93, 184.
- 8.—56, 39, K. 67, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 31, 32, 33, B. 129, 13, G.
- 9.—63, 43, 65, 43, D. I. 74.
- 10.—37, 73, 19, 84.
- 11.—5, 5, 6, 31, 32, 43, B. 56, 39, K. 72, 25, 35, 41, D. F. 76, 12, 34, 40, C.
- 12.—53, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, 28, A. 55, 4, 5, 6, 7, 31, 32, 33, B. 72, 25, 35, 41, D. F. 77, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 29, 33, B.
- 13.—52, 4, 5, 6, 31, 32, B. L. 55, 4, 5, 6, 7, 31, 32, 33, B. 61, 43.

Less.

THIRD QUARTER.

- 1.—31, 49, 4, 5, 6, 9, 18, 31, 32, 33, R. 92, 98, 4, 5, 6, 7, 31, 32, 33, B. 99, 47, 119, 125, 147.
- 2.—91, 96, 35, 41, D. 100, D.
- 3.—102, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, 27, 28, A. 105, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 31, 32, 33, B. 107, D.
- 4.—50, 98, 104, M. 109, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, A.
- 5.—99, 47, 101, 108, 1, 2, 3, 23, 28, A.
- 6.—103, 12, 34, 40, C. 106, 42, 121.
- 7.—6, J. 90, 93, 95, 39, K. 113, 128.
- 8.—94, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, 27, 28, 36, A. 115, 4, 13, 18, G. 117, N. 126.
- 9.—110, 5, 6, 7, 9, 29, 31, 32, 33, B. 114.
- 10.—111, 4, 5, 6, 7, 32, 33, B. 116, 43, N. 123, 12, 34, 40, C. 124.
- 11.—97, 22, 106, 42, 118, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 31, 32, 33, B. 122, J. 165, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, A.
- 12.—95, 39, K. 110, 5, 6, 7, 9, 29, 31, 32, 33, B. 120, 122, 124, 40, C. 124.
- 13.—98, 4, 5, 6, 7, 31, 32, 33, B. 102, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, 27, 28, A. 104, M.

FOURTH QUARTER.

- 1.—98, 4, 5, 6, 7, 31, 32, 33, B. 149, 17, H. 160, 167, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 29, 31, 32, 33, B.
- 2.—88, 2, 3, 16, 23, 31, 146, 143.
- 3.—78, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 29, 31, 32, 33, B. F. 98, 4, 5, 6, 7, 31, 32, 33, B. 131, 4, 6, 7, 9, 31, 32, 33, 144, 150, 152, 19, 155, 9, 37, 41, 161, 37, 41, D. 166, 178.
- 4.—145, 152, 19, 159.
- 5.—94, 1, 2, 3, 16, 23, 27, 28, 36, A. 117, N. 154.
- 6.—26, 43, I. 37, 51, 127, 180, 135, 137, 142, 162, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 31, 32, 33, B. 170, 179, 181, 182, 185.
- 7.—134, 147, 156, 17, H. 157, 2, 23, 37, 41, D. 158, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 31, 32, 33, B.
- 8.—116, 43, N. 148, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 31, 32, 33, B. 164.
- 9.—168, 41, D. 169, 175, 182, 185.
- 10.—132, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 33, B. 141, 43, F. 153.
- 11.—132, 4, 5, 6, 7, 9, 33, B. 163, 138, 139, 140, 2, 3, 23, 27, 28, 146, 17, H. 161, 37, 41, D. 172, 174, 183.
- 12.—151, 163, 177, 4, 5.
- 13.—127, 139, 173, 17, H.
- Funeral Occasion.—171.
- Christmas.—60, 176, 186, 4.

COMPREHENSIVE INDEX

OF FAMILIAR TUNES TO WHICH THE HYMNS OF THIS BOOK MAY BE SUNG.

NOTE.—In some cases it will be necessary to slur one or more notes, and occasionally to sing two eighth notes in place of one quarter, or two quarters in place of one half.

EXPLANATIONS OF TERMS USED.—o. c., *omit chorus*; o. c. m., *omit chorus of music*; d. v., *sing double verse*; r. l. l., *repeat last line*.

FROM GOSPEL HYMNS and SACRED SONGS.

No. 1.

NOTE.—Many of these will also be found in No. 2 book; also, in one or more other collections.

1. FROM GREENLAND'S ICY MOUNTAINS. (Key F). Nos. 7, 15, 25, 27, 29, 53, 54, 94, 102 (o. c.), 108, 109, 165.
2. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE. (Key C). Nos. 7, 13, 15, 16 (repeat two lines), 25, 27 (o. c.), 29 (o. c.), 32, 43, 53, 54, 85, 88, 94, 102 (o. c.), 108, 109, 140, 157, 165.
3. NO OTHER NAME. (Key F). Nos. 7, 13, 15, 25, 27, 29 (o. c.), 32, 48, 53, 54, 85, 88, 94, 102 (o. c.), 108, 109, 140, 165.
4. PRECIOUS PROMISE. (Key G). Nos. 2, 3, 19, 21, 27, 28, 44 (o. c.), 47, 49, 52, 55, 57, 62, 69, 70, 77, 78, 80,

- 98, 105, 111, 112, 115, 118, 131, 132, 148, 158 (o. c.), 162, 167, 177, 186 (o. c.)
5. LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING. (Key Bb). Nos. 2, 3 (o. c.), 5, 21, 28, 44 (o. c.), 47, 49 (o. c.), 52 (o. c.), 55 (o. c.), 57, 69, 70, 77, 78, 80, 98, 105, 110, 111, 112, 118, 132, 148, 158 (o. c.), 162, 167, 177 (r. c.).
6. WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. (Key F). Nos. 2, 3 (o. c.), 5 (o. c. d. v.), 19, 21, 28, 44 (o. c.), 47, 49 (o. c.), 52 (o. c.), 55 (o. c.), 57 (o. c.), 69, 70, 77, 78, 80, 98, 105, 110, 111, 112, 118, 131, 132, 148, 158 (o. c.), 162, 167.
7. FAR FROM MORTAL CARES. (Greenview). (Key F). Nos. 2, 3 (o. c.), 19, 21, 28, 44 (o. c.), 47, 48, 49 (o. c.), 55 (o. c.), 57, 77, 78, 80, 98, 105, 110, 111, 112, 118, 131, 132, 148, 158 (o. c.), 162, 167.

8. SCATTER THE SEEDS OF KINDNESS. (No. 2 book). (Key C). Nos. 78 (o. c.), 158 (o. c.), 162 (o. c.), 167 (o. c.)
9. ALWAYS CHEERFUL. (Royal Diadem). (Key E). Nos. 2, 28, 47, 49, 57, 77, 78, 80, 81, 105, 110, 118, 131, 132, 148, 155 (r. c.), 158 (o. c.), 162, 167.
10. JUST AS I AM. (Key E $\frac{1}{2}$). Nos. 42 (o. c.), 58 (repeat two lines).
11. PRECIOUS NAME. (Key A). Nos. 78, 83.
12. SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. (Key D). Nos. 38, 42, 58, 75, 79, 103 (d. v.), 123.
13. YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION. (Key B $\frac{1}{2}$). Nos. 62, 86 (o. c.), 115 (o. c.), 129.
14. JEWELS. (Key E). Nos. 69, 78.
15. THERE IS A FOUNTAIN FILLED WITH BLOOD. (Key C). No. 43 (o. c.)
16. THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING. (Webb). (Key B $\frac{1}{2}$). Nos. 15, 25, 27 (o. c.), 29 (o. c.), 53, 54, 88, 94, 102 (o. c.), 109, 165 (o. c.)
17. CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING. (Pleyel's Hymn). (Key G). Nos. 71, 146, 149, 156, 173 (o. c.)
18. FREE FROM THE LAW. (Key E $\frac{1}{2}$). Nos. 49, 62, 115.
19. HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE. (Key G). Nos. 73 (o. c.), 86, 152.
20. SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS. (Key G). No. 12 (o. c.)
21. WE SHALL MEET BY-AND-BY. (Key A $\frac{1}{2}$). No. 28.

GOSPEL HYMNS, No. 2.

(Not in No. 1 Book.)

22. DARE TO BE A DANIEL. (Key B $\frac{1}{2}$). No. 97.
23. GUIDE ME, O THOU GREAT JEHOVAH. (SICILY). (Key E). Same as Class 2.
24. ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIER. (Key G). No. 36.
25. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS ALONE. (Key A). Nos. 8, 13, 16 (o. c.), 33, 35 (repeat music), 40 (o. c.), 43 (o. c.), 64 (o. c.), 72. The same as Varina.
26. OH TO BE NOTHING. (Key C). No. 45.
27. BEHOLD, THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH. (Key F). Nos. 7 (o. c.), 27, 29, 94 (o. c. m.), 102, 140.
28. HO, REAPERS OF LIFE'S HARVEST. (Key C). Nos. 7, 15, 25, 27, 29, 53, 54, 94, 102, 108, 140.

HALLOWED SONGS.

(Not in G. H. 1 or 2.)

29. SAVIOR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US. (Key E $\frac{1}{2}$). Nos. 21, 28, 69, 70, 77, 78, 110, 167.
30. JESUS LOVES ME, THIS I KNOW. (Key E $\frac{1}{2}$). No. 30.
31. SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL. (Key G). Nos. 2, 5, 21, 28, 44 (o. c.), 47, 49 (o. c.), 52 (o. c.), 55 (o. c.), 57 (o. c.), 70, 78, 80, 98, 105, 110, 112, 118, 131, 148, 158 (o. c.), 162, 167.
32. MY REDEEMER. (Welcome Tidings) (Key A $\frac{1}{2}$). Nos. 2, 5 (o. c.), 21, 28, 44 (o. c.), 47 (o. c.), 49 (o. c.), 52 (o. c.), 55 (o. c.), 57, 70, 78, 80, 98, 105 (o. c.), 110 (o. c.), 111 (o. c.), 112 (o. c.), 118, 131, 148, 158, 162, 167.
33. COME THOU FOUNT. (Autumn). Same as No. 7.
34. I'M GOING HOME. (Key G). Nos. 42, 58, 76, 103, 123.
35. HOME, SWEET HOME. (Key E). Nos. 8 (o. c.), 13, 15, 32, 35, 43, 64, 72 (o. c.), 89, 96, 157 (d. v.)
36. I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL. (Key D). Nos. 8, 94.
37. ALL HAIL THE POWER OF JESUS' NAME. (Key G). Nos. 32, 155, 157, 161.
38. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. (Key A $\frac{1}{2}$). Nos. 7, (o. c.), 25 (o. c.), 15 (d. v.), 41, 54.
39. HOLD THE FORTH. (G. H. No. 2.) (Key B $\frac{1}{2}$). Nos. 14, 24, 56, 95.
40. HE LEADETH ME. (Key D). Nos. 42, 58 (repeat two lines), 76, 79, 103 (d. v.), 123.
41. THERE IS A LAND OF PURE DELIGHT. (Varina.) (Key E $\frac{1}{2}$). Nos. 8 (o. c.), 13, 16, 32, 35, 40 (d. v.), 43, 64, 72 (o. c.), 89, 96, 155, 157 (d. v.), 161 (repeat two lines), 168 (d. v.)
42. WHAT IS YOUR MISSION, MY BROTHER? (Key G.) No. 9, 106 (d. v.)
43. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL. (Key F.) Nos. 5, 26, 30 (d. v.), 61 (o. c.), 63 (o. c.), 65, 116, 141.
44. IMMANUEL'S LAND. (G. H. No. 2.) (Key G.) No. 27 (o. c.)
45. NOT HALF HAS EVER BEEN TOLD. (Key C.) No. 9.
46. BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO. (Key F.) No. 4, 40 (o. c.), 54.
47. NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. (Key G.) also, Robin Adair. (Key B $\frac{1}{2}$). No. 99.

INDEX OF SIMILAR METRES.

NOTE.—In this index the numbers of tunes are arranged in classes in respect to metre. Generally the words of any given number may be sung to the music of any other number in the same class. In some cases, however, it will be necessary to sing two syllables to one note, and at other times to slur or tie them together; sometimes to omit chorus, or sing double verse. The chorister should look carefully to this, and try pieces before attempting to sing with the school.

- CLASS A.—7, 15, 25, 27, 29, 53, 54, 94, 102, 108, 109, 165.
- CLASS B.—2, 3, 5, 19, 21, 28, 44, 47, 49, 52, 55, 57, 69, 70, 77, 78, 80, 98, 105, 110, 111, 112, 118, 132, 148, 158, 162, 167.
- CLASS C.—38, 42, 48, 76, 79, 103, 123.
- CLASS D.—8, 13, 16, 32, 35, 40, 43, 64, 65, 72, 89, 96, 100, 107, 157, 161, 168.
- CLASS E.—42, 58.

- CLASS F.—72, 78, 83, 141.
- CLASS G.—62, 86, 115, 129.
- CLASS H.—71, 146, 149, 156, 173.
- CLASS I.—18, 26, 34, 65.
- CLASS J.—6, 17, 36, 68, 122.
- CLASS K.—14, 24, 56, 95.
- CLASS L.—32, 41, 52.
- CLASS M.—4, 104.
- CLASS N.—116, 117.







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