

JASPER and GOLD

A CHOICE COLLECTION OF

SONG-GEMS

FOR

Sunday Schools, Social Meetings, etc.

BY

F. C. OKANE.

TRACY, BIRCHCOCK & WALDEN, PUBLISHERS.

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JASPER AND GOLD:

A Choice Collection of Song-Gems

FOR

SUNDAY-SCHOOLS, SOCIAL MEETINGS, AND TIMES OF REFRESHING.

—♦ BY ♦—

T. C. O'KANE.

—♦ L. D. ♦—

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PREFACE.

AND HE CARRIED ME AWAY IN THE SPIRIT, TO A GREAT AND HIGH MOUNTAIN, AND SHOWED ME THAT GREAT CITY, THE HOLY JERUSALEM, DESCENDING OUT OF HEAVEN FROM GOD, HAVING THE GLORY OF GOD: AND HER LIGHT WAS LIKE UNTO A STONE MOST PRECIOUS, EVEN LIKE A JASPER STONE: . . . AND THE BUILDING OF THE WALL OF IT WAS JASPER, AND THE CITY PURE GOLD."

In the compilation of this book the Author has steadily kept in view the following considerations:

FIRST.—The average Sabbath-school of the present day is not made up entirely of children—very young persons; but a large number of youth and many middle-aged, and even elderly persons, are found in the school studying the Word of God. It is not, therefore, a sufficient objection to a piece of Sabbath-school music, that "it is excellent, but not adapted to children." Nor is it a sufficient reason for the insertion of a piece, that "it is simple," unless in that simplicity there is a well-defined musical idea in the music, and some appropriate sentiment in the words.

SECOND.—The musical taste and talent of the average Sunday-school has been materially improved within the past few years. Crude "poetry," and still cruder melodies and harmonies, must give place to verse that "is born, not made," and to music that is inspired and not written for a certain sum per page.

THIRD.—The Spirituality of our Sabbath-schools is deeper than ever before. This is probably owing very largely to the evangelistic meetings held throughout the land; but, whatever the cause, it is a glorious truth, and a matter of sincere gratitude to the Master in the hearts of all earnest Sabbath-school workers.

FOURTH.—Our really meritorious Sabbath-school music has found its way into the Prayer and Social Meetings of the Church, and has had a tendency to relieve the monotony and lack of spirit too often found in the exercises of these meetings. The marked success, in this direction, of the Author's previous books, and especially of "Songs for Worship," has encouraged him to make this book more available for this purpose than either of the others.

"JASPER AND GOLD"

is, therefore, a collection of SONG-GEMS, both new and old—rare and precious as JASPER, useful and indispensable as GOLD. And now, as these pages go forth on their mission of song, and will fall into the hands of thousands whom the Author will never see in the flesh, it is his earnest prayer, that he may meet all who sing its melodies within the JASPER wall, in the city of GOLD, and join with them in singing "Unto him that hath loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God, and his Father, to Him be glory and dominion forever and ever. Amen."

T. C. O'KANE.

JASPER AND GOLD.

Hymn 1.]

Rev. Charles Wesley.

THE HEAVENLY 'JERUSALEM.

T. C. O'Kane.

CHORUS.

1. By faith we ahead - y be - hold, The heavenly Jerusalem here; } The cit - y adorned with its
 Its walls are of JASPER and GOLD, As crystal its buildings are clear, }

2. Immovably founded in graec, It stands as it ever hath stood; } The city adorned
 And brightly its Builder displays, And flames with the glory of God. }

3. That eit - y so ho - ly and clean, No sorrow can breathe in the air; } The cit - y adorned with its
 No gloom of affliction or sin, No shadow of e - vil is there. }

Jasp - er and Gold . . . The home of the blest, . . .
 with Jasper and Gold, The home of the blest, By faith we already be - hold.

NOTHING BETWEEN.

[Hymn 2.]

Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

"We would see Jesus."—John xii, 21.

J. H. Tenney. By per.

1 "We would see Je - sus," Show us thy loving face; Draw us, dear Lord, to thee,
 2 "We would see Je - sus," Let us thy glo-ry see; Shine with a brighter ray,
 3 "We would see Je - sus," Nothing of earthly din Com - ing; O Lord, be - tween,

Chorus.

Close in thy fond em - brace,
 Bid-ding the darkness flee. Nothing between, dear Je - sus, Noth - ing be - tween; O
 Nothing of pride or sin.

come in love so near us, Noth - ing be - tween, Noth - ing be - tween.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

S. J. Vail.

1. Sing of Je - sus— of his mer - cy In the par - don of our sin; Of the pre - cious love that
 2. Sing of Je - sus— of his pa - tience With our cold, unlov - ing hearts; Of the ten - der - ness that
 3. Sing of Je - sus— of his goodness Crowning all our earthly days, Strewing blessings rich and

REFRAIN.

bought us, Of the blood that makes us clean. Sing of Je - sus, sing of Je - sus— Of the
 draws us; Of the grace that peace im - parts.
 count - less, All a - long life's de - vious ways. Sing of Je - sus, Sing of Je - sus,

pre - cious, precious Sav - ior; Sing of Je - sus, sing of Je - sus, Sing his praise for - ev - er.
 Sing of the precious

Mary B. Reese.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. A cry comes o - ver the deep, Wailing of dy - ing souls, 'Tis echoed in ev - ery heart,
 2. Sweet hope went out with the day, Rudder and compass lost; De - spair more dark than the night,
 3. Quick! point to the sav - ing Rock Looming from out the deep, Whose beacon the per - iled souls

"Brothers are on the shoals!" The breakers are dash - ing high, And death is in ev - ery wave, And
 Crowneth the tempest tossed; No help may come from the sea, No suc - cor from the land, Say,
 Ev - er will safe - ly keep, No matter how fierce the storm—How madly the bil - low rolls, The

CHORUS. *Vivace*,

wild - ly ringeth the cry, "We perish with none to save," Ring out the tide of song, While
 must they per - ish, and we Reach never to them a hand? of song,
 light of the Guld - ing Star Will bring them off the shoals.

prayer its bur - den rolls, That he who rules the storm, Will bring them off the shoals.

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
 2. Like a mighty ar - my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading Where the saints have trod;
 3. Onward, then, ye people, Join our happy throng; Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

Christ, the Royal Master, Leads against the foe, Forward in - to battle, See, his banners go. Onward,
 We are not di - vided, All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
 Glo - ry praise, and honor Un - to Christ the King: This through countless ages Men and angels sing.

Refrain.

Onward, Christian soldiers, Fearing not the foe, In the name of Je - sus, Onward let us go.

SEED TIME AND HARVEST.

[Hymn 6.]

Words by "Faith" in S. W. Advocate.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. There's seed time and harvest, but who can foretell, If what we have sown we shall gather as well? }
 The drought or the tempest may come to destroy The rich fields of la- bor we hoped to en-joy; }
 2. When the Lord of the vineyard shall come and shall call, For the labor he needs does it matter at all }
 To the servant who scatters the seed in the ground, If his name with the harvesters nev-er is found? }

Or life may be har-vest-ed ere we can know
 He's bid-den to sow, though he nev-er may reap,
 1. Or life may be har-vest-ed ere we can know, Or life may be har-vest-ed ere we can
 2. He's bid-den to sow, though he nev-er may reap, He's bid-den to sow, though he nev-er may

Whether God will in-crease what in weak-ness we sow.
 But the Lord of the vine- yard his rec-ord will keep.
 know Whether God will increase what in weakness we sow, in weakness we sow.
 reap, But the Lord of the vineyard his rec-ord will keep, his rec-ord will keep.

3 It may be the seed which is given to sow
 May seem to us worthless—too broken to grow,
 But why should we question the wisdom which plans
 The thoughts of our hearts and the work of our hands?
 In faith if we sow as the Lord shall provide,
 He will give us our wages—; what need we beside? :|

4 There's seed time and harvest, and always will be
 For those who will labor, though many may see
 A stranger's hand reaping in fields they have sown,
 While they gather harvests where others have strewn:
 And many may sow, yet they never may reap,
 But the Lord of the vineyard ;| their record will keep.:|

Words by Fanny Church.

J. Holden.

SOLO. **CHORUS.** **SOLO.**

1. Our home beyond for - ev - er fair, Beauti - ful world of peace; No sin or death can
 2. Our home beyond, the land of rest, Beauti - ful world of peace; In thee our souls are
 3. Our home beyond thy gates of light, Beauti - ful world of peace; Soon, soon will greet our

CHORUS. **FULL CHORUS.**

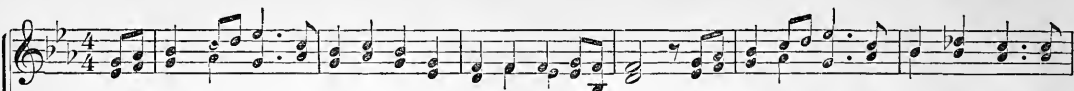
en - ter there, Beauti - ful world of peace. The tears of grief, the pangs of woe, Our
 ev - er blest, Beauti - ful world of peace. Dear Lord of love, we are in thee, From
 yearning sight, Beauti - ful world of peace. And soon our feet shall touch thy shore, To

hearts no more shall ev - er know; Our home beyond, our home beyond, The beautiful world of peace.
 sin for - ev - er more set free. Our home beyond, our home beyond, The beautiful world of peace.
 tread the ways of earth no more. Our home beyond, our home beyond, The beautiful world of peace.

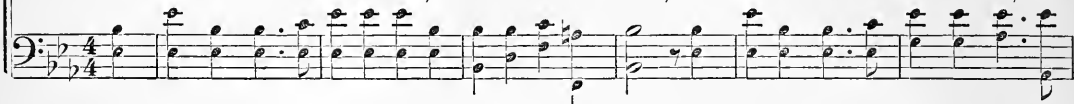
THE NAME OF JESUS.

[Hymn 8.]

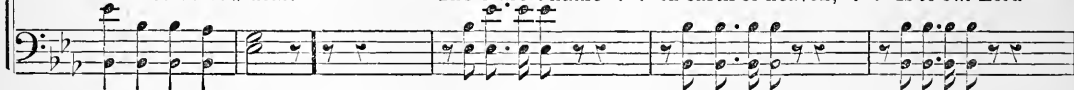
T. C. O'Keane.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth, It sounds like music in my ear—The
 2. It tells me of a Savior's love, Who died to set me free, It tells me of his precious blood, The
 3. Je - sus the name I love so well, The name I love to hear; No saint on earth its worth can tell, No



CHORUS.
 sweetest name on earth,
 sinner's per - fect plea. The dearest name . . . in earth or heaven, . . . Is to our Lord and Master
 heart conceive how dear. The dearest name . . . in earth or heaven, . . . Is to our Lord



given, On Him alone my hopes depend, On Him our best and nearest friend.
 and Master given, On Him alone my hopes depend.



Alexander Clark.

J. H. Tenney. By permission.

1. In our homes and on our way Christ is with us all the day ; Thrills above us such a song—Burns within us such a
 2. Evening shadows one by one Mark our journey nearly done—And we turn aside for rest ; Jesus, Master, know be
 3. Risen for us from the grave, Mighty Savior, save, O save! Hide we now ourselves in Thee, Resurrection is a-

Chorus.

fire, That our footsteps never tire, As we journey hence along. O how sweet his presence is! He is
 fore, Tarry with us evermore ; Thou our Guide, be thou our Guest.
 chieved : Seeing not, we have believed ; Blessed ones indeed are we ! O how sweet His presence is !

ours and we are his ; O how sweet his presence is! He is ours and we are his.
 He is ours and we are his ; O how sweet his presence is!

1. Anywhere with Jesus, saith the Christian heart, Take me where he willeth so we do not part,
 2. Anywhere with Jesus, tho' he leadeth me, Where the path is roughest and where dangers be;
 3. Anywhere with Jesus, for it can not be Dreary, dark, or lonely, where he is with me;

Always with him near me there's no room for fears, Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.
 Tho' he taketh from me all I love below, Anywhere with Jesus will I glad-ly go.
 He will love me always, every need supply, Anywhere with Jesus should I live or die.

CHORUS.

Anywhere with Je-sus, everywhere I go, He shall be my leader trav'ling here below, Always

Near his side a-bid- ing there's no room for fears, Anywhere with Jesus in this vale of tears.

Hymn 11.]

Horatius Bonar, D. D.

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

T. C. O'Kane.

- | | |
|---|-----------------------------------|
| 1. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Come unto me and rest.
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head upon my breast." | } I came to Jesus, as I was, Wea- |
| 2. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "Behold I freely give
The living water, thirsty one, stoop down and drink and live." | |
| 3. I heard the voice of Jesus say, "I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright." | |

ry, and worn and sad, I found in him a resting place, And he has made me glad.
that life-giv - ing stream, My thirst was quenched, my soul revived, And now I live in him.
him my star, my sun, And in that light of life I'll walk, 'Till all my journey's done.

LEANING ON THEE.

[Hymn 12.

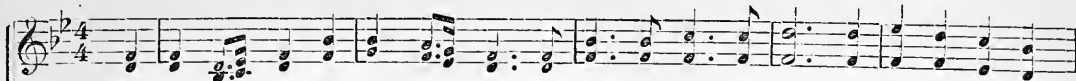
T. C. O'Kane.

1. Lean - ing on thee, my Guide and Friend, My gra - cious Sav - ior, I am blest, Though weary thou dost
 2. Lean - ing on thee, with child - like faith, To thee the future I confide; Each step of life's un -
 3. Lean - ing on thee, tho' faint and weak, Too weak another voice to hear; Thy heavenly accents

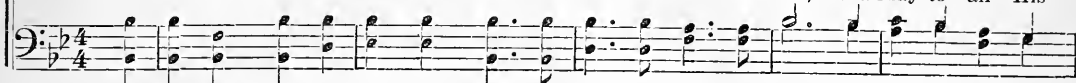
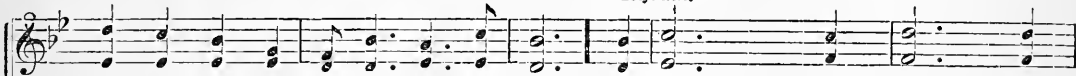
Refrain.

con - descend To be.....my rest. Lean - ing on thee, lean - ing on thee,
 trodden path Thy love.....will guide,
 comfort speak, "Be of.....good cheer."

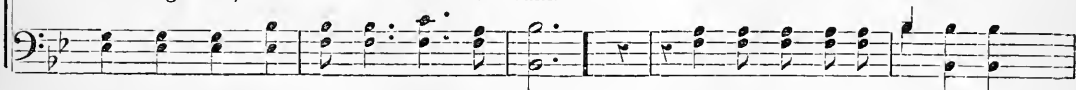
Je - sus on the a - lone; Lean - ing on thee, leaning on thee, On thee..... a - lone.
 still I'm,



1. Thrust in the sick - le, reap for God, Be-hold the ripening grain; A glorious harvest
 2. The glean - ers soon will gath - er in With joy their precious gain; The weakest Christian
 3. The wel - come song of har - vest home, We'll sing o'er hill and plain, And an - gel choirs take
 4. But sweet - er far than harps of gold, When He who once was slain, Shall say to all His

*Refrain.*

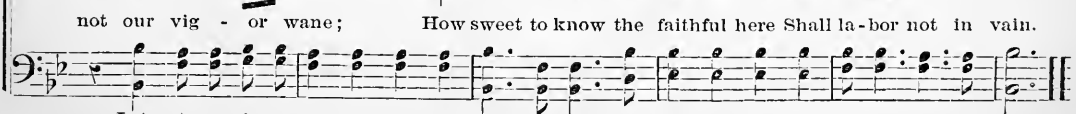
soon will prove Our la - bor not in vain. Toil on, toil on, Let
 soul will find His la - bor not in vain.
 up the theme, We la-bored not in vain.
 toil - ing ones, Ye la-bored not in vain.



Toil on with cheerful hearts, toil on,



not our vig - or wane; How sweet to know the faithful here Shall la-bor not in vain.



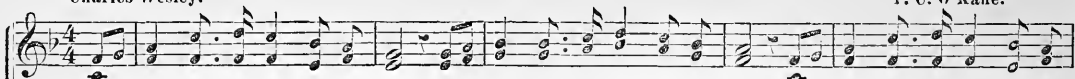
Let not our vigor wane, toil on;

THE EVER-PRESENT JESUS.

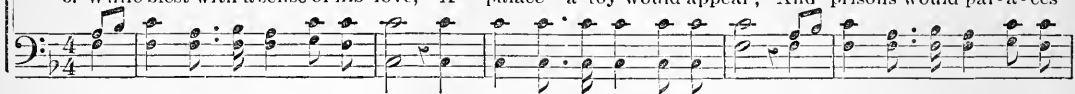
[Hymn 14.]

Charles Wesley.

T. C. O'Kane.



1. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than mu - sic his voice, His presence disperses my
2. Content with behold - ing his face, My all to his pleasure resigned, No changes of season or
3. While blest with a sense of his love, A palace a toy would appear; And prisons would pal - a - ces



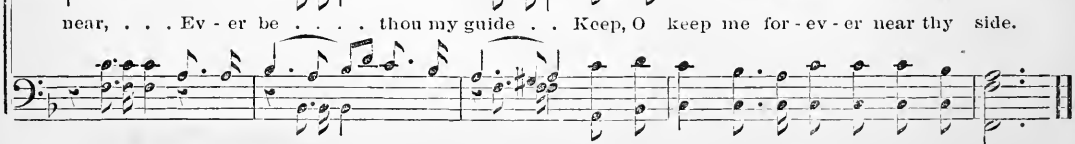
CHORUS.



gloom, And makes all within me rejoice.
 place, Would make any change in my mind. Precious name, O how dear, . . . Faithful Friend, . . . always
 prove, If Jesus would dwell with me there.

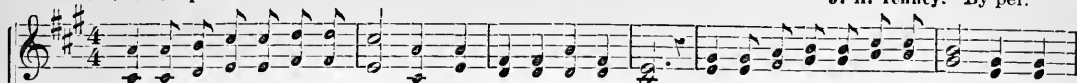


near, . . . Ev - er be . . . thou my guide . . . Keep, O keep me for - ev - er near thy side.



Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

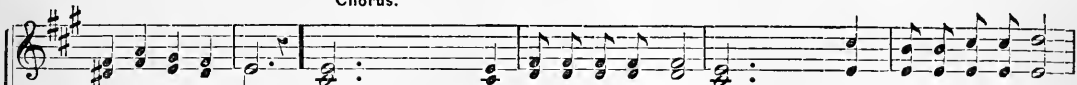
J. H. Tenney. By per.



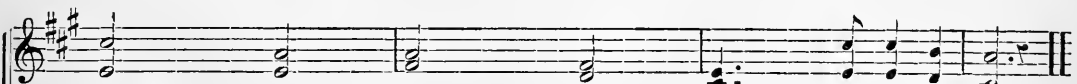
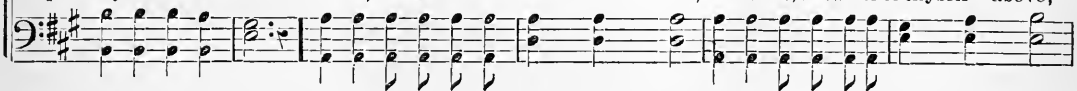
1. Closer to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine embrace; Closer within thine arms enfold me, I
 2. Closer to thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more; Sighing to feel thine arms around me, And
 3. Closer by thy sweet spirit draw me, Till I am wholly thine; Quicken, refine, and wash and cleanse me, Till



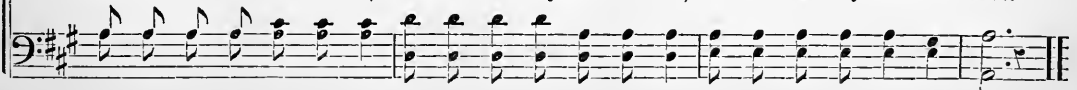
Chorus.



seek a resting place. all my wand'rings o'er. pure my soul shall shine. Clos - - - - er with the cords of love, Draw . . . me to thyself above;
 Closer, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thyself above;



Clos - - - - er draw me, to thy-self a - bove.
 Clos - er with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself a - bove, Draw me to thy-self a - bove.



I CAST MY SOUL ON THEE.

[Hymn 16.]

Horatius Bonar, D. D.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. A - mid the shadows and the fears That o - vercloud this home of tears; A-mid my pov - er - ty and
 2. Mine is a day of fear and strife, A need-y soul, a need-y life, A need-y world, a need-y
 3. On thee I rest, thy love and grace Are my sole rock and resting place; In thee my thirst and hunger

sin, The tem - pest and the war with-in; I cast my soul on thee,
 age, Yet, in my peri - lous pil - grim-age, I cast my soul on
 sore, Lord, let me quench for ev - er - more.

Je - sus thou Son of God, Mighty to save, mighty to save, E - ven me, e - ven me.
 Son of God,

John P. Ellis.

1. There's a light on the dark and surging deep, That shines when the loud winds roar, And the form of the
 2. There's a light in the depths of surging life, That shineth forev - er more, And the Friend who would
 3. There's a light in the depths of Christian hearts, That gleams on the crown before, And the Savior whose

Friend who does not sleep, Comes on from the other shore, Walking the sea to you and to me, Keeping the
 stay all sin and strife, Is here from the other shore, Walking life's sea, to you and to me, Walking so
 love a bliss im - parts, Attends to the other shore, Walking life's sea with you and with me, Keeping in

light of us, e'er to befriend, Ev - er in sight of us succor to lend, Walking the sea, Walking the sea.
 care - ful - ly seeking to find, Ev - er so prayerfully earnest and kind, Walking the sea, Walking the sea.
 reach of us, watching for all, Caring for each of us lest we should fall, Walking the sea, Walking the sea.

From THE STARRY CROWS, by permission.

Mrs. V. A.

S. J. Vail.

*Solo.**Cho.**Solo.*

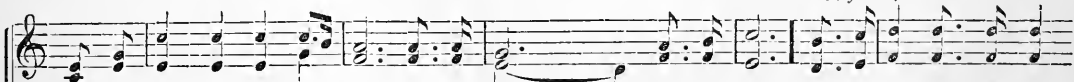
1. Hark! a warning voice with-in, Live for God, live for God; Now the Christian life be-gin.
 2. Ear-ly choose the bet-ter part, Live for God, live for God; With an humble, trusting heart,
 3. Ev-er clinging to the cross, Live for God, live for God; Counting earthly gain but loss,

live for God,

Cho.

Live for God,..... live for God. Love the right, forsake the wrong; We are weak, but he is strong;
 Live for God,..... live for God. Learn the yoke of Christ to bear, Welcome burden, toil and care;
 Live for God,..... live for God. While we all his will o-bey, Let us walk the nar-row way;

live for God,

Refrain.

Let his goodness be our song, Live for God,..... live for God. Let us all live for God,
 Faithful, watching un-to pray'r, Live for God,..... live for God.
 This our watchword day by day, Live for God,..... live for God. live for God

live for God,

Let us all live for God; Marching onward, looking upward, Let us all live for God.

Hymn 19.]

JESUS REIGNS.

T. C. O'Kane.

Lively.

1. Hear the roy-al proc-la - mation, The glad tidings of sal - vation, Publish-ing to ev - ery crea-ture,
2. See the roy-al ban-ner fly-ing, Hear the heralds loudly cry-ing, "Rebel sinners, roy - al fav - or
3. Here are life and free sal - vation, Offered to the whole cre-ation; Here are wine, and milk, and honey,
4. Shout, ye saints, make joyful mention, Christ has purchased our redemption, Angels shout the pleasing story,

Chorus.

To the ruined sons of nature, Je - sus reigns!
 Now is offered by the Savior." Je - sus reigns! { Lo! he reigns, he reigns victorious } Je - sus reigns!
 Come and purchase without money. Je - sus reigns! { Over heaven and earth most glorious. }
 Thro' the brighter worlds of glory. Je - sus reigns!

CLING TO THEE.

[Hymn 20.]

Charlotte Elliott.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. O ho - ly Savior, friend unseen, Since on thy arm thou bidd'st me lean, }
 Help me throughout life's varying scene, [omit] } By faith to cling to thee.

2. What tho' the world deceitful prove, And earthly friends and hopes remove, }
 With patient, un - complaining love [omit] } Still would I cling to thee.

3. Tho' faith and hope may long be tried, I ask not, need not aught be - side; }
 How safe, how calm, how satisfied [omit] } The soul that clings to thee.

REFRAIN.

Cling to thee . . . cling to thee . . . Help me, O Savior, to cling to thee.
 Cling to thee . . . Cling to thee . . . to cling to thee.

ABIDE WITH ME.

[Hymn 21.]

W. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me, fast falls the ev - en - tide, The darkness deepens, Lord, with me a - bide ;

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass a - way :

3. I need thy pres - ence eve - ry passing hour, What bnt thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all around I see, O thou who changest not, abide with me!
 Who like thy - self my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

Hymn 22.]

WILL YOU GO WITH ME.

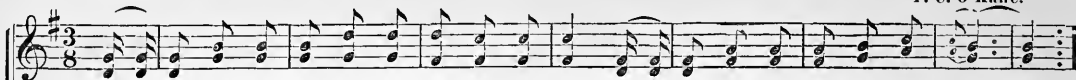
T. C. O'Kane.

1. A beautiful land by faith I see, A land of rest from sorrow free, The home of the ransomed bright and fair,
 2. That beautiful land, where all is light, It ne'er has known the shades of night, The glory of God, the light of day,
 3. The heavenly throng array'd in white, In rapture range the plains of light; In harmony grand and pure they praise

CHORUS.

And beautiful angels, too, are there.
 Hath driven the darkness far away. Will you go? will you go? Go to that beautiful land with me? land with me?
 Their glorious Savior's matchless grace.

SOMETHING TO DO.



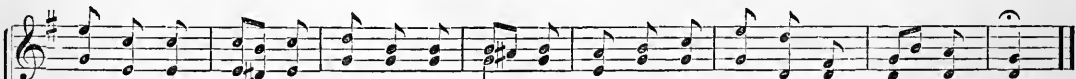
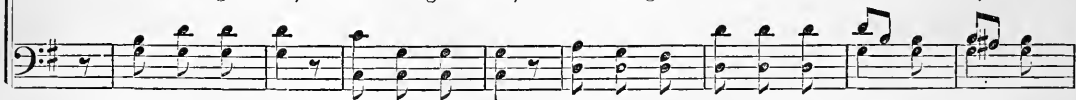
1. We sing "There'll be something for children to do In heaven that beauti - ful land." }
 But there's something on earth here for each one to do, And employment for ev - ery hand. }
2. There are parents to honor, respect, and to love, And all their commands to o - bey; }
 For this is the will of Our Father a - bove, And is to be done ev - ry day. }
3. There are many, so many kind words to be said, So man - y good deeds to be done; }
 To "Stand up for Jesus," the Truth and the Right, And eve - ry thing ev - il to shun. }
4. Let us all as we journey a - long here be - low, Do the good that may be in our way; }
 Be preparing for heaven as old - er we grow, Finding some good to do ev - ery day. }



REFRAIN.



Something to do, something to do, Something for each and for all to do, There's



plen - ty to do, There's plen - ty to do, Yes, plenty for young and for old to do.



Mrs. Towne. "Work while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work." JOHN ix : 4. T. M. Towne.

1. We will work, we will work while yet it is day, Ere life with its harvest is past, Tho' the sheaves may be
 2. We will work ere the dew is brush'd from the way, Ere noon with its heat shall draw near; If the clouds shall a-
 3. We will work till the shades of evening shall come, Till life's earnest labor is o'er; Then at last we will

CHORUS.

few we glean by the way, They'll help fill the storehouse at last. We will work, we will work, We will
 rise and hide the bright day, E'en then we'll not fall to the rear.
 sing the dear "Harvest Home" With those who have gone on before. Yes, we'll work, yes, we'll work, We will

work while yet it is day; Tho' the sheaves may be few we glean by the way, They'll help fill the storehouse at last.

NO LOVE LIKE THE LOVE OF JESUS.

[Hymn 25.]

W. J. Davies.

1. There is no love like the love of Je - sus, Never to fade or fall, Till in - to the fold of the
 2. There is no heart like the heart of Je - sus, Filled with a tender love, No throb or throe that our
 3. There is no eye like the eye of Je sus, Piercing so far a - way, Ne'er out of the sight of its
 4. O let us hark to the voice of Je - sus, O may we nev - er roam Till safe - ly we rest on his

CHORUS.

peace of God, He has gathered us all.
 hearts can know, But he feels it above. Jesus' love, precious love, Boundless, pure and free ! Jesus'
 ten - der light, Can the wander - er stray.
 loving breast, In the dear heav'nly home.

Home of the Soul.

[Hymn 26.]

love, precious love, Boundless, pure and free !

- 1 I will sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll.
- 2 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his hands.
- 3 O how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain !
 With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
 To meet one another again.

Edgar Page.

John R. Sweney.

1. Sim-ply trust- ing ev- ery day ; Trusting, tho' a stormy way ; E - ven when my faith is small,
 2. Singing, if my way is clear ; Praying, if the path is drear ; If in dan-ger, for him call—
 3. Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by, Trusting him what'er be-fall—

CHORUS.

Trusting Je-sus, that is all. Trusting him while life shall last, Trusting him till earth is
 Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
 Trusting Je-sus, that is all, life shall last,

past— Till within the jas-per wall— Trusting Je-sus, that is all.
 earth is past— jas - per wall—

LOOK TO THE SHORE.

[Hymn 28.]

Words and Music by Wilbur A. Christy.

1. Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore, Fear not the tempests that wildly roar;
 2. Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore, Thro' deeper sur-ges Christ passed be-fore;
 3. Look to the shore, brother, look to the shore, Seek there to rest when life shall be o'er;

Tho' Life's deep billows should oft overwhelm you o'er, Strike thro' their foaming rage and look to the shore:
 'Mid dail-y burdens, O think what he bore, Cling to Hope's anchor still and look to the shore:
 See thro' the breakers the glo-ry in store, Cast off your doubts and fears, and look to the shore:

Refrain.

Look to the shore, look to the shore, When mocked by toil and strife; Oh! look to the shore,
 Look to the shore, Look to the shore,

LOOK TO THE SHORE.—Concluded.

look to the shore, look to the shore Turn from the storms of life and look to the shore.
 Look to the shore, Look to the shore,

Hymn 29.]

UP AND BE DOING.

Rev. T. C. Neal.

1. Up heir of heaven, The present is thine; }
 Ne'er was it giv - en Therein to repine. }
 2. Up and be doing With heart, hand and mind, }
 Something pursuing Of good to mankind, }
 3. Up and be do - ing, With banner unfurled, }
 Angels are viewing Thy strife with the world. }

Hopes may have faded, And flowers have died,
 Will - ingness ev - er Hath light by the way,
 Soon will be giv - en E - ter - nal reward,

Oth - ers, love - shaded, Still bloom at thy side, Others, love - shaded, Still bloom at thy side.
 Bark on life's riv - er Moor not while 'tis day, Bark on life's riv - er Moor not while 'tis day.
 Up heir of heaven, And work for thy Lord, Up heir of heaven, And work for thy Lord.

JERUSALEM.

[Hymn 30.]

Geo. H. Houghton.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem ! Je - ru - sa - lem ! It is not to behold . . . The glo - ry of thy jasper walls, Thy
2. The stream of life from 'neath the throne, Nor yet that throne to see—That I would pray, "O may my home be
3. But O! than all thy streets can boast My eager eyes would see; JE - SUS, the precious Lamb of God, Who

streets of purest gold; To see the twelve Apostles' names Upon thy bulwark traced, Thy gates each one a
found at last in thee," No earthly eye I know hath seen The glories that are thine, Nor ear hath heard such
died to ransom me! "Je - ru - sa - lem! Je - ru - sa - lem! Name ever dear to me, O may at last my

REFRAIN.

sol - id pearl, By each an an - gel placed; "Je - ru - sa - lem . . . Je - ru - sa - lem . . . Name
strains as rise From mid the host di - vine,
name be found" With CHRIST, my Lord, in thee. Je - ru - sa - lem Je - ru - sa - lem, Name

JERUSALEM.—Concluded.

31

ev - er dear to me . . . O may at last my name be found" With CHRIST, my Lord, in thee.

to me

Hymn 31.]

Rev. E. A. Hoffman, .

SINGING WITH THE ANGELS.

A. S. Kieffer.

1. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better home, Of a better home than this, }
Of a home where sor - rows never come [omit] } Where all is perfect bliss.
2. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better life, Of a bet - ter life than this, }
Where there is no con - flict and no strife [omit] } Where all is perfect peace.
3. I have dreamed sweet dreams of a better land, Of a better land than this; }
Where the ransomed tread the golden strand [omit] } Where joys shall never cease.

CHORUS.

Sing ing with the an - gels, There, there, over, ov - er there,
Singing with the angels, with the angels, [omit in repeat] In that home so fair.

From STARRY CROWN, by permission.

HAIL, THE DAY OF JUBILEE.

[Hymn 32.]

R. C. Fraim.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. All hail the day of Ju - bi - lee, Our an - ni - versary day ; Our blithest greetings we would bring, And
 2. The wreath of friendship we have twined Around our souls to-day ; And joyful lips would raise a song To
 3. Yet on the shores of living light, Beyond the narrow sea, May ev - 'ry voice, in notes of fire, Pro-

CHORUS.

chant our sweetest lay.
 make the sad heart gay.
 long Heav'n's Jubilee.

Hail, hail, all hail, The hour of fes - tal glee, With joy we meet, Our
 all hail, all hail, all hail,

friends to greet, And sing our Jubi - lee, And sing, And sing our Ju - bi - lee.
 all hail, and sing all hail, and sing all hail, And sing our Jubilée.

FROM GEMS OF PRAISE, BY PERMISSION.

Mrs. S. T. Griswold.

With Spirit.

1. There's a star that shines on the blest high way, Where the ransom'd heav'n bound are, As a fire by night and a
 2. The pil - grim weary and weak in faith, Hath smiled in its beams a - far; One died to redeem him, 't is
 3. O narrow and rugged the blood-bought way, That leads to the pearly bar. But they who pass it shall
 4. Shall tri - al and sorrow; so sure to come, The peace of the spirit mar? Nay, brightest in gloom, is the

CHORUS.

cloud by day—"T is the Bright and Morning Star. } The Bright and Morning Star.....the
 He who saith, "I'm the Bright and Morning Star." } The Bright and Morning Star.....the
 walk for aye By the light of the Morning Star. } The Bright and Morning Star.....
 light of home, Of the Bright and Morning Star. } The Bright and Morning Star.....

Bright and Morning Star..... } A beacon light both near and a - far, Is Jesus, the Morning Star.
 Star, Bright Morning Star, }

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth.

Rejoice evermore.—1 Thessalonians v : 16.

T. Martin Towne.

Allegretto.

1. Re-joyce, O, yes, re-joyce, re-joyce, A proph-et God hath given, To teach our poor, mis-
 2. Re-joyce, O, yes, re-joyce, re-joyce, Our great High Priest appears, Himself an of-fered
 3. Re-joyce, O, yes, re-joyce, re-joyce, Since Je-sus reigns as King; Re-joyce his scep-ter
 4. Re-joyce, O, yes, re-joyce, re-joyce, Since death is cap-tive led; Christ nailed the ty-rant

Chorus.

guid-ed souls, And lead the way to heaven. Re-joyce, re-joyce, re-joyce, re-joyce, Yes,
 sac-ri-lice To take a-way our fears. to o-bey, And grate-ful trib-ute bring.
 to his cross, And rose our liv-ing Head. re-joyce, re-joyce,

ev-er-more re-joyce; With all the powers of heart and voice, Re-joyce, re-joyce, re-joyce.

With Spirit.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an - gels round the throne; Ten thousand thousand
 2. "Wor - thy the Lamb that died," they cry, "To be ex - alt - ed thus;" "Worthy the Lamb," our
 3. Je - sus is wor - thy to receive Hon - or and pow - er di - vine; And blessings more than
 4. The whole cre - a - tion join in one, To bless the sa - cred name Of him who sits up -

Refrain.

are their tongues, But all their joys are one.
 hearts re - ply, "For he was slain for us."
 we can give, Be, Lord, for - ev - er thine.
 on the throne, And to adore the Lamb.

We come, we come, Our
 We come, we come, we come, we come,

Repeat Softly.

Savior's name to praise. We come, we come, His name to praise.
 We come, we come, we come, we come, His glorious name to praise.

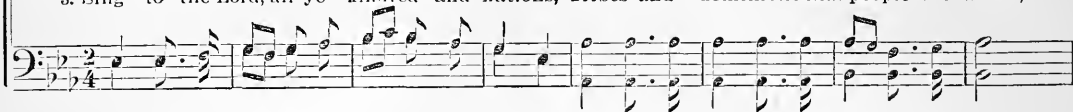
PRAISE YE THE LORD.

[Hymn 36.]

W. T. Giffé.



1. Praise ye the Lord, all ye moorlands and mountains, Praise Him alone, all ye ev - er - green hills;
2. Praise ye the Lord, all ye winds of the corners, Up from the glen peal the notes of your song;
3. Sing to the Lord, all ye kindred and nations, Tribes and dominions that people the world;



Glo - ry to God, shout the bright-flowing fountains, Till all the earth with your melo - dy fills;
 Praise Him who cheereth the hearts of earth's mourners: Sing to the Lord, in his praise be ye strong;
 Where'er the sun sheds his glowing car - na - tions, There let your standards of praise be unfurled;



Woodlands and meadow flow'rs—Joy of the summer hours—Join with the winds in their anthems of praise;
 Praise him each bounding wave—Desert and cliff and cave, Rock and ravine where the shadows are dim;
 Shout till the bending sky Ring - ing, shall send reply, Back from the farthermost wandering star;



PRAISE YE THE LORD.—Concluded.

37

Sprays of the water-fall, Chant ye a cor-o-nal Here at the feet of the Ancient of Days.
Wake from your slentness, Sing to the wilderness, Praise ye the Lord, pay your homage to Him.
Shout till your songs of love Peal thro' the air above, Bearing your song to the mountains a-far.

Hymn 37.] Mrs. Palmer.
Animato.

AWAY TO THE FIELD.

Rev. T. C. Neal.

1. A - way to the field, for the harvest is white; Come away, 'tis the call of your Lord,
His ser - vants ye are, oh! come up in his might, Come, ho! come with a happy ac - cord.
D. C. The harvest is great, oh no long - er delay! Help we need, for the lab'ers are few.

CHORUS.

Haste a - way! oh haste a - way! Now the Mas - ter is call - ing for you.
Haste away! Haste away!

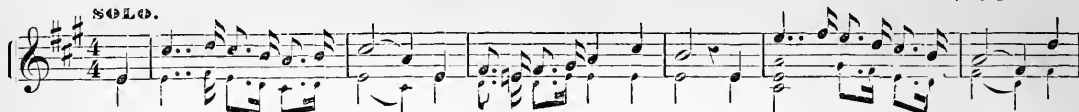
2. Come away to the field! oh how loud its demands,
For the zealous, the strong and the brave,
Ye are not your own, your Redeemer commands
That ye hasten the harvest to save. CHO.

3. A way to the field in the ardor of zeal,
And the smile of the Savior will cheer;
And quickly the shout, thro' the heavens will peal,
Of the harvest brought home ye shall hear. CHO.

Mrs. B. C. Slade.

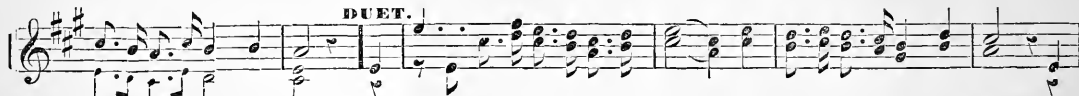
S. J. Vail, by per.

SOLO.



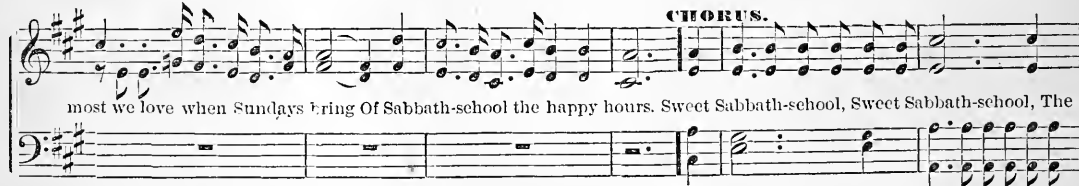
1. We love the sunny days of spring, With early blossoms, birds, and flowers, But most we love, when Sundays bring Of
2. We love to learn, all thro' the week, The things that make us good and wise; But most we love the truths to seek That
3. We love the stories of the brave, The no-ble men who earth have trod; But more to hear of him who gave His
4. We may not roam o'er Oli- vet, Nor view the pleasant Jordan near; But he who there his children met Will

DUET.



Sabbath-school the happy hours. We love the early days of spring, With early buds and birds and flowers; But light our pathway to the skies. life to bring us up to God. surely come to meet us here.

CHORUS.



most we love when Sundays bring Of Sabbath-school the happy hours. Sweet Sabbath-school, Sweet Sabbath-school, The



children's happy, happy home; Thro' thy blest ways, in future days, Shall ma-ny hap-py children come.

happy home.

SHOUT FOR JOY.

W. F. Sherwin, by permission.

1. Shout for joy! come before the Lord with singing: Young and old wake the glad refrain; Praise Jehovah! to
2. Praise the Son, who has bro't us free salvation—Pardon, peace, through his precious blood; Bringing home, out of

Fine.

him your tribute bringing, Till the skies echo back the strain. Praise the Father who loves his children ever-
ev - ery tribe and nation, Wand'ring souls to the fold of God. Holy Spirit, our Comfort-er in sad - ness,

D. C.

Chant his goodness in cheerful song; He, our God, will forsake his people never; Endless praises to him belong.
Kindly Light, leading pilgrims on—Thee we praise in a grateful hymn of gladness, With the Father and Holy Son.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Beyond the scenes of toil and pain, A - mid the bright an - gel - ic train Where peace and
 2. Beyond the reach of strife and sin, Where naught of ill can en - ter in, Where all is
 3. Beyond the flight of passing years, Their lights and shades, their hopes and fears, Where nev - er

Chorus.

joy forev - er reign, Our home, eternal home is there. Our heavenly home, our heavenly
 ho - ly pure and clean, Our home, eternal home is there.
 change or end ap - pears, Our home, eternal home is there. Heavenly home,

home..... Our beau - - - ti - ful, heav - en - ly home..... Which Je - sus
 Heaven - ly home, Our beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful, heav - en - ly, heav - en - ly home, Which Jesus

OUR ETERNAL HOME.—Concluded.

promis - ed to pre - pare, . . . Our home, e - ter - nal home is there.
 promis - ed to pre - pare, Our e - ter - nal home is there.

Hymn 41.]

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

SO MUCH LIKE JESUS.

T. C. O'Kane.

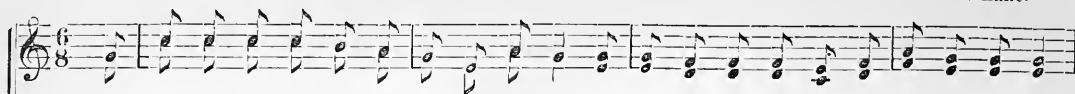
1. What is it that adorns the daily life, And lights the face of them, }
 Who journey onward in the path that leads . . . } To the new Jeru - sa - lem ?
 2. What is it that so richly crowns with grace, Like royal diadem, }
 The brow of those who travel in the way . . . } To the new Jeru - sa - lem ?
 3. What is it sounding in their every tone, 'That seems to us so sweet? }
 These virtues rare, they gather only there, . . . } At the dear Redeemer's feet.

CHORUS.

They have been with Jesus and have learned of him, He has washed them white as snow,
 And they ev - er follow in the narrow way In his blessed paths they go.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

T. C. O'Kane.



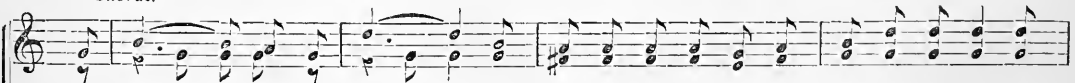
1. Give glo-ry to God for his won-der-ful love, Down flow-ing to us from the heav-en a-bove;
 2. Give glo-ry to God for the rich-es of grace, The joys of his pres-ence and smiles of his face;
 3. Give glo-ry to God for the gift of his Son, And glo-ry to Je-sus for what he has done;



The love that pro-vid-eth with bonn-ti-ful care For all who his bounty and goodness will share.
 For blessings which he in pro-fu-sion doth send For mercies and fa-vors that nev-er know end.
 And un-to the Spir-it who seals us for heav'n, Be glo-ry henceforth and for-ev-er-more giv'n.



Chorus.



Give glo-ry to God, Give glo-ry to God for his won-der-ful love, Give
 Give glo-ry to God, . . .



GIVE GLORY TO GOD.—Concluded.

glo - ry to God, . . . Give glo - ry to God for his love, for his love.

Give glo - ry to God.

Hymn 43.]

ONE HUNDREDTH PSALM.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Make a joyful noise unto the all ye lands, Serve the Lord with gladness, come presence singing.
 [Lord, [before his [with
 2. Enter into his gates with courts with praise. Be thankful unto him and bless his name.
 [thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise. Be thankful unto him and bless his name.
 Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.

1. Know ye that the Lord we our- selves; We are his people and sheep of pas-
 [he is God; he hath made [the [his
 [us and not [his
 2. For the Lord is good, his ever- last- ing; And his truth endur- all gene- ra-
 [mercy is [ing; [eth to [tions.
 As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be world without end. A- men, A- men.

I LOVE TO SING FOR JESUS.

[Hymn 44.]

T. C. O'Kane.

1. I love to sing for Je - sus, My soul in earnest song Pours out its tide of gladness, His
I love to sing for Je - sus, In warm enraptured strains, To roll the hal - le - lu - jahs
2. I love to work for Je - sus, I know no greater joy Than in His blessed serv - ice, My
I love to work for Je - sus, Where'er He beckons me, I'll run to meet the summons,

CHORUS.

praises to pro - long,
[omit in repeat]. . . . Up to the E - den plains. I love, . . . I love, I love to sing for
powers to em - ploy,
[omit in repeat]. . . . And la - bor cheerful - ly. I love, . . . I love, I love to work for

Jesus I love, I love, I love to sing for Jesus.
Jesus I love, I love, I love to work for Jesus.

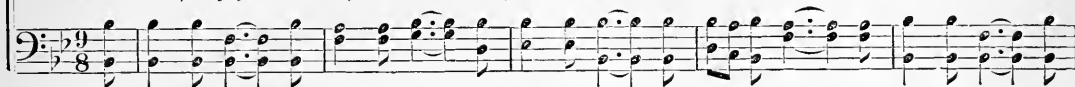
3. I love to pray to Jesus!
How sweet the ecstasy
Which our enjoyed communion
Has often brought to me.
I love to pray to Jesus!
For at the place of prayer
He meets and warmly greets me;
And cheers my spirit there.
Chorus.—I love, &c.

Words by Fanny Church.

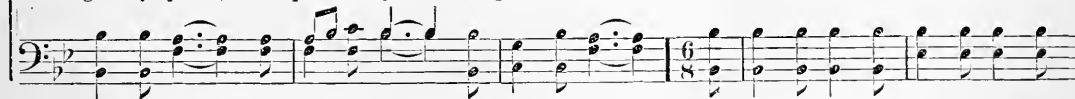
J. H. Tenney.



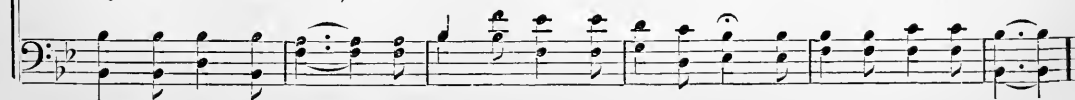
1. O songs of faith that pilgrims sing! To you our hearts for - ev - er cling: You guide us where the
 2. O songs of love that an-gels sing! What peace and joy your sweet notes bring: They float so sweetly
 3. And now, O joy! at last, at last The years of toil and woe are past, And Zi-on's gold - en



saints have trod, You lead us to the throne of God. O mu - sic soft! O music sweet! Borne
 down the way That leads us up to end - less day. O mu - sic soft! O music sweet! With
 gate ap - pears; We pass for aye from grief and tears. O mu - sic soft! O music sweet! We



up - ward by your song, Tho' storms of time a - round us beat, The weakest heart grows strong.
 Heaven in the strain; Our wait - ing ears your sweet songs greet, They calm our weary pain.
 lay our bur - dens down, For ev - er - more at Je - sus' feet, And there re - ceive our crown.



From THE LITTLE SOWER, by permission.

NO BOOK LIKE THE BIBLE.

[Hymn 46.]

Words by FANNY CROSBY.

Duet. *Alto and Tenor.*

Quartet.

Asa Hull.

1. { No book is like the Bi-ble, For childhood, youth, and age; } It came by in-spi-ra-tion, A
 { Our du-ty, plain and sim-ple, We find on every page. }
 2. { It tells of man's ere-a-tion, His sad prim-e-val fall; } In sacred words of wisdom, It
 { It tells of man's redemption, Thro' Christ who died for all. }
 3. { O, let us love the Bi-ble, And praise it more and more; } But if we closely fol-low The
 { Our life is like a shadow, Our days will soon be o'er. }

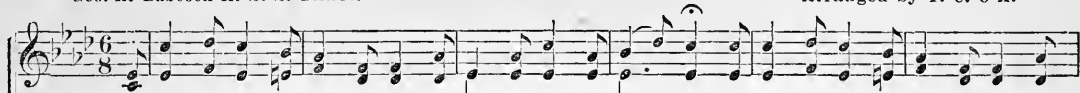
light to guide our way, A voice from him who gave it, Re-prov-ing when we stray. No book is like the
 bids us watch and pray, And early come to Je-sus, The Life, the Truth, the Way. No book, etc.
 counsel God has given, We then may hope with angels To sing his praise in heaven. No book, etc.

Bible, The blessed book we love; The pilgrim's chart of glory, It leads, it leads, It leads to God a-bove.

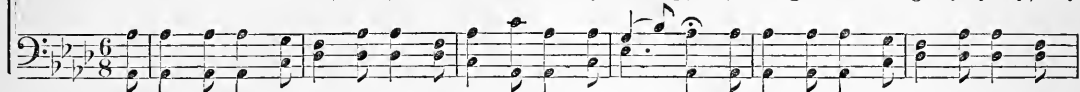
From CAN-RET, No. 2, by permission.

WHAT DOES THOU?

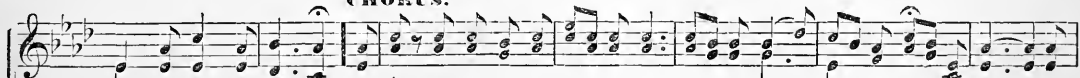
Arranged by T. C. O'K.



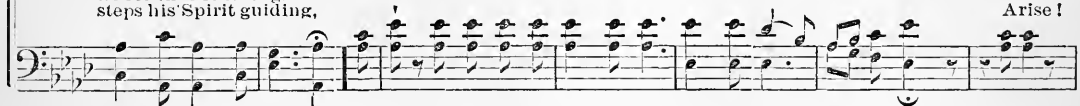
1. What dost thou *here*? O truant soul! In peace and quiet sleeping: Hast thou attained thy destined goal? Hadst
2. What dost thou? O jealous one! With anxious ardor burning; Fearing God's cause will not be won? All
3. What *dost* thou? O weary one! So hast-ily despairing; Thy work for God will not be done While
4. What dost thou? Go on thy way, Thy work, thy Lord providing; Thy strength conferring day by day, Thy



CHORUS.

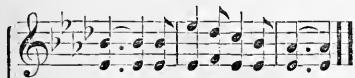


thou no charge in keeping? Arise! the Master is calling thee! Calling thee, calling thee! A-rise! go
 men to error turning?
 he for thee is caring.
 steps his Spirit guiding, Arise!



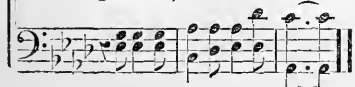
Hymn 48.]

"Abba, Father."



forth, The world hath need of thee.
 go forth,

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise!
 Shake off thy guilty fears;
 The bleeding Sacrifice
 In my behalf appears.
 Before the throne my Surety stands,
 My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
 For me to intercede;
 His all-redeeming love,
 His precious blood to plead.
 His blood atoned for all our race,
 And sprinkles now the throne of
 grace.



- 3 The Father hears him pray,
 His dear anointed One;
 He can not turn away
 The presence of his Son:
 His Spirit answers to the blood,
 And tells me I am born of God.
- 4 My God is reconciled;
 His pard'ning voice I hear;
 He owns me for his child;
 I can no longer fear.
 With confidence I now draw nigh,
 And Father, Abba, Father! cry.

I AM LISTENING.

[Hymn 49.]

W. S. Marshall.

It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me.—Cant. v: 2.

W. S. Marshall.

1. Do you hear the Sav-ior call-ing, By the woo-ings of his voice? Do you hear the ac-cents
 2. By his *Spir-it* he is woo-ing, Soft-ly draw-ing us to him, Thro' the day and night pur-
 3. By the Word of Truth he's speak-ing To the wand'ring, er-ring ones; List! the voice the stillness
 4. In his *Prov-i-den-tial* deal-ings, E-ven in his stern de-crees, In the loud-est thun-ders

Refrain.

fall-ing? Will you make the pre-cious choice? I am list-'ning, O, I'm list-'ning Just to
 su-ing, With his gen-tle voice to win.
 break-ing! Hear the sweet and sol-emn tones!
 peal-ing, Or the murm'ring of the breeze.

Repeat Softly.

hear the ac-cents fall; I am list-'ning, O, I'm list-'ning To the Sav-ior's gen-tle call.

THE SURE FOUNDATION.

T. C. O'Kane.

1st. 2d.

1. { There stands a Rock, on shores of time, That rears to Heav'n its head sublime;
That Rock is cleft, and they are blest, Who find within this cleft a rest.

2. { That Rock's a Cross, its arms outspread, Ce - les - tial glo - ry bathes its head;
To its firm base my all I bring, And to the Cross of Ages cling.

3. { That Rock's a Tower, whose lofty height, Illumed with Heaven's unclouded light,
Opes wide its gate beneath the dome, Where - - - - - saints find rest with Christ at home.

Chorus.

Some build their hopes on the ev - er drifting sand, Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land.

Mine's on a Rock that for - ev - er will stand, Je - sus, the "Rock of A - ges."

Words from S. S. JOURNAL.

BEARING THE CROSS.

Hymn 51.]

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A foll'wer of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause, Or
 2. Are there no foes for me to face, Must I, not stem the flood, Is this vile world a friend to grace, To
 3. Since I must fight if I would reign, Increase my courage, Lord, I'll bear the toil, endure the pain, Sup-
 4. Thy saints in all this glorious war, Shall conquer though they die, They see the triumph from a-far, By

CHORUS.

bush to speak his name?
 help me on to God? O help me, Lord, the cross to bear, And here below my soul pre-
 port - ed by thy word.
 faith they bring it nigh. O help me Lord the cross to bear And here below

pare, So I in heaven the crown may wear, And ev - er praise thy name.
 my soul prepare,

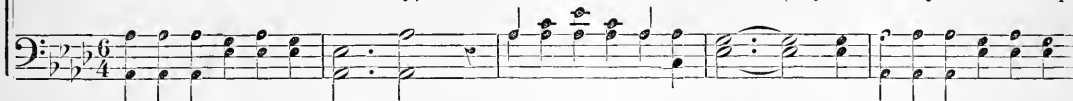
Rev. John Parker.

Wm. Fischer.



1. Fear not the gloom of the midnight,
2. Fear not the heat of the furnace,
3. Heed not the wrath of the tempter,
4. Fear not the chill of the valley,

Dread not the storm of the sea; 'Tis I, who am coming to
The Master is speaking to thee; 'Tis I, who am cooling thy
My presence thy shelter shall be; 'Tis I, who am keeping thy
For death but a shadow shall be; My rod and my staff shall sup-

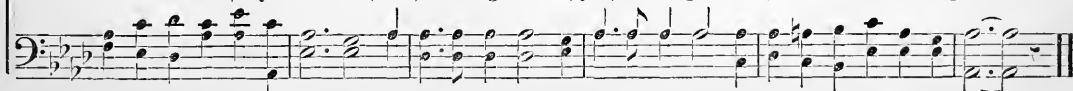


save thee, 'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?
foot - steps, 'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?
spir - it, 'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?
port thee, 'Tis I! keep on trusting in me.

Trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee: I'll



doubt thee no more, my Redeemer, Yes, trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee, I'll ever be trusting in thee.



LABORING ON.

[Hymn 53.]

"Ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

Spirited.

Frank M. Davis.

1. We are la - bor - ing on in the cause of Je - sus, La - bor - ing on, la - bor - ing on;
 2. We are la - bor - ing on for our gra - cious Mas - ter, La - bor - ing on, la - bor - ing on;
 3. We are la - bor - ing on for the gol - en promise, La - bor - ing on, la - bor - ing on;

We are swell - ing the ranks of his glo - rious ar - my, La - bor - ing on, la - bor - ing on.
 In His vineyard we'll work while the days are go - ing, La - bor - ing on, la - bor - ing on.
 We will prove by our works that we have been faithful, La - bor - ing on, la - bor - ing on.

For we know we shall stand with the shin - ing band When we reach his throne a - bove,
 With our songs al - ways glad and our hearts nev - er sad, We will walk the shin - ing way,
 Then we know we shall rest with the pure and blest, In the fields of light a - bove,

From THE BRILLIANT, by permission.

D. C.

And en - joy the reward with our cho - sen Lord, Through our great Re - deem - er's love.
 Toil - ing on with delight e'er the shades of night Take the place of gold - en day.
 Far be - yond the dark gloom of the si - lent tomb. We shall rest in Je - sus' love.

Hymn 54.]

A. Cummings.

EVER WILL I PRAY.

J. H. Tenney, by permission.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray." Psa. Iv: 17.

1. Fa - ther, in the morning Un - to thee I'll pray; Let thy loving kindness Keep me thro' this day.
 2. At the bu - sy noontide, Pressed with work and care, Then I'll wait with Je - sus Till he hear my | rayer.

3. When the evening shadows Chase away the light, Father, then I'll pray thee Bless thy child to-night.
 4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In its shadowy evening, Ever will I pray.

CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev - er will I pray; Morning, noon, and evening Unto thee I'll pray.
 I will pray, I will pray, Ever will I pray;

I WILL FOLLOW JESUS.

1. I will fol - low Je - sus whither he may lead, In the thorny pathway, in the flow'ry mead;
 2. I will fol - low Je - sus tho' the cold world frown, Bearing scorn in meekness, pressing for the crown;
 3. I will fol - low Je - sus 'till my work is done, 'Till the foe is conquer'd and the vict'ry won;

In his blessed footsteps walk the heav'nward way, 'Till I reach the summer land of end - less day.
 Humbly go - ing on - ward, counting all but loss, If I may but fol - low him and bear the cross.
 I will fol - low Je - sus, to the mansions bright, There to wear the crown of gold and robe of white.

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll fol - low Je - sus, fol - low on - ly Him, Who hath died to save me from the curse of sin.

Musical score for the hymn "I Will Follow Jesus". It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Follow where he leadeth, fol - low all the way, 'Till he leads me to the realms of end - less day."

Hymn 56.]

IN GOD WE TRUST.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

J. H. Tenney.

Musical score for the hymn "In God We Trust". It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "1. In God we trust! He is our sure de - fense, He shields us with His own omni - po - tence. 2. In God we trust! He is a sol - id Rock, Unmov'd and firm A - gainst all earthly shoek. 3. In God we trust! He is our Helper now, We pay to him Our humble, solemn vow."

CHORUS.

Musical score for the chorus of "In God We Trust". It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is two sharps (D major), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are: "In God we trust, In God we trust, For help and strength, In God we trust."

From HAPPY SONGS, by permission.

WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN.

[Hymn 57.]

"Work ye while it is called day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

T. C. O'Kane.

1. We nev - er will think there is naught we can do, Be - cause we can't work like a man;
 2. And if we have on - ly a pen - ny to give, We'll give it, tho' sean - ty our store;
 3. But if an a - bun - dance we have at command, O Fa - ther, the spir - it be - stow;
 4. Tho' God may not call us in re - gions a - far To scat - ter the Gos - pel a - broad,

The har - vest is great, and the la - b'ers are few, So we must do all, all we can.
 For they who give noth - ing when lit - tle they have, When wealthy will give lit - tle more.
 To scat - ter our wealth with a lib - er - al hand, To cheer those in sor - row and woe.
 We'll point those a - round us to Beth - le - hem's star, To heav - en, to home, and to God.

Chorus.

O, yes, we'll do all, all we can, all we can; O, yes, we'll do all, all we can, all we can;

WE'LL DO ALL WE CAN—Concluded.

The har - vest is great and the la - b'ers are few, So we must do all, all we can.

This musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics written below the notes. There are some triplets indicated by a '3' over a group of notes.

Hymn 58.]

Fanny Crosby, in Sabbath Carols.

GIVE, CHEERFULLY GIVE.

T. C. O'K.

1. Give! give! cheerful - ly give, As God hath given to thee; Do good to all is the great command. And
2. Give! give! cheerful - ly give, Tho' small may be thy store; Oh, not in vain was the widow's mite, Then

This musical score is for the hymn 'Give, Cheerfully Give'. It features two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 6/8. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are placed between the two staves.

thine a crown shall be. { Give to the widow and or - phan one, Whose burden is hard to bear;
give and trust for more. { Visit the homes that are poor and dark, And scatter thy treasures there.
{ Give to the weary, the sick, and faint, Oh banish the tears they shed;
{ Do it in meekness, and love to Him, Who giveth thy dai - ly bread.

This section continues the musical score from the previous block. It maintains the same two-staff format (treble and bass clefs) and key signature (one sharp). The lyrics are integrated with the musical notation, with some parts enclosed in curly braces to indicate specific instructions or variations. The piece concludes with a final cadence in the treble staff.

3. Give! give! prayerfully give
Where'er thou canst relieve;
And thou shalt prove it is far more blest
To give than to receive.

Give to the spread of the gospel light,
To those by the cross who stand;
Give to the missions at home and abroad,
Oh, give with a bounteous hand.

THE LAND JUST ACROSS THE RIVER.

[Hymn 59.]

T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye, To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where
 2. O'er all those wide ex - tended plains Shines one e - ternal day ; There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And
 3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for - ever blest ? When shall I see my Father's face, And
 4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul, Would here no longer stay ; Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fear-

CHORUS.

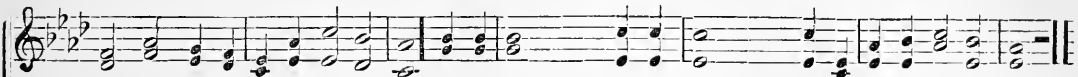
my pos - ses - sions lie. We will rest in the " fair and happy " land, Just a - cross on the evergreen
 scat - ters night a - way. We will rest in the " fair and happy " land, Just a - cross on the evergreen
 in his bo - som rest. We will rest in the " fair and happy " land, Just a - cross on the evergreen
 less I'd launch a - way. We will rest in the " fair and happy " land, Just a - cross on the evergreen
 by and by,

shore . . . Sing " the song of Moses and the Lamb," by and by, And dwell with Jesus ev - er - more.
 evergreen shore.

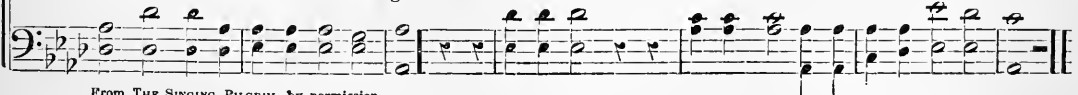
Philip Phillips.



1. Courage, broth - er, do not stum-ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night; There's a star to guide the
 2. Let the road be rough and dreary, And its end far out of sight, Foot it bravely, strong or
 3. Sim - ple rule and safest guiding, Inward peace and inward night, Star up - on our path a-
 4. Some will hate thee, some will love thee, Some will flatter, some will slight; Cease from man and look a-

*Refrain.*

- humble: "Trust in God and do the right." Do the right, do the right, "Trust in God and do the right."
 wea - ry, "Trust in God and do the right."
 bid - ing, "Trust in God and do the right."
 bove thee, "Trust in God and do the right."



From THE SINGING PILGRIM, by permission.

WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

- | | | |
|---|--|---|
| <p>1 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work thro' the morning hours;
 Work, while the dew is sparkling,
 Work 'mid springing flow'rs.
 Work, when the day grows brighter,
 Work in the glowing sun;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man's work is done.</p> | <p>2 Work, for the night is coming,
 Work through the sunny noon;
 Fill brightest hours with labor,
 Rest comes sure and soon.
 Give every flying minute
 Something to keep in store;
 Work, for the night is coming,
 When man works no more.</p> | <p>3 Work, for the night is coming,
 Under the sunset skies;
 While their bright tints are glowing,
 Work, for the daylight flies.
 Work, till the last beam fadeth,
 Fadeth to shine no more;
 Work, while the night is dark'ning,
 When man's work is o'er.</p> |
|---|--|---|

Arranged by Jno. R. Sweney.

Moderato.

1. We are toiling up the way, Narrow way, narrow way; We have journey'd many a day T'ward the T'ward the distant shining land, Golden land, golden land, Where the heavenly harpers stand In the

2. Tho' the journey may be long, Hard and long, hard and long, We will cheer it with a song Of the We shall en - ter by the cross, Blessed cross, blessed cross; Gaining gold that hath no dross, In the

3. We shall gather home at last, Sorrow past, sorrow past; We shall hold our jewels fast, In the We shall dwell in perfect light, Ho - ly light, ho - ly light, Never dimm'd by tears at night, In the

4. We shall know each other there, O - ver there, o - ver there, When our angel robes we wear, In the All that's purest, holiest here, Grows more dear, grows more dear, In the mansions drawing near, In the

D. C. shining angels wait, angels wait, angels wait, To unbar the golden gate Of the

Fine. CHORUS.**D. C.**

kingdom; Still we sing, Christ, our King, Walks with us the wea - ry way, And the kingdom.

FROM GERMS OF PRAISE, by permission.

Hymn 63.]**He Leadeth Me.**

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort
fraught!

Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REF.—*He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me!*

*His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.*

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest
gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers
bloom,

By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in
Nor ever murmur nor repine—[mine,
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When, by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Montgomery.

1. Friend af - ter friend de - parts, Who hath not lost a friend? There is no u - nion here of hearts
 2. There is a world a - bove, Where parting is un known, A whole e - ter - ni - ty of love,
 3. Thus star by star de - clines, Till all are passed a - way, As morning high and higher shines

That finds not here an end: Were this frail world our on - ly rest, Living or dying none were blest.
 Form'd for the good a - lone: And faith beholds the dy - ing here Translated to that happier sphere.
 To pure and perfect day: Nor sink those stars in empty night They hide themselves in heaven's own light.

Hymn 65.]

The Great Physician.

1 The great Physician now is near,
 The sympathizing Jesus;
 He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus.

*Cho.—Sweetest note in seraph song,
 Sweetest name on mortal tongue
 Sweetest carol ever sung,
 Jesus, blessed Jesus.*

2 Your many sins are all forgiv'n,
 Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;
 Go on your way in peace to heav'n
 And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb,
 I now believe in Jesus;
 I love the blessed Savior's name,
 I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
 No other name but Jesus;
 Oh, how my soul delights to hear
 The precious name of Jesus.

66.] The Old, Old Story.

1 Tell me the old, old story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and His glory,
 Of Jesus and His love;
 Tell me the story simply,
 As to a little child,
 For I am weak and weary,
 And helpless and defiled.

*Cho.—Tell me the old, old Story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Tell me the old, old story,
 Of Jesus and his love.*

2 Tell me the story softly,
 With earnest tones, and grave;
 Remember! I'm the sinner
 Whom Jesus came to save;
 Tell me the story always,
 If you would really be
 In any time of trouble,
 A comforter to me.

3 Tell me the same old story,
 When you have cause to fear
 That this world's empty glory
 Is costing me too dear;
 Yes, and when that world's glory
 Is dawning on my soul,
 Tell me the old, old story;
 "Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

SWEET RESTING BY AND BY.

[Hymn 67.]

T. C. O'Kane.

1. We'll lay our heavy burdens down, By and by, By and by, Exchange the cross for the,
 2. We'll sing with all the ransom'd there, By and by, By and by, And swell our praise on the
 3. We'll be with Je- sus where he is, By and by, By and by, A home more brightly

CHORUS.

gold-en crown, By and by. There'll be sweet rest-ing By and by,
 balm-y air. By and by.
 fair than this, By and by.

By and by, By and by, Sweet, Sweet, Resting By and by.

Oh how sweet, Oh how sweet

WHO ARE THESE LIKE STARS APPEARING?

W. W. Bentley, by permission.

DUET.

1. Who are these like stars appearing, These before God's throne who stand? Each a golden crown is wearing,
 2. Who are these in dazzling brightness, Clothed in God's own righteousness; These in robes of purest whiteness,
 3. These are they who have contended For their Saviour's hon - or long, Wrestling on till life was ended,

SEMI-CHORUS.

Who compose this happy band? "Al-le-lu-ia!" Hark! they sing Praises to their God and King. "Alleluia!
 Lustrous in their Saviour's grace? "Alleluia!" etc.
 Following not the sinful throng. "Alleluia!"

FULL CHORUS.

Christ is Lord; Sing his praise with sweet accord." "Alleluia! Christ is Lord! Sing his praise with sweet accord."

Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Beau-ti-ful forms in mel-low light, O-ver the river, the river; Clothed in their garments pure and white,

O-ver the riv-er, the riv-er! There are the saints who once below, Sighed in the gloom of earthly woe.

CHORUS.
Oh, the sweet joy of love they know, O - ver the riv-er! Soon we'll join that band,

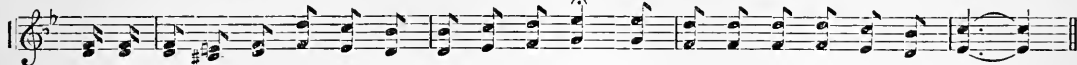
[For remaining verses, see next page.]
On . . the gold-en strand, In . . the summer-land, O . . ver the riv-er.
O - ver the riv-er, the riv-er.

P. P. Bliss.

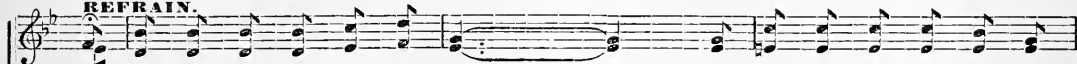
James McGrahanan, by permission.



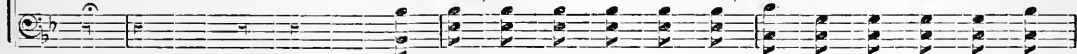
1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come, To take me a-way to his own dear home,
 2. I know not the song that the an-gels sing; I know not the sound of the harp's glad ring;
 3. I know not the form of my man-sion fair; I know not the name that I then shall bear;



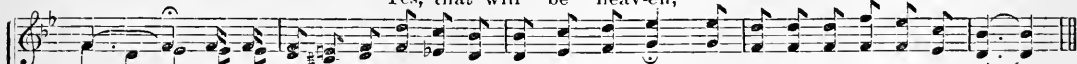
But I know that his presence will light-en the gloom, And that will be glo-ry for me,
 But I know there'll be mention of Je-sus our King, And that will be mu-sic for me,
 But I know that my Sav-ior will welcome me there, And that will be heav-en for me,

REFRAIN.

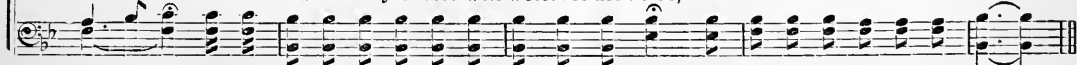
And that will be glo-ry for me; Oh, that will be glo-ry for
 And that will be mu-sic for me; Oh, that will be mu-sic for
 And that will be heav-en for me; Oh, that will be heav-en for



Yes, that will be glo-ry,
 Yes, that will be mu-sic,
 Yes, that will be heav-en,



me! But I know that his presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.
 me! But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me.
 me! But I know that my Savior will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.

**THE OTHER SHORE.—Concluding Verses.**

2 Angels, sweet angels, bright, serene, Over the river!
 Walking among the groves of green, Over the river!
 Youthful as when in time's fair spring,
 Shouting, they clapped their joyous wing;
 Hark! how those happy angels sing, Over the river!

3 Minis'tring spirits, there they stand, Over the river!
 Helping the struggling souls to land, Over the river!
 Grateful the office they perform,
 After so long and fierce a storm,
 Cheering them all with welcome warm, Over the river!

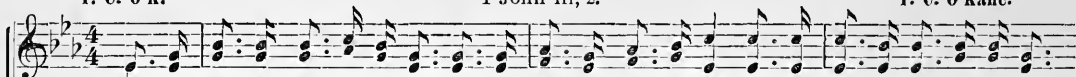
"WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS."

[Hymn 71.]

T. C. O'K.

I John iii, 2.

T. C. O'Kane.



1. When the *march* of life is ov-er, With its battles fought and won; When in vic-to-ry re-joicing
 2. When the *work* of life is ov-er, With its wea-ry care and pain, We shall leave it all behind us,
 3. When the *joys* of life are ov-er, Which so quickly pass away; When the mingled cloud and sunshine

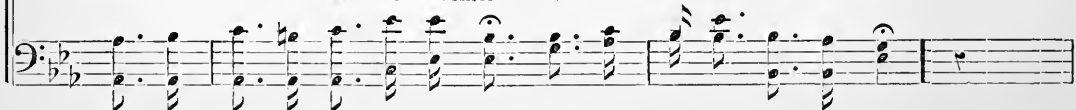


To the Cit-y we shall come; When to us the portals o-pen To the realms of endless bliss,
 Nev-er more to feel a-gain; When the pearly gates we ent-er, In-to perfect rest and peace,
 Break in-to the perfect day; When the resurrection morn-ing Brings us ev-erlast-ing bliss,



Chorus.

Then we'll hail our glorious Captain— "We shall see him as he is," We shall
 Then we'll hail our Friend and Help-er— "We shall see him as he is,"
 Then we'll hail our dear Re-deemer— "We shall see him as he is,"



"WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS." *Concluded.*

67

know our Savior there, In the realms of endless bliss. Like him
 We shall know our Savior there, In the realms of endless bliss.

we Like him we shall ev - er be shall ever be, "For we'll see him as he is,"
 Like him we shall ever be, "For we'll see him as he is."

Hymn 72.]

THE LORD'S PRAYER. (*Chant.*)

(Gregorian.)

1. Our Father who art in heaven | hallowed | be thy | name : |
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done on | earth, as it | is in | heaven.
 2. Give us this | day our | daily | bread : | And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that | tresspass a- | gainst us ;
 3. And lead us not into temptation, but de | liver | us from | evil : |
 For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the | glory, for- | ever. A- | men.

"I SHALL BE SATISFIED."

[Hymn 73.]

Rev. T. C. Neal.

Moderato.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, After whose dawning never night returns, And with whose
 2. When I shall see thy glory face to face, When in thine arms thou wilt thy child embrace, When thou shalt o-
 3. When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my eager arms the long removed, And find how faith-
 4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with eye no longer dim And praise him with

CHORUS.

glory day eter - nal burns, I shall be sat - is - fied.
 pen all thy stores of grace, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied,
 ful thou to me hast proved, I shall be sat - is - fied.
 the ever - lasting hymn, I shall be sat - is - fied.

Hymn 74.] "Washed in the Blood."

Tune.—Next Page.

I Come to the fountain flowing deep and wide,
 Flowing for sinners from Immanuel's side,
 Rise from 'neath its purple tide, "Washed," etc.

CHO.—*Glory evermore to the dear Redeemer's name,
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb!"*

2 Ye, who are burdened with a sense of sin,
 Feeling its guilt and secret power within,
 May be made entirely clean, "Washed," etc.

3 Still flows the fountain ever full and free,
 Saving its thousands, even such as we;
 And yet thousands more may be "Washed," etc.

I shall be sat - is - fied, By and by.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the borders of the si - lent grave,
 2. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ev - er have found in Je - sus calm re - pose,
 3. These, these are they who in the con - flict dire, Bold - ly have stood a - mid the hot - test fire,

CHORUS.

Shouting Jesus' power to save, Washed in the blood of the Lamb? "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the
Such as from a pure heart flows, Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 Jesus now says, "Come up higher," Washed in the blood of the Lamb.

New Je - ru - sa - lein, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb." . . . "Sweeping thro' the gates" to the
 in the blood of the Lamb.

New Jerusalem, "Washed in the blood of the Lamb."

4 Safe, safe upon the ever-shining shore,
 Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow are all o'er,
 Happy now and evermore, "Washed," etc.
 CHO.—*Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb," etc.

5 May we, O Lord, be now entirely thine,
 Daily, from sin, be kept by power divine,
 Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, "Washed," etc.
 CHO.—*Sweeping thro' the streets of the New Jerusalem,*
 "Washed in the blood of the Lamb," etc.

Elisha A. Hoffman.

James R. Murray.

1. The mu - sic of Heaven is sweeter in measure, And pur - er in ev - er - y strain, Than the
 2. The mu - sic of Heaven is grander in rhy ming Than an - y that mor - tal e'er ton'd, And the
 3. The mu - sic of Heaven, no mor - tal can sing it Save he who at - tunes his poor soul, At the

mu - sic of earth, tho' it fills us with pleasure, As it thrilling - ly rolls o - ver val - ley and plain.
 mansions of glo - ry for - ev - er are chiming With the songs that come up to the Savior enthron'd.
 Throne of the Fa - ther to swell it and ring it, With the angels who make it thro' Par - a - dise roll.

REFRAIN.

O mu - sic of Heav - en So rich and so sweet! O
 O mu - sic of Heav - en, mu - sic of Heav - en, mu - sic So rich and sweet! O

joy it will bring us. So full and com - plete.

joy it will bring us, joy it will bring En - rap - tur - ing and com - plete.

Hymn 77.]

OUR CHERISHED ONES. Quartette.

Slowly.

1. Gath - er the cherished ones Home to their rest, Strew the pale ros - es O - ver the breast;
 2. Weep for the cherished ones, Hal - low with tears Graves which the love of Lost ones en - dears;
 3. Je - sus, our cherished ones Welcomes on high, With Him for - ey - er, No more to die;

Rit.

Like them in beau - ty, Flowers de - cay, When the heart's earthly joy Passeth a - way.
 Trust to their pil - low Gent - ly the dead, An - gels from heaven will Watch o'er their bed.
 May we, Dear Fa - ther, When life is o'er, Meet them in glo - ry, to Part nev - er - more.

I LONG TO BE THERE.

[Hymn 78.]

Rev. A. A. G.

Having a desire to depart, and be with Christ.—PHIL. i; 23.

Rev. A. A. Graley.

1. Oh, there is a beau-ti-ful cit-y, Just o-ver the riv-er so cold;
 2. No sun ev-er shines on that cit-y, Yet nev-er the drear-i-some night
 3. No sin ev-er reigns in that cit-y, No foe lies in wait to an-noy;
 4. Oh, when will the conflict be end-ed, The sum of my sor-rows be told,

'Twas built by the Father Al-mighty— Je-ru-sa-lem, cit-y of gold.
 En-shrouds with a man-tle its beauty, For glo-ry di-vine is its light.
 No grief ev-er calls for our pit-y, For full is the measure of joy.
 And I, by the an-gels at-tend-ed, Go up to this cit-y of gold?

CHORUS.

I long, oh, I long to be there, I long, oh, I long to be there;
 there, to be there, there, to be there;

I LONG TO BE THERE.—Concluded.

Id glad-ly pass o-ver the riv-er to-day, For oh, how I long to be there.

Hymn 79.]

Horatius Bonar.

A FEW MORE YEARS.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. A few more years shall toll, A few more seasons come, And we shall be with those that rest A
 2. A few more struggles here, A few more partings o'er, A few more toils. A few more tears, And
 3. A few more Sabbaths here, Shall cheer us on our way, And we shall reach the endless rest—E-
 Wash me, cleanse me, in thy blood, And

CHORUS.

sleep within the tomb.
 we shall weep no more.
 ter-nal Sabbath day.
 take my sins a-way.

Then O, my Lord pre-pare, My soul for that great day, . . . O

F. V. A.

S. J. Vail.

1. Tell us not the world's a bar-ren waste be-fore us; Verdant hills and smil-ing vales our
2. Tho' we stand be-side the waves of earth-ly sor-row, Tho' we see their tur-bid wa-ters
3. No! the world is not a bar-ren waste be-fore us, When the lov-ing hand of Je-sus

vis-ion greet, And we stoop to gath-er up the ti-ny blos-soms, Breath-ing
dark-ly flow, How they bright-en, when the storm-cloud pass-eth o-ver! With a
guides our way; And we know the path that lead-eth home to glo-ry, Grow-eth

CHORUS.

fresh and balm-y in-cense at our feet. There are land - - marks that re-
lus-ter from the spir-it land they glow.
bright-er to the pure and per-fect day. There are land-marks,

mind us Of the pure and cloudless regions of the best; They are
That re-mind us of the best;

foot - prints of the pil - grims And the loved ones who have entered in - to rest.
They are footprints of the pilgrims

The image shows a musical score for a hymn. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The treble staff contains the melody with lyrics underneath. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "foot - prints of the pil - grims And the loved ones who have entered in - to rest. They are footprints of the pilgrims".

'TIS NOT FOR MAN TO TRIFLE.

From the Singing Pilgrim.

S. J. Vail.

The image shows a musical score for the hymn "'Tis Not for Man to Trifle". It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff on top and a bass clef staff on the bottom. The treble staff contains the melody. The bass staff contains a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. 'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief and | sin is | here; | Our age is but the falling of a leaf—a | dropping | tear. We have no time to sport a- way the | hours, All must be earnest in a world like ours. 2. Not many lives, but only one have we, one, | only | one! How sacred should that one life ever be—that | narrow | span! Day after day filled up with | blessed | toil, Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil. 3. Our being is no shadow of thin air, no | vacant | dream, No fable of the things that never were, but | only | seem. 'Tis full of meaning as of | myste- | ry, Though strange and solemn may that meaning be. 4. Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, no | idle | tale. No cloud that flits along the sky or light on | summer | Friends and companions even from our birth. 5. O life below! how brief, and poor, and sad! One | heavy | sigh. O life above! how long, and fair and glad! One | end- O! to be done with daily | dying | here; [less joy, O! to begin the living in yon sphere! 6. O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth, how | dull your | hue! [fair and | new] O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth, made | Come, better Eden, with thy | fresher | green; Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene."

Hymn 81.]

1. 'Tis not for man to trifle! Life is brief and | sin is | here; | Our age is but the falling of a leaf—a | dropping | tear. We have no time to sport a- way the | hours, All must be earnest in a world like ours.
2. Not many lives, but only one have we, one, | only | one! How sacred should that one life ever be—that | narrow | span!
Day after day filled up with | blessed | toil,
Hour after hour still bringing in new spoil.
3. Our being is no shadow of thin air, no | vacant | dream,
No fable of the things that never were, but | only | seem.
'Tis full of meaning as of | myste- | ry,
Though strange and solemn may that meaning be.
4. Our sorrows are no phantom of the night, no | idle | tale. No cloud that flits along the sky or light on | summer | Friends and companions even from our birth.
5. O life below! how brief, and poor, and sad! One | heavy | sigh.
O life above! how long, and fair and glad! One | end- O! to be done with daily | dying | here; [less joy, O! to begin the living in yon sphere!
6. O day of time, how dark! O sky and earth, how | dull your | hue! [fair and | new]
O day of Christ, how bright! O sky and earth, made | Come, better Eden, with thy | fresher | green;
Come, brighter Salem, gladden all the scene.

THE KINGDOM ABOVE.

[Hymn 82.]

Elisha A. Hoffman.

J. H. Tenney.

1. There's a kingdom a - bove, 'Tis a kingdom of love, Where the Lord and his ransom'd a - bide;
 2. There's a stream in that land, In that beauti - ful land, 'Tis the riv - er of life and of love;
 3. There's a crown in that land, In that beauti - ful land, Yes, a crown that is gol - den and fair;
 4. There's a home in that land, In that beauti - ful land, 'Tis all glorious, and golden and fair;

And its bliss I shall share, For I'm journeying there, With the Lord as my lead - er and guide.
 I shall stand on its brink, Of its pure waters drink In the kingdom of glo - ry a - bove.
 At my Savior's command, I shall go to that land, And shall wear it e - ter - nal - ly there.
 Ver - y soon, ver - y soon, When my life-work is done, I shall take up my dwelling-place there.

CHORUS.
 I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the kingdom a - bove,
 I am bound, I am bound, the kingdom above.

THE KINGDOM ABOVE.—Concluded.

77

I am bound, I am bound, I am bound for the kingdom of love.

I am bound, I am bound,

Hymn 83.]

T. C. O'K.

JUST BEYOND.

T. C. O'Keane.

First Voice.

Second Voice.

1. Hear you ev - er angels singing, As a - round the throne they shine? Yes, I of - ten hear them
2. Hear you ev - er in your slumbers, Songs from those who've gone before? Oh, how of - ten do I
3. Do you ev - er feel like go - ing To that land so bright and fair? Oh! how of - ten would I
4. Let us cherish, now and ev - er, Glowing hopes of joys to come, And when earthly ties we

CHORUS.

chanting, Chanting hymns of love di - vine.
 hear them, Singing on the oth - er shore.
 glad - ly Go and join the loved ones there.
 sev - er, Meet in heaven, our hap - py home.

Heaven's plains are just be - fore us, Just be -

yond the shores of Time: Soon we'll join the mighty chorus, In that bright - er, bet - ter clime.

REMARK.—The 1st, 2d, and 3d stanzas should be sung by *Solo* voices, as marked, and the 4th stanza as a *Duet*, by the two voices.

WE SHALL MEET THEM.

[Hymn 84.]

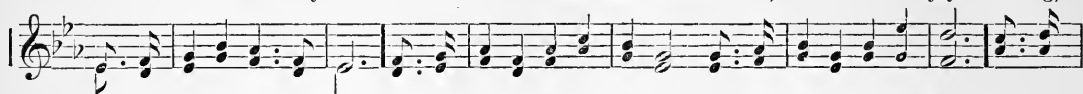
A. F. Dixon.

S. J. Vail, by per.

DUET.



1. Where the merry birds are singing, Where the flowerets gently wave, There the lov'd and lost are sleeping,
2. Death has taken many a loved one From our homes and fond embrace; But the hour of joy is coming,



In the cold and silent grave. Oh! we laid them there in sadness, While our hearts were fill'd with pain, But we
When we'll meet them face to face. Healing balm for wounded spirits! For the Lord will soon appear, And with-

CHORUS.



know that in the morning, We shall meet them once a - gain. Where the angels bright are singing, Where no
in His glorious kingdom, We shall meet our friends so dear.



sor - row e'er can come, We shall meet our cherished lov'd ones, In their bright e - ter - nal home.



S. F. Smith.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight, Angel onward speed! Cast abroad thy radiant light, Bid the shades recede.
 2. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight, Angel onward fly! Long has been the reign of night, Bring the morning nigh.
 3. Onward speed thy conq'ring flight, Angel onward speed! Morning bursts upon our sight, Lo! the time decreed;

Tread the idols in the dust, Heathen fanes destroy; Spread the Gospel's love and trust, Spread the Gospel's joy.
 Unto thee earth's sufferers lift Their imploring wail; Bear them heaven's holy gift Ere their courage fail.
 Now the Lord his kingdom takes, Thrones and empires fall, Now the joyous song awakes, "God is all in all."

Refrain.

An - gel on - ward, Onward speed thy way! Ush - er in the great millennial day.
 Angel onward speed thy way, Onward speed thy way! Usher in, O usher in the great millennial day.

TOUCH NOT!

[Hymn 86.
T. C. O'K.]

SOLO.

1. Touch not the cup! 'twill be death to thy soul; Man-y I know who have quaff'd from the bowl;
2. Touch not the cup! when the wine glistens bright, Though like the ru - by, it shines in the light,
3. Touch not the cup! O young man, in thy pride, Hark to the warning of thousands who've died;

Lit - tle they thought that the de-mon was there; Blindly they drank, and were caught in the snare.
Fangs of the ser-pent are hid in the bowl; Deep - ly the poi-son will en - ter thy soul.
Think of their death, of their sor - row and gloom, Think that perhaps you must share in their doom.

CHORUS.

Taste not the cup! 'tis a death-deal-ing bowl! Soon it will plunge thee beyond thy con-trol;

Han - dle it not, as you val - ue your soul, Touch not the cup! Touch not the cup!

DEATH IS THERE.

Rev. T. C. Neal.

1. Oh, touch . . . it not, . . . for deep . . with - in That ru - by tint-ed
 2. That spark - - ling glass, . . . if you . . . par - take, Will prove your deadly
 3. Then pause . . . ere yet . . . the cup . . . you drain; The hand that lifts it,

bowl, that ruby tint-ed bowl, Lie hid . . . den fiends . . of guilt . and sin, . . . To
 foe, will prove your deadly foe, And may . . . ere yet . . . its bub - - bles break, . . . Have
 stay! the hand that lifts it, stay! Resolve . . . for-ev - er to . . . ab-stain, . . . And

CHORUS.

seize, . . to seize up - on your soul. Oh, touch . . not the wine - cup!
 sealed, . . have sealed your end - less woe. Oh, touch it not! Oh, touch it not! The
 cast, . . and cast the bowl a - way.

Repeat, *pp*

Oh, touch not the wine - cup!
 sparkling, tempting, pois'ning wine-cup! Oh, touch it not! Oh, touch it not! For death, sure death is there.

ON TO VICTORY.

[Hymn 88.]

T. C. O'Kane.



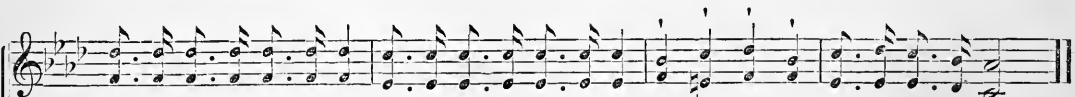
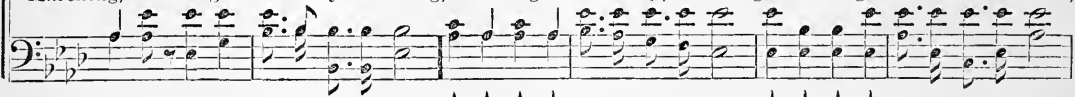
1. Raise your banner high in air, Write the name of Jesus there; Marching, marching on to victory; Let its folds be wide unfurled; Let it float o'er all the world; [Omit] }
2. Hear the great Commander call, " Into ranks, ye soldiers, fall!" Marching, marching on to victory; Never from your purpose bend; He'll be with you to the end; [Omit] }
3. Round the banner of the Cross, Whether earthly gain or loss, Marching, marching on to victory; Let us rally day by day; While we fight, both watch and pray; [Omit] }



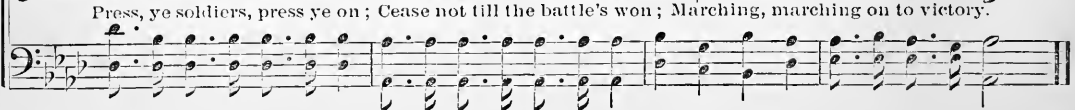
REFRAIN.



Marching, marching on to victory. Marching, marching on to victory; Marching, marching, this we soon shall see;



Press, ye soldiers, press ye on; Cease not till the battle's won; Marching, marching on to victory.



Rev. T. C. Neal.

Earnestly.

1. Help, Lord! stretch forth thy mighty hand (mighty hand) To suc - cor and to save! Intemprance ov - er all the
 2. Help, Lord! the strength of manhood fails (manhood fails) Before this dreadful foe, Whose treach'rous power his soul as -
 3. Dear Lord of love! our on - ly hope, (only hope) Give us thy strength to bear Above the waves our loved ones

land, (all the land) Sweeps like a tid - al wave. The cru - el Mo - loch of the eup, (of the cup) As
 sails (soul as - sails) And lays his hon - or low. In - to the par - a - dise of home, (yes, of home) The
 up (loved ones up) On wings of faith and prayer. Roll back the tide of woe and death (woe and death) Be -

pit - i - less as Fate, Has swallowed all our treasures up, (treasures up) [:And made us deso - late:]
 cru - el ser - pent crawls; Before the monster's poisoned breath, (poisoned breath) [: Love, truth and reason falls. :]
 neath whose surging waves, A hundred thousand souls each year (every year) [: Sink to dishonored graves. :]

WE WILL RALLY TO THE STANDARD.

[Hymn 90.
W. T. Giffe.

Ada Burns Watkins.

1. We will ral - ly to the stand - ard Of our bless - ed Lord and King; We will
 2. Chil - dren, come, our ranks are o - pen; We will give the wel - come hand; Come with
 3. He will give us peace and par - don; He will name us as his own; He will

gath - er 'neath his ban - ner; We to him our hearts will bring; We will come to him, our Sa - vior;
 us, our Prince is call - ing, Come and join our hap - py band; We have Je - sus for our Cap - tain,
 crown us with his glo - ry; He will guide us to the throne; Nev - er let us faint or fal - ter.

With his blood he hath us bought; He hath said, "Let lit - tle chil - dren Come to Me, for - bid them not."
 He will keep us from all harm; Where he leads us we will fol - low, Trust - ing in his sav - ing arm.
 Nev - er wea - ry, nev - er wait; Onward, onward, God is with us, On - ward to the gol - den gate.

WE WILL RALLY TO THE STANDARD. *Concluded.*

We will ral - - - - ly to the stand - - - - ard of our
We will ral - ly, yes, we'll ral - ly to the stand-ard, bless - ed stand-ard,

bless - - - - ed Lord and King; Lord and King; We will gath - - - - er 'neath his
Of our bless - ed Lord and King, Lord and King; We will gath - er, yes' we'll gath - er 'neath his

Ban - - - - ner; We to him our hearts will bring.
ban - ner, glo-rious ban-ner; We to him our hearts will bring, our hearts will bring.

THE OPEN DOOR.

[Hymn 91.]

"Behold I have set before thee an open door." Rev. iii, 8.

From Words by UNA LOCKE.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. The mistakes of my life have been many, But the sins of my heart have been more;
 2. I am low-est of those who would love him, I am weakest of those who would pray;
 3. My mistakes his free grace now will cov-er, And my sins he will wash all a-way;
 4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spir-it is wea-ry with sin;

And I scarcely can see for my weeping, But I'll knock at the o - pen door.
 But I come to him as he has bid - den, And I know he'll not say me nay.
 And the feet that now stumble and falt - er, Soon may ent - er the gate of day.
 Though I scarcely can see for my weeping, Yet the Sav - ior will let me in.

Chorus.

I know I am sin-ful and un - worthy, And now I feel it more and more, But
 more and more,

Je - sus invites me to come in— I will en - ter the o - pen door, But door.
come in, the o - pen door, But

1st. 2d.

Hymn 92.]

PRAY FOR REAPERS.

Words by "A Lady of Virginia."

Rev. T. C. Neal.

1. Saints of God ! the dawn is bright'ning, Tokens of our coming Lord, O'er the earth the field is whit'ning,
2. Feebly now they toil in sadness, Weeping o'er the waste around, Slowly gath'ring grains of gladness,
3. Now, O Lord, ful - fill thy pleasure, Breathe upon thy chosen band, And with pentecost - al meas - ure,

Loud - er rings the Master's word, "Pray for reapers, pray for reapers," In the har - vest of the Lord.
While their earnest cries resound, "Pray that reapers, pray that reapers," In God's harvest may abound.
Send the reap - ers o'er the land ; Faithful reapers, faithful reapers, Gath'ring sheaves for God's right hand.

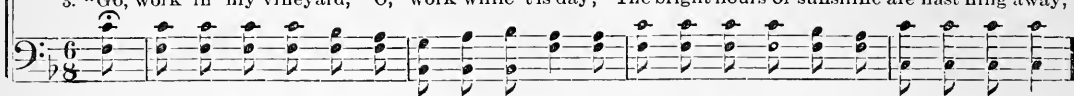
PLENTY TO DO.

[Hymn 93.]

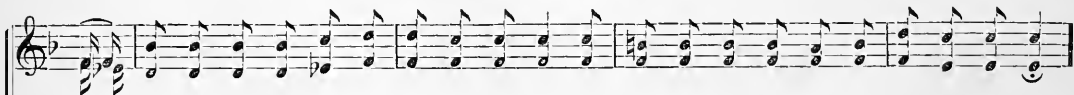
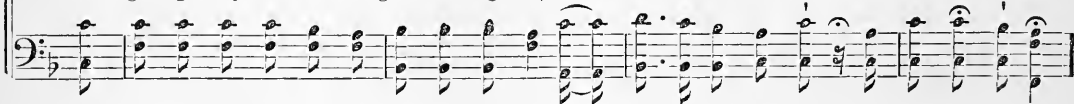
T. C. O'Kane.

In moderate time.

1. "Go, work in my vineyard, there 's plenty to do; The har-vest is great and the lab'ers are few;"
2. "Go, work in my vineyard;" I claim thee as mine; With blood did I buy thee, and all that is thine,
3. "Go, work in my vineyard," O, "work while 't is day;" The bright hours of sunshine are hast'ning away,



There 's weeding, and fencing, and clearing of roots, And plowing, and sowing, and gath'ring the fruits.
Thy time and thy tal - ents, thy lof - ti-est powers, Thy warmest af - fec - tions, thy sun - ni-est hours.
And night's gloomy shadows are gath - ering fast; Then the time for our labor shall ev - er be past.



There are fox - es to take, there are wolves to destroy; All a - ges and ranks I can ful - ly em-ploy;
I wil - ling - ly yielded my kingdom for thee, The song of arch-an - gels—to hang on the tree;
Be - gin in the morning, and toil all the day, Thy strength I 'll supply and thy wa - ges I 'll pay;



I've sheep to be tend - ed and lambs to be fed, The lost must be gathered, the wear-y ones led.
 In pain and tempt-a - tion, in anguish and shame, I paid thy full ransom, my pur-chase I claim.
 And blessed, thrice blessed the dil - i - gent few, Who'll finish the labor I've giv'n them to do.

Chorus.

Go work, Go work, Go Work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do;
 Go work in my vine-yard, go, work in my vineyard, Go work in my vineyard, there's plenty to do;

Go work, Go work, work, work, work, The har - vest is great and the lab' - rers are few.

GO! TEACH ALL NATIONS.

[Hymn 94.]

T. C. O'Kane.

1. The voice of the Master, dis - ci - ples, is calling, From yonder bright heavens 'tis sounding below ;
 2. Where the sun of the Orient shines out in its glory, There millions are groping in darkness and sin ;
 3. To all who will seek him Christ offers his pardon, The high, and the lowly, the rich, and the poor.
 4. Ye nations, now sitting in sin's deathless shadows, Arouse ye ! arouse ye ! your light having come :

At morning, at noon, and at night time 'tis falling, "Go forth to the harvest, ye la - bor - ers, go !"
 Go teach them of Christ, of his wonderful sto - ry, And bid them go wash in his blood and be clean ;
 O, think of his tears in that dark, lonely garden ; O, think what he suffer'd our love to secnre ;
 O, see how 'tis beaming from yon fadeless meadows, Where the glorified rest with the angels at home.

The fields are all white, In summer's soft light, The winds blowing freshly ||: and free ; ||
 Go tell of his love, That sinners may prove, That bids the oppressed one ||: go free ; ||
 So full, and so free, 'Tis flowing for thee ; Oh, sinners, his pleadings ||: o - bey ; ||
 Ye isles of the sea, A - rise, and go free ! Ye ends of the earth loud ||: proclaim ; ||

GO! TEACH ALL NATIONS. *Concluded.*

91

Go forth, ye, and gather, Ere falleth the night, The gold of the har - - vest for me.
 Go, whisper of heaven, You mansions a - - bove, Where his children forev - - er shall be.
 Though your sins are like crimson, As snow they shall be, And his angels a-round - - thee shall stay.
 The joy, and salvation, Through Jesus to be, And the glory, and power of his name.

Hymn 95.]

Mrs. A. S. Hawks.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Rev. Robert Lowry, by permission.

1. I need thee every hour, Most gracious Lord; No tender voice like thine Can peace af-ford.
 2. I need thee every hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their power When thou art nigh.
 3. I need thee every hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide, Or life is vain.
 4. I need thee every hour; Teach me thy will; And thy rich prom-i - ses In me ful-fill.
 5. I need thee every hour, Most ho - ly One; Oh, make me thine indeed, Thou bless-ed Son!

REFRAIN.

I need thee; oh, I need thee! Every hour I need thee; Oh, bless me now my Savior! I come to thee.

"MY AIN COUNTRIE."

Arranged by T. C. O'K.

1. { I am far frae my hame, an' I'm weary aften-whiles, For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my
I'll ne'er be fu' con - tent, un - til my een do see The gowden gates of heaven an' my
D. C. But these sights an' these sou'n's will as naething be to me, When I hear the angels singing in my

2. { I've his gude word of promise that some gladsome day, the King To his ain roy - al pal - ace, his
Wi' een an' wi' heart running owre, we shall see "The King in his beauty," an' our
D. C. His bluid hath made me white, an' his hand shall dry my een, When he brings me hame at last to my

Fathers's welcome smiles, { The earth is fleck'd with flow'rs, mony - tinted, fresh and gay ;
[Omit.....] ain countrie. { The birdies war - ble blithely, for my Father made them sae ;
banished hame will bring. { My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair :
[...Omit.....] ain countrie. { But there they'll never vex me nor be remember'd mair :

3. Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain noo be gangin unto my Savior's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom, even witless lambs like me.
An' "carries them himsel," to his ain countrie.
He's faithfu' that has promis'd, he'll surely come
again.
He'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I diinna ken :
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at any moment, to my ain countrie.

4. So I'm watching aye, and singin o'my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate,
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness, to our ain countrie.
I'm far frae my hame an' I'm weary, aftenwhiles,
For the lang'd-for hame-bringing, an' my Father's wel-
come smiles.
I'll ne'er be fu' content, until my een do see,
The gowden gates of heaven, an' my ain countrie.

Words by S. F. Smith.

Maestoso.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died, Land of the
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble free, Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and

pilgrim's pride, From ev'ry mountain side Let freedom ring.
templed hills, My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our father's God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

GUIDE. 7s.

M. M. Wells.

D. C.

Hymn 98.]

1 Holy Spirit, faithful Guide,
Ever near the Christian's side,
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land,
Wearry souls, fore'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice,
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest friend,
Ever near thine aid to lend;
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear,
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whisper softly, wanderer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

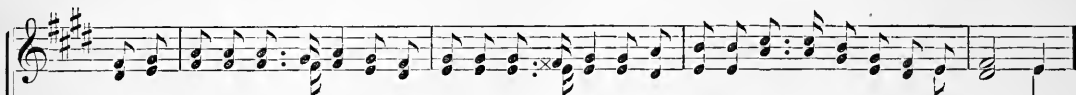
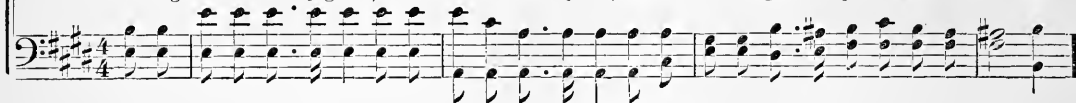
3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood;
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

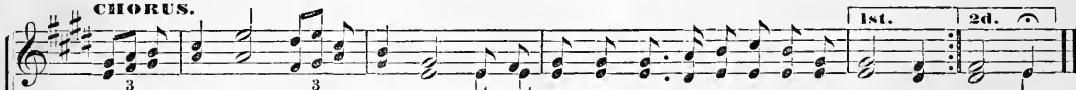
T. C. O'Kane.



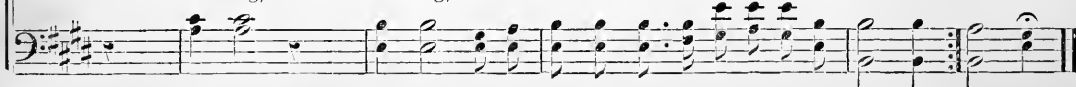
1. Oh, what blessed peace is mine, What a happiness divine, While I'm trusting in the promises of Je-sus!
 2. I will fol-low Je-sus' call—Sure no evil can be-fall, While I'm trusting in the promis-es of Je-sus!
 3. If in grace I dai-ly grow, I am safe from every foe, For I'm trusting in the promises of Je-sus!



I will never, never fear, For my Lord is ever near, While I'm trusting in the promis-es of Je - sus.
 He will lead me by the hand, To you fair and heavenly land, While I'm trusting in the promises of Jesus.
 I will never, nev - er stray, From the narrow path away Ever trusting in the promises of Je - sus.

**CHORUS.**

Ev-er trust-ing, ev-er trust-ing, Ev-er trust-ing in the promis-es of Je - sus, Je - sus.
 Trusting, trust-ing,



THE MARCH OF LIFE.

Wm. F. Sherwin, by permission.

March movement.

1. In the march of life, thro' the toil and strife Of the wind-ing path be - fore us, We have
2. In the Christian race, if we take our place, We may run and wea - ry nev - er; Dal-ly

Chorus.—In the march of life, etc.

Fine.

naught to fear with a Sav - ior near, And His ban-ner way - ing o'er us. If the
press - ing on till the goal be won, Un - to Je - sus look - ing ev - er. Cast-ling

tem - pest rise in the dark'ning skies, We will yield to no re - pin - ing; Though the
all our care on the Lord by prayer, He will keep our feet from fall - ing; We will

D. C. Chorus.

storm roar loud through the rift - ed cloud, There's a gold - en sun-beam shin - ing,
sure ob - tain, nor have run in vain For the prize of God's high call - ing.

I WILL TRUST IN THE BLOOD OF THE LAMB.

[Hymn 101.]

T. C. O'Kane.

C. Wesley.

1. For - ev - er here my rest shall be, Close to thy bleeding side; This all my hope and all my plea,—For
 2. My dy - ing Sa - viour and my God,—Fountain for guilt and sin, Sprinkle me ev - er with thy blood, And
 3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own: Wash me, and mine thou art; Wash me, but not my feet alone,—My
 4. The atonement of thy blood apply, Till faith to sight improve; Till hope in full, fru - i - tion die, And

Chorus.

me the Saviour died.
 cleanse, and keep me clean. I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the
 hands, my head, my heart.
 all my soul be love.

Lamb; I will trust, I will trust, I will trust in the blood of the Lamb.

Words by E. Johnson.

W. G. Fischer, by per.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal, And sorrows, some-
 2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how wear-y my feet; But toil-ing in

CHORUS.

times how they sweep Like tempests down o-ver the soul. Oh, then, to the Rock let me
 life's dust-y way, The Rock's bless-ed shad-ow, how sweet!

fly, to the Rock that is high-er than I; Oh, then, to the Rock let me
 let me fly, is high-er than I,

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
 If blessings or sorrows prevail;
 Or climbing the mountain way steep,
 Or walking the shadowy vale:
 Then, quick to the Rock I can fly,
 To the Rock that is higher than I.

Cennick.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. { Children of the Heavenly King, As we jour-ney let us sing; Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 { Sing our Savior's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways. [omit.....]

2. { We are traveling home to God, In the way our fa-ther's trod; Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah!
 { They are happy now, and we Soon their happi-ness shall see. [omit.....]

Refrain.

Glory, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! Christ our Leader bids us come.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! We are on our journey home.

3. O ye banished seed, be glad!
 Christ our Advocate is made:
 Us to save our flesh assumes,—
 Brother to our souls becomes.
4. Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
 On the borders of our land:
 Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
 Bids us undismayed go on.
5. Lord! obediently we'll go,
 Gladly leaving all below:
 Only thou our leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

W. B. Cooper.
Moderato.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When earth's boist'rous storms arising, Would engulf my fee-ble bark, And my feet are worn and
2. With a friend like thee, dear Savior, I should never feel a-larm, For no mat-ter what the
3. And when here my days are ended, When life's cares and fears are o'er, To that land where dwel the

wea-ry, And my soul is sad and dark; When a-round my heart per-di-tion All its
dan-ger, Thou canst keep me from all harm. But oft doubts and fears surround me— Life to
an-gels, Take my spir - it ev - er-more. Where, with heavenly joys en-rap-tured, All my

fi - ery darts doth fling, Then, dear Sav-ior, hide me, hide me 'Neath the shadow of thy wing.
all some cares will bring; To the end, O Savior, keep me, 'Neath the shadow of thy wing.
soul shall sweetly sing Prais-es un - to thee while resting 'Neath the shadow of thy wing.

STILL CLOSER TO THEE.

[Hymn 105.
S. J. Vail.

1. O Je - sus, thou Sa - vior di - vine! This hum - bled heart of mine Intensely is yearning to be U -
 2. My heart, how it yearns for thy grace! Reveal thy lov - ing face; My soul from its burdens release. And
 3. Now send me from heaven a - bove The fullness of thy love; Baptize me with power divine, And



ni - ted still closer to thee. Nearer to thee, still nearer to thee, For clos - er communion I
 fill me with perfect peace.
 seal me en - tire - ly thine. Nearer to thee, still nearer to thee, For closer com -



pine. . . . Nearer to thee, still nearer to thee, I long to be whol - ly thine.



munion I pine. Nearer to thee, still nearer to thee, I long to be wholly thine.

Mrs. E. W. Chapman.

"In thee, O Lord, do I put my trust;"—Ps. 71: 1.

J. H. Tenney, by permission.

mp *f*

1. May we always trust in Je - sus; Will he never, never fail us; Trust him all the time;
 2. Trust him in the deepest sor-row, Trust him with the cares of morrow, At the set of sun;
 3. Trust him in the midday brightness, When our hearts are filled with lightness, And our cup runs o'er;

Dim. rit.

Trust him on the stormy wa - ters, Even when our courage fal-ters, And our faith grows dim.
 Trust him in the early dawn-ing, Trust him in the glowing morning, For the day be - gun,
 Trust him when our tents we're leaving, When the billows dark are heaving, Till we reach the shore.

CHORUS.
f *A tempo.* *Dim.*

Yes, we'll ever trust in Je - sus; Sure of this, he ne'er will leave us When the cloud lies low;

Cres.

In the darkness he is near-est, 'Tis the thought fore-er dear - est That our hearts can know.

WE SHALL MEET, BY AND BY.

[Hymn 107.]

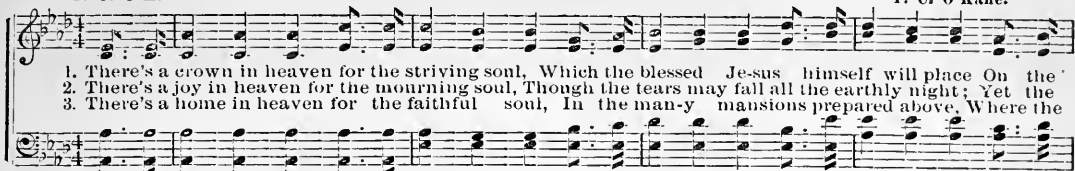
T. C. O'Kane.

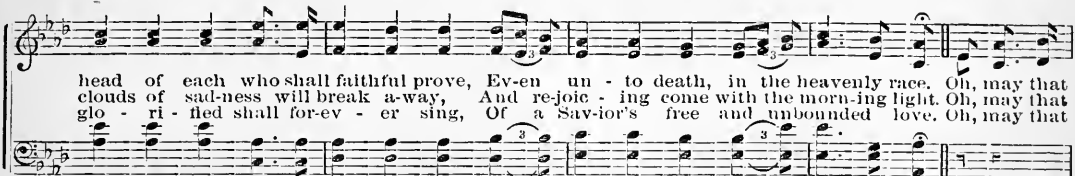
1. When we bid farewell to the last dear friend, And our ransomed souls to the Lord ascend. In the
 2. When the saved shall stand on the golden shore, Of the bright and beautiful ever - er - more, Or shall
 3. When this mortal life runs its weary round, And the earth-freed soul takes its upward bound, In the

CHORUS.

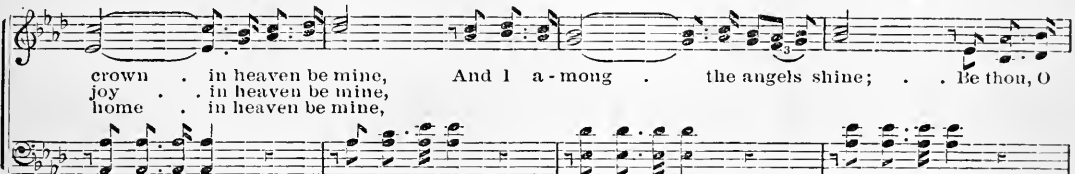
sun-bright clime beyond the sky, We shall meet each other by and by. We shall meet and rest, By and
 walk the sapphire streets on high, We shall meet each other by and by.
 grand celestial home on high, We shall meet each other by and by. By and by, By and by,

by, By and by, In the man - sions blest, Of the sweet By and by.
 We shall meet and rest, By and by, by and by, By and by, In the mansions blest.

- 
1. There's a crown in heaven for the striving soul, Which the blessed Je-sus himself will place On the
 2. There's a joy in heaven for the mourning soul, Though the tears may fall all the earthly night; Yet the
 3. There's a home in heaven for the faithful soul, In the man-y mansions prepared above, Where the

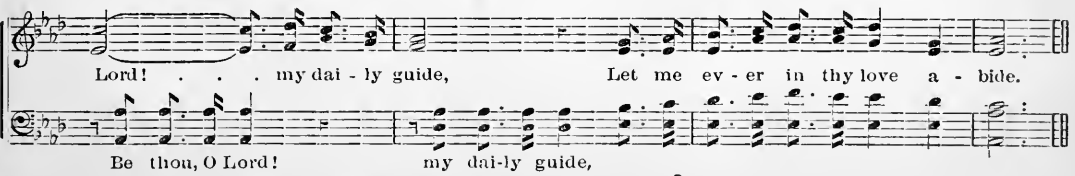


head of each who shall faithful prove, Ev-en un - to death, in the heavenly race. Oh, may that clouds of sad-ness will break a-way, And re-joic - ing come with the morn-ing light. Oh, may that glo - ri - fied shall for-ev - er sing, Of a Sav-ior's free and unbounded love. Oh, may that



crown . . . in heaven be mine, And I a - mong . . . the angels shine; . . . Be thou, O joy . . . in heaven be mine, home . . . in heaven be mine,

Oh, may that crown . . . in heaven be mine, And I among . . . the angels shine;
Oh, may that joy . . . in heaven be mine,
Oh, may that home . . . in heaven be mine,

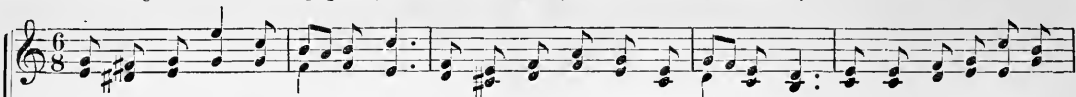


Lord! . . . my dai - ly guide, Let me ev - er in thy love a - bide.

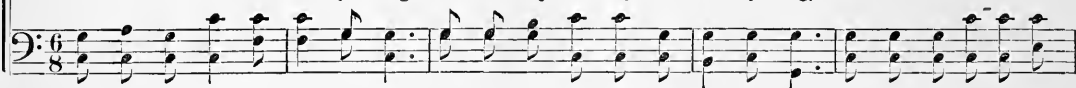
Be thou, O Lord! . . . my dai-ly guide,

MINISTERING SPIRITS.

"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?"—Heb. i : 14.



1. Beauti-ful an-gels hover near, Beautiful seraphs from yon bright sphere, Robed in the garments of pur-
2. Down from the throne at God's command, Down from the ever-green Eden-strand, Swiftly they speed from the
3. Heirs of sal-va-tion! loudly sing Anthems of praise to your heavenly King, Him who commandeth the

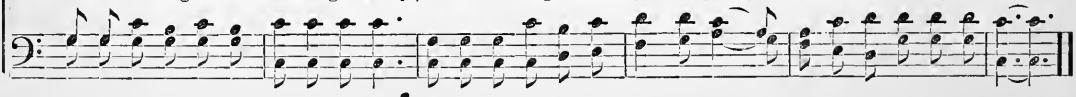


REFRAIN.

est white, And bath-ed in a sea of ce-les-tial light.
 scenes so bright, To guard and protect us by day and night. Hover-ing o'er us, they guard us by day,
 an-gels bright, To guard and protect you by day and night.



And thro' the night turn all danger away; Beautiful angels from yon bright sphere, Ev-er are lingering near.



Mrs. E. W. Chapman.
May be sung as a Solo.

J. H. Tenney, by per.

1. Oh, wondrous love, the love of Christ! The soul's sweet resting place, The palm tree where we
2. A refuge from each raging storm, A shelter from the heat, A tower of strength, a
3. Our every burden he will bear, When we, in simple faith, In child-like trust, cling

find a shade, The Rock on which our hopes are laid,—This love is perfect peace.
qui - et home, Where wea - ry trou - bled hearts may come,—A sure and safe re-treat.
and a - dore, And learn to love him more and more, Be - liev - ing what he saith.

p **REFRAIN.**

Per - fect peace, per - fect peace, This love is per - fect peace.
Safe re-treat, safe re-treat, A sure and safe re - treat.
What he saith, what he saith, Be - liev - ing what he saith.

Per-fect peace, perfect peace, This love is per - fect peace.
Safe re-treat, safe re-treat, A sure and safe re - treat.
What he saith, what he saith, Be - liev - ing what he saith.

REFINE MY HEART.

[Hymn 111.]

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

S. J. Vail.

1. The cross is all my glory, The precious, precious cross, The theme of song and story—All else I
 2. Oh, let its wondrous power My selfish will sub-due; In this accept-ed hour, Lord cleanse me
 3. Cleanse thou my heart-affections; Cease thou this inward strife: Refine me, soul and spirit; Make pure my

REFRAIN.

count but dross.
 thro' and thro'. Refine my heart, dear Savior, Burn out the sin and dross, And keep me ever clinging Un-
 heart and life.

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[Hymn 112.]

SUNDAY SCHOOL CENTENNIAL HYMN.

Rev. J. H. Martin.

W. Warren Bentley, by per.

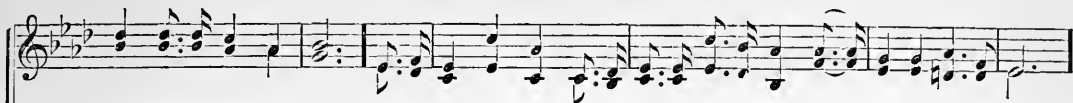
Spirited.

- to thy precious cross.

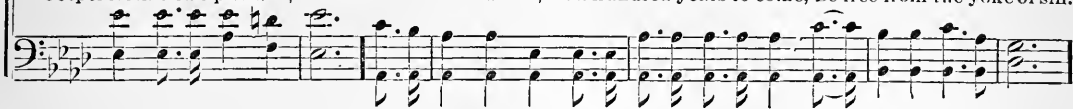
1. In the distant past, When our centu-ry began, And our
 2. For their lives they fought, For our country and for truth, For free-
 3. May the word of truth Enter every heart and home, And the

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO. *Concluded.*

107



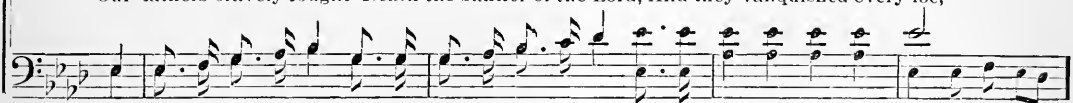
land felt a tyrant's rod, There arose a cry For the sacred rights of man, And a loud appeal to God.
dom to worship God, And they gained for us, In our nation's tired youth, A release from error's rod.
Gospel fresh triumphs win, Till the whole wide world, In a hundred years to come, Be free from the yoke of sin.



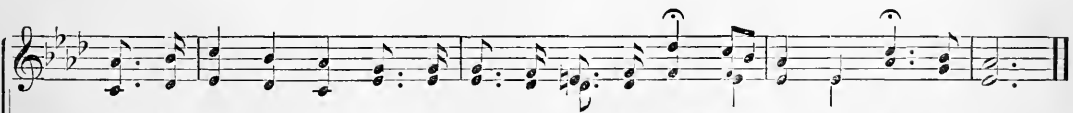
CHORUS.



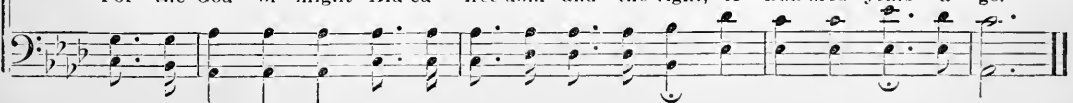
Our fathers bravely fought 'Neath the banner of the Lord, And they vanquished every foe,



foe, every foe,



For the God of might Aid-ed free-dom and the right, A hun-dred years a - go.



CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

[Hymn 113.]

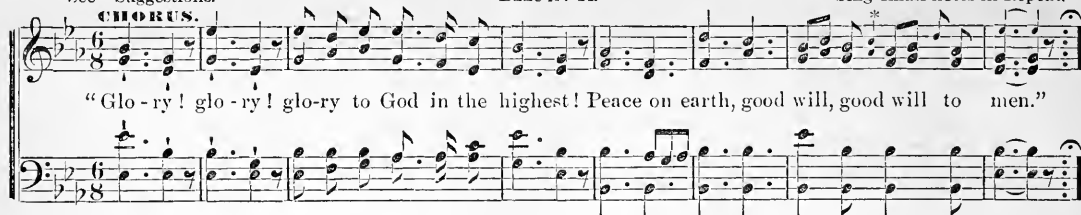
T. C. O'KANE.

See "Suggestions."

Luke ii: 14.

* Sing small notes in Repeat.

CHORUS.



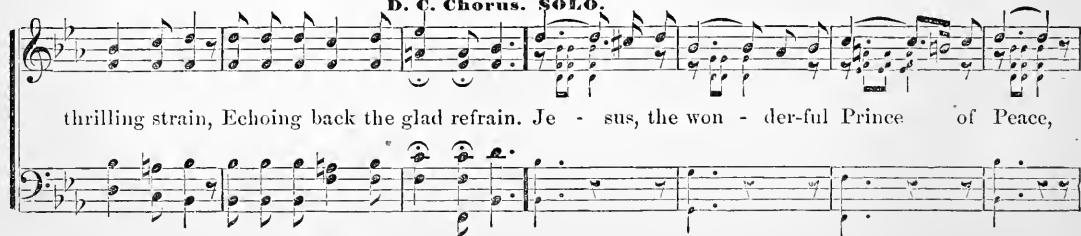
"Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry to God in the highest! Peace on earth, good will, good will to men."

SEMI-CHORUS.



"Glo-ry to God," the an-gels sang, Thro' the bright sky the cho-rus rang; Joy-ous we catch the

D. C. Chorus. SOLO.



thrilling strain, Echoing back the glad refrain. Je - sus, the won - der-ful Prince of Peace,

Cometh in glo - ry to dwell on the earth; Hasten, ye mortals, your hom - age to pay, Join in the

D. C. Chorus. DUETT, or SEMI-CHORUS.

an - them of praise o'er his birth. Carol each heart, and carol each voice, Carol aloud, let

D. C. Chorus.

all re-joice; Car - ol in gladness, a - gain, a - gain, Car - ol of "peace and good-will to men."

SUGGESTIONS.—Have the words of the "Chorus" on the wall, or a screen, where all can see them, arranged in the order here given in the margin. Cover the lines with paper, so that the words can be readily uncovered, as follows: While the "Semi-Chorus" is sung, uncover the first two lines; during the "Solo," uncover the third line; and during the Duet, the fourth line.

GLORY TO GOD
IN THE HIGHEST;
PEACE ON EARTH,
GOOD WILL TO MEN.

ANGELS WILL WELCOME US HOME.

[Hymn 114.]

Miss Ida Whipple.

W. Warren Bentley.

1. How drear is the wilder-ness way, How man-y the dangers we meet, Our
 2. How oft - en we're summoned to part, With some cherished friend that we love, While
 3. 'Tis on - ly a lit - tle way o'er, This wea - ri - some pil - grim - age ends, There

hopes and our pleasures decay, And lie in the dust at our feet, Yet one joyous promise remains, To
 grief sits supreme in the heart, What peace cometh down from above, They never will smile on us more, While
 tri - als and labors are gone, The sun in our heaven descends, And sweet is the promise of rest, And

Refrain on next page.

cheer our faint hearts in the gloom, When ended life's sorrows and pains, The angels will welcome us home,
 thro' the bleak desert we roam, Yet safe on the ever green shore, The angels will welcome us home.
 sweet is the meeting to come, For soon in the realms of the blest The angels will welcome us home.

ANGELS WILL WELCOME US HOME.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Wel - come us home, . . . Wel - come us home, . . . With heaven - ly music as
 Welcome us home, Welcome us home,

homeward we come, The angels will welcome us home.

LORD AND SAVIOR, HEAR US.

Hymn 115.]

1. When to thee who hast thy dwelling,
2. When at birth of ro - sy morning,
3. Or when day's bright hours are ending,
4. For a life thy praise ex - press - ing,

In the heaven of light excelling, We our youthful griefs are telling, Lord and Savior, hear us.
 Our glad songs shall greet the dawning, When the sun the noon's adorning, Lord and Savior, hear us.
 When the shades of night descending, We are at thy footstool bending, Lord and Savior, hear us.
 For a death thy name con - fessing, For a heaven of endless blessing, Lord and Savior, hear us.

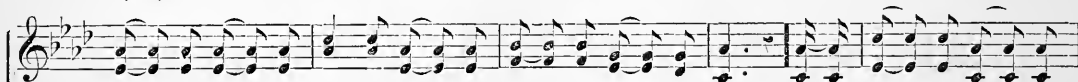
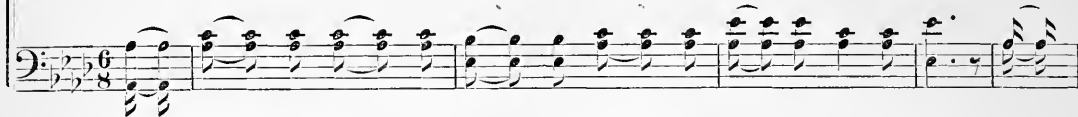
THE NINETY AND NINE.

[Hymn 116.]

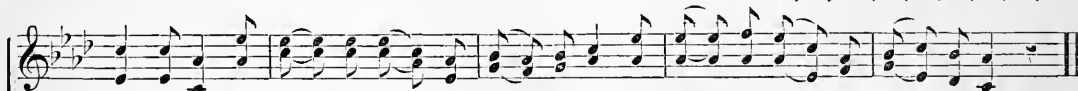
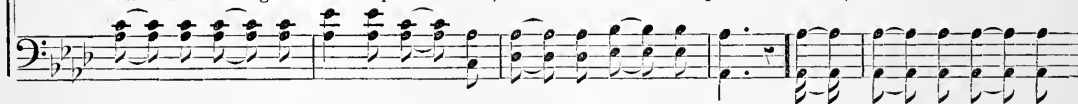
I. D. Sankey.

E. C. Clephane. *To be sung as a Solo.*

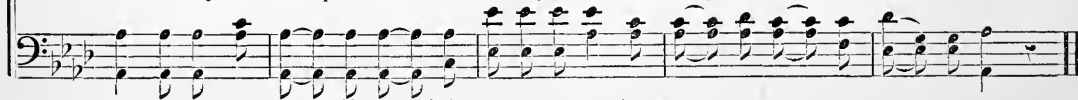
1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the fold, But
 2. "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for thee?" But the
 3. But none of the ran - somed ev - er knew How deep were the waters crossed, Nor how



one was out on the hills a - way, Far off from the gates of gold. A - way on the mountains
 Shepherd answered, "A sheep of mine Has wandered a - way from me; And al - though the road be
 dark was the night the Lord passed thro', Ere he found his sheep that was lost; Far out in the desert he



wild and bare, A - way from the tender Shepherd's care, A - way from the tender Shepherd's care.
 rough and steep, I go to the desert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep.
 heard its cry—"Twas helpless and sick and ready to die, 'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.



For remaining verses, see next page.

Phoebe Carey.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, I'm nearer home to-day, Than e'er I've been before.
 2. Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be, Nearer the great white throne, Nearer the crystal sea.
 3. Nearer the bound where we Will lay our burdens down; Nearer to leave the cross, Nearer to wear the crown.

REFRAIN.

I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home, Yes, nearer to "the shining shore."
 I'm nearer home, I'm nearer home, [omit.....] Than ever I have been before.

nearer home, nearer home,

THE NINETY AND NINE.—Concluded.

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

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

HOSANNA TO OUR KING.

[Hymn 118.]

J. H. Tenney.

1. When Jesus left the throne of God, He chose a humble birth; A man of griefs—like us he trod, A
 2. Like him may we be found below, In wisdom's paths of peace; Like him in grace and knowledge grow, As
 3. When Jesus into Salem rode, The children sang around; For joy they plucked the palms and strewed Their
 4. Oh, may we learn to love his name, That name divinely sweet; May every pulse thro' life proclaim, And

CHORUS.

lone-ly path on earth.
 years and strength increase. Ho - sanna our glad voices raise, Ho - san - na to our Savior
 garments on the ground.
 our last breath re - peat! Ho - sanna our glad voices raise, Ho -

King; Could we forget our Savior's praise, The stones themselves would sing.
 sanna to our King;

M. A. W.

And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me.—Jer. xxx, 21.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Lord, weak and im-po-tent I stand, As fet-tered by an un-seen hand; Break
 2. In vain I strug-gle to be free; I would, but can not, fly to thee; Ope
 3. O bring me near-er, near-er still, That thine own peace my soul my fill, And
 4. Here, Lord, I would for-ev-er bide, And nev-er wan-der from thy side; Be-

Chorus.

thou the strong and subtle band, And draw me close to thee.
 thou the pris-on door for me, And draw me close to thee. Draw me close to thee, Sav-ior,
 I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.
 neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee. close to thee, Sav-ior,

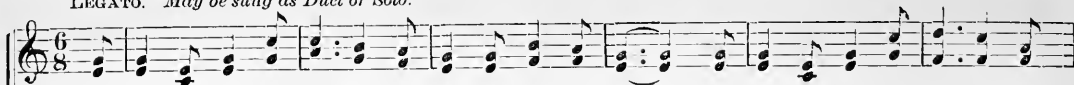
Draw me close to thee; Be-neath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.
 close to thee;

POOR WAND'RING ONE, COME IN.

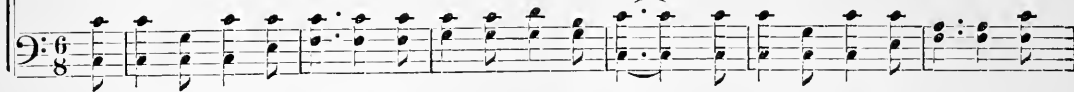
[Hymn 120.]

"Come thou, for there is peace to thee." — 1 Sam. xx, 21.

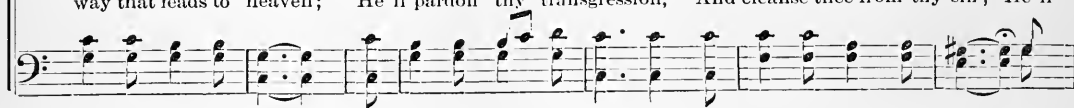
W. H. D.

LEGATO. *May be sung as Duet or Solo.*

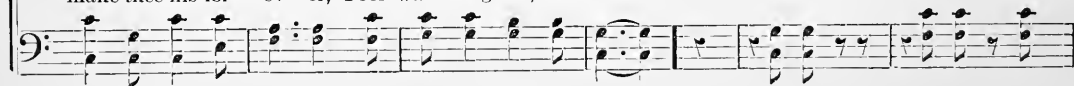
1. O wand'rer, come to Je - sus, For he will give thee rest; Where canst thou find a re - fuge, But
 2. Now lay thy heavy bur - den In faith at Je - sus' feet; And thro' his precious mer - its Now
 3. Thy heart is sick and wea - ry, It longs to be for - given; Come, walk as Je - sus bids thee, The



on his lov - ing breast? The Sav - ior knows thy weakness, He knows thy ev - ery sin; And
 plead the promise sweet: That all who come re - pent - ing, And on his name be - lieve, Shall,
 way that leads to heaven; He'll pardon thy transgression, And cleanse thee from thy sin; He'll

*Rit.**Refrain.*

now in love he calls thee, Poor wand'ring one, come in. Come in, . . . come in, . . . Poor
 at the door of mer - cy, His welcome smile re - ceive. Come in, come in,
 make thee his for - ev - er, Poor wand'ring one, come in.



wand'ring one, come in, come in, Come in, come in, . . . Poor wand'ring one, come in.

The musical score consists of two staves: a treble clef staff for the vocal line and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Hymn 121.]

THE VOICE WITHIN.

"To-day, if ye will hear his voice."—Psa. xcv, 7.

W. H. D.

1. Hark! a whis - per soft and low, Like the mur - mur of a rill; Sin - ner,
2. Hark! that still small voice a - gain, Drop - ping, like the gen - tle rain, Words of

Chorus.—Child of sor - row, child of sin, Haste, and let thy Sav - ior in; He is

The musical score is in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It features two staves: treble and bass. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

come, thy time is now, At the feet of mer - cy bow.
com - fort in thy ear, Words of prom - ise ev - er dear.

The musical score continues on two staves (treble and bass) in 3/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It concludes with a double bar line.

3. See, his arm is round thee thrown,
He would seal thee now his own;
Time so precious, time so brief,
Wilt thou wait in unbelief?

4. Pleading yet—O hear him say,
Come, behold the living way;
Come, by all my love for thee,
Now be reconciled to me.

plead - ing at thy heart, Canst thou bid him thence de - part?

WHY STILL UNSAVED TO-NIGHT?

[Hymn 122.]

Elisha Hoffman.

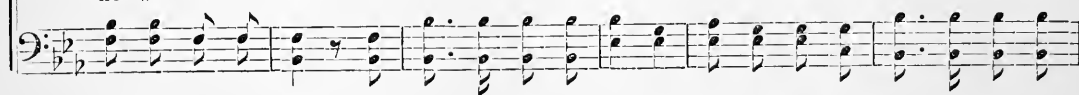
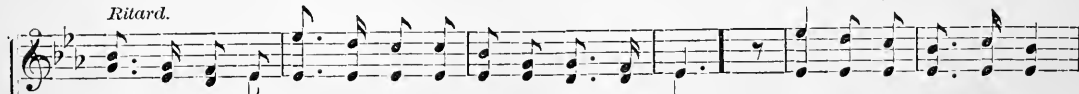
T. C. O'Kane.



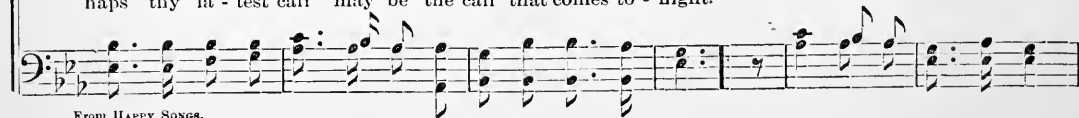
1 The ten-der voice of Je - sus has of - ten thrill'd thy heart, Beseeching thee in gentle tones from
 2 The Lord has lavish'd blessings pro-fuse - ly on thy way, Ten thousand are the mer-cies rich he
 3. Come, give thyself to Je - sus, who died to ransom thee; Come, bring thy heart, so press'd with sin, and



all thy sins to part. Why do you all the call-ings of the blessed spir - it slight? O
 sends thee day by day. Why with in - grat - i - tude do you the love of God re-quite? O
 he will set it free! O do not now a-gain the call of thy Re - deem-er slight, Per-

*Ritard.*Chorus. *Stowly.*

soul, for whom the Sa - vior died, why still unsav'd to - night? Why still un-sav'd to-night?
 soul, for whom the Sa - vior died, why still unsav'd to - night?
 haps thy la - test call may be the call that comes to - night.



Why still unsav'd to-night? O soul, for whom the Sa - vior died, Why still unsav'd to - night?

The musical score consists of a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has a melody line with lyrics underneath. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Hymn 123.]

T. C. O'K.

ROOM ENOUGH.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Hasten to the Gospel Feast, From the greatest to the least; Every one may be a guest, "Yet there is
 2. Hither come, ye poor and blind, Here a hearty welcome find; Christ hath bidden all mankind, "Yet there is
 3. From the hedges and the street, Hither come with eager feet; Christ is waiting each to greet, "Yet there is
 4. Weary wand'ers, cease to roam From your Heavenly Father's home; All invite you now to come, "Yet there is

The musical score for 'Room Enough' features a treble and bass staff. The treble staff contains the vocal melody with lyrics. The bass staff provides a steady accompaniment. The key signature has two flats and the time signature is 2/4.

Chorus.

room" enough, O There's room enough for you, There's room enough for me; Yes, room enough for all, Salvation's free.

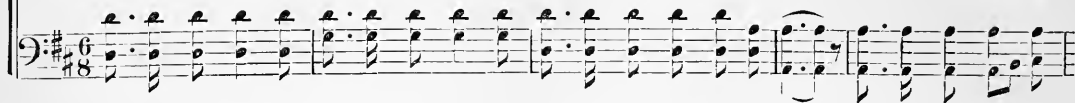
The chorus is written on a treble and bass staff. The treble staff has the melody with lyrics. The bass staff provides accompaniment. The key signature remains two flats and the time signature is 2/4.

A. S. Kleffer.

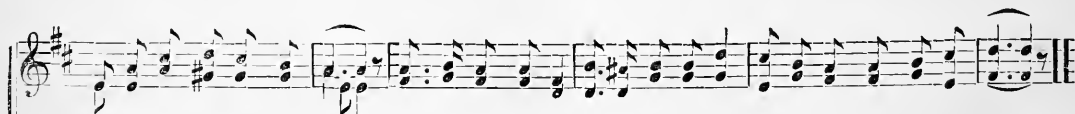
T. C. O'Kane.



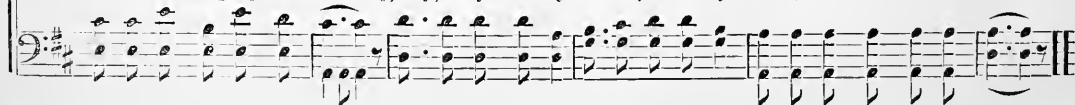
1. Should the Death angel knock at thy chamber, In the still watch of to-night, Say will your spirit
 2. Man - y sad spir-its now are de-parting In - to the world of despair; Eve-ry brief moment
 3. Man - y re-deemed ones now are as-cending In - to the mansions of light; Je - sus is pleading



pass In - to torment, Or to the land of de - light?
 brings your doom nearer; Sinner, O sin - ner, be - ware! Say are you ready, O are you ready?
 high up in glo - ry, Seeking to save you to night.



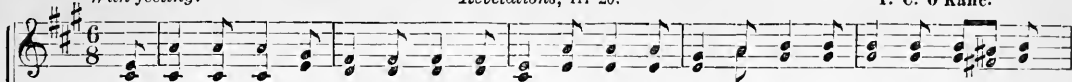
If the Death angel [; should call ;]; Say, are you ready? O are you ready? Mercy stands waiting for all.



With feeling.

Revelations, iii 20.

T. C. O'Kane.



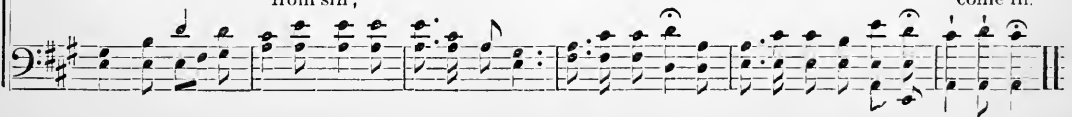
1. Be - hold a stranger at the door, He gent-ly knocks—has knocked before, Has waited long, is
2. O love-ly at - ti-tude—he stands With melting heart and loaded hands; O matchless kindness—
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will—the ver-y friend you need; The friend of sin - ners?
4. Rise touched with gratitude divine, Turn out his en - e - my and thine; That soul - destroy - ing
5. Ad - mit him, ere his an-ger burn--His feet, de-part - ed, ne'er re-turn; Ad - mit him, or the



wait - ing still, You treat no oth - er friend so ill. O, let the dear Sa - vior come in, He'll
 and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes. come in,
 Yes, 't is he, With garments dyed on Calvary.
 monster, sin, And let the heavenly Stranger in.
 hour's at hand, You 'll at his door rejected stand.



cleanse the heart from sin; O, keep him no more, out at the door, But let the dear Savior come in.
 from sin; come in.



WHO IS READY?

[Hymn 126.]

Annie Cummings.

W. Warren Bentley.

Earnestly.

1. Wait-ing is the gold-en har-vest, Wait-ing is the gold-en grain, While the Mas-ter
 2. Tru-ly is the har-vest plenteous, But the la-bor-ers are few. Pray ye that the
 3. Will the Mas-ter hold us guilt-less, If the work be left un-done? If for lack of
 4. Haste, O, has-ten, will-ing work-ers, Swift-ly speed the hours a-way; Hark-en to the

Refrain.

calls for reap-ers From the hill-side and the plain! Who is will-ing? who is read-y?
 Lord of har-vest Send forth workmen tried and true.
 la-bor per-ish Pre-cious souls we might have won?
 Mas-ter's warning, "Work ye while 't is called to-day."

Who will go and work to-day? See the gol-den har-vest wait-ing; Who will bear the sheaves away?

Annie Cummings.

"With Thee is the fountain of life.—PSA. XXXVI ; .

W. Warren Bentley.

1. We are coming to the fountain, We are kneeling at its brink ; From its pure and living waters Jesus says we
 2. We are coming to the fountain Flowing fresh and clear and free ; We are coming, blessed Savior, bringing all we
 3. We are coming now to Jesus, We have nowhere else to go, And we know he will receive us, For his word has

REFRAIN.

1st 2d

too may drink. { We are coming to the fountain, For we know there yet is room,
 have to thee. { Room for every one that thirsteth, [omit.] And the Savior bids us come,
 told us so.

Anna Hambricht.

Tune.—Who is Ready ?

- 1 Who will go and work for Jesus
 In His vineyard day by day ?
 Who with willing hands are ready
 Now to bear the sheaves away ?
- 2 He is calling now for reapers,
 But the laborers are few :
 Who will volunteer with Jesus,
 Hand in hand this work to do ?
- 3 See the fields already whitened,
 Harvest time is almost past ;
 Hasten quick and do not linger,
 Come for day is waning fast.

- 4 Soon night's shades will be upon us,
 Time for work will then be o'er ;
 In the glorious sunshine labor,
 Till there's work to do no more.
- 5 He will wages fully pay you,
 You will labor not in vain
 If you heed his voice and calling,
 To the fields of golden grain.
- 6 Who will now go work for Jesus
 Trying precious souls to win ?
 Who will for the Lord of Harvest
 Lead them from the paths of sin ?

Music as sung by Donavin's Tennesseans.

Words by T. C. O'K.



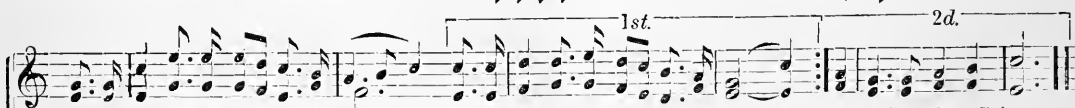
1. { Je-sus thy pre-cious blood a-lone The sin-ner can re-deem; And make en-tire-ly clean.
 2. { For all our sin and guilt a-tone, [omit]..... Wash all their sins a-way.
 2. { For all the fountain of thy blood Is flowing night and day,
 3. { And they who sink beneath its flood [omit].....
 3. { Come to this crimson flowing tide, O wea-ry sin-sick soul! And it will make you whole.
 4. { Come, have the precious blood applied, [omit].....
 4. { And when we reach "the shining shore," Amid the blood-washed throng; And this shall be our song:
 { We'll praise the Lamb forever-more, [omit].....



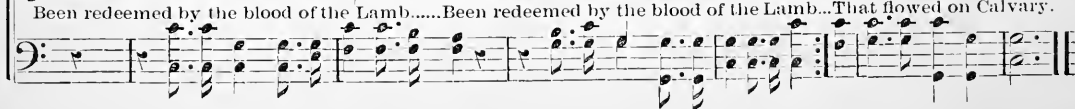
Chorus.



I've been re-deemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, I've been redeemed, Been washed in the blood of the Lamb.



Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb..... Been redeemed by the blood of the Lamb... That flowed on Calvary.



T. C. O'K.

Theme from T. E. Perkins.

1. Come, need - y sin - ners, Je - sus is wait - ing, Wait - ing to give you peace with - in;

2. Come, come to Je - sus, An - gels are wait - ing, Wait - ing to bear the news a - bove,

3. Come, come to Je - sus, Dear friends are wait - ing, Wait - ing to greet you in their throng;

4. Come, come to Je - sus, All things are read - y, Read - y for your re - turn to - day;

Haste to the Sav - ior, Trust in his mer - cy, Taste all the joys of par - doned sin.

Sin - ners are com - ing, Wand'ers re - turn - ing, Seek - ing a - gain a Fa - ther's love.

Hap - py in Je - sus, Shar - ing their rap - ture, Sing - ing with them the new, new song.

Time fast is fleet - ing, Judgment is hast - ning, Come find sal - va - tion, while you may.

D. S. *Lin - ger no long - er, Come now to Je - sus, Je - sus will save you - save just now.*

CHORUS.

Lin - ger no long - er, Come now to Je - sus, Low at his foot - stool hum - bly bow . . . Oh

Albert Midlane.

E. S. Loreanz.

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

Refrain.

wakes the dead, And make the peo - ple hear. Re - vive, thy work, O Lord! Re -
 em - bers now By thy al - might - y breath.
 Ghost, our love For thee and thine in - flame.
 all thine own, The bless - ing, Lord, be ours. re - vive,

vive thy work, O Lord! The glo - ry shall be all thine own, The bless - ing, Lord, be ours.

FROM PRAISE OFFERING, by permission.

Rev. J. Parker.

S. J. Vall, by permission.



1. The blood, the blood is all my plea, Nor should a sin-ner wonder, For guilt-y stain and
 2. My cup, my cup it runneth o'er, With joy ee-les-tial brimming; On wings of love I
 3. The blood, the blood is all my song, I have no bliss without it; From ev-ery stain it



Chorus.

stinging pain Had torn my heart a - sun - der! But now I'm bending at the cross,
 soar a - bove, His hal - le - lu - jah's hymning. And still I'm bending at the cross,
 makes me clean, My life and lip shall shout it. And still I'm bending at the cross,



Washing in the erimson tide, And cleansed, I tar-ry at the fountain, Opened in my Savior's side.



JESUS ALONE CAN SAVE ME.

[Hymn 133.]

Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Not an - y works that I may do, How-ev - er good, and pure, and true, Can my un - worthy
 2. My sins may pierce my anguished heart, Until the burning tears shall start; But tears can nev - er
 2. 'Tis Christ a-lone who saves from sin; His blood alone can make me clean, He on - ly can bring

Chorus.

heart re - new. No! Je - sus alone can save me. Je - sus alone can save me; Jesus, who shed his
 peace im - part. No! Je - sus alone can save me.
 peace within. Yes! Je - sus alone can save me.

blood for me. Je - sus a - lone can save me From my sin.
 Save me from my sin.

CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

1. Cling to the Mighty One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the Ho - ly One—He gives re - lief;
 2. Cling to the Saving One, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the Loving One, Through all be - low;
 3. Cling to the Bleeding One, Cling to his side; Cling to the Ris - en One, In Him a - bide;

Cling to the Gracious One, Cling in thy pain, Cling to the Faithful One, He will sus - tain.
 Cling to the Pard'ning One, He speaketh peace; Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease.
 Cling to the Coming One, Hope shall a - rise; Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

COME TO THE SAVIOR.

Rev. T. H. Martin.

Tune.—Cling to the Mighty One.

- 1 Come to the Savior, O do not delay,
 Hasten, O sinner, to Jesus to-day;
 Now is the season of mercy and grace,
 Follow the Master, and run in the race.
- 2 Laden with guilt, thy Redeemer he'll be,
 Pardon and comfort he'll give unto thee;
 Come unto Jesus, and lean on his breast,
 Finding in him thy salvation and rest.

- 3 Turn from the world with its pleasures so gay,
 Empty and vain—they will soon pass away;
 Give unto Jesus the love of thy heart,
 Choosing, like Mary, the wise, better part.

- 4 Bearing the cross, till thy journey is run,
 Faithful and true, till thy labor is done, [wear,
 Freed from thy toils, a bright crown thou shalt
 Safe with the Lord, thou his glory shalt share.

THE BLOOD IS ALL MY PLEA.

[Hymn 136.]

Louis Eisenblse.

Jno. R. Sweney.

1. To Je - sus' blood I owe My soul's su-prem-est good; It brought redemption
 2. I wandered far from God, The road was rough and wild; I call'd, and Je-sus
 3. I looked, and lo! I saw The blood - besprinkled door, 'Twas o - pen, and I
 4. How hap - py now my lot, I've found my long-sought rest; The blood, the blood my

Chorus.

down to me, It led me up to God. The blood is all my plea, The
 ans-v'ring said: "Come un - to me, my child."
 has - tened in, To wan - der forth no more.
 on - ly plea, Makes me se - rene - ly blest.

blood is all my need, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth me, His blood is life in - deed.

"Hallowed Songs," by permission

Rev. L. Hartsough.

1. I hear thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleansing in thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

CHORUS.

I am coming, Lord! Coming now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

3 And he the witness gives,
To loyal hearts and true,
That every promise is fulfilled,
If faith but brings the plea.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail the gift of Christ the Lord!
Our strength and righteousness.

PASS ME NOT.

From SONGS OF DEVOTION, by permission of Biglow & Main.
Fanny J. Crosby.

CHORUS.

W. H. Doane.

[Omit Repeat and D. C.]

138.]

1 Pass me not, O gentle Savior, Hear my humble cry;
While on others thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.

2 Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet relief;
Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.

3 Trusting only in thy merit, Would I seek thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by thy grace,

4 Thou, the spring of all my comfort, More than life to me;
Whom have I on earth beside thee? Whom in heaven
[but thee?

CHORUS.—Savior, Savior, hear my humble cry; While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

MY ALL TO THEE.

[Hymn 139.
T. C. O'Kane.

Havergal.

1. { bring my *sins* to thee, The sins I can not count, } I bring them, Savior, all to thee, The
 { That all may cleansed be, In thy once opened fount; }

bur - den is too great for me. me. 1st. 2d.

2 My heart to thee I bring,
 The heart I can not read;
 A faithless, wand'ring thing—
 An evil heart indeed;
 I bring it, Savior, now to thee,
 That fixed and faithful it may be.

3 I bring my *grief* to thee,
 The grief I can not tell,
 No words shall needed be,
 Thou knowest all so well;
 I bring the sorrow laid on me,
 O suffering Savior ! all to thee.

4 My joys to thee I bring,
 The joys thy love has given,
 That each may be a wing
 To lift me nearer heaven.
 I bring them, Savior, all to thee,
 Who hast procured them all for me.

5 My *life* I bring to thee,
 I would not be my own;
 O Savior, let me be
 Thine, ever thine alone.
 My heart, my life, my all, I bring,
 To thee, my Savior and my King.

Charles Wesley.

THE TRAVELER UNKNOWN.

[Hymn 140.
T. C. O'K.

1. Come, O thou traveler unknown, Whom still I hold but can not see; My company be - fore is gone,
 2. I need not tell thee who I am; My sin and mise - ry declare; Thyself hast called me by my name;
 3. In vain thou strugglest to get free; I never will unloose my hold: Art thou the Man that died for me?

THE TRAVELER UNKNOWN. *Concluded.*

133

And I am left a - lone with thee: With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
 Look on thy hands and read it there: But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
 The se-cret of thy love un-fold: Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy nature know.

Hymn 141.]

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED.

S. J. Vail.

Fine.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-ior bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?
 Would he de-vote that sa-cred head
 2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
 A - maz-ing pit - y! grace unknown!
 D. C. Yes, Je - sus died for all mankind, Bless God, sal - va - tion's free.

For such a worm as I?
 And love be - yond de - gree.

CHORUS. **D. C. Chorus.**

Je - sus died for you; Je - sus died for me;

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
 For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
 While his dear cross appears;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe:
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

WHOSOEVER WILL MAY COME.

[Hymn 142.]

"The Spirit and the Bride say, come."

T. C. O'Kane.

Earnestly.

1. Come, ye sinners, poor and needy, Weak and wounded, sick and sore, Je - sus ready stands to save you,
 2. Now ye needy, come and welcome, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy, True belief, and true repentance—
 3. Let not conscience make you linger, Nor of fitness fond - ly dream, All the fitness he re - quireth,
 4. Come, ye weary, heav - y laden, Bruised and mangled by the fall, If you tarry till you're better,

Full of pit - y, love, and power, He is a - ble, he is a - ble, He is willing, doubt no more;
 Every grace that brings you nigh— Without money, without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy;
 Is to feel your need of him. This he gives you, this he gives you, 'Tis the Spirit's glim'ring beam;
 You will nev - er come at all. Not the righteous, not the righteous, Sinners Jesus came to call;

Whosoever, whosoever, Whosoever will may come. "*Whosoever,*" saith the Spirit, With the Father and the Son,
 D. C. "*Whosoev - er,*" sinner hear it, Whosoev - er will may come.

WONDERFUL GRACE.

1. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder-ful grace! This great salva-tion brings; The soul deliver-ed
 2. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder-ful grace! Which saves the soul from sin; The power of rising
 3. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder-ful grace! Its streams are full and free; Are flowing now for
 4. 'Tis grace! 'tis grace! 'tis wonder-ful grace! Which bears the soul a-bove; The light which gleams

CHORUS.

of its load, In sweetest rapture sings. 'Tis grace . . . 'Tis grace! . . .
 e - vil slays, And reigns supreme within. 'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace, Wonderful,
 all the race; They e - ven flow to me.
 from Jesus' face Is rapture, peace and love.

grace! . . . 'Tis grace! . . . 'tis grace! . . .
 wonderful, wonderful grace! 'Tis wonderful grace! 'tis wonderful grace, Flowing still, freely for me.

REDEEMED.

[Hymn 144.]

T. C. O'K.

"Behold the Lamb of God."

T. C. O'Kane.

1. O sing of Jesus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal-vary, And for a ransom shed his blood, For
 2. O wondrous power of love divine! So pure, so full, so free! It reaches out to all mankind, Em-
 3. All glory now to Christ the Lord And evermore shall be; He hath redeemed a world from sin, And

Refrain.

you and even me. I'm re - deomed, I'm re - deomed, Thro' the blood of the Lamb that was
 braces even me. I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed, Thro' the blood of the Lamb, of the
 ransomed even me.

slain, I'm re - deomed, I'm re - deomed, Hal - le - lu - jah unto his name.
 Lamb that was slain, I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

137
D. C.

[Omit in Rep. & D. C.]

Hymn 145.]

1 There is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that
Lose all their guilty stains. [flood,
2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

Precious Fountain.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.
4 When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave, [tongue
Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save.

5 Lord, I believe thou hast prepared
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me.
6 'Tis strung, and tuned for endless
And formed by power divine, [years,
To sound in God the Father's ears,
No other name but thine.

Words by Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.

146.] Cleansing Wave.

1 Oh, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

CHORUS.

The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and, oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood;
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.

CHORUS.

3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

CHORUS.

4 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified. CHORUS.

CLEANSING WAVE.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp, by permission.

[Omit in Repeat. . .]

CHORUS.

[Omit in Repeat. . . .]

Hymn 147.]

Peace in Believing.

1 Jesus, to thee I now can fly,
On whom my help is laid;
Oppressed by sins, I hit mine eye,
And see the shadows fade. CHORUS.

2 Believing on my Lord, I find
A sure and present aid;
On thee alone my constant mind
Be every moment stayed. CHORUS.

3 What'er in me seems wise, or good,
Or strong, I here disclaim;
I wash my garments in the blood
Of the atoning Lamb. CHORUS.

4 Jesus, my strength, my life, my rest,
On thee will I depend,
Till summoned to the marriage-feast,
When faith in sight shall end. Cuo.

FOLLOWING THE SAVIOR.

[Hymn 148.]

T. C. O'Kane.

1. Sav - ior, I fol - low on, Guid - ed by thee, See - ing not yet the hand That leadeth me;
 2. Riv - en the rock for me, Thirst to re - lieve, Man - na from heaven falls Fresh ev - ery eve;
 3. Sav - ior I long to walk Ev - er with thee; Led by thy guid - ing hand Ev - er to be,

Hushed be my heart and still, Fear I no further ill, On - ly to meet thy will My will shall be.
 Nev - er a want severe Caus - eth my eye a tear, But thou art whisp'ring near, "Only be - lieve."
 Con - stant - ly near thy side, Quickened and pu - ri - fied, Liv - ing for him who died Freely for me.

LAMB OF CALVARY.

Hymn 149.]

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

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

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

1. Come, brother, Je - sus saith, I am the way; Here find the heavenly path, I am the way;
2. Here rest, then, troubled heart, I am the truth; Peace let my truth impart, I am the truth;
3. Fear not the gloomy vale, I am the life; My word can nev - er fail, I am the life;

Earth, sin, and sorrow flee, Glo - ry and gladness see, Let me your pattern be, I am the way.
Sin's hea - vy debt is paid, No more shall doubt invade, Bright hopes shall never fade, I am the truth.
And tho' the night come on, Soon shall the shades be gone, Soon will the morning dawn, I am the life.

[The above beautiful hymn was found among the papers of the late Col. S. S. Fisher. It had never been transcribed from the original draft, and is now for the first time published.—Extract from CINCINNATI GAZETTE.]

Hymn 151.]

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

<p>1 Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee! E'en tho' it be a cross That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.</p>	<p>2 Tho' like a wanderer, The sun gone down, Darkness comes over me My rest a stone, Yet in my dreams I'd be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.</p>	<p>3 There let my way appear Steps unto heaven; All that thou sendest me, In mercy given; Angels to beckon me, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.</p>	<p>4 Or, if on joyful wing, Cleaving the sky, Sun, moon, and stars forgot, Upward I fly, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to thee, Nearer to thee.</p>
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Hymn 152.]

<p>1 Come, thou Almighty King, Help us thy Name to sing, Help us to praise; Father all glorious, O'er all victorious, Come and reign over us, Ancient of days.</p>	<p>2 Come, thou Incarnate Word, Gird on thy mighty sword, Our prayer attend; Come and thy people bless, And give thy word success. Spirit of holiness, On us descend.</p>	<p>3 Come, Holy Comforter, Thy sacred witness bear In this glad hour; Thou who Almighty art, Now rule in every heart, And ne'er from us depart, Spirit of power.</p>
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Hymn 153.

1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on—
 Thus far his power prolongs my
 days; [known
 And every evening shall make
 Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
 And I, perhaps, am near my home;
 But he forgives my follies past, [come,
 And gives me strength for days to

3 I lay my body down to sleep;
 Peace is the pillow for my head;
 While well-appointed angels keep
 Their watchful stations round my
 bed.

Hymn 154.

1 Assembled in our school once more,
 O Lord, thy blessing we implore;
 We meet to read, and sing, and pray;
 Be with us, then, thro' this thy day.

2 Our fervent prayer to thee ascends
 For parents, teachers, foes, & friends,
 And when we in thy house appear,
 Help us to worship in thy fear.

3 When we on earth shall meet no
 May we above to glory soar, [more,
 And praise thee in more lofty strains,
 Where one eternal Sabbath reigns.

Hymn 155.

1 Jesus, from whom all blessings flow,
 Great Builder of thy Church below,
 If now thy Spirit move my breast,
 Hear, and fulfill thine own request.

2 The few that truly call thee Lord,
 And wait thy sanctifying word,
 And thee their utmost Savior own—
 Unite and perfect them in one.

3 O let them all thy mind express,
 Stand forth thy chosen witnesses;
 Thy power unto salvation show,
 And perfect holiness below.

RETREAT. L. M.



156.

1 I know that my Redeemer lives—
 What joy the best assurance gives!
 He lives, he lives, who once was
 dead;
 He lives, my everlasting Head!
 He lives, to bless me with his love;
 He lives, to plead for me above;
 He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
 He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives—all glory to his name;
 He lives, my Savior, still the same;
 What joy the best assurance gives,—
 I know that my Redeemer lives.

Hymn 157

1 Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we
 love,
 But there's a nobler rest above;
 To that our lab'ring souls aspire,
 With cheerful hope and strong desire.

2 No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
 No sighs shall mingle with the songs
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

3 No rude alarms of raging foes;
 No cares to break the long repose;
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun;
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Hymn 158.

1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep!
 From which none ever wake to weep;
 A calm and undisturbed repose,
 Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!
 Whose waking is supremely blest;
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour,
 Which manifests the Savior's power.

3 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 And wait the summons from on
 high.



Hymn 159.

1 O Spirit of the living God,
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

2 Give tongues of fire and hearts of
love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

3 Baptize the nations; far and nigh
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify
Till every kindred call him Lord.

160.

1 We have no outward righteousness,
No merits or good works, to plead;
We only can be saved by grace;
Thy grace, O Lord, is free indeed.

2 Save us by grace, thro' faith alone,
A faith thou must thyself impart;
A faith that would by works be
shown,
A faith that purifies the heart:

3 This is the faith we humbly seek,
The faith in thy all-cleansing blood;
That faith which doth for sinners
O let it speak us up to God! [speak,

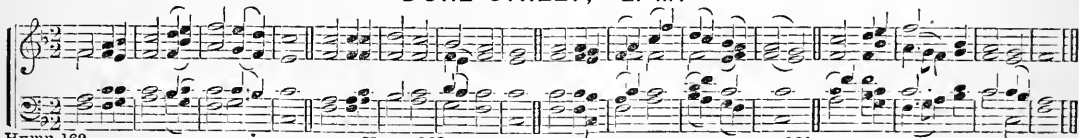
Hymn 161.

1 Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

2 Thine would I live—thine would I
Be thine through all eternity; [die;
The vow is past beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.

3 Here, at that cross where flows the
Blood
That bought my guilty soul for God—
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

DUKE STREET, L. M.



Hymn 162.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Doth his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to
shore, (more,
Till moon shall wax and wane no
2 From north to south the princes
To pay their homage at his feet; [meet
While western empires own their
Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

Hymn 163.

1 Now, in a song of grateful praise,
To my dear Lord my voice I'll raise;
With all his saints I'll join to tell
That Jesus hath done all things well.

2 Wisdom and power, and love di-
vine,
In all his works, unrivaled shine,
And force the wondering world to tell
That he alone did all things well.

3 And when I stand before his throne,
And all his ways are fully known,
This note in sweetest strains shall
swell,
That Jesus hath done all things well.

Hymn 164.

1 Except the Lord our labor bless,
In vain shall we desire success;
Except his guardian power restrain,
The watchman waketh but in vain.

2 'Tis useless toil our stores to keep—
Early to rise and late to sleep—
Unless the Lord, who reigns on
high,
His providential care supply.

3 Grant, Lord, that we may ever feel
For guidance and for help to thee;
Thy blessing ask whate'er we do,
And in thy strength our work pur-
sue.

CORONATION. C. M.

Hymn 165

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 Oh for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.</p> | <p>2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim--
To spread thro' all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.</p> |
|---|--|

Hymn 166.]

Crown Him Lord of All.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our
That bids our sorrows cease; [fears,
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.

Hymn 167.

- 1 Must Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 This consecrated cross I'll bear
Till death shall make me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.
- 3 Oh, precious cross! Oh, glorious
Oh, resurrection day! [crown!
Ye angels, from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

Hymn 168.

- 1 Father of mercies, in thy Word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.
- 3 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
Our ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

Hymn 169.

- 1 God is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid;
Therefore, altho' the earth remove,
We will not be afraid.
- 2 Tho' hills amidst the seas be cast;
Tho' waters roaring make,
And troubled be; yea, tho' the hills
By swelling seas do shake,
- 3 A river is, whose streams do glad
The city of our God;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most High hath his abode.



Hymn 170

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate—
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 3 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

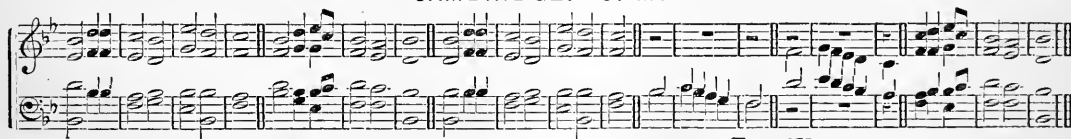
Hymn 171.

- 1 Oh, for a closer walk with God
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.
- 3 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

Hymn 172.

- 1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt
My voice ascending high; [hear
To thee will I direct my prayer,
To thee lift up mine eye:
- 2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all his saints;
Presenting, at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.
- 3 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M.



Hymn 173.

- 1 I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause;
Maintain the honor of his word,
The glory of his cross.
- 2 Firm as his throne his promise
And he can well secure [stands,
What I've committed to his hands,
Till the decisive hour.
- 3 Then he will own my worthless
Before his Father's face, [name,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

Hymn 174

- 1 When all thy mercies, oh, my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Thro' every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The pleasing theme renew.
- 3 Thro' all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

Hymn 175.

- 1 Salvation! oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

ALIDA. C. M., Double.

Musical notation for 'ALIDA. C. M., Double.' in 6/8 time. The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef). It includes first and second endings, marked '1st.' and '2d.', and a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction. A bracketed note indicates '(Omit in rep. and D. C.)'.

Hymn 176.

1 How happy every child of grace,
That knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven:
A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh, by faith I see,
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.

2 Oh, what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day; [powers,
We feel the resurrection near—
Our life in Christ concealed—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessel's filled.

Hymn 177.

1 With joy we hail the sacred day,
Which God has called his own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at his throne.
Spirit of grace! oh, deign to dwell
Within thy Church below;
Make her in holiness excel,
With pure devotion glow.

2 Let peace within her walls be found,
Let all her sons unite,
To spread with holy zeal around,
Her clear and shining light.
Great God! we hail the sacred day,
Which thou hast called thine own;
With joy the summons we obey,
To worship at thy throne.

Hymn 178.

1 Jesus, immortal King, arise!
Assert thy rightful sway;
Till earth, subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant hands obey.
Send forth thy word, and let it fly
The spacious earth around,
Till every soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.

2 Oh, may the great Redeemer's name
Thro' every clime be known,
And heathen gods, forsaken, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.
From sea to sea, from shore to shore,
Be thou, O Christ, adored,
And earth, with all her millions,
Hosannas to the Lord. [shout

179.] Joy to the World.

1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

180.] The Race for Glory.

1 Awake, my soul! stretch every
And press with vigor on; [nerve,
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the
To thine aspiring eye. [prize

Musical notation for 'ANTIOCH. C. M.' in 6/8 time. The score is written for two staves (treble and bass clef).

3 Blest Savior, introduced by thee, | And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
Our race have we begun; | We'll lay our trophies down.



Hymn 181.

- 1 By cool Siloam's shady rill,
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the
Of Sharon's dewy rose! [hill,
- 2 Lo! such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod—
Whose secret heart, with influence
Is upward drawn to God. [sweet,
- 3 Oh, thou who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and
death,
To keep us still thine own.

Hymn 182.

- 1 How shall the young secure their
hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.
- 2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day,
And, thro' the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.
- 3 Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our
And well support our age, [youth,

Hymn 183.

- 1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face:
Those new desires which in thee
burn
Were kindled by his grace.
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.
- 3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn
How freely he'll forgive.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.



Hymn 184

- 1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow; [crown'd,
His head with radiant glories
His lips with grace o'erflow.
- 2 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.
- 3 Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

Hymn 185.

- 1 I waited for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear:
At length to me he did incline
My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify;
Many shall see it and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.

Hymn 188.

- 1 Oh, greatly bless'd the people are
The joyful sound that know;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.
- 2 They in thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly,
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.
- 3 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee,
And in thy favor shall our horn
And power exalted be.



Hymn 187.

- 1 Sow in the morn thy seed ;
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
- 2 Thou knowest not which shall
The late or early sown ; [thrive,
Grace keeps the perfect germ alive,
When and wherever strewn.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

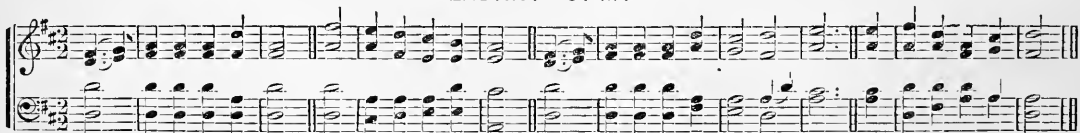
Hymn 188.

- 1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God !
Her walls before thee stand
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.



- 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

LABAN. S. M.



Hymn 189.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise ;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray !
The battle ne'er give o'er ;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down ;
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

Hymn 190.

- 1 Behold the throne of grace ;
The promise calls us near ;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.
- 2 Thine image, Lord, bestow—
Thy presence and thy love—
That we may serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 3 Teach us to live by faith—
Conform our wills to thine ;
Let us victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

Hymn 191.

- 1 To thee I lift my soul ;
O Lord, I trust in thee !
My God, let me not be ashamed,
Nor toes triumph o'er me.
- 2 Let none that wait on thee
Be put to shame at all ;
But those that without cause trans-
Let shame upon them fall. [gress,
- 3 Show me thy ways, O Lord !
Thy paths, oh, teach thou me !
And do thou lead me in thy truth,
Therein my teacher be.



208.
 1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
 Zion, kept by power divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Tho' the world in arms combine:
 Happy Zion—
 What a favored lot is thine!
 2 Every human tie may perish,
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish,
 Heaven and earth at last remove;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.
 3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more
 bright,
 But can never cease to love thee;
 Thou art precious in his sight:
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

209.
 1 Savior, visit thy plantation;
 Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
 All will come to desolation,
 Unless thou return again.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee!
 2 Keep no longer at a distance;
 Shine upon us from on high,
 Lest for want of thine assistance
 Every plant should droop and die.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee!
 3 Break the tempter's fatal power,
 Turn the stony heart to flesh;
 And begin from this good hour
 To revive thy work afresh.
 Lord, revive us;
 All our help must come from thee!

210.
 1 Oh, thou God of my salvation,
 My Redeemer from all sin!
 Moved by thy divine compassion,
 Who has died my heart to win,
 I will praise thee:
 Where shall I thy praise begin?
 2 Though unseen, I love the Savior;
 He hath brought salvation near;
 Manifests his pardoning favor;
 And when Jesus doth appear,
 Soul and body
 Shall his glorious image bear.
 3 Angels now are hov'ring round us,
 Unperceived amid the throng,
 Wand'ring at the love that crowned
 Glad to join the holy song: [us,
 Hallelujah,
 Love and praise to Christ belong!

Hymn 211.]

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. Double.



1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it,
 Mount of thy redeeming love

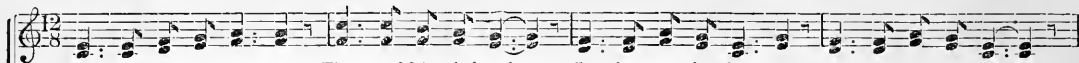
2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer:
 Hither by thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Dully I'm constrained to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
 Proud to wander, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to leave the God I love;
 Here's my heart; oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for thy courts above.

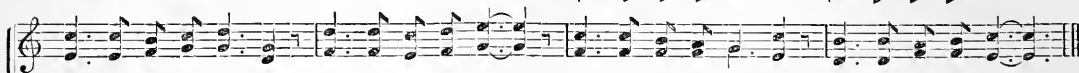
GO, TELL IT TO JESUS.

[Hymn 212.]

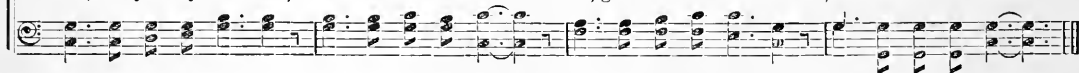
From the German.



1. Go, bury thy sorrow; The world hath its share; Go, bury it deeply; Go, hide it with care;
 2. Go, tell it to Jesus; He knoweth thy grief: Go, tell it to Jesus; He'll send thee re-lief:
 3. Hearts growing weary With heav-i-er woe, Now droop 'mid the darkness—Go, comfort them, go!



Go, think of it calmly When curtain'd by night; Go, tell it to Je-sus, And all will be right.
 Go, gather the sunshine He sheds on thy way; He'll lighten thy burden; Go, weary one, pray.
 Go, bury thy sorrows; Let others be blest: Go, give them the sunshine; Tell Jesus the rest.



STOWELL. 8s & 7s.



213.]

1 Silently the shades of evening
 Gather round our chapel door;
 Silently they bring before us
 Faces we shall see no more.

2 Oh, the lost, the unforgotten!
 Though the world be oft forgot;
 Oh, the shrouded and the lonely!
 In our hearts they perish not.

3 Living in the silent hours,
 Where our spirits only blend,
 They, unlinked with earthly trouble,
 We still hoping for its end.

Hymn 214.]

Waiting at the Cross.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend;
 Life, and health, and peace possess-
 From the sinner's dying friend. [ing,

2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie;
 While I see divine compassion
 Beaming in his gracious eye.

3 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
 Mercy streaming in his blood;
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead, and claim my peace with God.

Rev. H. Bonar, D. D.

WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS.

153

C. C. Converse, by permission.

Hymn 215.

1 Long my spirit pined in sorrow,
 Watching, waiting all in vain;
 Waiting for a golden morrow,
 Free from worldly care and pain.
 When I heard a sweet voice saying,
 In the accents of a friend,
 Cheer up, brother; "Keep on pray-
 Keep on praying to the end. [ing,"

2 Ye who sigh for holy pleasures,
 Ye who mourn your load of sin,
 "Keep on praying;" heavenly treas-
 In the end you're sure to win. [ures
 Wrestle with the Lord of glory,
 Lay your treasures at his feet;
 Plead with faith in Calvary's story,
 Till your joys are all complete.

Hymn 216.

1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear;
 What a privilege to carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit!
 Oh, what needless pain we bear!
 All because we do not carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?
 Is there trouble anywhere?
 We should never be discouraged;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a Friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share?
 Jesus knows our every weakness;
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

D. C.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care?
 Precious Savior, still our refuge,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer;
 In his arms he'll take and shield thee;
 Thou wilt find a solace there.

Hymn 217.]

From "Hallowed Songs."

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

S. J. Fall, by permission.

REFRAIN.—*Oh, depth of mercy! can it be, That gate was left ajar for me?*

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

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
 Who seek through it salvation—

The rich and poor, the great and
 Of every tribe and nation. [small,
 3 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love him more in heaven.

[1st time only.]

Hymn 218

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

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

218

1 To thee, O blessed Savior!
Our grateful songs we raise;
Oh, tune our hearts and voices
Thy holy name to praise!
'Tis by thy sovereign mercy
We're here allowed to meet,
To join with friends and teachers,
Thy blessing to entreat.

2 Lord, guide and bless our teachers,
Who labor for our good;
And may the Holy Scriptures
By us be understood.
Oh, may our hearts be given
To thee, our glorious King!
That we may meet in heaven,
Thy praises there to sing.

Hymn 220.

1 Ashamed to be a Christian!
Afraid the world should know
I'm on my way to Zion,
Where joys eternal flow!
Forbid it, oh, my Savior!
That I should ever be
Afraid to wear thy color,
Or blush to follow thee.

2 Ashamed to be a Christian,
To love my God and King!
The fire of zeal is burning,
My soul is on the wing,
I want a faith made perfect,
That all the world may see,
I stand a living witness
Of mercy, rich and free.

221.] *Tune*—WEBB.**Like Jesus.**

1 I want to be like Jesus,
So lowly and so meek;
For no one marked an angry word
That ever heard him speak.
I want to be like Jesus,
So frequently in prayer;
Alone upon the mountain top,
He met his Father there.

2 I want to be like Jesus;
I never, never find
That he, though persecuted, was
To any one unkind.
I want to be like Jesus,
Engaged in doing good,
So that of me it may be said,
"She hath done what she could."

222.] *Tune*—AMSTERDAM.**Security and Safety.**

1 See the Gospel Church secure,
And founded on a Rock;
All her promises are sure;
Her bulwarks who can shoek?
Count her every precious shrine;
Tell, to after-ages tell—
Fortified by power divine,
The Church can never fall.

2 Zion's God is all our own,
Who on his love rely;
We his pard'ning love have known,
And live to Christ, and die.
To the New Jerusalem
He our faithful guide shall be;
Him we claim, and rest in him,
Through all eternity.

223.] *Tune*—AMSTERDAM.**The God of Truth and Grace.**

1 Meet and right it is to sing,
In every time and place,
Glory to our heavenly King,
The God of truth and grace:
Join we then with sweet accord,
All in one thanksgiving join:
Holy, holy, holy Lord,
Eternal praise be thine.

2 Father, God, thy love we praise,
Which gave thy Son to die;
Jesus, full of truth and grace,
Alike we glorify;
Spirit, Comforter divine,
Praise by all to thee be given,
Till we, in full chorus join,
And earth is turned to heaven.

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To Sunday-School Workers.

"Next to the choice of a Superintendent, there is no graver subject of consideration for a Sunday-school than the selection of its library books."—John S. Hart, LL. D.

Every principal, officer, and teacher are desirous that a good library be maintained, and that the best be done in the Sunday-school. That a good library for the benefit of the school is a secret but profitable which best supplements the instruction of the Sunday-school. But through the proper arrangement of schools in the Sunday-school, the wise and judicious selection of books for them has not always been the best.

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