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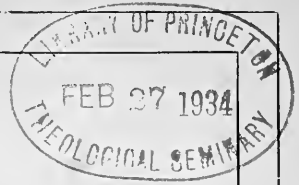
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Northfield



Hymnal

FOR USE IN

EVANGELISTIC AND CHURCH SERVICES,
CONVENTIONS,
SUNDAY SCHOOLS,
AND ALL PRAYER AND SOCIAL MEETINGS
OF THE CHURCH AND HOME



Edited by

GEO. C. STEBBINS



PUBLISHED BY

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CHICAGO

NEW YORK

PRICE LIST NEXT PAGE

PREFACE.

In compiling

NORTHFIELD HYMNAL,

the purpose has been to conserve many of the best hymns that have appeared in the "GOSPEL HYMNS" and "SACRED SONGS" series, combining therewith a large number of other pieces from well known composers, many of which are new and appear for the first time. In addition to these, there is a very choice selection of *Church Hymns*, both new and old, from the best American and English writers.

This collection has been prepared also with special reference to its adaptability to Evangelistic and Praise Services, Conferences, Conventions, Sunday Schools and Prayer Meetings. In it will be found many pieces especially useful for Evangelistic and Convention Choirs as well as for Solo, Duet and Quartet purposes.

The royalty on this book, as in the case of the above mentioned series, goes toward the maintenance of the Northfield Seminary and the Mt. Hermon Boys' School.

THE AUTHOR.

PRICE LIST.

Full Cloth, ink stamp, \$25 per 100. Edition de Luxe, gold stamp, \$35 per 100.
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THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO., Publishers.

HATTIE W. PIERSON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. List - en to the wondrous sto - ry, Old, so old, yet ev - er new;...
2. In the earth - ly home so low - ly, 'Mong the hills of Gal - i - lee,....
3. All His words so gen - tly spok - en, Lov - ing deeds and pur - pose true;...
4. O, the sac - ri - fice He of - fered, When He died on Cal - va - ry;....
5. Now once more He reigns in glo - ry, O - ver death the vic - t'ry won;...



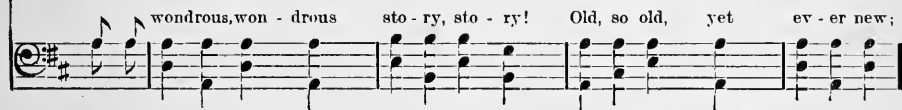
Of the Lord who came from glo - ry— Came to die for me, for you.
 Was a life all pure and ho - ly, That was lived for you, for me.
 All His prom - is - es un - brok - en Were for me and were for you.
 O, the ag - o - ny He suf - fered! It was all for you, for me.
 And He bids us tell the sto - ry— Tell it out to ev - ery one.



REFRAIN.



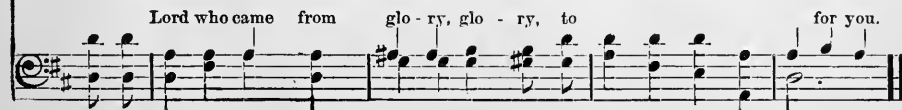
O, the won - drous, wondrous sto - ry! Old, so old,.... yet ev - er new;



wondrous, won - drous sto - ry, sto - ry! Old, so old, yet ev - er new;



Of the Lord.... who came from glo - ry, Came to die for me, for you.

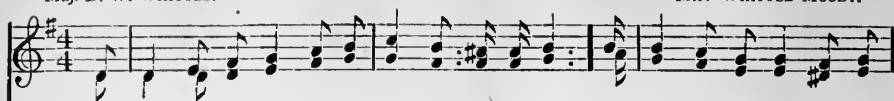


Lord who came from glo - ry, glo - ry, to for you.

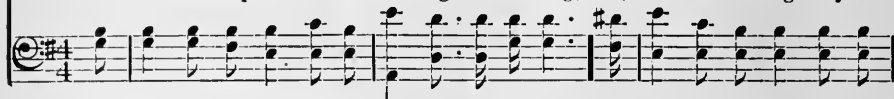
The True Light is Shining.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

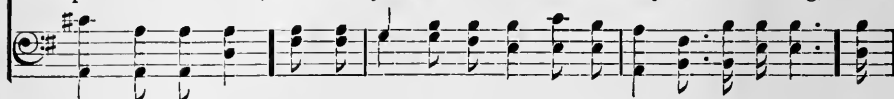
MAY WHITTLE MOODY.



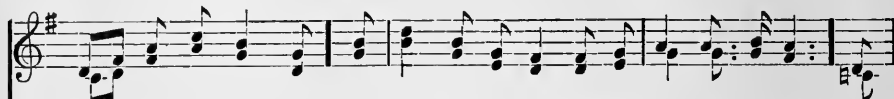
1. The darkness is pass'd and the true light is shining, The light that first shone o-ver
2. The darkness is pass'd and the true light is shining, The shad-ows are flee-ing and
3. The darkness is pass'd and the true light is shining; Oh, let us with light by the



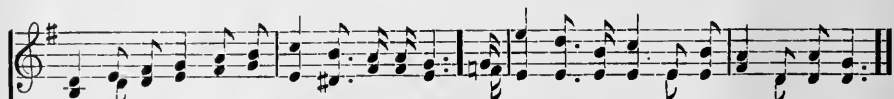
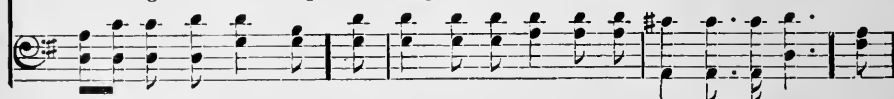
Beth - le-hem's plain; And the song of the an-gels new voic-es are chim-ing, Of
 morn comes a - pace; There's a glow in the east of a bright sil-ver lin-ing, The
 Spir - it be filled; For if yield-ed to God ere our day is de-clip-ing, The



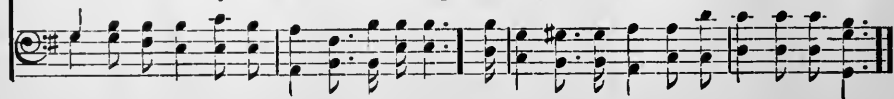
glo - ry to God and sal - va - tion to men. }
 world is a - wak - ened to hear of God's grace. } The true light is shin-ing, The
 light must shine thro' us, as Je - sus hath will'd. }



true light is shin-ing, And songs are a - ris-ing from o - ver the sea; While



God in His mercy and love is inclin-ing, The true light is shining for you and for me.



Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

SOLO OR DUET.

1. Un - der His wings I am safe - ly a - bid - ing; Tho' the night
 2. Un - der His wings, what a ref - uge in sor - row! How the heart
 3. Un - der His wings, O what pre - cious en - joy - ment! There will I

deep - ens and tem - pests are wild, Still I can trust Him; I
 yearn - ing - ly turns to His rest! Oft - en when earth has no
 hide till life's tri - als are o'er; Shel - tered, pro - tect - ed, no

know He will keep me; He has redeem'd me, and I am His child.
 balm for my heal - ing; There I find com - fort, and there I am blest.
 e - vil can harm me; Rest - ing in Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Un - der His wings, un - der His wings, Who from His love can sev - er?

Un - der His wings my soul shall a - bide, Safe - ly a - bide for - ev - er.

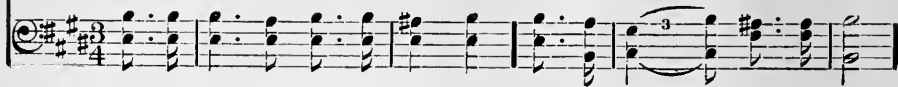
Who are These?

ANNA SHIPTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



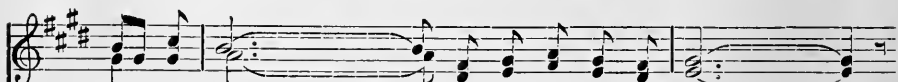
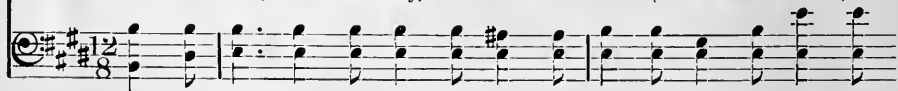
1. Who are these whose songs are sounding O'er the gold - en harps a - bove?
2. Who are these that keep their sta - tion Round the great e - ter - nal throne?
3. See their robes of dazzling white-ness, With - out blem - ish, spot or stain;
4. 'Tis the Lamb of God who leads them, And they serve Him night and day;
5. Sweet their theme: 'tis still "sal - va - tion Un - to Christ the Ho - ly One,"



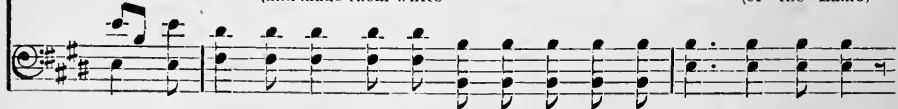
Hark! they tell of grace a - bound - ing, And Je - ho - vah's sov'reign love.
 They from earth - ly trib - u - la - tion To their heav'n - ly rest are gone.
 See their crowns that grow in brightness, Pur - chased by the Lamb once slain.
 By the heav'n - ly fount He leads them, He hath wiped their tears a - way.
 And their sighs of trib - u - la - tion Change to songs a - round the throne.

CHORUS. *Slowly.*

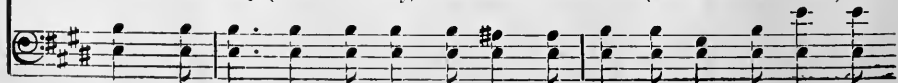
These are they (These are they) who wash'd their robes (who wash'd their robes) and



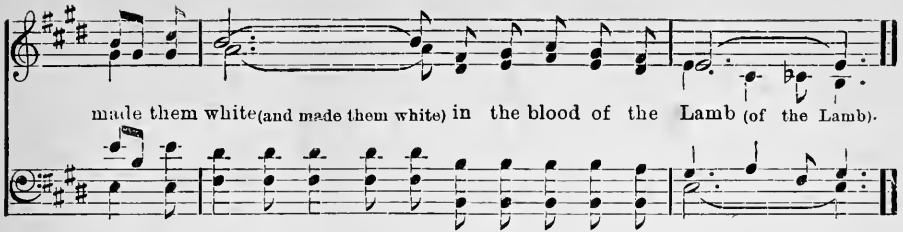
made them white (and made them white) in the blood of the Lamb (of the Lamb).



These are they (These are they) who wash'd their robes (who wash'd their robes) and



Who are These?—Concluded.



made them white (and made them white) in the blood of the Lamb (of the Lamb).

7 Though Your Sins be as Scarlet.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

1st 2d.



1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
2. Hear the voice that en-treats you: Oh, re-turn ye un-to God! -to God!
3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more;

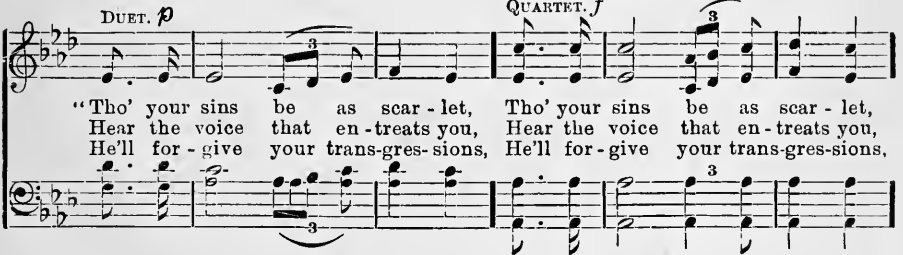
QUARTET.



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

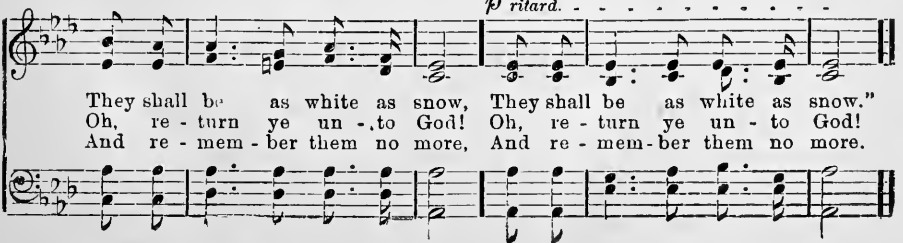
DUET. *p*

QUARTET. *f*



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

p ritard. - - - - -



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

Copyright, 1877, by W. H. Doane.

Sunshine on the Hill.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. There are shad-ows in the val - ley, Where our tir - ed feet must go;
 2. There are shad-ows in the val - ley, But we breathe the sweet per - fume
 3. Oh, the shad-ows of the val - ley Like a dream will pass a - way;

But we hear the peace-ful wa - ters, As they mur - mur soft and low;—
 Of the ros - es on the moun-tain, In their love - ly, ver - nal bloom;
 They will van - ish at the dawn-ing Of the bright and glo-rious day;

And our Shep-herd whispers gen - tly, As He leads us on-ward still:
 And a - gain our Shep-herd whis-pers, As He leads us on-ward still:
 E - ven now there comes an ech - o, And we feel its mag-ic thrill:

“There are shad-ows in the val-ley, But 'tis sun-shine on the hill.”

CHORUS.

Sun - shine on the hill, There is sun - shine on the hill;

Sunshine on the Hill.—Concluded.

“There are shad-ows in the val-ley, But 'tis sun-shine on the hill.”

9 Soft the Bells are Ringing.

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Soft and sweet the bells are ring - ing, From the chap - el old and gray
 2. Sweet-er far than earth-ly mu - ic, Since the Christmas mel - o - dy,
 3. Love's re-deem - ing work is fin - ished, Fought the fight, the vic - t'ry won;

Sweet and soft the chil-dren sing - ing, Christ the Lord a - rose to - day.
 Is this song of Eas - ter glo - ry, This glad psalm of vic - to - ry.
 Glo - ry, glo - ry in the high - est To the Fa - ther and the Son.

REFRAIN.

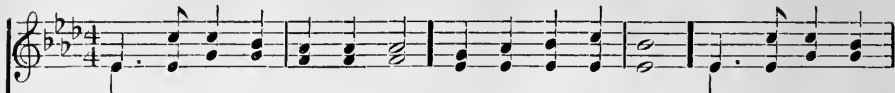
Sweet - ly, soft - ly sounds the an - them, For the stone is rolled a - way;

Glo - ry, hon - or give to Je - sus, On this Res - ur - rec - tion day.

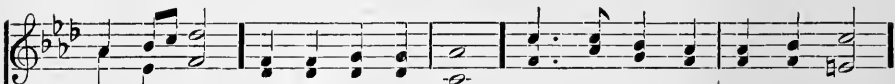
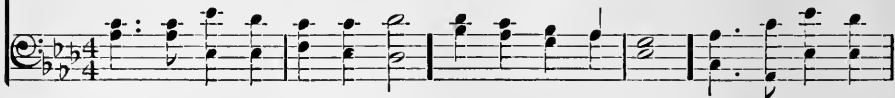
When the Weary, Seeking Rest.

HORATIUS BONAR.

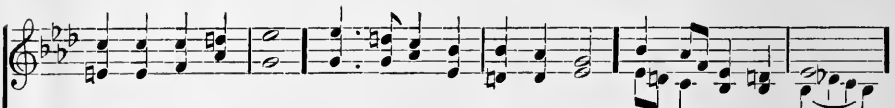
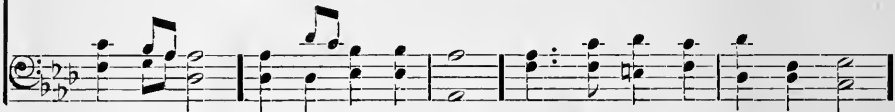
W. H. CALLCOTT.



1. When the wea-ry, seek-ing rest, To Thy good-ness flee; When the heav-y
2. When the worlding, sick at heart, Lifts his soul a - bove; When the prod - i -
3. When the stranger asks a home, All his toils to end; When the hun-gry
4. When the man of toil and care, In the cit - y crowd; When the shepherd



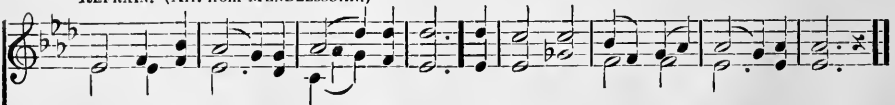
la - den cast All their load on Thee; When the trou-bled, seek-ing peace,
gal looks back To his Fa-ther's love; When the proud man in his pride,
crav-eth food, And the poor a friend; When the sai - lor on the wave
on the moor, Names the name of God; When the learn-ed and the high,



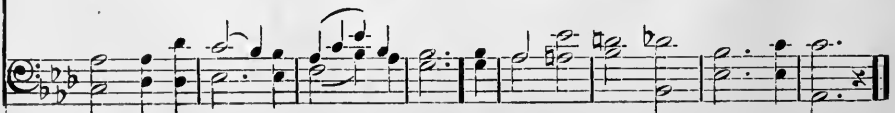
On Thy name shall call; When the sin-ner, seeking life, At Thy feet shall fall: . . .
Stoops to seek Thy face; When the burden'd brings his guilt To Thy throne of grace: . . .
Bows the fer-vent knee; When the sol-dier on the field Lifts his heart to Thee: . . .
'Tired of earth-ly fame, Up - on high-er joys in - tent, Name the bless-ed Name: . . .



REFRAIN. (Arr. from MENDELSSOHN.)

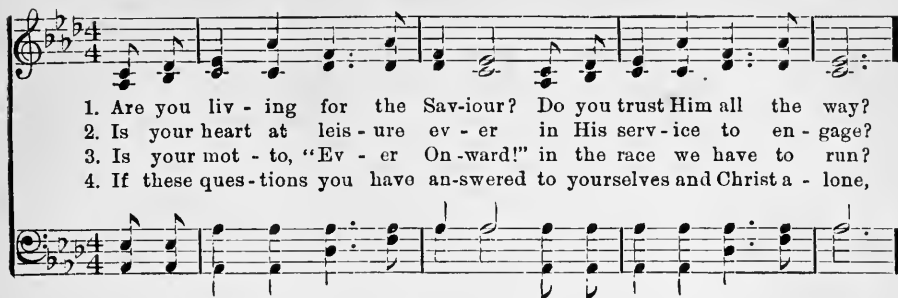


Hear then in love, O Lord, the cry, In heav'n, Thy dwelling - place on high.

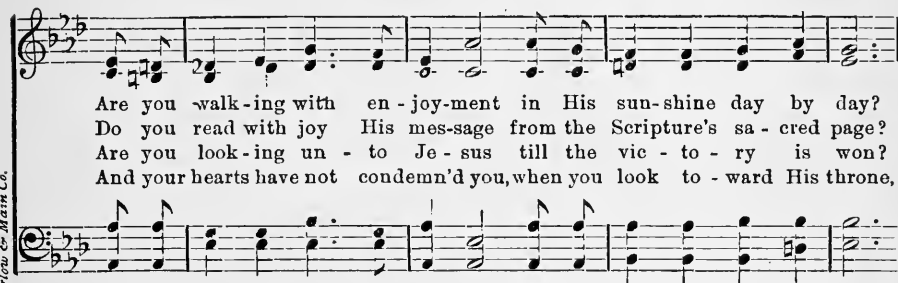


W. KITCHING, arr.

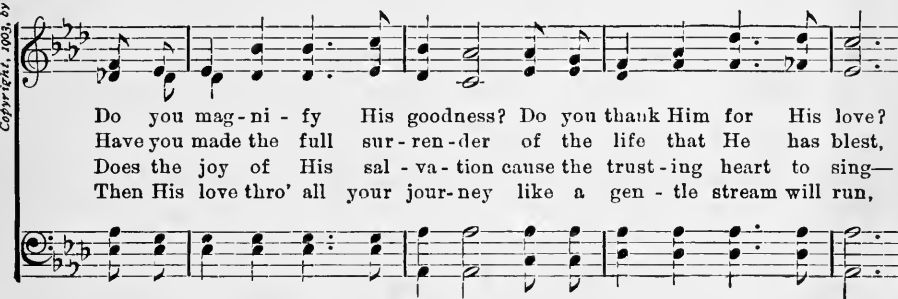
I. ALLAN SANKEY.



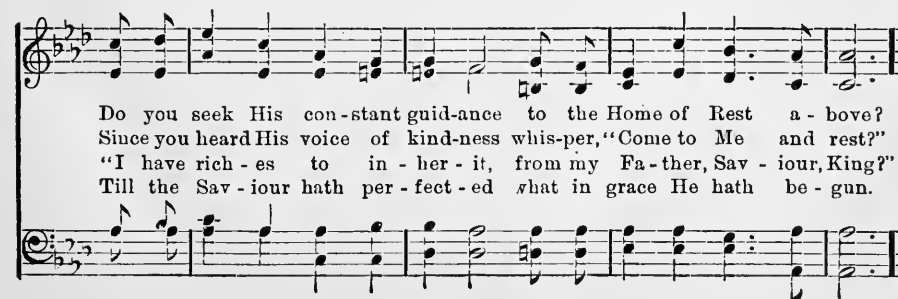
1. Are you liv - ing for the Sav-iour? Do you trust Him all the way?
 2. Is your heart at leis - ure ev - er in His serv - ice to en - gage?
 3. Is your mot - to, "Ev - er On - ward!" in the race we have to run?
 4. If these ques - tions you have an - swered to yourselves and Christ a - lone,



Are you - walk - ing with en - joy - ment in His sun - shine day by day?
 Do you read with joy His mes - sage from the Scrip - ture's sa - cred page?
 Are you look - ing un - to Je - sus till the vic - to - ry is won?
 And your hearts have not condemn'd you, when you look to - ward His throne,



Do you mag - ni - fy His goodness? Do you thank Him for His love?
 Have you made the full sur - ren - der of the life that He has blest,
 Does the joy of His sal - va - tion cause the trust - ing heart to sing—
 Then His love thro' all your jour - ney like a gen - tle stream will run,



Do you seek His con - stant guid - ance to the Home of Rest a - bove?
 Since you heard His voice of kind - ness whis - per, "Come to Me and rest?"
 "I have rich - es to in - her - it, from my Fa - ther, Sav - iour, King?"
 Till the Sav - iour hath per - fect - ed what in grace He hath be - gun.

Slowly.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS.

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

The Story of the Cross.—Concluded.

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

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

13

Hark, my Soul.

WM. COWPER.

J. B. DYKES.

1. Hark, my soul, it is the Lord; 'Tis thy Sav-iour; hear His word.
2. I de - liv - ered thee when bound, And, when bleed-ing, heal'd thy wound;
3. Can a wo - man's ten - der care Cease to - wards the child she bare?
4. Mine is an un - chang - ing love, High - er than the heights a - bove;
5. Thou shalt see My glo - ry soon, When the work of grace is done;

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee,— Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?
Sought thee wan - d'ring, set thee right; Turn'd thy dark - ness in - to light.
Yes, she may for - get - ful be, Yet will I re - mem - ber thee.
Deep - er than the depths be - neath; Free and faith - ful, strong as death.
Part - ner of My shrine shalt be; Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou Me?

JOHN D. MORGAN.

PERCY S. FOSTER.

1. To dai - ly die to self and sin, and dai - ly to re - ceive
 2. To dai - ly die to all things past, by spir - it, pray'r and word,
 3. Tho' dark the way, tho' long the strife, I thro' the Spir - it's might

New life from Thee, I pray, O Lord, and more like Thee to live.
 May I in - crease in faith and deed un - to Thy stat - ure, Lord.
 Shall strive for Thee, Thy king - dom's weal, and for e - ter - nal right;

O saved to serve! by Je - sus' blood from sin and self made free,
 O saved to serve! the field is wide; what I can do is small;
 Then saved to serve! in heav'n's bright sphere I shall with an - gels sing,

To praise His name, to do His will, thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.
 thro' - out, thro' - out e - ter - ni - ty.
 With joy - ful heart and hand, O Lord, I give to Thee my all.
 I give, I give to Thee my all.
 And saved by grace be - hold Thy face, my Sav - iour, Lord, and King.
 my Sav - iour, Sav - iour, Lord, and King.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be - yond earth's lat - est sun - set There lies a coun - try bright,
 2. Be - yond earth's fi - nal heart - ache There lies a land of peace,
 3. Be - yond earth's lat - est suf - fring There lies a coun - try fair,
 4. O land be - yond the sun - set, Where time shall be no more,

Where fade - less day is glow - ing, That nev - er sinks to night.
 Where sor - row nev - er com - eth, Where pain and trou - ble cease.
 Where dwell - ers are im - mor - tal; No death can en - ter there.
 Some bright ec - stat - ic morn - ing We'll sight thy peace - ful shore!

REFRAIN.

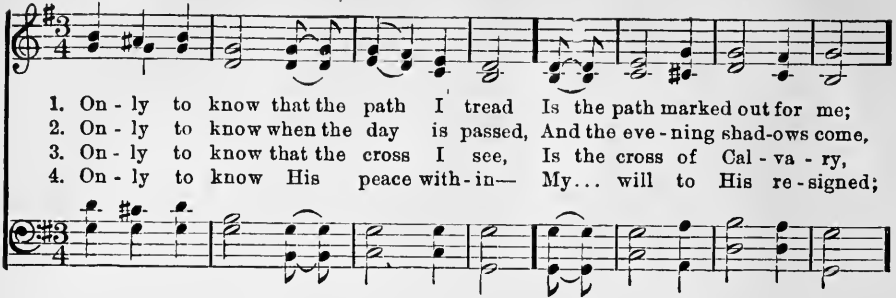
"No night there!" No sor - row and no fears; "No night
 Nonightthere! nonightthere! No night there!"

there!" No pain, no death, no tears; "No night there!" Where
 nonightthere! No night there! no night there!

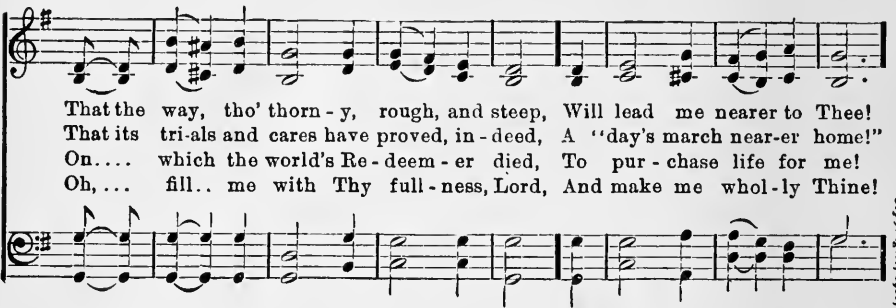
care hath pass'd a - way; "No night there!" But endless, fade - less day.
 Nonightthere! nonightthere! fadeless, fadeless

ALLIE STARBRIGHT.

IRA D. SANKER.

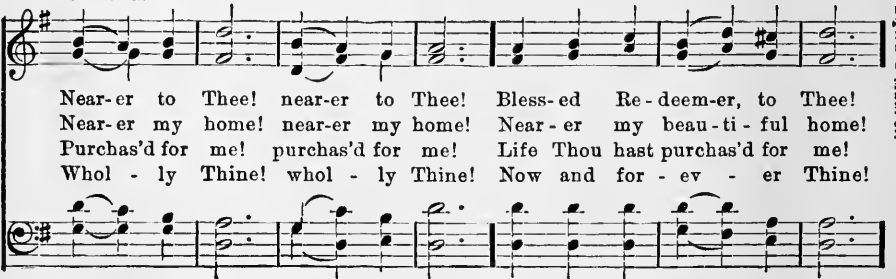


1. On - ly to know that the path I tread Is the path marked out for me;
 2. On - ly to know when the day is passed, And the eve - ning shad - ows come,
 3. On - ly to know that the cross I see, Is the cross of Cal - va - ry,
 4. On - ly to know His peace with - in— My... will to His re - signed;



That the way, tho' thorn - y, rough, and steep, Will lead me nearer to Thee!
 That its tri - als and cares have proved, in - deed, A "day's march near - er home!"
 On... which the world's Re - deem - er died, To pur - chase life for me!
 Oh,... fill.. me with Thy full - ness, Lord, And make me whol - ly Thine!

REFRAIN.



Near - er to Thee! near - er to Thee! Bless - ed Re - deem - er, to Thee!
 Near - er my home! near - er my home! Near - er my beau - ti - ful home!
 Purchas'd for me! purchas'd for me! Life Thou hast purchas'd for me!
 Whol - ly Thine! whol - ly Thine! Now and for - ev - er Thine!



On - ly to know that the path I tread Is bringing me near - er to Thee!
 On - ly to know that each fast - fleeting day Is bring - ing me near - er home!
 On - ly to know that Thy death on the cross Brings light and life.. to me!
 Fill me with love and.. peace di - vine, And make me whol - ly Thine!

FLORA KIRKLAND.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Far-ther on, what joys a - wait us, In the pal - ace of our King!
 2. Hopes may fail, and joys e - lude us, Treasures van - ish from our hold;
 3. Thro' the dark - est night of sor - row, If the soul on Christ be stayed;
 4. Thro' the win - try storms of trou - ble, Faith discerns that coun - try blest;

Look - ing up, with hearts ex - pect - ant, Of the fu - ture we may sing.
 Far - ther on, where faith is point - ing, Lies the land . . . of bliss un - told.
 Shines a fair and bright to - mor - row, Where the light . . shall nev - er fade.
 Where a - bides . . e - ter - nal Spring - time, Love and joy . . and peace and rest.

REFRAIN.

Far - ther on, the way grows bright - er: Far - ther
 far - ther on,

on, the light grows clear;— We shall see,
 far - ther on the light, the light grows clear;— shall see,

with per - fect vi - sion, What is dim - (ly, dim -) ly mir - rored here.

Mrs. L. SHOREY.

Geo. C. STEBBINS.

1. I have a Friend so pre-cious, So ver - y dear to me;
 2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry; He knows that I am weak,
 3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys;
 4. I have His yoke up - on me, And eas - y 'tis to bear;

He loves me with such per - fect love, He loves so faith - ful - ly!
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek.
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys.
 In bur - dens which He car - ries, I glad - ly take a share;

I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh;
 He leads me in the paths of light, Be - neath the sun - ny sky;
 He tells me what I ought to do, He tells me what to try;
 For 'tis my high - est hap - pi - ness To have Him al - ways nigh;

REFRAIN.

And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,
 And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,
 And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,
 We bear the yoke to - geth - er, My Lord and I. My Lord and I,

My Lord and I.—Concluded.

My Lord and I; And so we dwell to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 My Lord and I; And so we walk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 My Lord and I; And so we talk to - geth - er, My Lord and I.
 My Lord and I; We bear the yoke to - geth - er, My Lord and I.

19

I Lift my Heart to Thee.

CHARLES E. MUDIE.

THOMAS M. MUDIE.

1. I lift my heart to Thee, Sav - iour di - vine;
 2. Thine am I by all ties, But chief - ly Thine,
 3. To Thee, Thou bleed - ing Lamb, I all things owe,—
 4. How can I, Lord, with - hold Life's bright - est hour

For Thou art all to me, And I am Thine. Is there on earth a
 That thro' Thy sac - ri - fice Thou, Lord, art mine. By Thine own cords of
 All that I have and am, And all I know. All that I have is
 From Thee; or gath - ered gold, Or a - ny pow'r? Why should I keep one

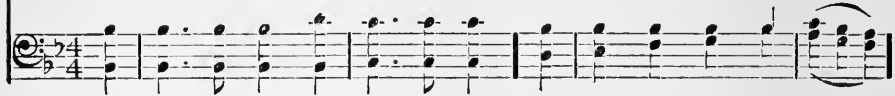
clos - er bond than this, That "my Be - lov - ed's mine, and I am His?"
 love so sweet - ly wound A - round me, I to Thee am close - ly bound.
 now no lon - ger mine, And I am not mine own; Lord, I am Thine.
 pre - cious thing from Thee, When Thou hast giv'n Thine own dear Self for me?

REGINALD HEBER,

HENRY S. CUTLER.



1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
3. A glo - rious band, the chos - en few On whom the Spir - it came,
4. A no - ble ar - my, — men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid;



His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save;
 Twelve val - iant saints, their hope they knew, And mocked the cross and flame:
 A - round the Sav - iour's throne re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed:



Who best can drink his cup of woe, Tri - umph - ant o - ver pain;
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the ty - rant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane;
 They climb'd the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil, and pain:



Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low, — He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong: Who fol - lows in His train?
 They bowed their necks the death to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be giv'n To fol - low in their train.



Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. "No more the curse," O Christ, we praise Thee, Thy blood the triumph wins;
 2. "No more of pain" and care-worn fac - es, No forms bowed with dis-ease;
 3. "No more of night," the day is dawn-ing: The Lord is draw-ing near;
 4. "No more the curse," no more the cry - ing, All thirst and hun-ger o'er;

The cross to which Thy love did raise Thee, Hath put a - way our sins.
 O'er all the earth the Lord re - plac - es His Par - a - dise of Peace.
 With Him shall come the longed-for morn-ing When night shall dis - ap - pear.
 No more the night, no more the dy - ing, No tears or sor - row more.

CHORUS.

"There shall be no more curse, Nei-ther sor - row nor cry - ing;

There shall be no more pain, Nei-ther dark - ness nor dy - ing;

And God shall wipe a - way All tears from their eyes."

ELIZA M. SHERMAN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. When pearl - y moon - (When pearl - y beams) beams si - lent - ly (all si - lent - ly)
 2. Up - on thy waves (Up - on thy waves), blue Gal - i - lee (blue Gal - i - lee),
 3. Lord, when our hearts (Lord, when our hearts) are bowed with woe (are bowed with woe),

Are fall - ing on (Are fall - ing on) the sil - ver sea (the sil - ver sea),
 I see a barque (I see a barque) toss rest - less - ly (toss rest - less - ly),
 May faith blot out (May faith blot out) our ev - ery ill (our ev - ery ill),

'Tis then in dreams ('Tis then in dreams), O Lord, with Thee (O Lord, with Thee),
 And hear that voice (And hear that voice) up - on the sea (up - on the sea),
 And clos - er may (And clos - er may) we come to Thee (we come to Thee),

I walk up - on (I walk up - on) blue Gal - i - lee (blue Gal - i - lee).
 That calms thy waves (That calms thy waves), oh, Gal - i - lee (oh, Gal - i - lee).
 And hear Thy voice (And hear Thy voice) say, "Peace be still" (say, "Peace be still").

REFRAIN.

Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee! Thy waves bring back His voice to me;
 bring back His

Blue Galilee.—Concluded.

rit. - - - - -

Like golden chimes on sil - ver sea, Oh, Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee (blue Gal - i - lee).

Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee.....

23

Beyond the Stars.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Be - yond the si - lent stars of night (stars of night), There shines a land so fair;
2. Be - yond the deep e - the - rial dome (deep blue dome), Our wait - ing hearts ex - pect
3. And though on earth we meet no more (meet no more), While years of time shall roll;
4. Then wait we for our bless - ed King (bless - ed King), He will not tar - ry long;

More glo - rious than the orbs of light (orbs of light), I'd fain be rest - ing there.
 To dwell in that e - ter - nal home (heav'nly home), The home of God's e - lect.
 We'll meet up - on a hap - pier shore (hap - pier shore), The homeland of the soul.
 Soon, soon our hap - py hearts shall sing (hearts shall sing) The glad tri - umph - ant song.

REFRAIN.

Be - yond the si - lent stars of night, In - to the far a - way (far a - way)

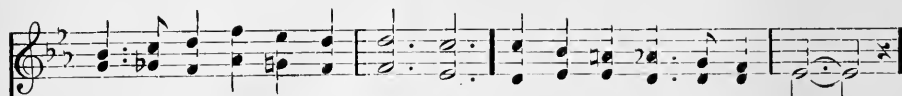
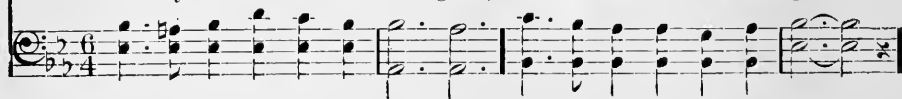
There is a home of joy and light, .. A land of per - fect day.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

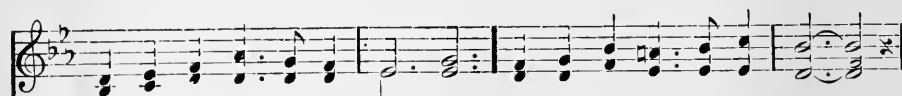
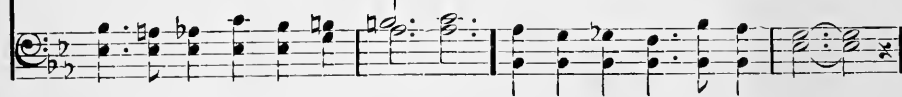
I ALLAN SANKEY.



1. On - ly a riv - er be - tween us, Part - ing our dear ones a - while ;
 2. On - ly a place that is va - cant, When to our Sav - iour we bend ;
 3. Tho' 'neath the clods of the val - ley, Forms that we cher - ish may sleep ;
 4. On - ly a mo - ment of an - guish, When at the Jor - dan we part ;



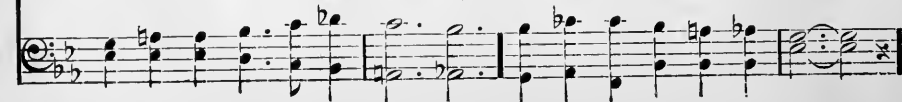
On - ly a veil that di - vides us, — Hid - ing the light of their smile :
 On - ly a strain that is miss - ing, When our de - vo - tions we bleed :
 God has commissioned His an - gels, Watch o'er our loved ones to keep.
 On - ly a sil - ver cord bro - ken, Hush - ing each throb of the heart :



On - ly a sigh and a strug - gle, On - ly a mo - ment of pain ;
 On - ly a voice, and a foot - step, On - ly a clasp of the hand,
 On - ly the leaves of the vine - tree, With - er and languish and die ;
 Aft - er the storm, 'twill be sun - shine, Aft - er our la - bor, re - pose ;



Then, mid the splendors of E - den, We shall be - hold them a - gain.
 Draw - ing us on - ward and up - ward, Home to the bright promised land.
 God hath transplanted its branch - es, Gar - nered its fruits in the sky.
 Then we shall meet where the morn - ing, Nev - er, no nev - er will close.



1. Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what *Thou* art;
 2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing - kind - ness, Vast - er, broad - er than the sea!
 3. Sim - ply trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as *Thou* art;
 4. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;
 CHO.—Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing, In the joy of what *THOU* art;

FINE.

I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous Thy good - ness, Lav - ished all on me!
 And Thy love so pure, so change - less, Sat - is - fies my heart,
 Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shadows flee.
 I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.

Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
 Sat - is - fies its deep - est long - ings, Meets, sup - plies its ev - ery need,
 Bright - ness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,

D. C. for Cho.

For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer - tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.
 Com - pass - eth me round with bless - ings; Thine is love in - deed.
 Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing; Fill me with Thy grace.

E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. O house of ma - ny man - sions, Thy doors are o - pen wide,
 2. O house of ma - ny man - sions, My wea - ry spir - it waits
 3. O house of ma - ny man - sions, O house not made with hands,

And dear are all the fac - es Up - on the oth - er side. Thy por - tals they are
 And longs to join the ran - som'd Within thy pear - ly gates; Who en - ter thro' thy
 I sigh for thee while waiting Within these bor - der lands. I know that but in

gold - en, And those who en - ter in Shall know no more of
 por - tals, The man - sions of the blest; Who come to thee a -
 dy - ing, The thresh - old is crossed o'er; There shall be no more

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REFRAIN.

sor - row, Of wea - ri - ness and sin. }
 wea - ry, And find in thee their rest. } O house of ma - ny man - sions, Thy
 sor - row In thy for ev - er - more. }

doors are o - pen wide, And dear are all the fac - es Up - on the oth - er side.

1. Let the bless-ed Sav-iour in (O let Him in), He will cleanse from ev - ery
 2. Still His mer-cy pleads with thee (yes, pleads with thee), Come and find re - demp-tion
 3. Still in pit - y, lo, He stands (if pit - y stands), Reaching forth His wound-ed

sin (from ev - ery sin); He is wait - ing at thy door (yes, at thy door),
 free (re - demp-tion free); Weak and help - less tho' thou art (yes, tho' thou art),
 hands (His wound-ed hands); Grieve His pa - tient love no more (His love no more),

CHORUS.

Hear Him call - ing o'er and o'er.
 He will bind thy bro - ken heart. } Let Him in (O let Him in), let Him
 O - pen now the bolt - ed door. }

in (O let Him in), Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in (let Him in);

Do not keep Him lon - ger wait - ing, Let the bless - ed Sav - iour in.

E. S. ROBERTS.

H. P. DANKS.

Moderato. mf

1. Will there be light at e - ven - tide, When my bark un - moors for sea?
 2. When I draw near the oth - er shore, Will there be a shin - ing band
 3. On yon - der shore are the gold - en gates, That lead to the cit - y fair,

Will faith's bright ray il - lume the way, O will there be light for me?.....
 Of those I knew and loved on earth, A - wait - ing me on the strand?...
 Where Je - sus stands, with outstretch'd hands, To bid me wel - come there.

CHORUS.

Will there be light?..... O will there be light?.....
 Will there be light?..... O will there be light?.....
 There will be light,..... O there will be light,.....
 Will there be light? Will there be light?

For 3rd verse.—There will be light, There will be light,

O will there be light for me, for me?.... Will there be light
 O will there be light for me, for me?.... Will there be light
 O there will be light for me, for me,..... He is the Light

Will there be Light for Me?—Concluded.

at e - ven - tide, When my bark un - moors for sea?.....
of fac - es bright, On the banks of the crys - tal sea?.....
of glo - ry bright, That shone on Cal - va - ry.....

29

We would See Jesus.

ANNA B. WARNER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

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

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

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

G. MOULTRIE.

JOSEPH BARNEV.

8:

We march, we march to vic - to - ry With the cross of the Lord be -

fore us, With His lov - ing eye look - ing down from the sky, And His

1 & 2. 3. FINE.

ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

His arm

His arm

1. We come in the night of the Lord of light, With arm - or.. bright to
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met is His sal -
3. And the choir of... an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold - en

meet Him; And we put to... flight the.. arm - ies of night, That the
va - tion, Our... ban - ner, the cross of .. Cal - va - ry, Our ..
Zi - on, For our Cap - tain has bro - ken the braz - en gates, And ..

We March to Victory.—Concluded.

D. 8.

sons of the day may greet Him, The... sons of the day may greet Him. We
 watch-word, the In-car-na-tion, Our watch-word, the In-car-na-tion. We
 burst the... bars of i-ron, And... burst the bars of i-ron. We

31

Looking Upward.

ANON.

PERCY S. FOSTER.

1. Look-ing up-ward ev-ery day, Sun-shine on our fac-es,
 2. Walk-ing ev-ery day more close To our Eld-er Broth-er,
 3. Leav-ing ev-ery day be-hind, Some-thing which might hin-der,

Press-ing on-ward ev-ery day, T'ward the heav'n-ly plac-es.
 Grow-ing ev-ery day more true Un-to one an-oth-er.
 Run-ning swift-er ev-ery day, Grow-ing pur-er, kind-er.

REFRAIN.

Look - - ing up-ward ev-ery day. Sun - - shine on our fac-es,
 Look-ing up - - ward ev-ery day, Sun-shine on our fac-es,

Press - - ing on-ward ev-ery day, T'ward the heav'nly plac-es.
 Press-ing on - - ward

1. Be - yond our sight a cit - y four-square li - eth, A - bove the
 2. Se - cure and strong, this heav'n-ly cit - y build - ed By Christ the
 3. There, on the throne, the Lamb, once slain, is seat - ed, The Shepherd's
 4. O sor - wing souls, be - neath earth's bur - dens bend - ing, Lift up your

clouds, the fogs and mists of earth; And none but souls that Je - sus
 Lamb for all the blood-wash'd throng, Gleams fair and bright, with gold - en
 joy up - on His ho - ly face; While countless hosts, their war - fare
 eyes to yon - der cit - y fair; And thro' your tears let praise be

pu - ri - fi - eth, Can see its walls, or hear its ho - ly mirth.
 glo - ry gild - ed, For ev - er thrill - ing with tri - umph - ant song.
 all com - plet - ed, In cir - cling bands lift cease - less songs of praise.
 still as - cend - ing, For rest, and home, and loved ones wait - ing there.

CHORUS.

Be - yond our sight, be - yond our night, Be -
 Be - yond our sight, be - yond our night,

yond this world's sad sto - ry; That cit - y bright, it stands in
 That cit - y bright,

Beyond Our Sight.—Concluded.

rit......

light, The home... of all the ho - ly.
it stands in light,

33

In the Fadeless Spring-time.

Mrs. LYDIA C. BAXTER.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. In the fadeless spring-time, on the heav'nly shore, Kindred spir-its wait us,
2. In the mist-y gloam-ing, death a-waits us all; Si - lent is his com - ing,
3. Trusting in the Sav - iour, may we hum-bly wait, 'Till the ho - ly an - gels

who have gone be - fore; There no flow - ers with - er, and no pleasures cloy,
sure the Mas - ter's call; And the an - gel foot - steps mark the up - ward way,
ope the pearl - y gate; And the lov - ing Fa - ther, from His gra - cious throne,

CHORUS

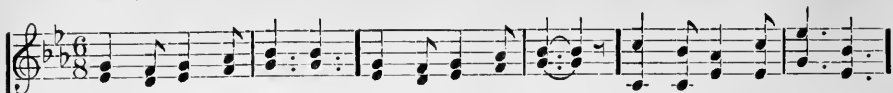
In that land of beau - ty, in that home of joy,
Till the twi - light merg - es in - to heav'nly day. } By the gate they'll meet us,
Smil - ing bids us wel - come to our heav'nly home.

ritard

'Neath that gold - en sky, Meet us at the por - tal— Meet us by - and - by.

Rev. THOS. J. POTTER.

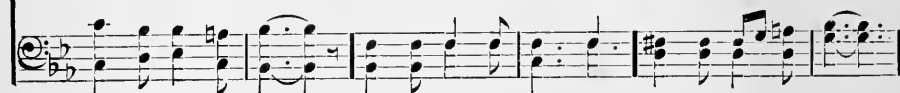
Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers onward,
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas-ter, At Thy sa-cred feet, Here with hearts re-joic-ing,
 3. All our days di-rect us In the way we go, Lead us on vic-to-rious,
 4. Then with saints and an-gels May we join a - bove, Off'ring pray'rs and prais-es



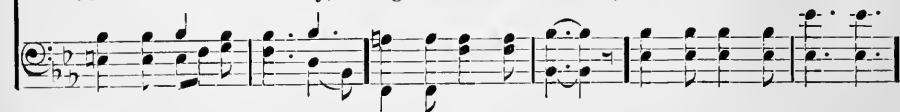
To their home on high; Journ'ing o'er the des-ert, Glad-ly thus we pray,
 See Thy chil-dren meet; Oft - en have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,
 O - ver ev - ery foe; Bid Thine an-gels shield us, When the storm-clouds low'r,
 At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,



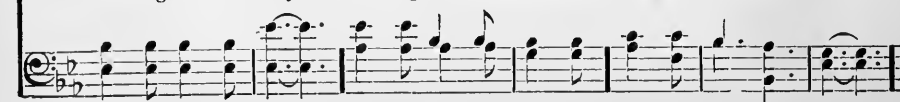
CHORUS.



And with hearts u-nit-ed, Take our heav'nward way.
 Keep us, might-y Sav-iour, In the nar-row way.
 Par-don Thou and save us In that last dread hour.
 Je - sus in His beau-ty, — Songs that nev-er cease. } Brightly gleams our banner,



Pointing to the sky, Wav-ing wand'ers on-ward To their home on high.



Open Wide the Door.

W. KITCHING, arr. by S.

J. H. BURKE.

1. Je - sus knocks; He calls to thee; "Wea - ry one, O come to me;"
 2. Je - sus knocks, He comes to save, 'Twas for thee His life He gave;
 3. Je - sus knocks, is knock-ing still; Yield to Him at once thy will;
 4. Je - sus knocks; the mo - ments fly; While sal - va - tion yet is nigh;

He can save, and on - ly He;
 He hath tri-umph'd o'er the grave; } O - - pen wide the door.
 He with joy thy heart can fill; } O - pen, o - pen wide the door.
 Ere the Sav - iour pass - eth by,

CHORUS.

O - - - pen wide the door,
 O - pen o - pen wide, O - pen wide the door,

O - - - pen wide the door, He can save, and
 O - pen, o - pen wide, o - pen wide the door;

on - ly He;— O - - - pen wide the door.
 O - pen, o - pen wide the door.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1 Dy - ing with Je - sus, by death reckoned mine; Liv - ing with Je - sus, a
 2 Nev - er a tri - al that He is not there, Nev - er a bur - den that
 3 Nev - er a heart - ache, and nev - er a groan, Nev - er a tear - drop and
 4 Nev - er a weak - ness that He doth not feel, Nev - er a sick - ness that

new life di - vine; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till glo - ry doth shine, Mo - ment by
 He doth not bear, Nev - er a sor - row that He doth not share, Mo - ment by
 nev - er a moan; Nev - er a dan - ger but there on the throne, Mo - ment by
 He can - not heal; Mo - ment by mo - ment, in woe or in weal, Je - sus, my

CHORUS.

mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.
 mo - ment I'm un - der His care.
 mo - ment He thinks of His own. } Mo - ment by moment I'm kept in His love;
 Sav - iour, a - bides with me still.

Mo - ment by mo - ment I've life from a - bove; Look - ing to Je - sus 'till

Moment by Moment.—Concluded.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are: "glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine." The piano accompaniment is on a bass clef staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line. A *rit.* (ritardando) marking is placed above the final measure of the voice line.

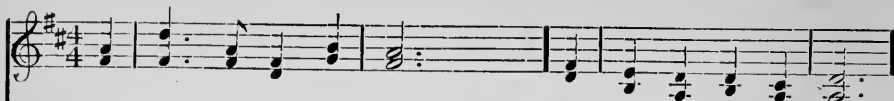
glo - ry doth shine; Mo - ment by mo - ment, O Lord, I am Thine.

rit.

Rejoice, my Soul, Rejoice.

R. ANDERSON.

GEO. C. STREBINS.



1. Re - joice, my soul, re - joice (re - joice), Thy sins are all for - giv'n;
2. For thee His blood was shed (was shed), On Him thy sins were laid;
3. Re - joice in peace made sure (made sure), No judg - ment now for thee;
4. Thy Sav - iour is the Lord (the Lord), Who died to set thee free;
5. Re - joice in joi - ce to come

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. How sweet to hide our-selves a - way Where on - ly God is near,
 2. There's not a wound that sor - row gives,—There's not a pain we feel,—
 3. How oft in pray'r a sud - den light, Breaks forth thro' cloud-ed skies,
 4. In pray'r we find a calm re - lief, From ev - ery thro' of pain;

And breathe our in - most, se - cret tho'ts Where on - ly He can hear.
 But if we go to God in pray'r, His love will gen - tly heal.
 And on its beams, to Him we love, Our long - ing souls a - rise.
 And they who trust in Christ, our Lord, Shall nev - er trust in vain.

CHORUS.

Pray'r is the key, the on - ly key, To heav'n's un - fail - ing store;

Faith is the hand that guides our own, But pray'r un - locks the door.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Some-times I hear strange mu - sic, Like none e'er heard be - fore,
 2. Now soft, and low, and rest - ful It floods my soul with peace,
 3. This mu - sic haunts me ev - er Like some - thing heard in dreams,

Come float - ing soft - ly earth - ward As thro' Heav'n's o - pen door;
 As if God's ben - e - dic - tion Bade all earth's trou - bles cease.
 It seems to catch the ca - dence Of heav'n - ly winds and streams.

It seems like an - gel voic - es, In strains of joy and love
 Then grand - er than the voic - es Of wind, and wave, and sea,
 My heart is filled with rap - ture, To think, some day to come,

That swell the might - y cho - rus, A - round the throne a - bove.
 It fills the dome of Heav - en With glo - rious har - mo - ny.
 I'll sing it with the an - gels, - The song of Heav'n and home.

CHORUS.

O sweet, un - earth - ly mu - sic, Heard from a land a - far -

A Song of Heaven and Homeland.—Concluded.

The song of Heav'n and Home-land, Thro' doors God leaves a - jar.

41

Yielded to God.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Yield - ed to God, my bod - y, soul and spir - it, O what re -
 2. Yield - ed to God, re - pos - ing 'neath His shad - ow, Sun - shine and
 3. Yield - ed to God, my life and its de - vo - tion, Yield - ed the
 4. Yield - ed to God, and in His ho - ly keep - ing, My heart His

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joic - ing fills my peaceful breast; All, all is well, no doubt nor
 glad - ness round my pathway fall; Yield - ed to God, whose love dis -
 serv - ice of my days and years; O what a peace per - vades my
 tem - ple ev - er - more shall be; Yield - ed to God, in will - ing

fear dis - turbs me, While on His prom - ise now a - lone I rest.
 pels all sor - row, He is my Ref - uge, and my All in All.
 ev - ery feel - ing, O what sweet vi - sions on my sight ap - pears.
 con - se - cra - tion, Bless - ed Re - deem - er, I am lost in Thee.

I know that my Redeemer liveth.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I know that my Re-deemer liv - eth, And on the earth..... a-gain shall
 2. I know His promise nev-er fail - eth, The word He speaks,.... it can-not
 3. I know my mansion He pre-par - eth, That where He is there I may

And on the earth

stand;
 die;
 be;

I know e - ter - nal life He giv - eth, That grace and
 Tho' cru - el death my flesh as - sail - eth, Yet I shall
 O won-drous tho't, for me He car - eth, And He at

again shall stand;

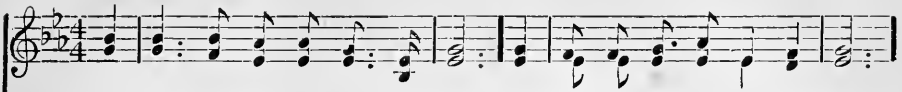
power..... are in His hand.
 see..... Him by and by. } I know, I know..... that Je-sus
 last..... will come for me. } I know, I know

CHORUS.

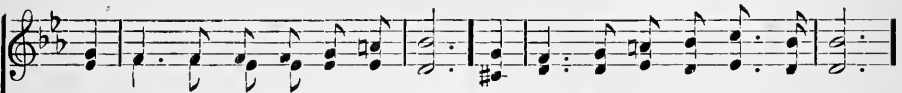
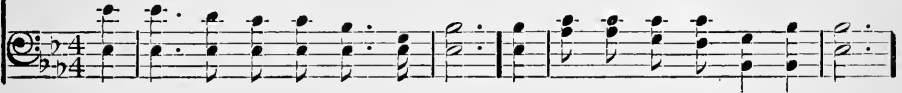
liv - eth, And on the earth..... a - gain shall stand; I know, I

And on the earth

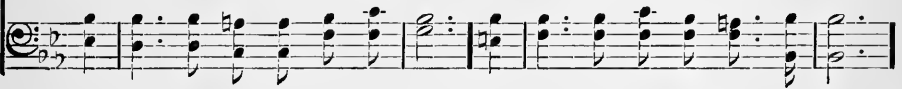
know..... that life He giv - eth, That grace and power..... are in His hand.
 I know, I know That grace and power



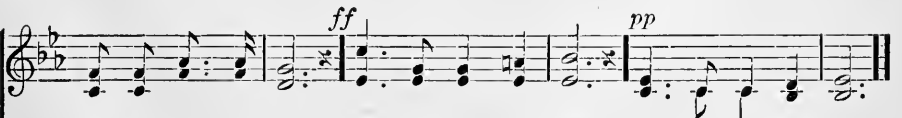
1. "To-day"! O bless-ed word of hope, And laden still with Heaven's own breath;
2. Light falls a-round the ru-ined soul, The Wind of God blows with new lust!
3. Then day shall nev-er end in night, But night be merg'd in per-fect day;
4. But if thou hard-en still thy heart, To-day will van-ish in-to night;
5. Oh, bless-ed Mas-ter of 'To-day,' To Thee I yield my stub-born will.



The night is past—and has not come, Be-tween the shades life con-quests death.
 Fling back the shutters! Swing the door! An-swer God's breath up-on thy dust.
 And all the forc-es of God's life Con-trol thy life with might-y sway.
 The Wind of God no lon-ger blow, Life close in dark e-clipse of light.
 Thou Sun of health, re-new my life; And with Thy-self my be-ing fill!"

REFRAIN. *ff**fp*

"To-day, if ye will hear His voice, to-day, if



ye will hear His voice, Hard-en not your heart, hard-en not your heart."



Kept by His Power.

CHARLOTTE MURRAY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. "Kept by His pow'r"—no hu-man arm up-hold-ing, No hu-man hand out -
 2. "Kept by His pow'r"—when sun is brightly shin-ing And glo - ry crowns thy
 3. "Kept" when the world for Thee its smile is wreathing, When skies are fair, and
 4. His pow'r to keep is strong and true as ev - er, No length of years can

stretch'd to point the way; But God's great love, His fee-ble child en-fold-ing,
 path-way with its light; "Kept by His pow'r"—when daylight is de-clin-ing,
 life with ros-es spread; "Kept" when its frown to Thee it is be-queathing
 e'er its force a-bate; His will to keep can nev-er fail—no, nev-er;

REFRAIN.

Is all-suf-fi-cient for thy need each day.
 And length'n'ing shadows tell of com-ing night.
 And clouds are massing dark-ly o-ver head. } Kept.. by the pow'r of
 While Mercy stands at heav'n's wide-o-pen gate. }
 Kept, kept

God un-to sal-va-tion, Read-y to be re-vealed, re-vealed in the

lat-ter day. lat-ter day. Kept... by the pow'r of God un-to sal-
 kept, kept

Kept by His Power.—Concluded.

va - tion, Read - y to be re - vealed in the lat - (ter, lat -) ter day.

45

I Could not Do without Thee.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

SIGISMUND THALBERG.

1. I could not do with - out Thee, O Sav - iour of the lost,
 2. I could not do with - out Thee, I cau - not stand a - lone;
 3. I could not do with - out Thee, For years are fleet - ing fast,

Whose pre - cious blood re - deemed me At such tre - men - dous cost;
 I have no strength or good - ness, No wis - dom of my own;
 And soon in sol - emn si - lence The riv - er must be pass'd;

Thy right - eous - ness, Thy par - don, Thy sac - ri - fice, must be
 But Thou, be - lov - ed Sav - iour, Art all in all to me,
 But Thou wilt nev - er leave me, And, tho' the waves roll high,

rit......
 My ou - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea.
 And weak - ness will be pow - er, If lean - ing hard on Thee.
 I know Thou wilt be near me, And whis - per, "It is I."

Man the Life-Boat!

M. WOOLSEY STRYKER, D.D.

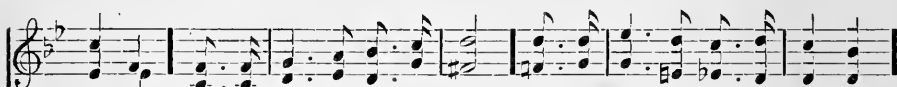
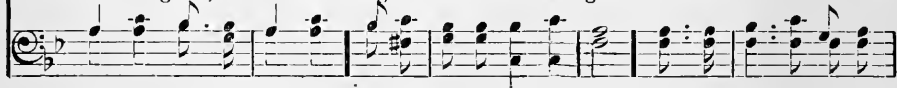
HUBERT P. MAIN.



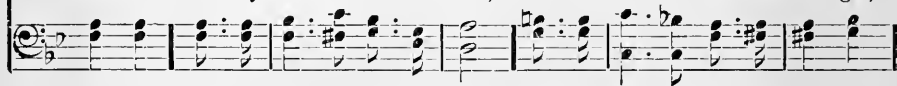
1. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Strong and short a-bove the roar, Sounds the
2. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Fog and night and cru-el sea, All the
3. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Cour-age, fel-low men! 'Tis He, Guid-ing
4. Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Think how once on break-ing deck Thou didst



or - der to the watchers On the tempest-beat-en shore, Hark! a - gain the guns ap - odds of death a-against them, And e - ter-nal jeo-pard - y. Thou, who bidd'st us dare the us to your de-liv'rance, Once that trod the Gal-i - lee! Lo, the Church that carrieth stand a - g-hast, till Je - sus Brought thee from the lurching wreck. To the oars then! O Re -



peal - ing! Sig - nals burn for swift re - lief; There are men and wives and chil-dren, surg-es, Stay us at the struggling oar! Nay! go with us to the res-cue! Je - sus, Not death's flood-gates shall o'erwhelm; Scourging storms but urge us shoreward, deem-er Let Thy heart thro' thro' our hand, Till the souls in mor-tal dan-ger,

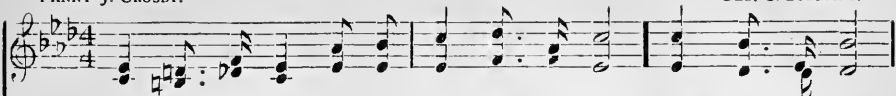


Fac - ing death, on yon - der reef! }
 Shall they sink in sight of shore? } Man the life-boat! Man the life-boat! Help, for
 Life and Love are at the helm! }
 Find thro' Thee the sol - id land. }

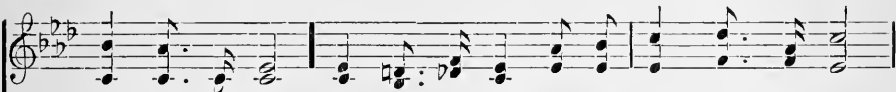
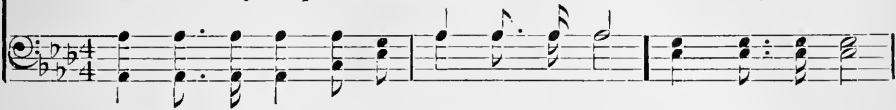


Christ's sake, them that drown! In the per - il of great wa-ters, Let them not go down!

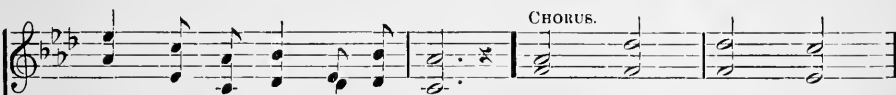




1. Je - sus, my Shep-herd and Sav - iour di - vine, Trust - ing in Thee,
2. What tho' a - round me the bil - lows may roll? Trust - ing in Thee,
3. What if the shad - ows en - com - pass my way? Trust - ing in Thee,
4. Je - sus, my Shep-herd, Re - deem - er and Friend, Trust - ing in Thee,

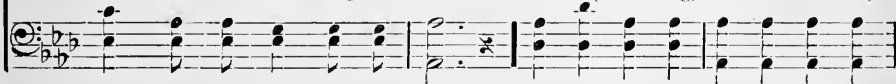


trust - ing in Thee; O what a fore - taste of glo - ry is mine
 trust - ing in Thee; Firm on the Rock I have an - chored my soul;
 trust - ing in Thee; Lord, Thou hast promised Thy strength as my day,
 trust - ing in Thee; Thou wilt de - liv - er and Thou wilt de - fend,

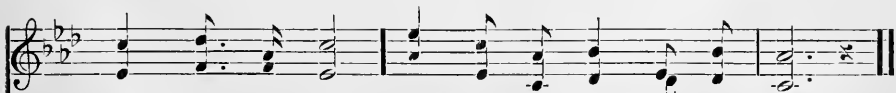
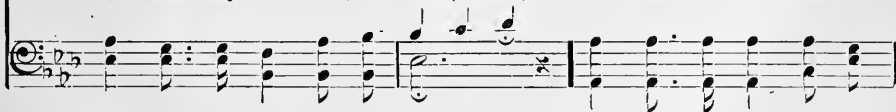


While I am trust - ing in Thee!	} Trust - ing, trust - ing,
Lord, I am trust - ing in Thee.	
While I am trust - ing in Thee.	
While I am trust - ing in Thee.	

Trust - ing, trust - ing, I am trust - ing.



Je - sus, my Sav - iour, in Thee (in Thee); O what a fore - taste of



glo - ry is mine, While I am trust - ing in Thee!



P. P. B.

PETER P. BILHORN.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain (sweet strain), A
 2. Thro' Christ on the cross peace was made (was made), My
 3. When Je - sus as Lord I had crowned (had crowned), My
 4. In Je - sus for peace I a - bide (a - bide), And

glad and a joy - ous re - frain (re - frain), I
 debt by His death was all paid (all paid), No
 heart with this peace did a - bound (a - bound), In
 as I keep close to His side (His side), There's

sing it a - gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 oth - er foun - da - tion is laid, For peace, the gift of God's love.
 Him the rich bless - ing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
 noth - ing but peace doth be - tide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace, Won - der - ful gift from a - bove (a - bove),

Rit.
 Oh, won - der - ful, won - der - ful peace, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

1. A great Rock stands in a wea - ry land, And its shadows fall on the parched sand.
 2. A great Well lies in a wea - ry land, And its waters call over life's rough strand,
 3. A wide Fold stands in a wea - ry land, And the sheep are call'd on ev - ery hand;
 4. A rough Cross stands near a cit - y wall, Where the Saviour dies out of love for all;

And it calls to the trav - ler pass - ing by, "I will shel - ter thee here con -
 That the great Well is deep, with wa - ters rife Springing up in - to ev - er -
 And the Shepherd no wan - d'rer turns a - way, But He changes his dark - ness
 Where the an - gels still tell the mes - sage blest, That the way now is plain to

tin - ual - ly." Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the
 last - ing life. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the
 in - to day. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the
 end - less rest. Then why will ye die? Oh! why will ye die? When the

Rit......

shel - t'ring Rock is stand - ing by, Oh! why! oh! why will ye die?
 great deep Well is stand - ing by, Oh! why! etc.
 great wide Fold is stand - ing by, Oh! why! etc.
 blood - stain'd Cross is stand - ing by, Why! oh! why will ye, why will ye die?

The Redeemed of the Lord.

FRANCES V. HUBBARD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. The re-deem'd of the Lord shall re - turn To Zi - on with mu - sic and
 2. The re-deem'd of the Lord shall re - turn From lands where, as cap-tives, they
 3. The re-deem'd of the Lord shall re - turn With sing - ing for Zi - on's bright

song; And dai - ly sweet les - sons of mer - cy will learn, As they
 sighed; With love and de - vo - tion their spir - its shall burn, As they
 day; Far, far on the hill - tops their glad eyes dis - cern, And..

CHORUS.

jour - ney the path - way a - long.
 sing of the Once Cru - ci - fied. } With joy and with sing - ing,
 sor - row and fear flee a - way. }
 With joy

Thanks-giv - - ing and praise, Their sweet voic - es ring - ing
 Thanks-giv - ing and with praise, Their sweet

In tri - umph - ant lays; His mer - cy and good - ness Shall still
 mer - cy, mer - cy Shall still

The Redeemed of the Lord.—Concluded.

be their song, As home - ward to Zi - on they jour - ney a - long.
homeward, homeward a - long.

51

The Life of Joy.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

Not too fast.

1. I've found the life of tru - est joy, My heart is o - ver - flow - ing;
2. Once self - ish joy I vain - ly tried, And sought the world for pleas - ure;
3. But now the truth that makes me free Is like a well up - spring - ing;

Copyright, 1900, by May Whittle Moody.

By day and night my glad em - ploy, This se - cret to be show - ing.
Now self with Christ is cru - ci - fied, And He is all my treas - ure.
The ris - en Christ now lives in me, And fills my soul with sing - ing.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the joy of lov - ing Je - sus, Oh, the glad - ness that is giv'n;

When we know the Fa - ther sees us One with Je - sus there in Heav'n.

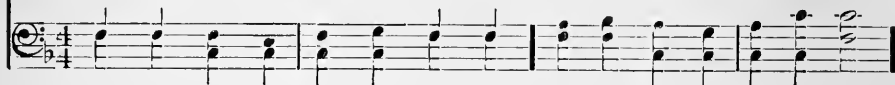
Fill Me, Holy Spirit, Fill Me.

L. S. CHAFER.

Mrs LEWIS S. CHAFER.



1. Thou art call - ing me, Lord Je - sus, As Thy liv - ing wit-ness here;
 2. Thou art call - ing me, Lord Je - sus, To be work - ing one with Thee;
 3. Thou art call - ing me, Lord Je - sus, To pre - vail - ing pow'r in pray'r;
 4. Thou art call - ing me, Lord Je - sus, To a Vic - tor's ho - ly life;

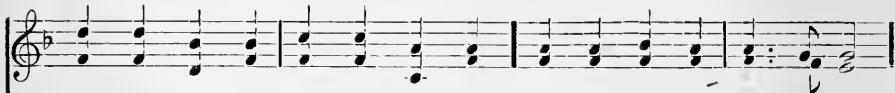


On - ly by Thy life with - in me Can I a - ny wit - ness bear.
 On - ly by Thy life with - in me Can there a - ny serv - ice be.
 On - ly by Thy life with - in me I Thy in - ter - ces - sion share.
 On - ly by Thy life with - in me Is there con - quest in the strife.



Copyright, 1903, by Mrs. L. S. Chaffer.

CHORUS.



Fill me, Ho - ly Spir - it, fill me. More than full - ness I would know;



I am small - est of any ves - sels, Yet I much can o - ver - flow.



F. W. FABER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I was wand'ring, sad and wea - ry, When the Sav - jour came un - to me;
 2. At... first I would not heark - en, But.... put off till the mor - row,
 3. At... last I stopped to list - en— His.... voice could ne'er de - ceive me—
 4. I.... thought His love would weak - en As.... more and more He knew me,

For the paths of sin were drear - y, And the world had ceased to woo me;
 Till... life be - gan to dark - en, And . . . I grew sick with sor - row;
 I..... saw His kind eye glist - en, So.... anx - ious to re - lieve me;
 But it burn - eth like a bea - con, And its light and heat go thro' me;

And I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
 Then I thought I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
 Then I *knew* I heard Him say, As He came a - long His way,—
 And I ev - er hear Him say, As He goes a - long His way,—

REFRAIN.

Wand'ring souls, O do come near Me; My sheep should nev - er fear Me;

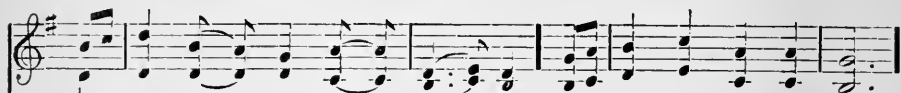
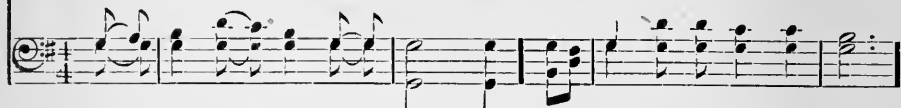
Ritard.
 I am the Shep - herd true, I am the Shep - herd true.

F. W. FARRAR.
Moderato.

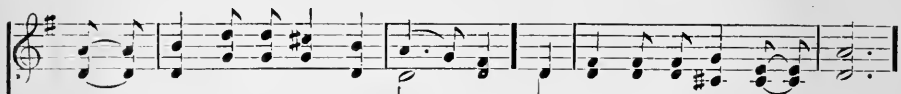
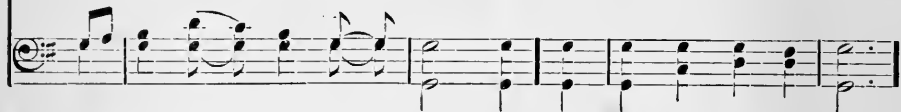
J. FARMER.



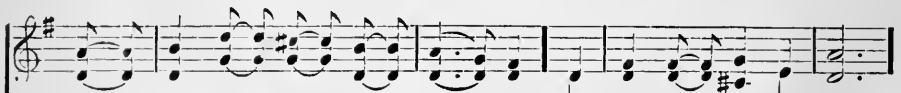
1. In the field with their flocks a - bid - ing, They lay on the dew - y ground;
2. "To... you in the Cit - y of Da - vid, A... Sav-iour is born to - day!"
3. And the shep-herds came to the man - ger, And gaz'd on the Ho - ly Child;



And glim-mering un - der the star - light, The sheep lay white a - round,
And sud - den a host of the heav'nly ones Flash'd forth to join the lay!
And calm - ly... o'er that rude cra - die The Vir - gin Moth - er smil'd;



When the light of the Lord stream'd o'er them, And lo! from the heav-en a - bove,
O..... nev - er hath sweet - er mes - sage Thrill'd home to the souls of.. men,
And the sky, in the star - lit si - lence, Seem'd full of the an - gel.. lay;



An... an - gel.. leaned from the glo - ry And sang his song of love:—
And the heav'nsthem-selves had nev-er heard A glad - der choir, till then,
'To... you in the Cit - y of Da - vid A Sav-iour is born to - day;"



In the Field with their Flocks.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

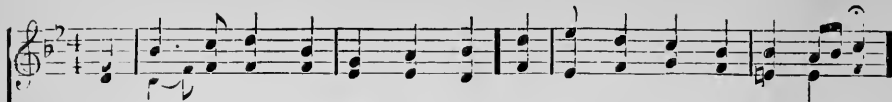
He... sang, that first sweet Christ-mas, The song that shall nev-er cease,..
For they sang that Christ-mas Car - ol, That nev-er on earth shall cease,..
O they sang—and I ween that nev - er The car-ol on earth shall cease,..

“Glo - ry to God in the high - est, On earth good - will and peace.”

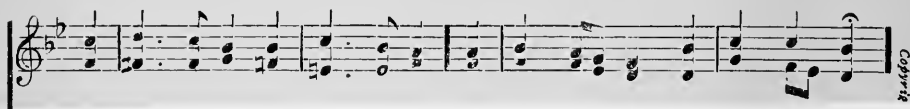
Ride on in Majesty.

H. H. MILMAN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! Hark! all the tribes ho - san - na cry;
2. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The an - gel ar - mies of the sky
3. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! The last and fierc - est strife is nigh;
4. Ride on! ride on in maj - es - ty! In low - ly pomp ride on to die;



FANNY J. CROSBY

IRA D. SANKBY.

1. O trou-bled heart, be thou not a - fraid, In the Lord thy God, let thy
 2. O trou-bled heart, tho' thy foes u - nite, Let thy faith be strong and thy
 3. O trou-bled heart, when thy way is drear, He will res - cue thee and dis -

hope be stayed; He will hear thy cry and will give thee aid, What -
 arm - or bright; Thou shalt o - ver - come thro' His pow'r and might, And
 pel thy fear; In thy great - est need He is al - way near, — To

CHORUS.

e'er thy cross may be.
 more than con - queror be. } He is a - ble still to de - liv - er thee,
 Him all glo - ry be. }

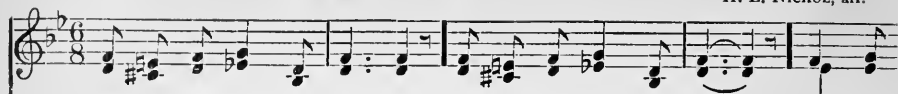
And His own right - hand thy de - fence shall be: He is

a - ble still to de - liv - er thee, Then be thou not a - fraid.

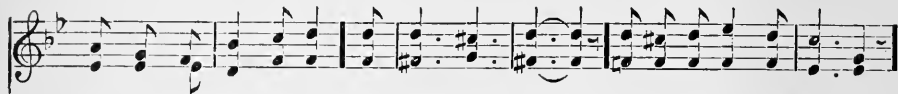
Facing the Foe.

COLIN STERNE.

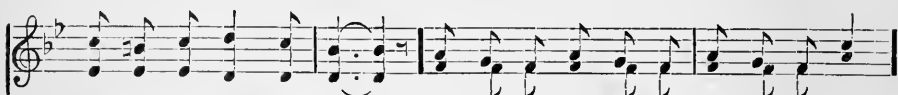
H. E. NICHOL, arr.



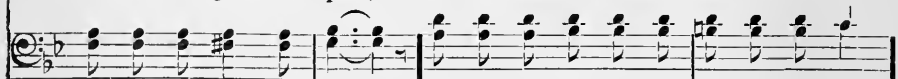
1. What is the noise of bat - tle? What are the loud a - larms? Borne a -
 2. They are the Mas - ter's sol - diers, Ev - er a - lert and strong, They will
 3. Will you not come and join them? They are in need of you; You can
 4. So shall you fight and con - quer, So shall the foe be slain, So the



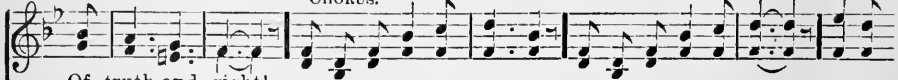
long is the shout of men, The clash of arms! Seewhere the flag is fly - ing!
 nev - er give way to sin, Or yield to wrong; They are the knights of sto - ry,
 en - ter the might - y ranks Of brave and true; Boys, with your heart of courage,
 king - dom of Je - sus Christ Shall come a - gain! So when your life is o - ver,



Seewhere the swords are bright! Hark to the song of the war - ri - ors brave,
 Ban - ners of Christ they bear, On - ward they go in the might of the Lord
 Girls, with your hearts of love, En - ter and join in the work of the Lord
 End - ed the grief and pain, Ye who were comrades of bat - tle on earth

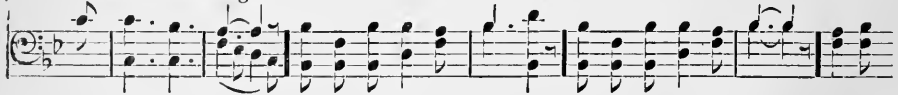


CHORUS.



Of truth and right!
 To do and dare!
 Who reigns a - bove!
 In heav'n shall reign!

Facing the foe to - geth - er, Fighting the fight of faith, Strong in



Him who leads us on, And true till death! Facing the foe to - geth - er, Fighting the



Facing the Joe.—Concluded.

fight of faith, Strong in the might of the Lord, our God, And true (and true) till death!

59

Toil on and Pray, O Reapers.

GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Toil on and pray, O reap - ers, Nor fal - ter while you pray;
 2. Toil on and pray, be - liev - ing, Tho' earth - ly skies are dim,—
 3. His eye is watch - ing o'er you, His hand di - rects your way;

Let faith and trust in Je - sus Grow stron - ger day by day.
 A - bove the clouds 'tis sun - shine; Then put your trust in Him.
 Pray on, till souls are res - cued, And pray'r is lost in praise.

REFRAIN.

Toil on and pray, O reap - ers, He knows your weight of care;

Toil on, the bless - ing will be yours, For He will an - swer pray'r.

Oh, to be over Yonder!

Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! × In that land of won - der,
 2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearn - ing heart grows fond - er
 3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
 4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voic - es, swell - ing
 5. Oh, I shall soon be yon - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan - der,

Wherethe an - gel voic - es min - gle, And the an - gel harp - ers ring;
 Of..... look - ing to the east, to See the bless - ed day - star bring
 Why.... clings my poor, weak, sin - ful Heart to a - ny earth - ly thing:
 In tri - umph - ant hal - le - lu - jahs, Make the vault - ed heav - ens ring?
 Yearn - ing for the wel - come sum - mer— Long - ing for the bird's fleet wing;

To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anx - ious, dread to - mor - row,
 Some.. ti - dings of the wak - ing, The.... cloud - less, pure day break - ing,
 Each.. tie of earth must sev - er, And.... pass a - way for - ev - er;
 Where the pearl - y gates are gleam - ing, And the morn - ing star is beam - ing?
 The... mid - night may be drea - ry, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,

To.... rest in light and sun - shine In the pres - ence of.. the King.
 My.... heart is yearn - ing - yearn - ing For the com - ing of.. the King.
 But there's no more sep - a - ra - tion In the pres - ence of.. the King.
 Oh,... when shall I be yon - der In the pres - ence of.. the King.
 But there's no more shad - ow yon - der In the pres - ence of.. the King.

Oh, to be over Yonder!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh,..... to be o - ver yon - der! In..... that land of won - der,
 Oh, to be o - - ver yon-der, yon der! In that land, that land of won-der,

There.... to be for - ev - er In the pres - ence of.. the King.
 There to be for - - ev - er

61

No Shadows Yonder!

HORATIUS BONAR.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. No shadows yon-der! All light and song! Each day I won-der, And say, How long
 2. No weeping yon-der! All fled a - way! While here I wan-der, Each weary day,
 3. No parting yon-der! No space or time Hearts e'er shall sunder, In that fair clime,
 4. None wanting yon-der! Bought by the Lamb, All gathered un - der The shelt'ring palm:

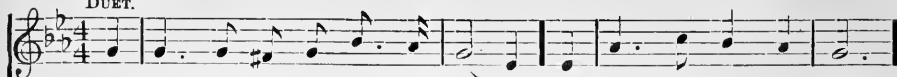
Shall time me sunder From that dear throng? Shall time me sunder From that dear throng?
 I sigh and ponder My long, long stay; I sigh and ponder My long, long stay.
 Dear - er and fonder—Friendships sub - lime, Dear - er and fonder—Friendships sublime.
 Loud as night's thunder Swells the glad psalm; Loud as night's thunder Swells the glad psalm.

If He Abide with Me.

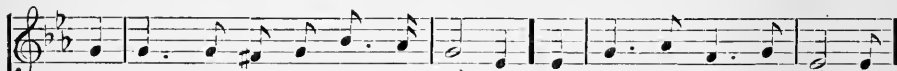
Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK,

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

DUET.



1. My days with sun-shine shall be fraught, My sor - row, joy shall be,
 2. No e - vil ev - er shall be - fall, No bur - dens heav - y be,
 3. If shad - ows make my path-way dim, I shall not need to see;
 4. My storms are calm at His be - best, Who spoke to Gal - i - lee,
 5. No pow'rs of life or death can harm, All griefs and dan - gers flee,



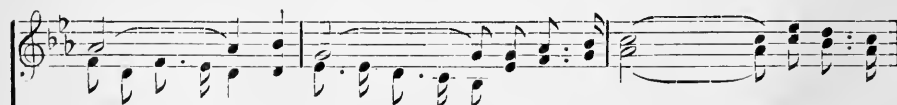
And thorn - y ways shall seem as naught, If Christ a - bide with me.
 For Christ will glad - ly take them all, If He a - bide with me.
 But sweet - ly trust my way with Him, Who will a - bide with me.
 And fears shall nev - er rob my rest, If Christ a - bide with me.
 If I but trust in Christ's strong arm, When He a - bides with me.



CHORUS.



I shall be safe - - - ly kept from sin,..... My life be
 I shall be safe - ly, safe - ly kept from sin,



glad..... and free;..... For I shall have sweet peace with
 Each mo - ment glad and free; yes, glad and free; For I shall have sweet



If He Abide with Me.—Concluded.

in,..... If Christ a - bide..... with me.....
 peace, sweet peace within, If Christ a - bide with me, a - bide with me.

63

Breathe on Me, Breath of God.

EDWIN HATCH.

Miss MARY WHITTLE.

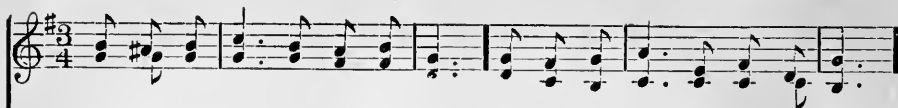
1. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with life a - new; That
 2. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un - til my heart is pure; Un -
 3. Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am whol - ly Thine; Till
 4. Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I nev - er die, But

I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou would'st do; That
 til with Thee I will one will To do, or to en - dure; Un -
 all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine; Till
 live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty; But

I may love what Thou dost love, And do what Thou would'st do.
 til with Thee I will one will To do, or to en - dure.
 all this earth - ly part of me Glows with Thy fire di - vine.
 live with Thee the per - fect life Of Thine e - ter - ni - ty.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. I know not when the Lord will come, Or at what hour He may ap-pear,
 2. I know not what of time re-mains, To run its course in this lowsphere,
 3. I know not what is yet to run Of spring or sum-mer, green or sere,
 4. The cen-tu-ries have come and gone, Dark cen-tu-ries of ab-sence drear;
 5. I do not think it can be long, 'Till in His glo-ry He ap-pear;



Whether at mid-night or at morn, Or at what sea-son of the year.
 Or what a-waits of calm or storm, Of joy or grief, of hope or fear.
 Of death or life, of pain or peace, Of shade or shine, of song or tear.
 I dare not chide the long de-lay, Nor ask when I His voice shall hear.
 And yet I dare not name the day, Nor fix the sol-emn ad-vent year.



REFRAIN.



I on-ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear;

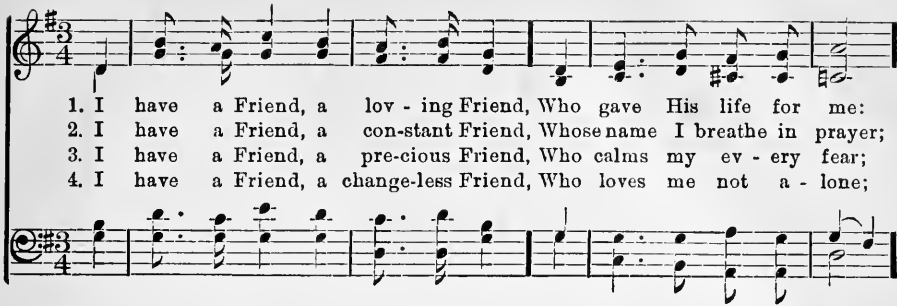


I on-ly know that He is near, And that His voice I soon shall hear.

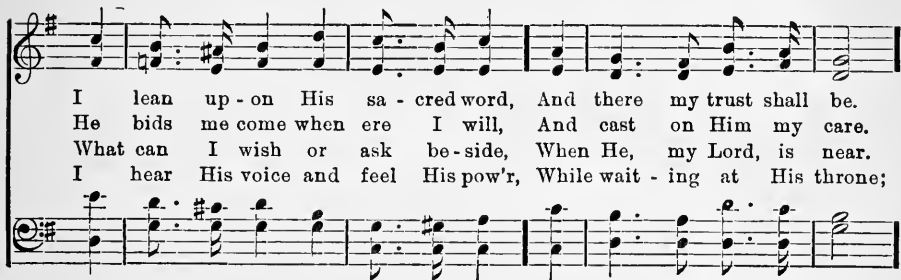


FANNY J. CROSBY.

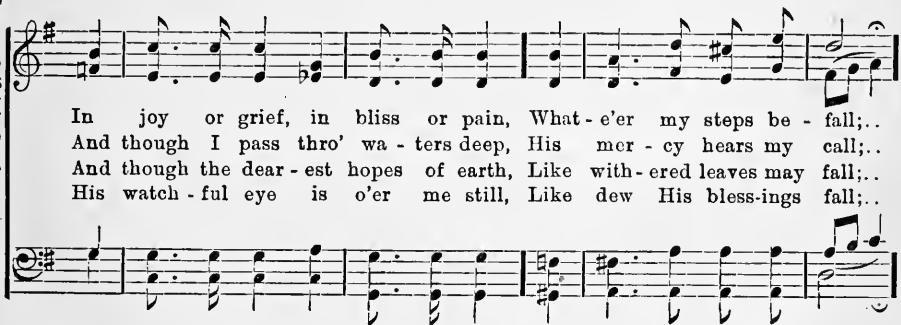
I. ALLAN SANKEY.



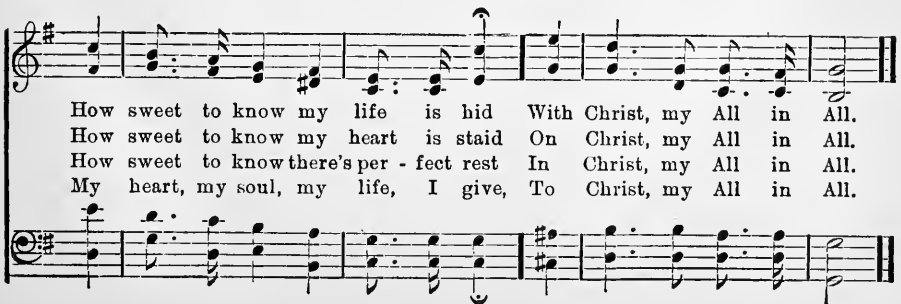
1. I have a Friend, a lov - ing Friend, Who gave His life for me:
 2. I have a Friend, a con - stant Friend, Whose name I breathe in prayer;
 3. I have a Friend, a pre - cious Friend, Who calms my ev - ery fear;
 4. I have a Friend, a change - less Friend, Who loves me not a - lone;



I lean up - on His sa - cred word, And there my trust shall be.
 He bids me come when ere I will, And cast on Him my care.
 What can I wish or ask be - side, When He, my Lord, is near.
 I hear His voice and feel His pow'r, While wait - ing at His throne;



In joy or grief, in bliss or pain, What - e'er my steps be - fall;..
 And though I pass thro' wa - ters deep, His mer - cy hears my call;..
 And though the dear - est hopes of earth, Like with - ered leaves may fall;..
 His watch - ful eye is o'er me still, Like dew His bless - ings fall;..



How sweet to know my life is hid With Christ, my All in All.
 How sweet to know my heart is staid On Christ, my All in All.
 How sweet to know there's per - fect rest In Christ, my All in All.
 My heart, my soul, my life, I give, To Christ, my All in All.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. Ho! ev - ery one that thirsteth, Come drink a full sup - ply, From cool and
 2. Why spend your time and la - bor On things that fade and die? Why cast a -
 3. O, come your ear in - clin - ing, Hear, and your soul shall live: For - sake the

crys - tal wa - ters, Whose springs are nev - er dry; Come ye that have no
 way a treas - ure That wealth can nev - er buy? Now seek the Lord in
 path of sin - ners, Re - turn and He'll for - give. To all who tru - ly

mon - ey, The gos - pel feast par - take: Where God, the Ho - ly Spir - it, The
 ear - nest, With hum - ble, ho - ly fear, And haste to call up - on Him While
 love Him, His mer - cy He will show, And His a - bundant par - don, He

CHORUS.

Bread of Life will break,
 yet He lin - gers near. } Ho! ev - ery one that thirst - eth, Come drink a
 free - ly will be - stow. }

full sup - ply, From cool and crystal wa - ters, Whose springs are nev - er dry.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. There is rap - ture to - night in yon cit - y so fair, Where the
 2. We can fan - cy we hear the sweet an - them of joy, That the
 3. They must watch us with pit - y - ing love in their eyes, As in
 4. For the Mas - ter hath lift - ed the veil from our eyes, And our

riv - er of life flow - eth free; And a touch of the joy that is
 an - gels are sing - ing to - night; For we know that the low - lands of
 sin and in sor - row we stray; For we know there is rap - tu - rous
 faith - strength - en'd vi - sion dis - cerns How the heav - en - ly cit - y is

CHORUS.

ring - ing up there, Fall - eth soft - ly on you and on me.
 earth have a place, In the thoughts of the dwellers in light. } There is joy in
 joy in the skies, When a lost one re - turns to the Way.
 thrill - ing with joy, O - ver one who re - pents and re - turns.

the presence of an - gels to - night, Their is rap - ture to mor - tals un - told (un - told); For the

Fa - ther and Shepherd in heav - en re - joice, O - ver one who returns to the fold.

Grand is the Song.

ANNA D. WALKER.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Grand is the song of the Eas-ter morn, Vic-to-ry is won! vic-to-ry is won!
 2. Grand was the scene when the stone was roll'd, Vic-to-ry is won! vic-to-ry is won!
 3. Grand was the word that the women brought, Vic-to-ry is won! vic-to-ry is won!
 4. Grand is the truth, O... saints, for you, Vic-to-ry is won! vic-to-ry is won!

Far o'er the hills with the light 'tis borne, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ!
 Off from the sep-ul-chre dark and cold, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ!
 Min-gled with won-ders, with glo-ries fraught, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ!
 Yours is the joy and the bless-ing, too, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ!

Chas-ing the shades of night a-way, Bring-ing the light of glo-rious day,
 An-gels a-lone could view that sight, Man could not bear the vi-sion bright;
 "Seek not the living," the an-gels said, "Seek not the living a-mong the dead;"
 Since Je-sus took from death His key, He from the tomb will set us free;

Tak-ing from Death his strength and sway, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.
 Forth came the Con-queror armed with might, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.
 Sor-row is past and night is fled, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.
 And through all time and e-ter-ni-ty, Vic-to-ry is won thro' Christ.

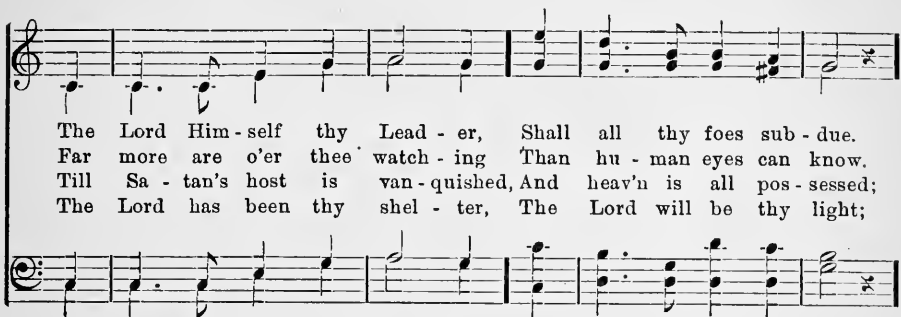
* Small notes for 2d verse.

LAWRENCE TUTTIETT.

J. FARMER.




1. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Be - neath His ban - ner true;
 2. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Fear not the se - cret foe;
 3. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Nor dream of peace - ful rest,
 4. Go for - ward, Chris-tian sol - dier, Fear not the gath - 'ring night;



The Lord Him - self thy Lead - er, Shall all thy foes sub - due.
 Far more are o'er thee watch - ing Than hu - man eyes can know.
 Till Sa - tan's host is van - quished, And heav'n is all pos - sessed;
 The Lord has been thy shel - ter, The Lord will be thy light;



His love fore - tells thy tri - als, He knows thine hour - ly need;
 Trust on - ly Christ, thy cap - tain, Cease not to watch and pray;
 Till Christ Him - self shall call thee, To lay thine arm - or by,
 When morn His face re - veal - eth, Thy dan - gers all are past;



He can, with bread of heav - en, Thy faint - ing spir - it feed.
 Heed not the treach - rous voic - es That lure thy soul a - stray.
 And wear, in end - less glo - ry, The crown of vic - to - ry.
 Oh, pray that faith and vir - tue May keep thee to the last.

Peaceful Be.

Tr. from K. R. HAGENBACK.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Since thy Fa-ther's arm sus-tains thee, Peace-ful be (peace-ful be),
 2. With-out mur-mur, un-com-plain-ing, In His hand (in His hand)
 3. Fear-est some-times that Thy Fa-ther Hath for-got (hath for-got)?
 4. To His own the Sav-iour giv-eth Dai-ly strength (dai-ly strength).

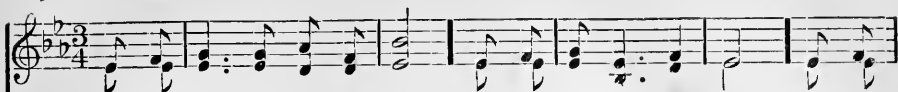
When a chastening hand re-strains thee, It is He (it is He),
 Leave what-ev-er things thou canst not Un-der-stand (un-der-stand),
 When the clouds a-round thee gath-er, Doubt Him not (doubt Him not);
 To each trou-bled soul that liv-eth, Peace at length (peace at length);

Know His love in full com-pleteness Fills the meas-ure of thy weak-ness,
 Tho' the world thy fol-ly spurn-eth, From thy faith in pit-y turn-eth,
 Al-ways hath the day-light bro-ken, Al-ways hath He com-fort spok-en,
 Weak-est lambs have larg-est shar-ing Of the ten-der shepherd's car-ing,

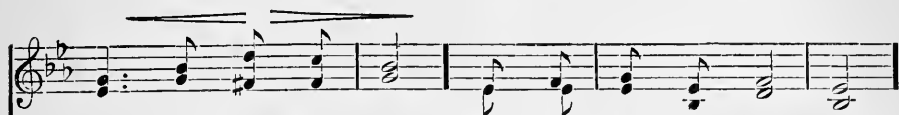
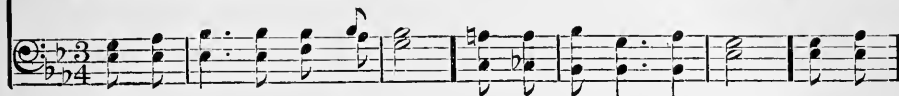
rit.
 If He wound thy spir-it sore, Trust Him more (trust Him more).
 Peace thy in-most soul shall fill, Ly-ing still (ly-ing still).
 Bet-ter hath He been for years, Than thy fears (than thy fears).
 Ask Him not then, when or how, On-ly bow (on-ly bow).

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

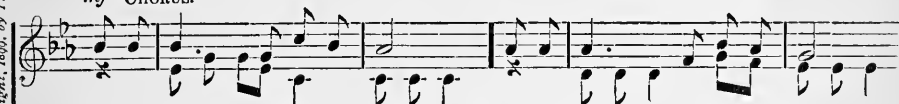
H. P. DANKS.



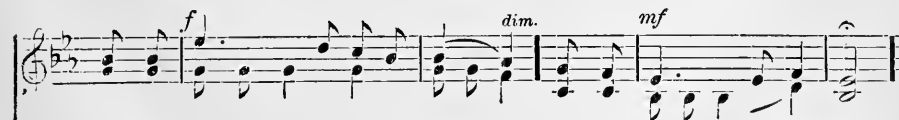
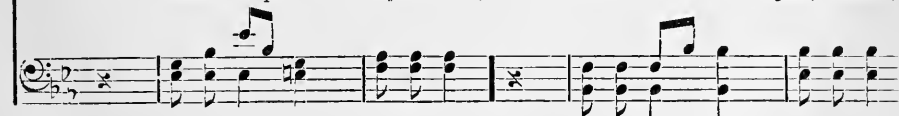
1. In the land of fade-less day Lies "the cit - y four-square," It shall
2. All the gates of pearl are made, In "the cit - y four-square," All the
3. And the gates shall nev - er close To "the cit - y four-square," There life's
4. There they need no sunshine bright, In "that cit - y four-square," For the



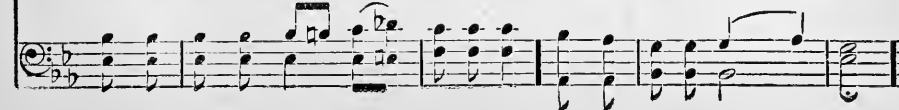
nev - er pass a - way, And there is "no night there."
 streets with gold are laid, And there is "no night there."
 crys - tal riv - er flows, And there is "no night there."
 Lamb is all the light, And there is "no night there."

*mf* CHORUS.

God shall "wipe a-way all tears;" There's no death, no pain, nor fears;
 God shall "wipe a - way all tears;" There's no death, no... pain, nor fears;



And they count not time by years,.. For there is "no night there."
 And they count not time by years, by years, For there is "no night..... there."

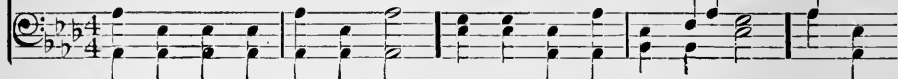


J. H.

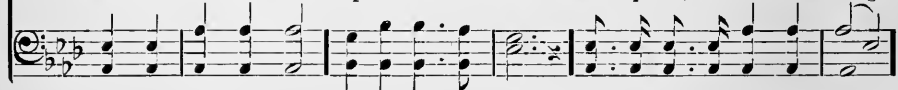
Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



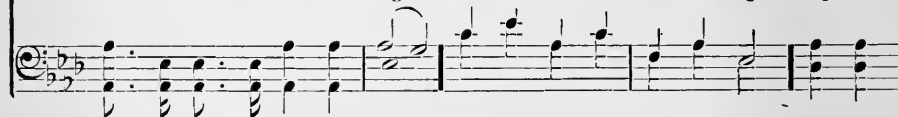
1. Sol - diers of th'e - ter - nal King, Speed the watchword, give it wing, Let it
 2. La - bel it on ev - ery door, Place it high the pul - pit o'er, Let it
 3. Place it on the chis - eled stone, Where the mourners weep a - lone; 'Grave it



thro' the churches ring, Up! for Je - sus stand. Write it on the tem - ple's spire,
 stand for ev - er - more! Up! for Je - sus stand. Bla - zon it in man - sion halls,
 on the monarch's throne! Up! for Je - sus stand. Let the press, whose wheels of might



Ut - ter it with tongues of fire, Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for
 Pen - cil it on pris - on walls; Do and dare, as du - ty calls; Up! for
 Roll for rea - son and for right, Flash it on the na - tion's sight; Up! for



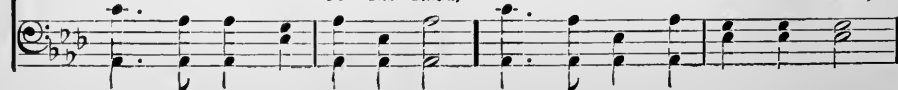
Je - sus stand; Sire to son and son to sire, Up! for Je - sus, Jesus stand.
 Je - sus stand; Do and dare, as du - ty calls, Up! for Je - sus, Jesus stand.
 Je - sus stand; Flash it on the na - tion's sight; Up! for Je - sus, Jesus stand.



CHORUS.



Up! for Je - sus stand, Up! for Je - sus stand;
 Je - sus stand, Je - sus stand;



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Up! for Jesus Stand.—Concluded.

Speed the watch-word, give it wing, And up! for Je - sus stand.

73

Light of Life.

HORATIUS BONAR, D.D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Light of Life, so soft - ly shin - ing From the cross of Cal - va - ry;
2. Light of Life, that knows no fad - ing, From all chang-es Thou art free,
3. Light of Life, that knows no set - ting, Day and night Thy beams I see;
4. Light of Life, in days of glad - ness, To Thy ra - dian - ce I would flee;

Nev - er wan - ing, nor de - clin - ing, Shine on me, O shine on me.
 Ho - ly Light, that knows no shad - ing, Shine on me, O shine on me.
 Joy and peace and life be - get - ting, Shine on me, O shine on me.
 Be my strength in days of sad - ness, Shine on me, O shine on me.

CHORUS.

Shine on me, O shine on me, Light of Life, O shine on me;

With the love of Je - sus beam - ing, Light of Life, O shine on me.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

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

faith can ev-er bor-row To gild the pass-ing day with the glo-ry of the mor-row,
 hold when storms betidens; A ref-uge for the soul, wherein qui-et we may hide us,
 e-vil is surround-ing; To stir the sluggish heart and to keep in good a-bounding,
 make Him a-yet the near-est; Of all His pre-cious words, the sweetest, brightest, clearest,

CHORUS. *Tempo.*

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

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

How it glist-ens thro' our tears, Bless-ed hope of the coming of the Lord.

WILLIAM C. DIX.

F. MENDELSSOHN.

1. "Come un - to me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest."
 2. "Come un - to me, dear chil - dren, And I will give you light."
 3. "Come un - to me, ye faint - ing, And I will give you life."
 4. "And who - so - ev - er com - eth I will not cast him out."

Oh, bless - ed voice of Je - sus, Which comes to hearts op - prest;
 Oh, lov - ing voice of Je - sus, Which comes to cheer the night:
 Oh, peace - ful voice of Je - sus, Which comes to end our strife:
 Oh, pa - tient love of Je - sus, Which drives a - way our doubt:

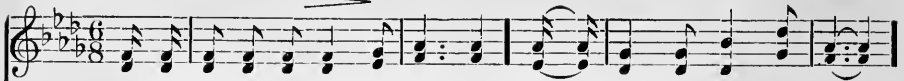
It tells of ben - e - dic - tion, Of par - don, grace, and peace,
 Our hearts were filled with sad - ness, And we had lost our way,
 The foe is stern and ea - ger, The fight is fierce and long;
 Which calls us,—ver - y sin - ners, Un - wor - thy though we be

Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which can - not cease.
 But morn - ing brings us glad - ness, And songs the break... of day.
 But Thou hast made us might - y, And stron - ger than... the strong.
 Of love, so free and bound - less,—To come, dear Lord,... to Thee.

There is Never a Day so Dreary.

LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

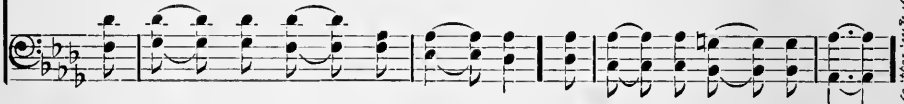
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



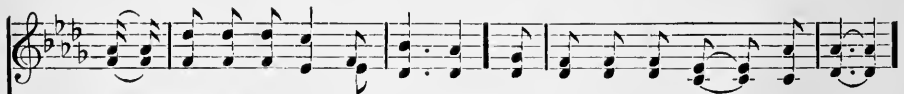
1. There is nev-er a day so drear - y, But... God can make it bright;
2. There is nev-er a cross so heav - y, But the nail-scar'd hands are there,
3. There is nev-er a life so dark-en'd, So.... hope-less and un - blest,



And un - to the soul.. that trusts Him, He giv - eth songs in the night.
 Out-stretched in ten - der com - pas - sion, The bur - den to help us bear.
 But may.. be fill'd with the light of God, And en - ter His prom - ised rest.



There is nev-er a path so hid - den, But.... God will lead the way,
 There is nev-er a heart so bro - ken, But the lov - ing Lord can heal;
 There is nev-er a sin or sor - row, There is nev-er a care or loss,



If we seek for the Spir - it's guid - ance, And pa - tient - ly wait and pray;
 For the heart that was pierc'd on Cal - v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel;
 But.. that we may bring to Je - sus, And leave at the foot of the cross;



There is Never a Day.—Concluded.

If we seek for the Spir-it's guid-ance, And pa-tient-ly wait and pray.
For the heart that was pierc'd on Cal-v'ry, Doth still for His loved ones feel.
But.. that we may bring to Je-sus, And leave at the foot of the cross.

77

Day is Dying in the West.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WILLIAM F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dy-ing in the west; Heav'n is touch-ing earth with rest; Wait and
2. While the deep-n'ing shad-ows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold-ing all, Thro' the
3. When for ev-er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of

wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
glo-ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
an-gels, on our eyes Let e-ter-nal morning rise, And shad-ows end.

pp REFRAIN.

Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are

full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

ANON.

Arr. LEWIS S. CHAFER.

1. Our Fa - ther who in heav - en art, All hal - lored be Thy name;
 2. Give us this day our dai - ly bread, Our tres - pass - es for - give,
 3. In - to temp - ta - tion lead us not, From e - vil us de - fend,

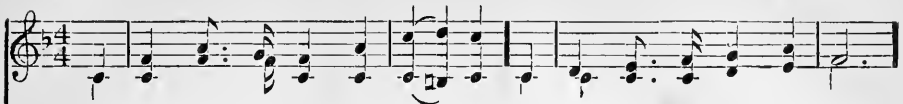
Thy king - dom come, Thy will be done, Throughout this earth - ly frame.
 As we for - give our fel - low - men For in - ju - ries re - ceived.
 For Thine's the king - dom and the pow'r, And glo - ry with - out end.

REFRAIN.

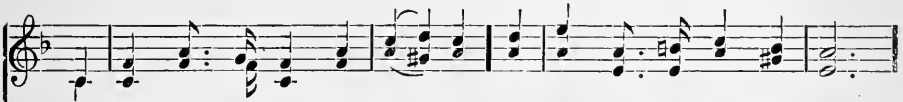
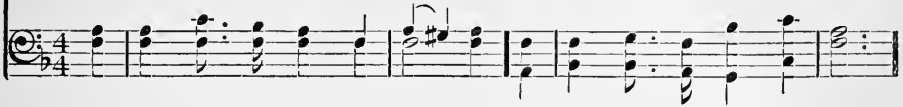
Come, my Sav - iour, oh! my Sav - iour, Come and bless Thy peo - ple now;

While at Thy feet we hum - bly bow, — Oh! come and bless us now.

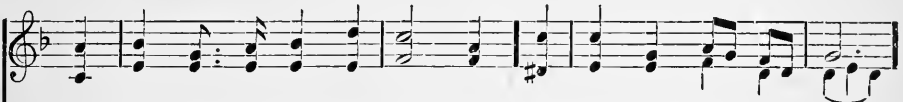
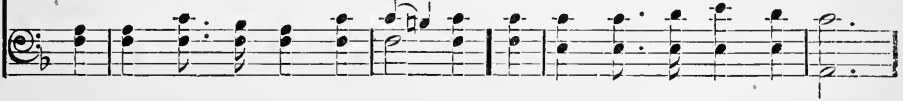
Then will we sing Thy suf - f'ings o'er, And praise Thee ev - er - more.



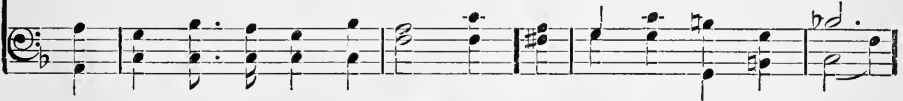
1. Blest Light of the world, we hail Thee Now flush-ing the east - ern skies;
2. Fair Light of the world, Thy beau - ty Shall steal in - to ev - ery heart;
3. Mild Light of the world, be - fore Thee In hom - age we hum - bly fall;
4. Clear Light of the world, il - lu - mine This sin - dark - ened world of Thine



Nor ev - er shall dark - ness veil Thee A - gain from our mor - tal eyes.
 It sweet - ly a - dorns with du - ty Life's poor - est and low - liest part;
 We wor - ship, we mag - ni - fy Thee, Lord Je - sus, the life of all,
 Un - til ev - ery - thing that's hu - man Is filled with a light di - vine,



A - las! far too long with - hold - en, Now spread from shore to shore;
 Thou rob - est in match - less splen - dor The sim - ple ways of men,
 With whom there is no for - get - ting Of all Thine hand hath made;
 Un - til ev - ery tongue and na - tion From sin's do - min - ion free,



Thy ra - diance, so glad, so gold - en, Shall set on the earth no more.
 And help - est them all to ren - der That light back to Thee a - gain.
 Whose ris - ing shall have no set - ting, Whose sun - shine shall have no shade.
 A - rise in the new cre - a - tion That spring - eth from love and Thee.



Mrs. C. E. BRECK.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Thou art my Rock, O bless-ed Re-deem-er, Thou art my Ref-uge
 2. Thou art my Rock when sin is in-vit-ing, Thou art my Rock when
 3. Thou art my Rock, temp-ta-tions de-fy-ing, Thou art my Friend un-
 4. Thou art my Rock; when king-dom and na-tion, Rul-er and crown, have

where I may hide; Thou art my Rock to shel-ter and bless me; Ev-er in
 tri-al is near; Thou art my Rock when sor-row is smit-ing, Thou art my
 chang-ing and sure; Whol-ly on Thee my soul is re-ly-ing, Ev-er to
 crum-bled to dust, Thou shalt re-main my Rock of sal-va-tion, Rock ev-er-

CHORUS.

Thee I safe-ly a-bide.
 Rock; why then should I fear?
 keep me faith-ful and pure.
 last-ing; Thee will I trust.

Thou art my Rock,..... O bless-ed Re-
 Thou art my Rock,

deem-er, Thou art my Friend,..... And Thou art my
 bless-ed Re-deem-er, Thou art my Friend,

Guide;..... Thou art my Hope,..... And Thou art my
 Thou art my Guide; Thou art my Hope,

Thou art My Rock.—Concluded.

Sav-iour, Thou art my Trust;..... in Thee will I hide.....
 Thou art my Sav-iour, Thou art my Trust, In Thee will I hide.

81

Show Me Thy Way.

ANON. Arr. F. J. C.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. Show me Thy way, O Lord, And make it plain: I would o -
 2. O Lord, I can - not see; Grant me Thy light; Dark-ness be -
 3. I can - not see Thy face, Yet Thou art here; When will the
 4. I will be pa - tient, Lord, And do Thy will; I will not

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bey Thy word,— Speak yet a - gain. I would not take one
 wil - ders me, Cloud - ing my sight; Hold Thou my hand, and
 morn - ing chase My doubt and fear? When shall I see the
 doubt Thy word, My hopes ful - fil. How can I per - ish,

step un - til... I know Which way it is that Thou would'st have me go.
 keep me near Thy side: I dare not go a-lone; be Thou my guide.
 place where day and night Shall come not, for Thy glo - ry is... its light?
 if in Thee I hide; Je - sus, my Com - fort-er, my Hope and Guide!

I. D. S.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Out of the shad-ow-land, in - to the sun - shine, Cloudless, e - ter - nal, that
 2. Out of the shad-ow-land, wea-ry and changeful, Out of the val - ley of
 3. Out of the shad-ow-land, o - ver life's o - cean, In - to the rap - ture and

fades not a - way; Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus hath called ^{him}_{her}
 sor - row and night, In - to the rest of the life ev - er - last - ing,
 joy of the Lord, Safe in the Fa - ther's house, welcom'd by an - gels,

CHORUS.

Home, where the ransom'd are gath'ring to - day.
 In - to the sum-mer of end-less de-light. } Si - lent-ly, peace-ful - ly,
 {^{His}_{Her's}}, the bright crown and e - ter - nal re - ward. }

an-gels have borne ^{him}_{her}, In - to the beau-ti-ful man-sions a - bove; There shall ^{he}_{she}

rest from earth's toil-ing for ev - er, Safe in the arms of God's in - fi - nite love.

MARY A. LATHBURY, by per.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Chil-dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, What are you
 2. Chil-dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, Light - en the
 3. Chil-dren of yes - ter - day, heirs of to - mor - row, Look at your

weav - ing? la - bor and sor - row? Look to your loom a - gain,
 la - bor and sweet - en the sor - row; Now while the shut - tles fly
 fab - ric of la - bor and sor - row; Seam - y and dark with de -

fast - er and fast - er Fly the great shut - tles pre - pared by the Mas - ter.
 fast - er and fast - er, Up and be do - ing the work with the Mas - ter.
 spair and dis - as - ter, Turn it and lo, the de - sign of the Mas - ter!

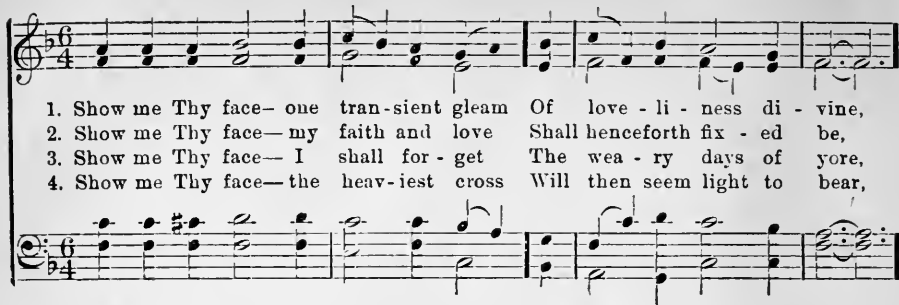
REFRAIN.

There's life (There's life) in the loom!... Room... for it, room!
 He stands (He stands) at the loom!... Room... for Him, room!
 The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom!... Room... for Him, room!

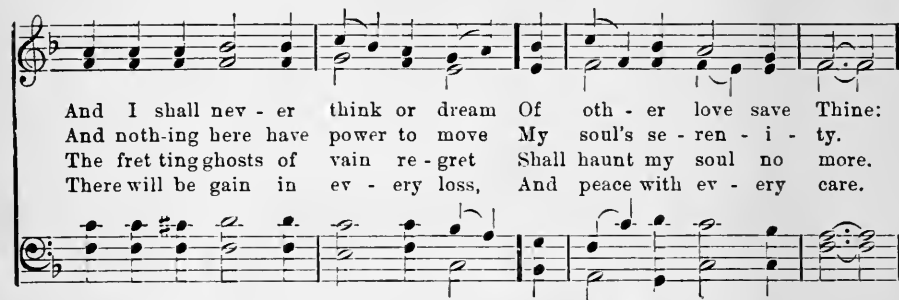
There's life (There's life) in the loom! Room (room) for it, room!...
 He stands (He stands) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!...
 The Lord's (The Lord's) at the loom! Room (room) for Him, room!...

ANON.

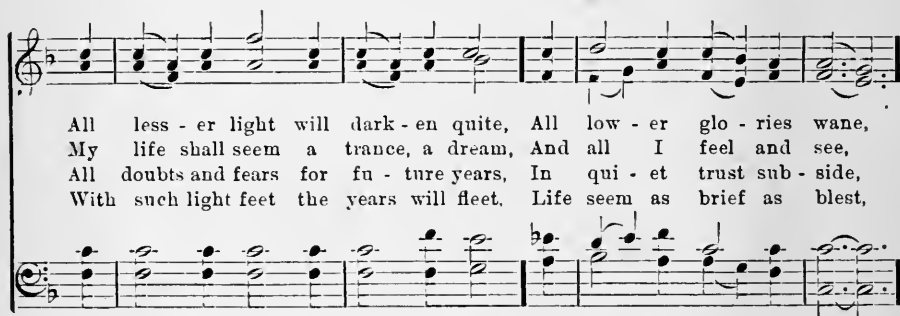
ENGLISH AIR.



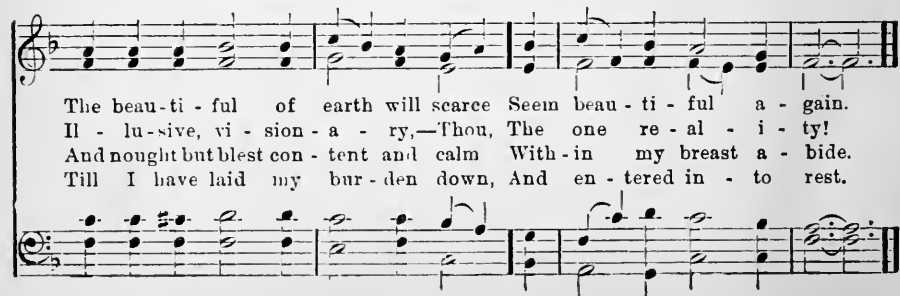
1. Show me Thy face— one tran-sient gleam Of love - li - ness di - vine,
 2. Show me Thy face— my faith and love Shall henceforth fix - ed be,
 3. Show me Thy face— I shall for - get The wea - ry days of yore,
 4. Show me Thy face— the heav - iest cross Will then seem light to bear,



And I shall nev - er think or dream Of oth - er love save Thine:
 And noth - ing here have power to move My soul's se - ren - i - ty.
 The fret tinghosts of vain re - gret Shall haunt my soul no more.
 There will be gain in ev - ery loss, And peace with ev - ery care.



All less - er light will dark - en quite, All low - er glo - ries wane,
 My life shall seem a trance, a dream, And all I feel and see,
 All doubts and fears for fu - ture years, In qui - et trust sub - side,
 With such light feet the years will fleet. Life seem as brief as blest,



The beau - ti - ful of earth will scarce Seem beau - ti - ful a - gain.
 Il - lu - sive, vi - sion - a - ry, — Thou, The one re - al - i - ty!
 And nought but blest con - tent and calm With - in my breast a - bide.
 Till I have laid my bur - den down, And en - tered in - to rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Rid-eth a King in His might,
 2. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Who is this won - der - ful King?
 3. Conquering now and still to con-quer, Je - sus, Thou Rul - er of all,

Lead - ing the host of all the faith - ful In - to the midst of the fight;
 Whence are the ar - mies which He lead - eth, While of His glo - ry they sing?
 Thrones and their scep - ters all shall per - ish, Crowns and their splendor shall fall;

See them with cour-age ad - vanc - ing, Clad in their bril - liant ar - ray,
 He is our Lord and Re - deem - er, Sav - iour and Mon - arch di - vine,
 Yet shall the ar - mies Thou lead - est, Faith - ful and true to the last,

Shout - ing the name of their Lead - er, Hear them ex - ult - ing - ly say:
 They are the stars that for - ev - er Bright in His kingdom will shine.
 Find in Thy man - sions e - ter - nal, Rest when their warfare is past.

d.s.—Yet to the true and the faith - ful Vic - t'ry is prom - ised thro' grace.

CHORUS.

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

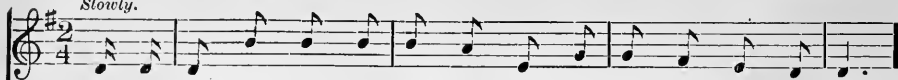
FINE.

D.S.

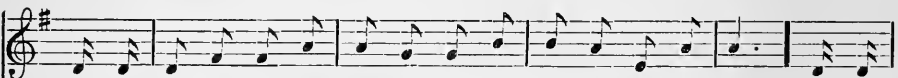
In the Secret of His Presence.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GOREH, of India.

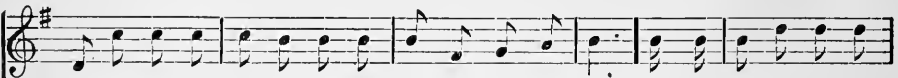
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Slowly.

1. In the se - cret of His pres - ence how my soul de - lights to hide!
2. When my soul is faint and thirst - y, 'neath the shad - ow of His wing
3. On - ly this I know: I tell Him all my doubts, my griefs and fears;
4. Would you like to know the sweet - ness of the se - cret of the Lord?

*Slowly.*

Oh, how pre - cious are the les - sons which I learn at Je - sus' side! Earth - ly
 There is cool and pleas - ant shel - ter, and a fresh and crys - tal spring; And my
 Oh, how pa - tient - ly He list - ens! and my droop - ing soul He cheers: Do you
 Go - and hide be - neath His shad - ow: this shall then be your re - ward; And when



cares can nev - er vex me, nei - ther tri - als lay me low; For when Satan comes to
 Sav - iour rests be - side me, as we hold com - mun - ion sweet: If I tried, I could not
 think He nev - er reproves me? what a false friend He would be, If He nev - er, nev - er
 e'er you leave the si - lence of that hap - py meet - ing place, You must mind and bear the



In the Secret of His Presence.—Concluded.

rit.

tempt me, to the se - cret place I go, to the se - cret place I go.
 ut - ter what He says when thus we meet, what He says when thus we meet.
 told me of the sins which He must see, of the sins which He must see.
 im - age of the Mas - ter in your face, of the Mas - ter in your face.

87

Oh, for the Peace.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON.

IRA D. SANKÉY.

1. Oh, for the peace that flow - eth as a riv - er, Mak - ing life's
2. "A lit - tle while" for pa - tient vig - il - keep - ing, To face the
3. "A lit - tle while" the earth - ern pitch - er tak - ing, To way - side
4. "A lit - tle while" to keep the oil from fail - ing, "A lit - tle

des - ert plac - es bloom and smile; Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heav'n's bright for - storm and wres - tle with the strong; "A lit - tle while" to sow the seed with brooks, from far - off fountains fed; Then the parch'd lip its thirst for - ev - er while" faith's flick'ring lamp to trim; And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps

ev - er," A - mid the shad - ows of earth's "lit - tle while."
 weep - ing, Then bind the sheaves and sing the har - vest song....
 slak - ing Be - side the ful - ness of the Foun - tain - head....
 hail - ing, We'll haste to meet Him with the bri - dal hymn....

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAV WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Life once was a mys - ter - y aw - ful to me, Fear - ful and
 2. O sweet was the voice that came call - ing to me; Fair was the
 3. O life is no lon - ger a mys - try to me; Je - sus I
 4. Christ now is my life, and 'tis joy - ous to be Sail - ing with

strange as a dark bound - less sea; And I tho't of my - self as a
 form of my Sav - iour to see; As.... thro' the deep wa - ters and
 take as my Pi - lot to be; In the chart of His word all my
 Him, safe - ly on o'er the sea; With the calm of His pres - ence my

soul on the deep, Ev - er cry - ing, "Ah, who shall my frail ves - sel keep?"
 tem - pests He came, To... save the lost soul that had called on His name.
 course is made clear, And with Him at the helm... no dan - ger I fear.
 spir - it is filled, The... winds are all hush'd, and the wa - ters are still'd.

CHORUS.

Oh, sweet was the voice sound - ing o - ver the sea, The Light of the

World thy Pi - lot shall be; I am come o'er the wave through the

The Voice on the Sea.—Concluded.

storm and the night, To meet with the soul that is seek - ing the Light.

89

Face to Face.

Mrs FRANK A. BRECK.

GRANT COLFAX TULLAR.

Moderato.

1. Face to face with Christ my Sav - iour, Face to face—what will it be?
 2. On - ly faint - ly now, I see Him, With the dark - ling veil be - tween.
 3. What re - joic - ing in His pres - ence, When are ban - ished grief and pain;
 4. Face to face! O! bliss - ful mo - ment! Face to face—to see and know;

When with rap - ture I be - hold Him, Je - sus Christ who died for me.
 But a bless - ed day is com - ing, When His glo - ry shall be seen.
 When the crooked ways are straightened, And the dark things shall be plain.
 Face to face with my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ who loves me so.

CHORUS.

Face to face shall I be - hold Him, Far be - yond the star - ry sky;...

Face to face in all His glo - ry, I shall see Him by and by!

Pass It On.

HENRY BURTON.

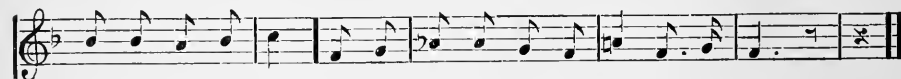
GEO. C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

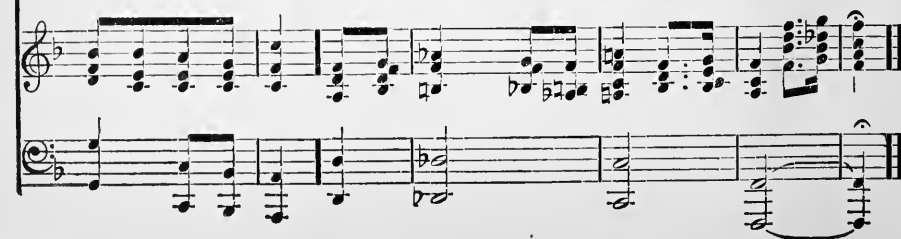
- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------|---------------------|
| 1. Have you had a kindness shown? | Pass it on; | 'Twas not giv'n for |
| 2. Did you hear the lov-ing word— | Pass it on; | Like the sing-ing |
| 3. 'Twas the sun-shine of a smile— | Pass it on; | Stay-ing but a |
| 4. Have you found the heav'nly light? | Pass it on; | Souls are grop-ing |
| 5. Be not self-ish in thy greed, | Pass it on; | Look up - on thy |



- | | | |
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------------|----------|
| thee a - lone, Pass it on; | Let it trav-el down the years, | Let it |
| of a bird? Pass it on; | Let its mu-sic live and grow, | Let it |
| lit - tle while! Pass it on; | A - pril beam, the lit - tle thing, | Still it |
| in the night, Day-light gone; | Hold thy light-ed lamp on high, | Be a |
| brother's need, Pass it on; | Live for self, you live in vain; | Live for |



- | | | |
|------------------------------|------------------------------------|-------------|
| wipe an - oth-er's tears, | Till in heav'n the deed appears— | Pass it on. |
| cheer an - oth-er's woe, | You have reap'd what others sow, | Pass it on. |
| wakes the flow'rs of spring, | Makes the si - lent birds to sing— | Pass it on. |
| star in some one's sky, | He may live who else would die, | Pass it on. |
| Christ, you live a - gain; | Live for Him, with Him you reign— | Pass it on. |



GRACE J. FRANCES.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. I would ev - er fol - low Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
 2. In Thy word is my de - light, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
 3. Thou didst give Thy - self for me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;

Thou art more than life to me, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
 'Tis my com - fort day and night, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;
 Help me now to live for Thee, Christ, my all; Christ, my all;

As a child I would be - lieve, And Thy gift of grace re - ceive;
 Where Thou lead - est, I will go, Tho' the way I may not know;
 Time is fly - ing fast a - way, Soon will close life's fleet - ing day;

Let me ne'er Thy Spir - it grieve, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.
 Thou the path of peace wilt show, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.
 Let me la - bor while I may, Christ, my all; Christ, my all.

O, Fear Not the Future!

A. E. ABEL

LEWIS S. CHAFFER.

1. O, fear not the fu-ture! 'Tis hid-den in love, But known to thy Sav-iour Who
 2. O, fear not the fu-ture! Thou art not a-lone; He who died for His sheep ne'er for-
 3. O, fear not the fu-ture! What hast thou to fear? Thy foes are all vanquished, thy
 4. O, fear not the fu-ture! The tri-als that come Are sent to pre-pare thee for

reign-eth a - bove; The path for thy steps He Him-self doth pre-pare, And the
 sak - eth His own; E'en thro' the dark val-ley no ill can be-tide, For Je -
 Cap-tain is near; His grace is suf - fi-cient; His prom-is - es sure; And the
 ser-vice and home; Rich gains are thy loss-es, swift wings are thy sighs, And thy

CHORUS.

light of His presence shall go with thee there.
 ho - vah will be thy Com-panion and Guide.
 arms un - der-neath thee for aye shall en-dure. } O, fear not the fu - ture! Thy
 tears shall bring vis-ions of joy to thine eyes. }

crown waiteth there! The glories before thee no tongue can declare; Go for-ward with

Je - sus; He knoweth the way To mansions prepared for the Children of Day.

Mrs. ANNE R. COUSIN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. The sands of time are sink - ing, The dawn of heav - en breaks,
 2. O Christ, He is the foun - tain, The deep, sweet well of love!
 3. With mer - cy and with judg - ment My web of time He wove,
 4. The bride eyes not her gar - ment, But her dear Bridegroom's face;



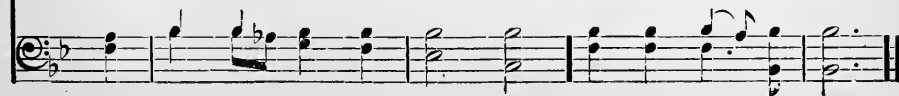
The sum - mer morn I've sighed for, The fair, sweet morn, a - wakes.
 The streams on earth I've tast - ed, More deep I'll drink a - bove.
 And aye the dews of sor - row Were lus - tred by His love:
 I will not gaze at glo - ry, But on my King of Grace—



Dark, dark hath been the mid - night, But day - spring is at hand,
 There to an o - cean ful - ness His mer - cy doth ex - pand,
 I'll bless the hand that guid - ed, I'll bless the hand that planned,
 Not at the crown He giv - eth, But on His pier - ced hand—

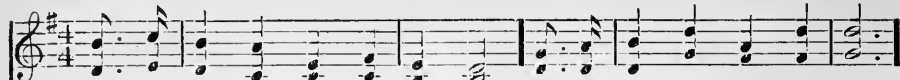


And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 And glo - ry, glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 When thron'd where glo - ry dwell - eth In Im - man - uel's land.
 The Lamb is all the glo - ry Of Im - man - uel's land.

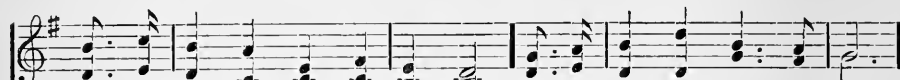


FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. O the pre-cious gos-pel sto-ry, How it tells of love to all,
 2. O the bless-ed gos-pel sto-ry, Of His meek and low-ly birth,—
 3. O the won-drous gos-pel sto-ry, There is life in ev-ery word;



How the Sav-our in com-pas-sion, Died to save us from the fall;
 And the wel-come of the an-gels When they sang good-will to earth;—
 There is hope and con-so-la-tion, Where the mes-sage sweet is heard;



How He came to seek the lost ones, And to bring them to His fold;—
 Of the cross, on which He suf-fered,—As by proph-ets seen of old,—
 Let us tell it to the wea-ry, And its beau-ties all un-fold;



Let us hast-en to pro-claim it, For the sto-ry *must* be told.
 Of His death and res-ur-rec-tion, Let the sto-ry *now* be told.
 'Tis the on-ly guide to heav-en, And the sto-ry *must* be told.

CHORUS.



The sto-ry must be told (be told), The sto-ry must be told,

The Story Must be Told.—Concluded.

That Je - sus died for sin - ners lost, The sto - ry must be told.

95

Impatient Heart, be Still!

GEO. A. WARBURTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Im - pa - tient heart, be still! What tho' He tar - ries long? What tho' the
 2. My ea - ger heart, be still! Thy Lord will sure - ly come, And take thee
 3. My anx - ious heart, be still! Watch, work, and pray, and then It will not

tri - umph song Is still (is still) de - layed? Thou hast His prom - ise sure,
 to His home, With Him (with Him) to dwell; It may not be to - day;
 mat - ter when Thy Lord (thy Lord) shall come; At midnight, or at noon;

And that is all se - cure; Be not a - fraid! be not a - fraid!
 And yet, my soul, it may; I can not tell, I can not tell.
 He can - not come too soon To take thee home, to take thee home.

REFRAIN.

Rit......

Be still! be still! { Im - pa - tient } heart..... be still!
 Be still! be still! { My ea - ger }
 { My anx - ious } be still!

I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

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

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

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug - ged the way,
 So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And know - ing Thou lov - est me,

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

REFRAIN.

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

I'll Go Where You Want Me.—Concluded.

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

97

No One Like Jesus.

ANON.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. No one like Je - sus can make my heart clean; No one like Je - sus can
 2. No one like Je - sus, in glo - ry or shame; No one like Je - sus in
 3. No one like Je - sus, in dark ness or light; No one like Je - sus, in
 4. No one like Je - sus, and soon He may come, Bring - ing our loved ones to

cres.

keep me from sin. The Lamb that was slain on Cal - va - ry's cross,
 tri - als the same. Com - pas - sion - ate love! O mor - tal, so blest,
 weak - ness or might. His Spir - it can teach me to be kind and true, For
 take us all Home. No pow - er on earth or in Heav - en can show, How

REFRAIN. *A little faster.*

He is my gain, I'll suf - fer no loss.
 No one like Je - sus can give thee sweet rest. } Je - sus, my Sav - iour,
 if we love Je - sus we'll love our friends too.
 much He loves us, or the joy we shall know.

rit.

True to the end, "Oh, I love Je - sus, For He is my friend."

HATTIE A. PIERSON.

GEO. C. STREBINS.

1. Out in the dark-ness and gloom of night, Wea-ry and faint and cold;
 2. Thus came the Sav-iour from heav'n to earth, Lone-ly the path He trod,
 3. Out on the mountains of doubt and sin, Dark is the night and cold;

The Shepherd is seek-ing the lost, a - stray Far from the shel-t'ring fold.
 To res-cue His sheep that had gone a - stray, Far from the fold of God.
 But bright-ly a light that will ne'er grow dim, Shines from the heav'nly fold.

O - ver the mountains thro' des-erts wild, Thro' tor-rents that rush and roar,
 Lone-ly He traversed the des-ert wild, x Seek-ing the lost to save;
 Shel-ter and com-fort and rest are there— x Rest in a home of love;

He car-ries it gen-tly with lov-ing arms, Back to the fold once more.
 To ran-som the world from the pow'r of sin, Tru-ly His life He gave.
 The Sav-iour is wait-ing to wel-come you In - to the fold a - bove.

REFRAIN.

O wan - -d'r'er, come home, . . . O come and no lon - ger roam;
 O wan-d'r'er, come home,

○ Wanderer, come Home.—Concluded.

The Sav iour is ten-der-ly call-ing, call-ing, O wand'rer, come home, come home.

99

When Thou Wakest.

G. M. TAYLOR.

Mrs. LEWIS S. CHAFFER.

1. When thou wak-est in the morn-ing, Ere thou tread the un-tryed way,
 2. In the calm of sweet com-mun-ion, Let thy dai-ly work be done;
 3. And if wea-ri-ness creep o'er thee As the day wears to its close,

Of the lot that lies be-fore thee Thro' the com-ing bu-sy day.
 In the peace of soul out-pour-ing, Care be ban-ish-ed, pa-tience won.
 Or if sud-den, fierce temp-ta-tion Bring thee face to face with foes;

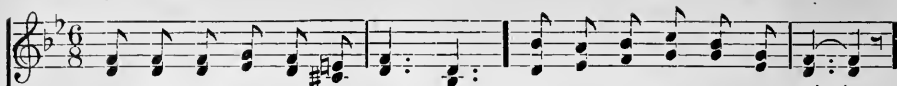
Wheth-er sun-beams promise bright-ness, Wheth-er dim for-bod-ings fall,
 And if earth, with its en-chant-ments, Seek thy spir-it to en-thrall,
 In thy weak-ness, in thy per-il, Raise to heav'n a truth-ful call,

Be thy dawn-ing glad or gloom-y, Go to Je-sus, tell Him all.
 Ere thou list-en, ere thou an-swer, Go to Je-sus, tell Him all.
 Strength and calm for ev-ery cri-sis, Come, in tell-ing Je-sus all.

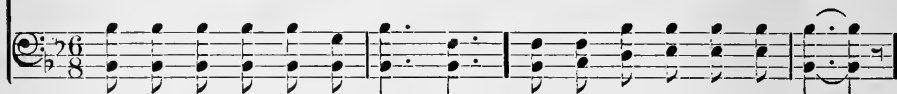
Never Give Up.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

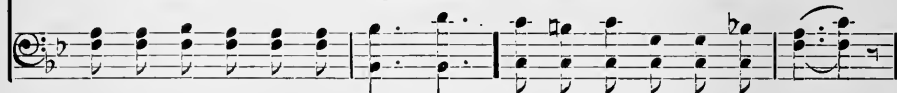
I. ALLAN SANKEY.



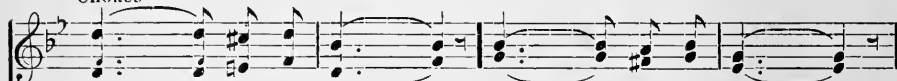
1. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing If thou hast faith to be-lieve;
 2. What if thy bur-dens op-press thee; What tho' thy life may be drear;
 3. Nev-er be sad or de-spond-ing, There is a mor-row for thee;



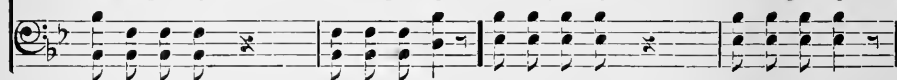
Grace, for the du-ties be-fore thee, Ask of thy God and re-ceive.
 Look on the side that is bright-est, Pray, and thy path will be clear.
 Soon thou shalt dwell in its bright-ness, There with the Lord thou shalt be.



CHORUS



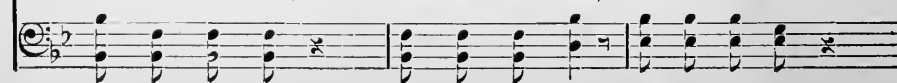
Nev - - er give up, Nev - - er give up,
 Nev-er give up, nev-er give up, Nev-er give up, nev-er give up,



Nev-er give up to thy sor-rows, Je-sus will bid them de-part;



Trust..... in the Lord,..... Trust..... in the
 Trust in the Lord, trust in the Lord, Trust in the Lord,



Never Give Up.—Concluded.

Lord, Sing when your tri-als are great-est, Trust in the Lord and take heart.
Trust in the Lord,

101

On Yonder Hill of Calvary.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS, arr.

H. P. DANKS.

1. On yon-der hill of Cal-va-ry, Where Je-sus bled and died for me;
2. On yon-der hill of Cal-va-ry, Be-hold the world's great trag-e-dy;
3. On yon-der hill of Cal-va-ry, The sin-ner's on-ly hope and plea,

'Twas there from sin He set me free, On Cal-va-ry, dark Cal-va-ry.
The sun, that aw-ful hour did flee, From Cal-va-ry, dark Cal-va-ry.
Christ gave His life for such as we— On Cal-va-ry, dark Cal-va-ry.

CHORUS.

On Cal-va-ry, dark Cal-va-ry: They nailed my Lord up-on the tree;
Cal-va-ry.

Rit

And there He died in ag-o-ny, On Cal-va-ry, dark Cal-va-ry.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Res-cue the souls that per-ish, Seek for the lost that stray; Pa-tient-ly
 2. Out of the vale of sor-row,—Out of the star-less night, In-to the
 3. Go with a lov-ing spir-it— Go in the Mas-ter's name; Life and a

guidetheirfootsteps In-to the nar-row way; O-ver them kind-ly bend-ing,
 gold-en sun-shine, Peaceful and pure, and bright; Gath-er them now to Je-sus—
 full sal-va-tion Now to the world pro-claim; Haste while the day-beamslinger—

Whis-per the Sav-iour's call;
 Whis-per a-gain the call,
 Haste ere the shad-ows fall, } Tell them the feast is read-y— Tell them there's

REFRAIN.

room for all. Room for all, Room for
 Room, there's room for all, for all. Room, there's room for

all;
 all, for all; Tell them the feast is read-y— Tell them there's room for all.

Is it Nothing to You?

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Is it nothing to you that heav-en's King Came down to this
 2. Is it noth-ing to you that by and by You must trav-el....
 3. Is it noth-ing to you that some sweet day, In the heav-en-ly

world of woe... That He suf-fered and bled, and.. rose from the dead,
 death's dark vale... Where Jor-dan's waves the.. path-way.. laves,
 land so fair... You may join.. the song that the ran-somed throug

REFRAIN.

That e-ter-nal life you might know?
 And... all but Christ doth.. fail? } Is it noth-ing to you that
 Are for-ev-er sing-ing... there? }

grace is free, And that God in His love doth call? Is it nothing to you?

Rit.
 Is it noth-ing to you? Is it noth-ing, noth-ing to you?

When the Roll is Called up Yonder.

J. M. B.

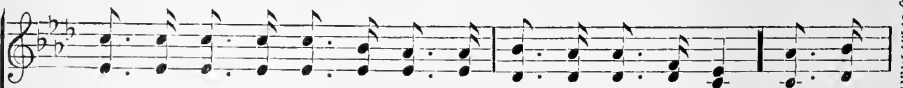
JAMES M. BLACK.



1 When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
 2 On that bright and cloudless morn - ing, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
 3 Let me la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,



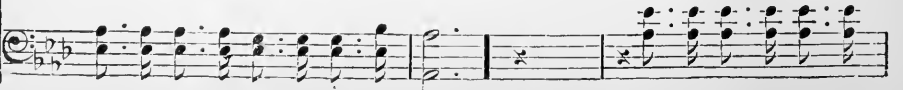
And the morn - ing breaks, e - ter - nal, bright and fair; When the
 And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His
 Let me talk of all His won - drous love and care, Then, when



saved of earth shall gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore And the
 chos - en ones shall gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the
 all of life is o - ver, and my work on earth is done, And the



roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. }
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the roll is called up
 roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there. } When the roll is called up



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When the Roll is Called up Yonder.—Concluded.

yon - - der, When the roll is called up yon - - der, When the
yon - der, I'll be there, When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

roll. is called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
When the roll

105

Light after Darkness.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY.

- 1 Light aft - er dark - ness, Gain aft - er loss, Strength after weakness, Crown aft - er cross;
- 2 Sheaves after sow - ing, Sun aft - er rain, Sight aft - er mys - tery, Peace aft - er pain;
- 3 Near aft - er dis - tant, Gleam after gloom, Love aft - er loneliness, Life aft - er tomb;

Sweet after bit - ter, Hope aft - er fears, Home aft - er wandering, Praise af - ter tears.
Joy aft - er sor - row, Calm aft - er blast, Rest aft - er weariness, Sweet rest at last.
Aft - er long ag - o - ny Rap - ture of bliss, Right was the pathway, Leading to this.

There is Joy in My Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. I will not be wea - ry, tho' tri - als may come, And trou - bles be -
 2. I can - not be wea - ry when He is my rest; What - e'er my tempt -
 3. There's joy that no language or thought can ex - press, It comes from His

fore me I see,.... But count them as noth - ing com - pared with the love
 a - tions may be,.... I'll trust in His prom - ise be - cause He has said:
 pres - ence di - vine,.... And when in His likeness at last I a - wake,

CHORUS.

Of Je - sus, my Sav - iour, to me.... } I'll sing of His love, of His
 "My grace is suf - fi - cient for thee." }
 Its full - ness I know will be mine!.. }

won - der - ful love, Tho' bil - lows like moun - tains may roll;... I fear not the

tem - pest, I dread not the storm, For Je - sus gives joy to my soul.

ANON.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY

1. A home - less Stranger a - mongst us came, To this land.. of
 2. And then from this sad... and sor - row - ful land, This... land.. of
 3. And I must a - bide.. where He... a - bode, And... fol - low His

sin... and mourning; He.. walked in a path of.. sor - row and shame,
 tears He de - part - ed; But the light of His eyes, and the touch of His hand
 steps.. for - ev - er; His.. peo - ple, my peo - ple; His God, my God,

Thro' in - sult, and hate, and scorn - ing: A... Man of sor - rows, of
 Had left... me bro - ken - heart - ed: And I clave to Him as He
 In the land.. be - yond the riv - er: And.. where He died would I

toils, of tears, An out - cast.. man and lone - ly, But He looked on
 turn'd His face From the land that was mine no lon - ger, The.. land I'd
 al - so die;.. Far dear - er a grave be - side Him Than a king - ly

me, and thro' end - less years,..... Him must I serve, Him on - ly.
 loved in the gold - en days, ere I knew the love that was stron - ger.
 crown a - mong liv - ing men,... The place that they de - nied Him.

Eye Hath Not Seen.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1 They tell me of a land so fair, Un - seen by mor - tal eyes,
 2 They tell me of a land so fair, Where all is light and song,
 3 No ra - diant beams from sun or moon A - dorn that land so fair,
 4 O land of light and love and joy, Where comes no night of care,

Where spring in fade-less beau - ty blooms, Be - neath un - cloud - ed skies.
 Where an - gel choirs their an - thems join With yon - der blood - washed throng.
 For He who sits up - on the throne Shines forth re - splen - dent there.
 What will our song of tri - umph be When we shall en - ter there!

REFRAIN.

"Eye..... hath not seen,..... ear..... hath not
 "Eye hath not seen, eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,

heard,..... Nei - ther hath it en - tered in - to the
 ear hath not heard, Nei - ther hath en - tered, en - tered in - to the

heart... of man,..... The things..... which
 heart, the heart of man, of man, The things, the things which

Eye hath Not Seen.—Concluded.

God..... hath pre - pared for them,..... pre -
 God hath pre - pared, which God hath pre - pared for them, for them, pre -

pared for them..... that love..... Him."...
 pared, pre - pared for them, for them that love Him,..... that love Him."
 that love Him, that love Him.".....

109

When shall We Meet Again.

A. A. WATTS & S. F. SMITH.

H. P. DANKS.

♩ Andante.

1. When shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er? When will peace
 2. When shall love free - ly flow Pure as life's riv - er? When shall sweet
 3. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon shall peace

wreathe her chain, Round us for - ev - er? Our hearts will ne'er re - pose,
 friend - ship glow Changeless for - ev - er? Where joys ce - les - tial thrill,
 wreathe her chain Round us for - ev - er; Our hearts will then re - pose

Safe from each blast that blows. In this dark vale of woes, Nev - er—no, nev - er!
 Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of part - ing chill Nev - er—no, nev - er!
 Se - cure from worldly woes; Our songs of praises shall close Nev - er—no, nev - er!

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JAMES M. GRAY, D.D.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry of
 2. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry the
 3. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry the
 4. O tell me the sto - ry that nev - er grows old, The sto - ry the

One whom the proph - ets fore - told; The Horn of sal - va - tion, the
 an - gel at Beth - le - hem told; The Babe in the man - ger, of
 Gos - pels re - peat man - i - fold; The love and com - pas - sion in
 a - ges to come will un - fold; The kind - ness of God in re -

Scep - tre and Star, The Light in the dark - ness they saw from a - far.
 low - li - est birth, The high - est arch - an - gel ex - cel - ling in worth.
 Je - sus we trace, The pow - er and pa - tience, the glo - ry and grace.
 deeming the lost, The death of our Sav - iour in pay - ing the cost.

CHORUS.

It nev - er grows old, It nev - er grows old,

The sto - ry of Je - sus Will nev - er grow old!

"We Can Do It, If We Will."

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Broth-ers, by the Spir-it band-ed, O'er the earth of Christ to tell,
 2. 'Round the world the lost are plead-ing, For the light from Zi-on's hill;
 3. By the grace of God that sought us, By the Spir-it, here, to dwell,
 4. All to Christ most free-ly giv-ing, Self-denied, that He may fill;

By the Son of God com-mand-ed, "We can do it, if we will."
 We can give what they are need-ing, "We can do it, if we will."
 By the precious blood that bought us, "We can do it, if we will."
 In the Ho-ly Spir-it liv-ing, "We can do it, if we will."

CHORUS—With Spirit.

"We can do it, if we will, We can do it, if we will,"

O'er the earth make proc-la-ma-tion Of our Christ and His sal-va-tion.

Send the light to ev-ery na-tion; "We can do it, if we will."

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. 'Tis not by works that we have done, Our souls re-deem'd shall be;
 2. 'Tis not by works that we can do, Our right-eous-ness is vain;
 3. 'Tis not by works of ours, that we Can know our sins for-giv'n;
 4. 'Tis not our works, but Christ's a-lone, Then rest thy anx-ious soul;

But by the blood of God's dear Son, Who died on Cal - va - ry.
 But by what Christ Himself hath done, E - ter - nal life we gain.
 But by the liv - ing word of Him Who pleads for us in heav'n.
 For safe thou art on Him thy Rock While end - less a - ges roll.

CHORUS.

By Grace are ye saved, By Grace are ye saved thro' faith,
 are ye saved, by.... Grace are ye saved,

And that..... not of your-selves,.... It is the gift of God.
 and that your-selves,

By Grace are ye saved, By Grace are ye saved thro' faith,
 are ye saved, by.... Grace are ye saved,

By Grace are We Saved.—Concluded.

And that..... not of your-selves, It is the gift of God.
and that your-selves, of God.

113

Like a River, Glorious.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

Rev. J. MOUNTAIN.

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

From "Kavanaugh Hymn Book." Used by per.

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

Cho.—Stayed up - on Je - ho - vah, Hearts are

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

ful - ly blest; Find - ing as He prom - ised, Per - fect peace and rest.

Lead me, O my Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Clos-er would I cling to Thee,
 2. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Keep my heart from ev-ery snare;
 3. Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, Till at last, my jour-ney o'er,

Ere the shad-ows gath-er round me And my way I can-not see.
 Fierce tempta-tions oft as - sail me And I need Thy con-stant care.
 I shall see, a - dore and praise Thee With the ransomed ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Lead me, lead me, Grant Thy strength and grace di-
 Lead me, O my Sav-iour, lead me, O my Sav-iour, Grant, O grant Thy

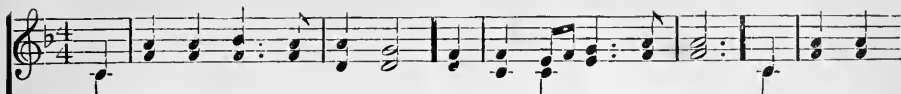
vine;.....
 strength and grace di - vine; Let my thoughts on Thee be
 Let my thoughts on

cen - tered And my will be lost in Thine.....
 Thee be cen - tered [lost in Thine.

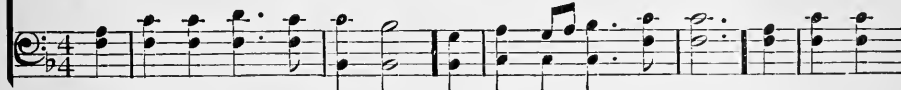
The Homeland!

Rev. R. H. HAWKIS.

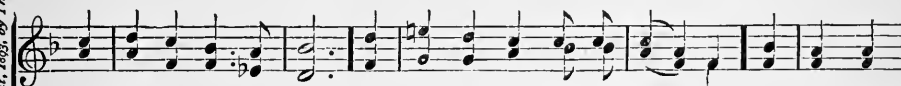
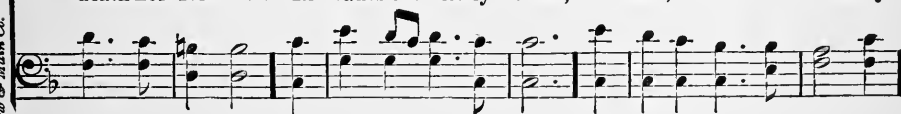
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



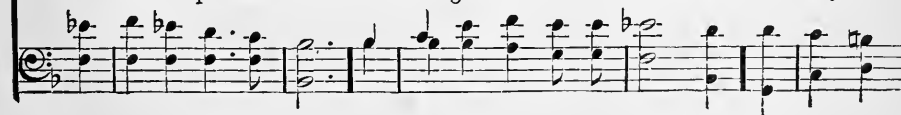
1 The Home-land! O the Home-land! The land of the free - born! There's no night
 2 My Lord is in the Home-land, With an - gels bright and fair; There's no sin
 3 My loved ones in the Home-land Are wait-ing me to come, Where nei-ther



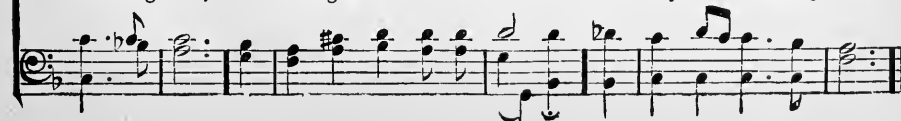
in the Home-land, But aye the fadeless morn; I'm sighing for the Home-land.
 in the Home-land, And no temp-ta-tion there; The mu-sic of the Home-land,
 death nor sor - row In - vades their ho-ly home; O dear, dear na-tive Coun-try!



My heart is ach-ing here; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm
 Is ring-ing in my ears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are
 O rest and peace a - bove! Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re -



draw-ing near; There is no pain in the Home-land To which I'm drawing near.
 filled with tears; And when I think of the Home-land My eyes are filled with tears.
 deem-ing love; Christ bring us all to the Home-land Of Thy re - deem-ing love!

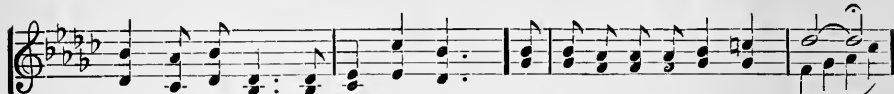


JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

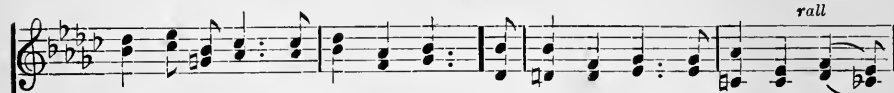
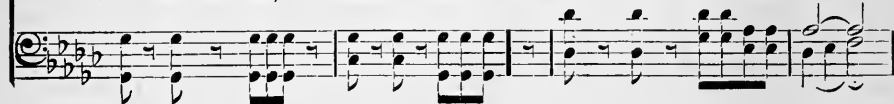
D. B. TOWNER.



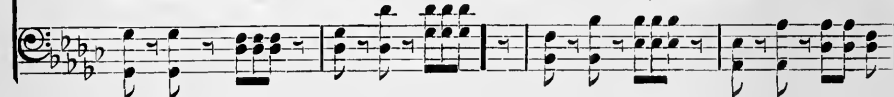
1. O gold-en day, when light shall break And dawn's bright glories shall un - fold,
2. Life's upward way, a nar - row path, Leads on to that fair dwelling - place,
3. I dim - ly see my journey's end, But well I know who guid - eth me.



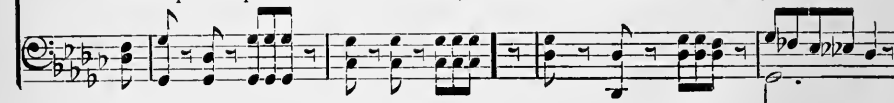
When He who knows the path I take, Shall ope for me the gates of gold.
Where, safe from sin, and storm and wrath, They live who trust ree - deem - ing grace.
I fol - low Him, that wondrous Friend Whose matchless love is full and free.



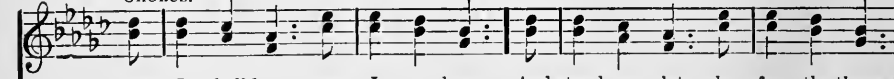
Earth's lit - tle while will soon be past, My pil - grim song will soon be o'er,
Sing, sing, my heart a - long the way, The grace that saves will keep and guide,
And when with Him I en - ter in, And all the way look back to trace,



The grace that saves, shall time out - last, And be my theme on yon - der shore.
Till breaks the glo - rious crown - ing day, And I shall cross to yon - der side.
The conqueror's palm I then shall win, Thro' Christ, and His redeeming grace.



CHORUS.



Then I shall know, as I am known, And stand com - plete be - fore the throne;



Saving Grace.—Concluded.

Then I shall see my Sav-iour's face, And all my song be sav - ing grace.

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Come to Him Now.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. How gen - tle and sweet, is the Sav - iour's voice! It bids ev - ery trem - bling
 2. Your sins may be heav - y, your faith be weak, But Je - sus has come your
 3. The night may be dark, and the way be drear, But Je - sus is waiting your

heart-re-joyce; O come to Him now, make Him your choice, He pa-tient-ly waits for thee.
 soul to seek; O come to Him now, and He will speak The sins of your life for-given.
 heart to cheer; Then come to Him now, while He is near; And trust in His might-y power.

REFRAIN.

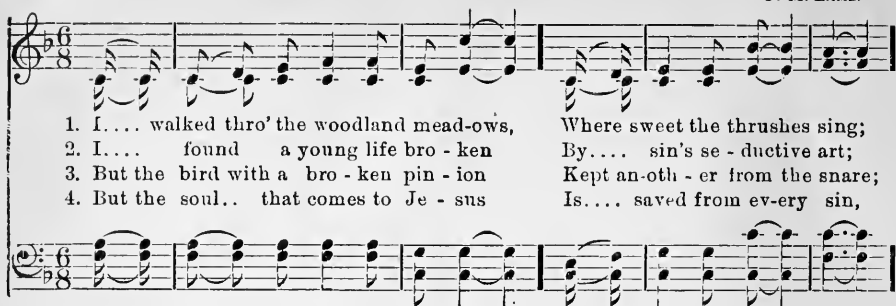
Come to Him now, yes, come to Him now; Rest in His love, at His feet low - ly bow.

Come to Him now, come to Him now; O wan-d'rer come home to Him now.

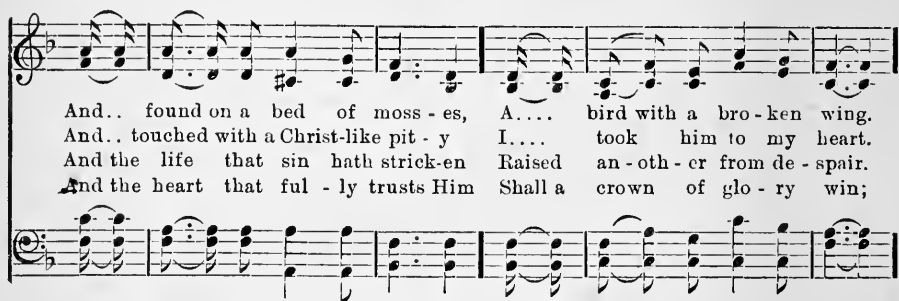
The Bird with a Broken Wing.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

F. M. LAMB.



1. I... walked thro' the woodland mead-ows, Where sweet the thrushes sing;
 2. I... found a young life bro - ken By... sin's se - ductive art;
 3. But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Kept an-oth - er from the snare;
 4. But the soul.. that comes to Je - sus Is... saved from ev-ery sin,



And.. found on a bed of moss - es, A... bird with a bro - ken wing.
 And.. touched with a Christ-like pit - y I... took him to my heart.
 And the life that sin hath strick-en Raised an - oth - er from de - spair.
 And the heart that ful - ly trusts Him Shall a crown of glo - ry win;



I heal - ed its wound, and each morning It... sang its old sweet strain;
 He lived with a no - ble pur - pose, And strug - gled not in vain;
 Each loss has its com - pen - sa - tion, There is healing for ev - ery pain;
 Then come to the dear Re - deem - er, He'll cleanse you from ev-ery stain;



But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
 But the life that sin hath strick-en Nev - er soared as high a - gain.
 But the bird with a bro - ken pin - ion Nev - er soars as high a - gain.
 By His won - der - ful love and mer - cy You shall sure - ly rise a - gain.

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Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

1. Much of my life, Lord, seems to me A striving to be good and not re -
 2. "Light from a - bove first dawned on thee When see - ing My com - plet - ed work on
 3. "Have I not pow'r thy soul to keep? The Shepherd true is ev - er near to

al - i - ty; .. My heart is burdened, Lord, re - veal, I pray, If
 Cal - va - ry; ... No oth - er light can now thy path - way guide, From
 guard His sheep; For I, ... the Christ, am truth and life and way, A -

REFRAIN.

there is not for me some bet - ter way.
 hour to hour, My child, in Me a - bide!" } "I am the vine, ye are the
 bide in Me for grace from day to day."

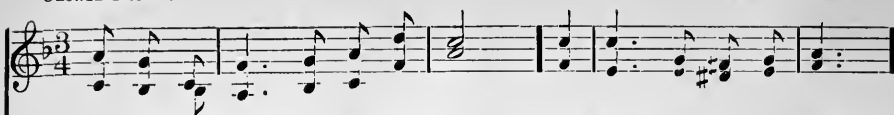
branch - es; ... He that a - bid - eth in Me and I in him The
 branch - es, branches;

same bring - eth forth much fruit, For with - out Me ye can do noth - ing."

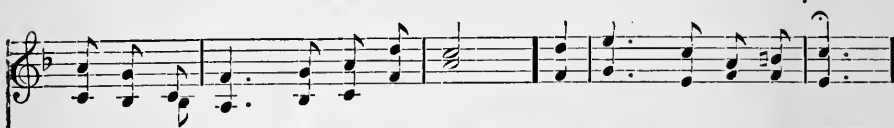
A Little While.

GEORGE PAULIN.

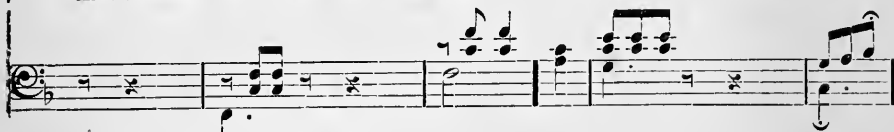
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



- | | |
|--|------------------------------------|
| 1. A lit - tle while, and we shall be | Where sin shall nev - er dwell; |
| 2. A lit - tle while, and we shall stand | A - mid the blood-wash'd throng; |
| 3. A lit - tle while, and we shall meet | The loved ones gone be - fore; |
| 4. A lit - tle while, and we shall hear | The Sav - iour's whisper, "Come, " |

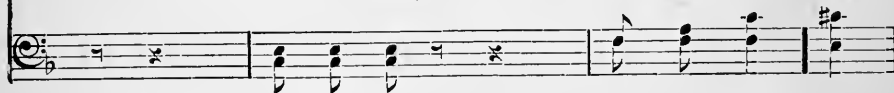


A lit - tle while, and we shall live	Where songs of tri - umph swell.
A lit - tle while, and we shall sing	The ev - er - last - ing song.
And we shall clasp their hands a - gain	On yon - der ra - diant shore.
And we shall 'ev - er dwell with Him	In our e - ter - nal home.

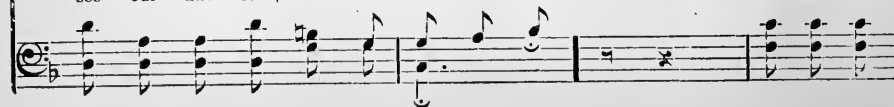


CHORUS.

A lit - tle while, and we shall see	Our
lit - tle while, we shall see,	Shall



Sav - - iour, face to face,	And we shall sing
see our Sav - iour, face to face, to face,	we shall sing



A Little While.—Concluded.

through end - less years, The won - ders of His grace.
end - less years, The won - ders of His... grace, His grace.

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Angel Voices, Ever Singing.

REV. FRANCIS POTT.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

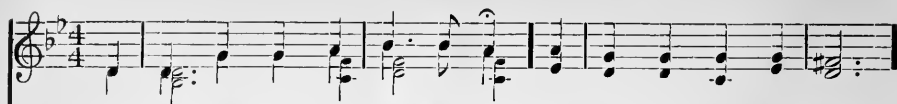
1. An - gel voi - ces, ev - er sing - ing Round Thy throne of light,
2. Thou who art be - yond the far - thest Mor - tal eye can scan,
3. Yea, we know Thy love re - joic - es O'er each work of Thine;
4. Here, great God, to - day we of - fer Of Thine own to Thee;

An - gel harps, for - ev - er ring - ing, Rest not day nor night;
Can it be that Thou re - gard - est Songs of sin - ful man?
Thou didst ears and hands and voi - ces For Thy praise com - bine;
And for Thine ac - cept - ance prof - fer, All un - wor - thi - ly,

Thou - sands on - ly live to bless Thee, And con - fess Thee Lord of might.
Can we feel that Thou art near us, And wilt hear us? Yea, we can.
Craftsman's art and mu - sic's meas - ure For Thy pleas - ure Didst de - sign.
Hearts and minds, and hands and voi - ces, In our choic - est Mel - o - dy.

HORATIUS BONAR.

J. B. DYKES.



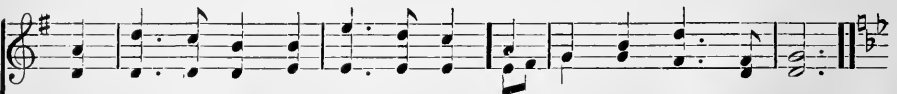
1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Come un - to me and rest;
2. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"Be - hold, I free - ly give
3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,—"I am this dark world's light;



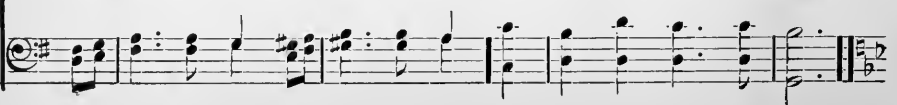
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
 Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"



I came to Je - sus as I was, x Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 I came to Je - sus, and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

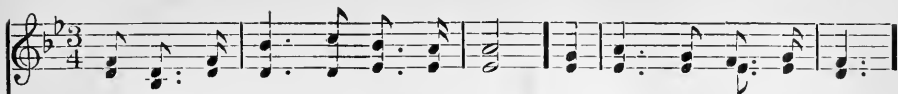


I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He hath made me glad.
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till all my your - ney's done.

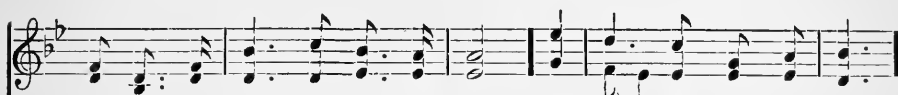
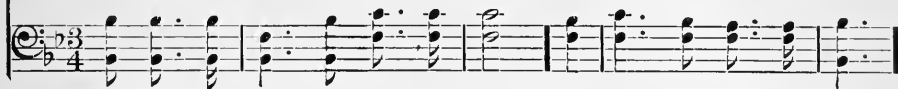


FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY.



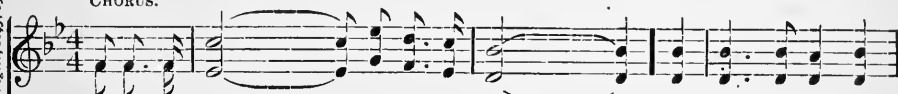
1. I am re - deemed, O praise the Lord; My soul, from bond-age free,
2. I looked, and lo! from Calvary's Cross A heal - ing fountain streamed;
3. The debt is paid, my soul is free, And by His might - y pow'r,
4. All glo - ry be to Je - sus' name, I know that He is mine,
5. And when I reach that world more bright Than mor - tal ev - er dreamed,



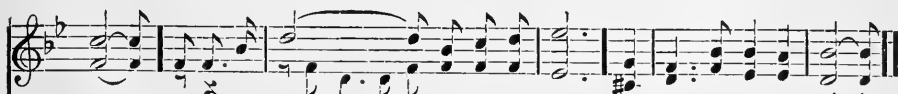
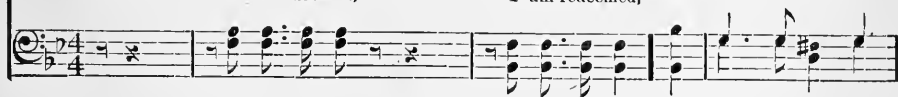
Has found at last a rest - ing place In Him who died for me.
 It cleansed my heart, and now I sing, Praise God, I am re - deemed.
 The blood that washed my sins a - way Still cleans-eth ev - ery hour.
 For on my heart the Spir-it seals His pledge of love di - vine.
 I'll cast my crown at Je - sus' feet, And cry, "Redeemed, redeemed."



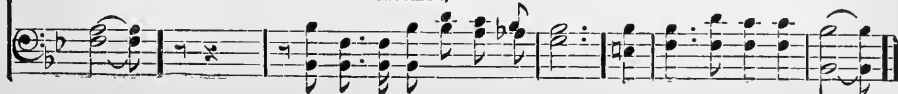
CHORUS.



I am re - deemed,..... I am re - deemed,..... I'll sing it o'er and
 I am redeemed, I am redeemed,



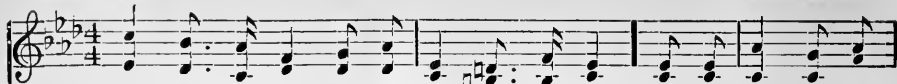
o'er; I am re - deemed,..... O praise the Lord; Redeemed for ev-er - more.
 I am redeemed,



Trust in the Lord.

IDA L. REED.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Bless - ed is he that is trust - ing the Lord, For the help that he
 2. Bless - ed is he that is trust - ing the Lord, Who doth fol - low the
 3. Bless - ed is he whom the Fa - ther will aid, And the Sav - iour will
 4. Bless - ed is he who will keep in the way That will up - ward and



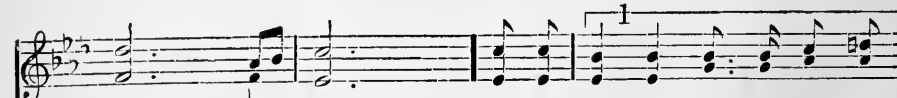
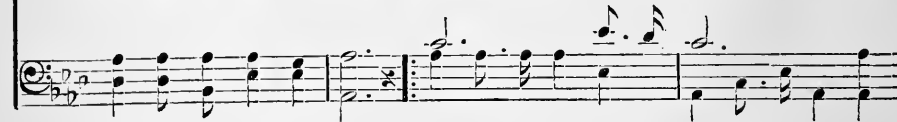
dai - ly needs; He shall in - her - it the prom - ised re - ward; If he
 heav'nly way— Keep - ing with pa - tience and hope in the path, All his
 e'er be - friend; He shall not fear, and shall not be dis - mayed, For the
 on - ward lead; Walk - ing by faith in His love ev - ery day, Who sup -



♩: REFRAIN.



fol - low where Je - sus leads.	} Trust	in the Lord	with
steps shall He guard each day.			
Lord will his soul de - fend.			
pli - eth his dai - ly need.	} Trust in the Lord, O.....	trust in the Lord	



all thine heart, And in all thy ways ac - knowl - edge
 all thine heart, with all thine heart, ac -



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Trust in the Lord.—Concluded.

D.S.

Him, And He shall di-rect thy paths,
knowl-edge Him, di-rect thy paths,

All thy ways ac-knowl-edge Him, And He shall di-rect thy paths.
ac-knowl-edge Him,

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God of Eternity.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. God of e-ter-ni-ty, Sav-iour and King, Help us to
2. God of e-ter-ni-ty, An-cient of Days, Glo-rious in
3. God of e-ter-ni-ty, Love is Thy name, God of the

hon-or Thee, Help while we sing; Now may the clouds of night
maj-es-ty, An-thor of Praise; Hear Thon our ear-nest call,
earth and sea, Thee we pro-claim; Love, thro' Thine on-ly Son,

Break in-to splendor bright, Je-sus, our life and light, Our Lord and King!
While at Thy feet we fall, Je-sus, our all in all, Our Lord and King!
Thy work of grace hath done; O bless-ed Three in One, Our Lord and King!

126 The Story of Jesus can Never Grow Old.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

MAY WHITTLE MOODY.

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

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

REFRAIN.

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

nev - er grow old, Tho' a mill - ion times o - ver the sto - ry is fold; While sin lives un -

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

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LILLA M. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Are you shining for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shin-ing so clear and so bright,
 2. Are you shining for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shin-ing in deed and in word?
 3. Are you shining for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shin-ing for truth and for right,
 4. Oh! shine out for Je - sus, my broth-er, Shine where He needs you the most;
 5. Shine on - ly and al - ways for Je - sus, Then, when your toil-ing is o'er,

That the souls that are perishing round you May be guided to Him by your light?
 Is your life, by its pu - ri - ty, show - ing The likeness of Je - sus your Lord?
 Where bold un - be - lief and its min - ions Are pos - ing as an - gels of light?
 And shine where the darkness hangs deepest O'er the path of the straying and lost.
 In mansions of glo - ry e - ter - nal, You shall shine as the stars ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

Shin - ing for Je - sus, Are you shining to - day? Shin - ing for
 Shin-ing, shin - ing, Shin-ing, shin-ing,

Je - sus, Shin-ing all the way; Shin - ing for Je - sus In this
 Shin - ing, shin-ing,

world of care; Shin - ing for Je - sus, Shin-ing ev - ery - where.
 Shin-ing, shin-ing,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Break-ing thro' the clouds that gath - er O'er the Chris-tian's na - tal skies,
 2. Yet a lit - tle while we lin - ger, Ere we reach our jour-ney's end;
 3. O the bliss of life e - ter - nal! O the long un - bro - ken rest!

Dis - tant beams like floods of glo - ry, Fill the soul with glad sur-prise;
 Yet a lit - tle while of la - bor, Ere the eve-ning shades de - scend;
 In the gold - en fields of pleas-ure, In the re - gion of the blest;

And we al - most hear the ech - o Of the pure and ho - ly throng,
 Then we'll lay us down to slum - ber, But the night will soon be o'er;
 But, to see our dear Re - deem - er, And be - fore His throne to fall,

In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the sum - mer - land of song.
 In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, We shall wake, to weep no more.
 There to hear His gra - cious wel - come - Will be sweet - er far than all.

CHORUS.

On the banks be - yond the riv - er We shall meet, no more to sev - er;

The Bright Forever.—Concluded.

rit.

In the bright, the bright for - ev - er, In the sum-mer - land of song.

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The Land Beyond the Sea!

ANON.

G. WARING STEBBINS.

1. The Land be - yond the Sea!... How close it some-times seems,
 2. The Land be - yond the Sea!... Some-times a - cross the strait,
 3. The Land be - yond the Sea!... When will our toil be done?
 4. O Land be - yond the Sea!... Sweet is thine end - less rest,

When flush'd with evening's peaceful gleams; My heart looks o'er the strait, and dreams!
 Like draw-bridge to a cas - tle gate, The sun-beams lie and seem to wait
 Slow - foot - ed years! more swift-ly run In - to the gold of th'un-set - ting sun.
 But sweet-er far that Fa - ther's breast, Up - on thy shores for - e'er pos - selt;

It longs to fly to thee, Calm Land be - yond the Sea!
 For us to pass to thee, Calm Land be - yond the Sea!
 Home-sick we are for thee, Calm Land be - yond the Sea!
 For Je - sus reigns o'er thee, Calm Land be - yond the Sea!

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

Geo. C. STEBBINS.

1. We're sol - diers of the King, Re-deem'd and saved by blood, And now en -
 2. We're sol - diers of the King, His Name we glad - ly bear, The Name once
 3. We're sol - diers of the King, With Him we shall ap - pear, If we with

list - ed for the war, To fight for Christ the Lord, In per - il oft are we,
 nail'd a - bove the Cross, When Christ, our King was there; We'll count our loss - es gain,
 Him shall suf - fer now, And His re - jec - tion share. Then lift His ban - ner high,

But joy - ful - ly we sing, Our hearts made strong by Him who leads
 And wel - come ev - ery sting, To hon - or our Lord Je - sus' Name,
 For time is on the wing, The crown - ing day is hast - ning on,

CHORUS.

The sol - diers of the King, } We're sol - diers of the King, His prais - es
 As sol - diers of the King, }
 For sol - diers of the King, }

we will sing, And we will serve Him loy - al - ly, Our Great and Glorious King.
 will sing,

There'll Be No Dark Valley.

WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes, There'll be no dark
 2 There'll be no more sor-row when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 3 There'll be no more weep-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be no more
 4 There'll be songs of greet-ing when Je - sus comes, There'll be songs of

val-ley when Je - sus comes; There'll be no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes
 sor-row when Je - sus comes; But a glo-rious mor-row when Je - sus comes
 weeping when Je - sus comes; But a bless-ed reap-ing when Je - sus comes
 greeting when Je - sus comes; And a joy-ful meet-ing when Je - sus comes

REFRAIN.
 To gath-er His loved ones home. To gath-er His loved ones

home (safe home), To gath-er His loved ones home (safe home); There'll be

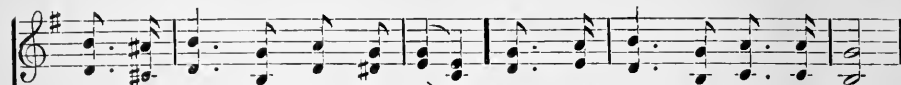
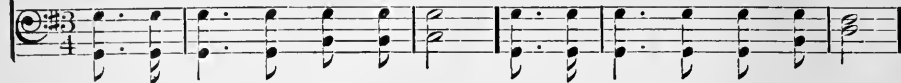
p no dark val-ley when Je - sus comes *m* To gath-er His loved ones home.

P. P. B.

PIETER P. BILHORN.



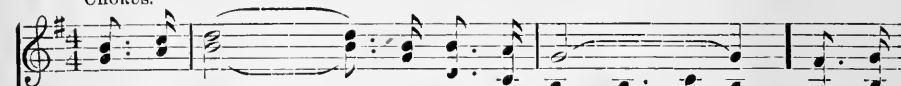
1. Bless-ed Je - sus, Thou art mine, All I have is whol - ly Thine;
 2. I am safe with - in the fold, All my cares on Thee are rolled,
 3. Pre-cious Je - sus, day by day, Keep me in the ho - ly way,



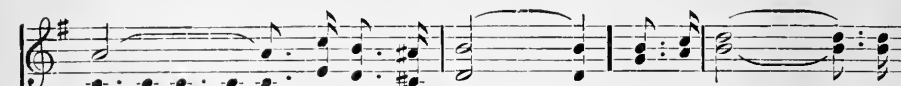
Thou dost dwell with - in my heart, Make me clean in ev - ery part.
 I en - joy the sweet-est rest, For I'm lean - ing on Thy breast.
 Keep my mind in per - fect peace, Ev - ery day my faith in-crease.



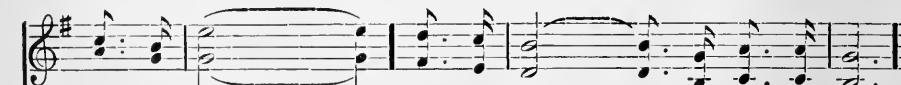
CHORUS.



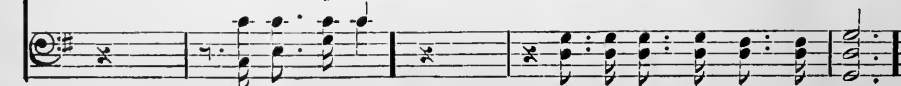
Bless - ed Je - - - sus, keep me white, Keep me
 Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me white.



walk - - - ing in the light, All I have is
 walk-ing, Keep me walk - ing in the light, All I have



whol - ly Thine, Bless - ed Je - - - sus, Thou art mine.
 is whol - ly Thine, Bless-ed Je - sus,



FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. O Thou Rock of my sal - va - tion, Hope and ref - uge of my soul,
 2. Thou who didst so kind - ly watch me, Ere my heart to Thee I gave,
 3. Thou who art my staff and com - fort While this fleet - ing life shall last,

Thou wilt hide me when the tem - pest, And the storm - y bil - lows roll.
 Thou whose love has paid my ran - som, Can I doubt Thy pow'r to save?
 I will trust Thee for the fu - ture, And a - dore Thee for the past.

CHORUS.

I will sing..... of Thy re - demp - tion,.... And pro -
 I will sing of Thy re - demp - tion,

claim..... the wondrous grace..... That be - yond..... the vale and
 And proclaim the wondrous grace That be - yond

shad - ow..... Has pre - pared..... for me a place.....
 the vale and shadow Has prepared for me a place.

Saved by Grace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
SOLO OR DUET.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Some day the sil - ver cord will break, And I no more as now shall sing;
2 Some day my earth - ly house will fall, I can - not tell how soon 'twill be,
3 Some day, when fades the gold - en sun Beneath the ro - sy - tint - ed west,
4 Some day; till then I'll watch and wait, My lamp all trimmed and burning bright,

But, O, the joy when I shall wake With-in the pal - ace of the King!
But this I know—my All in All Has now a place in heaven for me.
My bless - ed Lord shall say, "Well done!" And I shall en - ter in - to rest.
That when my Sav - iour ope's the gate, My soul to Him may take its flight.

CHORUS.

And I shall see Him face to face, And tell the
shall see to face,

sto - ry—Saved by grace; And I shall see Him face to
shall see

Saved by Grace.—Concluded.

face, to face, And tell the sto - ry— Saved by grace.

rit......

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"Not I, but Christ."

A. A. F.

J. H. BURKE.

1 "Not I, but Christ," be honored, loved, ex - alt - ed; "Not I, but
 2 "Not I, but Christ," to gen - tly soothe in sor - row; "Not I, but
 3 "Not I, but Christ," in low - ly, si - lent la - bor; "Not I, but
 4 Christ, on - ly Christ, ere long will fill my vis - ion; Glo - ry ex -

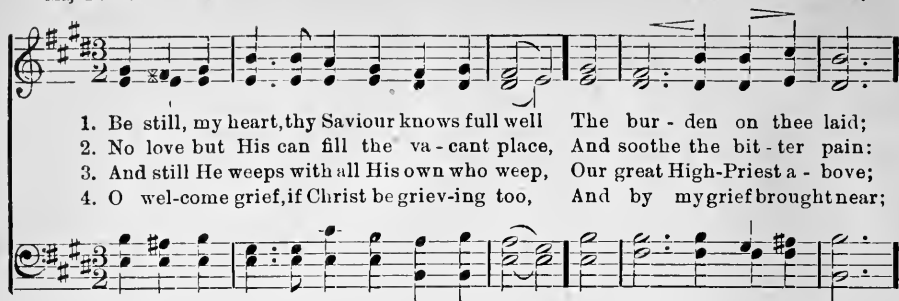
Christ," be seen, be known, be heard; "Not I, but Christ," in ev - ery look and
 Christ," to wipe the fall - ing tear: "Not I, but Christ," to lift the wea - ry
 Christ," in hum - ble ear - nest toil: Christ, on - ly Christ! no show, no os - ten -
 cel - ling soon, full soon I'll see— Christ, on - ly Christ, my ev - ery wish ful -

ac - tion, "Not I, but Christ," in ev - ery thought and word.
 bur - den; "Not I, but Christ," to hush a - way all fear.
 ta - tion; Christ, none but Christ, the gath - erer of the spoil.
 fill - ing— Christ, on - ly Christ, my All in All to be.

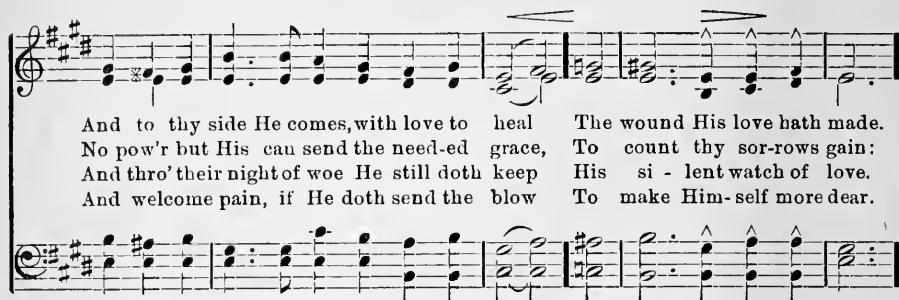
Be Still, my Heart.

Maj. D. W. WHITTLE.

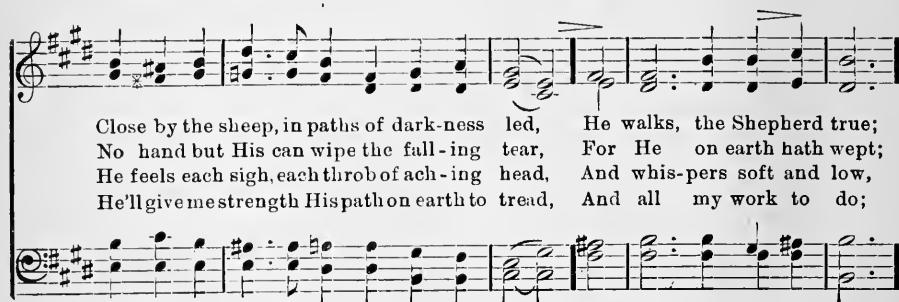
Miss MARY WHITTLE.



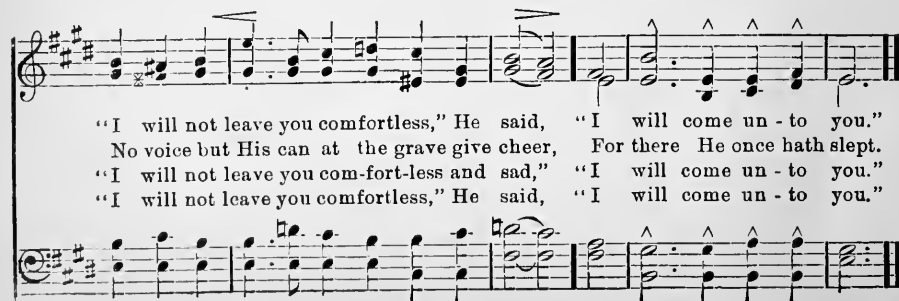
1. Be still, my heart, thy Saviour knows full well The bur - den on thee laid;
 2. No love but His can fill the va - cant place, And soothe the bit - ter pain:
 3. And still He weeps with all His own who weep, Our great High-Priest a - bove;
 4. O wel - come grief, if Christ be griev - ing too, And by my grief brought near;



And to thy side He comes, with love to heal The wound His love hath made.
 No pow'r but His can send the need - ed grace, To count thy sor - rows gain:
 And thro' their night of woe He still doth keep His si - lent watch of love.
 And welcome pain, if He doth send the blow To make Him - self more dear.



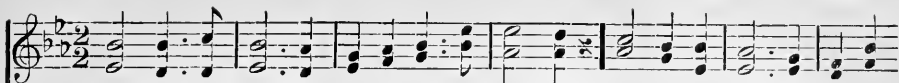
Close by the sheep, in paths of dark - ness led, He walks, the Shepherd true;
 No hand but His can wipe the fall - ing tear, For He on earth hath wept;
 He feels each sigh, each throb of ach - ing head, And whis - pers soft and low,
 He'll give me strength His path on earth to tread, And all my work to do;



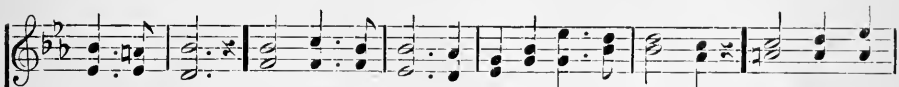
"I will not leave you comfortless," He said, "I will come un - to you."
 No voice but His can at the grave give cheer, For there He once hath slept.
 "I will not leave you com - fort - less and sad," "I will come un - to you."
 "I will not leave you comfortless," He said, "I will come un - to you."

F. W. FABER.

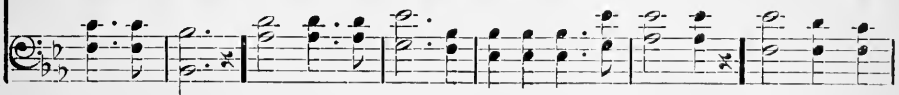
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Hark! hark, my soul! An - gel - ic songs are swell - ing O'er earth's green fields, and ocean's
 2. On - ward we go, for still we hear them sing - ing, "Come, wea - ry souls, for Je - sus
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at eve - ning peal - ing, The voice of Je - sus sounds o'er
 4. An - gels! sing on, your faith - ful watch - es keep - ing, Sing us sweet frag - ments of the



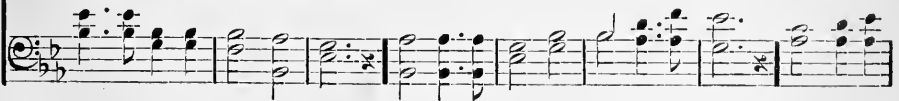
wave-beat shore: How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new
 bids you come." And thro' the dark, its ech-oessweet-ly ring - ing, The mu - sic
 land and sea, And la - den souls, by thousands meekly steal - ing, Kind Shep - herd,
 songs a - bove; Till morn - ing's joy shall end the night of weep - ing, And life's long



REFRAIN.



life when sin shall be no more.)
 of the Gos - pel leads us home. } An - gels of Je - sus, An - gels of light, Sing - ing to
 turn their wea - ry steps to Thee. }
 shad - ows break in cloud - less love.)



wel - come the pil - grims of the night! Sing - ing to wel - come the pil - grims of the night!



Forward, ye Soldiers of Jesus!

L. F. J.

REV. LYMAN F. JACKSON.

1. We are sol-diers brave-ly bat-tling for the right; Christ, our might-y Cap-tain,
 2. See our val-liant host now ral-ly 'round the cross, Cleans'd from sin and pu-ri-
 3. When by grace the fight of faith is grand-ly won, And the shades of night pro-

leads us in the fight; We will win the day and put the foe to flight, For our
 fled from earth-ly dross, Lift-ing high our ban-ner, ne'er to suf-fer loss; He who
 claim that day is done, To that cit-y where they ne'er will need the sun, Christ will

Lead-er will fail us . . . nev-er. Je-sus leads us on a-against the hosts of sin;
 died on the cross now be-holds us. For the love of Him who did our souls re-deem,
 lead us in tri-umph su-per-nal. Then with shouts of joy we'll sing the vic-tor's song,

'Tis the fight of faith and by His grace we'll win; With a song of praise His
 For the love of souls a-drift on sin's broad stream, We will shout-ing go, and
 While the heav-nly arch-es shall the strain pro-long, While the an-gels gaze up-

courts we'll en-ter in; There to dwell in His pres-ence for ev-er.
 this shall be our theme—We must con-quer the wide world for Je-sus.
 on the count-less throng, We will crown Him the King E-ter-nal.

Forward, ye Soldiers of Jesus!—Concluded.

CHORUS.

For - ward, ye sol - diers of Je - sus! Your Cap - tain's or - ders o -

bey, nev - er fear! For - ward, ye sol - diers, go for - ward! The whole wide

world must the gos - pel hear. Dark tho' the tem - pest ' may low - er,

It shall not harm those who trust in the Lord; Faith - ful - ly

fol - low your Lead - er, And you shall have His a - bun - dant re - ward....

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. O Love di-vine, a - maz-ing Love! That brought to earth, from Heav'n-a-bove,
 2. For us the crown of thorns He bore; For us the robe of scorn He wore;
 3. O wan-d'r'er, come, on Him be-lieve, His of-fer'd grace by faith re-ceive;

The Son of God, for us to die, That we might dwell with Him on high.
 He con-quer'd death, and rent the grave, And lives a - gain our souls to save.
 A - wake, a - rise, and hear Him call, The feast is spread, there's room for all.

CHORUS.

He died for you,..... He died for me,..... And shed His
 He died for you, He died for me,

blood..... to make us free;..... Up - on the
 And shed His blood to make us free;

cross..... of Cal - va - ry,..... The Saviour died for you and me.
 Up - on the cross of Cal - va - ry,

RAY PALMER, D.D.

GEO. C. STRBBINS.

1. { In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest),
 All in vain the storm shall sweep while I hide (while I hide),
 2. { On the parch'd and des - ert way where I tread (where I tread),
 Let me find a wel - come shade, cool and still (cool and still),
 3. { I in peace will rest me there till I see (till I see),
 That the burn - ing heat is past, and the day (and the day),

When I feel the tem - pest's shock thrill my breast (thrill my breast),
 And my tran - quil vig - il keep by Thy side (by Thy side),
 With the scorch - ing noon - tide ray o'er my head (o'er my head),
 And my wea - ry steps be stayed by Thy will (by Thy will),
 That the skies a - gain are fair o - ver me (o - ver me),
 Bids the trav - el - er at last go his way (go his way).

REFRAIN.

Let me rest (let me rest), let me rest (let me rest), In the

shadow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest); Let me rest (let me rest), let me

rest (let me rest), In the shad - ow of the Rock let me rest (let me rest).

Lend a Helping Hand.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Lend a help-ing hand, my broth-er, To the wea-ry by the way,
 2. Lend a help-ing hand, my broth-er, Some one needs your help each day,
 3. In the march of life, my broth-er Ma-ny fal-ter by the way,

Bow'd be-neath life's heav-y bur-dens 'Mid the toil and heat of day;
 Al-ways some one need-ing com-fort You will find a-long the way.
 Oft-en heart and cour-age fails them In the mo-ment of the fray.

Pass no com-rade by in si-lence, Cheerful words and smiles be-stow.
 Al-ways hearts that hun-ger aft-er Words of love, and hope, and cheer-
 Speak the word of cheer that's need-ed, Bid them ask God's help, and then,

Let them be as sun-shine scat-tered All a-long their path be-low.
 Al-ways fac-es we may bright-en With the smile that dries the tear.
 With a hand that's strong but gen-tle, Lift them to their feet a-gain.

CHORUS.

Lend a help-ing hand, my broth-er, This shall have its own re-ward,

Lend a Helping Hand.—Concluded.

And the good you do an - oth - er Is re - mem - bered by the Lord.

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Holy Spirit.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

VICTOR H. BENKE.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, while we gath - er At this con - se - rat - ed hour,
 2. Bless - ed Spir - it, through Thy teaching, While we read our Sav - iour's word,
 3. O 'tis pray'r that brings the bless - ing When all oth - er joys have flown,

We would ask Thy pres - ence with us, We would feel Thy quick'ning pow'r.
 And with Him we hold com - mun - ion, May His lov - ing voice be heard.
 Pray'r that makes our bur - dens light - er, Draws us near our Fa - ther's throne.

CHORUS.

Ho - ly Spir - it, while we gath - er, From our toil and la - bor free,

Rest up - on us, dwell with - in us, Close our hearts to all but Thee.



1. God..... is love;..... His mer - - cy bright - ens
 2. Chance..... and change..... are bus - - y ev - er;
 3. E'en..... the hour..... that dark - - est seem - eth



All..... the path..... in which..... we rove;.....
 Man..... de - cays..... and a - - ges move;.....
 Will..... His change - - less good - - ness prove;.....

All the path; yes, all the path in which we rove, in which we rove;
 Man de - cays; yes, man de - cays, and a - ges move, and a - ges move;
 Will His changeless, will His change-less good-ness prove, His good-ness prove,



Bliss ... He wakes..... and woe..... He light - ens;
 But..... His mer - - cy wan - - eth nev - er;
 From..... the gloom..... His bright - - ness stream - eth,

Bliss He wakes; yes, bliss He wakes, and woe He light - ens, woe He light - ens;
 But His mer - cy, but His mer - cy wan - eth nev - er, wan - eth nev - er;
 From the gloom; yes, from the gloom His brightness streameth, brightness streameth;

God is Love.—Concluded.

God..... is light,..... and God..... is love.
 God..... is light,..... and God..... is love.
 God..... is light,..... and God..... is love.

God is light; yes, God is light, and God is love, and God is love.
 God is light; yes, God is light, and God is love, and God is love.
 God is light; yes, God is light, and God is love, and God is love.

CHORUS.

God..... is light..... and God..... is love.....

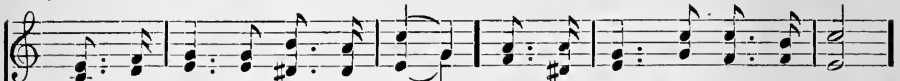
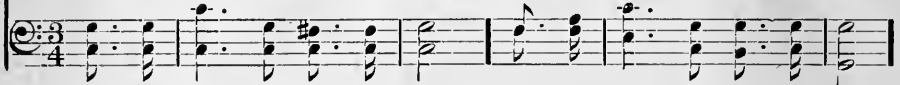
God is light; yes, God is light, and God is love, and God is love; yes,

God..... is light,..... and God..... is love.

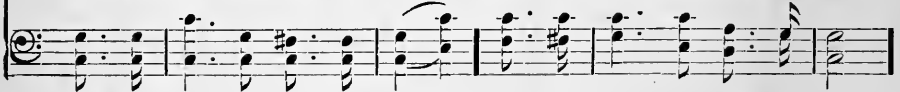
God is light; yes, God is light, and God is love, and God is love.



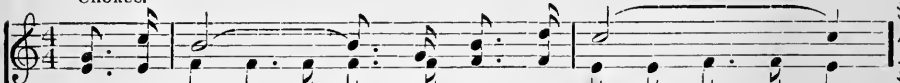
1. Christians, wake, no lon - ger sleep: Shall we rest while oth - ers weep?
 2. Do we love the Sav - iour's name? Can our faith His prom - ise claim?
 3. Do we trust Him as we ought? Do we live as He has taught?
 4. There's a cross that we must bear If the crown we hope to wear:



Shall we sit with fold - ed hands, When the Lord Him - self com - mands?
 Have we pledged to Him our all? Shall we not o - bey His call?
 Are we His, and His a - lone? Let our faith by works be shown.
 On - ward then, with vig - or new; Time is short, the days are few.



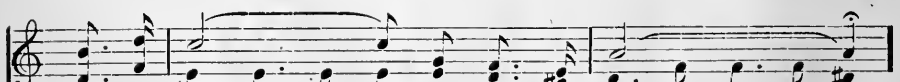
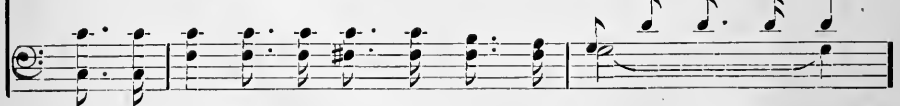
CHORUS.



Go and work!..... this hour be - gin;.....
 Go and work! this hour be - gin;



Go and seek..... the lost to win;.....
 Go and seek the lost to win;



From the dark..... a - bodes of sin,.....
 From the dark a - bodes of sin,



Bring Them In.—Concluded.

To the feast, O bring them in! O bring them in!

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The Shepherd's Cry.

W. A. OGDEN,

GEO. C. HUGG.

DUET.

1. Like sheep in the des-ert we're straying O'er mountains wild and bare,
2. In tones that are gen-tle and plead-ing, We hear Him kind-ly say,
3. Oh, heed the sweet voice of the Shep-herd, "Re-turn ye to the fold,

A - way from the fold of the Shep-herd, And from His ten - der care.
 "Come hith-er, my sheep, that have wan-dered From me so far a - way."
 Come dwell with my flock safe-ly guard - ed From dan-ger, storm, and cold."

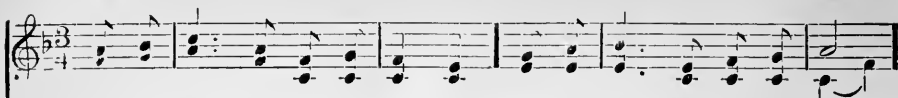
CHORUS.—With Spirit.

Re - turn, re - turn, re - turn! O hear the Shep-herd's cry;

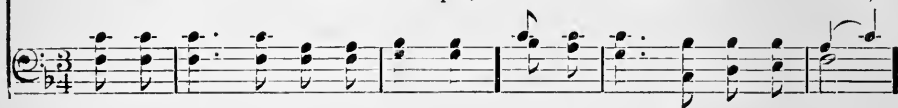
Re - turn, re - turn, re - turn! For why will ye die?

F. W. FABER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;
 2. There is wel - come for the sin - ner, And more grac - es for the good;
 3. There is plen - ti - ful Re - demp - tion In the blood that has been shed;
 4. For the love of God is broad - er Than the meas - ure of man's mind;
 5. If our love were but more sim - ple, We should take Him at His word;



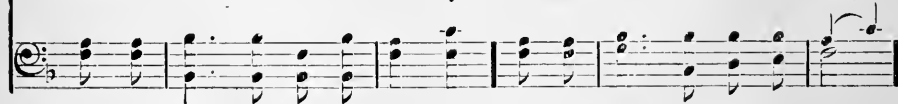
There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Sav - iour; There is heal - ing in His blood.
 There is joy for all the mem - bers In the sor - rows of the Head.
 And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won - der - ful - ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sun - shine In the sweet - ness of our Lord.



REFRAIN.



There's a wide - ness in God's mer - cy, Like the wide - ness of the sea;



There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.



Onward, Christian Soldiers

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

1 On - ward, Christian sol - diers! March - ing as to war, With the cross of
 2 Like a might - y ar - my Moves the church of God: Brothers, we are
 3 Crowns and thrones may per - ish, King - doms rise and wane, But the Church of
 4 On - ward then, ye faith - ful, Join our hap - py throng, Blend with ours your

Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore. Christ, the Roy - al Mas - ter,
 tread - ing Where the saints have trod; We are not di - vid - ed,
 Je - sus Con - stant will re - main: Gates of hell can nev - er
 voic - es In the tri - umph - song: Glo - ry, praise, and hon - or,

Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban - ners go.
 All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
 'Gainst that Church prevail: We have Christ's own promise, And that can - not fail.
 Un - to Christ the King: This, through countless a - ges, Men and an - gels sing.

CHORUS.

On - ward, Chris - tian sol - diers! March - ing as to war,

With the cross of Je - sus, Go - ing on be - fore.

Rev. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY.

PETER BILHORN.

1 I will sing the won-drous sto - ry Of the Christ who died for me,
 2 I was lost, but Je - sus found me, Found the sheep that went a - stray;
 3 I was bruised, but Je - sus healed me, Faint was I from many a fall,
 4 Days of dark-ness still come o'er me, Sor - row's paths I oft - en tread,
 5 He will keep me till the riv - er Rolls its wa - ters at my feet;

How He left His home in glo - ry, For the cross on Cal - va - ry.
 Threw His lov - ing arms a - round me, Drew me back in - to His way.
 Sight was gone, and fears pos - sessed me, But He freed me from them all.
 But the Sav - iour still is with me, By His hand I'm safe - ly led.
 Then He'll bear me safe - ly o - ver, Where the loved ones I shall meet.

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CHORUS.

Yes, I'll sing..... the won-drous sto - - - ry Of the
 Yes, I'll sing the won-drous sto - ry

Christ..... who died for me,..... Sing it with..... the saints in
 Of the Christ who died for me, Sing it with

It will Sing the Wondrous Story.—Concluded.

glo - - ry, Gathered by..... the crys-tal sea.
 the saints in glo - ry, gath-ered by the crys-tal sea.

149

It Lay My Sins on Jesus.

HORATIUS BONAR.

EDWARD S. FRARY.

1. I lay my sins on Je - sus, The spot - less Lamb of God;
 2. I lay my wants on Je - sus, All full - ness dwells in Him;
 3. I long to be like Je - sus, Meek, lov - ing, low - ly, mild;

He bears it all, and frees us From the ac - curs - ed load.
 He heal - eth my dis - eas - es, He doth my soul re - deem:
 I long to be like Je - sus, The Fa - ther's ho - ly Child;

I bring my guilt to Je - sus, To wash a - way my stains;
 I lay my griefs on Je - sus, My bur - dens and my cares;
 I long to be like Je - sus, A - mid the heav - 'nly throng.

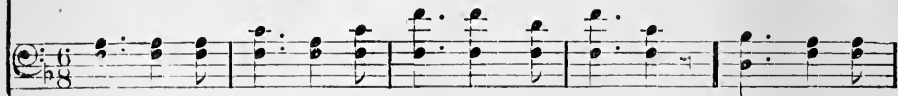
White in His blood most pre - cious, Till not a stain re - mains.
 He from them all re - leas - es, He all my sor - rows shares.
 To sing with saints His prais - es, And learn the an - gels' song.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

GEORGE C. STUBBINS.



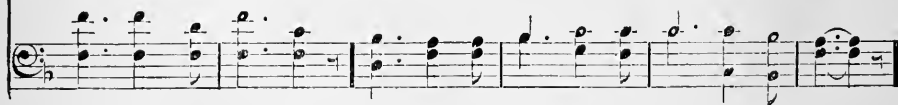
1 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our
 2 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, full - est al - le - giance Yield - ing hence -
 3 True-heart-ed, whole-heart-ed, Sav - iour all - glo - rious! Take Thy great



lives, by Thy grace we will be; Un - der the stand - ard ex -
 forth to our glo - ri - ous King; Val - iant en - deav - or and
 pow - er and reign there a - lone, O - ver our wills and af -



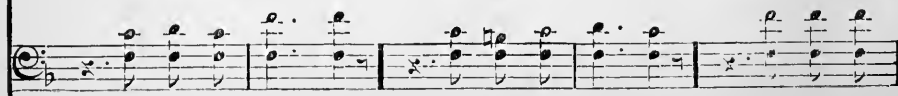
alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in Thy strength we will bat - tle for Thee.
 lov - ing o - be - dience, Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
 fec - tious vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - rendered and whol - ly Thine own.



CHORUS.



Peal out the watch - word! si - lence it nev - er! Song of our
 Peal si - lence Song



spir - its re - joic - - ing and free; Peal out the watch-word!
 re - joic - ing and free; Peal

loy - al for - ev - er, King of our lives, by Thy grace we will be.
 loy - al King

151

At the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. ALLAN SANKEY.

1. At the cross I was kneeling, When the Lord Him-self re - veal - ing;
 2. In the cross I will glo - ry, And to all pro-claim the sto - ry;
 3. To the cross I am cling - ing, And my faith and hope are sing - ing;
 4. I was lost but He found me, With His love di - vine He bound me;

Gave me peace in be - liev - ing, When I sought His mer - cy there.
 How I found my Re - deem - er, And He heard my hum - ble pray'r.
 Songs of Praise to my Sav - iour, For His kind and gen - tle care.
 O, my full heart a - dore Him, For He heard my hum - ble pray'r.

V. CHARLESWORTH.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 The Lord's our Rock, in Him we hide, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
 2 A shade by day, de-fence by night, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
 3 The rag - ing storms may round us beat, A shel-ter in the time of storm;
 4 O Rock di - vine, O Ref - uge dear, A shel-ter in the time of storm;

Se - cure what - ev - er ill be - tide, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 No fears a - larm, no foes af - fright, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 We'll nev - er leave our safe re - treat, A shel-ter in the time of storm.
 Be Thou our help - er ev - er near, A shel-ter in the time of storm.

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CHORUS.

Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A wea - ry land, a wea - ry land;

Oh, Je - sus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, — A shel - ter in the time of storm.

Jesus, I Come.

WILLIAM T. SLEEPER.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Out of my bond-age, sor-row and night, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
 2 Out of my shame-ful fail-ure and loss, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
 3 Out of un - rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;
 4 Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je - sus, I come, Je - sus, I come;

In - to Thy free - dom glad-ness and light, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the glo - rious gain of Thy cross, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to Thy bless - ed will to a - bide, Je - sus, I come to Thee;
 In - to the joy and light of my home Je - sus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sick-ness in - to Thy health, Out of my want and in - to Thy wealth,
 Out of earth's sor-rows in-to Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in - to Thy calm,
 Out of my - self to dwell in Thy love, Out of des-pair in-to raptures a - bove,
 Out of the depths of ru - in un - told, In - to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,

Out of my sin and in - to Thy-self, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Out of dis-tress to ju - bi-lant psalm, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Up - ward for aye on wings like a - dove, Je - sus, I come to Thee.
 Ev - er Thy glo - rious face to be - hold, Je - sus, I come to Thee.

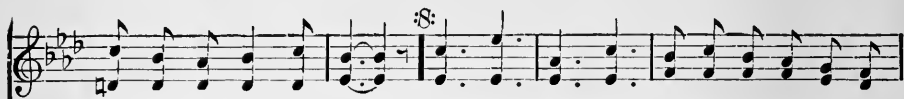
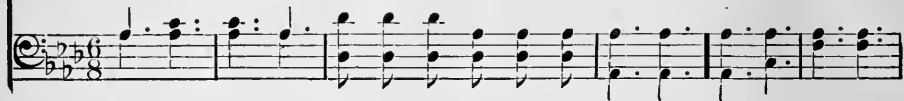
Praise Him! Praise Him!

FANNY I. CROSBY.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.



1 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Sing, O earth—His
 2 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! For our sins He
 3 Praise Him! praise Him! Je - sus, our bless-ed Re-deem - er! Heavenly por-tals



won - der - ful love pro - claim! Hail Him! hail Him! high-est arch-an-gels in
 suf - fered, and bled, and digd; He our Rock, our hope of e - ter - nal sal -
 loud with ho - san - nas ring! Je - sus, Sav - iour, reigneth for - ev - er and



D. S.—Praise Him! praise Him! tell of His ex-cel-lent



glo - ry; Strength and hon-or give to His ho - ly name! Like a shep-herd,
 va - tion, Hail Him! hail Him! Je - sus, the Cru - ci - fied. Sound His prais - es!
 ev - er: Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com - ing!



greatness, Praise Him! praise Him! ev - er in joy - ful song!



Je - sus will guard His children, In His arms He car-ries them all day long;
 Je - sus who bore our sor - rows, Love un - bound - ed, won - der - ful, deep and strong;
 o - ver the world vic - to - rious, Power and glo - ry un - to the Lord be - long;



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FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1 Bless-ed as - sur - ance, — Je - sus is mine! Oh, what a fore - taste of
 2 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, per - fect de - light, Vis - ions of rapt - ure now
 3 Per - fect sub - mis - sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav - iour am

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, pur - chase of God,
 burst on my sight; An - gels, de - scend - ing, bring from a - bove
 hap - py and blest; Watching and wait - ing, look - ing a - bove,

Chorus.

Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis - pers of love. } This is my sto - ry,
 Filled with His good - ness, lost in His love.

this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long; This is my

sto - ry, this is my song, Praising my Sav - iour all the day long.

Faith is the Victory.

JOHN H. YATES.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 En-camped a - long the hills of light, Ye Chris-tian sol - diers, rise,
 2 His ban - ner o - ver us is love, Our sword the Word of God;
 3 On ev - 'ry hand the foe we find Drawn up in dread ar - ray;
 4 To him that o - ver - comes the foe, White rai - ment shall be given;

And press the bat - tle ere the night Shall veil the glow - ing skies;
 We tread the road the saints a - bove With shouts of tri - umph trod;
 Let tents of ease be left be - hind, And - on - ward to the fray;
 Be - fore the an - gels he shall know His name con - fessed in heaven;

A - gainst the foe in vales be - low Let all our strength be hurled;
 By faith, they like a whirlwind's breath, Swept on o'er ev - 'ry field;
 Sal - va - tion's hel - met on each head, With truth all girt a - bout,
 Then on - ward from the hills of light, Our hearts with love a - flame;

Faith is the vic - to - ry, we know, That o - ver - comes the world.
 The faith by which they conquer'd Death Is still our shin - ing shield.
 The earth shall trem - ble 'neath our tread, And eech - o with our shout.
 We'll van - quish all the hosts of night, In Je - sus' conquering name.

faith is the Victory.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!
Faith is the vic - to - ry! Faith is the vic - to - ry!

Oh, glo - ri - ous vic - to - ry, That o - ver - comes the world.

Take Time to be Holy.

W. D. LONGSTAFF,

GEO. C. STEBBINS,

1 Take time to be ho - ly, Speak oft with thy Lord;
 2 Take time to be ho - ly, The world rush - es on;
 3 Take time to be ho - ly, Let Him be thy Guide,
 4 Take time to be ho - ly, Be calm in thy soul,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when our hearts low-ly bend, And we
 2 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the Sav-iour draws near, With a
 3 'Tis the bless-ed hour of prayer, when the tempt-ed and tried To the
 4 At the bless-ed hour of prayer, trust-ing Him we be-lieve That the

gath-er to Je-sus, our Sav-iour and Friend; If we come to Him in
 ten-der com-pas-sion His chil-dren to hear; When He tells us we may
 Sav-iour who loves them their sor-row con-fide; With a sym-pa-thiz-ing
 bless-ing we're need-ing we'll sure-ly re-ceive, In the full-ness of this

faith, His pro-tec-tion to share,
 cast at His feet ev-'ry care,
 heart He re-moves ev-'ry care;
 Trust we shall lose ev-'ry care; } What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

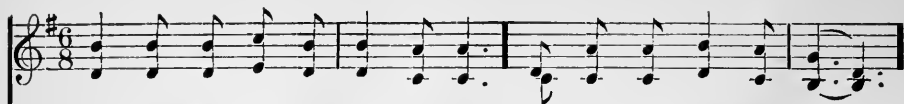
D. S.—What a balm for the wea-ry! O how

FINE. CHORUS. **D. S.**

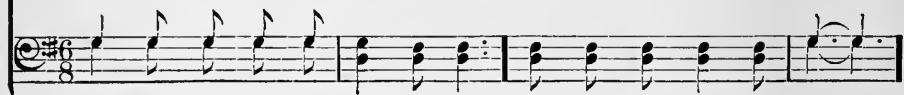
sweet to be there! Bless-ed hour of prayer, bless-ed hour of prayer;
 sweet to be there!

P. P. B.

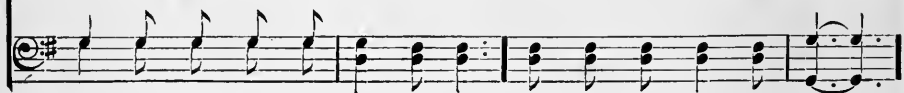
PHILIP P. BLISS.



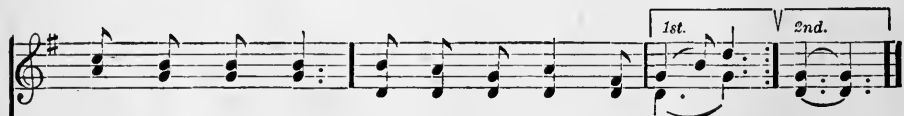
1 Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 2 Christ, the bless - ed One, gives to all Won - der - ful words of Life;
 3 Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of Life;



Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of Life;
 Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of Life;



Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;
 All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en. } Beau - ti - ful words,
 Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er. }



won - der - ful words, Won - der - ful words of Life. Life.



There is a Green Hill far Away.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

Moderato.

1 There is a green hill far a - way, With - out a cit - y wall;
 2 We may not know, we can - not tell What pains He had to bear;
 3 He died that we might be for-given, He died to make us good,
 4 There was no oth - er good e - nough To pay the price of sin;



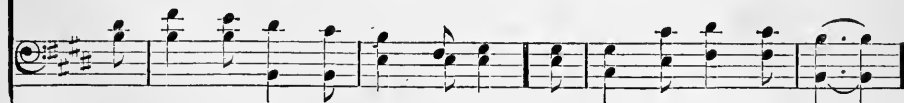
Where the dear Lord was cru - ci - fied, Who died to save us all.
 But we be - lieve it was for us He hung and suf - fered there.
 That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by His pre - cious blood.
 He on - ly could un - lock the gate Of heaven and let us in.



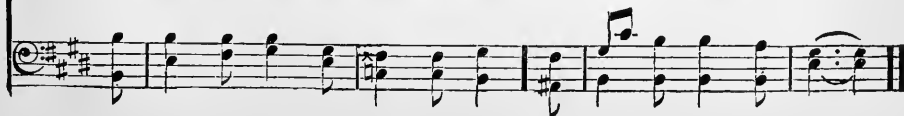
CHORUS.



Oh! dear - ly, dear - ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;



And trust in His re - deem - ing blood, And try His works to do.



GEORGE COOPER, by per.

IRA D. SANKKY.

1 { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }
 2 { There are wea - ry souls who per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }
 3 { Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }
 { All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; }
 { One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by; }

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes;
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
 Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
 And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

REFRAIN.

Go - ing by, Go - ing by, go - ing by, go - ing by, Go - ing by, Go - ing by.

by, Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
 go - ing by.

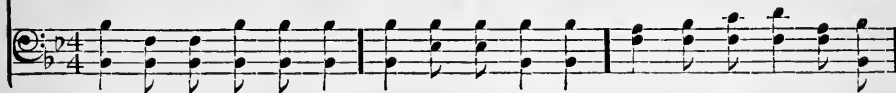
Rescue the Perishing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.



1 Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
 2 Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
 3 Down in the human heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feel-ings lie bu-ried that
 4 Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Du-ty demands it; Strength for thy la-bor the



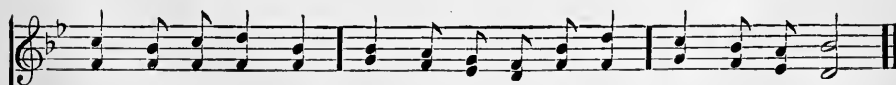
sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en,
 child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly:
 grace can re-store: Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by kind-ness,
 Lord will pro-vide: Back to the nar-row way Pa-tient-ly win them;



CHORUS.



Tell them of Je-sus the might-y to save.
 He will for-give if they on-ly be-lieve. } Res-cue the per-ish-ing,
 Chords that were kroken will vi-brate once more.
 Tell the poor wanderer a Sav-iour has died.



Care for the dy-ing; Je-sus is mer-ci-ful, Je-sus will save.



NATHANAEL NORTON,

GEORGE C. STEBBINS

1 "Come un - to me." It is the Saviour's voice,— The Lord of
 2 Wea - ry with life's long strug-ple, full of pain, O doubt - ing
 3 O, dy - ing man, with guilt and sin dis - mayed, With con - science
 4 Rest, peace, and life, the flow'rs of deathless bloom, The Sav - iour

life, who bids thy heart re - joice; O wea - ry heart, with
 soul, thy Sav - iour calls a - gain; Thy doubts shall van - ish,
 wak - ened, of thy God a - fraid; Twixt hopes and fears— oh,
 gives us,— not be - yond the tomb— But here, and now: on

heav - y cares op - prest; "Come un - to me," and I will give you rest.
 and thy sorrows cease, "Come un - to me," and I will give you peace.
 end the anxious strife, "Come un - to me," and I will give you life.
 earth some glimpse is giv'n Of joys which wait us thro' the gates of heav'n.

REFRAIN.

"Come un - to me, come un - to me, Come un - to me, and
 "Come un - to me, O, come un - to me, Come un - to me,

Come unto Me.—Concluded.

Ritard......

I will give you rest, I will give you rest,.. I will give you rest."....
 will give you rest, will give you rest."

165

Every Day and Hour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 Sav-our, more than life to me, I am cling-ing, cling-ing, close to Thee;
 2 Thro' this changing world be-low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly, as I go;
 3 Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleet-ing, fleet-ing life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
 Trust-ing Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er, lose my way.
 Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Ev-ery day, ev-ery hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing power;
 Ev-ery day and hour, ev-ery day and hour,

May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

When the Mists have Rolled Away.

ANNIE HERBERT. Arr.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
2 Oft we tread the path be - fore us With a wea - ry, bur - den'd heart;
3 We shall come with joy and glad - ness, We shall gath - er 'round the throne;

And the sun - light falls in glad - ness On the riv - er and the rills:
Oft we toil a - mid the shad - ows, And our fields are far a - part:
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known:

We re - call our Fath - er's prom - ise In the rain - bow of the spray:
But the Saviour's "Come, ye bless - ed," All our la - bor will re - pay,
And the song of our re - demp - tion Shall re - sound thro' end - less day,

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Rit.
We shall know each oth - er bet - ter When the mists have rolled a - way.
When we gath - er in the morning Where the mists have rolled a - way.
When the shad - ows have de - part - ed And the mists have rolled a - way.

CHORUS.

known, as we are known,
We shall know . . . as we are known, . . . Nev - er - more . . . to walk a -
We shall know as we are known, Nevermore to walk a -

When the Mists, etc.—concluded.

- lone,..... In the dawning of the morning Of that bright and happy day:

lone, to walk a-lone.

We shall know each oth-er bet-ter When the mists have rolled a-way.

167

Beautiful Valley of Eden.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O-ver the hearts of the
 2. O-ver the heart of the mourner Shin-eth thy gold-en day, Wafting the songs of the
 3. There is the home of my Sav-iour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng, O-ver the highlands of

REFRAIN.

wea-ry, Breathing thy waves of balm. }
 an-gels Down from the far a-way. } Beau-ti-ful val-ley of E-den, Home of the pure and
 glo-ry, Roll-eth the great, new song. }

blest,..... How oft-en a-mid the wild bil-lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!
 pure and blest.

HORATIUS BONAR.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1 When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Aft - er whose dawn-ing
 2 When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
 3 When I shall meet with those that I have loved, Clasp in my arms the
 4 When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who died for me, with

nev - er night re - turns, And with whose glo - ry day e - ter - nal burns—
 wilt Thy child em-brace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace—
 dear ones long re-moved, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved—
 eyes no lon - ger dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn—

REFRAIN.

I shall be sat - is - fied, be sat - is - fied. I... shall be sat - is - fied,
 I shall be

I..... shall be sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in
 When I shall

that fair morn of morns; I... shall be sat - is - fied, I... shall be
 I shall be I shall be

Satisfied.—Concluded.

sat - is - fied, When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns.
When I shall

169

I am His and He is Mine.

REV. WADE ROBINSON.

REV. J. MOUNTAIN.

1 Loved with ev - er - last - ing love, Led by grace that love to know;
2 Heav'n a - bove is soft - er blue, Earth a - round is sweet - er green!
3 Things that once were wild a - larms Can - not now dis - turb my rest;
4 His for ev - er, on - ly His; Who the Lord and me shall part?

Spir - it, breath - ing from a - bove, Thou hast taught me it is so!
Something lives in ev - ery hue, Christ - less eyes have nev - er seen:
Closed in ev - er - last - ing arms, Pil - lowed on the lov - ing breast.
Ah, with what a rest of bliss, Christ can fill the lov - ing heart!

Oh, this full and per - fect peace! Oh, this trans - port all di - vine!
Birds with glad - der songs o'er - flow, Flow'rs with deep - er beau - ties shine,
Oh, to lie for ev - er here, Doubt and care and self re - sign,
Heav'n and earth may fade and flee, First - born light in gloom de - cline;

Repeat last two lines of each verse as Chorus.

In a love which can - not cease, I am His, and He is mine.
Since I know, as now I know, I am His, and He is mine.
While He whis - pers in my ear— I am His, and He is mine.
But while God and I shall be, I am His, and He is mine.

Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

HORATIO R. PALMER.

1 Yield not to tempt-a - tion, For yield-ing is sin, Each vic-t'ry will
2 Shun e - vil com-pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
3 To him that o'er-com - eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on - ward,
rev - rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn - est,
con - quer, Though oft - en cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,

Dark pass-ions sub - due, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.
Our strength will re - new, Look ev-er to Je - sus, He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav-iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you through.

I Am Praying for You.

SAMUEL O'M. CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1 I have a Sav-iour, He's plead-ing in glo-ry, A dear, lov-ing
 2 I have a Fa-ther: to me He has giv-en A hope for e-
 3 I have a robe: 'tis re-splen-dent in white-ness, A-wait-ing in
 4 I have a peace: it is calm as a riv-er— A peace that the
 5 When Je-sus has found you, tell oth-ers the sto-ry, That my lov-ing

Sav-iour, tho' earth-friends be few; And now He is watch-ing in
 ter-ni-ty bless-ed and true; And soon He will call me to
 glo-ry my won-der-ing view; Oh, when I re-ceive it all
 friends of this world nev-er knew: My Sav-iour a-lone is its
 Sav-iour is your Sav-iour too; Then pray that your Sav-iour may

ten-der-ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav-iour were your Sav-iour too!
 meet Him in heav-en, But oh, that he'd let me bring you with me too!
 shin-ing in bright-ness, Dear friend, could I see you re-ceiving one too!
 Au-thor and Giv-er, And oh, could I know it was giv-en to you!
 bring them to glo-ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

CHORUS.
 For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing,
 For you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing,

For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

Hide Me, O My Saviour.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1 Hide me, O my Sav - iour, hide me In Thy ho - ly place;
 2 Hide me, when the storm is rag - ing O'er life's troubled sea;
 3 Hide me, when my heart is break - ing With its weight of woe;

Rest - ing there be - neath Thy glo - ry, O let me see Thy face.
 Like a dove on o - cean's bil - lows, O let me fly to Thee.
 When in tears I seek the com - fort Thou canst a - lone be - stow.

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REFRAIN.

Hide me, hide me, O bless - ed Sav - iour, hide me;
 Hide me, hide me, safe - ly hide me,

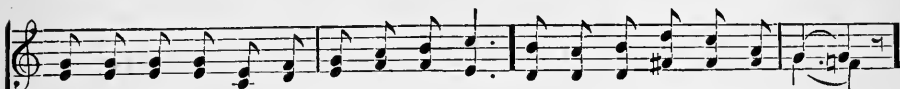
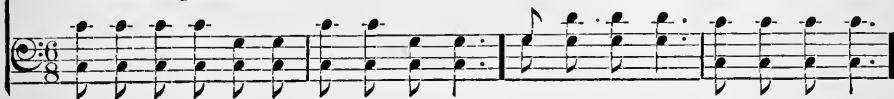
O Sav - iour, keep me Safe - ly, O Lord, with Thee.
 O my Sav - iour, keep Thou me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



1 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing thee home—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 2 Je - sus is call - ing the wea - ry to rest—Call - ing to - day, call - ing to - day;
 3 Je - sus is wait - ing, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to - day, wait - ing to - day;
 4 Je - sus is plead - ing, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to - day, hear Him to - day;



Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam Far - ther and far - ther a - way?
 Bring Him thy burden, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn thee a - way.
 Come with thy sins, at His feet low - ly bow; Come, and no lon - ger de - lay.
 They who be - lieve on His name shall rejoice; Quick - ly a - rise and a - way.



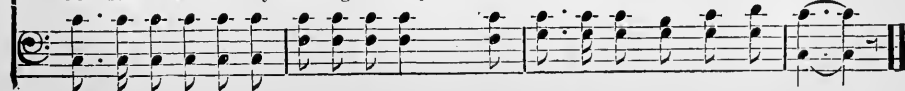
REFRAIN.



Call - - ing to - day!..... call - - ing to - day!.....
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day; Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day;



Je - - sus is call - - ing, is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day.
 Je - sus is ten - der - ly call - ing to - day,



Speed Away.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

I. B. WOODBURY, arr.

1 Speed a - way, speed a - way on your mis - sion of light,
 2 Speed a - way, speed a - way with the life - giv - ing Word,
 3 Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of rest,

To the lands that are ly - ing in dark - ness and night; 'Tis the
 To the na - tions that know not the voice of the Lord; Take the
 To the souls by the tempt - er in bond - age op - pressed; For the

Mas - ter's com - mand; go ye forth in His name, The won - der - ful
 wings of the morn - ing and fly o'er the wave, In the strength of your
 Sav - iour has purchased their ran - som from sin, And the ban - quet is

Gos - pel of Je - sus pro - claim; Take your lives in your hand, to the
 Mas - ter the lost ones to save; He is call - ing once more, not a
 read - y, O gath - er them in; To the res - cue make haste, there's no

work while 'tis day, }
 mo - ment's de - lay, } Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way.
 time for de - lay, }

Throw Out the Life-Line.

(MAY BE SUNG AS A SOLO AND CHORUS.)

REV. EDWARD S. UFFORD.

E. S. UFFORD. Arr. by GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

1 Throw out the Life-Line a - cross the dark wave, There is a broth-er whom
 2 Throw out the Life-Line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tar - ry, why
 3 Throw out the Life-Line to dan-ger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
 4 Soon will the sea - son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e -

some one should save; Some - bod - y's broth-er! oh, who then, will dare To
 lin - ger so long? See! he is sink-ing; oh, hast-en to - day - And
 you've nev - er been? Winds of temp - ta - tion and bil - lows of woe Will
 ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my broth-er, no time for de - lay, But

CHORUS.

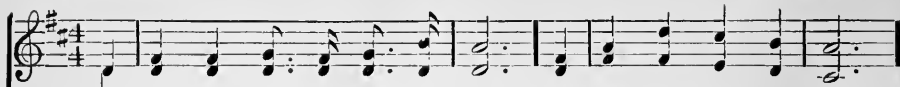
throw out the Life-Line, his per - il to share?
 out with the Life-Boat! a - way, then, a - way! } Throw out the Life-Line!
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa - ters flow.
 throw out the Life-Line and save them to - day.

Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is drift-ing a - way; Throw out the

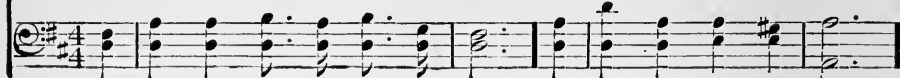

Life-Line! Throw out the Life-Line! Some one is sink-ing to - day.

ISAAC WATTS,


IRA D. SANKEY.



1 Am I a sol - dier of the cross— A fol - low - er of the Lamb?
 2 Must I be car - ried to the skies, On flow - ery beds of ease,
 3 Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood?
 4 Since I must fight if I would reign, In - crease my cour - age, Lord!

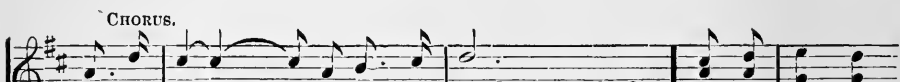



Anã shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?
 While oth - ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' blood - y seas?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace, To help me on to God?
 I'll bear the toil, en - dure the pain, Sup - port - ed by Thy word.


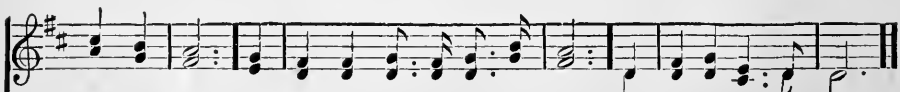


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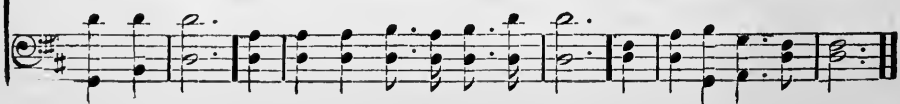
CHORUS.



In the name..... of Christ the King, Who hath purchased
 In the name of Christ the King,

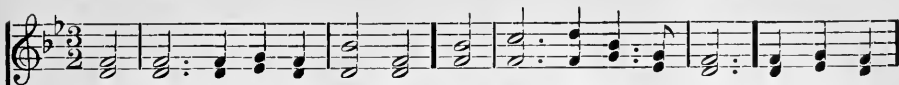



life for me, Thro' grace I'll win the promised crown, Whate'er my cross may be.

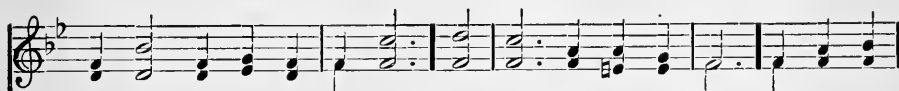
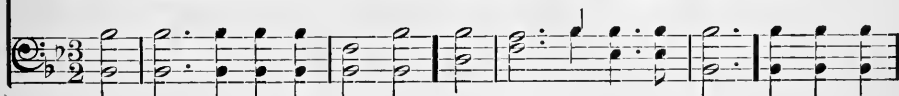


ANNA B. WARNER.

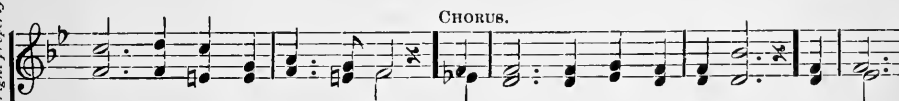
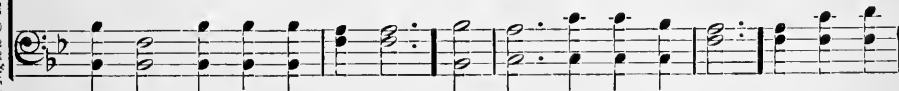
REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One less of life for me! But heav'n is
2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glo - rious is my King! 'Tis joy, not
3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the
4. One more day's work for Je - sus; Oh, yes, a wea - ry day; But heav'n shines
5. Oh, bless - ed work for Je - sus! Oh, rest at Je - sus' feet! There toil seems

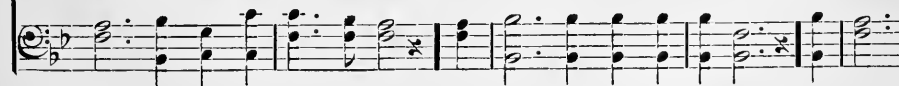


near-er, And Christ is dear-er, Than yes - ter - day to me; His love and
 du - ty, To speak His beau - ty; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere
 sto - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's flock en - ter in! How it did
 clear-er, And rest comes nearer, At each step of the way; And Christin
 pleasure, My wants are treas - ure, And pain for Him is sweet. Lord, if I



CHORUS.

light Fill all my soul to-night.
 tho't How Christ my life has bought.
 shine In this poor heart of mine! } One more day's work for Je - sus, One more
 all— Be - fore His face I fall.
 may, I'll serve an - oth - er day.

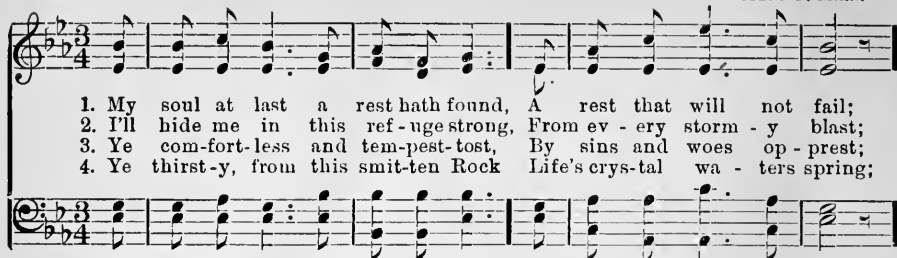


day's work for Je - sus, One more day's work for Je - sus, One less of life for me.

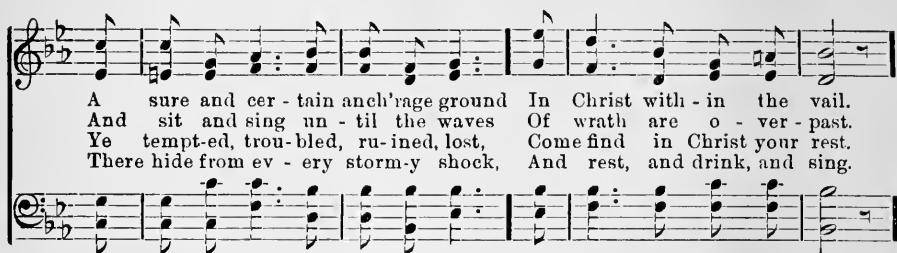


Rev. H. L. HASTINGS.

HUBERT P. MAIN.



1. My soul at last a rest hath found, A rest that will not fail;
 2. I'll hide me in this ref-uge strong, From ev-ery storm-y blast;
 3. Ye com-fort-less and tem-pest-tost, By sins and woes op-prest;
 4. Ye thirst-y, from this smit-ten Rock Life's crys-tal wa-ters spring;

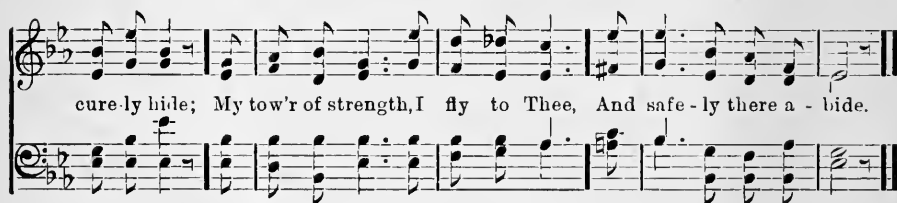


A sure and cer-tain anch'rage ground In Christ with-in the veil.
 And sit and sing un-til the waves Of wrath are o-ver-past.
 Ye tempt-ed, trou-bled, ru-in-ed, lost, Come find in Christ your rest.
 There hide from ev-ery storm-y shock, And rest, and drink, and sing.

CHORUS.



O Rock of A-ges cleft for me, In Thee my soul se-

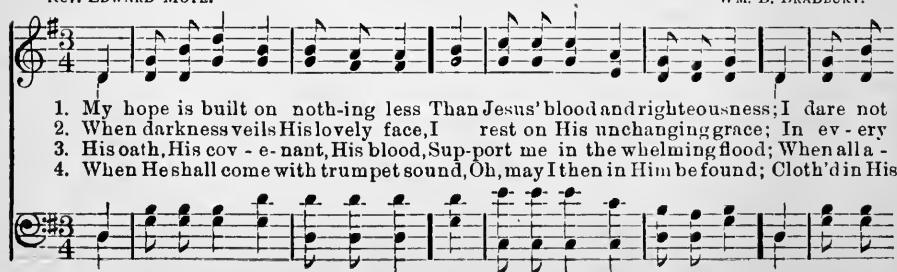


cure-ly hide; My tow'r of strength, I fly to Thee, And safe-ly there a-bide.

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Rev. EDWARD MOTE.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

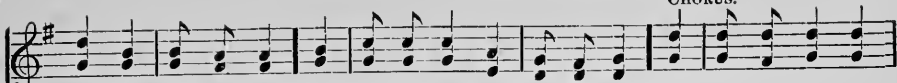


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Jesus' blood and righteous-ness; I dare not
 2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace; In ev-ery
 3. His oath, His cov-e-nant, His blood, Sup-port me in the whelming flood; When all a-
 4. When He shall come with trumpet sound, Oh, may I then in Him be found; Cloth'd in His

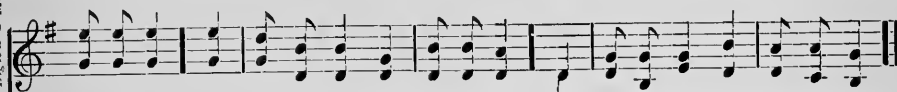
The Solid Rock.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

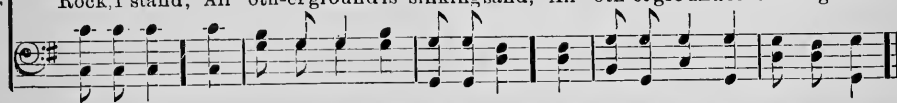
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trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name,
high and storm-y gale, My anch-erholds with-in the veil.
round my soul gives way, He then is all my hope and stay. } On Christ, the Sol - id
right-eous-ness a - lone, Faultless to stand before the throne!



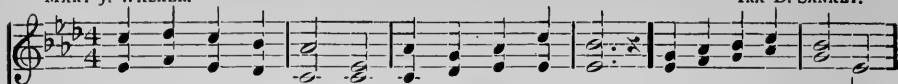
Rock, I stand; All oth-erground is sinking sand, All oth-erground is sinking sand.



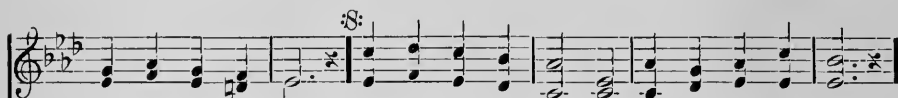
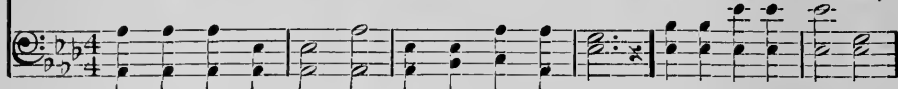
Jesus, I Will Trust Thee.

MARY J. WALKER.

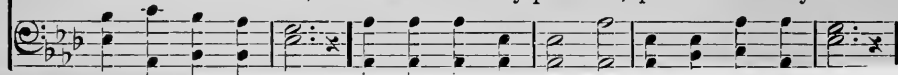
IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Je - sus, I will trust Thee, trust Thee with my soul; Guilt-y, lost, and helpless,
 2. Je - sus, I can trust Thee, trust Thy writ-en word, Since Thy voice of mercy
 3. Je - sus, I do trust Thee, trust Thee without doubt: "Who-so-ev-er com-eth,



Thou canst make me whole. There is none in heav-en or on earth like Thee:
 I have oft-en heard. When Thy Spir-it teach-eth, to my taste how sweet—
 Thou wilt not cast out," Faith-ful is Thy prom-ise, pre-cious is Thy blood—



I'll Live for Thee.—Concluded.

D. O. for Ochorus.

O may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - iour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to Thee, My Sav - iour and my God!

That Thou didst give Thy - self for me, My Sav - iour and my God!

183

The Leadeth Me.

Rev. JOSEPH H. GILMORE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. He lead - eth me! oh! bless - ed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where E - den's bowers bloom,
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine;
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,

What - e'er I do, wher - e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead - eth me.
 By wa - ters still, or trou - bled sea, — Still 'tis His hand that lead - eth me.
 Con - tent, what - ev - er lot I see, Still 'tis my God that lead - eth me.
 E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead - eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead - eth me! He lead - eth me! By His own hand He lead - eth me;

His faith - ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead - eth me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Thou, my ev - er - last - ing por - tion, More than friend or life to me, All a - long my
 2. Not for ease or world - ly pleas - ure, Nor for fame my pray'r shall be; Glad - ly will I
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad - ows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea: Then the gate of

REFRAIN.

pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
 toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to
 life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee. Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to

Thee, close to Thee; All a - long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.
 Thee, close to Thee; Glad - ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.
 Thee, close to Thee; Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

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FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy love to me;
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of grace di - vine;
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy throne I spend,
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the nar - row sea,

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 Let my soul look up with a stead - fast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee, my God, I com - mune as friend with friend.
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

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Draw Me Nearer.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died,
near-er, near-er,

Draw me near-er, near-er, near-er, bless-ed Lord, To Thy pre-cious, bleed-ing side.

186

What a friend we have in Jesus.

JOSEPH SCRIVEN.

CHARLES C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;
2. Have we tri - als and temp - ta - tions? Is there trou - ble a - ny - where?
3. Are we weak and heav - y - la - den, Cum - bered with a load of care?

What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
D.S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - ery-thing to God in prayer.
We should nev-er be dis - cour - aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—Je - sus knows our ev - ery weak - ness, Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Pre - cious Sav-iour, still our ref - uge, — Take it to the Lord in prayer.
D.S.—In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol - ace there.

FINE.

Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what need-less pain we bear—
Can we find a friend so faith - ful, Who will all our sor - rows share?
Do thy friends despice, for - sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

D. S.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - iour, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
 2. Let me at a throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it. Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort More than life to me, Whom have

oth - ers Thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief:
 wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace. } Sav - iour, Sav - iour,
 I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?

CHORUS.

hear my humble cry, While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

1. Hold Thou my hand; so weak I am, and help - less, I dare not
 2. Hold Thou my hand; and clos - er, clos - er draw me To Thy dear
 3. Hold Thou my hand; the way is dark be - fore me With - out the
 4. Hold Thou my hand, that when I reach the mar - gin Of that lone

take one step with - out Thy aid; Hold Thou my hand; for then, O lov - ing
 self - my hope, my joy, my all; Hold Thou my hand, lest hap - ly I should
 sun - light of Thy face di - vine: But when by faith I catch its ra - diant
 riv - er Thou didst cross for me, A heav'n - ly light may flash a - long its

Hold Thou My Hand.—Concluded.

Sav - iour, No dread of ill shall make my soul a - fraid.
 wan - der, And, miss - ing Thee, my trem - bling feet should fall.
 glo - ry, What heights of joy, what rapturous songs are mine!
 wa - ters, And ev - ery wave like crys - tal bright shall be.

189

Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

HORATIUS BONAR.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. In the land of stran - gers, Whith - er thou art gone, Hear a far voice
2. "From the land of hun - ger, Faint - ing, fam - ished, lone, Come to love and
3. Leave the haunts of ri - ot, Wast - ed, woe - be - gone, Sick at heart and
4. See the door still o - pen! Thou art still my own; Eyes of love are
5. Far off thou hast wan - dered; Wilt thou far - ther roam? Come, and all is
6. See the well - spread ta - ble, Un - for - got - ten one! Here is rest and
7. Thou art friendless, homeless, Hope - less and un - done; Mine is love un -

call - ing, "My son! my son!"
 glad - ness, My son! my son!"
 wea - ry, My son! my son!"
 on thee, My son! my son!"
 par - doned, My son! my son!"
 plen - ty, My son! my son!"
 chang - ing, My son! my son!"

Wel - come! wan - d'r'er, wel - come! Wel - come

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back to home! Thou hast wan - dered far a - way: Come home! come home!"

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My * soul in its
 2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when temp-
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my

con - flicts and sor - rows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine,
 ta - tion casts o'er me its pow'r; In the tem - pests of life, on its
 Ref - uge and breath'd out my woe; How oft - en when tri - als, like

Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
 wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hid - ing in Thee.
 sea - bil-lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

CHORUS.

Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of A - ges," I'm hiding in Thee.

ELIZABETH CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY, arr. H. P. M.

1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free—
 2. Pass me not, O gra - cious Fa - ther! Sin - ful though my heart may be;
 3. Pass me not, O ten - der Sav - iour! Let me love and cling to Thee;
 4. Pass me not, O might - y Spir - it! Thou canst make the blind to see;
 5. Love of God, so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 6. Pass me not! Thy lost one bring - ing, Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;

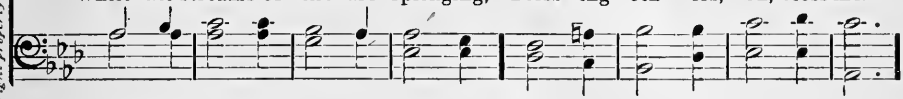
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Lord, I hear of Showers.—Concluded.

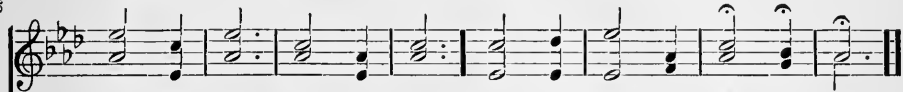
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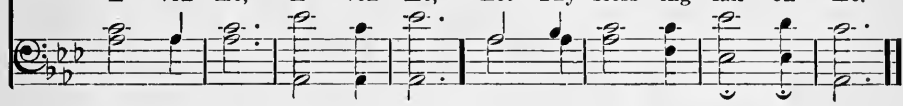
Showers the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing; Let some droppings fall on me.—
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er, Let Thy mer-cy fall on me.—
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt call-ing, oh, call me.—
 Wit-ness-er of Je-sus' mer-it, Speak the word of power to me.—
 Grace of God, so stroug and boundless, Mag-ni-fy them all in me.—
 While the streams of life are springing, Bless-ing oth-ers, oh, bless me.—



REFRAIN.



E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.

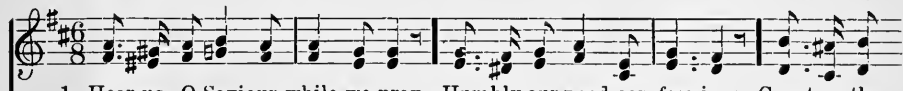


192

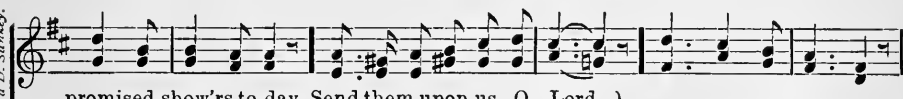
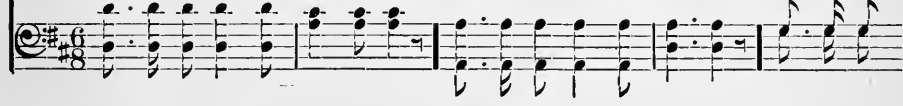
Hear Us, O Saviour.

CHARLES BRUCE.

IRA D. SANKEY.



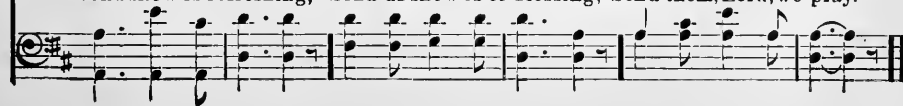
1. Hear us, O Saviour, while we pray, Humbly our need con-fess-ing; Grant us the
 2. Knowing Thy love, on Thee we call, Bold-ly Thy throne address-ing; Pleading that
 3. Trusting Thy word that cannot fail, Master, we claim Thy promise; Oh, that our



promised show'rs to-day, Send them upon us, O Lord.
 show'rs of grace may fall, Send them upon us, O Lord. } Send show'rs of blessing;
 faith may now pre-vail, Send us the show'rs, O Lord.



Send show'rs refreshing; Send us show'rs of blessing; Send them, Lord, we pray.



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193 Beyond the Smiling and the Weeping.

HORATIUS BONAR.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, I shall be soon,
 2. Be - yond the bloom - ng and the fad - ing, I shall be soon,
 3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet - ing, I shall be soon,
 4. Be - yond the frost - chain and the fe - ver, I shall be soon,

I shall be soon; Be - yond the wak - ing and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the
 I shall be soon; Be - yond the shin - ing and the shad - ing, Be - yond the
 I shall be soon; Be - yond the fare - well and the greet - ing, Be - yond the
 I shall be soon; Be - yond the rock - waste and the riv - er, Be - yond the

sow - ing and the reap - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
 hop - ing and the dread - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
 pulse's fe - ver beat - ing, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.
 ev - er and the nev - er, I shall be soon, I shall be soon.

REFRAIN.

Love, rest and home! Sweet, sweet home! Lord, tar - ry not, Lord, tar - ry not, but come.

194 I know that My Redeemer Lives.

Rev. H. A. MERRILL, alt. Last v. by I. D. S.

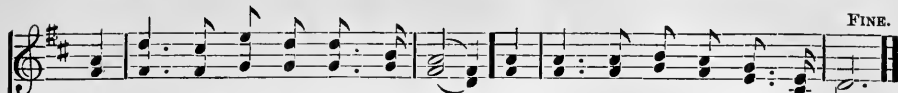
Arr. by S.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, And has pre - pared a place for me,
 2. I'm trust - ing Je - sus Christ for all, I know His blood now speaks for me;
 3. I'm now en - raptur'd with the thought, I stand and won - der at His love -
 4. I know that Je - sus soon will come, I know the time will not be long,

D. O.—For I am on - ly wait - ing here To hear the summons "Child, come home!"

I know that My Redeemer Lives.—Concluded.

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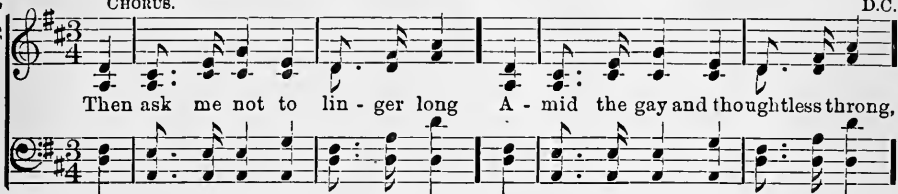
FINE.

And crowns of vic - to - ry He gives To those who would His chil - dren be.
I'm list - ning for the wel - come call, To say: "The Mas - ter wait - eth thee!"
That He from heav'n to earth was brought, To die, that I might live a - bove.
'Till I shall reach my heav'n - ly home, And join the ev - er - last - ing song.

For I am on - ly wait - ing here To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"

CHORUS.

D.C.



Then ask me not to lin - ger long A - mid the gay and thoughtless throng.

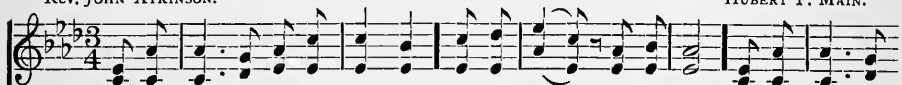
195

We Shall Meet.

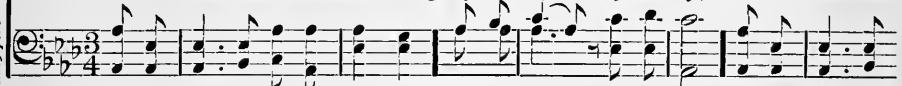
Rev. JOHN ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN.

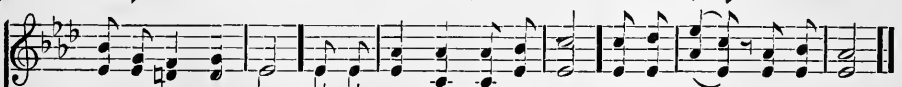
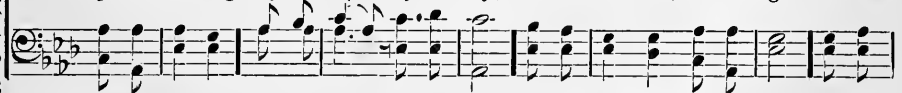
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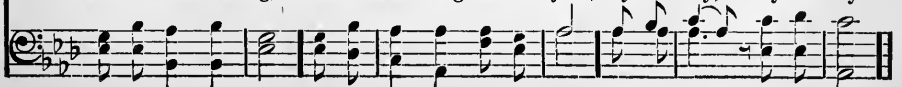
1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, By and by, by and by; And the dark - ness
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by; We shall sing re -
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of
4. There our tears shall all cease flow - ing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest



will be o - ver, By and by, by and by; With the toilsome journey done, And the demp - tion's story, By and by, by and by; And the strains for ev - er - more Shall re - life will give us, By and by, by and by; And the an - gels who ful - fil All the rapture know - ing, By and by, by and by; All the blest ones, who have gone To the



glo - rious bat - tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
sound in sweet - ness o'er Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.
mandates of His will Shall at - tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
land of life and song, — We with shout - ings shall re - join, By and by, by and by.



JEREMIAH E. RANKIN.

WILLIAM G. TOMER.

1 God be with you till we meet a - gain!—By His counsels guide, up -
 2 God be with you till we meet a - gain!—'Neath His wings pro-fect-ing
 3 God be with you till we meet a - gain!—When life's per - ills thick con -
 4 God be with you till we meet a - gain!—Keep love's ban - ner float - ing

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you; God be
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still di - vide you; God be
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you; God be
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you; God be

CHORUS.

with you till we meet a - gain! } Till we meet!..... Till we
 with you till we meet a - gain! }
 with you till we meet a - gain! } Till we meet! Till we
 with you till we meet a - gain! }

meet! Till we meet at Je - sus' feet; Till we
 meet a - gain! Till we meet!

meet!... Till we meet! . God be with you till we meet a - gain!
 Till we meet! Till we meet a - gain!

By per. J. E. Rankin, owner of Copy-right.

REGINALD HEBER.

REV. JOHN B. DYKES.

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

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

Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
 fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shall be.
 there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pur - i - ty!
 Mer - ci - ful and Might - y! God in three Per - sons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!

WILLIAM KETHE.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.

1. All peo - ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheer-ful voice:
 2. Know that the Lord is God in - deed; With - out our aid He did us make;
 3. Oh, en - ter then His gates with praise, Ap - proach with joy His courts un - to:
 4. For why? the Lord our God is good, His mer - cy is for ev - er sure;

Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be - fore Him and re - joice.
 We are His flock, He did us feed, And for His sheep He doth us take.
 Praise, laud, and bless His name al - ways, For it is seem - ly so to do.
 His truth at all times firm - ly stood, And shall from age to age en - dure.

Dorology.

THOMAS KEN.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
 Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Tr. EDWARD CASWALL.

JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. When morning gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 2. To Thee, O God, a - bove, I cry with glowing love, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

A - like at work and pray'r, To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 This song of sa - cred joy, It nev - er seems to cloy; May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Or fades my earthly bliss, My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Be this th'e - ter - nal song, Thro' all the a - ges long: May Je - sus Christ be praised.

200

Sweetly the Holy Hymn.

Rev. C. H. SPURGEON.

JOSEPH E. SWEETSER.

1. Sweet - ly the ho - ly hymn Breaks on the morn - ing air:
 2. While flow'rs are wet with dews, Dew of our souls, de - scend:
 3. Up - on the bat - tle - field, Be - fore the fight be - gins,
 4. On the lone moun - tain side, Be - fore the morn - ing's light,
 5. Oh, hear us then, for we Are ver - y weak and frail,

Be - fore the world with smoke is dim We meet to of - fer pray'r.
 Ere yet the sun the day re - news, O Lord, Thy Spir - it send.
 We seek, O Lord, Thy shel - t'ring shield, To guard us from our sins.
 The Man of sor - rows wept and cried, And rose re - freshed with might.
 We make the Sav - iour's name our plea, And sure - ly must pre - vail.

201

Jesus calls Us.

Mrs. C. F. ALEXANDER.

W. H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us, o'er the tu - mult Of our life's, wild, rest - less sea;
 2. Je - sus calls us— from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store;
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us! by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, may we hear Thy call;

Jesus, Calls Us.—Concluded.

Day by day His sweet voice sound-eth, Say - ing, Chris-tian, fol - low me!
 From each i - dol that would keep us,— Say - ing, Chris-tian, love me more!
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas-ures— Chris-tian, love me more than these!
 Give our hearts to Thy o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all!

202

Jesus, Thy Name I Love.

JAMES G. DECK.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je - sus, Thy name I love, All oth - er names a - bove, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art
 2. Thou, bless-ed Son of God, Has bought me with Thy blood, Je - sus, my Lord! Oh, how great
 3. When un - to Thee I flee, Thou wilt my ref - uge be, Je - sus, my Lord! What need I
 4. Soon Thou wilt come a - gain! I shall be hap - py then, Je - sus, my Lord! Then Thine own

all to me! Noth - ing to please I see, Noth - ing a - part from Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!
 is Thy love, All oth - er loves a - bove, Love that I dail - y prove, Je - sus, my Lord!
 now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since Thou art ev - er near? Je - sus, my Lord!
 face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then ev - er - more with Thee, Je - sus, my Lord!

203

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee.

Tr. EDWARD CASWALL.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweet-ness fills my breast;
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - 'ry find
 3. O Hope of ev - ery con - trite heart! O Joy of all the meek!
 4. Je - sus, our on - ly joy be Thou, As Thou our prize wilt be;

But sweet - er far Thy face to see And in Thy pres - ence rest.
 A sweet - er sound than Thy blest name, O Sav - iour of man - kind!
 To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
 Je - sus be Thou our glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty.

EDWARD PERRONET, alt.

OLIVER HOLDEN.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall! Bring forth the roy-al

di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,

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 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

GEORGE J. ELVEY.

1. Crown Him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne; Hark; how the heav'nly
2. Crown Him, the Lord of love! Be - hold His hands and side, — Rich wounds, yet vis - i -
3. Crown Him, the Lord of life! Who tri-umphed o'er the grave; Who rose vic - to - rious
4. Crown Him, the Lord of heav'n, One with the Fa - ther known, One with the Spir - it

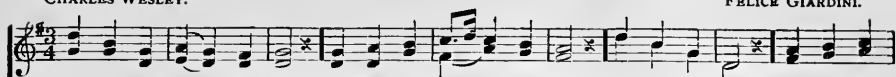
an - them draws All mu - sic but its own! A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who
ble a - bove In beau - ty glo - ri - fied; No an - gel in the sky Can ful - ly
to the strife For those who came to save; His glo - ries now we sing, Who died and
thro' Him giv'n From yonder glorious throne; To Thee be end - less praise, For Thou for

died for thee; And hail Him as thy matchless King, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.
bear that sight, But downward bends his wond'ring eye At mys - ter - ies so bright.
rose on high, Who died e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives that death may die.
us hast died; Be Thou, O Lord, thro' end - less days A - dored and mag - ni - fied.

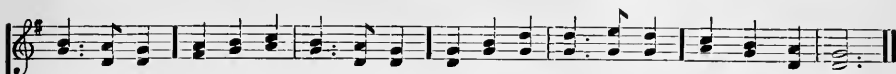
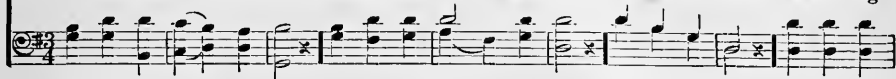
Come, Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

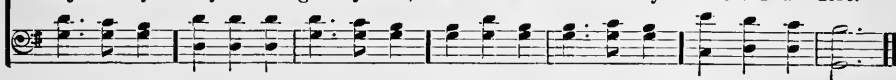
FELICE GIARDINI.



1. Come, Thou al-might-y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa-ther! all-
 2. Come, Thou in-car-nate Word, Gird on Thy might-y sword; Our pray'r at-tend: Come, and Thy
 3. Come, ho-ly Com-fort-er! Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear, In this glad hour: Thou, who al-
 4. To the great One in Three, The high-est prais-es be, Hence ev-er-more! His sov'reign



glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days!
 peo-ple bless, And give Thy word success, Spir-it of ho-li-ness! On us de-scend.
 might-y art, Now rule in ev-ery heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r!
 maj-es-ty May we in glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.



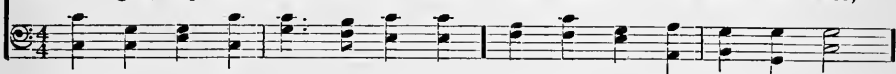
207 Praise, My Soul, the King of Heaven.

H. F. LYTE.

HENRY SMART.



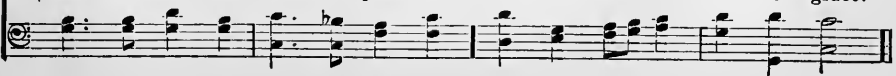
1. Praise, my soul, the King of Heav-en; To His feet thy trib-ute bring;
 2. Praise, Him for His grace and fa-vor To our fa-thers in dis-tress;
 3. Frail as sum-mer's flow'r we flour-ish, Blows the wind, and it is gone;
 4. An-gels, help us to a-dore Him: Ye be-hold Him face to face;



Ran-somed, healed, re-stored, for-giv-en, Who like thee His praise should sing?
 Praise Him, still the same for ev-er, Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
 But, while mor-tals rise and per-ish, God en-dures un-chang-ing on
 Sun and moon, bow down be-fore Him, Dwell-ers all in time and space,



Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the ev-er-last-ing King!
 Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praire Him! Glo-rious in His faith-ful-ness.
 Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Praise the high e-ter-nal One!
 Praise Him! praise Him! Praise Him! praise Him! Praise with us the God of grace!



In the Cross of Christ.

JOHN BOWRING.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.

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

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

209

Beneath the Cross of Jesus.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.

FREDERICK C. MAKER.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, The shad - ow of a
 2. Up - on that cross of Je - sus, Mine eyes at times can see The ver - y dy - ing
 3. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow, For my a - bid - ing place; I ask no oth - er

might - y Rock, With - in a wea - ry land; A home with - in the wil - der - ness, A
 form of One, Who suf - fer - ed there for me, And from my smit - ten heart, with tears, Two
 sun - shine than The sun - shine of His face; Con - tent to let the world go by, To

rest up - on the way— From the burn - ing of, the noon - tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 won - ders I con - fess— The won - der of His glorious love And my own worth - less - ness.
 know no gain nor loss, — My sin - ful self, my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

Ad. by LOWELL MASON.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the Prince of glo - ry died,
 2. For - bid it, Lord! that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and love flow min - gled down;
 4. His dy - ing crim - son, like a robe, Spreads o'er His bod - y on the tree;
 5. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a pres - ent far too small;

My rich - est gain I count but loss, And pour con - tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac - ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sor - row meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Then I am dead to all the globe, And all the globe is dead to me.
 Love so a - maz - ing, so di - vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. Love di - vine, all love ex - cell - ing, Joy of heav'n to earth come down! Fix in us Thy
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov - ing Spir - it In - to ev - ery trou - bled breast! Let us all in
 3. Come, al - might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy grace re - ceive! Sud - den - ly re -
 4. F'in - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion, Pure, and spot - less may we be: Let us see our

hum - ble dwelling, All Thy faithful mer - cies crown. Je - sus, Thou art all com - passion, Pure, un -
 Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom - ised rest; Take a - way the love of sin - ning; Al - pha
 turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy temples leave: Thee we would be always blessing, Serve Thee
 whole sal - va - tion Per - fect - ly se - cured by Thee! Changed from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in

bounded love Thou art; Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion, En - ter ev - ery trembling heart.
 and O - me - ga be; End of faith, as its be - gin - ning! Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
 as Thy hosts a - bove, Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
 heav'n we take our place; Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in won - der, love, and praise.

N. L. Von ZINZENDORF.

WALTER HENRY HALL.

1. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won, And al-though the way be cheerless,
 2. If the way be drear, If the foe be near, Let not faith-less fears o'er-take us;
 3. When we seek re - lief From a long-felt grief: When temp-tations come al - lur - ing,
 4. Je - sus, still lead on, Till our rest be won: Heav'nly Lead - er, still di - rect us,

We will fol-low, calm and fear-less; Guide us by Thy hand To our Fa - ther-land.
 Let not faith and hope for-sake us; For, thro' many a woe To our home we go.
 Make us pa-tient and en-dur-ing; Show us that bright shore Where we weep no more.
 Still sup-port, con-sole, pro-ject us, Till we safe-ly stand In our Fa - ther-land.

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J. H. NEWMAN.

REV. JOHN B. DVYKES.

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

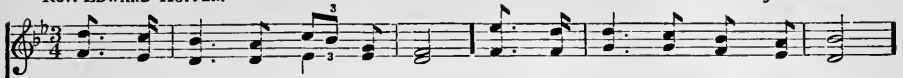
dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me on; Keep Thou my feet; I
 choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on; I loved the gar - ish
 fen, o'er crag and tor - rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those

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

Jesus, Saviour, Pilot Me.

REV. EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



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



Un - known waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Bois - t'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace - ful rest, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast,

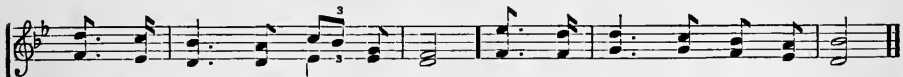
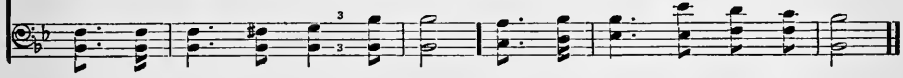


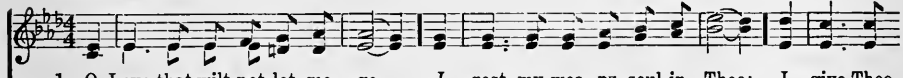
Chart and com - pass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 Won - drous Sov - 'reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"



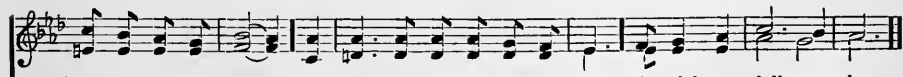
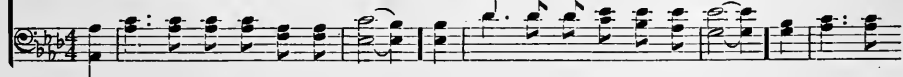
Love that Wilt Not Let Me Go.

GEORGE MATHESON.

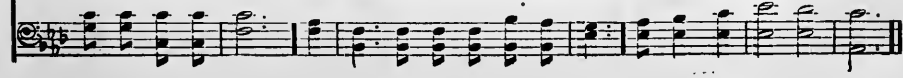
ALBERT L. PEACE.



1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea - ry soul in Thee; I give Thee
 2. O'Light that follow'st all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re -
 3. O Joy that seek - est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O Cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to fly from Thee; I lay in



back the life I owe, That in Thine o - cean depths its flow May rich - er, full - er be.
 stores its borrowed ray, That in Thy sunshine's glow its day May brighter, fair - er be.
 rain - bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain That morn shall tearless be.
 dust life's glo - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur - ple morn - ing break - eth, When the bird
 2. Still, still to Thee! as to each new - born morn - ing, A fresh and
 3. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
 4. So shall it be at last, in that bright morn - ing, When the soul

wak - eth, and the shad - ows flee; Fair - er than morn - ing, lov - li - er than
 sol - emn splen - dor still is giv'n, So does this bless - ed con - sciousness a -
 eye looks up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re - pose be - neath Thy wings o'er -
 wak - eth, and life's shad - ows flee; O in that hour, fair - er than day - light

day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious - ness, I am with Thee.
 wak - ing, Breathe each day near - ness un - to Thee and heav'n.
 shad - ing, But sweet - er still, to wake and find Thee there.
 dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought—I am with Thee.

JOHN KEBLE.

PETER RITTER, 217.

1. Sun of my soul! Thou Sav - iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea - ry eye - lids gen - tly steep,
 3. A - bide with me from morn till eve, For with - out Thee I can - not live;
 4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take;

Oh, may no earth - born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy serv - ant's eyes!
 Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Sav - iour's breast!
 A - bide with me when night is nigh, For with - out Thee I dare not die.
 A - bide with me till in Thy love I lose my - self in heav'n a - bove.

1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - 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 glo - ries pass a - way;
 3. I need Thy presence ev - ery passing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
 4. Hold Thou Thy cross before my clos - ing eyes; Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;

When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, oh, a - bide with me!
 Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou, Who changest not, a - bide with me!
 Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re - pose our spir - its seal:
 2. Though de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Though the ar - rows past us fly;
 3. Though the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness can - not hide from Thee;
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our couch be - come our tomb,

Rit......

Sin and want we come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.
 An - gel - guards from Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.
 Thou art He who, nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.
 May the morn in heav'n a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

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1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal across the sky.
 2. Je - sus give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy tend'ring blessing May our eyelids close.
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Visions bright of Thee; Guard the sailors toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
 4. Through the long night - watch - es, May Thine an - gels spread Their white wings a - bore me, Watch ing round my bed.
 5. When the morning wakens, Then may I a - rise, Pure and fresh and sinless In Thy ho - ly eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

ISAAC WATTS.

ANDRO HART'S PSALTER.

1. O God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;
 2. Un - der the shad - ow of Thy throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
 3. Be - fore the hills in or - der stood, Or earth re - ceived her frame,
 4. A thou - sand a - ges in Thy sight, Are like an eve - ning gone;
 5. Time, like an ev - er - roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home!
 Suf - fi - cient is Thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
 From ev - er - last - ing Thou art God To end - less years the same.
 Short as the watch that ends the night, Be - fore the ris - ing sun.
 They fly, for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the ope - ning day.

ANNA L. WARING.

SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

1. In heav'n-ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear, And safe in such con -
 2. Wher - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shep - herd is be -
 3. Green pastures are be - fore me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will yet be

fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here. The storm may roar with - out me, My
 side me, And noth - ing can I lack. His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His
 o'er me, Where the dark clouds have been. My hope I can not meas - ure, The

heart may low be laid; But God is 'round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
 sight is nev - er dim; He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
 path to life is free; My Sav - iour has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me.

How Firm a Foundation.

G. KEITH.

M. PORTOGALLO.

1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord! Is laid for your faith in His
 2. "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dis-mayed, For I am thy God, I will
 3. "When thro' the deep wa-ters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall
 4. "The soul that on Je-sus hath leaned for re- pose, I will not—I will not de-

ex-cel-lent world! What more can He say, than to you He hath said,—To you, who for
 still give thee aid; I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand, Up-held by My
 not o-ver-flow; For I will be with thee thy trou-ble to bless, And sanc-ti-fy
 sert to His foes; That soul—tho' all hell should en-deav-or to shake, I'll nev-er—no

ref-uge to Je-sus have fled? To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
 gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand, Up-held by My gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
 to thee thy deep-est dis-tress, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
 nev-er—no nev-er for-sake! I'll nev-er—no nev-er—no nev-er for-sake!"

Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

REV. ANDREW REED.

L. M. GOTTSCHALK, arr. H. P. MAIN.

1. Ho-ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up-on this heart of mine;
 2. Ho-ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
 3. Ho-ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this sad-dened heart of mine;
 4. Ho-ly Spir-it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;

Chase the shades of night a-way, Turn my dark-ness in-to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do-min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma-n-y woes de-part, Heal my wound-ed, bleed-ing heart.
 Cast down ev-ery i-dol throne, Reign su-preme—and reign a-lone.

Peace, Perfect Peace.

Rev. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

G. T. CALDBECK.

1. Peace! per - fect peace! in this dark world of sin? The blood of Je - sus
 2. Peace! per - fect peace! by throng - ing du - ties pressed? To do the will of
 3. Peace! per - fect peace! with sor - rows surg - ing round? On Je - sus' ho - som

whis - pers peace with - in.
 Je - sus, this is rest.
 naught but calm is found.

- 4 Peace! perfect peace! with loved ones far away?
 In Jesus' keeping we are safe, and they.
- 5 Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?
 Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.
- 6 Peace! perfect peace! death shadowing us and ours?
 Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.
- 7 It is enough: earth's struggles soon shall cease,
 And Jesus call us to heaven's perfect peace.

Art Thou Weary?

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE.

HENRY W. BAKER.

1. Art thou wea - ry? art thou lan - guid? Art thou sore dis - tress? "Come to Me," saith
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him, If He be my guide?—"In His feet and
 3. If I find Him, if I fol - low, What His guer - don here?—"Many a sor - row,

One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"
 hands are wound - prints, And His side."
 many a la - bor, Many a tear."

- 4 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan passed."
- 5 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

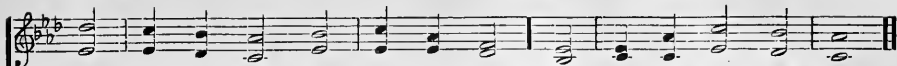
I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

HORATIUS BONAR.


Rev. WILLIAM H. HAVERGAL.

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,— "Come un - to me and rest;
 2. I came to Je - sus as I was, "Wea - ry, and worn, and sad;
 3. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,— "Be - hold, I free - ly give
 4. I came to Je - sus and I drank Of that life - giv - ing stream;
 5. I heard the voice of Je - sus say,— "I am this dark world's light;
 6. I looked to Je - sus, and I found In Him my Star, my Sun;

I heard the Voice of Jesus Say.—concluded.




Lay down, thou weary one, lay down Thy head up - on my breast!"
 I found in Him a rest - ing - place, And He hath made me glad.
 The liv - ing wa - ter; thirst - y one, Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
 My thirst was quenched, my soul re - vived, And now I live in Him.
 Look un - to me, thy morn shall rise, And all thy day be bright!"
 And in that light of life I'll walk, Till trav - 'ling days are done.



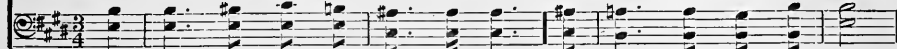

228 We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps.

JOHN G. WHITTIER.


WILLIAM V. WALLACE.



1. We may not climb the heav'n - ly steeps To bring the Lord Christ down;
2. But warm, sweet, ten - der, e - ven yet A pres - ent help is He;
3. The heal - ing of the seam - less dress Is by our beds of pain;
4. Thro' Him the first fond pray'rs are said Our lips of child - hood frame;
5. O Lord and Mas - ter of us all, What - e'er our name or sign,

In vain we search the low - est deeps, For Him no depths can drown.
 And faith has yet its Ol - i - vet, And love its Gal - i - lee.
 We touch Him in life's throng and press, And we are whole a - gain.
 The last low whis - pers of our dead Are bur - dened with His name.
 We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call, We test our lives by Thine!

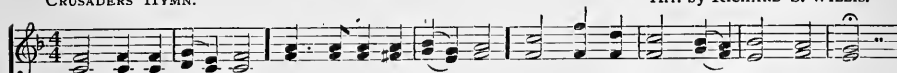


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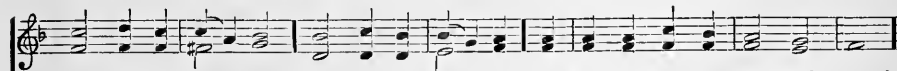
Fairest Lord Jesus.

CRUSADERS' HYMN.

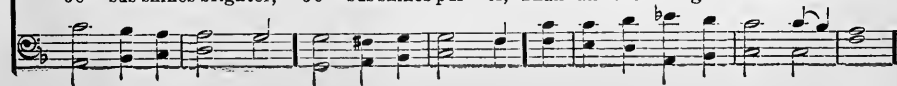
Arr. by RICHARD S. WILLIS.



1. Fair - est Lord Je - sus! Rul - er of all na - ture! O Thou of God and man the Son!
2. Fair are the mead - ows, fair - er still the woodlands, Robed in the bloom - ing garb of spring;
3. Fair is the sun - shine, fair - er still the moonlight, And all the twin - kling star - ry host;

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy, and crown!
 Je - sus is fair - er, Je - sus is pur - er, Who makes the woe - ful heart to sing!
 Je - sus shines brighter, Je - sus shines pur - er, Than all the an - gels heav'n can boast!



1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my help - less soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fall - en
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found—Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing

wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high; Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour, hide, Till the
 not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me: All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind: Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
 streams abound; Make me, keep me pure with - in, Thou of life the Fountain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fence - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 all un - righte - ous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thou up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

SECOND TUNE.

Martyn.

S. B. MARSH.

FINE. D.C.

231 RAY PALMER. **My Faith Looks Up to Thee.**

LOWELL MASON.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - iour di - vine! Now hear me
 2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my fainting heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark - ness
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sullen stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - iour,

while I pray, Take all my guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be - whol - ly Thine.
 died for me, O, may my love to Thee Pure, warm, and changless be, A liv - ing fire.
 turn to day, Wipe sor - row's tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O, bear me safe a - bove, A ran - somed soul.

Hearer, My God, to Thee!

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en though it be a cross
 2. Though like the wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be o - ver me,
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heaven; All that Thou send - est me,
 4. Then with my wak - ing tho'ts, Bright with Thy praise, Out of my ston - y griefs,
 5. Or if, on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon, and stars for - got,
 D. S. — *Near - er, my God, to Thee!*

FINE. D.S.

That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be — Near - er, my God, to Thee!
 My rest a stone. Yet in my dreams I'd be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
 In mer - cy given: An - gels to beck - on me Near - er, my God, to Thee!
 Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
 Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be Near - er, my God, to Thee!
Near - er to Thee!

Rock of Ages.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Not the la - bor of my hands Can ful - fil Thy law's de - mands;
 3. Noth - ing in my hand I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling;
 4. While I draw this fleet - ing breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy riv - en side which flowed,
 Could my zeal no re - spite know, Could my tears for - ev - er flow,
 Nak - ed, come to Thee for dress, Help - less look to Thee for grace;
 When I soar to worlds un - known, See Thee on Thy judg - ment - throne.

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save me from its guilt and pow'r.
 All for sin could not a - tone; Thou must save, and Thou a - lone.
 Foul, I to the foun - tain fly, Wash me, Sav - iour, or I die.
 Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

Rev. W. W. How.

From J. H. KNECHT.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out-side the fast-closed door, In low - ly pa-tience
 2. O Je - sus, Thou art knocking: And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns Thy browen-
 3. O Je - sus, Thou art pleading In ac-cents meek and low,—“I died for you, my

wait - ing To pass the thresh-old o'er: We bear the name of Chris-tians, His
 cir - cle, And tears Thy face have marred: Oh, love that pass - eth knowl-edge, So
 chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We

name and sign we hear: Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us! To keep Him standing there.
 pa - tient-ly to wait! Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 o - pen now the door: Dear Sav-iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev-er-more!

SAMUEL J. STONE.

E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Wea - ry of earth, and la - den with my sin, I look at heav'n and
 2. So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand In the pure glo - ry

long to en - ter in, But there no e - vil thing may find a home:
 of that ho - ly land? Be - fore the white-ness of that throne ap - pear?

And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
 Yet there are hands stretch'd out to draw me near.

3 It is the voice of Jesus that I hear, [near,
 His are the hands stretched out to draw me
 And His the blood that can for all atone,
 And set me faultless there before the throne.

4 'Twas He who found me on the deathly wild,
 And made me heir of heaven, the Father's
 child,
 And day by day, whereby my soul may live,
 Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

1. Guide me, O Thou great Je - ho - vah, Pil - grim thro' this bar - ren land;
 2. O - pen now the crys - tal foun - tain, Whence the heal - ing wa - ters flow;
 3. When I tread the verge of Jor - dan, Bid my anx - ious fears sub - side;

I am weak, but Thou art might - y; Hold me with Thy pow'r - ful hand:
 Let the fi - ery, cloud - y pil - lar Lead me all my jour - ney thro':
 Bear me through the swell - ing cur - rent, Land me safe on Ca - naan's side:

Bread of heav - en, Bread of heav - en, Feed me till I want no more.
 Strong De - liv - 'rer, Strong De - liv - 'rer, Be Thou still my strength and shield.
 Songs of prais - es, Songs of prais - es, I will ev - er give to Thee.

237 Tr. J. BORTHWICK.

My Jesus, as Thou Wilt!

C. M. VON WEBER,
arr. H. P. M.

1. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! In - to Thy hand of love
 2. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
 3. My Je - sus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing fu - ture scene

I would my all re - sign; Through sor - row, or through joy, Con - duct me
 Grow dim or dis - ap - pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor - rowed
 I glad - ly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a - bove I trav - el

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 oft a - lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 calm - ly on, And sing, in life or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

C. ELLIOTT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict, many a doubt,
 4. Just as I am—Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don, cleanse, re - lieve;
 5. Just as I am—Thy love un - known Hath bro - ken ev - ery bar - rier down;

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause Thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

MARY A. LATHBURY.

WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me, As Thou didst break the loaves Be - side the sea;
 2. Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me—to me—As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;

Be - yond the sa - cred page I seek Thee, Lord; My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
 Then shall all bondage cease, All fet - ters fall; And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All!

F. R. HAVERGAL.

C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Take my life and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee; Take my hands and
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee; Take my voice and
 3. Take my lips and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es from Thee; Take my sil - ver
 4. Take my mo - ments and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise; Take my in - tel -
 5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no lon - ger mine; Take my heart, it
 6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure store, Take my - self, and

Take My Life and Let it Be.—Concluded.

let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love, At the im-pulse of Thy love.
 let me sing, Al-ways, on-ly for my King, Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
 and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold, Not a mite would I with-hold.
 lect and use Ev-ery pow'r as Thou shalt choose, Ev-ery pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy-al throne, It shall be Thy roy-al throne.
 I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee, Ev-er, on-ly, all for Thee.

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Our Blest Redeemer.

H. AUER.

Rev. JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Our blest Re-deem-er, ere He breathed His ten-der, last fare-well, A Guide, a
 2. He came sweet in-fluence to im-part, A gra-cious, will-ing guest, While He can
 3. And His that gen-tle voice we hear, Soft as the breath of ev'n, That checks each

Com-fort-er, bequeathed With us to dwell.
 find one hum-ble heart Wherein to rest.
 tho't, that calm seach fear, And speaks of heav'n.

- 4 And every virtue we possess,
 And every victory won,
 And every thought of holiness
 Are His alone.
- 5 Spirit of purity and grace,
 Our weakness, pitying, see;
 O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
 And worthier Thee.

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Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

HANS G. NÄGELI.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love:
 2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar-dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu-tual woes, Our mu-tual bur-dens bear;
 4. When we a-sun-der part, It gives us in-ward pain;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And oft-en for each oth-er flows The sym-pa-thiz-ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-gain.

ISAAC WATTS.

JOHN HATTON.

1. Je - sus shall reign wher - e'er the sun Does his suc - cess - ive
2. To Him shall end - less pray'r be made And end - less prais - es

jour - neys run; His king - dom stretch from shore to shore, Till moons shall
crown His head; His name, like sweet per - fume, shall rise With ev - ery

wax..... and wane no more.
morn - ing - sac - ri - fice.

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.

4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose His chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Bp. GEORGE W. DOANE.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

1. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
2. Fling out the ban - ner! an - gels bend In anx - ious si - lence o'er the sign,
3. Fling out the ban - ner! hea - then lands Shall see from far the glo - rious sight,
4. Fling out the ban - ner! let it float Sky - ward and sea - ward, high and wide;
5. Fling out the ban - ner! wide and high, Sea - ward and sky - ward, let it shine:

The sun that lights its shin - ing folds, The cross on which the Sav - iour died.
And vain - ly seek to com - pre - hend The won - der of the love Di - vine.
And na - tions, crowd - ing to be born, Bap - tize their spir - its in its light.
Our glo - ry, on - ly in the cross; Our on - ly hope, the Cru - ci - fied!
Nor skill, nor might, nor mer - it ours; We con - quer on - ly in that sign.

J. S. E. MONSELL.

WM. BOVD.

1. Fight the good fight with all thy might, Christ is thy Strength, and Christ thy Right;
2. Run the straight race thro' God's good grace, Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face;
3. Cast care a - side, lean on thy Guide; His bound-less mer - cy will pro - vide;
4. Faint not, nor fear, His arms are near; He chang-eth not, and thou art dear;

Lay hold on life, and it shall be Thy joy and crown e - ter - nal - ly.
 Life with its way be - fore us lies, Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.
 Trust, and thy trust - ing soul shall prove Christ is its life, and Christ its love.
 On - ly be - lieve, and thou shalt see That Christ is all in all to thee.

GEORGE DUFFIELD.

GEORGE J. WEBB.

1. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Ye sol - diers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al
2. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The tri - umph call o - bey; Forth to the might - y
3. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! Stand in His strength a - lone; The arm of flesh will
4. Stand up!—stand up for Je - sus! The strife will not be long; This day, the noise of

ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His
 con - flict, In this His glo - rious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him," A -
 fail you— Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor, And,
 bat - tle, The next, the vic - tor's song; To Him that o - ver - com - eth, A

ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - ery foe is van - quish'd, And Christ is Lord in - deed.
 gainst un - num - bered foes; Let cour - age rise with dan - ger, And strength to strength oppose.
 watching un - to pray'r, Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want - ing there.
 crown of life shall be; He with the King of Glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly!

F. B. P.

SAMUEL A. WARD.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! Name ev - er dear to me! When shall my la - bors
 2. O when, thou cit - y of my God, Shall I thy courts as - cend, Where con - gre - ga - tions
 3. Why should I shrink at pain or woe, Or feel at death dis - may? I've Ca - naan's good-ly

have an end, In joy, and peace, in thee? When shall these eyes thy heav'n-built walls And
 ne'er break up, And Sab - bath has no end? There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom, Nor
 land in view, And realms of end - less day. Je - ru - sa - lem, my hap - py home! My

pearly gates be - hold? Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shin - ing gold?
 sin nor sor - row know: Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes I on - ward press to you.
 soul still pants for thee; Then shall my la - bors have an end When I thy joys shall see.

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Ep. W. W. How.

J. BARNEY.

1. For all the saints who from their labors rest, Who Thee by faith be - fore the world con - fessed,
 2. Thou wast their Rock, their Fortress, and their Might; Thou, Lord, their Captain, in the well - fought fight;
 3. O may Thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold, Fight as the saints who no - bly fought of old,
 4. O blest com - mun - ion, fel - low - ship Di - vine! We fee - bly struggle, they in glo - ry shine;
 5. And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long, Steals on the ears the dis - tant tri - umph - song,

Thy Name, O Je - sus, be for ev - er blest.
 Thou, in the darkness drear, their one true Light.
 And win with them the vic - tor's crown of gold. } Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!
 Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.
 And hearts are brave a - gain, and arms are strong.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Ad. by HENRY CAREY.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive country, thee,—Land of the no - ble, free—Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fathers' God! to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our

fa - thers died! Land of the Pilgrim's pride! From ev - ery mountain side Let freedom ring!
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

250 The Lord Bless Thee, and Keep Thee.

Num. 6 : 24-26.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

The Lord bless thee, and keep thee! The Lord make his face shine up -
 on thee, and be gra - cious un - to thee,.... And be
 gra - cious un - to thee: The Lord lift up his coun - te - nance, his
 coun - te - nance up - on thee, and give thee peace.....
 and give thee peace.

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