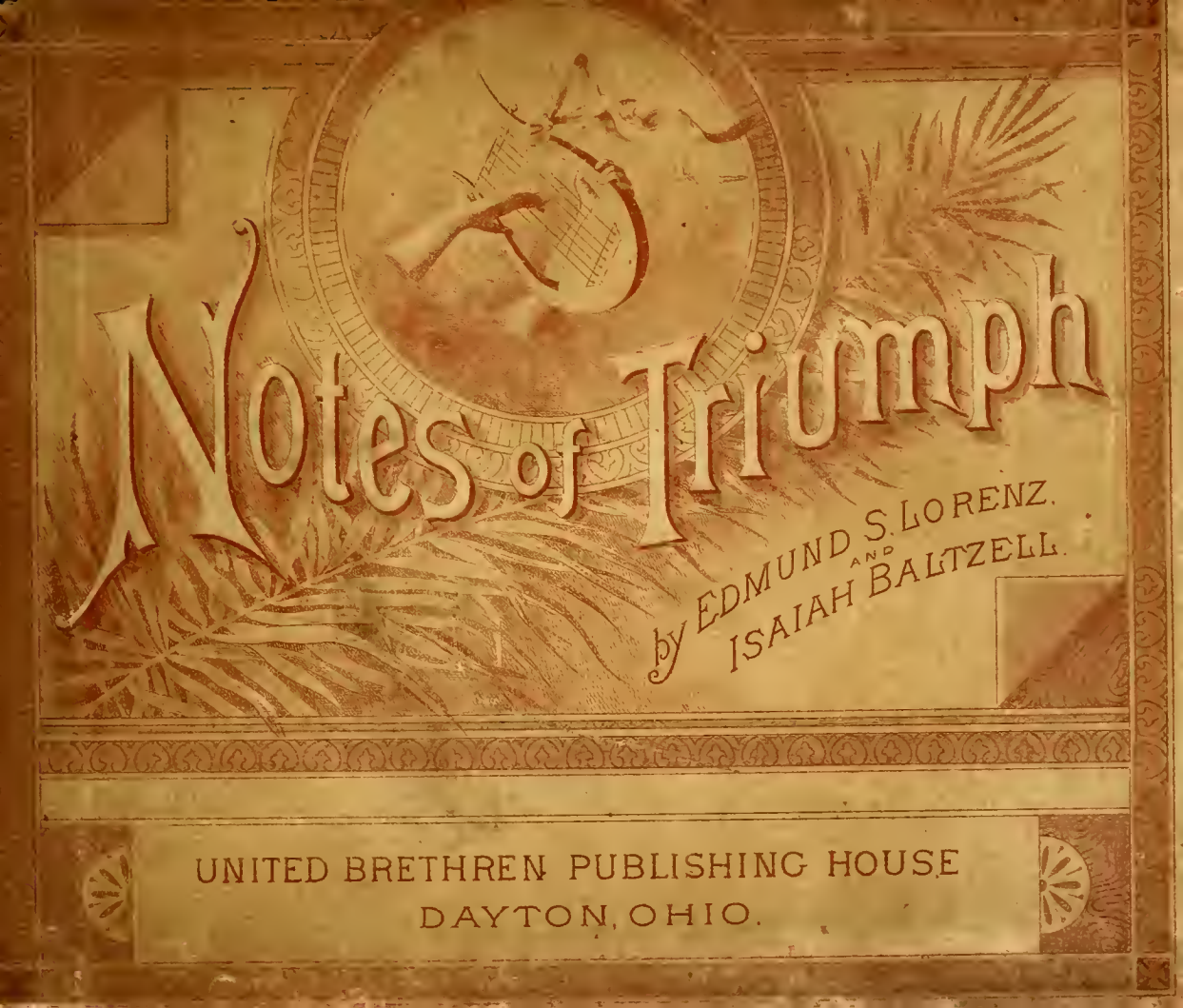
Notes of Triumph
by EDMUND S. LORENZ.
AND
ISAIAH BALTZELL.
UNITED BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
DAYTON, OHIO.

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NOTES OF TRIUMPH:

FOR THE

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

BY

REV. E. S. LORENZ AND REV. I. BALTZELL.

"O clap your hands, all ye people; shout unto God with the voice of triumph."—Ps. 47: 1.
"Now thanks be unto God which always causeth us to triumph."—2 Cor. 2: 14.

DAYTON, OHIO:
UNITED BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE.
W. J. SHUEY, AGENT.
1891.

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PREFACE.

IN the book hereby offered to the public the authors have endeavored to meet the needs and wants of the many Sunday-school workers who during past years have learned to look to them for help. All those needs and wants have been carefully studied, and wherever a song-book could add interest and inspiration, an earnest attempt to furnish what was required was made. The whole experience and observation of the authors have been concentrated upon the book, and it is the completest and most many-sided with which they have ever been connected. The great days of the Christian year have been provided for, as have also many other less sacred, but still important, occasions. New features for the Sunday-school programme have been suggested. Not only have the standard hymns found a large representation, but the tunes to which they are usually sung have also been furnished, to the greater convenience of organist and singer. The desire of many Sunday-schools for responsive worship has been met by well-arranged opening and closing exercises. While no one school may have occasion to use all the special features presented, the large variety from which to select gives assurance that the wants of every school are provided for.

On the other hand these special features have not been permitted to crowd out the body of song, to furnish which is after all the special mission of the authors. Upon this their greatest thought and effort have been expended. Giving no heed to impracticable idealists or *doctrinaires*, they have made their songs but means to an end, studying carefully the capacity and susceptibility of those whom they are to influence. The music is intentionally easy and sprightly, full of Christian gladness, and carefully adapted to the range of children's voices. The hymns have been gathered from many sources, and represent the full cycle of Christian thought and feeling.

They have but suggested their ambitions and endeavors: how fully they have succeeded in realizing them the Sunday-school public must decide.

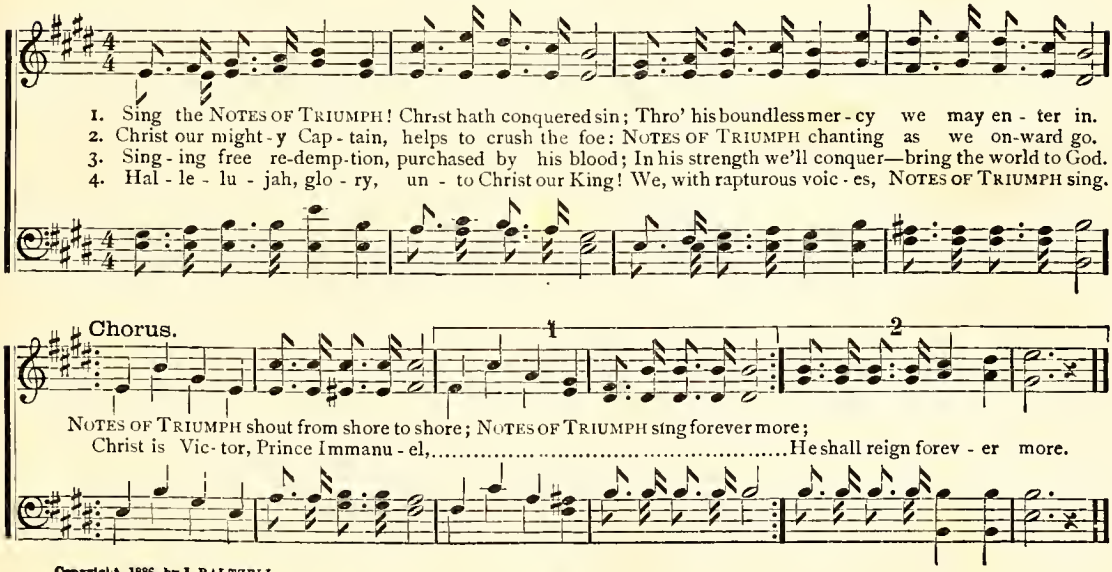
J. M. ARMSTRONG & CO.,
MUSIC TYPOGRAPHERS,
719 Sansom Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

NOTES OF TRIUMPH.

1. Sing the Notes of Triumph.

"*Shout unto God with the voice of triumph.*—Psa. 47: 1.

Mrs. EMMA PITT. I. BALTZELL.



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2.

Art Thou Coming Home?

"I will arise and go to my father."—Luke 15 : 18.

Rev. J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.

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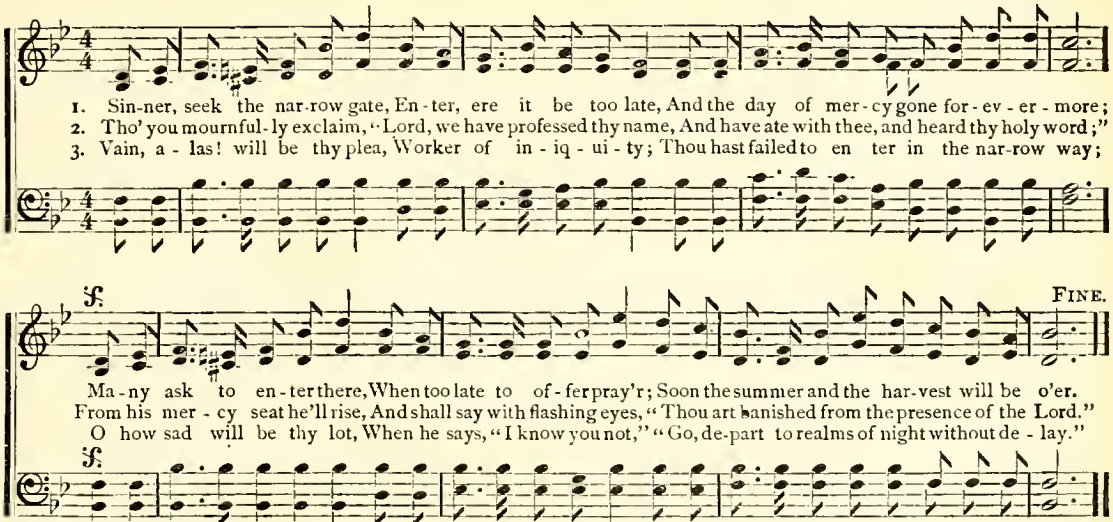
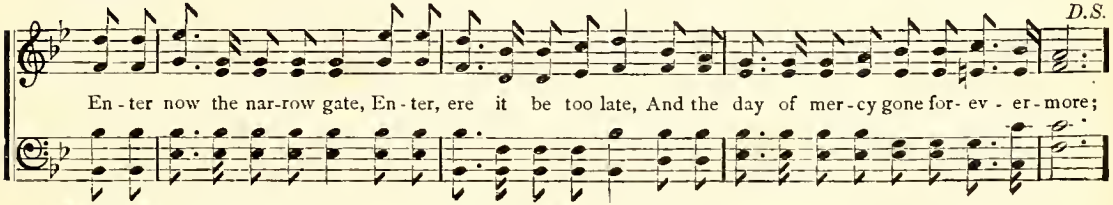
3. Enter Now the Narrow Gate.

"Enter ye in at the straight gate."—Matt. 7: 13.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.



Refrain.



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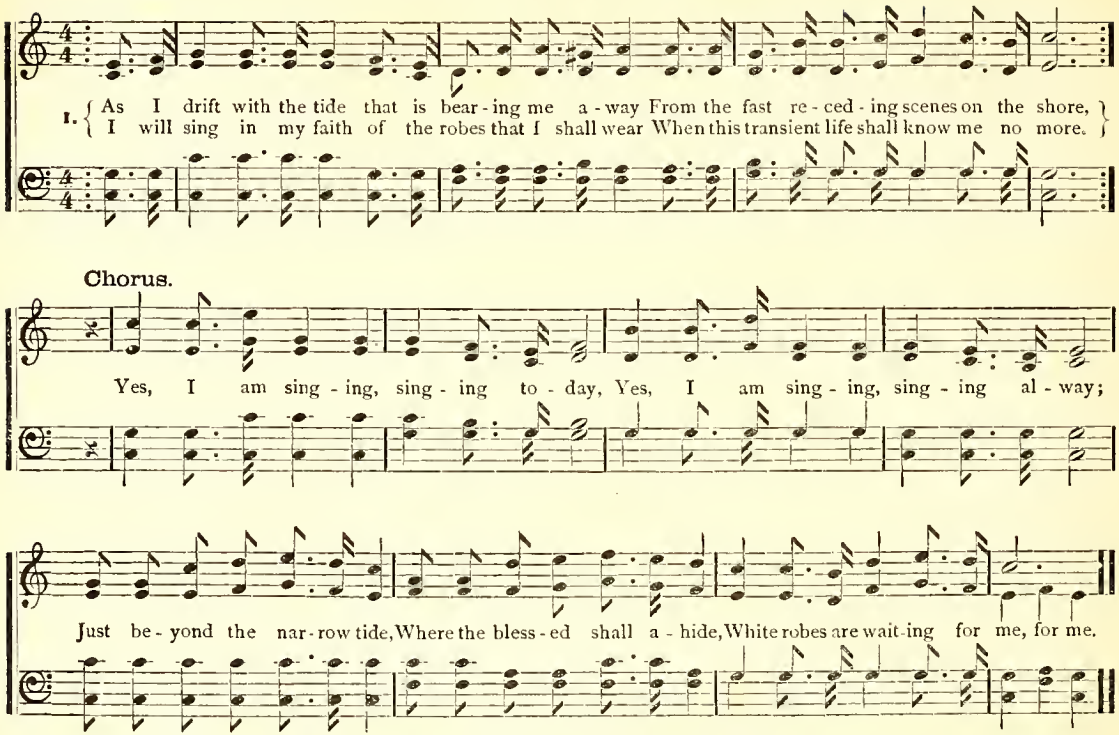
4. White Robes are Waiting.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes?"—Rev. 7: 13.

E. A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.



2 I rejoice in my song and I look across the tide
As these fleeting days go out on the wing;
And I think of the robes all so spotless and so bright,
In the mansions of my Saviour and King.—CHO.

3 Lo, I watch and I wait for the morning to appear,
And the message that will bid me to come;
And I trust in the Lord who has promised me a robe,
When I anchor o'er the tide in my home.—CHO.

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5. If I Wash in that Fountain.

"Though your sins be as scarlet they shall be white as snow."—Isa. 1: 18.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. J. H. Tenney.

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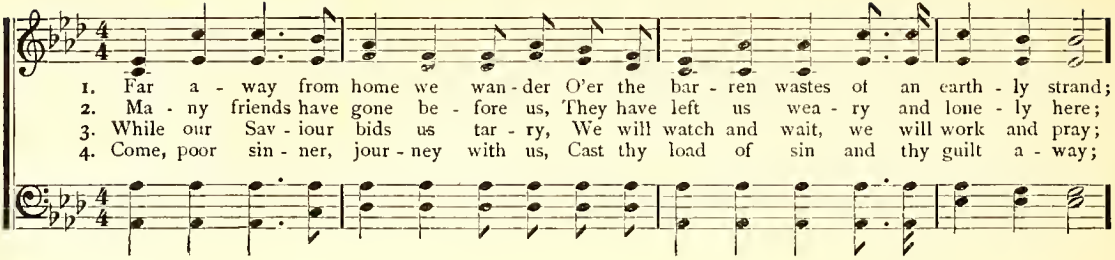
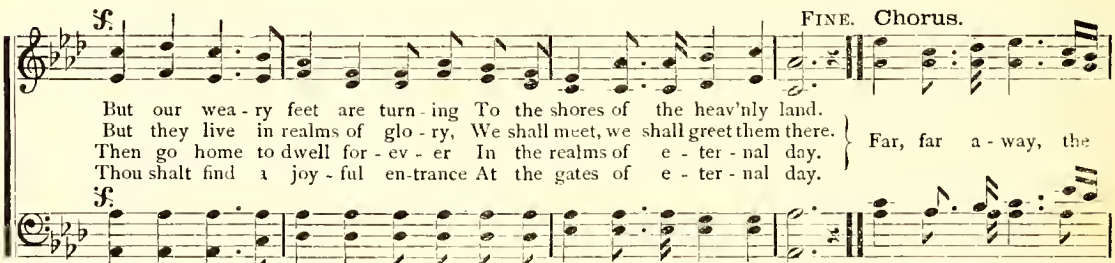
6. Home Bells are Ringing.

"Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."—Heb. 13: 14.

D. B. PURINTON. D. B. PURINTON.





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Old Hundred. L. M.

G. Franc, 154[illegible]

7.

1 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.

8.

1 Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run;
His kingdom spread from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

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

9.

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Saviour's name.

10.

1 Oh, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

11.

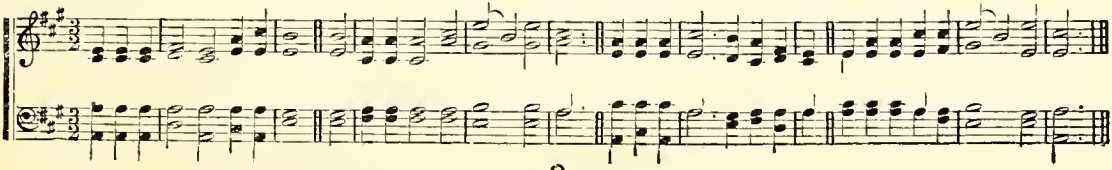
1 My gracious Lord, I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee—
Its sure support, its noblest end,
'Tis my delight thy face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 'Tis to my Saviour I would live,
To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

Ware. L. M.

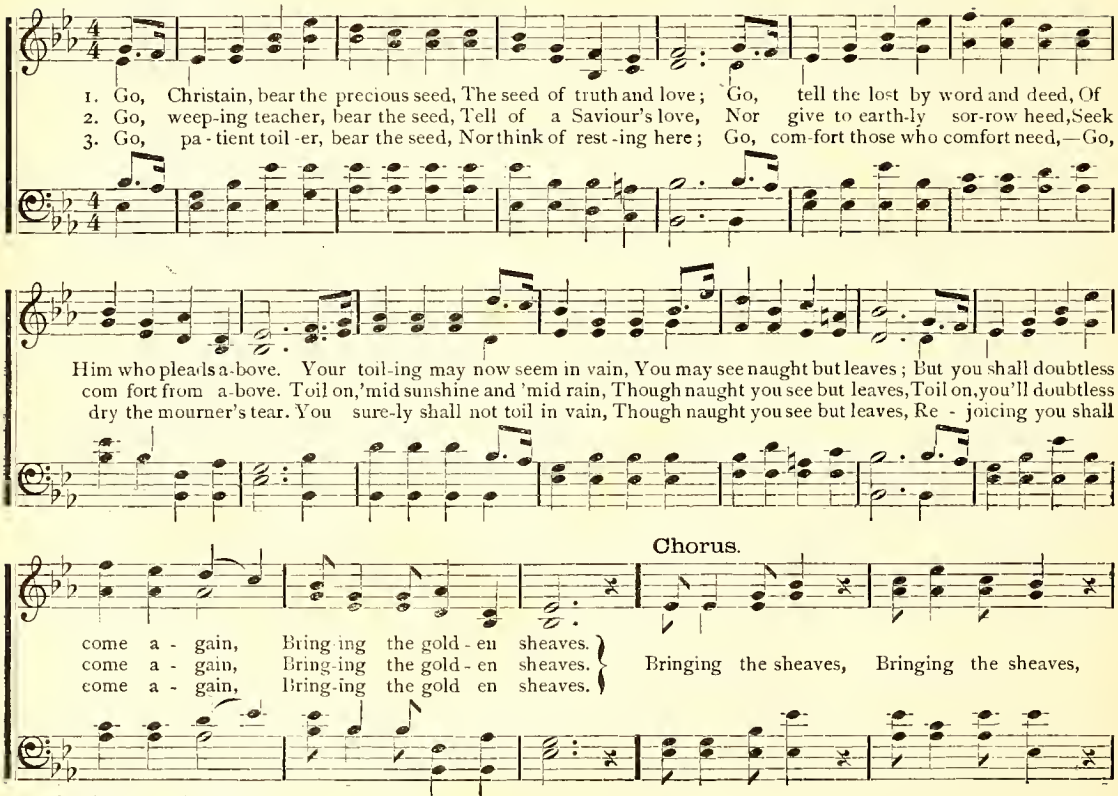
George Kingsley, 1838.



12. Bringing the Sheaves.

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Psa. 126: 6.

G. B. MARQUART. I. BALTZELL.



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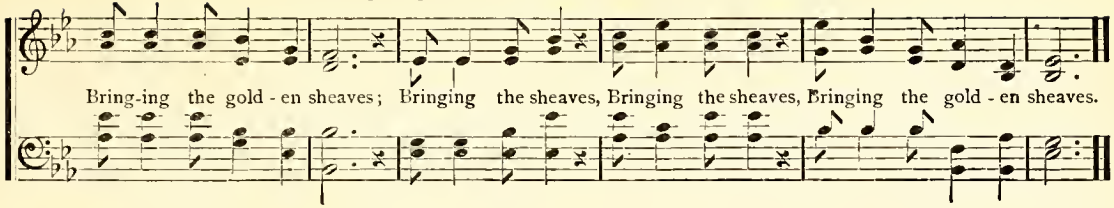
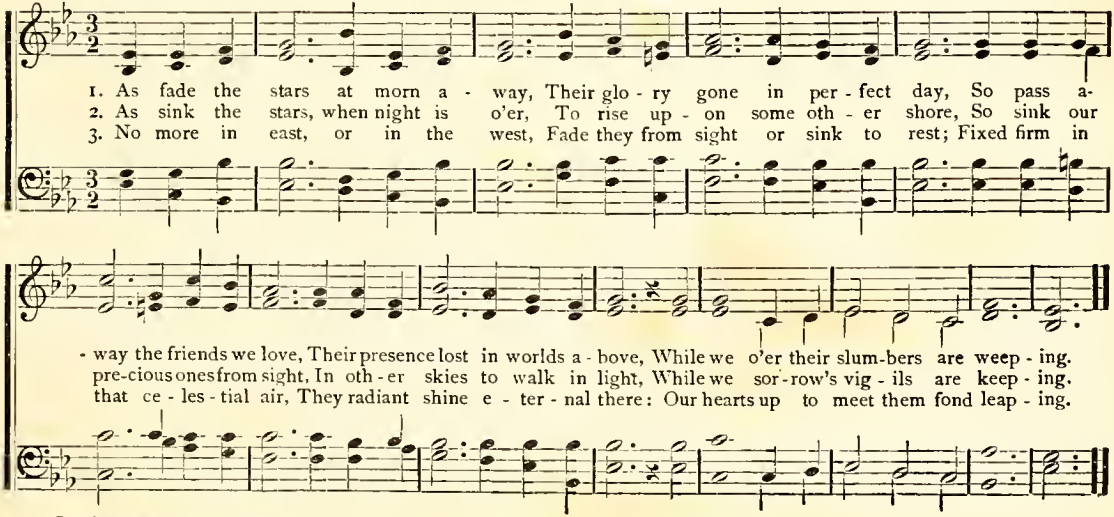
Bringing the Sheaves.—Concluded.



13. As Fade the Stars.

"They are as asleep."—Ps. 90: 5.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.



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14. Let us Praise Him To-Day.

"Let all the people praise thee, O God, let all the people praise thee."—Psa. 67 : 5.

Anon. W. J. BALTZELL.

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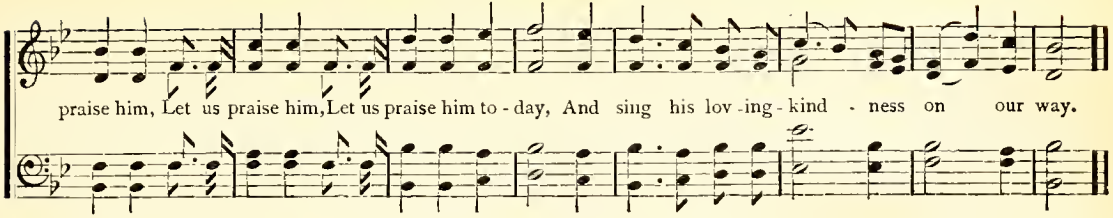
Let us Praise Him To-Day. —Concluded.

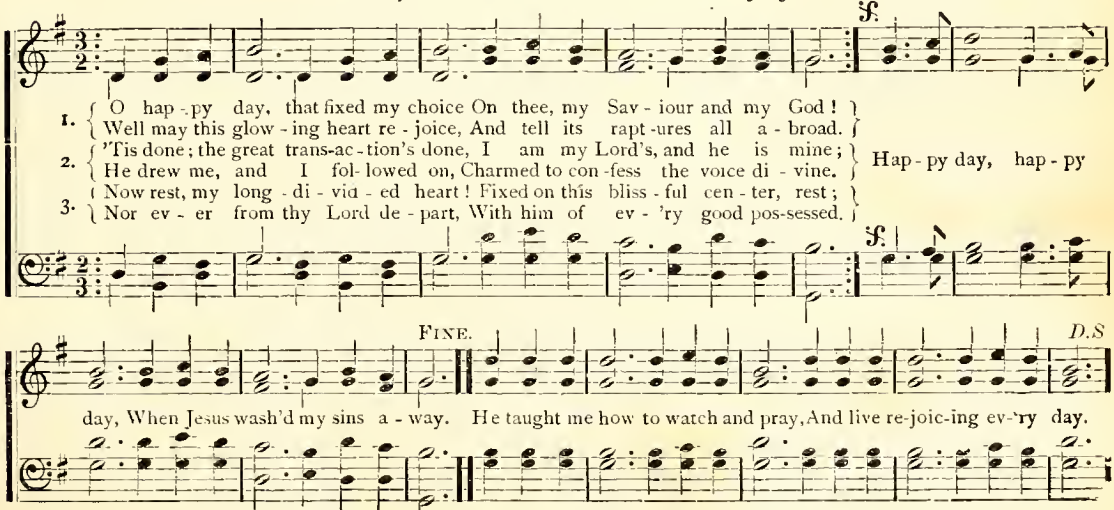


15.

Happy Day.

"In the day when I cried thou answeredst me."—Psa. 138: 3.

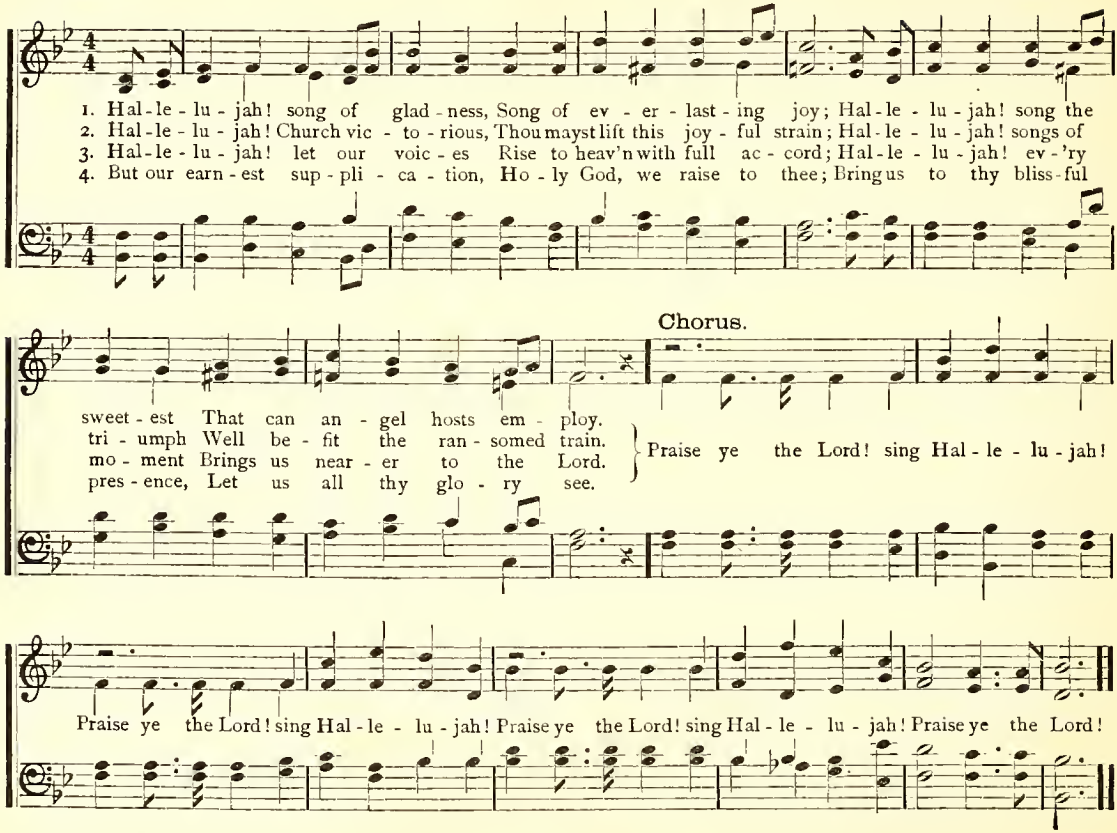
E. F. RIMBAULT.



16. Hallelujah!

"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God."—Ps. 147: 1.

Anon. E. S. Lorenz.



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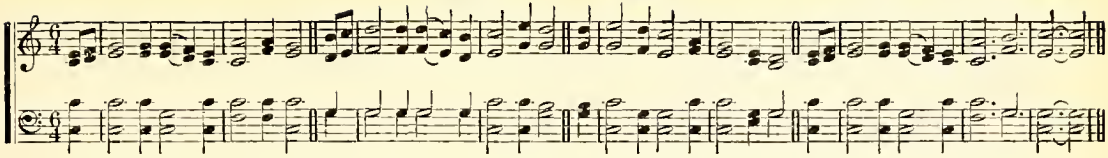
Retreat. L. M.

Dr. Thos. Hastings.



17.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads—
A place of all on earth most sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat.

18.

1 Oh, that I could forever dwell
Delighted at the Saviour's feet,
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat!

2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,
Oh! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this?

3 This is the hidden life I prize,
A life of penitential love,
When most my follies I despise,
And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

19.

1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

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

3 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

20.

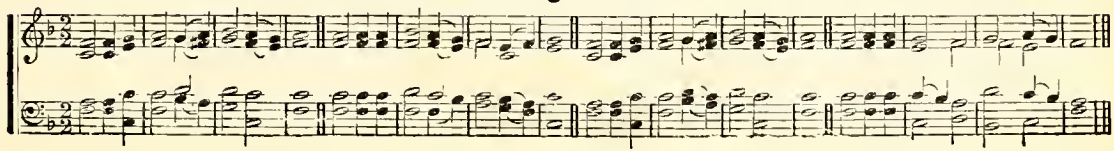
1 So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Hamburg. L. M.

Gregorian.



21. I am Glad We're on the Rock.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer."—Psa. 18 : 2.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

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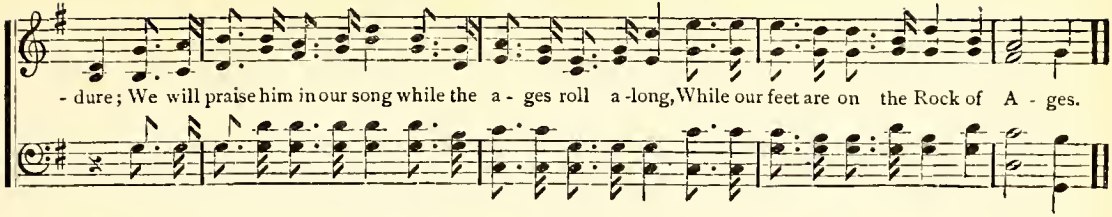
I am Glad We're on the Rock.—Concluded.



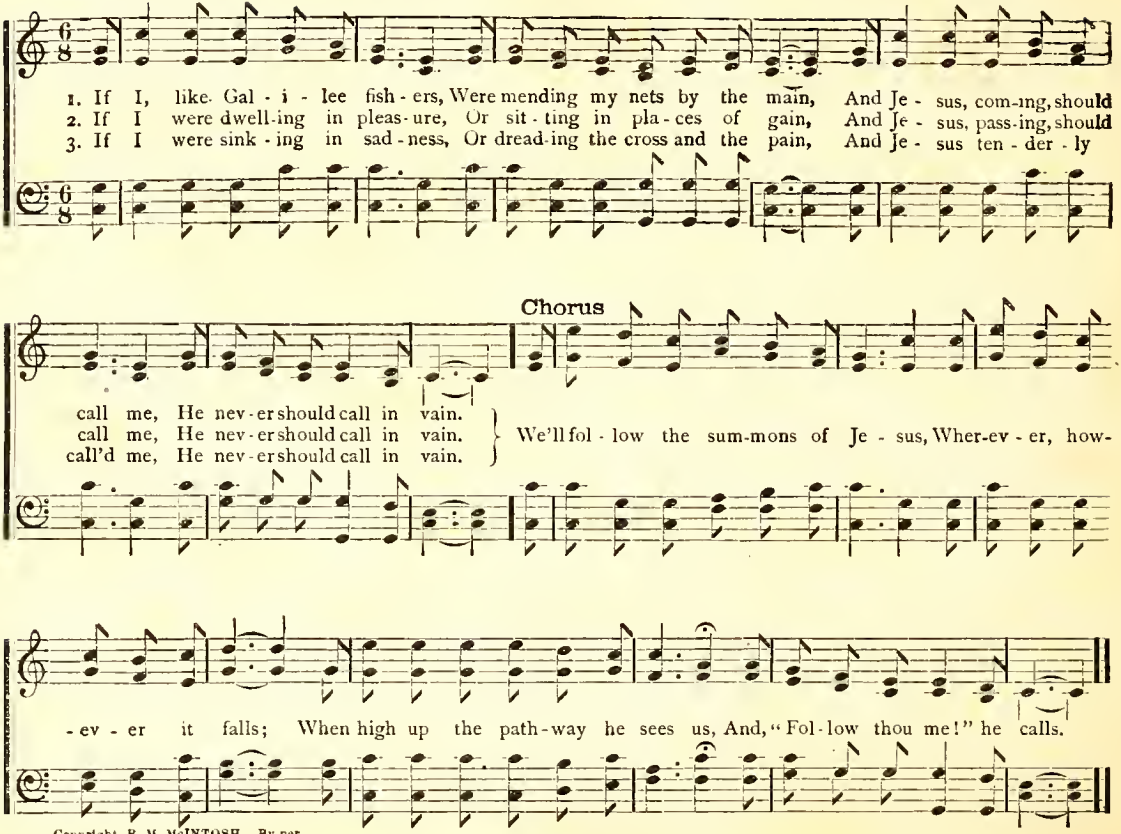
22. Sun of my Soul. L. M.

"For the Lord God is a sun and shield.—Psa. 84: 11.

KEBLE. English.

23. Follow Thou Me.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. "*Lord, I will follow thee whitersoever thou goest.*"—Luke 9: 57. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



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24. Walk in the Light.

"That I may walk before God in the light of the living."—Psa. 56: 13.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.

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25. Make Me a Worker for Jesus.

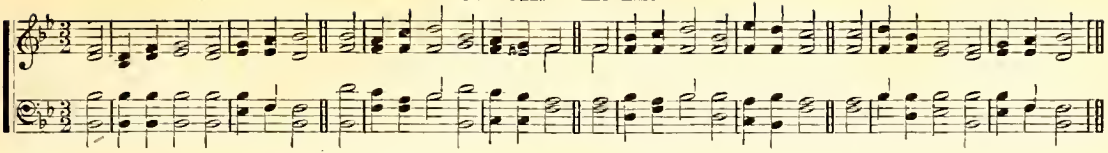
"That we might work the works of God."—John 6: 28.

E. E. REXFORD. D. E. DORTCH.

By permission.

Hebron. L. M.

LOWELL MASON.



26.

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

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

3 Thus, when the night of death shall come,
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,
With sweet salvation in the sound.

27.

1 Go, labor on; spend and be spent,—
Thy joy to do the Father's will;
It is the way the Master went;
Should not the servant tread it still?

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer;
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal,—"Behold! I come!"

28.

1 Lord of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light,
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Lord of all life, below, above!
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before thine ever-blazing throne
We ask no luster of our own.

29.

1 When I survey the wondrous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

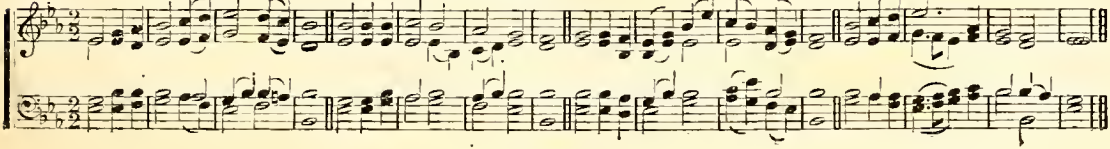
2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet;
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were all the realms of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Duke Street. L. M.

JOHN HATTON.

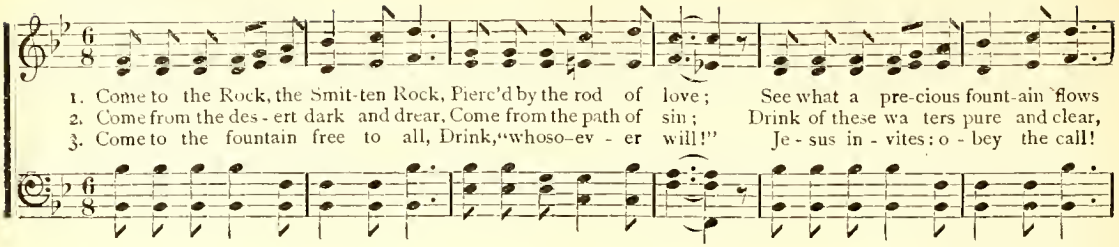


30.

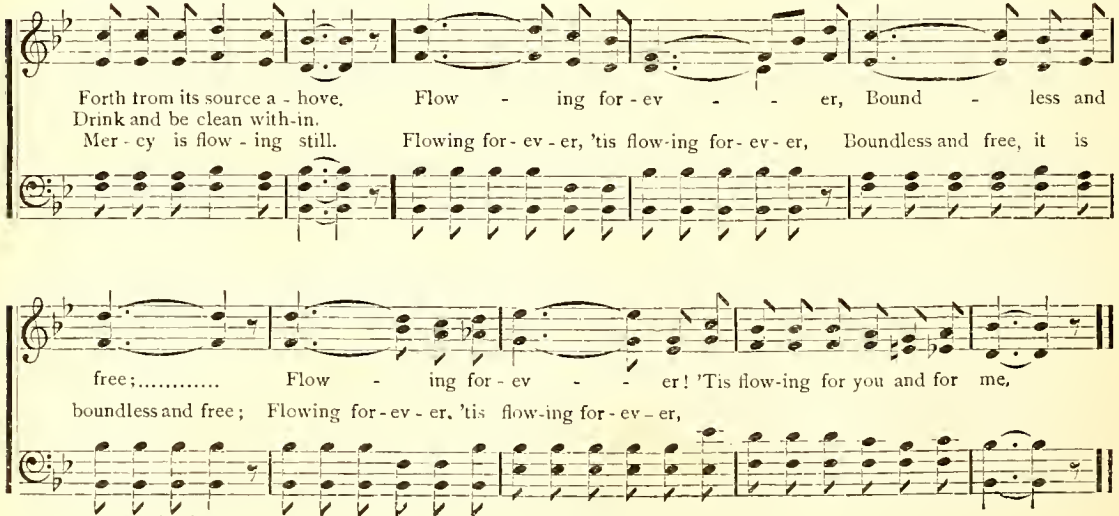
Come to the Rock.

"The Rock was Christ."—1 Cor. x: 4.

Miss Alexcenah Thomas. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



Chorus.



From "Melodious Sonnets," by per.

31. Reject not the Master.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—John 11: 28.

PRISCILLA J. OWEN. E. S. LORENZ.

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32. Let me Stay in His Presence!

"Surely the Lord is in this place."—Gen. 28 : 16.

"Carlin." I. BALTZELL.

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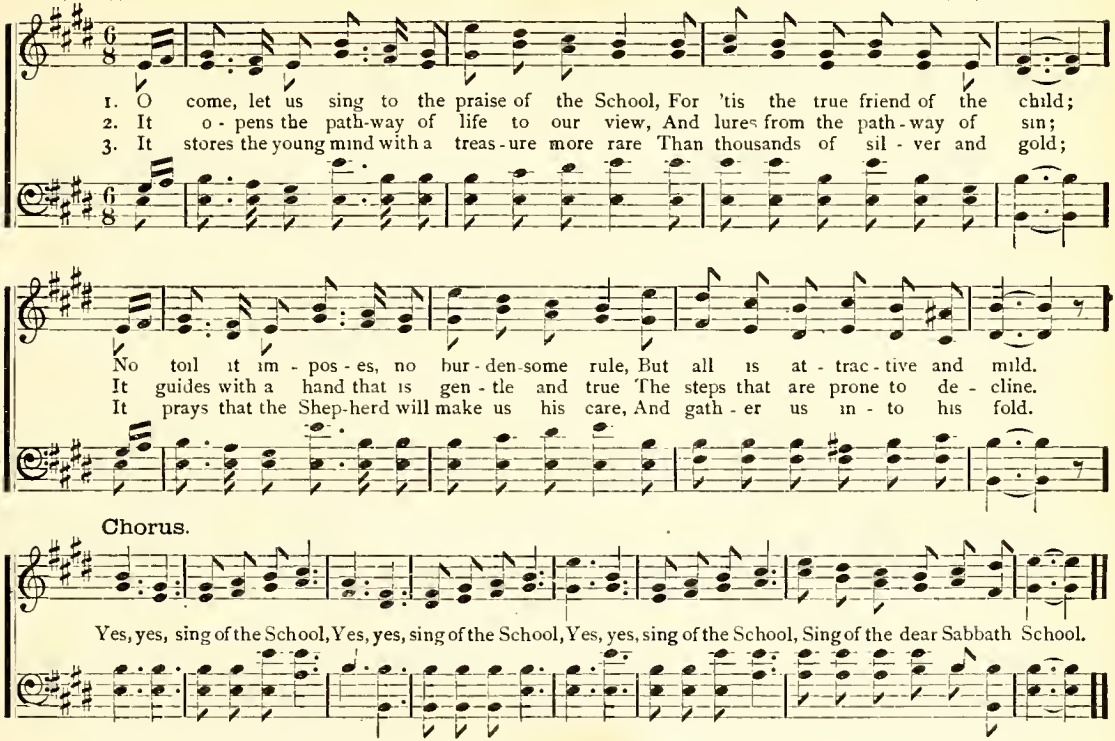
33. Sing of the School.

"So will I sing praise unto thy name forever."—Psa 61: 8.

A. A. G. Rev. A. A. Graley.



4 It tells us of Jesus who sinners to save
Came down from his throne in the skies;
Who died on a cross, and was laid in a grave,
That sinners to glory might rise.—Cho.

5 It tells of a land where the ransomed possess
A harp, and a crown, and a throne;
Where purity reigns, and the fullness of bliss,
Where sorrow and sin are unknown.—Cho.

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34. Resting in Peace.

"He is our Peace."—Eph. 2: 14.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

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Ortonville. C. M.

Dr. Thomas Hastings, 1837.

35.

1 Majestic sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Saviour's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
He flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

3 To him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have;
He makes me triumph over death,
He saves me from the grave.

36.

1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sov'reign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious world around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

3 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs;
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

37.

1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall,—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.

38.

1 Forever here my rest shall be,
Close to thy bleeding side:
'Tis all my hope and all my plea,
"For me the Saviour died."

2 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

3 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

39.

1 O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus!—the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

Brown. C. M.

Wm. B. Bradbury, 1840.

40. Rest at the Fountain.

*"For the Lamb * * * * shall lead them unto living fountains of waters."*—Rev. 7 : 17.

C. M. H. Rev. C. M. HOTT.

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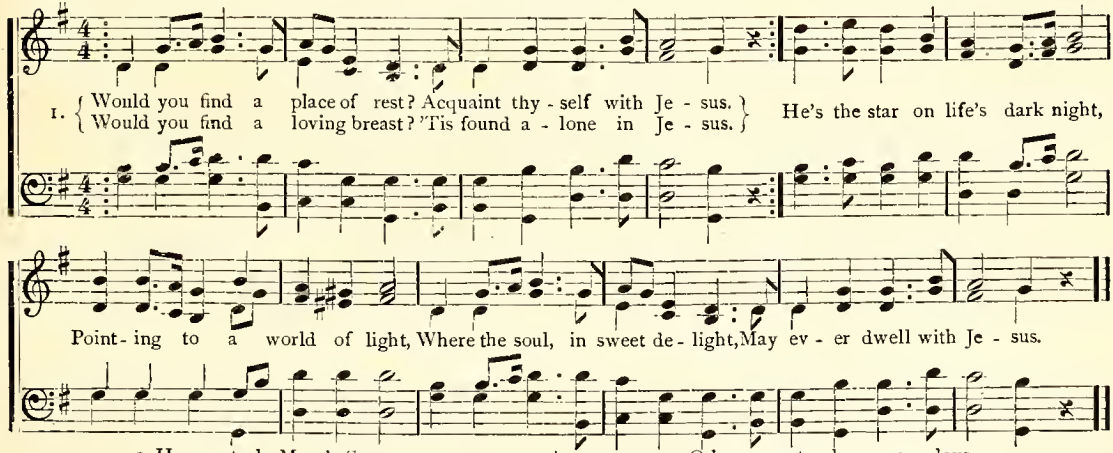
Rest at the Fountain.—Concluded.

41. Jesus, Only Jesus.

Mrs. E. M. Haly. *"They saw no man save Jesus only."*—Matt. 17 : 8. J. T. Grape.



2 He was truly Mary's Son,
Yet still we own him Jesus;
He was homeless and alone,
Ye still we love him, Jesus.
And with him his church ere long,
Joining the triumphant song,
Shall his glorious name prolong,
As Jesus, only Jesus.

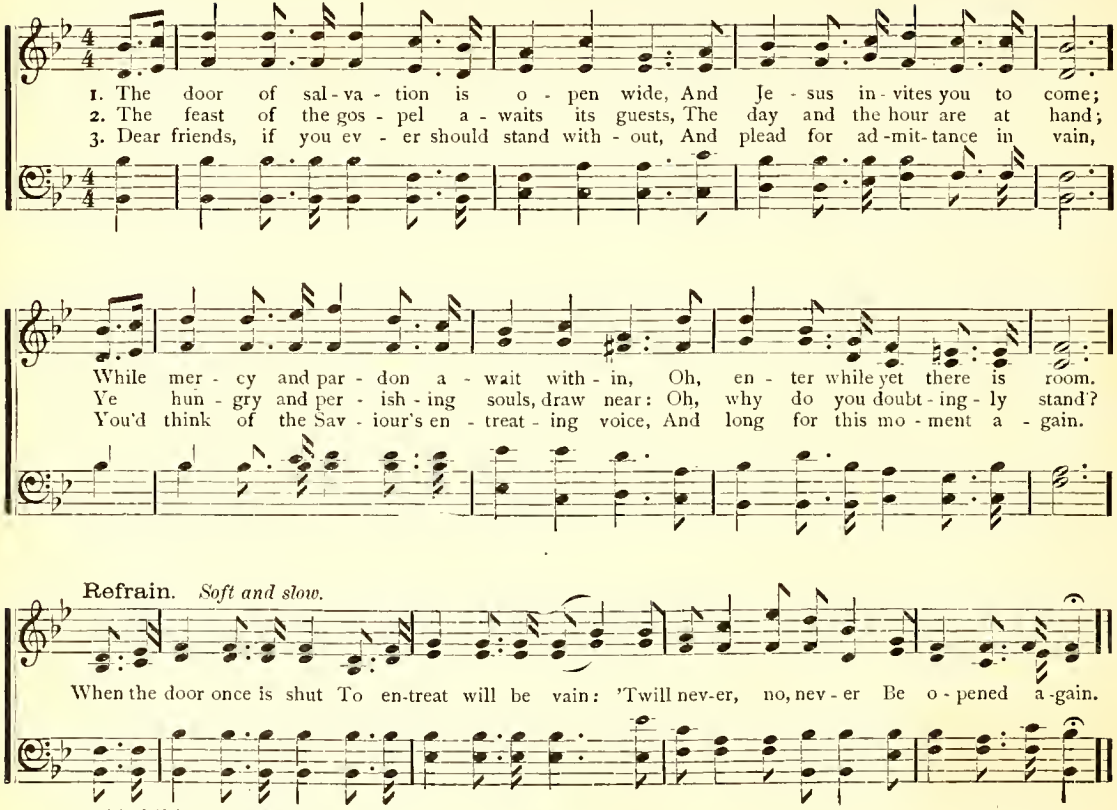
3 O how sweet, when weary days
And fever'd nights are o'er,
Saved by grace, with him to dwell
Forever and forever.
Storms may rage, and oceans roll,
He's the center of the soul,
And, while endless ages roll,
'Tis Jesus, only Jesus.

By permission.

42. When the Door is Shut.

"I am the door: by Me if any man enter in he shall be saved."—John 10: 9.

M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.



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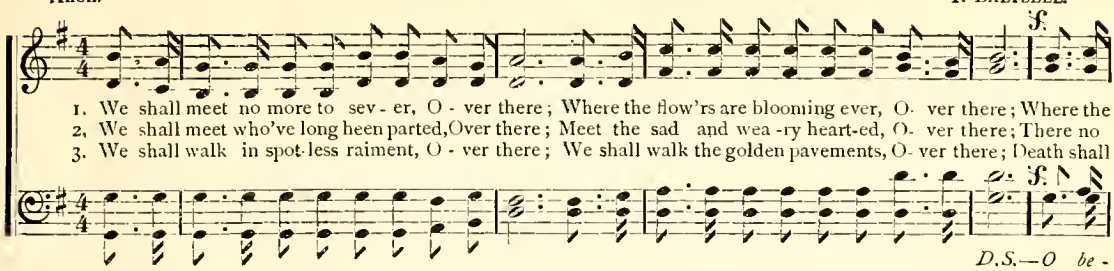
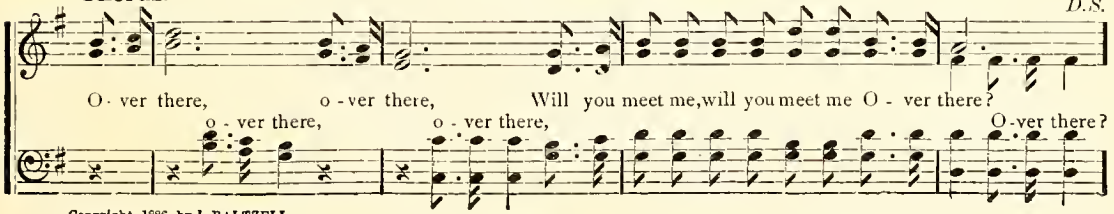
43. Will You Meet Me Over There?

"The Lord, my God, shall come, and all thy saints with thee."—Zech 14: 5.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.



Chorus.



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44. Travelling from Afar.

"*I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.*—Phil. 4: 13.

ROBERT MORRIS, L.L.D. CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

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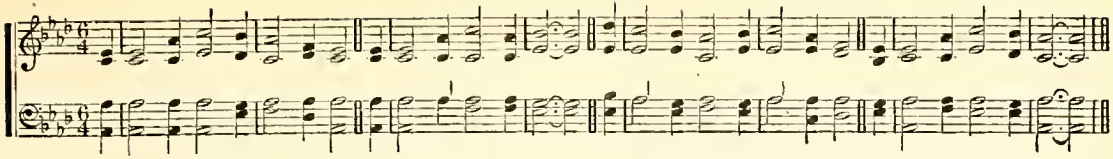
Evan. C. M.

WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.



45.

1 How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:—

3 When free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love;—

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows!
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

46.

1 Father, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:

2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My life and death attend;
Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

47.

1 The Saviour bids us watch and pray
Through life's brief, fleeting hour,
And gives the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

2 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Help, Lord, to hear thy voice to-day;
Obedience is our life.

3 The Saviour bids us watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls us from the earth away
To our eternal home.

4 O Saviour, we would watch and pray,
And hear thy sacred voice,
And walk, as thou hast marked the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

48.

1 Why should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe
For an immortal crown?

2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest;
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow;
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done."

Naomi. C. M.

LOWELL MASON.

49. Low at Thy Cross.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1 : 7.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES. W. J. BALTZELL.

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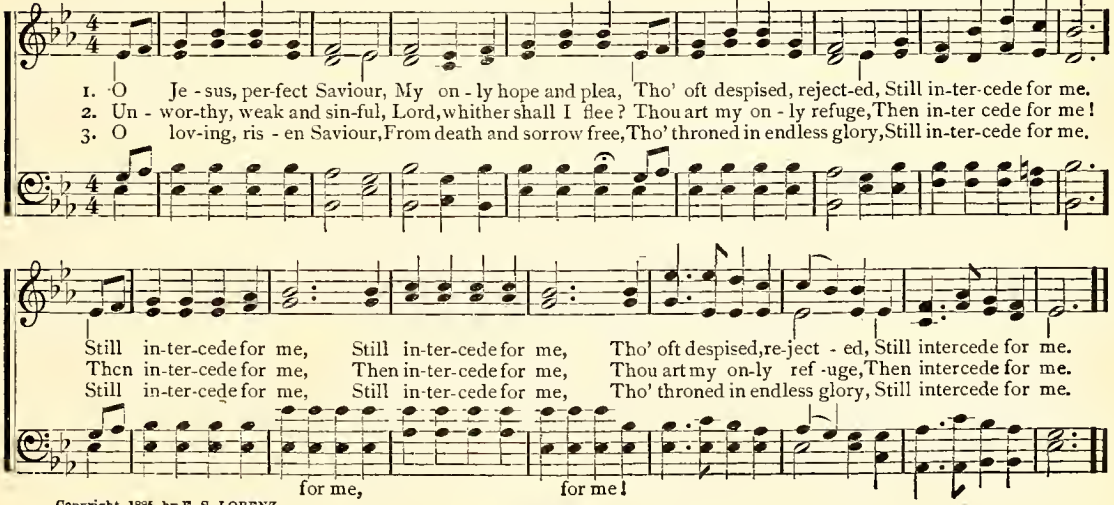
Low at Thy Cross.—Concluded.

50. Intercede for Me.

"*He ever liveth to make intercession for them.*"—Heb. 7 : 25.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



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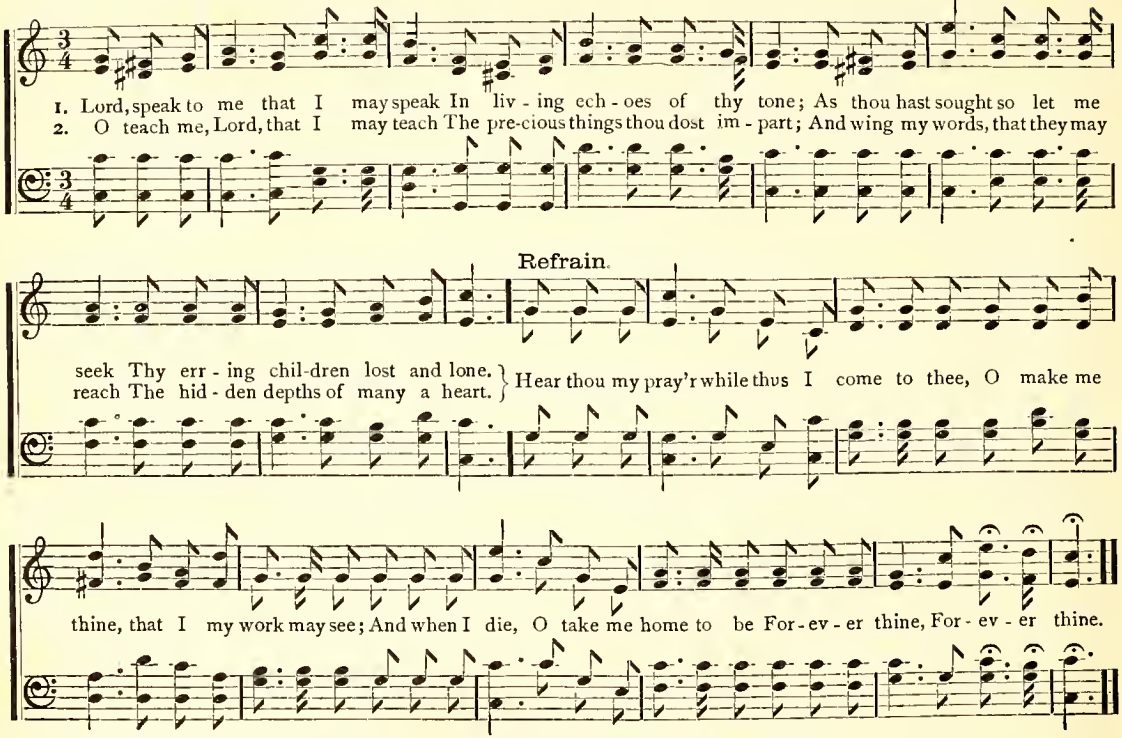
51. Hear Thou my Prayer.

"O God, hear the prayer of thy servant."—Dan. 9: 17.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. J. BALTZELL.



3 O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet;
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.—REF.

4 O strengthen me, that while I stand
Firm on the rock, and strong in thee,
I may stretch out a loving hand
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.—REF.

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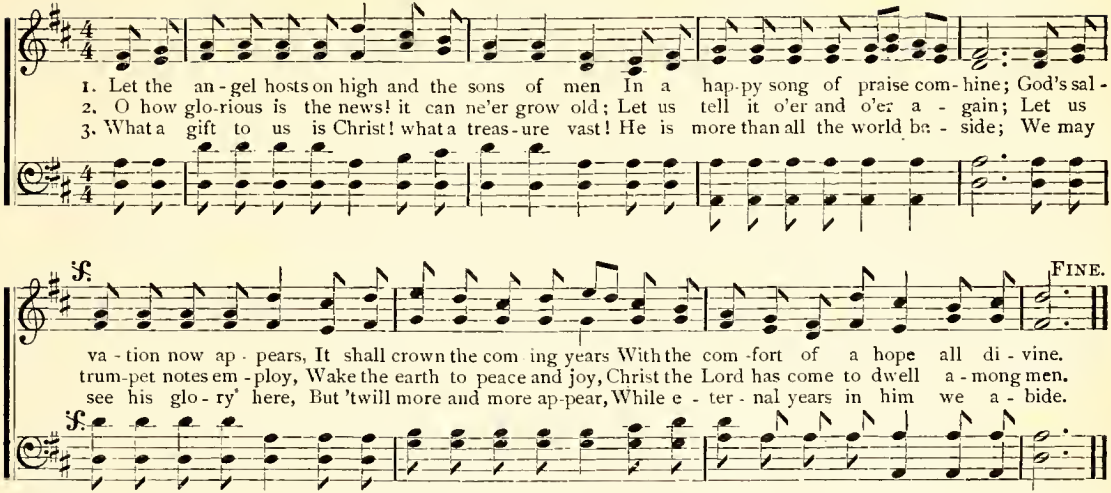
52. Shout Aloud the Heavenly Chorus.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14.

D. E. L. D. E. LORENZ.



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53. Light of the World.

"Then spake Jesus again unto them, saying, I am the light of the world."—John 8: 12.

J. S. B. MONSELL. E. S. LORENZ.

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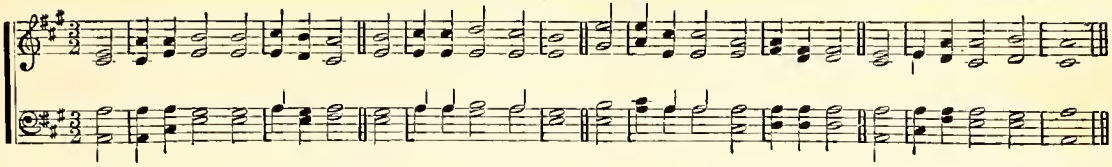
Azmon. C. M.

CARL GOTTHELF GLASER.



54.

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

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

55.

1 Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

3 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be
As long as life endures.

56.

1 There is a fountain, filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Are saved, to sin no more.

57.

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear; [wounds,
It soothes his sorrows, heals his
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

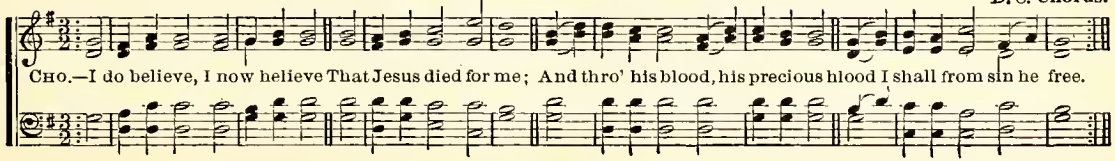
58.

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go?

2 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes;
Oh, may I now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

I Do Believe. C. M.

D. C. **Chorus.**



59. Beautiful Mansions.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—John 14: 2.

J. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

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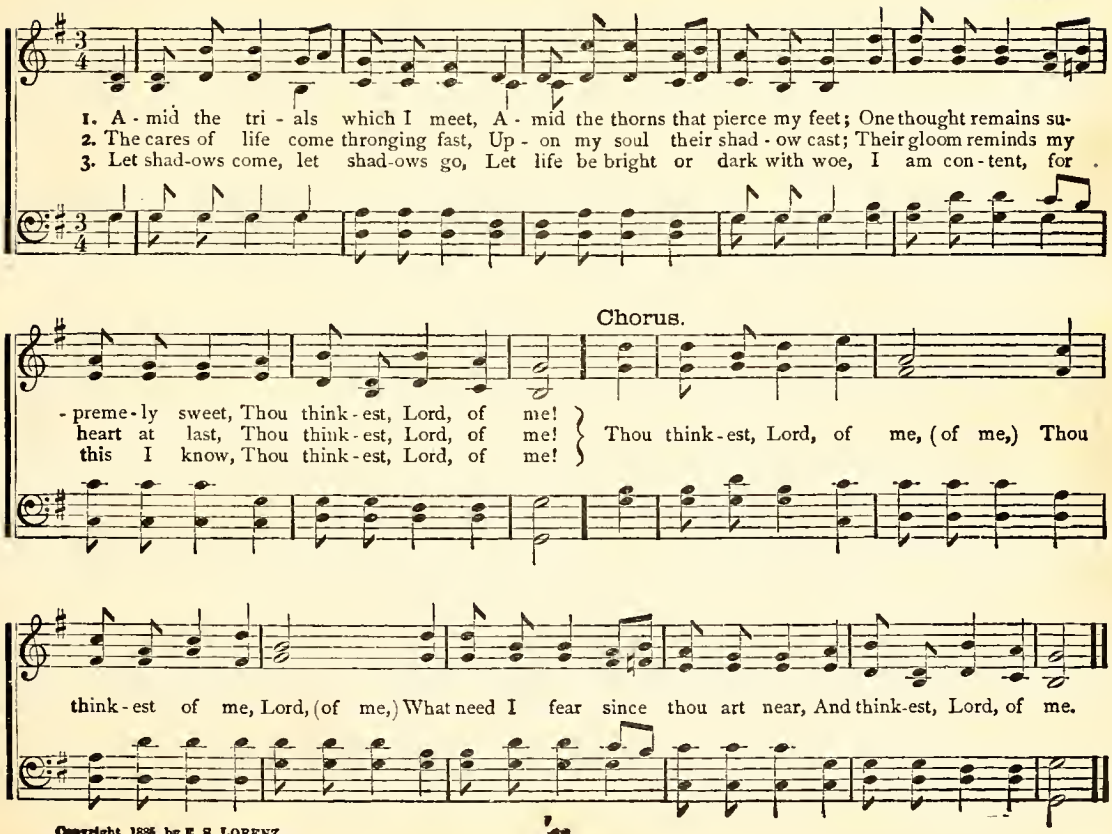
60. Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. 40: 17.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



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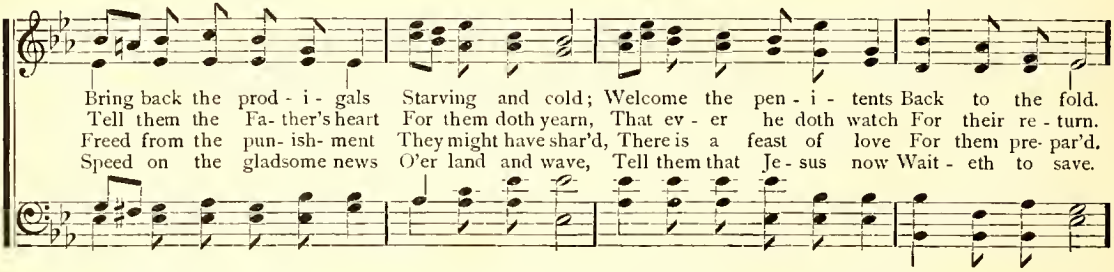
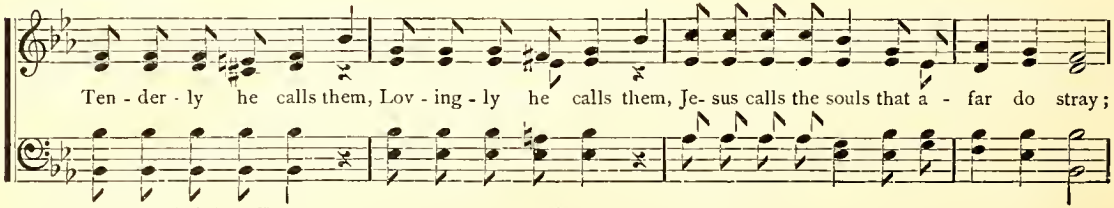
61. Bring Back the Wanderers.

"My sheep wandered through all the mountains."—Ezek. 34: 6.

EDEN R. LATTA. D. E. LORENZ.



Chorus.



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62. We Drift to Thee.

And I will walk among you, and will be your God.—Lev. 26; 12.

Mrs. MARGARET E. SANGSTER. E. S. LORENZ.

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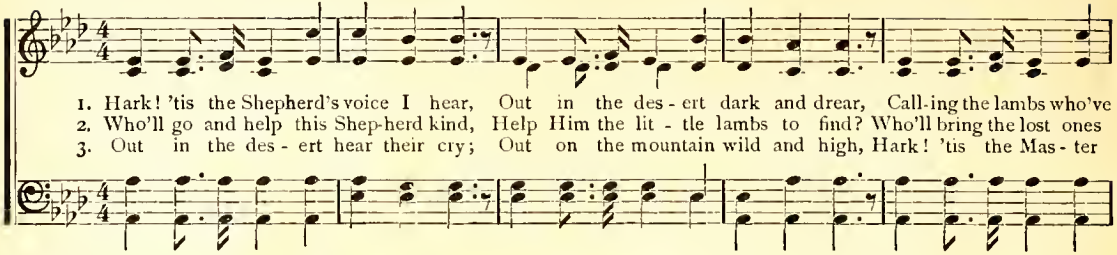
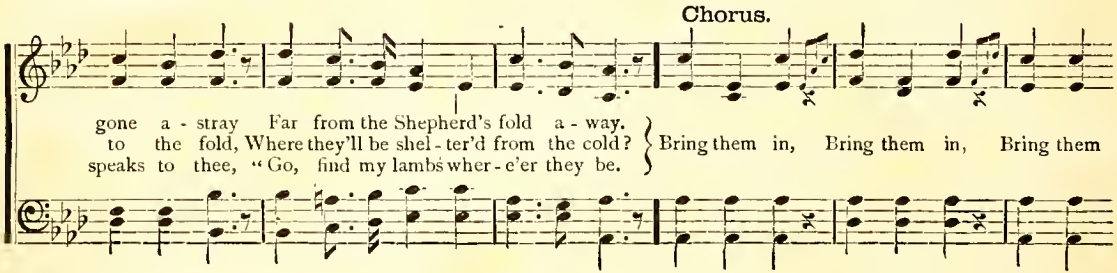
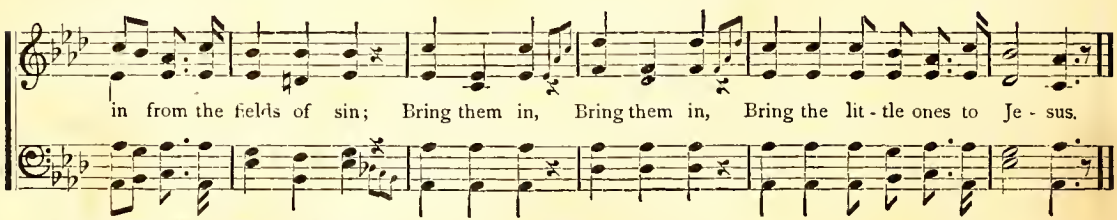
63. Bring Them In.

"The Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them."—Rev. 7: 17.

ALEXCENAH THOMAS. W. A. OGDEN.







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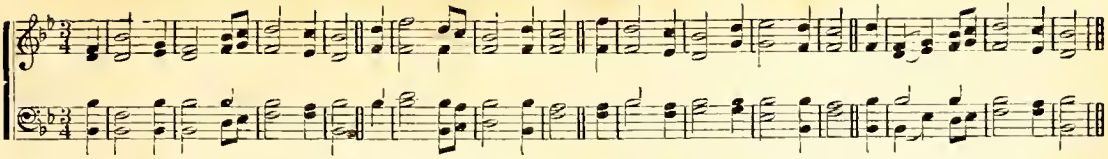
Avon. C. M.

Scottish.



64.

1 Jesus, the Name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky;
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

2 Jesus, the Name to sinners dear—
The Name to sinners given;
It scatters all their guilty fear;
It turns their hell to heaven.

3 Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace;
The arms of love that compass me,
Would all mankind embrace.

65.

1 Give me the wings of faith, to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be.

2 Once they were mourners here below
And poured out cries and tears;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and doubts, and fears.

3 I ask them whence their vic'try came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

66.

1 Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their songs,
But all their joys are one. [tongues,

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

3 The whole creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of him that sits upon the throne,
And to adore the Lamb.

67.

1 Return, O wanderer, return,
And seek thy Father's face;
Those new desires which in thee burn
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, return,
He hears thy humble sigh;
He sees thy softened spirit mourn,
When no one else is nigh.

3 Return, O wanderer, return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Come to his cross, and grateful learn
How freely he'll forgive.

68.

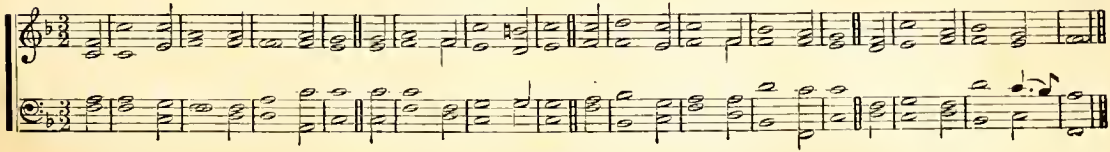
1 Jesus, the very thought of thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
The Saviour of mankind.

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who ask, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

Mear. C. M.

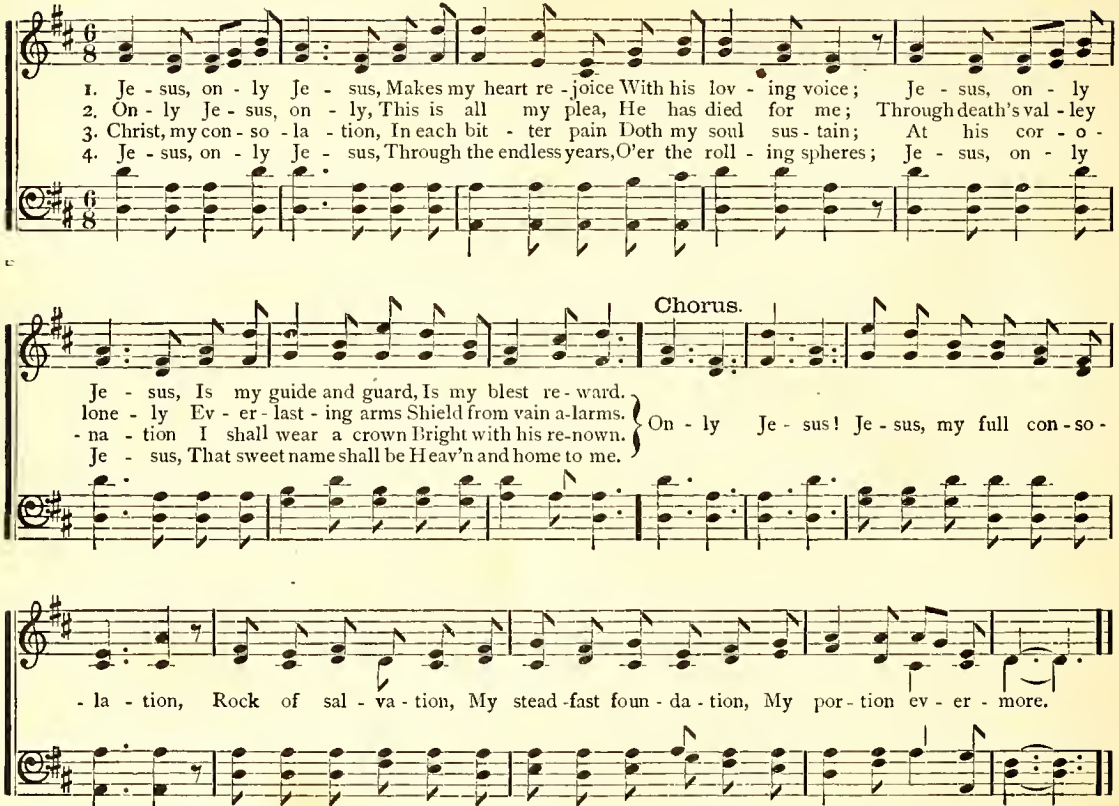
Welsh Air.



69. Jesus Only.

"Christ is all, and in all."—Col. 3: 11.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.



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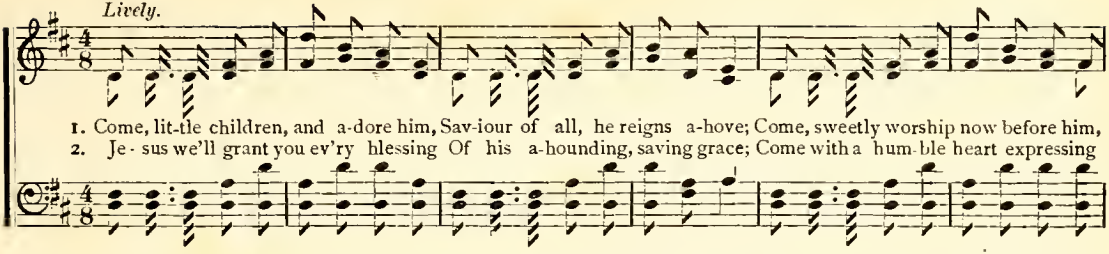
70. Tell, Tell the Story.

"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark 5 : 19.

J. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

Lively.



Chorus.

3 How sweet to feel the love of Jesus—
How sweet to know that from above
There is an eye that always sees us—
Kindly protects with tender love.

4 Come, little children, follow Jesus
On to the home prepared for you;
Fear not the way, though dark and dreary,
Jesus will safely lead you through.

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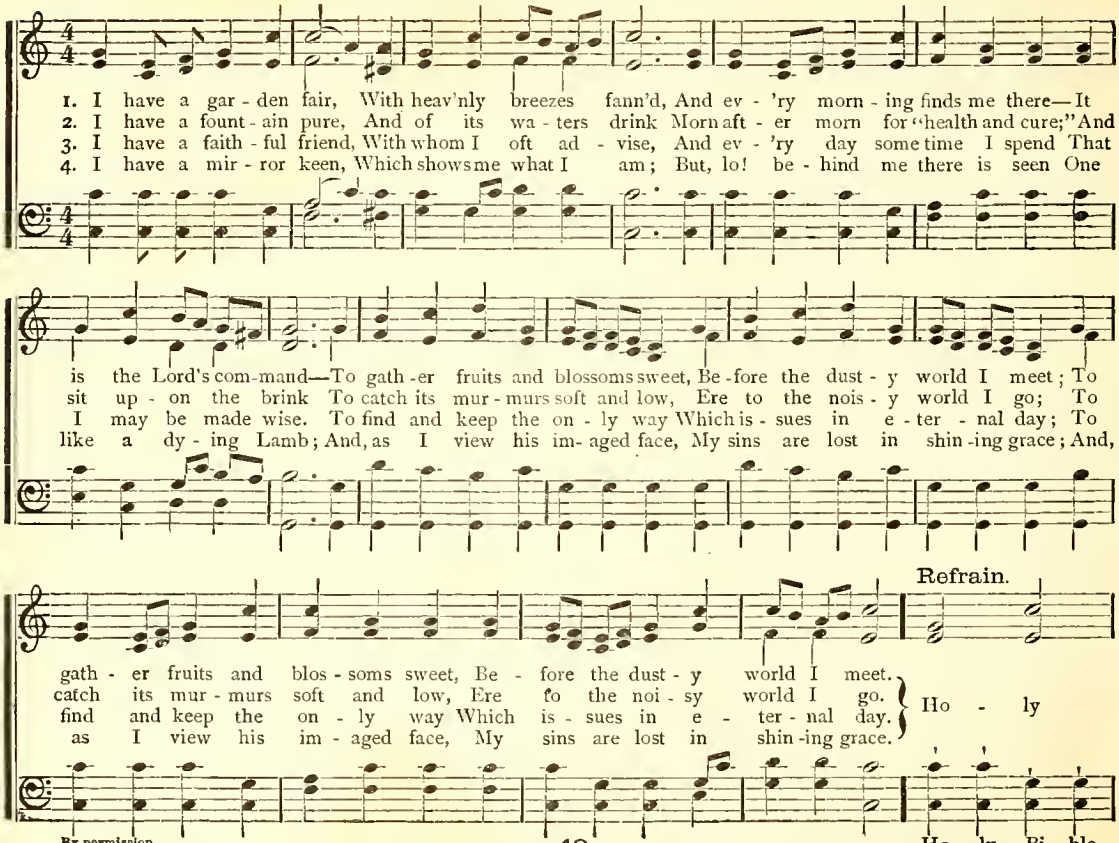
71. Precious Bible.

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—Psa. 119: 105.

HARRY SANDERS.



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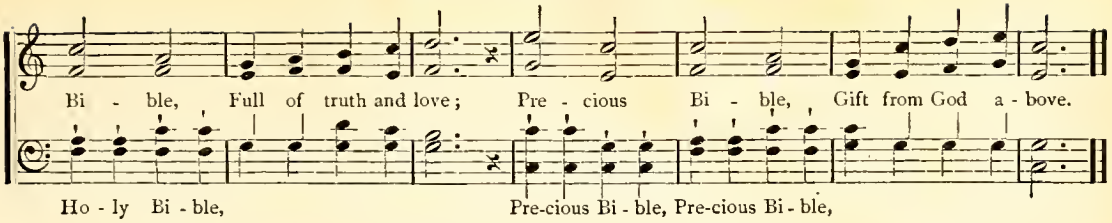
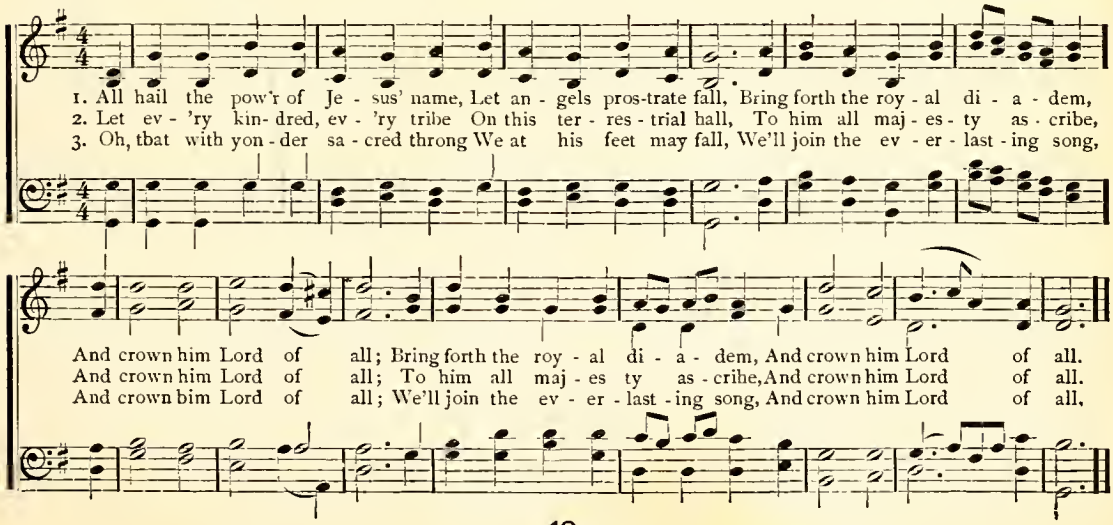
Precious Bible.—Concluded.



72. Coronation.

"Crowned with glory and honor."—Heb. 2 : 9.

EDWARD PERRONET. O. HOLDEN.



73. God is Love.

"*God is love.*"—1 John 4: 16.

Anon. E. S. LORENZ.

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Balerma. C. M.

R. Simpson.

74.

1 O for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe;

2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.

3 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

75.

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Kindle a flame of heavenly love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

76.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from s'n set free:—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me:—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

77.

1 O for a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

2 Return, O Holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

3 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

78.

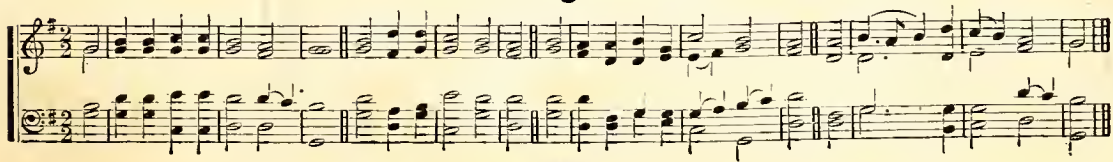
1 Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

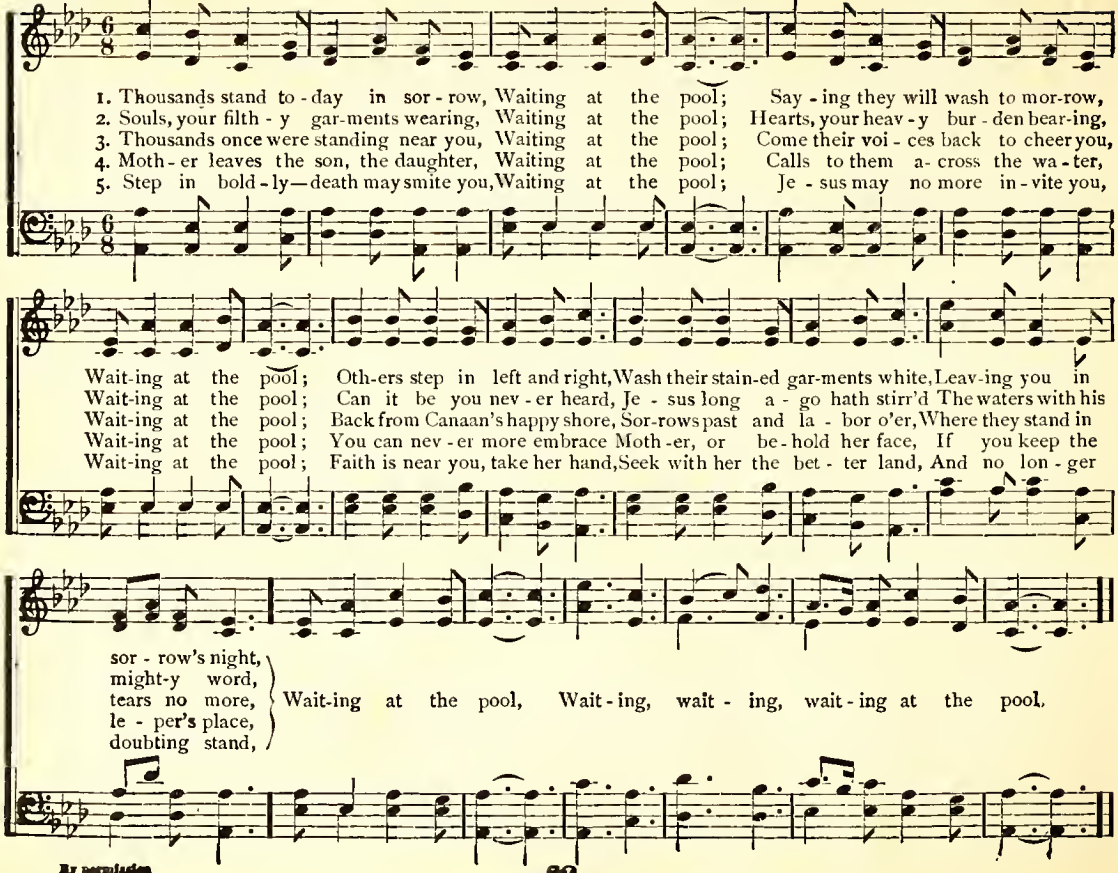
Peterborough. C. M.

Ralph Harrison.



79. Waiting at the Pool.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH. *"Waiting for the moving of the water."*—John 5 : 3. WM. G. FISCHER.



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80. Go up Higher.

"*Friend, go up higher.*"—Luke 14 : 10.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. I. BALTZELL.

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81. Come to the Cross.

"*The death of the cross.*"—Phil. 2: 7.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. E. S. LORENZ.

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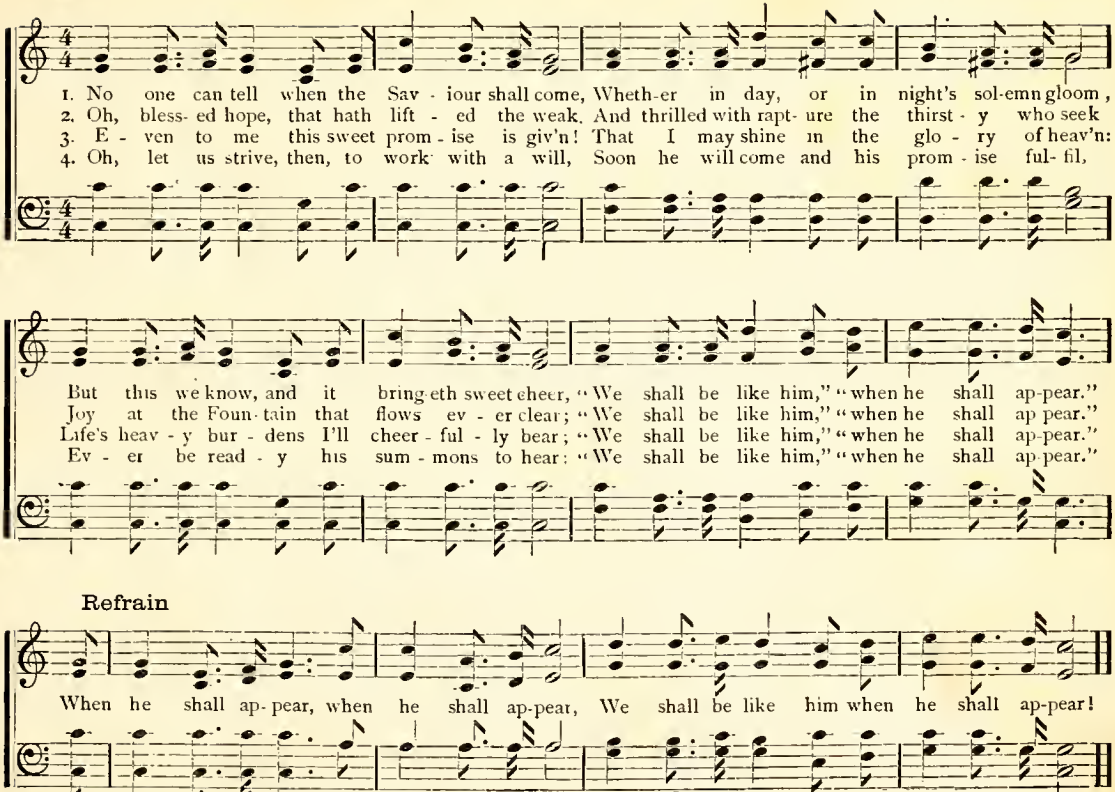
82. When He Shall Appear.

When he shall appear, we shall be like him.—John 3 : 2.

Mrs. Loula K Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.



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83. The Sure Foundation.

"And are built upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner stone."—Eph. 2 20.

F. E. BELDEN. Rev. A. A. ARMEN.

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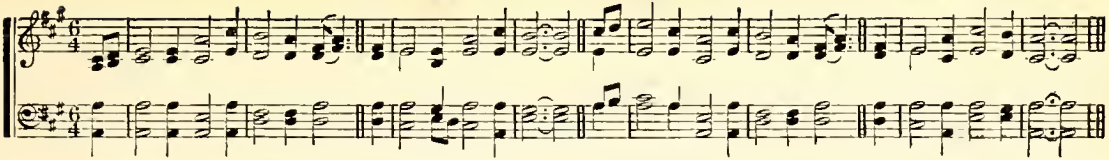
Maitland. C. M.

GEO. W. ALLEN.



84.

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

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

3 O, precious cross, O, glorious crown!
O, resurrection day!
Ye angels from the stars come down,
And bear my soul away.

85.

1 To our Redeemer's glorious name,
Awake the sacred song;
Oh, may his love, immortal flame,
Tune every heart and tongue.

2 His love what mortal tho't can reach,
What mortal tongue display?
Imagination's utmost stretch
In wonder dies away.

3 Oh, may the sweet, the blissful theme,
Fill every heart and tongue,
Till strangers love thy charming name,
And join the sacred song.

86.

1 Am I a soldier of the cross?
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

3 Sure, I must fight, if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord;
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

87.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

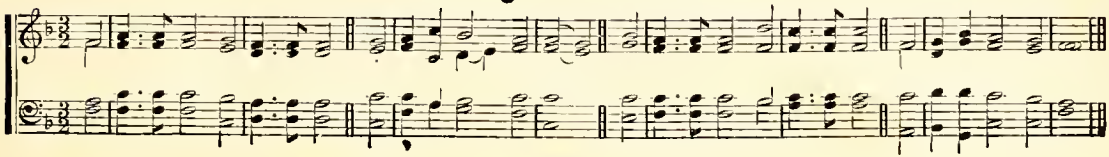
3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

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

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

Arlington. C. M.

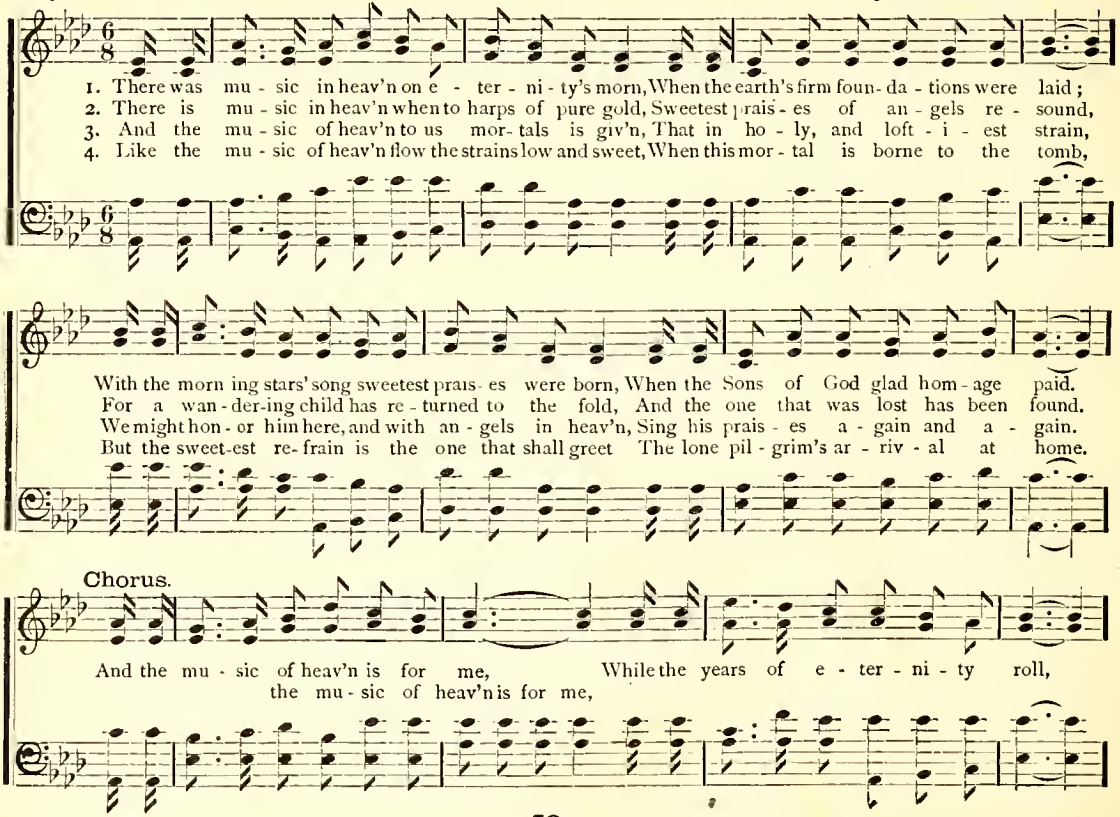
THOMAS A. ARNE.



88. The Music of Heaven.

"The morning stars sang together, and all the Sons of God shouted for joy."—Job 38: 7.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.



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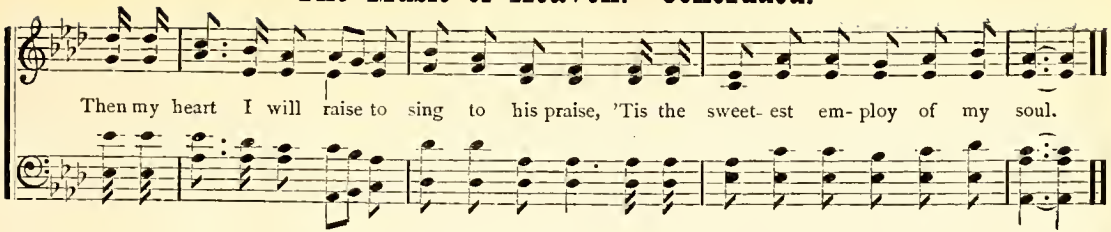
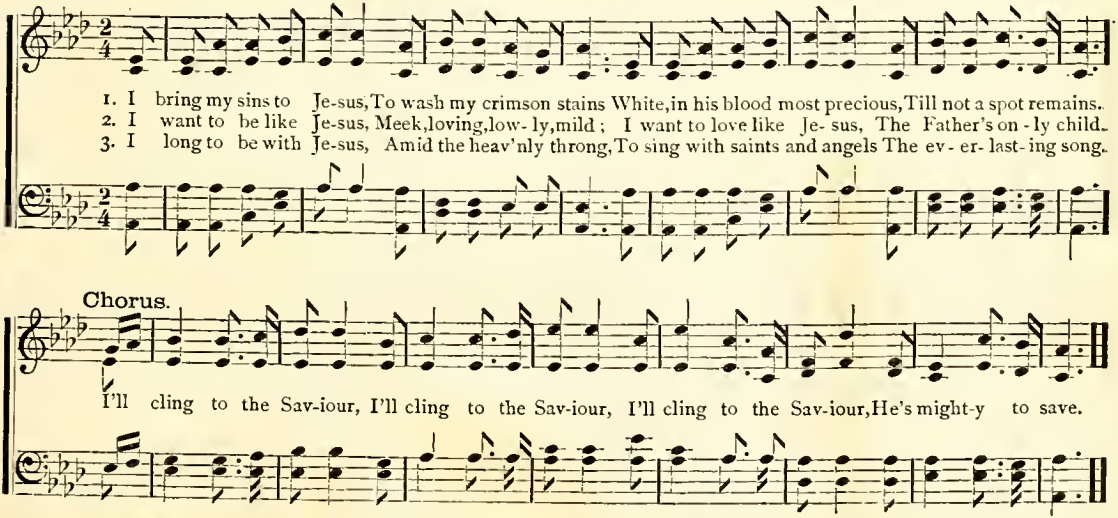
The Music of Heaven.—Concluded.



89. Cling to the Saviour.

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. 18: 24.

BONAR. I. BALTZELL.



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90. Marching on to Canaan.

"*They shall march with an army.*"—Jer. 46: 22.

Rev. M. Lowrie Hofford. W. A. Ogden.

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Marching on to Canaan.—Concluded.

91. The Hour of Prayer.

"My meditation of him shall be sweet."—Psa. 104: 34.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

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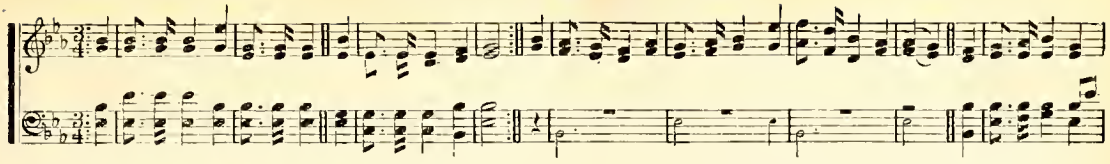
Varina. C. M. Double.

GEO. F. ROOT.



92.

1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Eternal day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green:
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

93.

1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,—
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one! lay down
Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him, my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

94.

1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

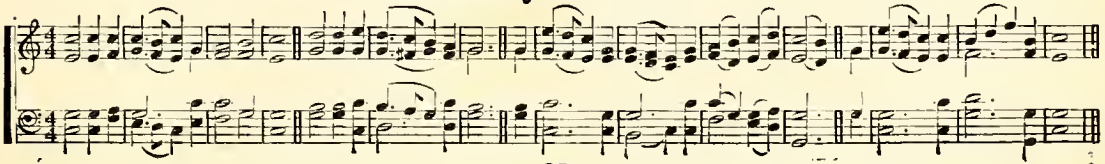
2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might—
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Henry. C. M.

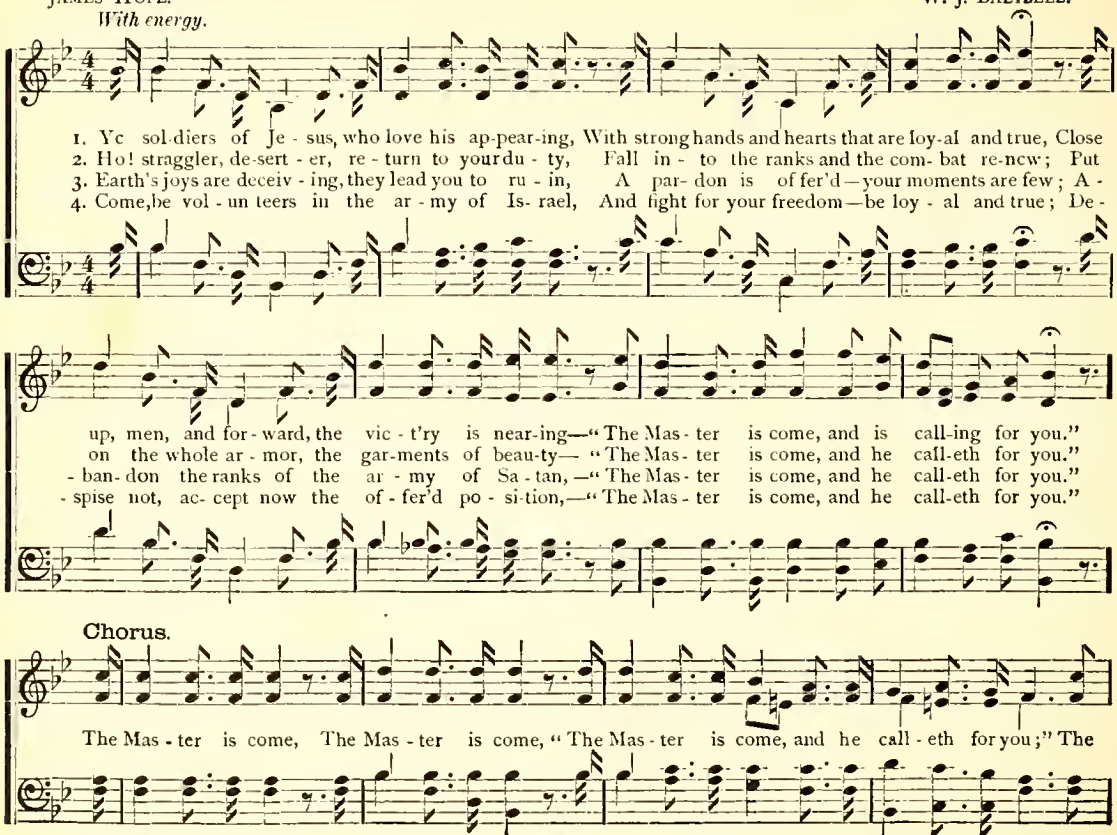
SYLVANUS B. POND, 1835.



95. The Master's Call.

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."—John 11 : 28.

JAMES HOPE. *With energy.* W. J. BALTZELL.



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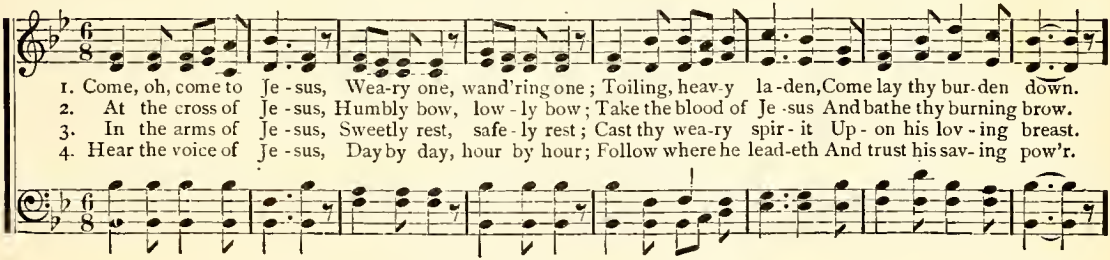
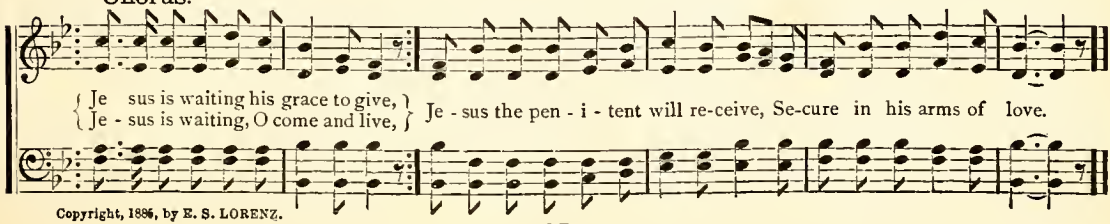
96. Jesus is Waiting.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11: 28.

D. B. P. D. B. PURINTON.



Chorus.



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97. Passing Away.

"*We all do fade as a leaf.*"—Isa. 64: 6.

Rev. F. Bottome, D.D.

Harry J. Kurzenknabe.

Very slow.

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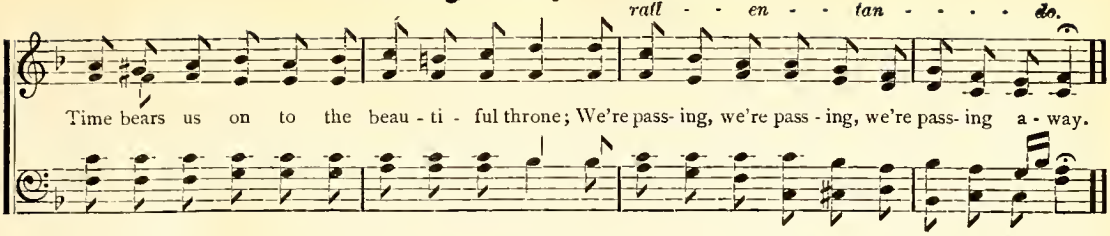
Passing Away.—Concluded.



98. Press on, My Soul.

"I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God."—Phil. 3: 14.

E. A. BARNES. FRANK M. DAVIS.

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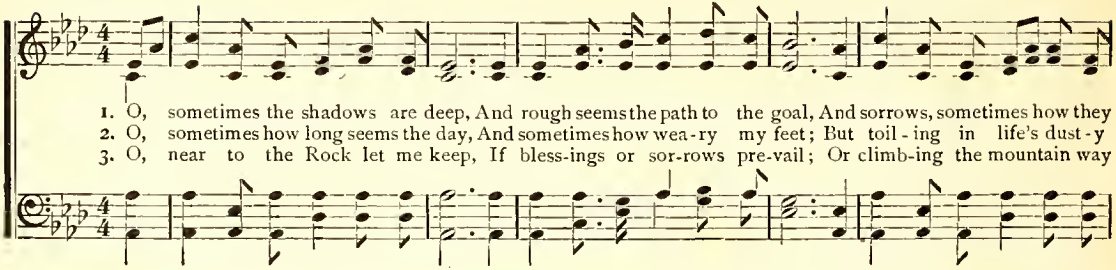
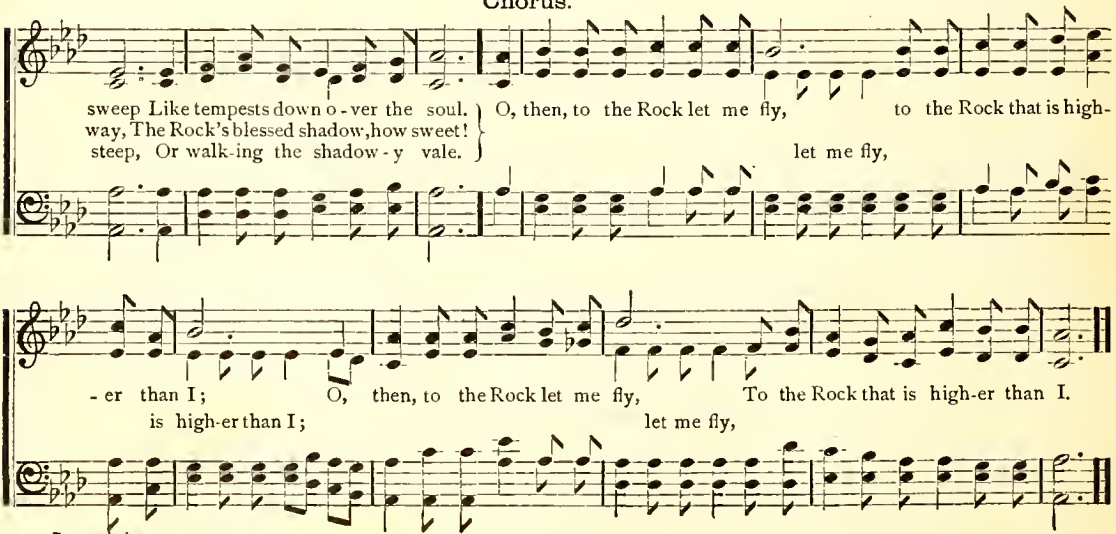
99. The Rock that is Higher than I.

"*Lead me to the rock that is higher than I.*—Ps. 61: 2

E. JOHNSON. WM. G. FISCHER.



Chorus.



By permission.

Dennis. S. M.

HANS G. NAGELI.

100.

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

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

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

101.

1 How helpless nature lies,
Unconscious of her load!
The heart unchanged can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught but power divine
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, eternal Spirit, thine
To form the heart anew.

3 O change these hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord, be thine.

102.

1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears
The wondering angels see;
Be thou astonished, O my soul,
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

103.

1 O for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord!
O be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

104.

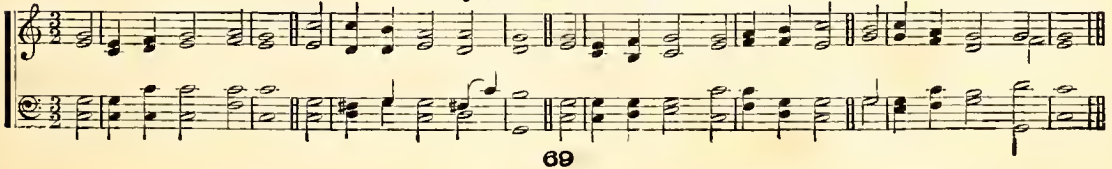
1 O where shall rest be found,
Rest for the weary soul?
'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

2 The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love.

Boylston. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.



105. O Love of God!

"*The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*"—Eph. 3: 19.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.

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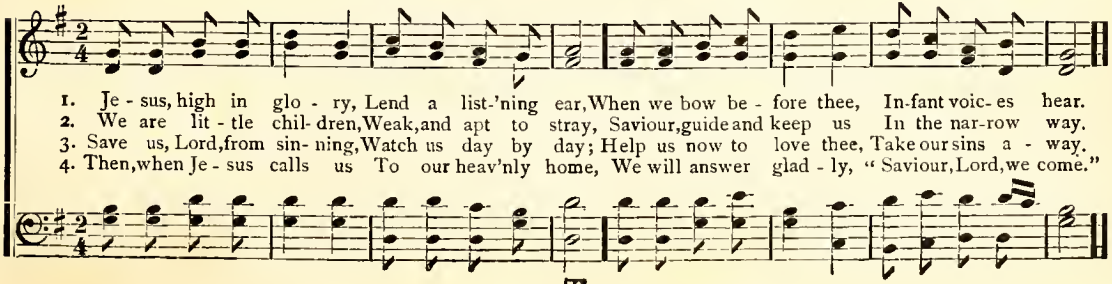
O Love of God!—Concluded.

106. A Child's Prayer.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 18: 10.

German.



107. A Brighter Day.

"Arise, shine: for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."—Isa. 60: 1.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. E. S. Lorenz.

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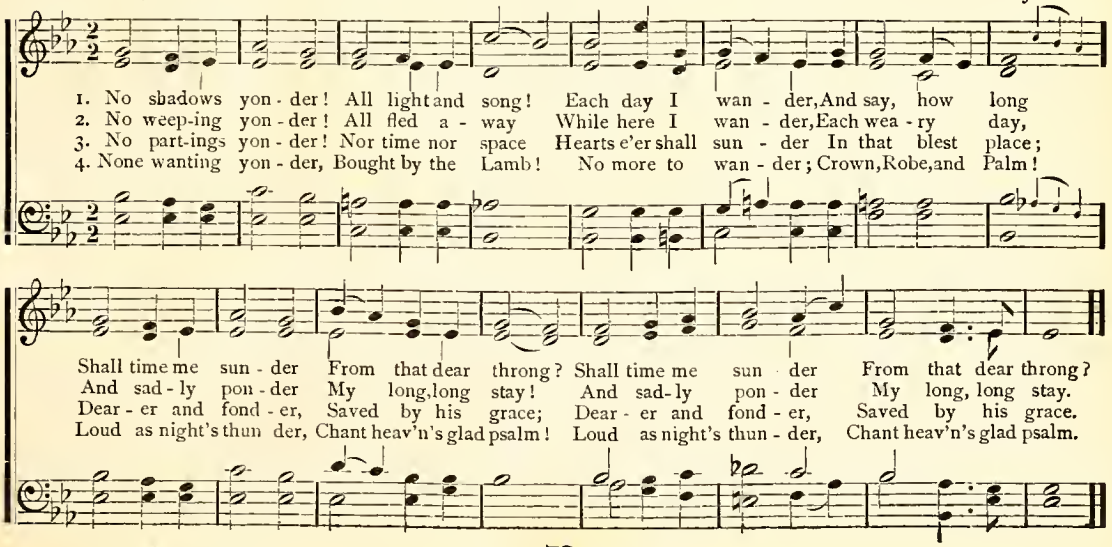
A Brighter Day.—Concluded.

108. No Shadows Yonder.

*"And there shall be no night there * * * and they shall reign for ever and ever."*—Rev. 22: 5.

H. Bonar, D. D. W. J. B.



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109. Joy in Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—Luke 15: 10.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers. R. M. McIntosh.

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St. Thomas. S. M.

WILLIAMS.

110.

1 Stand up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God.
With heart and soul and voice.

2 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

3 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

111.

1 Awake, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart and every tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ, the eternal King.

112.

1 I love thy kingdom, Lord,—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils he given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

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

113.

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

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

114.

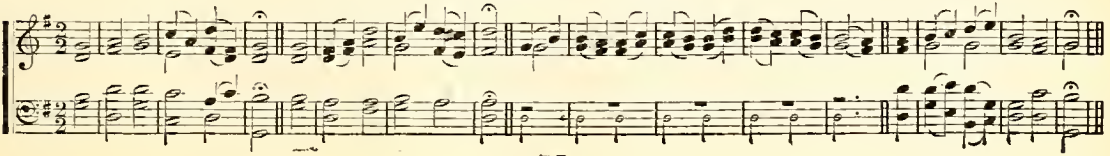
1 Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed; [tears;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy
God shall lift up thy head.

2 Thro' waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time, so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim, "God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well."

Shirland. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY.



115. The Treasures of Heaven.

T. C. O'K. *"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."*—Heb. 4 : 9. T. C. O'KANE.

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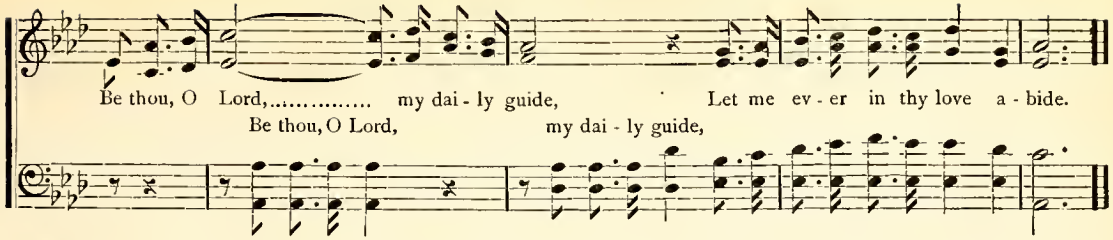
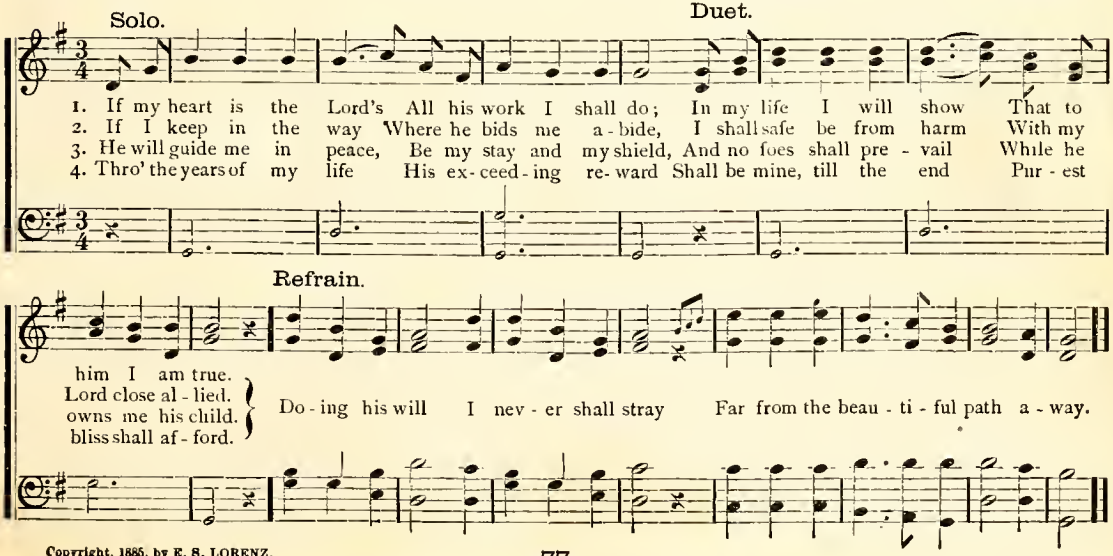


116. Doing His Will.

C. R. BLACKALL. *"As the servants of Christ doing the will of God from the heart."*—Eph. 6 : 6. E. S. LORENZ.



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117. Lord, I Go to Sow.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—Eccl. 11: 6.

AMY C. WALTON. I. BALTZELL.

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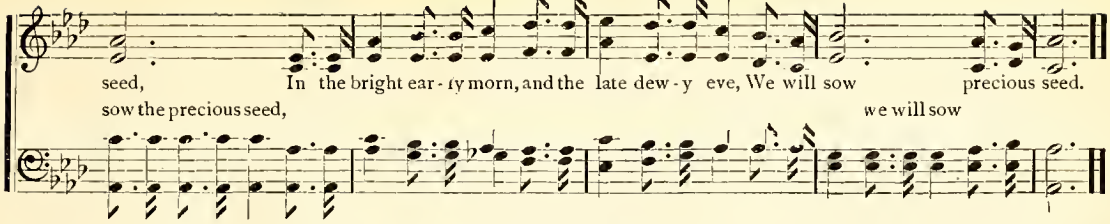
Lord, I Go to Sow.—Concluded.

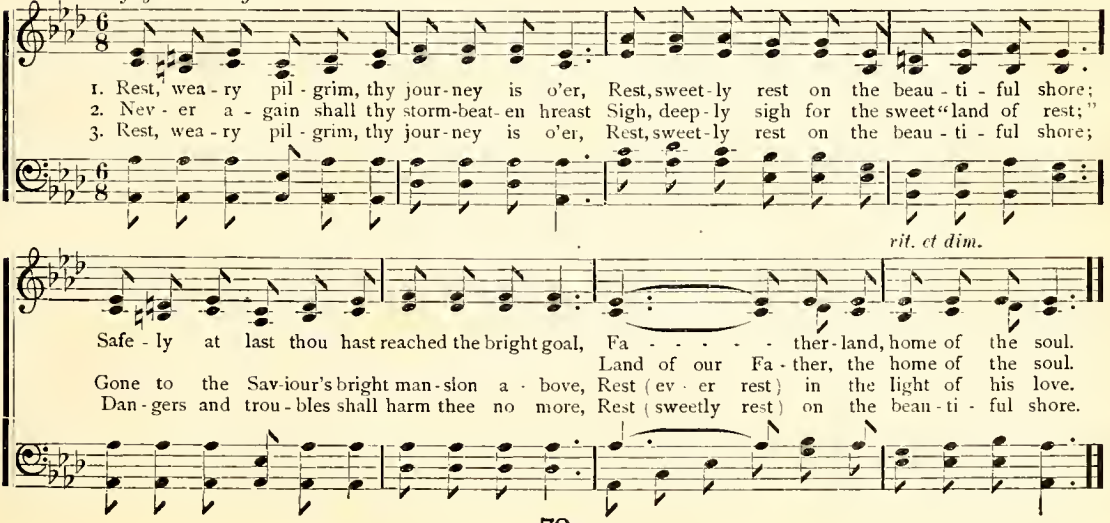


118. Rest, Weary Pilgrim.

"There the weary be at rest."—Job 3: 17.

MARIA STRAUB. J. H. TENNEY.

Softly and slowly.



119. Worthy of all Adoration.

"Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever."—Rev. 7: 12.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL. W. J. BALTZELL.

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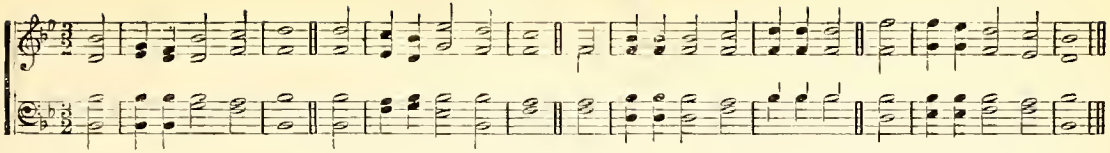
Lisbon. S. M.

DANIEL READ.



120.

1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.

2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts his saints to-day;
Here we may sit and see him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

3 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

121.

1 Blest are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs,
Their soul is his abode

2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart;
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.

3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O, give the pure and lowl heart,
A temple meet for thee.

122.

1 O, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

123.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 O, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

124.

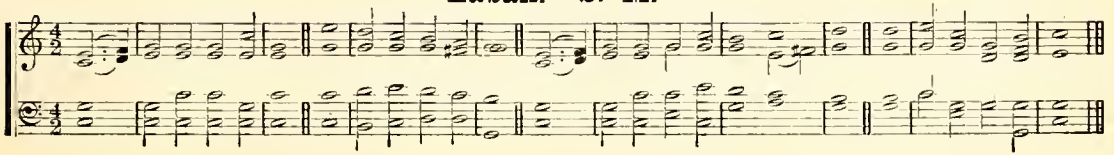
1 Once more, before we part,
O, bless the Saviour's name;
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart;
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
Help us to feed and grow,
Still to go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

Laban. S. M.

LOWELL MASON.

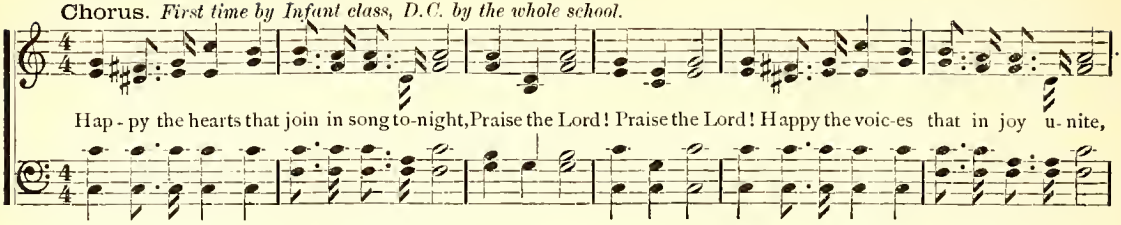


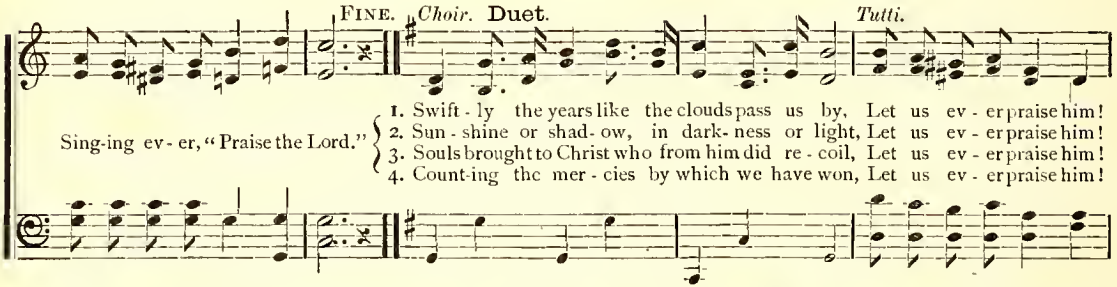
125. Let Us ever Praise Him.

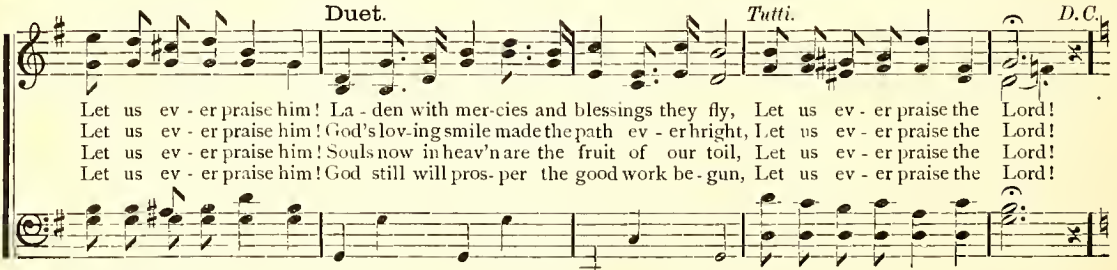
"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."—Col. 3 : 16.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

Chorus. *First time by Infant class, D.C. by the whole school.*







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126. Rest, Sweetly Rest.

"Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors; and their works do follow them."—Rev. 14 13.

I. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

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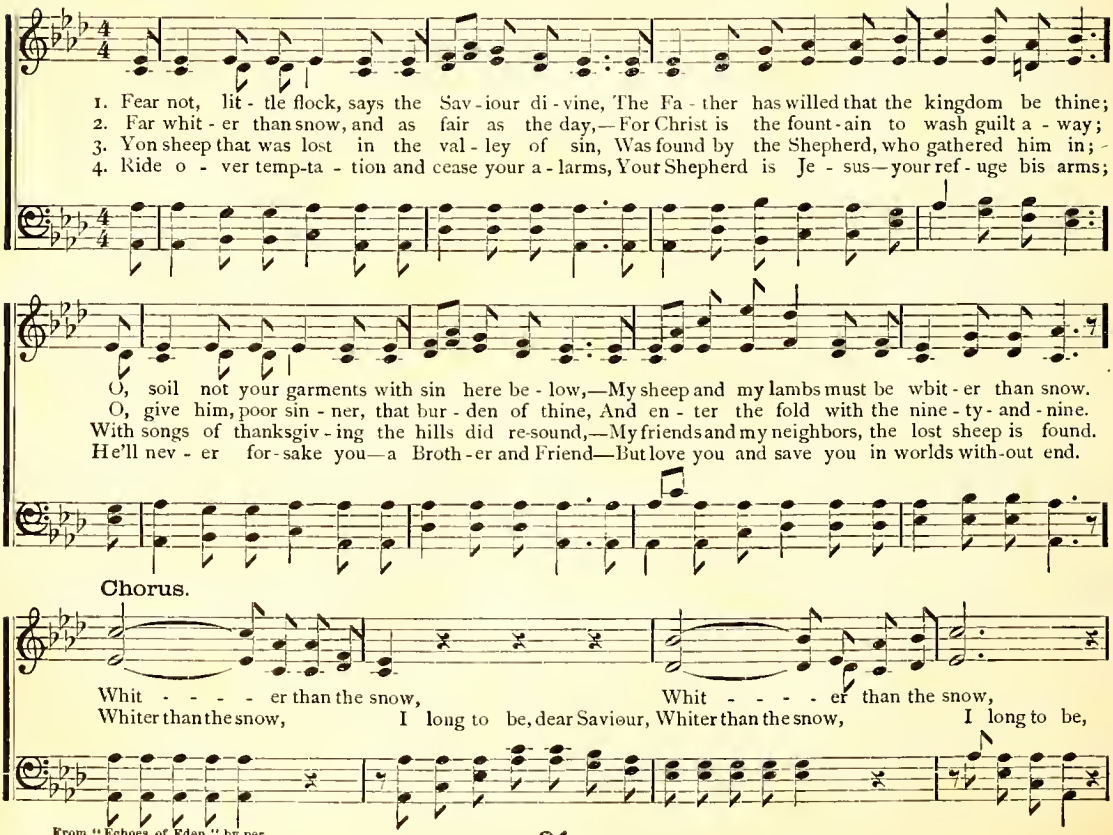
127. Whiter than the Snow.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Psa. 51: 7.

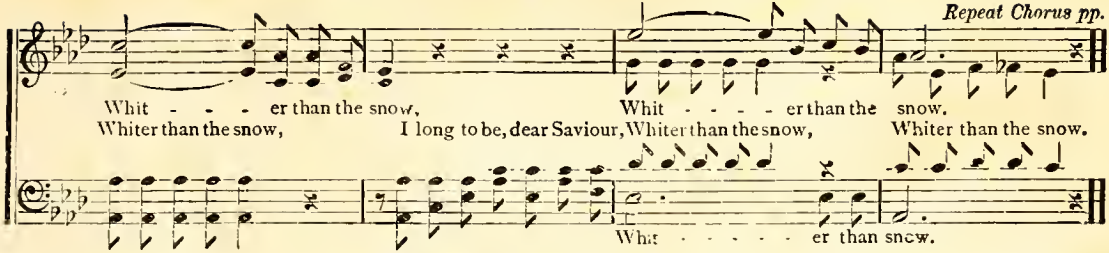
Mrs. M. A. KIDDER. J. A. DAILEY.



From "Echoes of Eden," by per.

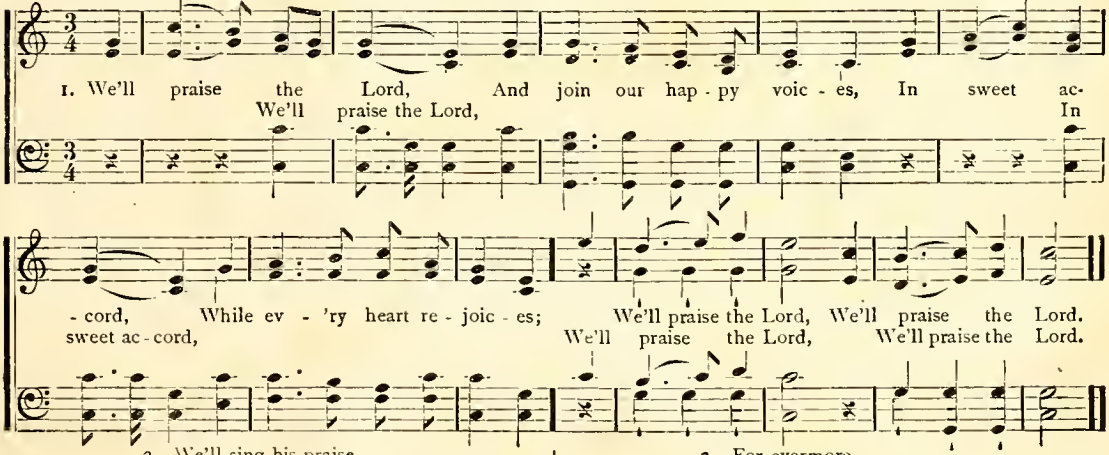
Whiter than the Snow.—Concluded.

Repeat Chorus pp.



128. We'll Praise the Lord.

German. *"It is good to sing praises unto our God."*—Psa. 147: 1. From the German.



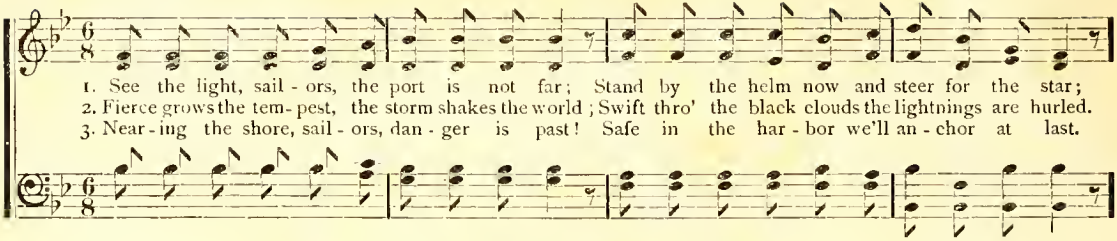
2 We'll sing his praise,
Who gave to us a Saviour,
Our anthem raise,
For such a wondrous favor;
We'll sing his praise,
We'll sing his praise.

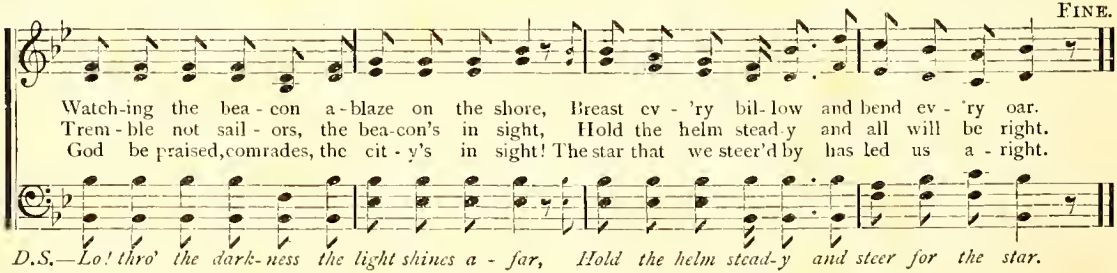
3 For evermore
We'll tell the blessed story,
And still adore
The Lord of Life and Glory;
For evermore,
For evermore.

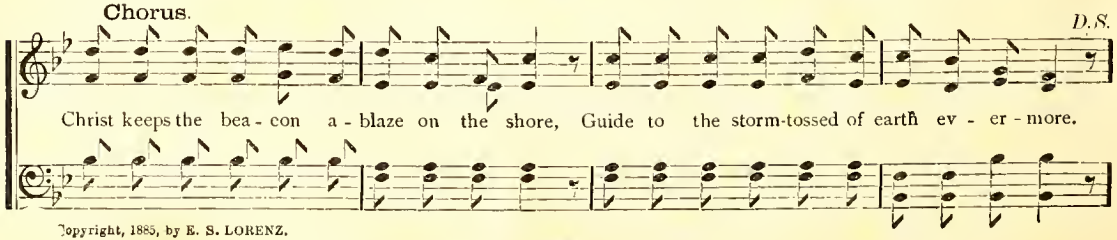
129. Steer for the Star.

"*I am the light of the world.*"—John 8: 12.

EBEN E. REXFORD. E. S. LORENZ.







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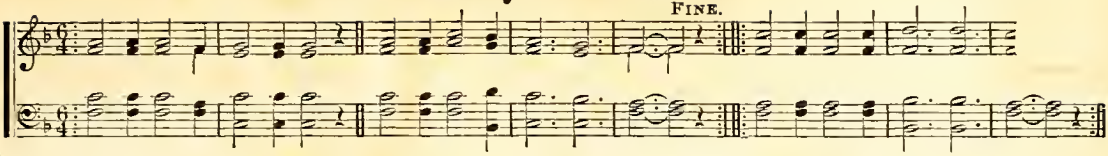
Martyn. 7s. D.

SIMEON BUTLER MA



130.

1 Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high;
Hide me, O, my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide;
O, receive my soul at last.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, O, leave me not alone;
Still support and comfort me;
All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art;
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart;
Rise to all eternity.

131.

1 Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
Lovely forms or beauties rare,
But before my eyes they bring
Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.
When the morning paints the skies,
When the golden sunbeams rise,
Then my Saviour's form I find
Brightly imaged on my mind.

2 When I see in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
What must their Creator be?
Lord of all that's fair to see,
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

132.

1 Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing;
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

133.

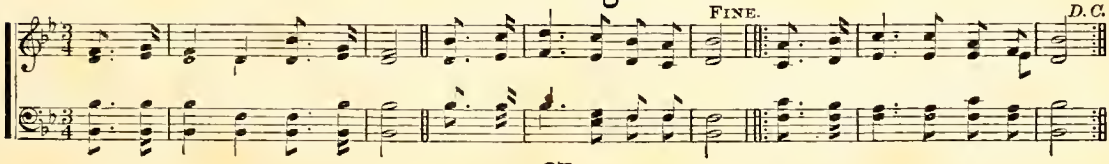
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood
From thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure—
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone,
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.

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

Rock of Ages.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



134. "Whosoever Will may Come."

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22 : 17.

"CARLIN." I. BALTZELL.

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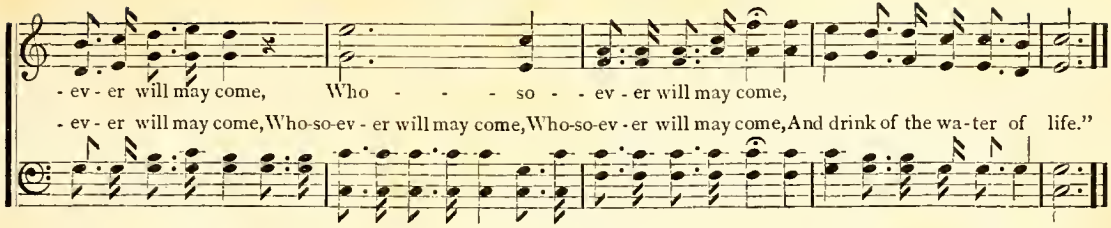
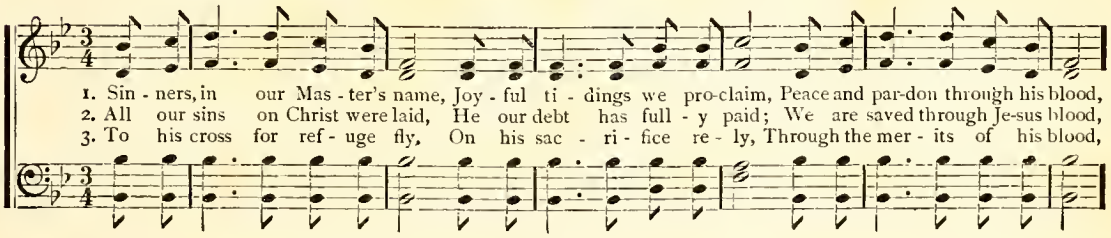


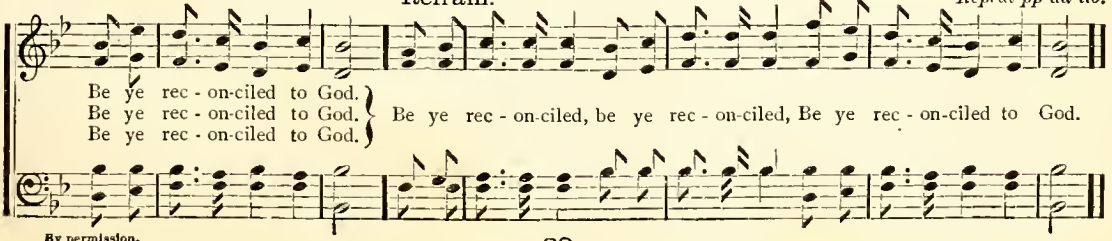
135. Be ye Reconciled to God.

"We pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God."—2 Cor. 5 : 9.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN. D. E. DORTCH.



Refrain. *Repeat pp ad lib.*



By permission.

136. What Think Ye of Christ?

"Jesus asked them, saying, What think ye of Christ?"—Matt. 22: 41, 42.

C. M. H. Rev. C. M. Hott.

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137. Calling You and Me.

"For they know his voice."—John 10: 4

S. MARTIN. JNO. R. SWENEY.

From "Melodious Sonnets," by per.

138. Help My Unbelief.

"Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief."—Mark 9: 24.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. W. J. BALTZELL.

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Pleyel. 7s.

Adapted from IGNACE PLEYEL.

139.

1 Hasten, sinner, to be wise!
Stay not for the morrow's sun;
Wisdom, if you still despise,
Harder is it to be won.

2 Hasten mercy to implore!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest
Ere the morrow is begun.

140.

1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear,—
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent,
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

141.

1 Holy Bible! book divine!
Precious treasure! thou art mine!
Mine, to tell me whence I came;
Mine, to teach me what I am;

2 Mine, to chide me when I rove;
Mine, to show a Saviour's love;
Mine art thou to guide my feet;
Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit;

3 Mine, to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine, to show by living faith
Man can triumph over death

142.

1 Saviour, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson can not be,
Loving him who first loved me.

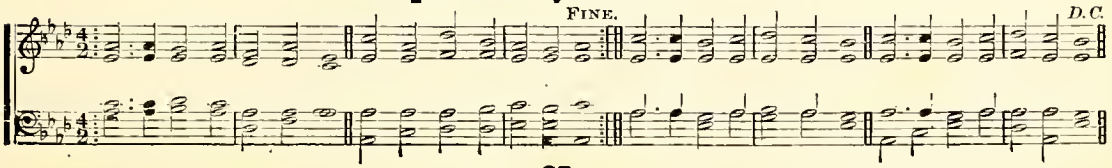
2 With a child-like heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move;
Prompt to serve and follow thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Teach me all thy steps to trace,
Strong to follow in thy grace;
Learning how to love from thee,
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be,
Loving him who first loved me.

Spanish Hymn. 7s.

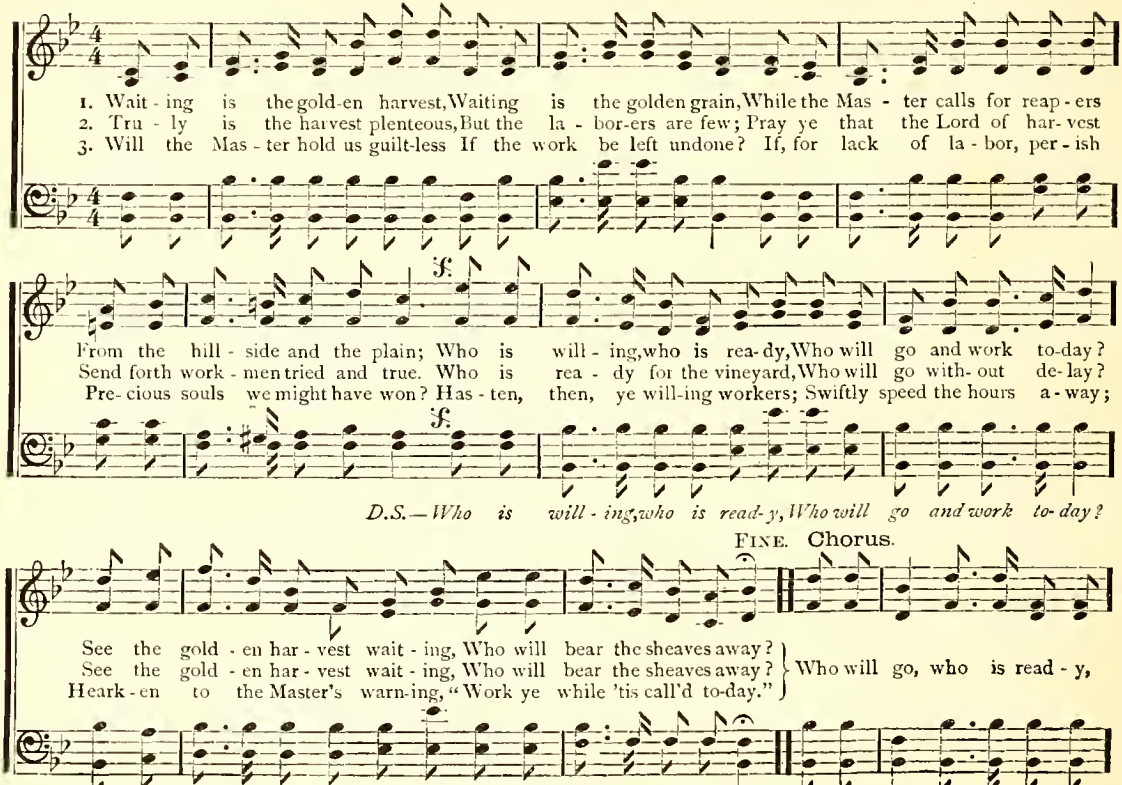
Spanish Hymn.



143. Who will Go, Who is Ready?

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. 21 ; 28.

ANNIE CUMMINGS. I. BALTZELL.



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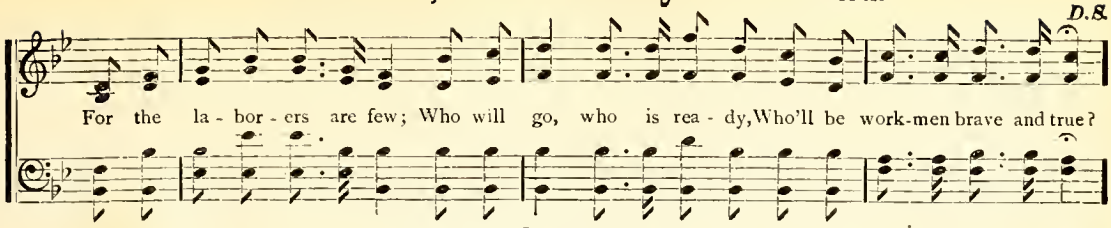
Who will Go, Who is Ready?—Concluded.

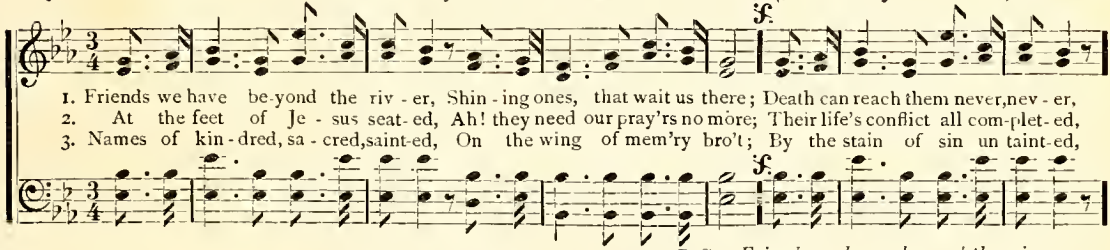


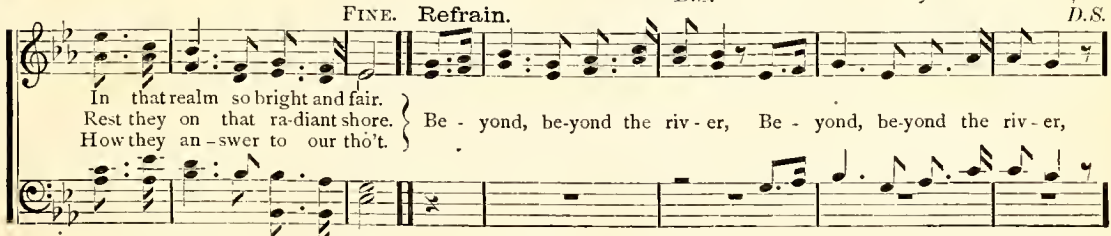
144. Beyond the River.

J. E. R.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments."—Rev. 22 : 14.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.





4 Could they tell, oh, what the story,
Of their growth from grace to grace;
Of their change to greater glory,
As they see the Lord's own face!

5 They have only gone before us,
Lost to sight and sense they are;
But from realms of glory o'er us,
We can catch their light afar.

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145. We shall Meet Beyond the River.

"The Lord, my God, shall come, and all thy saints with thee"—Zech. 14: 5.

D. B. PURINTON. D. B. PURINTON.

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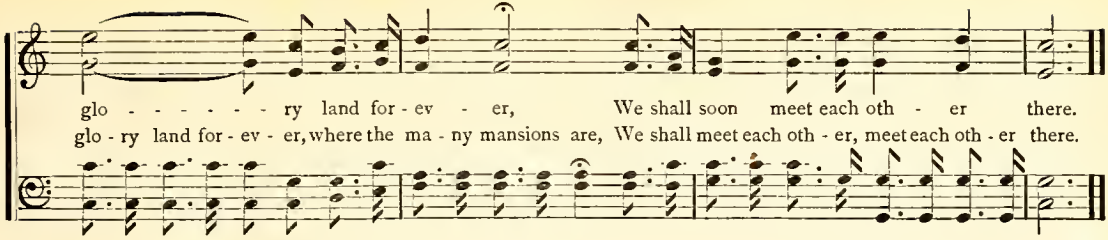
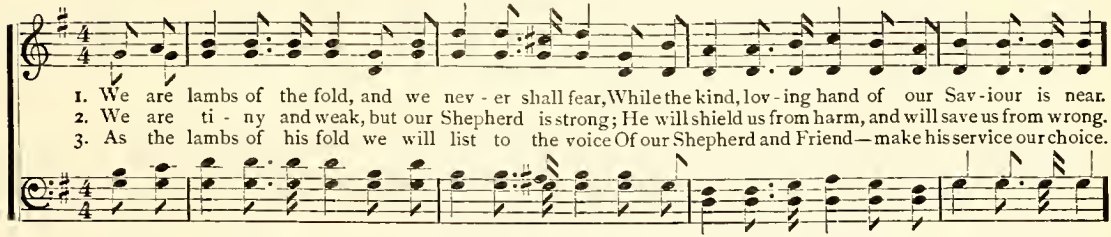
We shall Meet Beyond the River.—Concluded.



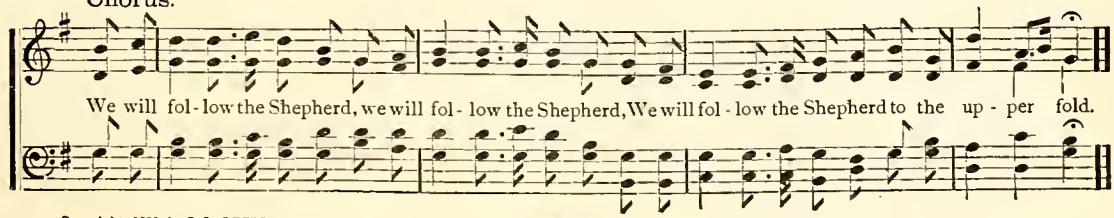
146. We will Follow the Shepherd.

"He goeth before them, and the sheep follow him; for they know his voice.—John 10: 4.

A — — S. I. BALTZELL.



Chorus.



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147. Always Ready.

"Be ye therefore ready also: for the Son of man cometh at an hour when ye think not."—Luke xii. 40.

Miss M. E. SERVOSS. E. S. LORENZ.

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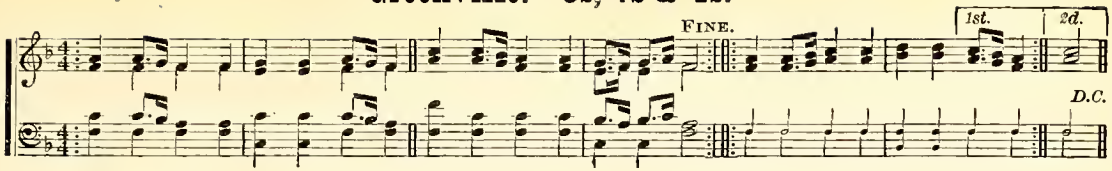
Greenville. 8s, 7s & 4s.

ROUSSEAU.



148.

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

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

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

149.

1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling,
"Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white and harvests waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?"
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

2 Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do,"
While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you:
Take the task he gives you gladly;
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly, when he calleth,
"Here am I, send me, send me!"

150.

1 Saviour, like a shepherd, lead us,
Much we need thy tender care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
‖: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are :‖

2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
Be the guardian of our way;
Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
Seek us when we go astray:
‖: Blessed Jesus, Blessed Jesus,
Hear, O hear us, when we pray :‖

151.

1 Jesus, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
Perish every fond ambition,
All I've sought, and hoped, and known;
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!

2 Let the world despise and leave me,
They have left my Saviour, too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me;
Thou art not, like man, untrue;
And, while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love and might,
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
Show thy face, and all is bright.

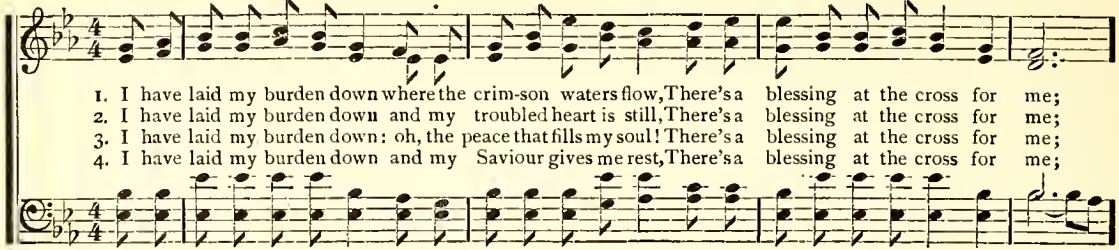
Nettleton. 8s & 7s. Double.

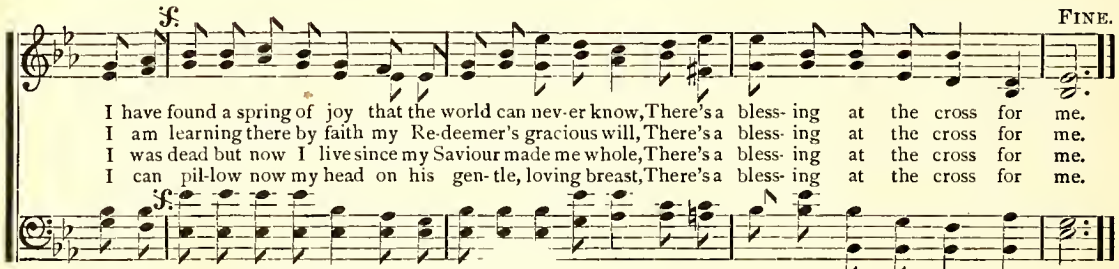
ASAHEL NETTLETON.

152. There's a Blessing at the Cross for Me.

"Having made peace through the blood of his cross."—Col. 1: 20.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.





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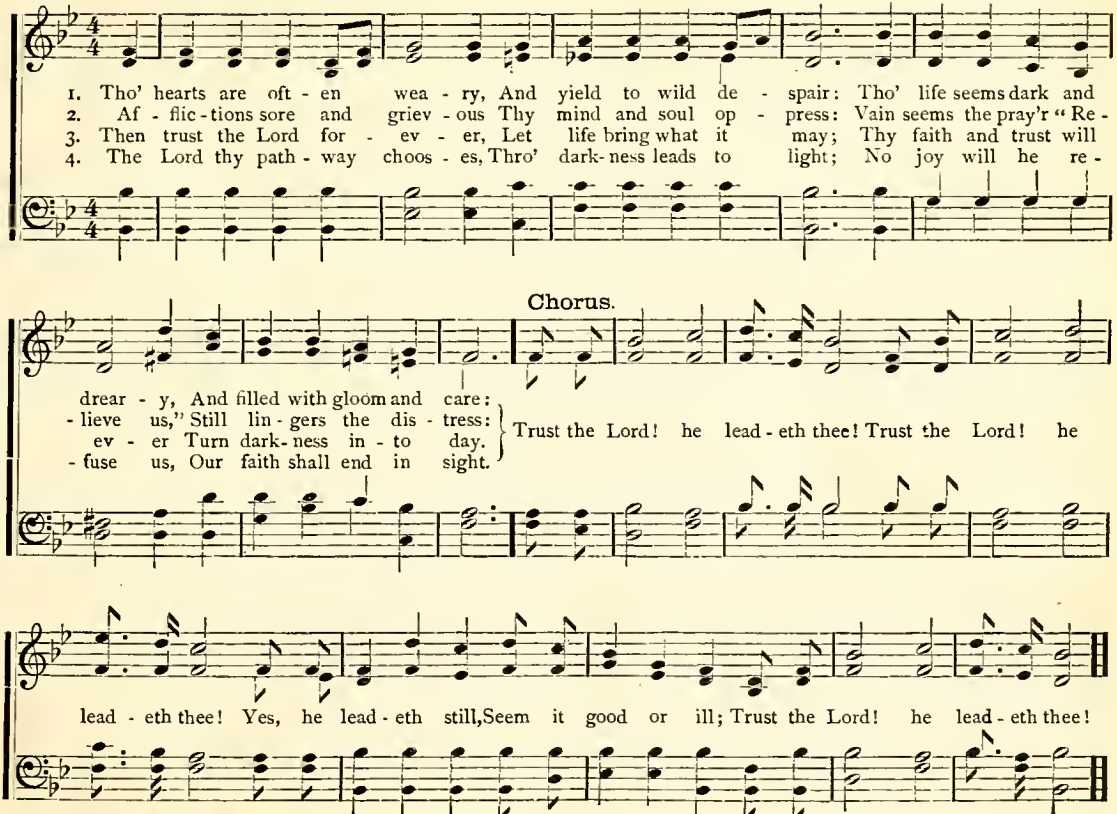
153. He Leadeth Thee.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Psa. 23: 2.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.



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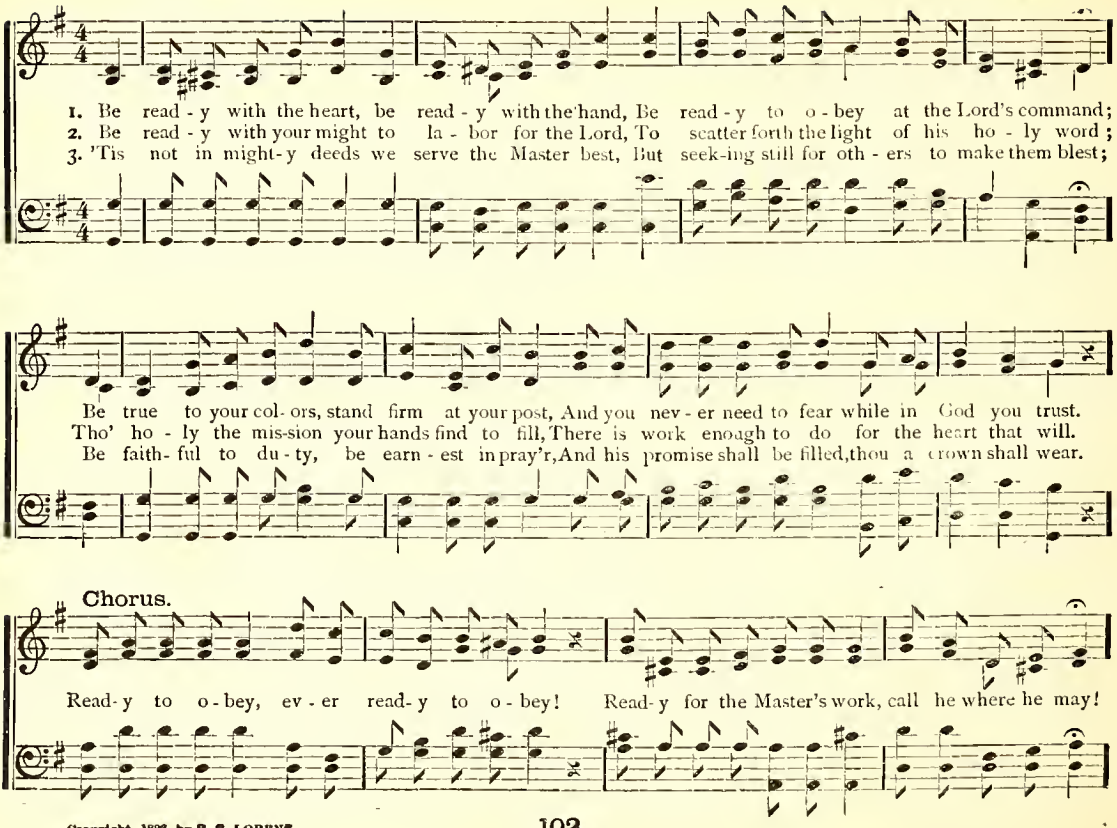
154. Ready to Obey.

"Be ready to every good work."—Titus 3. 1.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.



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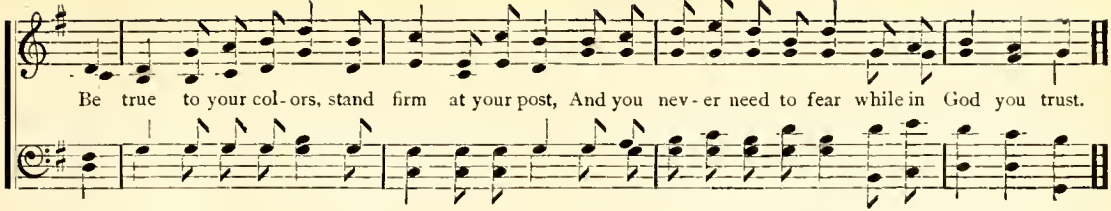
Ready to Obey.—Concluded.



155. Rest.

Father RYAN. G. P. HOTT.

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156. When the Harvest Comes.

"Yet a little while, and the time of her harvest shall come."—Jer. 51 : 33.

EDWARD A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.

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Wilmot. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

157.

1 Praise the Lord; ye heavens! adore him;
Praise him, angels in the height!
Sun and moon! rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light!

2 Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never shall be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

3 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation,
Hosts on high his power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation!
Laud and magnify his name.

158.

1 There's a fullness in God's mercy,
Like the fullness of the sea:
There's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.

2 There's no place where earthly sorrows
Are more felt than up in heaven;
There's no place where earthly failings
Have such kindly judgment given.

3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

159.

1 Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing
From the sinner's dying Friend.

2 Here I'll rest forever viewing
Mercy poured in streams of blood:
Precious drops, my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God

3 Lord, in ceaseless contemplation
Fix my thankful heart on thee,
Till I taste thy full salvation,
And thine unveil'd glory see.

160.

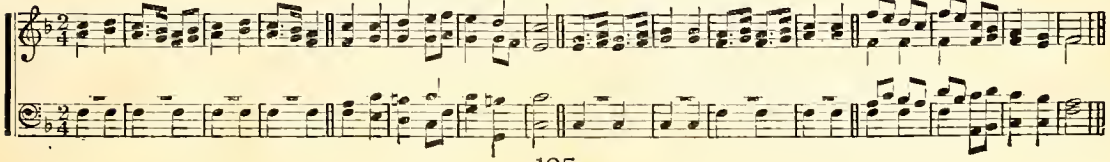
1 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s & 7s.



161. Jesus, my King.

"His right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory."—Psa. 98 : 1.

ANNA SHARE. E. S. LORENZ.

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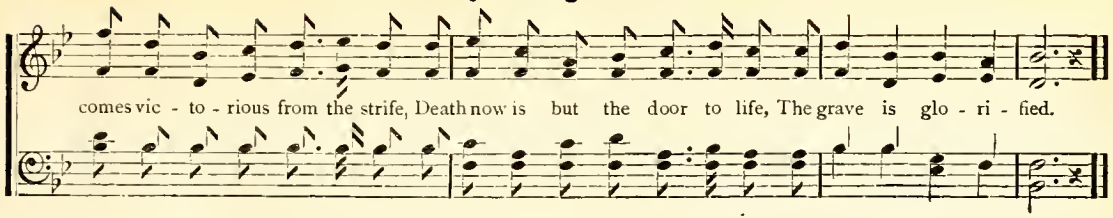
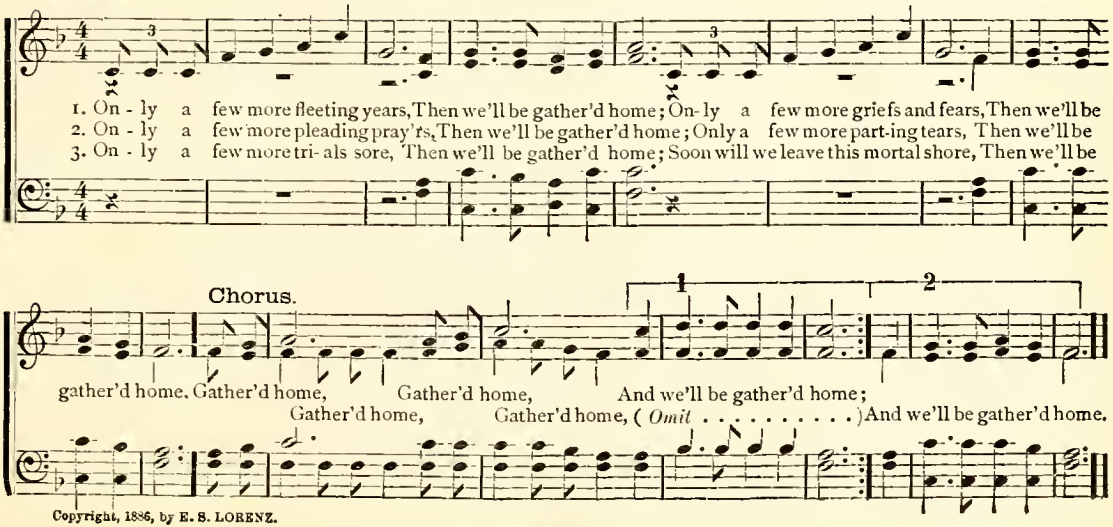
Jesus, my King.—Concluded.



162. Gathered Home.

"*Here we have no continuing city.*"—Heb. 13: 14.

W. M. W. Rev. W. M. WEAKLEY.



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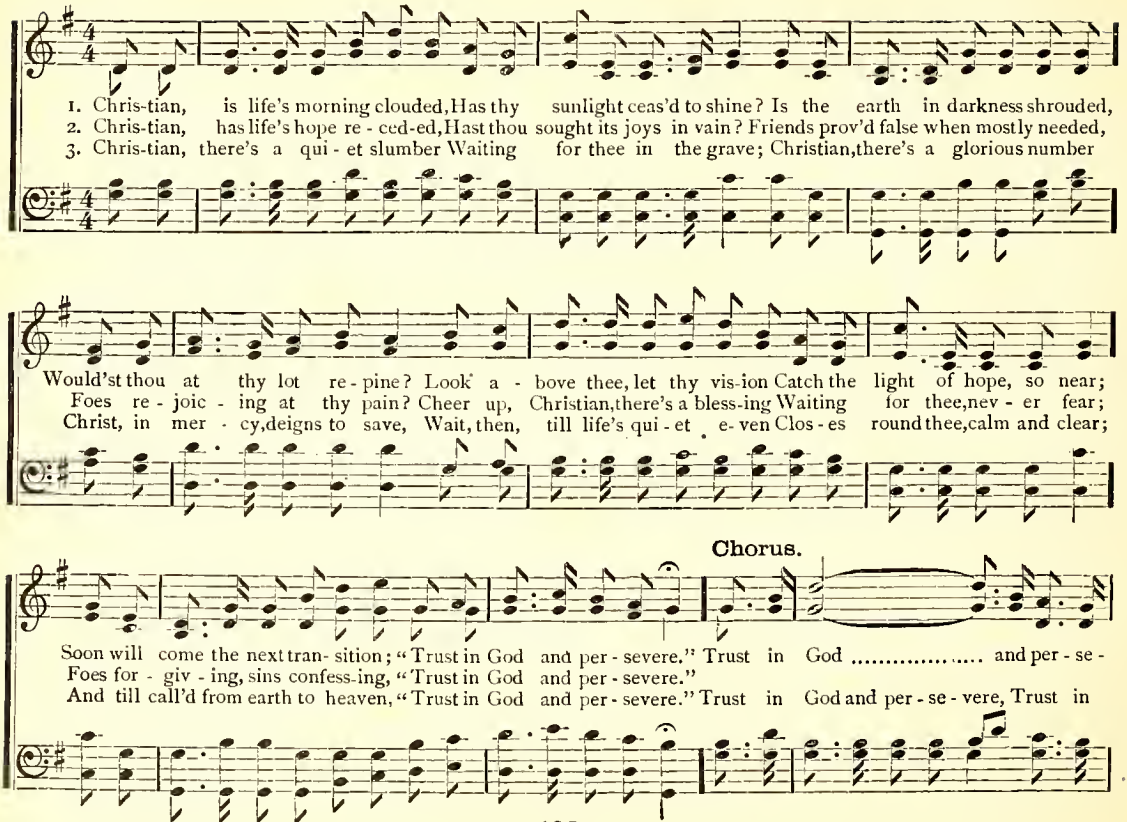
163. Trust in God and Persevere.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—Job 13: 15.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.



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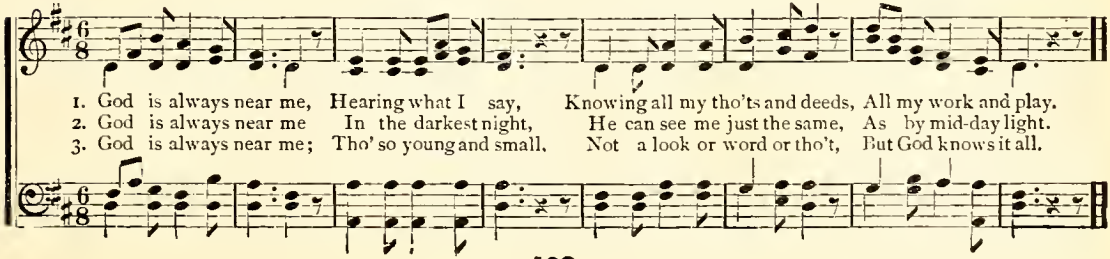
Trust in God and Persevere.—Concluded. THOS HASTINGS, 1830.

164. God is Always Near Me.

"Thou art near, O Lord."—Psa. 119: 151.

T. P. THEO. PRESSER.



163. Trusting Only Thee.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever."—Is. 26 : 4.

Anon. E. S. Lorenz.

Chorus.

Copyright, 1888, by E. S. LORENZ.

Zion. 8s, 7s & 4s.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

166.

1 Zion stands with hills surrounded,
Zion, kept by power divine;
All her foes shall be confounded,
Though the world in arms combine;
Happy Zion,
What a favored lot is thine!

2 Every human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove;
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
But can never cease to love thee;
Thou art precious in his sight;
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

167.

1 Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid the swelling stream divide;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

168.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify,
True belief and true repentance,—
Every grace that brings you nigh:
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you,—
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till your better,
You will never come at all:
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

169.

1 In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear;
Hear with meekness,
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without cloud in heaven we see.

170.

1 Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
O, refresh us!
Traveling through the wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

171. The Holy War.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. 6: 12.

J. H. K. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

By permission.

172. Above the Clear Blue Sky

"Alleluia : salvation, and glory, and honor, and power, unto the Lord our God."—Rev. 19: 1.

English. E. S. LORENZ.

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173. At the Hand of Jesus.

"I am the Lord thy God which leadeth thee by the way thou shouldst go."—Isa. 48 : 17.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

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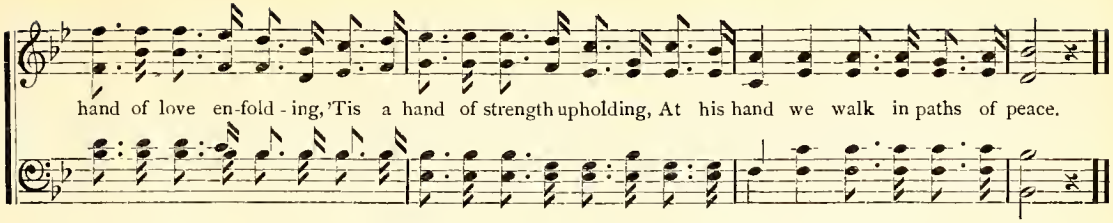
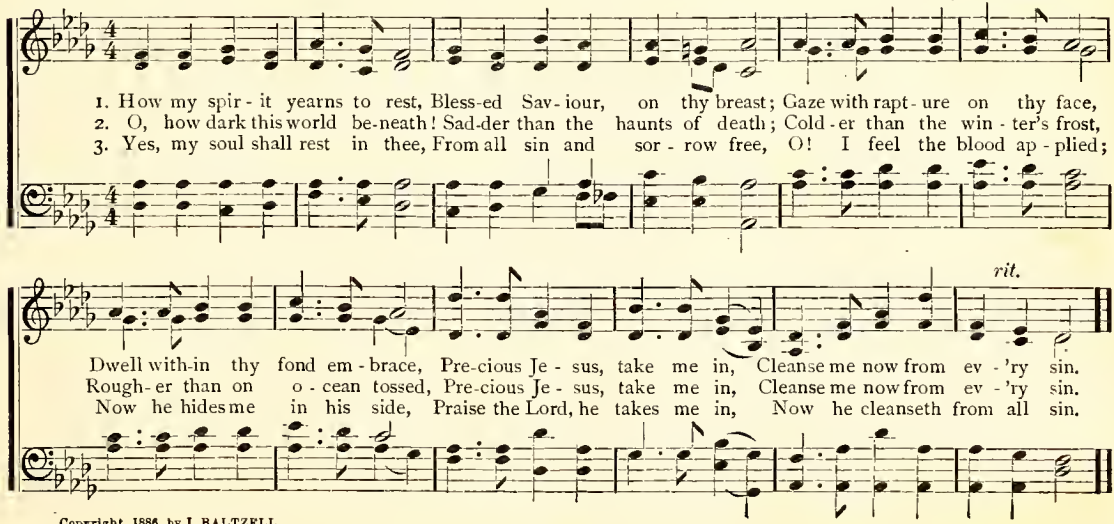
At the Hand of Jesus.—Concluded.



174. He Cleanseth Me.

"The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1: 7.

WM. CODVILLE. W. J. BALTZELL.



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175. The Harbor Light.

"So he bringeth them to their desired haven."—Ps. 107: 30.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

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Webb. 7s & 6s.

176.

1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

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

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you—
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally.

177.

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

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry to heaven going
Abundant answers brings;
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

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

178.

1 When shall the voice of singing
Flow joyfully along?
When hill and valley ringing
With one triumphant song;
Proclaim the contest ended,
And him, who once was slain,
Again to earth descended,
In righteousness to reign!

2 Then from the craggy mountains
The sacred shout shall fly,
And shady vales and fountains
Shall echo the reply;
High tower and lowly dwelling
Shall send the chorus round,
The hallelujah swelling
In one eternal sound.

179.

1 Unfurl the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repentiug,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

180. He is Knocking at the Door.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."—Rev. 3: 20.

I. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

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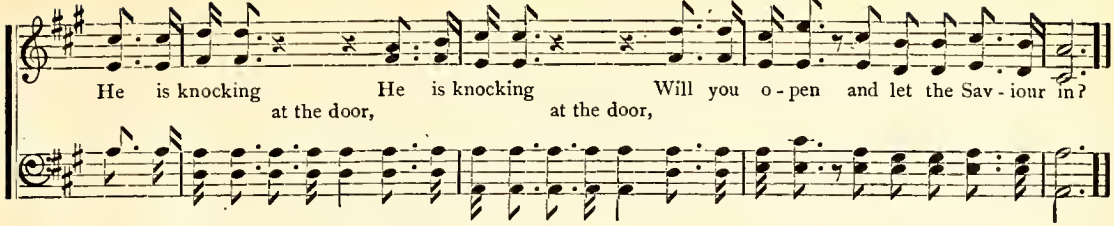
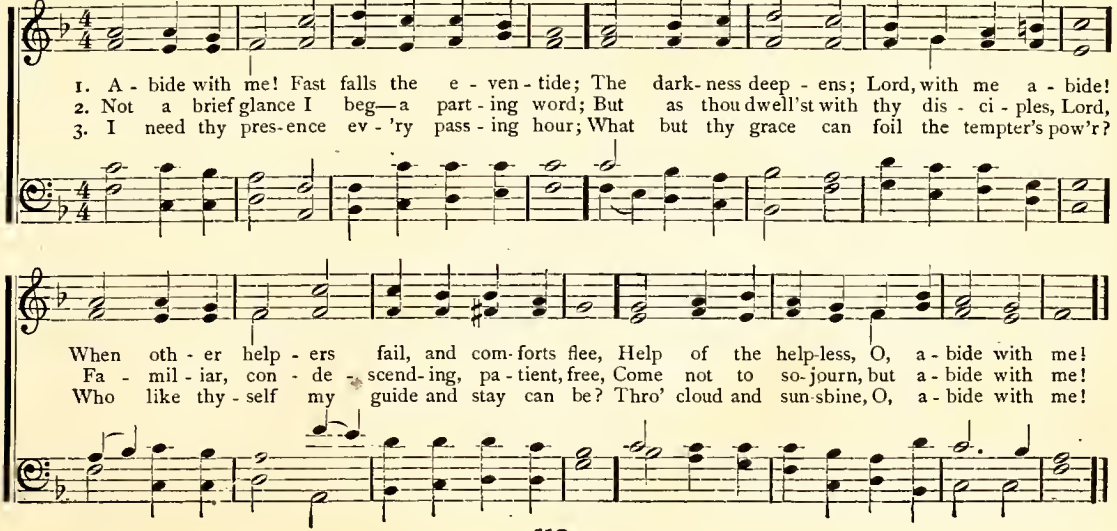
He is Knocking at the Door.—Concluded.



181. Abide With Me.

"Abide with us; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent."—Luke 24: 29.

Rev. HENRY F. LYTE. W. H. MONK.



182.

Loving Each Other.

"*Let us love one another.*"—1 John 4: 1

D. E. L. D. E. LORENZ.

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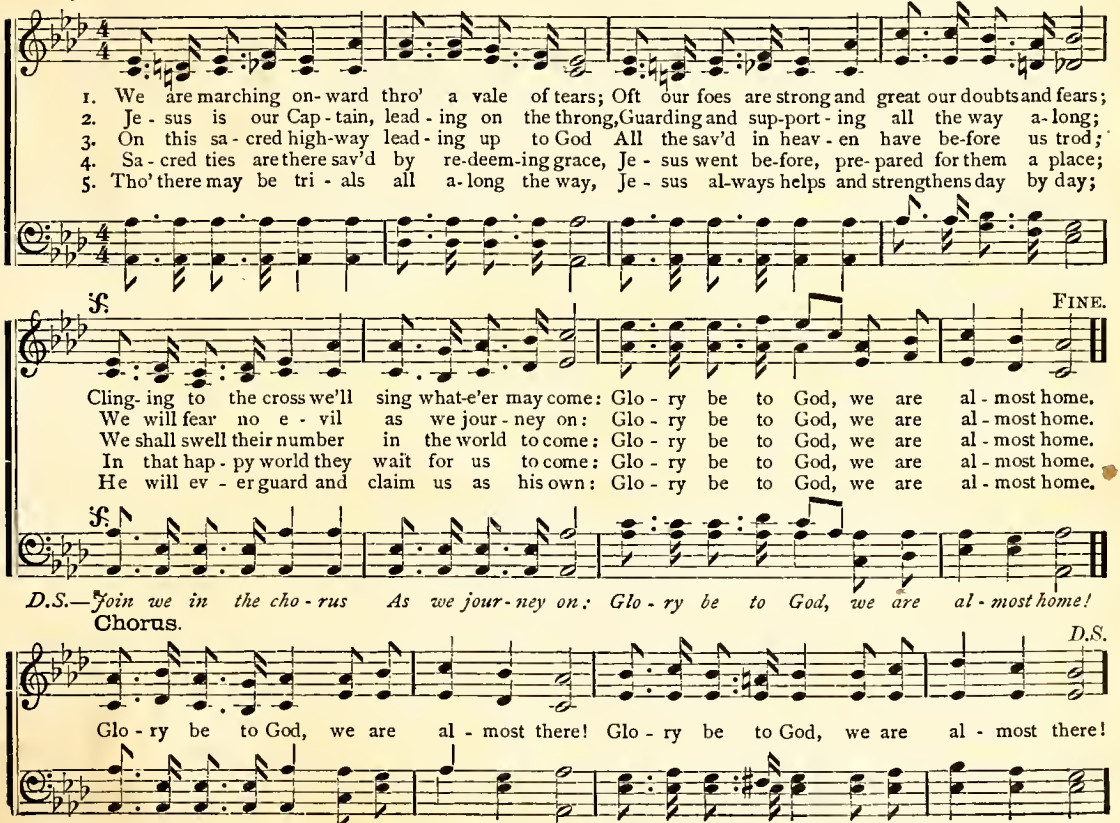
183. Almost Home.

"The time of my departure is at hand."—2 Tim. 4: 6.

S. J. G. Rev. S. J. GRAHAM.



184.

In the Lord I'll Abide.

"*Abide in me and I in you.*"—John 15: 4.

W. O. CUSHING.

I. BALTZELL.

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Missionary Hymn. 7s & 6s.

LOWELL MASON.

185.

1 From Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransom'd nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

186.

1 How beauteous, on the mountains,
The feet of him that brings,
Like streams from living fountains,
Good tidings of good things;
That publisheth salvation,
And jubilee release,
To every tribe and nation,
God's reign of joy and peace!

2 Lift up thy voice, oh, watchman!
And shout, from Zion's towers,
Thy hallelujah chorus,—
"The victory is ours!"
The Lord shall build up Zion
In glory and renown,
And Jesus, Judah's lion,
Shall wear his rightful crown.

3 Break forth in hymns of gladness;
Oh, waste Jerusalem!
Let songs, instead of sadness,
Thy jubilee proclaim;
The Lord, in strength victorious,
Upon thy foes hath trod;
Behold, oh, earth! the glorious
Salvation of our God!

187.

1 Our country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day-gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields, for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

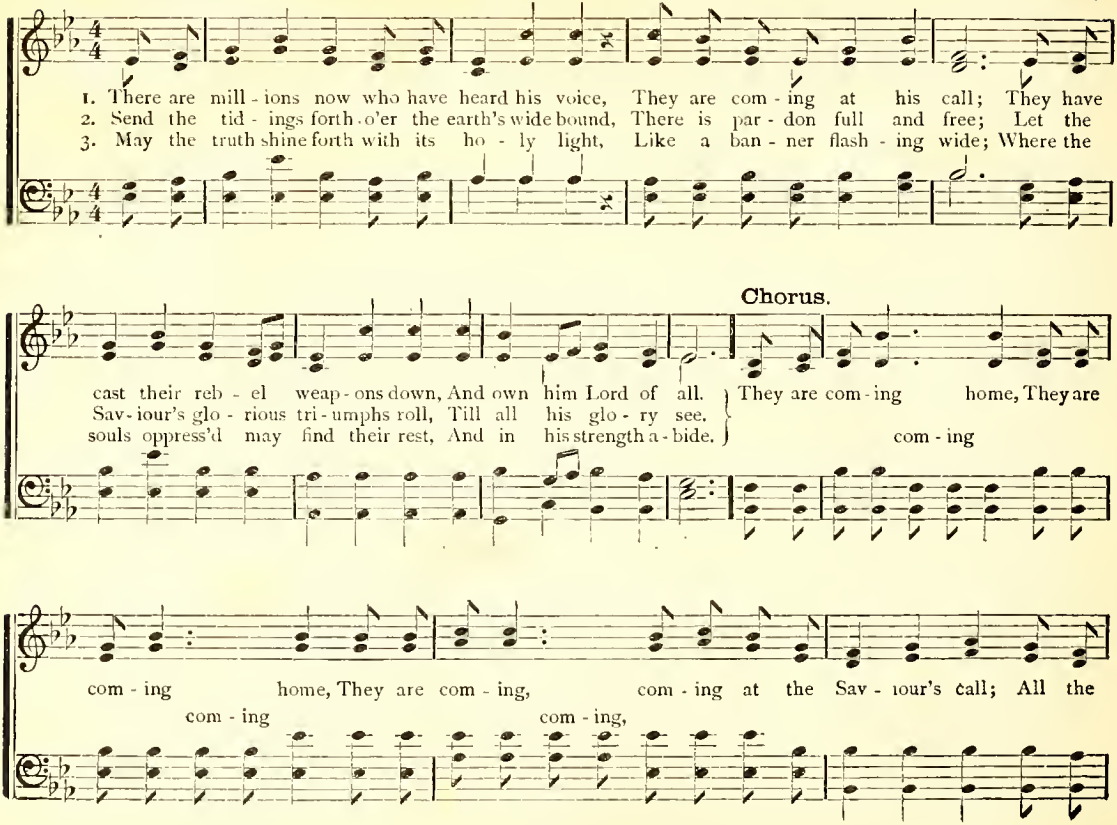
2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Alleghany's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy sceptre shall obey.

188. They are Coming Home.

"And they shall come from the east and from the west and from the north and from the south."—Luke 13: 29.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.



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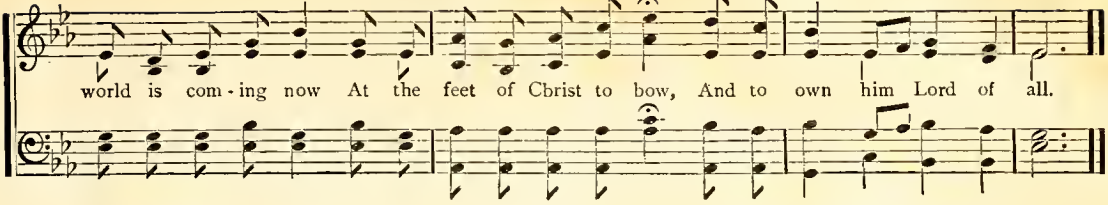

189. Saviour! I Follow On.

"They forsook all and followed him."—Luke 5: 11.

Rev. C. S. ROBINSON, D.D. J. H. TENNEY.

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190. The Wheat and the Tares.

"*Let both grow together till the harvest.*"—Matt. 13: 30.

Selected. I. BALTZELL.

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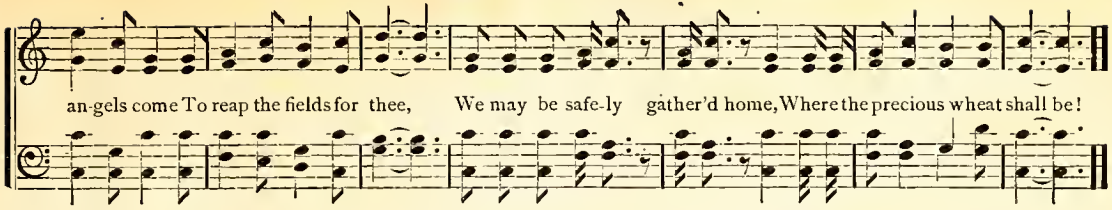
The Wheat and the Tares.—Concluded.



199. Peace, be Still.

From SCHILLER. *"Be still, and know that I am God."*—Psa. 46: 10. E. S. LORENZ.

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192. Footsteps of Jesus.

"Lord, I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Luke 9: 57.

LIZZIE ASHBAUGH. GEO. J. KURZENKNABE.

From "SILVERY ECHOES," by permission.

New Haven. 6s & 4s.

Dr. Hastings.

193.

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

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

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

194.

1 Come, thou Almighty King!
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father, all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

2 Come, thou Incarnate Word,
Gird on thy mighty sword;
Our prayer attend;
Come, and thy people bless,
And give thy word success;
Spirit of holiness!
On us descend.

195.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian, with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,—
God save the State!

196.

1 My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

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

America. 6s & 4s.

197. We are Ready to Fight.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. 6 : 12.

Rev. W. P. BREED, D.D. I. BALTZELL.

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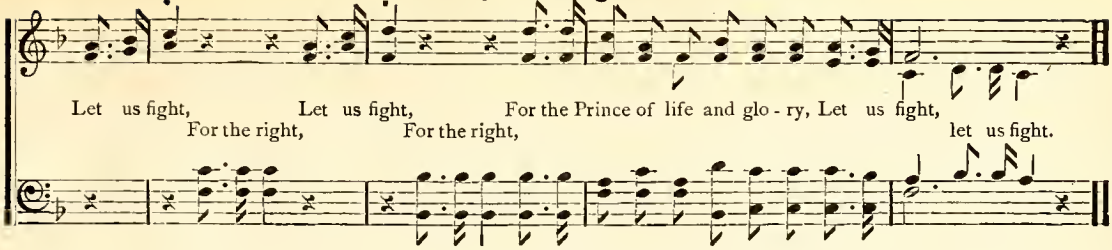
We are Ready to Fight.—Concluded.

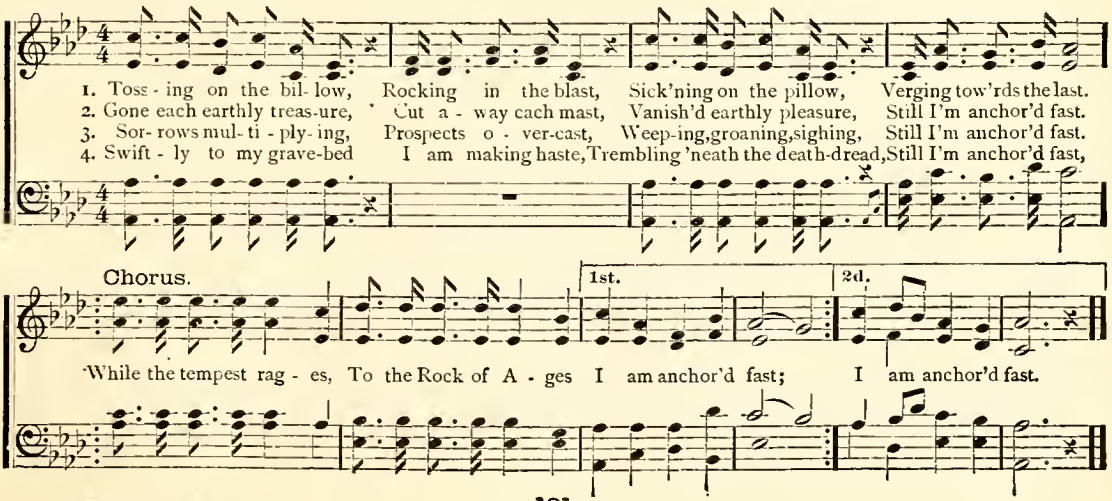


198.

I am Anchored Fast.

"Which hope we have as an anchor to the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 19.

Rev. W. P. BREED, D.D. J. E. GOULD.



From "Songs of Gladness," by per.

199. When the King Comes In.

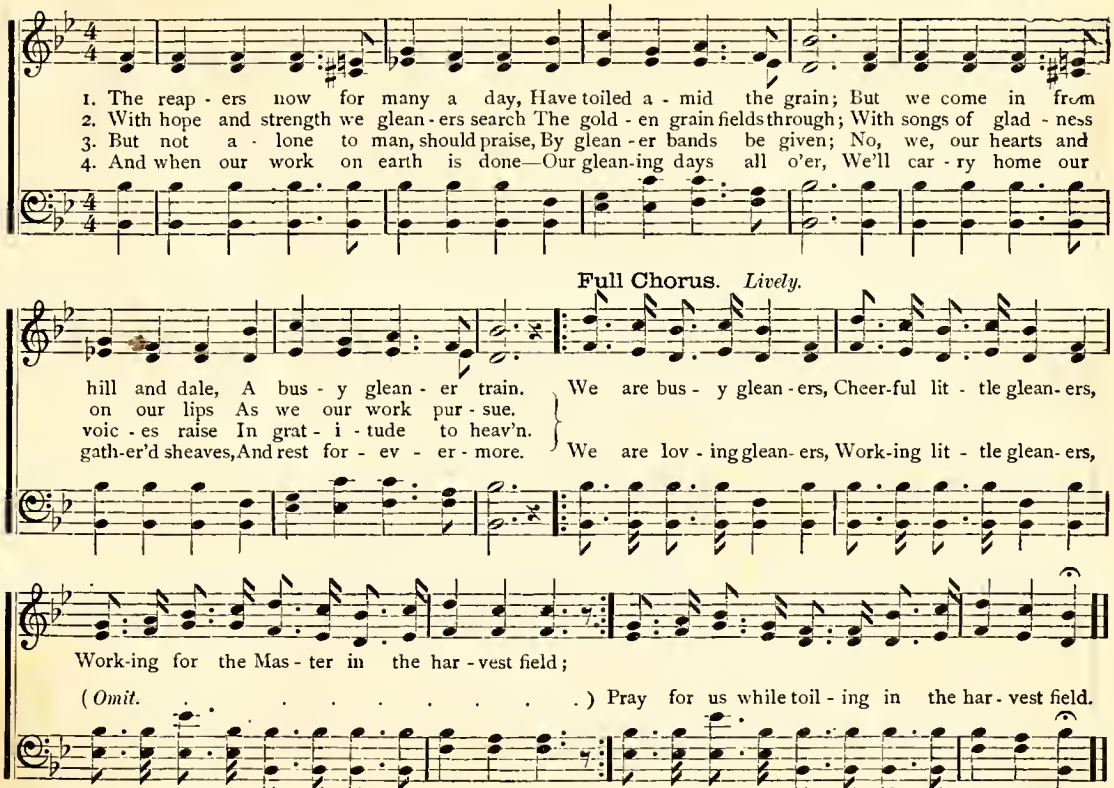
J. E. LANDOR. *"The King came in to see his guests."*—Matt. 22 : 11. E. S. LORENZ.

Copyright, 1879, by E. S. LORENZ.

200. Busy Little Gleaners.

"And she went, and came, and gleaned in the field after the reapers."—Ruth 2 : 3

"CARLIN." I. BALTZELL.



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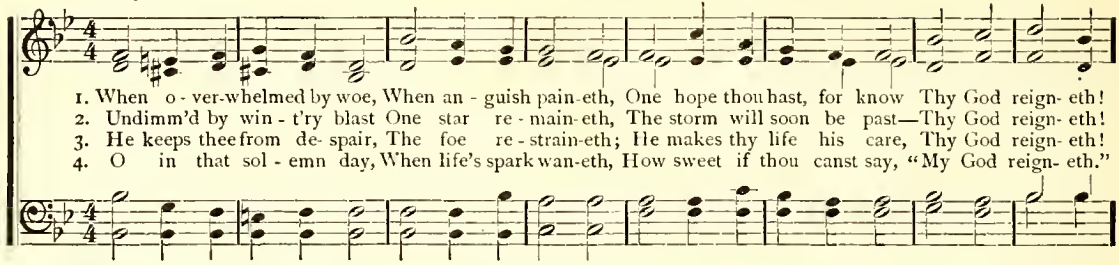
201. Thy God Reigneth.

"That saith unto Zion, Thy God reigneth."—Psa. 52: 7.

WATSON J. YOUNG. E. S. LORENZ.



Chorus.

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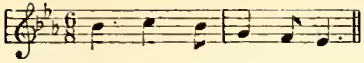
202. HOPE. 6s, 4s.

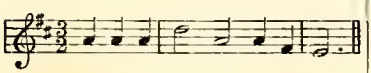


1 Fade, fade each earthly joy;
Jesus is mine:
Break every tender tie;
Jesus is mine:
Dark is the wilderness,
Earth has no resting-place,
Jesus alone can bless;
Jesus is mine.

2 Tempt not my soul away;
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day,
Pass from my heart away;
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, mortality;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity;
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, O loved and blest,
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest,
Welcome, my Saviour's breast;
Jesus is mine.

203. REST.



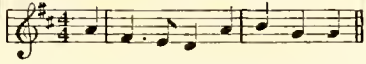
1 Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the dread of foes.

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

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

4 Asleep in Jesus far from thee
Thy kindred and their graves may be;
But thine is still a blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep.

204. HE LEADETH ME.



1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

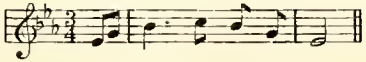
REFRAIN.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand, he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadetb me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, or troubled sea,
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

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

205. JESUS PAID IT ALL. 6s.



1 I hear the Saviour say,
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in me thine all in all.

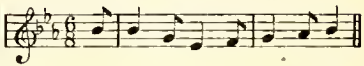
CHORUS.

Jesus paid it all,
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.

206. GREAT PHYSICIAN. 8s, 7s.



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

CHORUS.

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

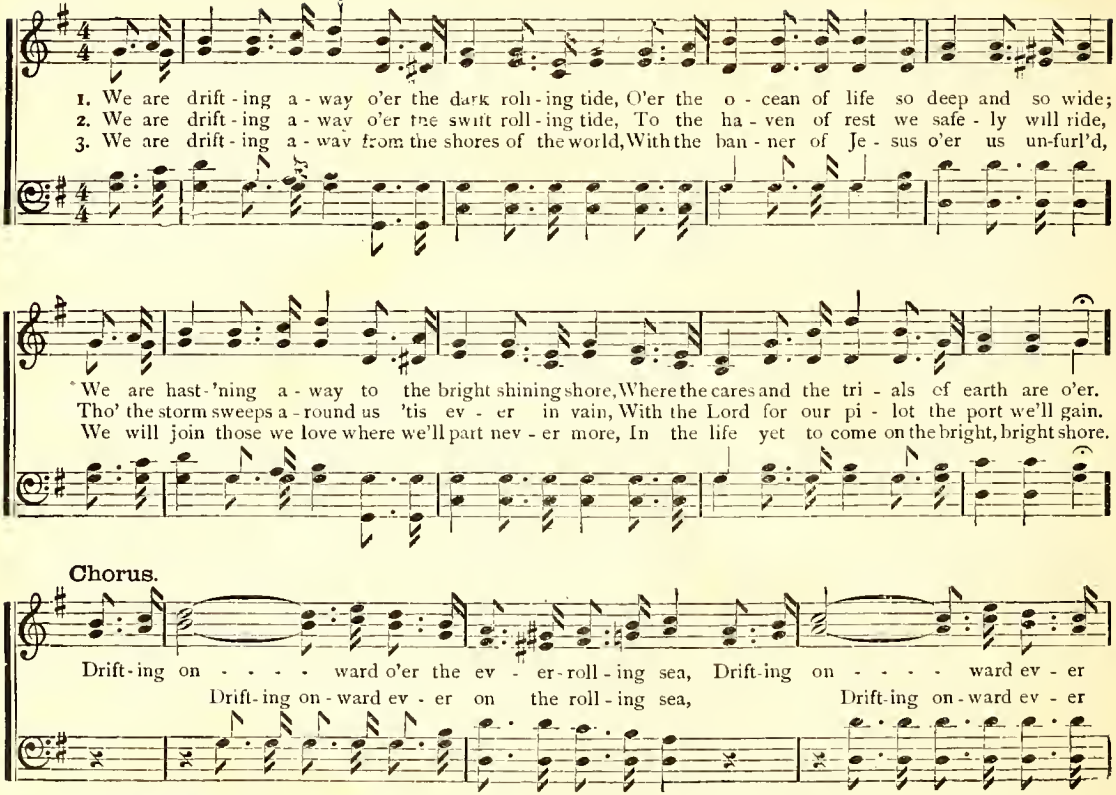
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
O hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven
And wear a crown with Jesus.

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

207. Drifting Away.

"Gathering together unto him."—2 Thess. 2: 1

MATTIE E. OWENS. W. A. OGDEN.



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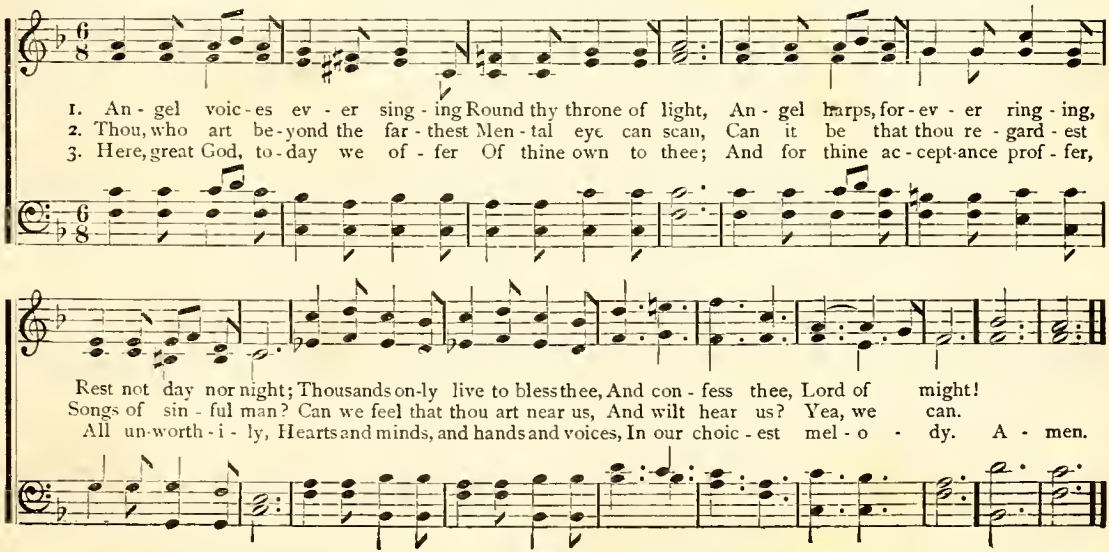
Drifting Away.—Concluded.

208. Angel Voices.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."—Rev. 4: 8.

Anon. ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



209. Riches of Grace.

"The exceeding riches of his grace."—Eph. 2: 7.

E. D. MUND. E. S. LORENZ.

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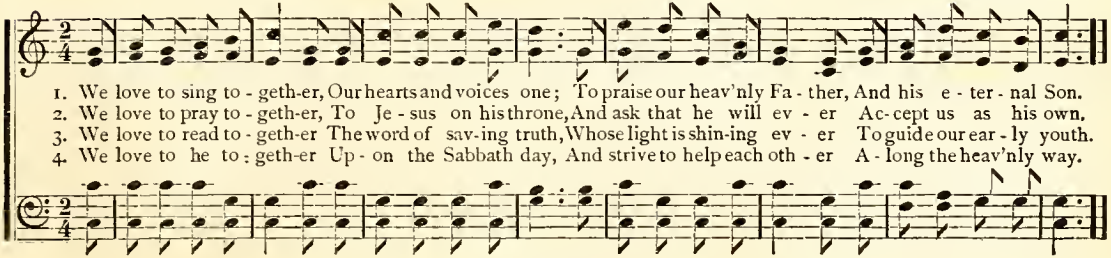
Riches of Grace.—Concluded.

210. All Together.

"Sing aloud unto God our strength."—Psa. 81 : 1.

I. BALTZELL.



211. Listen to the Bells.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice and be glad in it."—Psa. 128: 24.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. E. S. LORENZ.

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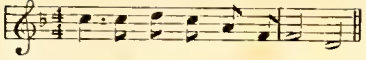
212.

WHAT A FRIEND. 8s, 7s.



1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and grief to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear—
All because we do not carry
Every thing to God in prayer.

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

213.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.
Key of F.

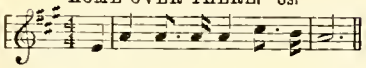
1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

214.

HOME OVER THERE. 8s.



1 O think of the home over there,
By the side of the river of light,
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,
Are robed in their garments of white.

REFRAIN.

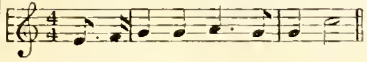
Over there, over there,
O think of the home over there.

2 O think of the friends over there,
Who before us the journey have trod,
Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
In their home in the palace of God.

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

215.

REST FOR THE WEARY.



1 In the Christian's home in glory,
There remains a land of rest;
There my Saviour's gone before me,
To fulfill my soul's request.

CHORUS.

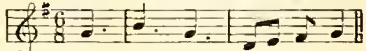
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for the weary,
There is rest for you.
On the other side of Jordan,
In the sweet fields of Eden,
Where the tree of life is blooming,
There is rest for you.

2 He is fitting up my mansion,
Which eternally shall stand;
For my stay shall not be transient
In that holy, happy land.

3 Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory!
Shout your triumphs as you go;
Zion's gates will open for you,
You shall find an entrance through.

216.

MARCHING TO ZION. S. M.



1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

CHORUS.

We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion!
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the Heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

3 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

217. Sitting at the Feet of Jesus.

*"Found the man * * * sitting at the feet of Jesus, clothed, and in his right mind."* —Luke 8: 35.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

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218. Lo! I am With Thee.

"Lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world."—Matt. 28: 20.

W. H. GROSER. I. BALTZELL.

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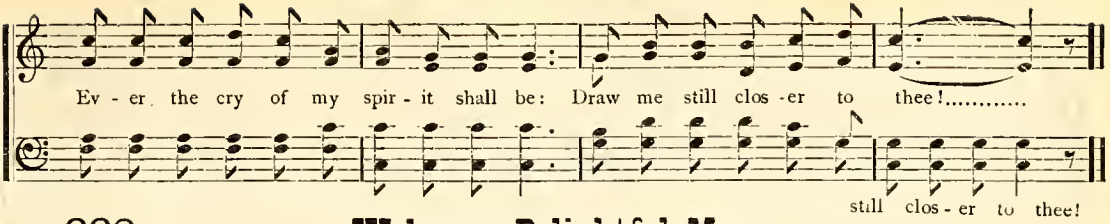
219. Closer to Thee.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth will draw all men unto me."—John 12: 32.

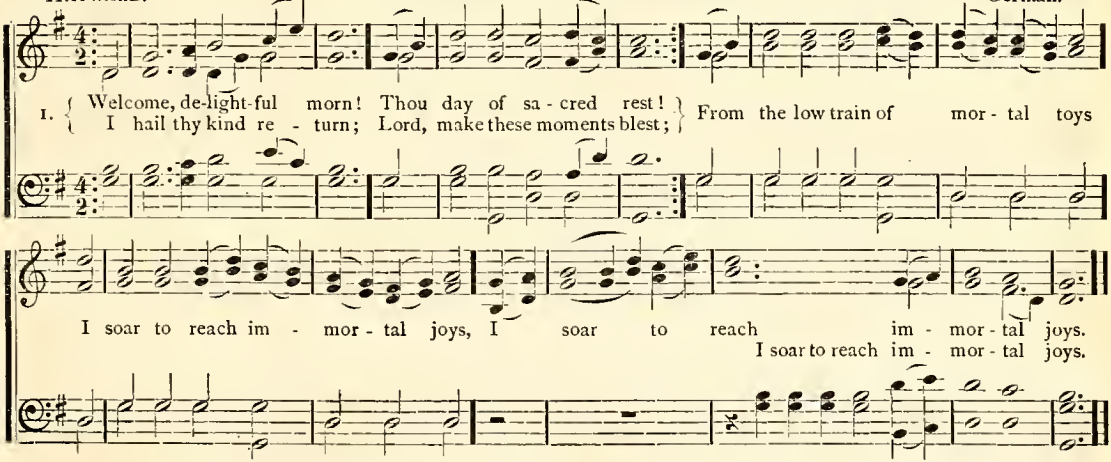
C. H. GABRIEL. E. S. LORENZ.

Closer to Thee.—Concluded.



220. Welcome, Delightful Morn.

HAYWARD. *Call the Sabbath a Delight.*—Is. 58: 13. German.



2 Now may the king descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face!
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

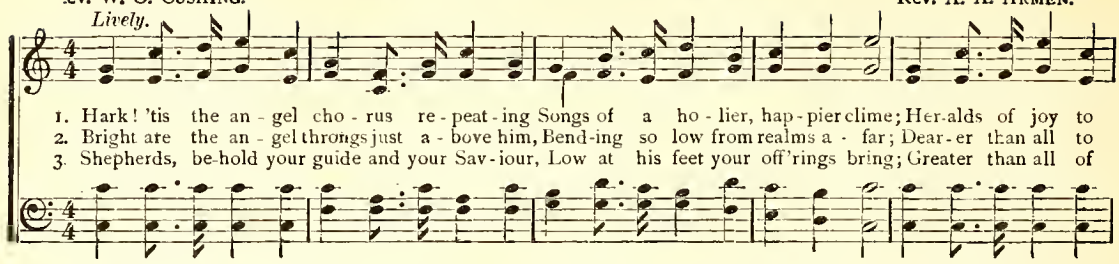
3 Descend, celestial dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

221. Ring the Glad News.

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Psa. 10; 15.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. Rev. A. A. ARMEN.

Lively.



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222.
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.
Key of A♭.

1 I love to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it 's true;
It satisfies my longings
As nothing else would do.

CHORUS.

I love to tell the Story,
'Twill be my theme in glory,
To tell the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

2 I love to tell the Story!
For those who know it best
Seem hungering and thirsting
To hear it like the rest;
And when in scenes of glory
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
'Twill be the Old, Old Story
That I have loved so long.

223.
THE OLD, OLD STORY.
Key of C.

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

CHORUS

Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Tell me the Old, Old Story,
Of Jesus and his love.

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

224.
I AM COMING.
Key of G.

1 I am coming to the cross,
I am poor, and weak, and blind;
I am counting all but dross,
I shall full salvation find.

CHORUS.

I am trusting, Lord, in thee,
Blest Lamb of Calvary:
Humbly at thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

2 Long my heart has sighed for thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body thine to be,—
Wholly thine for evermore.

225.
NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.
Key of G.

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

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee.

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!

226.
SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.
Key of D.

1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me, at my Father's throne,
Make all my wants and wishes known;
In seasons of distress and grief,
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare,
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

227.
WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?
Key of C.

1 I gave My life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might'st ransomed be,
And quickened from the dead!
I gave, I gave My life for thee,
What hast thou given for Me?

2 My father's house of light,—
My glory circled throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wand'rings sad and lone;
I left, I left it all for thee,
Hast thou left aught for Me?

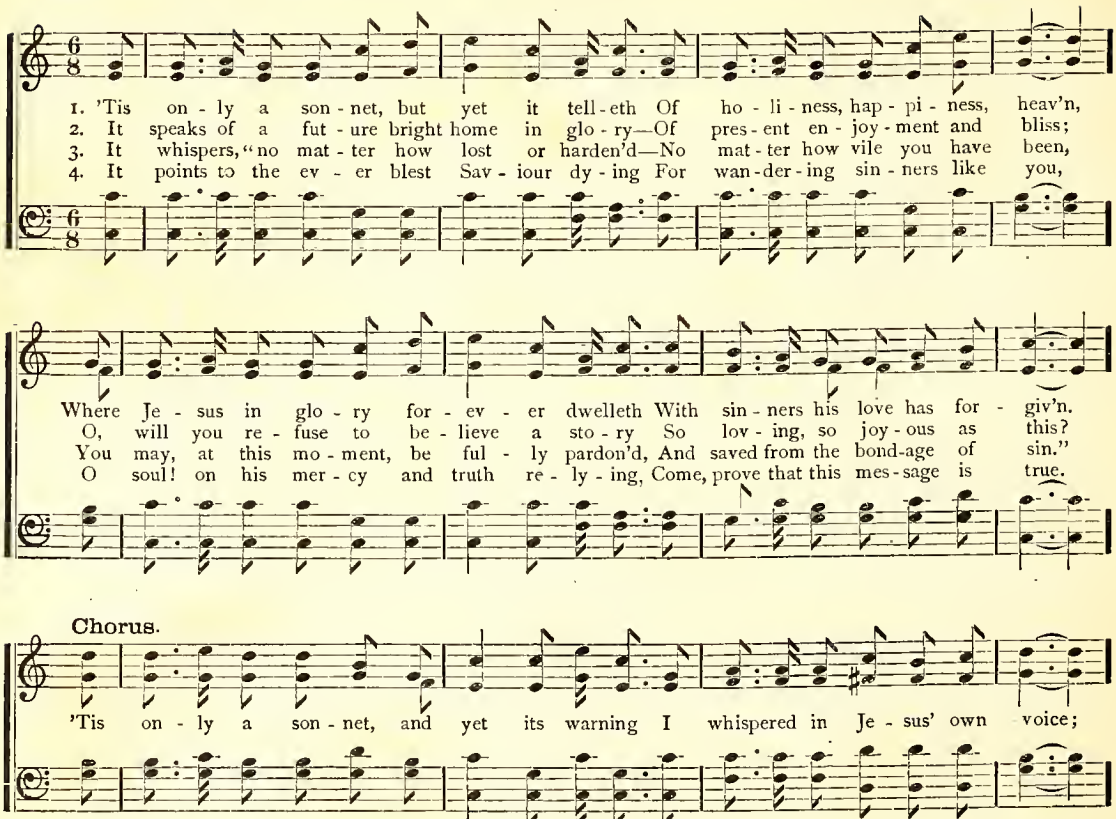
3 I suffered much for thee,
More than thy tongue can tell,
Of bitterest agony,
To rescue thee from hell;
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,
What hast thou borne for Me?

4 And I have brought to thee,
Down from My home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and My love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought to Me?

228. 'Tis Only a Sonnet.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Psa. 32: 11.

Anon. I. BALTZELL.



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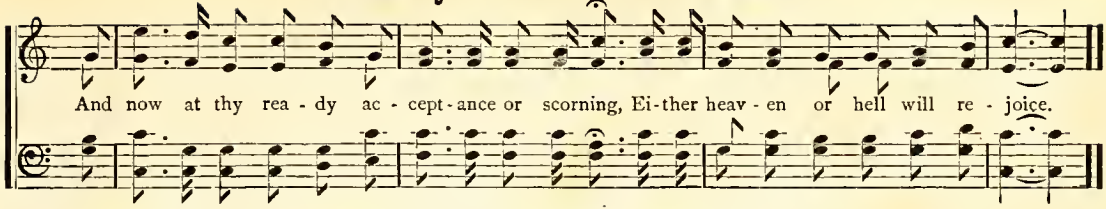
'Tis Only a Sonnet.—Concluded.



229. Holy, Lord God Almighty.

"They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."—Rev. 4: 8.

R. Heber, D.D. Rev. J. B. Dykes.

230. I will Praise the Name of Jesus.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4: 12.

E. A. BARNES. E. S. LORENZ.

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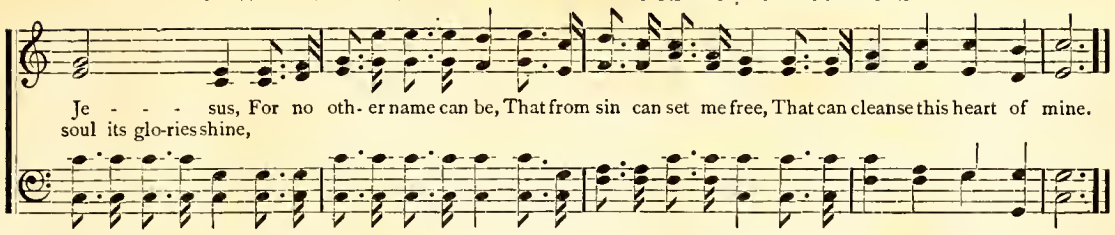
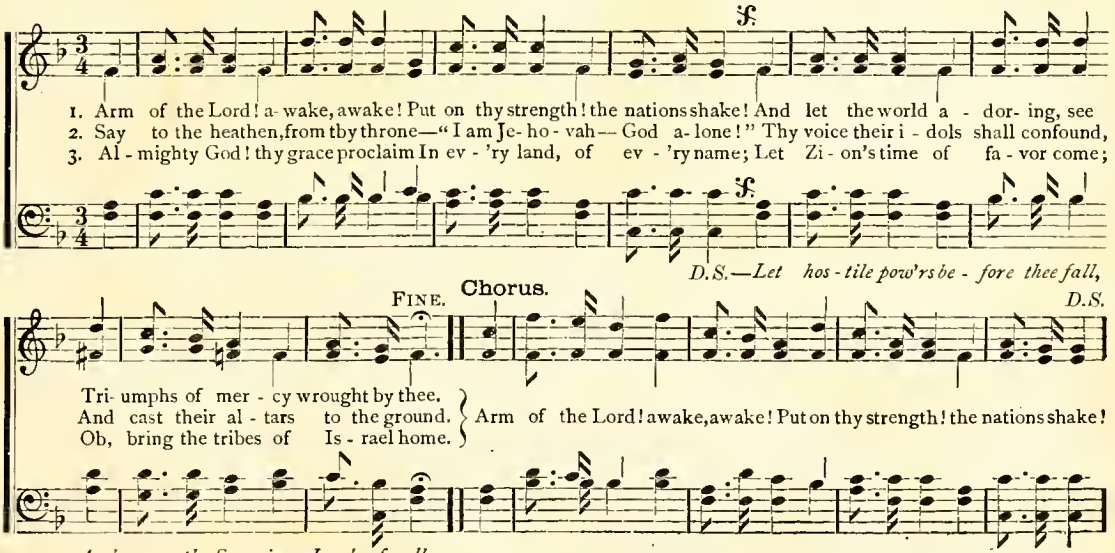


231. Arm of the Lord, Awake!

Anon. *"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion."*—Isa. 52 : 1. I. BALTZELL.



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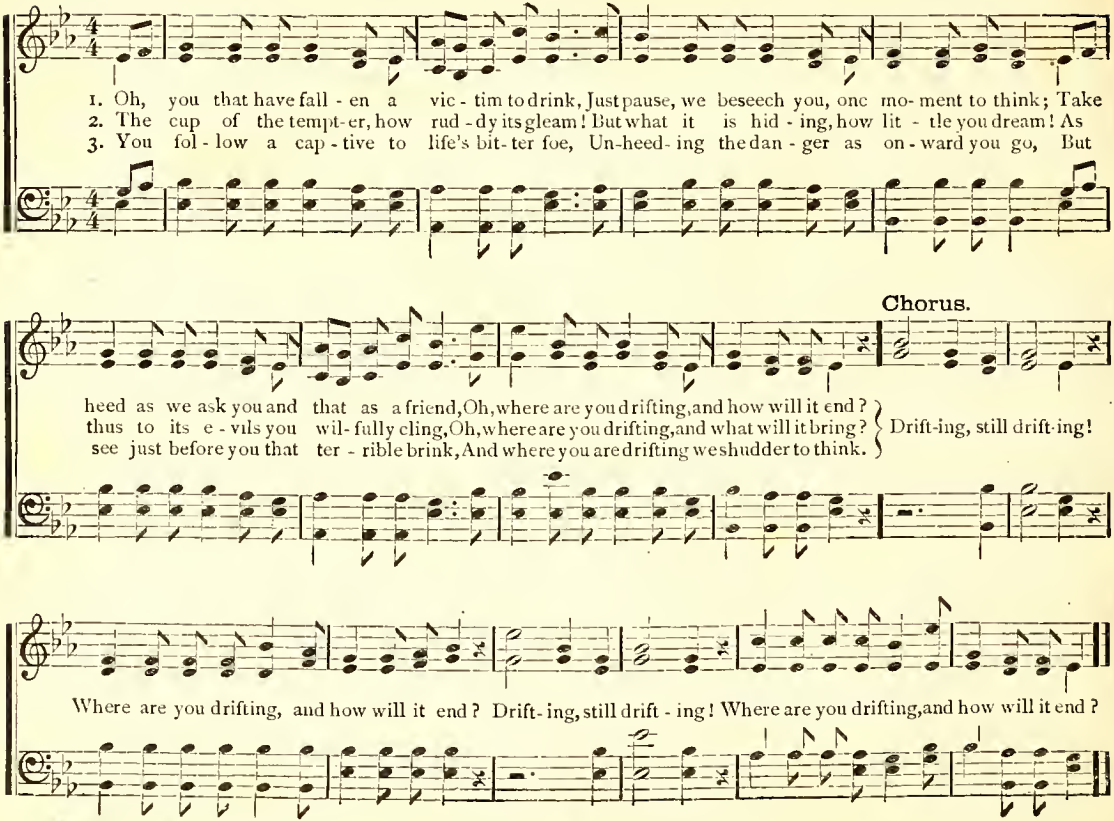
232. Where are You Drifting?

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder." —Prov. 23: 32.

E. A. Barnes. E. S. Lorenz.



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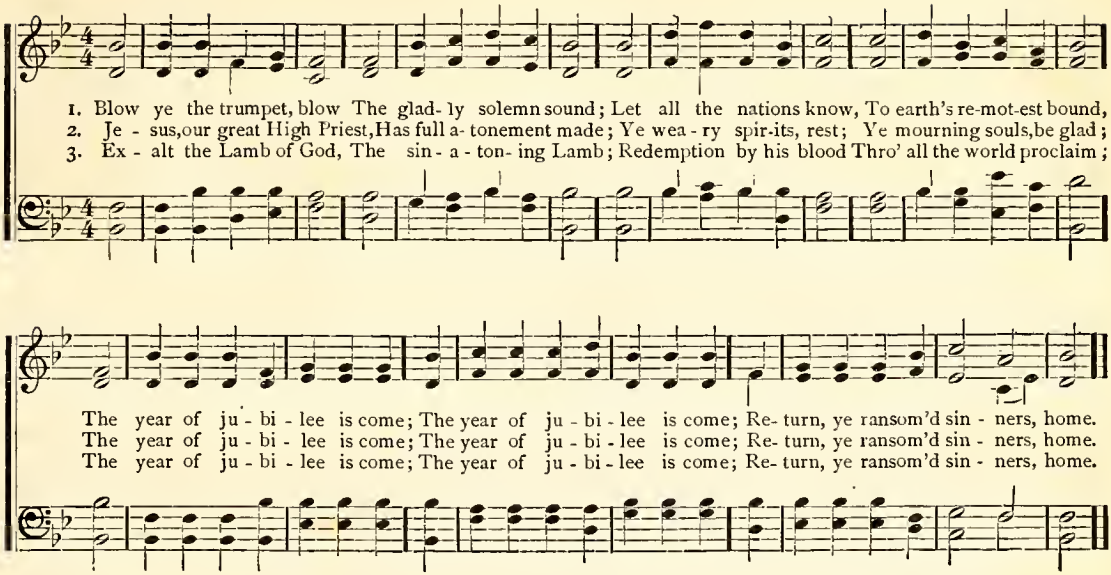
233. Blow Ye the Trumpet.

"Then shalt thou cause the trumpet of the jubilee to sound."—Lev. 25.

CHAS. WESLEY. EDSON.



234.

1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.

2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

235. The Temperance Army.

"For they shall march with an army."—Jer. 46: 22.

T. CORBEN, D.D. E. S. LORENZ.

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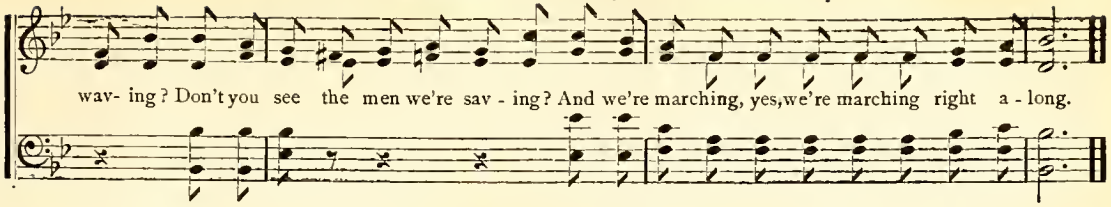
The Temperance Army.—Concluded.



236. Rally, Children, Rally.

"*Touch not; taste not; handle not.*"—Col. 2: 21.

CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

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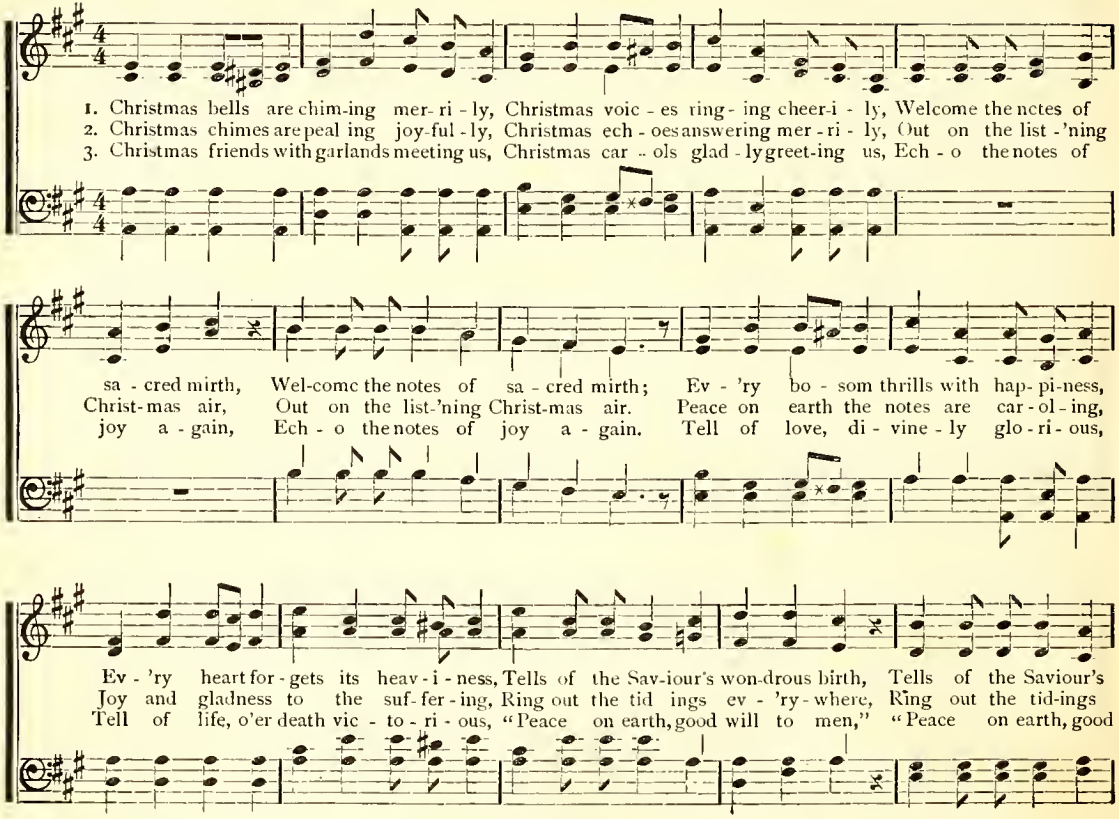
237. Christmas Bells.

"I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."—Luke 2: 10.

D. B. PURINTON. E. S. LORENZ.



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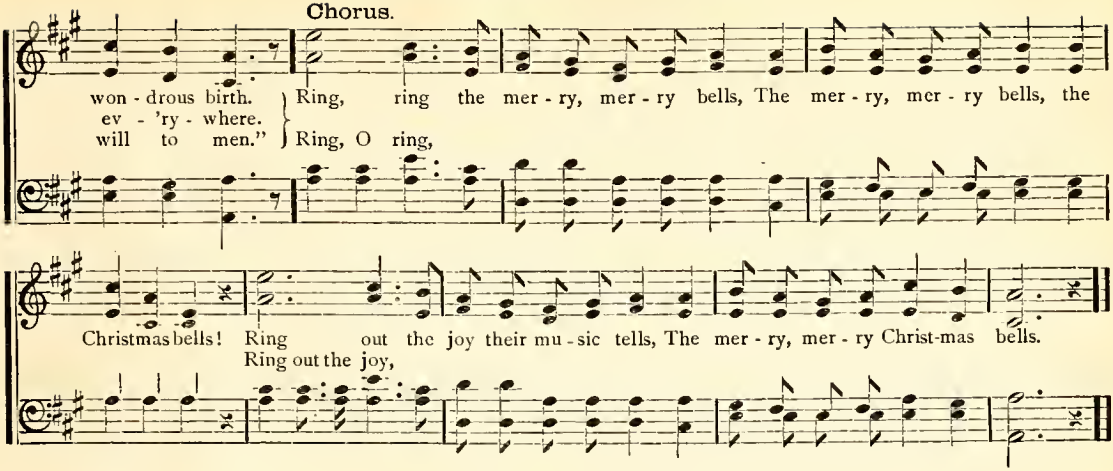
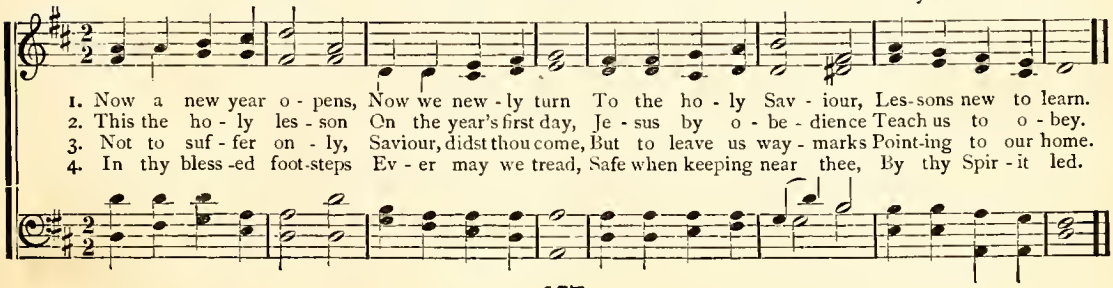
Christmas Bells.—Concluded.



238. Now a New Year.

"Take fast hold of instruction."—Prov. 4: 13.

Arr. by W. A. OGDEN.



239. The Babe of Bethlehem.

"They saw the young child with Mary, his mother, and fell down and worshipped him."—Matt. 2 : 11.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

Solo.

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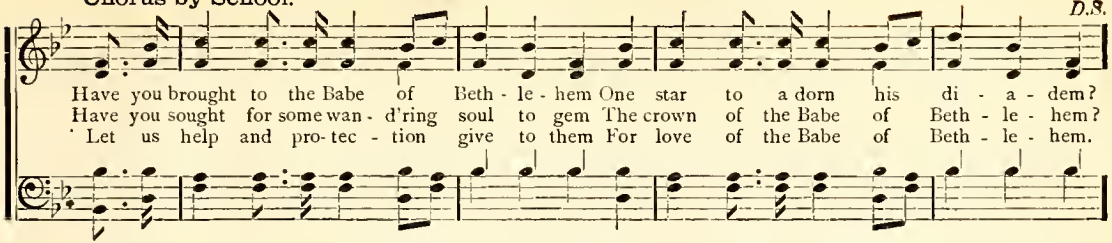
The Babe of Bethlehem.—Concluded.

Chorus by School.

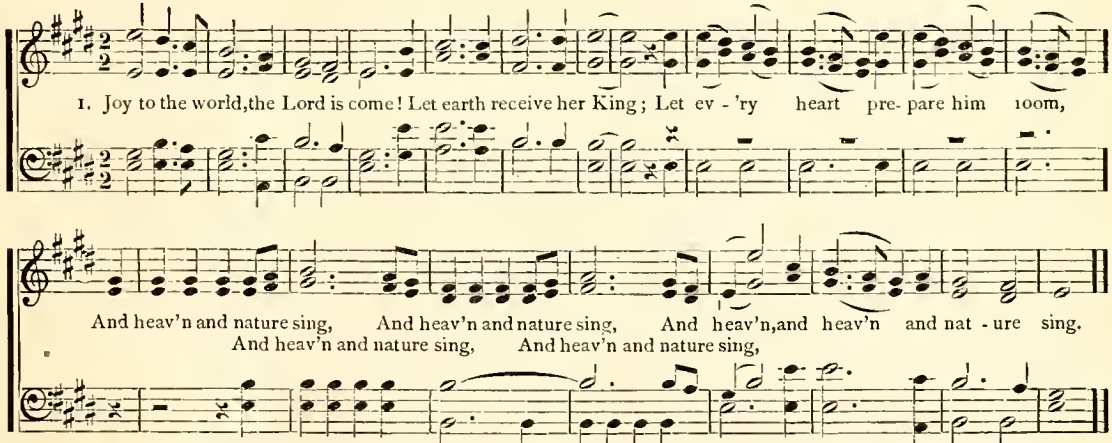
D.S.



240. Joy to the World.

"On earth peace, good will toward men."—Luke 2 : 14.

GEO. FREDERICK HANDEL.



2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns!
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

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

4 He rules the world with truth and grace
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

241. Rejoice, the Lord is Come!

"For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord."—Luke 2 11.

J. B. CARLIN. I. BALTZELL.

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Rejoice, the Lord is Come!—Concluded.

242. Oh! Worship the King.

ROBERT GRANT. *"I will extol thee, my God, O King."*—Psa. 145: 1. F. J. HAYDN.

243. Glory in the Highest.

"Praising God and saying: Glory to God in the highest."—Luke 2: 13, 14.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. E. S. LORENZ.

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244. Hymn for the New Year.

"Therefore shall the people praise Thee forever and ever."—Psa. 45: 17.

Rev. J. D. BURNS. W. J. BALTZELL.

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245. The Prince of Life.

"In thy name shall they rejoice all the day."—Psa. 89: 16.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.

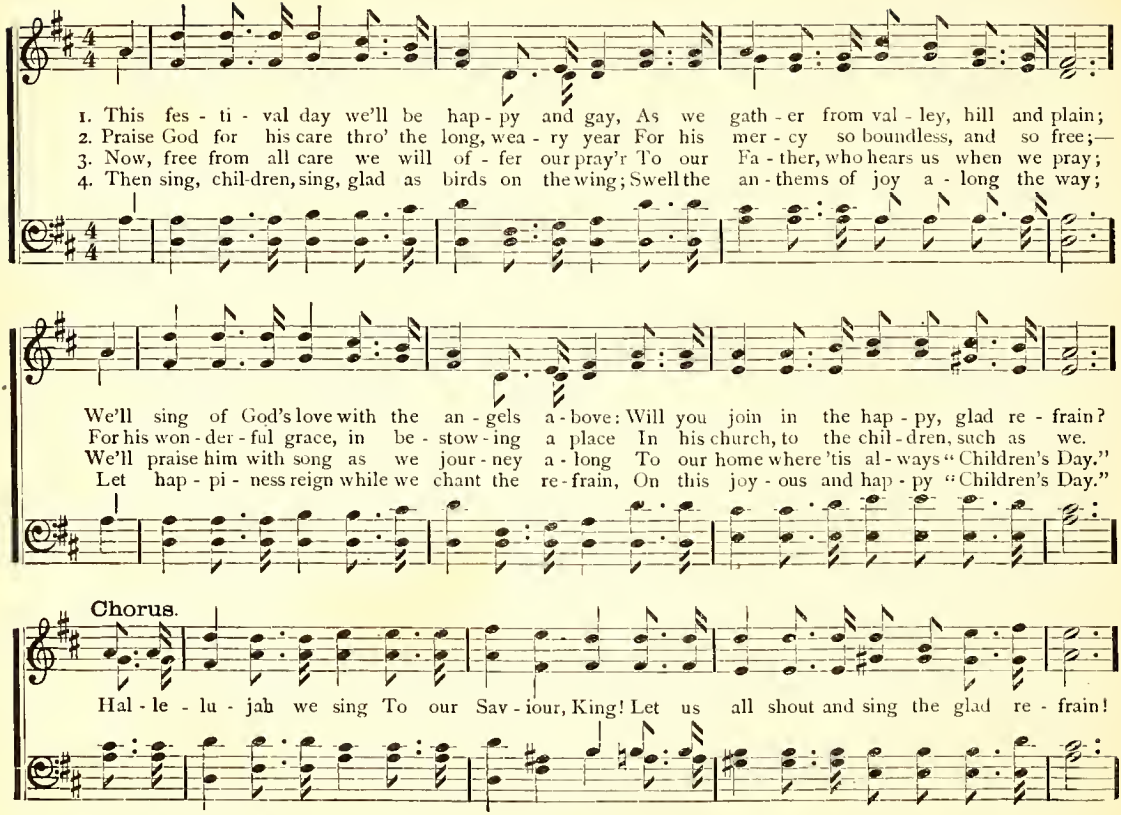
Copyright, 1895, by E. S. LORENZ.

The Prince of Life.—Concluded.

246. Hallelujah, We Sing.

"It is meet that we should make merry, and be glad."—Luke 15: 32.

AMICUS. W. J. BALTZELL.



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247. All for Me.

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head."—Matt. 27: 29.

Anon. CHAS. E. POLLOCK.

With feeling.

From "Harvest Bells," by permission.

248. I Wish my Mamma were Here.

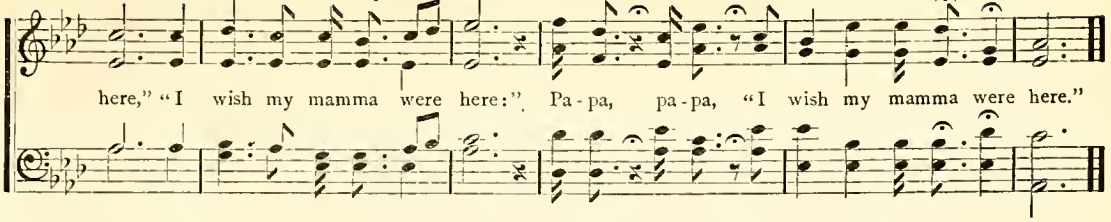
"Willie was dying. His mother had died but a little while before. While his heart-broken papa was watching by his little cot, Willie whispered, 'I wish my mamma were here.'"

AMICUS. I. BALTZELL.

Solo.

Copyright, 1886, by I. BALTZELL.

I Wish my Mamma were Here.—Concluded.



249. In the New Jerusalem.

"But Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all."—Gal. 4: 26.

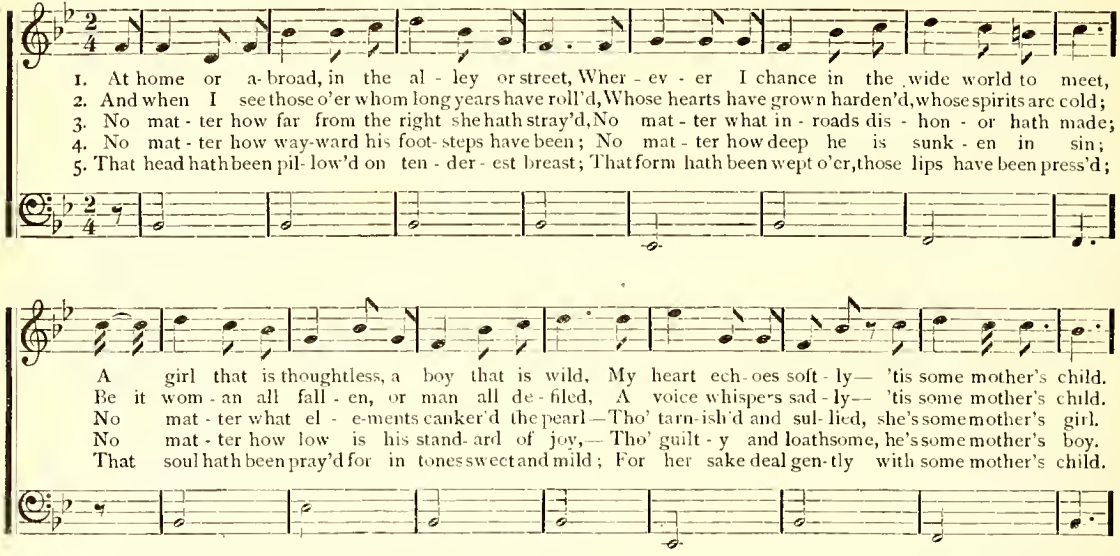
Rev. CHAS. BEECHER. JOHN J. HUSBAND.

250. 'Tis Some Mother's Child.

Respectfully dedicated to the Christian workers everywhere.

FRANCIS L. KEELER. I. BALTZELL.

Solo.



Chorus.

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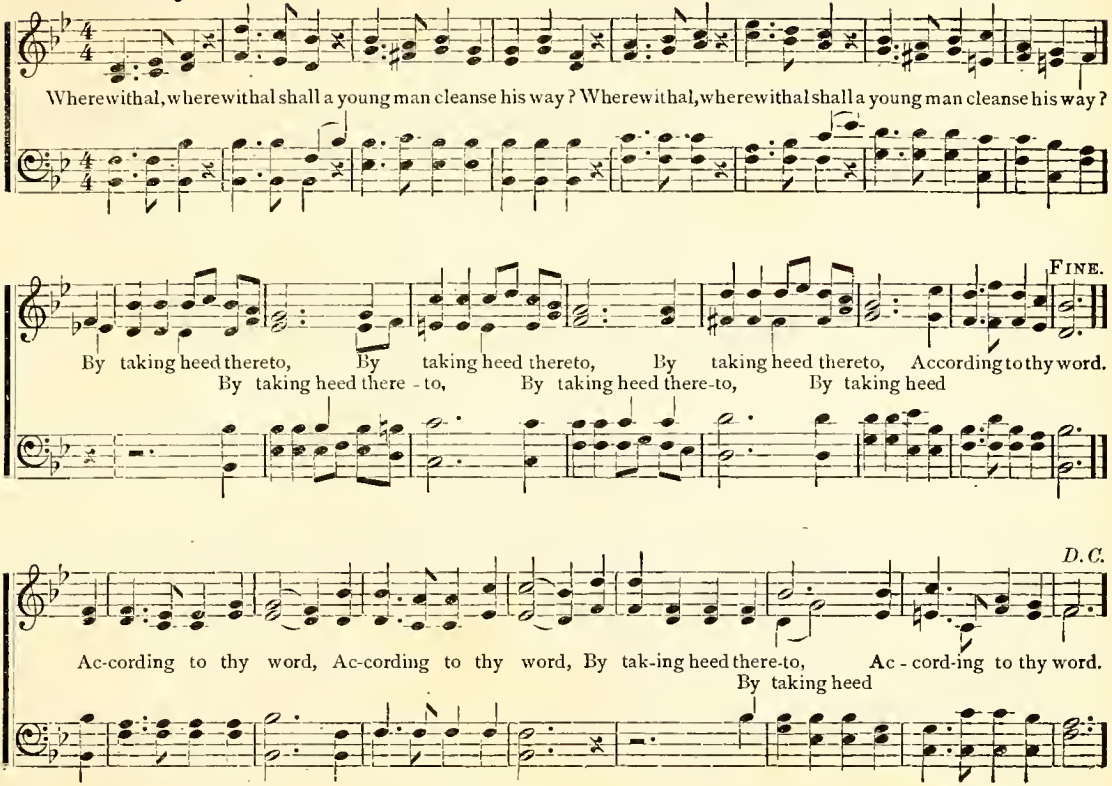
251. According to Thy Word.

(ANTHEM.)

Psalm 119: 9.

Duet or Quartet.

E. S. LORENZ.



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252. Let the Words of my Mouth.

(ANTHEM.)

Psalm 19: 14. W. J. BALTZELL.

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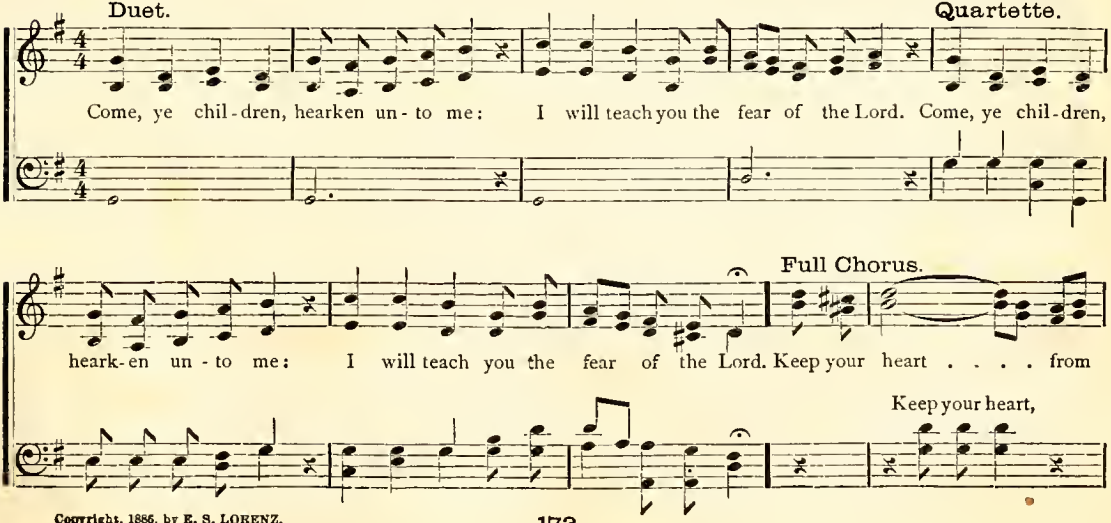
Let the Words of my Mouth.—Concluded.

253. Come, ye Children.

Psalm 34: 11–14. (ANTHEM.) E. S. LORENZ.



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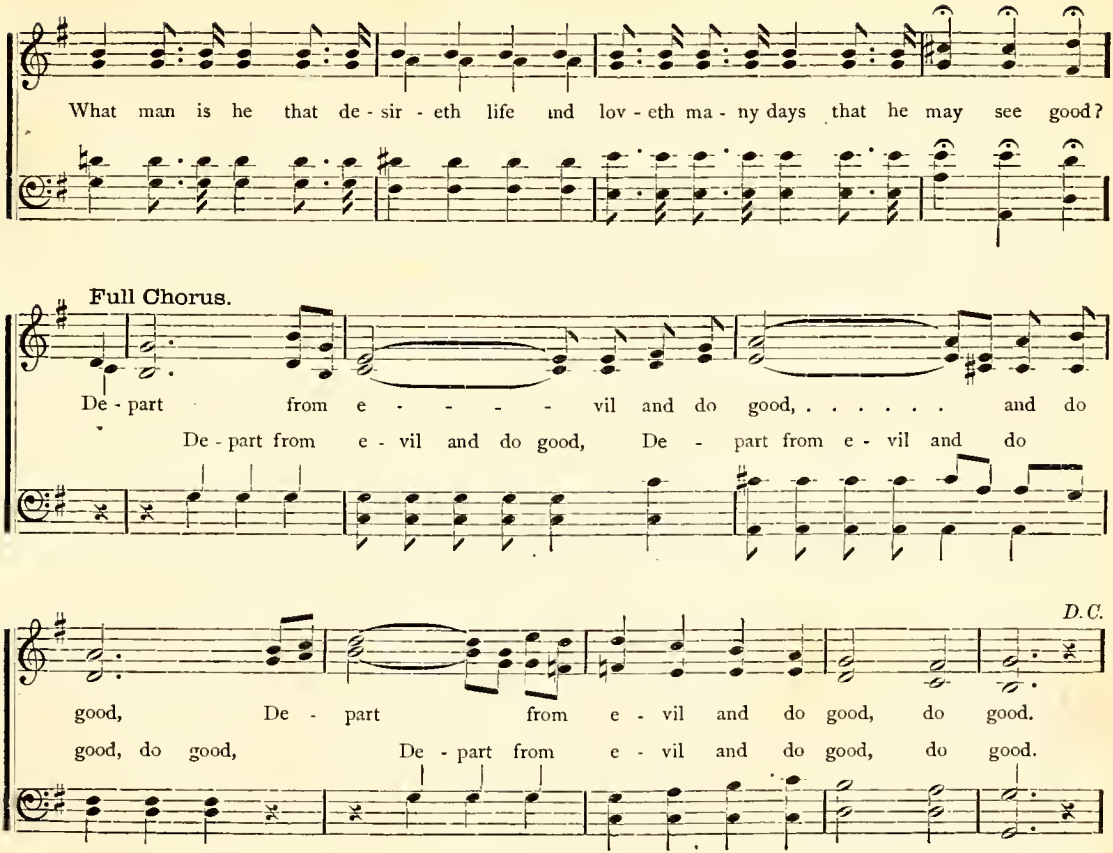
Come, ye Children.—Continued.

Come, ye Children.—Concluded.

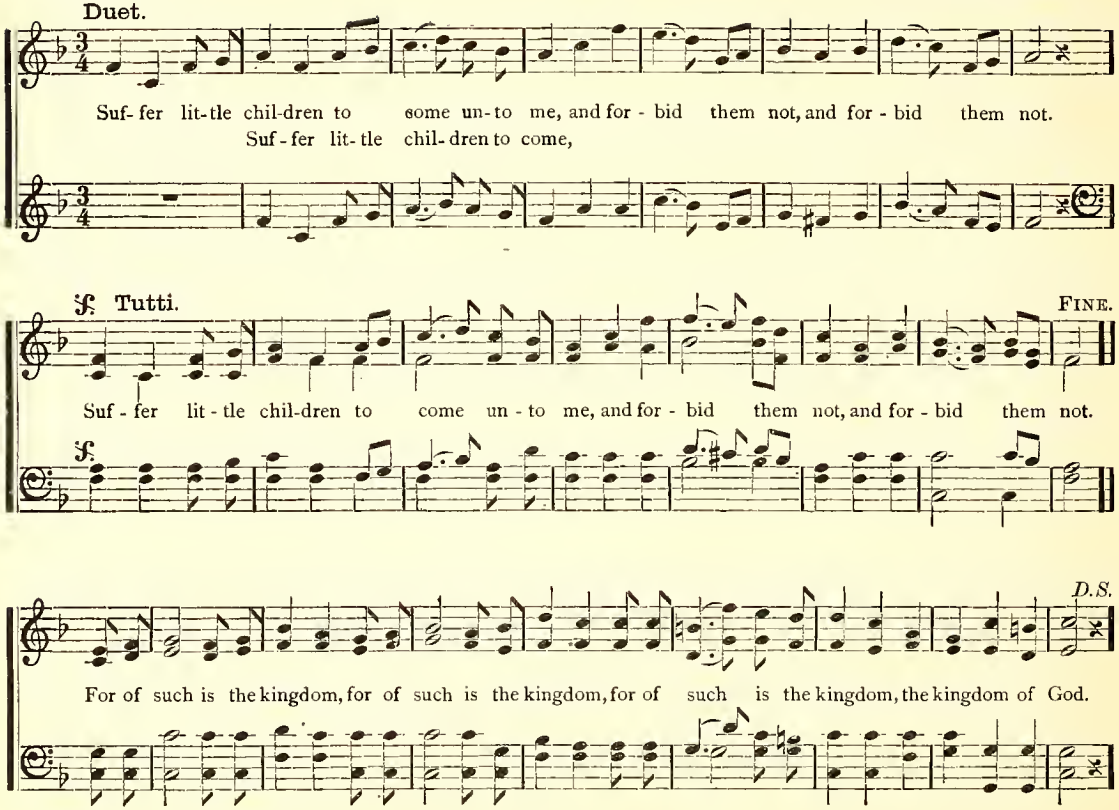


254. Forbid them Not.

(ANTHEM.)

Luke 18: 16.

D. E. Lorenz.



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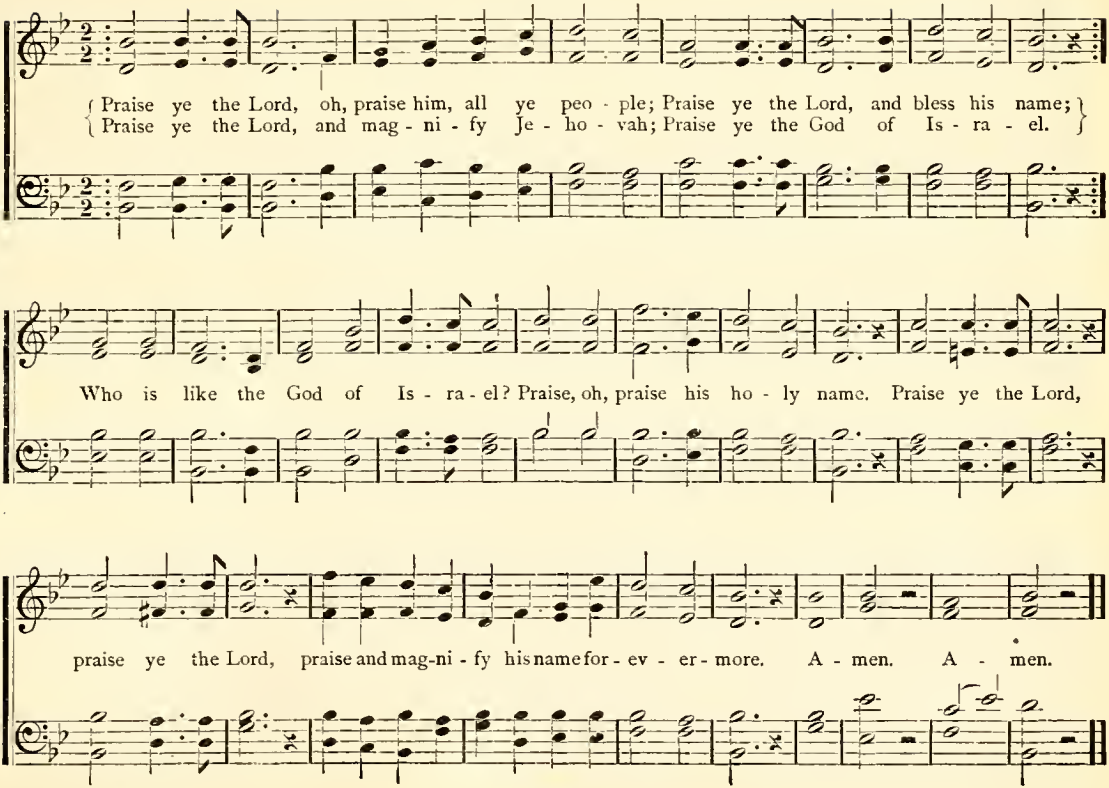
255. Praise Ye the Lord.

(ANTHEM.)

"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Psa. 34: 1.

R. G. STAPLES.

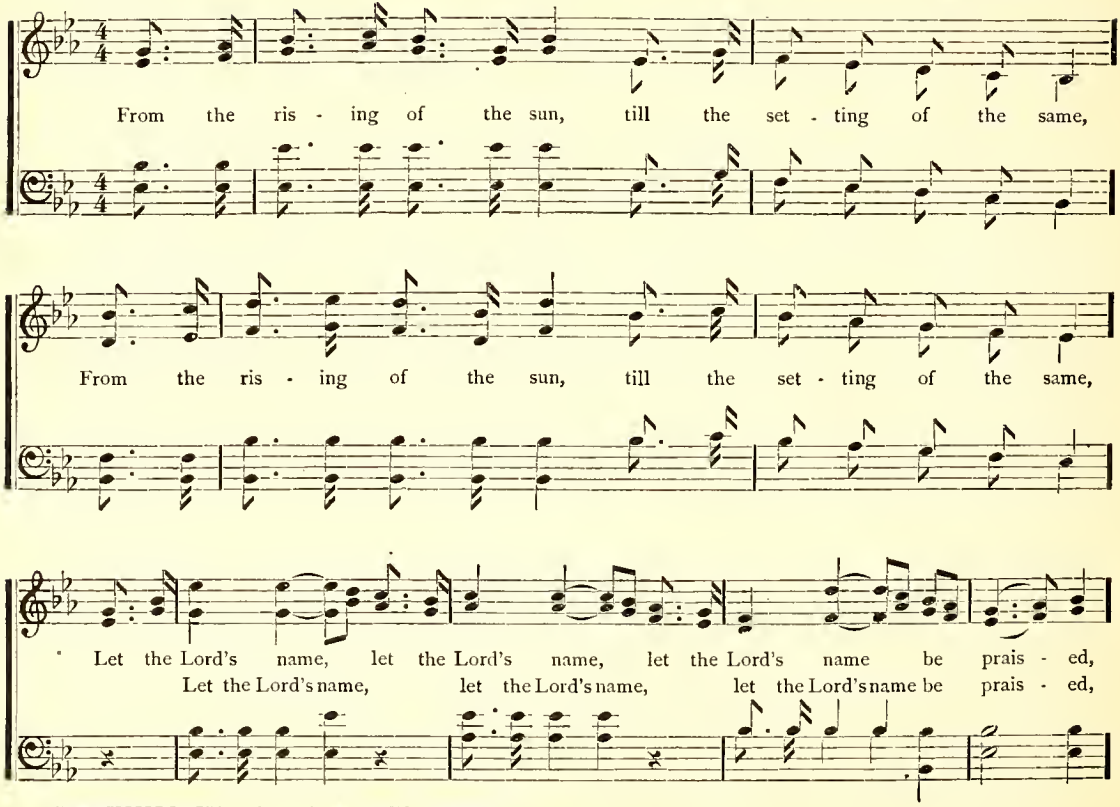


By permission.

256. From the Rising of the Sun.

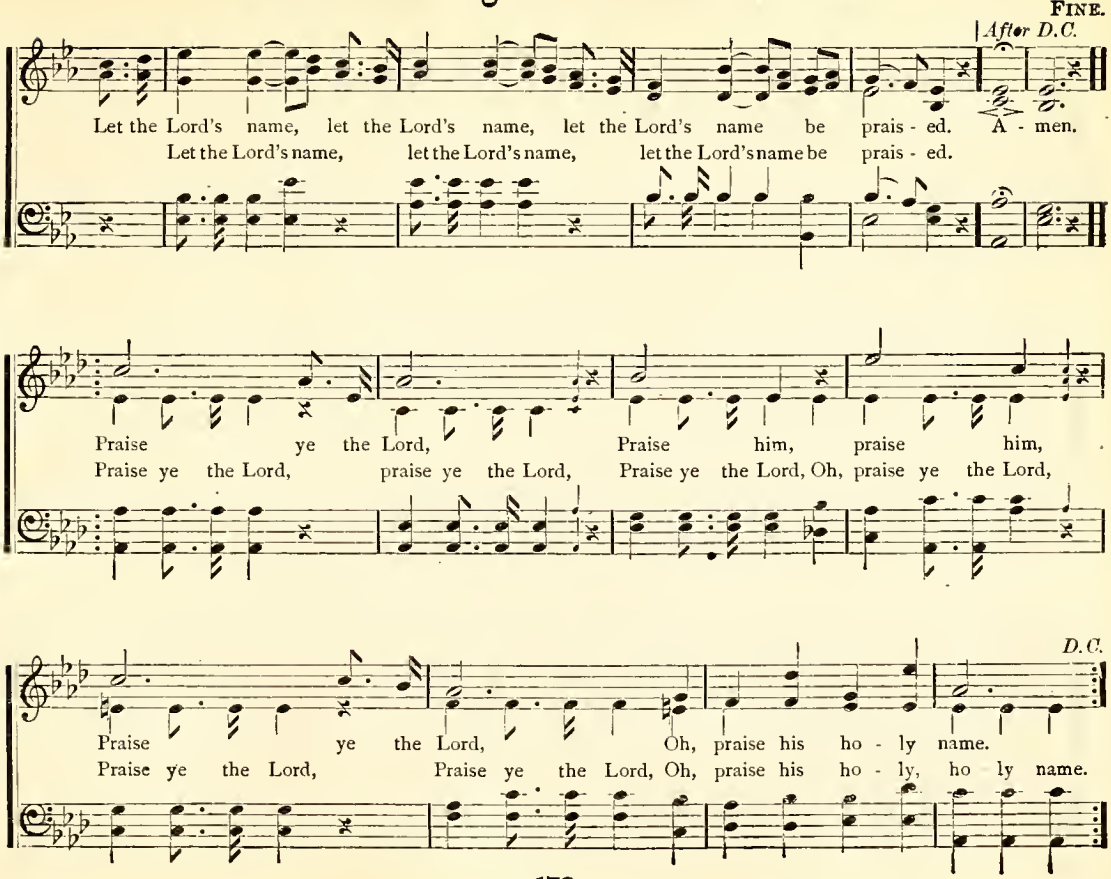
(ANTHEM.)

Psalm 113: 3. J. B. HERBERT.



From HERBERT'S "Bible Anthems," by per. of FILLMORE BROS.

From the Rising of the Sun.—Concluded.



257. Ho, Every One That Thirsteth!

Isaiah 55: 1. (ANTHEM.) FRANK M. DAVIS.

258. The Ten Commandments.

I.

SUPT.—Thou shalt have no other Gods before me.
Response sung by the school.

II.

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

III.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord, thy God, in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.
Response sung by the school.

IV.

SUPT.—Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor and do all thy work: but the seventh day is the Sabbath of the Lord, thy God: in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy man-servant, nor thy maid-servant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates. For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested on the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and hallowed it.
Response sung by the school.

V.

SUPT.—Honor thy father and thy mother: that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord, thy God, giveth thee.
Response sung by the school.

VI.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not kill.
Response sung by the school.

VII.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not commit adultery.
Response sung by the school.

VIII.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not steal.
Response sung by the school.

IX.

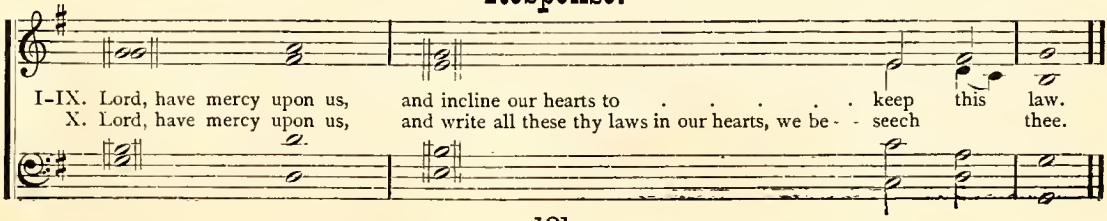
SUPT.—Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.
Response sung by the school.

X.

SUPT.—Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife, nor his man-servant, nor maid-servant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbor's.
Last Response sung by the school.

Response.

TALLIS.



259. Responsive Service.

SUPT.—The God of our fathers raised up Jesus, whom ye slew and hanged on a tree. Him hath God exalted with his right hand *to be* a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel, and forgiveness of sins.

School sings 1st stanza as Response.

SUPT.—Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.

School sing 2nd stanza as Response.

SUPT.—Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree, that we, being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness: by whose stripes ye were healed.

School sing 3rd stanza as Response.

SUPT.—What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost *which is* in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own? For ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.

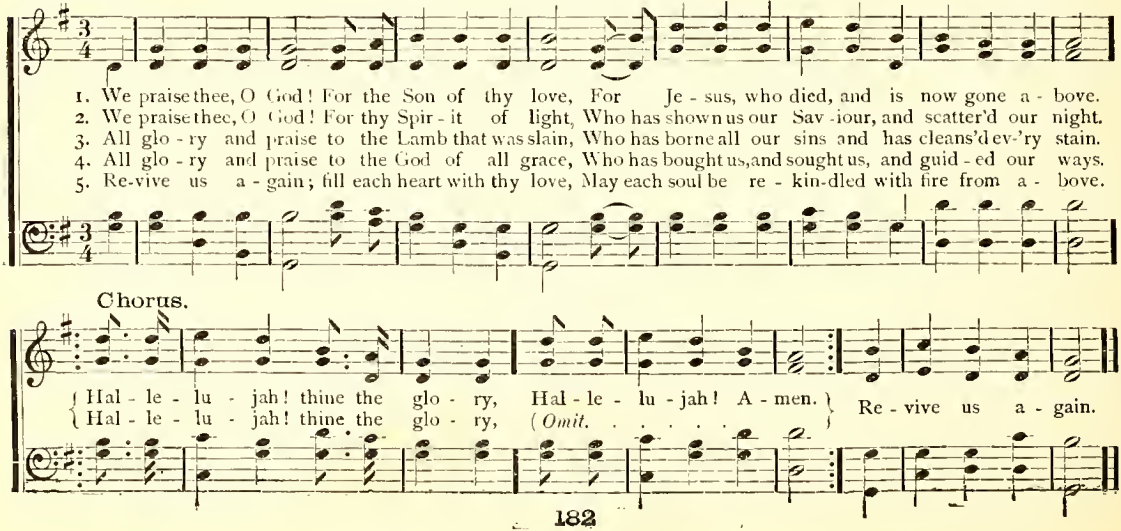
School sing 4th stanza as Response.

SUPT.—O Lord, I have heard thy speech *and* was afraid: O Lord, revive thy work in the midst of the years, in the midst of the years make known; in wrath remember mercy.

School sing 5th stanza as Response.

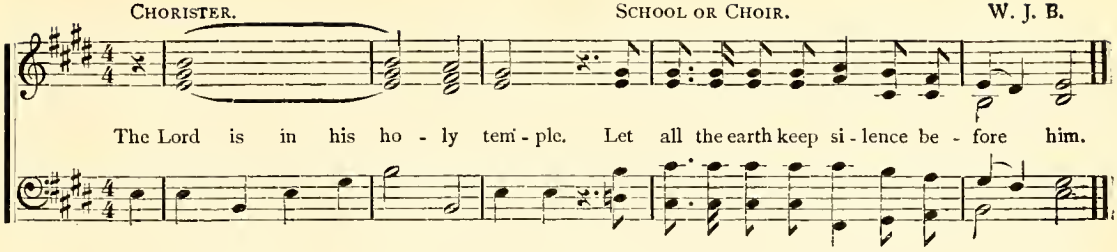
We Praise Thee, O God.

English. *"O Lord, revive thy work."*—Hab. 3: 2. English.



260. Responsive Service.

Arranged by MARION LAWRENCE.



SUPT.—How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts.

ASST. SUPT. (*Rising.*)—My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord; my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

TEACHERS. (*Rising.*)—For the Lord God is a sun and shield; the Lord will give grace and glory; no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

ALL. (*Rising.*)—O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

(INVOCATION.)

Sing. (Tune NETTLETON, page 117.)

1 Heavenly Father, wilt thou bless us
In our Sunday school to-day?
Bless us, while we sing thy praises,
Bless us, while we read and pray.
‖: Father, bless us, Father, bless us,
In our Sunday school to-day. :‖

2 May our hands perform thy bidding,
May our feet run in thy ways,
May our eyes see Jesus only,
May our lips speak forth thy praise.
‖: Saviour, hear us, Saviour, hear us,
Is our earnest cry to-day. :‖

PASTOR.—I will extol thee, my God, O King, and I will bless thy name forever and ever.

FIRST DIV.—The Lord is gracious and full of compassion; slow to anger and plenteous in mercy.

SECOND DIV.—The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works.

FIRST DIV.—The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy.

SECOND DIV.—The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him, to all them that call upon him in truth.

ALL.—O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good. For his mercy endureth forever.

Recite The Lord's Prayer.

Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory forever. Amen.

261. Opening Exercise.

Arranged by Prof. E. L. Shuey.

CONSECRATION.

Song No. 165.

Supt.—Blessed is that man that maketh the Lord his trust: whose strength is in thee; that trusteth in thee, O Lord of hosts.

First Half of School.—Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

Second Half of School.—Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord; that walketh in his way.

Supt.—Shew me thy ways, O Lord, teach me thy paths. Lead me in thy truth, and teach me: for thou art the God of my salvation; on thee do I wait all the day.

First Half of School.—Make me to go in the path of thy commandments; incline my heart unto thy testimonies and not to covetousness. Let integrity and uprightness preserve me; for I wait on thee.

Second Half of School.—Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord; give me understanding according to thy word. My tongue shall speak of thy word: for all thy commandments are righteousness.

Supt.—Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy truth; unite my heart to fear thy name.

First Half of School.—Uphold me with thy free spirit; then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

Second Half of School.—Make me to understand the ways of thy precepts; so shall I talk of thy wondrous works.

Supt.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

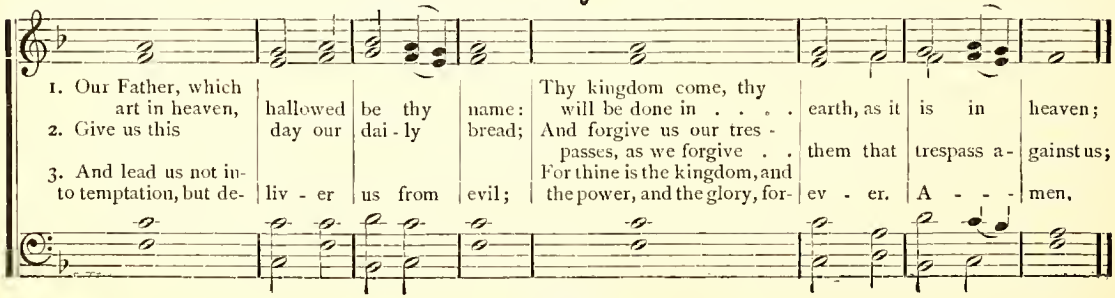
Teachers.—Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, in the courts of the house of our God, praise the Lord, for the Lord is good.

Scholars.—Blessed are they that dwell in thy house; they will still be praising thee.

All.—Call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable.

Chant. The Lord's Prayer.

262. The Lord's Prayer. Chant.



263. Opening Exercise.

Prepared by MARION LAWRENCE.

PASTOR. (*All rise.*)—In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.

SCHOOL OR CHOIR.

RESPONSE.

SUPT.—*Stand up* and bless the Lord your God. Sing forth the honor of his name.

(ALL STAND.)

(ITALIAN HYMN. No. 194.)

Come, thou Almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise:
Father all-glorious!
O'er all victorious
Come, and reign over us,
Ancient of days.

PASTOR.—Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly,

TEACHERS.—Nor standeth in the way of sinners,

SCHOOL.—Nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

PASTOR.—But his delight is in the law of the Lord;

SCHOOL.—And in his law doth he meditate day and night.

PASTOR.—And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water,

SCHOOL.—That bringeth forth fruit in his season.

PASTOR.—His leaf also shall not wither;

SCHOOL.—And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

PASTOR.—The ungodly are not so:

SCHOOL.—But are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

PASTOR.—Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

SCHOOL.—For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.

PASTOR.—Behold how good and how pleasant it is * * * to dwell together in unity.

(DENNIS. No. 100.)

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

ASST. SUPT.—Blessed be the people that know the joyful sound.

SCHOOL.—They shall walk, O Lord! in the light of thy countenance.

ASST. SUPT.—In thy name shall they rejoice all the day,

SCHOOL.—And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.

SUPT.—For the Lord is our defense, and the Holy One of Israel is our King.

ALL.—Blessed be the Lord forevermore! Amen, and Amen.

(CORONATION. No. 72.)

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

PASTOR.—Let us worship and bow down. Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.

(INVOCATION.)

264. Opening Exercise.

Arranged by I. BALTZELL.

MISSIONARY DAY.

SING No. 107 or 185.

SUPT.—What did Jesus say concerning giving?

SCHOOL.—"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

SUPT.—What kind of a giver does God most love?

SCHOOL.—"The Lord loveth a cheerful giver."

SUPT.—How much ought we give?

SCHOOL.—"Every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord, thy God, which hath given thee."

SUPT.—In what way should we honor God?

SCHOOL.—"Honor the Lord with thy substance, and with the first fruits of all thine increase."

SUPT.—What promise is made to such givers?

SCHOOL.—"So shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine."

SUPT.—In what spirit should we give?

SCHOOL.—"Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give, not grudgingly, or of necessity, for God loves a cheerful giver."

SUPT.—What is said about receiving and giving?

SCHOOL.—"Freely ye have received, freely give."

SUPT.—Will our gifts be acceptable to God?

SCHOOL.—"If there be first a willing mind it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not."

SUPT.—Should our gifts to the Lord be frequent?

SCHOOL.—"Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by in store as the Lord has prospered him."

SUPT.—How does God give to us if we give liberally to him?

SCHOOL.—"Give, and it shall be given unto you; good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over."

SUPT.—What does Isaiah say about liberal givers?

SCHOOL.—"The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand."

SUPT.—What else is said about liberal givers?

SCHOOL.—"The liberal soul shall be made fat; and he that watereth shall be watered also himself."

SUPT.—What was God's greatest gift to us?

SCHOOL.—"God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

SUPT.—Did we deserve this great gift?

SCHOOL.—"While we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

SUPT.—What should be the language of every heart for this great gift of God to us?

SCHOOL.—"Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift."

SUPT.—What does God say we shall bring him?

SCHOOL.—"The first fruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord, thy God."

SUPT.—What should we all give him?

SCHOOL.—"We should give him our hearts, our time, our talents, our money, even ourselves."

Prayer by the Superintendent, after which let the school sing No. 200.

265. Opening Exercise.

Arranged by I. BALTZELL.

PRAISE.

SONG. No. 7.

SUPT.—Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his Sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

TEACHERS.—Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

SCHOOL.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise.

SONG. No. 14.

SUPT.—Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the name of the Lord. Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

SCHOOL.—Oh, clap your hands, all ye people, shout unto God with the voice of triumph. Sing praises to God, sing praises; sing ye praises with understanding.

ORGANIST.—Praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

ALL.—O come, let us sing praises, sing praises to God most high.

SONG. No. 72.

SUPT.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

TEACHERS.—Allelnia, for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.

ALL.—Unto the King, eternal, immortal, iuvisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

SUPT.—Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people, give unto the Lord glory and strength.

TEACHERS.—Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name.

SCHOOL.—Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honor and power: for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.

SUPT.—O bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of his praise to be heard: remember his marvelous works that he hath done.

TEACHERS.—Let the redeemed of the Lord say so; whom he hath redeemed and gathered them out of the land, from the east and from the west, and from the north and from the south.

SCHOOL.—Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honor, and power, and might, be unto our God forever and ever.

SUPT.—O sing unto the Lord a new song, sing unto the Lord all the earth.

TEACHERS.—I will sing a new song unto thee, O God; upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I sing praises unto thee.

SCHOOL.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands. Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing. (*All rise at sound of bell.*)

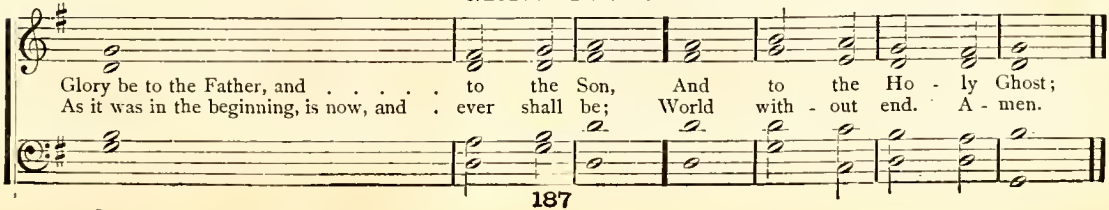
SONG. No 230.

SUPT.—O come let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker. (*All kneel in prayer.*)

Prayer by the Superintendent.

Sing Gloria Patri.

266. Gloria Patri.



267. Closing Exercise.

Arranged by E. D. MUND.

SUPT.—O come, let us sing unto the Lord: let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation.

SCHOOL.—Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

SUPT.—Glory ye in his holy name. Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.

SCHOOL.—For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

SUPT.—Shew forth the praises of him who hath called you out of darkness into his marvelous light.

SCHOOL.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which according to his abundant mercy hath begotten us again unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead.

ALL.—Unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honor and glory forever and ever. Amen.

All sing.

Tune.—CORONATION, No. 72.

All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

268. Closing Exercise.

Arranged by E. D. MUND.

SUPT.—Fear God and give glory to him; worship him that made heaven, and earth, and the sea, and the fountain of waters.

SCHOOL.—Who shall not fear thee, O Lord, and glorify thy name? for thou only art holy.

SUPT.—Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ.

SCHOOL.—Praise our God, all ye his servants, and ye that fear him, both small and great.

SUPT.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

SCHOOL.—The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee.

SUPT.—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace.

All sing.

Tune.—OLD HUNDRED, No. 7.

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.

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