

**Pentecostal
Hymns**

No 2

FOR

**EVANGELISTIC SERVICES
YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES
AND SUNDAY SCHOOLS**

SELECTED BY

HENRY DATE

MUSIC EDITORS

E. A. HOFMAN AND J. H. TENNEY

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v. 2

HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY
84 WABASH AVENUE
CHICAGO

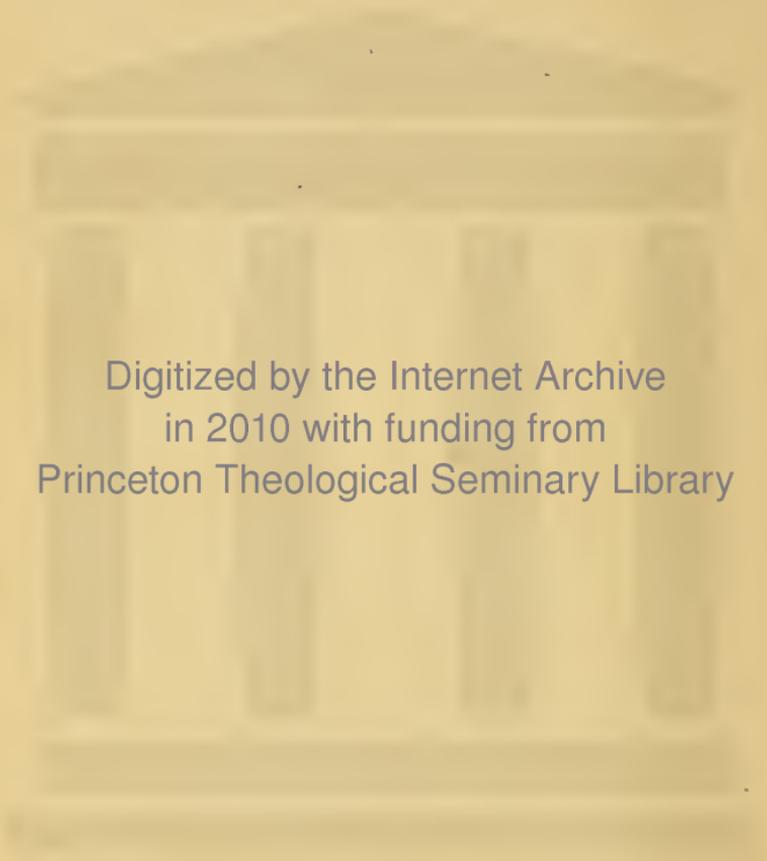
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PENTECOSTAL HYMNS



No. 2

A WINNOWED COLLECTION

FOR

EVANGELISTIC SERVICES

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AND

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THE HOPE PUBLISHING COMPANY
84 WABASH AVE., CHICAGO.

PREFATORY

PENTECOSTAL HYMNS No. 1 has had a phenomenal sale and is still in great demand. In less than three years it has found its way into nearly every town and hamlet in the land, and not a few copies have been sold in foreign countries. The book now in your hand is issued in response to hundreds of requests for a second volume, similar in character. Pentecostal Hymns No. 2 will be found not only peculiarly fitted for use in all meetings of an evangelistic nature, but equally well adapted to the needs of the Sunday-school, the mid-week prayer service and the Young People's meeting. In a word, this one book will suffice for all services that may be held in connection with any church whose creed is based on the Word of God and whose aim is the salvation of lost men and the betterment of the race. Of course, the authorized church hymnal should first be placed in every pew and should always have the pre-eminence. Pentecostal Hymns No. 2 is a supplement to, and not a substitute for, this class of books. We trust that it will be found equal to its predecessor and worthy of your consideration.

Henry Date.

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THE PUBLISHERS.

Pentecostal Hymns, No. 2.

I No, Not One!

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.
Slow and with feeling.

GEO. C. HUGG.

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

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

CHORUS.

Jesus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done;

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

2 I'll Go where You Want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN.
Andante.

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o-ver the stormy sea;
2. Per-haps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

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

But, if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
O Sav-ior, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to Thy tender care, And knowing Thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo Thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do Thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

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

I'll Go where You Want Me to Go.

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

Musical score for the first song, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

3 The Call for Reapers.

J. O. THOMPSON.

J. B. O. CLEMM.

1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the waves of ripened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming; Send them in the noontide's glare;
3. O thou, whom thy Lord is sending, Gather now the sheaves of gold;

Musical score for the second song, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

Far and near their gold is gleaming, O'er the sunny slope and plain.
When the sun's last rays are gleaming, Bid them gather ev - 'ry-where.
Heav'nward then at evening wending, Thou shalt come with joy untold.

Musical score for the second song, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

CHORUS.

Lord of harvest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to Thee we cry;

Musical score for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

Send them now the sheaves to gather, Ere the harvest time pass by.

Musical score for the chorus, featuring a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. Bet - ter friend is none than He, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior,
2. I love Him, and He loves me, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior,
3. More and more His love He shows, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior,
4. He a - bides with me each day, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior,
5. I shall see Him by and by, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior,



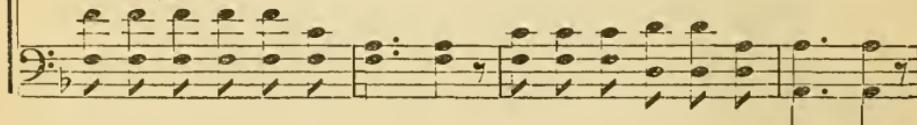
Full of ten - d'rest love to me, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior.
 Source of peace and pur - i - ty, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior.
 More and more His grace be - stows, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior.
 Cheers my trust - ing soul al - way, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior.
 Reign with Him at last on high, Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior.



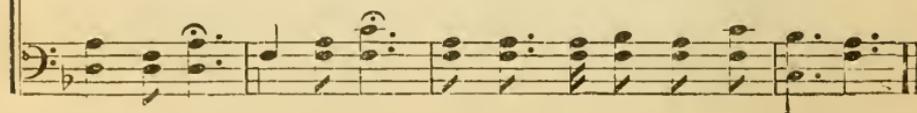
CHORUS.



Won - der - ful Sav - ior! Won - der - ful Sav - ior!
 Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior! Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior!



Sav - ing me, e - ven me; Je - sus, the won - der - ful Sav - ior!



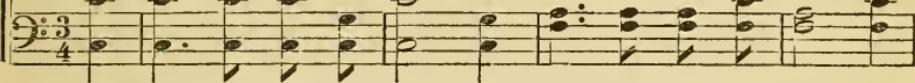
5 The Comforter Has Come.

F. BOTTO ME.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. O spread the ti-dings 'round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher-
2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last, And
3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal - ing in His wings, To
4. O bound-less love di - vine! how shall this tongue of mine To
5. Sing, till the ech - oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And



f

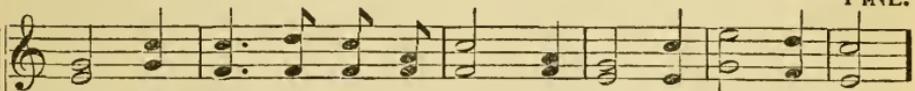


ev - er hu-man hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian
hush'd the dreadful wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en
ev - 'ry captive soul a full deliv'rance brings; And thro' the vacant
wond'ring mortals tell the matchless grace di-vine— That I, a child of
all the saints a-bove to all be-low re - ply, In strains of endless

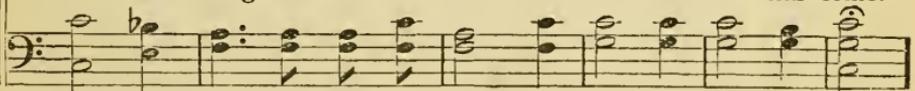


D.S.—*Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; O spread the tidings*

FINE.



tongue pro - claim the joy - ful sound: The Com-fort - er has come!
hills the day ad - vanc - es fast! The Com-fort - er has come!
cells the song of triumph rings; The Com-fort - er has come!
hell, should in His im - age shine! The Com-fort - er has come!
love the song that ne'er will die: The Com-fort - er has come!



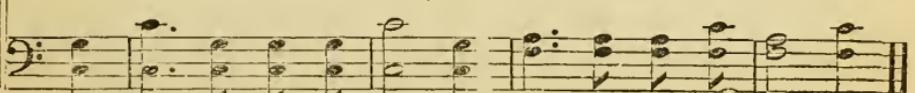
'round, Wher - ev - er man is found— The Com-fort - er has come!

CHORUS.

D. S.



The Com-fort - er has come, The Com - fort - er has come! The



J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov - ing Savior hath found me, And shattered the fetters that
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly winning me
 3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea - ry of service and

bound me, Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spake
 to Him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be
 grieve Him, I'll con - stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His

peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re - deem - er that bought me, In
 filled with His grace; Al - though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'
 pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In

ten - der - ness con - stant - ly sought me, The way of sal - va - tion He
 faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a -
 knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - plic - it - ly,

CHORUS.

taught me, And made my heart per - fect - ly whole.
 dore Him, Re - stored to His lov - ing em - brace. He saves me, He
 know - ing, That Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine.

He Saves Me.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, glo-ry, He saves me,

His spir - it a - bid-eth with-in; His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

7

Pass Me Not.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry; While on
 2. Let me at a throne of mercy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing
 3. Trusting on - ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom have

CHORUS.

oth - ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con - tri-tion, Help my un-be - lief. Savior, Sav-ior,
 wounded, bro - ken spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 I on earth be-side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?

Hear my humble cry, While on others Thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

8 Looking unto Jesus Makes it Right.

C. J. C.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.

1. When fierce the winds are blowing, and dark the clouds o'er head, Looking unto
 2. When doubts are all around, and the "feelings" all are gone, Looking unto
 3. When by and by the riv-er flows darkly, just be-fore, Looking unto

Je-sus makes it right, all right; O look not at the tem-pest, but
 Je-sus makes it right, all right; We're walking not by sight, but by
 Je-sus makes it right, all right; The hosts of God will meet me, and

D. S.—'Tis look-ing un - to Je - sus turns
 FINE..

at the Lord in-stead! Looking un-to Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 faith we trav-el on, Looking un-to Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 bear me safe-ly o'er, Looking un-to Je-sus makes it right, all right.

darkness in - to light, Looking un-to Je-sus makes it right, all right.
 CHORUS.

Oh, look a - way to Je - sus, When sor - row press-es

sore, And when temptations gather thick, Keep looking all the more.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
Andante.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Like a shepherd, ten-der, true, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
 2. All a-long life's rugged road Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
 3. Thro' the sun-lit ways of life Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads,

Dai - ly finds us pastures new, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
 Till we reach yon blest a - bode, Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;
 Thro' the warrings and the strife Je-sus leads; Je-sus leads;
 Je-sus leads, Je-sus leads;

If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,
 All the way, before, He's trod, And He now the flock precedes,
 When we reach the Jordan's tide, Where life's bound'ry-line recedes,
 If thick mists are o'er the way, Or the flock 'mid danger feeds,

rit.
 He will watch them lest they stray, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
 Safe in - to the fold of God, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
 He will spread the waves a-side, Je - sus leads, Je - sus leads.
 Je-sus leads,

JOHN H. YATES.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming "From the pres-ence of the Lord;"
 2. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming; Let your faith in God be strong,
 3. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming; Bow be - fore the throne of grace,
 4. O! re-fresh-ing times are coming; Sin - ner, hear the joy - ful sound,

Christians ev-'ry-where are gath'ring "In one place with one ac-cord,"
 Let your love grow warm and warmer And in-spire each loft-y song;
 Ask the Sav-ior for His blessing And the smil-ings of His face;
 With the Sav-ior is for-give-ness And a balm for ev-'ry wound;

And the tongues of fire are sit-ting On each hope - ful, upturned brow;
 Men are turn-ing from their i-dols, From their dark and sin - ful ways,
 He will sure-ly keep His promise And ful - fill your heart's desire;
 He will give you joy and gladness And your bur - den take a - way;

Yes, re-fresh-ing times are com-ing, And the morning dawneth NOW.
 And are ask-ing for the Sav-ior In these glad, re-fresh-ing days.
 He will give the oil of glad-ness And the cloven tongues of fire.
 O! re-fresh-ing times are with us, Come to Je-sus! Come to - day.

CHORUS.

O! re - fresh-ing times are coming! Com-ing as a precious boon

Refreshing Times are Coming.

From the pres-ence of Je - ho-vah, Com-ing swift-ly, com-ing soon,

O! re - fresh-ing times are coming! Com-ing as a pre-cious boon,

From the presence of Je - ho-vah, Com-ing swiftly, com-ing soon.

II Jesus, Savior, Pilot me.

EDWARD HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.

FINE.

1. Je - sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me O - ver life's tem-pest-u-ous sea;
 D. C.—Chart and compass came from Thee; Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the o - cean wild;
 D. C.—Wondrous Sov'reign of the sea, Je-sus, Sav - ior, pi - lot me.
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful break-ers roar
 D. C.—May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

D. C

Un-known waves be-fore me roll, Hid-ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will When Thou say'st to them, "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peace-ful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

W. A. SPENCER.

1. When I shall reach the more ex - cel - lent glo - ry, And all my
 2. We shall not wait till the glo - ri - ous dawn - ing Breaks on the
 3. More and more like Him, re - peat the blest sto - ry, O - ver and

tri - als are passed, I shall behold Him, O won - der - ful sto - ry!
 vis - ion so fair, Now we may welcome the heav - en - ly morning,
 o - ver a - gain, Changed by His spirit from glo - ry to glo - ry,

CHORUS.

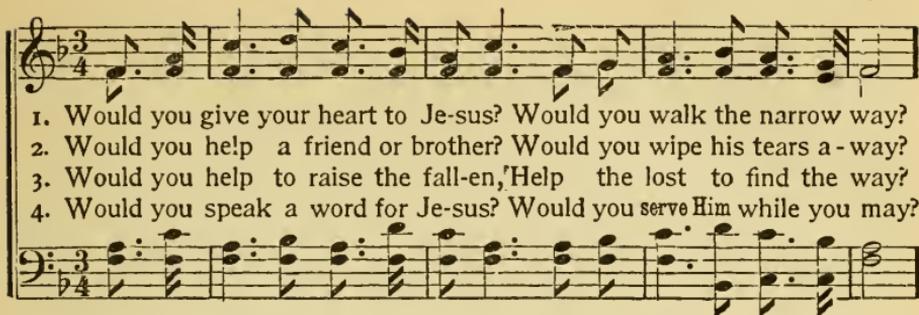
I shall be like Him at last.
 Now we His im - age may bear. I shall be like Him, I shall be
 I shall be sat - is - fied then.

like Him, And in His beau - ty shall shine, I shall be like Him,

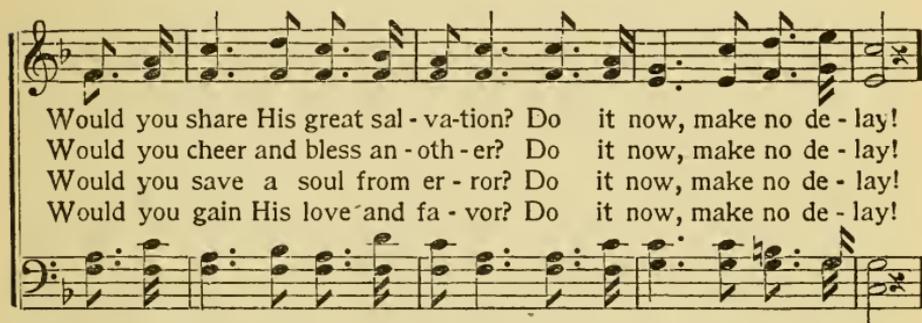
won - drous - ly like Him, Je - sus, my Sav - ior di - vine.

WM. APPEL.

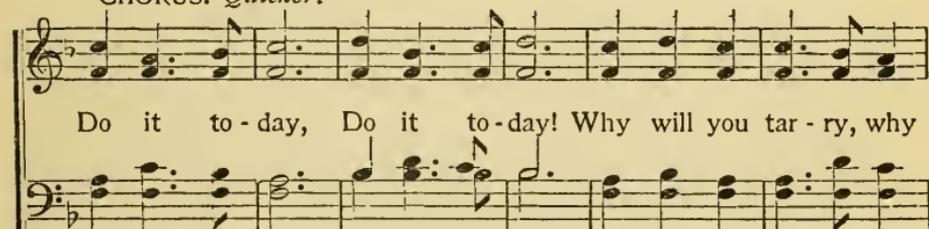
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



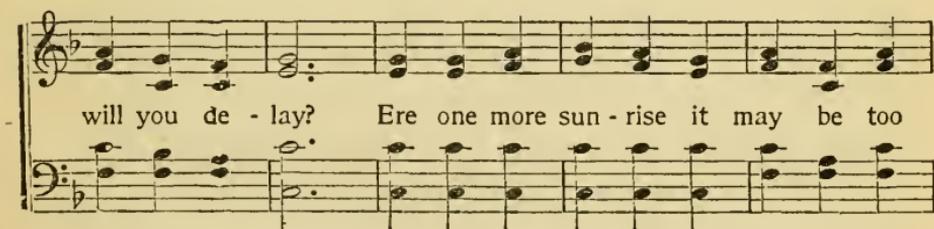
1. Would you give your heart to Je-sus? Would you walk the narrow way?
 2. Would you help a friend or brother? Would you wipe his tears a-way?
 3. Would you help to raise the fall-en, 'Help the lost to find the way?
 4. Would you speak a word for Je-sus? Would you serve Him while you may?



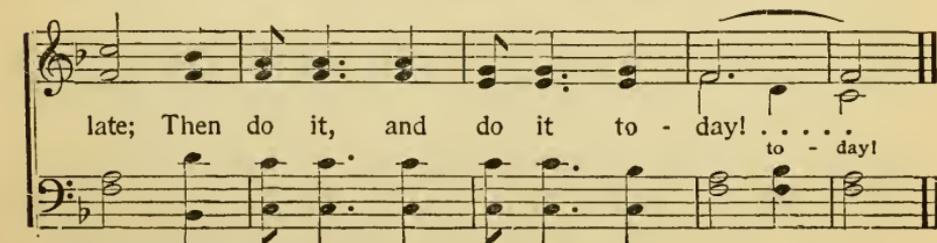
Would you share His great sal - va - tion? Do it now, make no de - lay!
 Would you cheer and bless an - oth - er? Do it now, make no de - lay!
 Would you save a soul from er - ror? Do it now, make no de - lay!
 Would you gain His love and fa - vor? Do it now, make no de - lay!

CHORUS. *Quicker.*


Do it to - day, Do it to - day! Why will you tar - ry, why



will you de - lay? Ere one more sun - rise it may be too



late; Then do it, and do it to - day! day!
 to - day!

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Since my soul is for-giv - en and rec - on-ciled, I have won-der-ful
 2. As He walk-eth be-side me to help and cheer, I have won-der-ful
 3. While I hide 'neath the wings of Al-might-y love, I have won-der-ful
 4. In the dark-ness of night or the noon-tide heat, I have won-der-ful

peace in the Lord; Now He owns me and calls me His lov - ing child,
 peace in the Lord; Sure no ill can be - fall me while He is near,
 peace in the Lord; As my feet bear me on to the home a - bove,
 peace in the Lord; He is all things to me, and His love is sweet,

CHORUS.

I have won-der-ful peace in the Lord. I have peace, bless-ed
wondrous peace,

peace, sweet peace, Faith is anchored to God's holy Word, I have peace,
wondrous peace,

heav'nly peace, sweet peace, I have won-der-ful peace in the Lord.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Just a lit - tle sunshine ev - 'ry-where we go, O - ver darkened
 2. Like the blessed Mas - ter, in this life, are we Sent to com - fort
 3. Just a lit - tle sunshine makes the ros - es grow, In the bar - ren

path - ways, rays of bless - ing throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness
 oth - ers, pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out - reach - ing,
 pla - ces, flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row,

f from a lov - ing heart Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.
 strengthening the weak, In the name of Je - sus, con - so - la - tion speak.
 cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will rip - en for immortal bloom.

FINE.

D. S.—Telling love's sweet story, ev-'ry-where we go.

CHORUS.

Sunshine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sunshine, Bearing heav'nly gladness

through this world below; Sunshine, sunshine, just a lit - tle sunshine,

D. S.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Work for the Mas - ter; an - swer His call; Take up the du - ty;
 2. Work for the Mas - ter; work with de - light; Serve Him with gladness,
 3. Work for the Mas - ter; great the re - ward; Stars for the crowning,

trust Him for all; Walk in the way open'd to-day, Promptly His word obey.
 soon comes the night; Seeking His face, using His grace, Resting in His embrace.
 joy in the Lord, Songs by the way, blessings to-day, Richly our toil re - pay.

Life's bloom and sunshine cheerfully bring, Ev'ry good talent lent by our King;
 Scorn not the trifles, sometimes a word Spoken in kindness, gratefully heard,
 Bless - ings that ev - er brighten the more, Till we shall enter home's golden door,

rit.
 Life thro' His name freely proclaim, Spreading the heav'nly flame. . . .
 Seed-like in pow'r, lives as a flow'r Growing for E - den's bow'r. . . .
 Then at His feet, gladly we'll meet, Singing His praises sweet. . . .

1. Spread - - - ing the heav'nly flame.

CHORUS.

Work for the Mas - ter, look - ing a - bove, Led by His Spir - it,

Work for the Master.

Musical score for "Work for the Master" in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a *rit.* marking. The lyrics are: "fill'd with His love, Work, work, work, work, Fill'd with His boundless love."

17

Sweetly Resting.

MARY D. JAMES.

W. WARREN BENTLY.

Musical score for "Sweetly Resting" in G major, 3/2 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "1. In the rift - ed Rock I'm rest-ing, Safe-ly sheltered, I a - bid; 2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Weary, sad, I longed for rest; 3. Peace, which passeth understanding, Joy, the world can never give, 4. In the rift - ed Rock I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past;"

Musical score for "Sweetly Resting" (second system) in G major, 3/2 time. The lyrics are: "There no foes nor storms molest me, While within the cleft I hide. Then I found this heav'nly shel-ter, O-pened in my Savior's breast. Now in Je - sus, I am find-ing; In His smiles of love I live. All se-secure in this blest ref-uge, Heeding not the fierc-est blast."

CHORUS.

Musical score for "Sweetly Resting" (chorus first line) in G major, 3/2 time. The lyrics are: "Now I'm rest-ing, sweetly rest-ing, In the cleft once made for me:"

Musical score for "Sweetly Resting" (chorus second line) in G major, 3/2 time. The lyrics are: "Je-sus, bless-ed Rock of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee."

E. E. HEWITT.

E. C. AVIS.

1. Leave the path that lies in shadow, and step up-ward in - to light;
 2. Then we'll press along the highway lead-ing on-ward to the throne,
 3. Let us trust in our Re-deem-er; He is a - ble to pro-vide

Love is beaming with a bright,cheering ray; For the Lord who died to
 And the or-ders of our King we'll o - bey; He will safe-ly guide our
 Grace suf-fi-cient for our needs,day by day; Earthly clouds may gather

save you, lives to help you with His might,And there's sunshine all a-
 foot-steps, ev - er car-ing for His own; And there's sunshine all a-
 round us, but His light will still a - bide, And there's sunshine all a-

CHORUS.

long the way. There is sun - - shine, bless-ed sun - -
 There is sun-shine, blessed sunshine,There is sunshine, bless-ed

shine, Sun - shine all a-long the way; For there's peace and
 sunshine, There is sunshine,blessed sunshine all the way;
 all the way;

Sunshine All Along the Way.

joy and gladness in my soul, And there's sunshine all a-long the way.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

19 Fullness of Blessing.

H. J. ZELLY.

M. L. MC PHAIL.

1. What is this that, like the sunshine, Warms my trusting heart to-day?
2. What is this that fills with gladness, Drives away all anxious care?
3. What is this that gives me freedom For my Lord to work and speak?
4. What is this that burns within me Like a flame of ho - ly fire?

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

Fills my soul with light and beauty, Drives the shadows far a - way?
Scat-ters darkness, gives me comfort, And a new de - light in pray'r?
Sends me out on lov - ing errands, As the wand'ring ones I seek?
Pur - i - fies my will - ing spir - it, Gives me now my one de - sire?

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

CHORUS.

This is that, oh, hal - le - lu - jah! Promised by the Lord di - vine;

Musical notation for the chorus first line, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

'Tis the pen - te - cos - tal blessing, Fill - ing this glad heart of mine.

Musical notation for the chorus second line, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

JOHN PARKER,

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do you know the bless-ed Savior's at the door? That He lin-gers
 2. Do not keep Him long - er wait-ing at the door, Hear Him knocking,
 3. Will you close your heart against Him at the door? Will He not be
 4. Oh, to think that Je-sus waits outside the door! He may leave you

there to bless you more and more? Will you not in- vite Him in, And His
 call - ing, loud - er than be-fore. Bid Him welcome now within, Turn a -
 all you need for-ev-er-more? He will take away your pride, Be your
 to re - turn, no, nev - er-more, Leave you hopeless and alone, With a

fel - low-ship be-gin? He is wait-ing, knocking, calling at the door.
 way from ev-'ry sin, He will en - ter and the feast be ev - er-more.
 nev - er-fail-ing guide To the mansions where the blessed ones a-dore.
 heart as hard as stone, Haste to hear him now and o-pen wide the door.

CHORUS.

He is wait - ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait -
 Wait-ing, He is waiting, knocking at the door, Waiting, He is

ing, He is knocking at the door, He is wait - ing, He is
 wait-ing, knock-ing at the door, Waiting, He is waiting.

The Bolted Door.

knocking at the door, He is waiting, He is knocking at the door.
He is knocking at the door.

rit.

21 More Would I Love Thee.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Sweet is Thy love, O Christ, to me, Fullness of peace I find in Thee;
2. More of Thy love my heart would feel, More of Thyself in me reveal;
3. More of Thy grace and saving pow'r Breathe in my soul this holy hour;

Ne'er have I loved Thee so be-fore; Help me to lovè Thee more and more.
O may the Spir - it wake in me Deep-er af-fec-tion, Lord, for Thee!
All of my na - ture, Lord, refine; Make me and keep me wholly Thine.

CHORUS.

More, more would I love Thee, More faith - ful - ly serve Thee,

More per - fect - ly know Thee, Help me to love Thee more and more.

'Tis a Wonderful Story

I. N. McHose.

I. N. McHose.

1. 'Tis a won - der - ful, wonderful sto - ry, I am hearing wher -
 2. Of this gra - cious and wonderful sto - ry, E - ven an - gels are
 3. But this sweet and this wonderful sto - ry, Is re - vealed in His
 4. 'Tis this won - der - ful, wonderful sto - ry, I'm en - treat - ing you

ev - er I go, Of a Sav - ior who left His bright glory, To re -
 long - ing to know; And they wonder how God, in His mercy, His sal -
 gos - pel of love: That thro' faith in the blood of the Sav - ior We may
 now to be - lieve; O my broth - er, accept God's free offer, And His

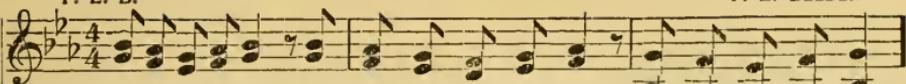
CHORUS.
 deem a lost world from its woe.
 va - tion to sinners can show. 'Tis a won - der - ful, wonderful
 en - ter the kingdom a - bove. par - don and cleansing re - ceive.

sto - ry, that tells of the love of our God, How He sent His dear

Son from yon glo - ry To re - deem a lost world by His blood.

F. E. B.

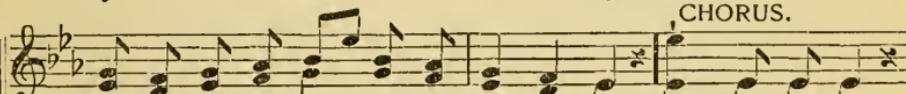
F. E. BELDEN.



1. C-L-O-C-K—"The world is like a shelf, Do you ev - er think
2. C-L-O-C-K—"My *face* is clean and bright, Hon-est all the time,
3. C-L-O-C-K—"What is it makes me do?—I've a hidden *spring*;
4. C-L-O-C-K—"What keeps the mainspring right? I've a trust-y *guide*;
5. C-L-O-C-K—"My *wheels* you cannot see, But they mind the spring;
6. C-L-O-C-K—"I heed my maker's plans; Sure-ly you should know
7. C-L-O-C-K—"And I've a loud a-larm; Conscience says, Wake up!

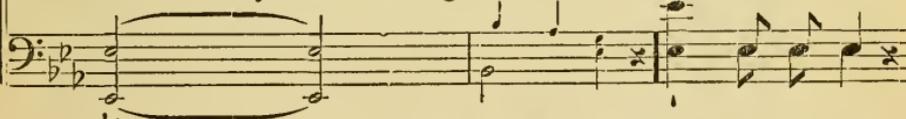


You should be like my - self? For I tick, tick, quick, quick,
 And tells the truth at sight; O be true, true, you, you,
 Let God put one in you; It is love, love, love, love,
 You have one day and night, 'Tis the Book, Book, look, look,
 How ver - y like are we! You have tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts, tho'ts,
 My wheels con-trol my *hands* As they go, go, so, so,
 Sin wants to do you harm; Keep a - wake! wake! wake! wake!



CHORUS.

With a mer - ry chime working all the time. Tick!" said the clock;



"What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *tick* if you try."
 "What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *face* if you try."
 "What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *spring* if you try."
 "What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *guide* if you try."
 "What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *wheels* if you try."
 "What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *hands* if you try."
 "What?" said I; "You can learn a lesson from my *'larm* if you try."



FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Lo, the golden fields are smiling, Wherefore idle shouldst thou be?
 2. Take the balm of consolation, That so oft has cheered thy heart;
 3. Go and gather souls for Jesus, Precious souls thy love may win;
 4. Go then, work, the Master call-eth; Go, no longer idle be;

Great the harvest, few the workers, And the Lord hath need of thee.
 Let some weary brother toiler In thy comfort share a part.
 Lead them to the door of mercy, Tell them how to enter in.
 Waste no more thy precious moments, For the Lord hath need of thee.

Go and work, the time is waning, Let thy earnest heart reply
 Go and lift the heavy burden He has struggled long to bear;
 Go and gather souls for Jesus, Work while strength and breath remain;
 Once He gave His life thy ransom That thy soul with Him might live,

ad lib. FINE.
 To the call so oft repeated, "Blessed Master, here am I."
 Go, and kneeling down beside him, Blend thy faith with his in pray'r.
 What are years of constant labor, To the joy thou yet shalt gain?
 Now the service he demand-eth Can thy heart refuse to give?

D. S.—Go and fill thy place among them, For the Lord hath need of thee.

CHORUS. D. S.
 Hark, the song, the song of busy workers, In the fields so fair to see;

E. A. H.
DUET.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

ALL.

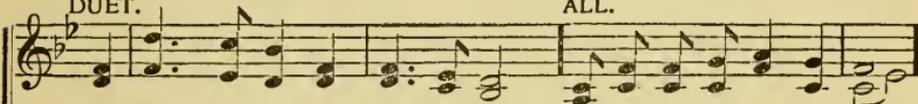


1. Be with us, Lord, as forth we go, Winning precious souls to Thee,
2. Help us to la - bor faith - ful - ly, Winning precious souls to Thee,
3. We toil with fee - ble hands and weak, Winning precious souls to Thee;
4. As we each day our work pur - sue, Winning precious souls to Thee;
5. We need Thy help, O gracious Lord! Winning precious souls to Thee;
6. As we go forth in trust and love, Winning precious souls to Thee,



DUET.

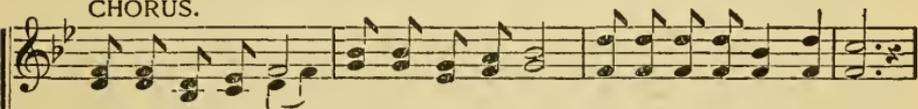
ALL.



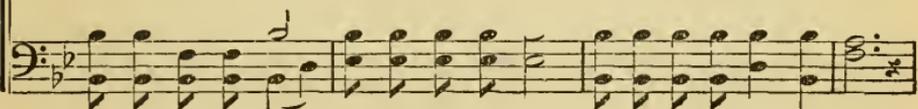
And make our love and zeal to glow, Winning precious souls to Thee.
 And gath - er ma - ny sheaves for Thee, Winning precious souls to Thee.
 To us new faith and cour - age speak, Winning precious souls to Thee.
 Our faith in - crease, our zeal re - new, Winning precious souls to Thee.
 Go with us, and Thy aid af - ford, Winning precious souls to Thee.
 Send down Thy blessing from a - bove, Winning precious souls to Thee.



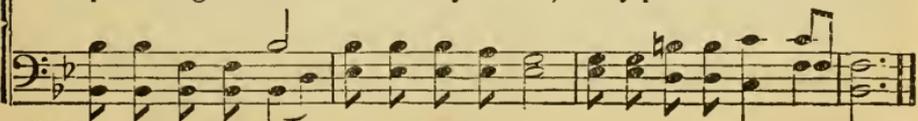
CHORUS.



Winning precious souls, many precious souls, Jewels in Thy crown to be;



Help us bring them in from the ways of sin, Many precious souls to Thee.



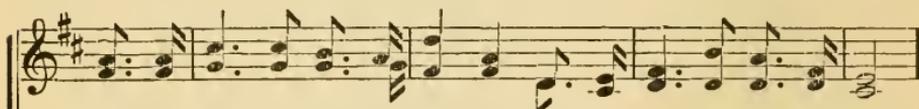
E. E. HEWITT.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

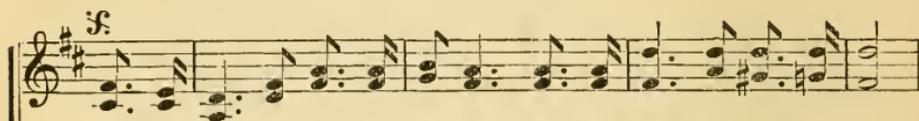
H. L. GILMOUR.



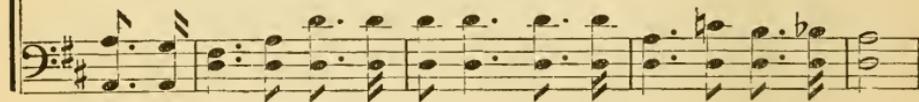
1. There's a word of ten - der beau - ty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Tho' I'm least of all His chil - dren, So un - wor - thy of His love,
3. O the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,



How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Wak - ing gra - titude's sweet chord;
 Yet, for me, there's kind remem - brance In the Fa - ther - heart a - bove;
 Is there a - ny ill can harm me While His blood is on my soul?

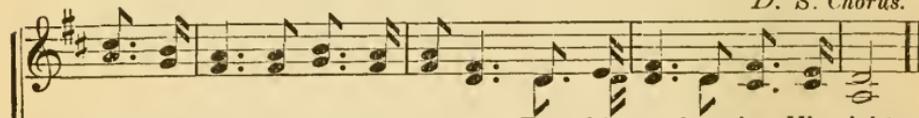


For it tells me that "Our Father," From His throne of roy - al might,
 He will ev - er save and keep me, He will guide me on the way:
 Let me, like the lit - tle spar - row, Trust Him where I can - not see,



CHO.—*In my Father's bless - ed keep - ing I am hap - py, safe and free;*

D. S. Chorus.



Bends to note a fall - ing spar - row, For 'tis pre - cious in His sight.
 For my Sav - ior gen - tly whis - pers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
 In the sun - shine and the shad - ow, Sing - ing "He will care for me."



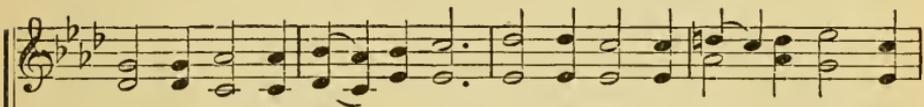
While His eye is on the spar - row I will not for - got - ten be.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

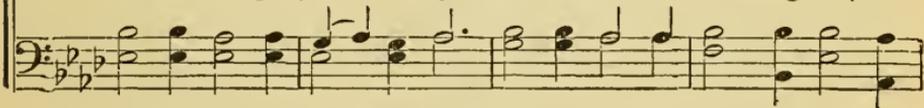
WM. F. SHERWIN.



1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest:
2. Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home,
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold - ing all,
4. When for-ev - er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night,



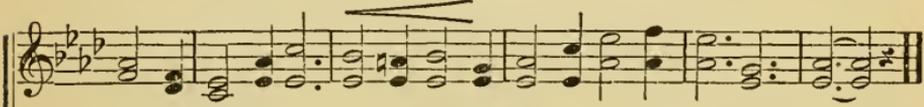
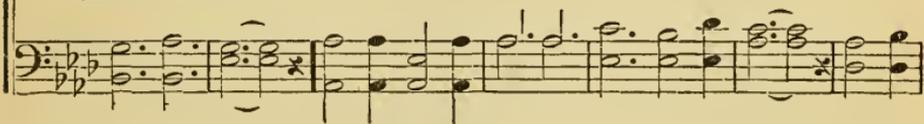
Wait and worship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps alight Thro'
Gath - er us, who seek Thy face, To the fold of Thy embrace, For
Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our
Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter - nal morn-ing rise, And



FULL CHORUS.



all the sky.
Thou art nigh. Ho-ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and
hearts as - cend.
shad-ows end.



earth are full of Thee! Heav'n and earth are praising Thee, O Lord most high!

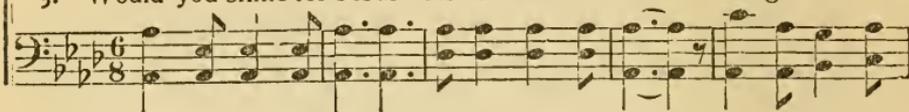


G. M. BILLS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.



1. Would you shine for Jesus? Let His love im-part Ar-dor to your
2. Would you shine for Jesus 'Mid the careless throng? Im-i-tate His
3. Would you shine for Jesus As a mir-ror true? Im-age forth His



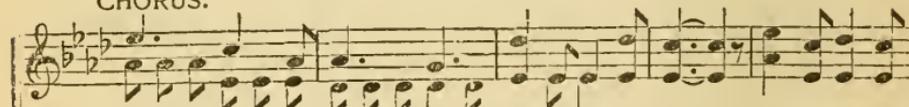
ac-tions, Com-fort to your heart; With your soul il-lum-in'd
 grac-es As you pass a-long; Make no weak sur-ren-der
 good-ness As re-veal'd in you. If you thus re-lect Him



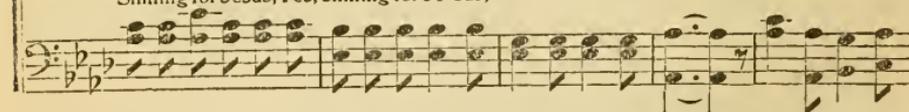
By the Spirit's glow, You will be a beacon In this world of woe.
 To the coarse and vile; Keep your tongue from evil, And your lips from guile.
 Till this life is o'er; You will in His kingdom Shine for-ev-er-more.



CHORUS.



Shin-ing for Je-sus, Bringing light di-vine To the sad and
 Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je-sus,



erring, Thus for Je-sus shine; Shin-ing for Je-sus,
 Shining for Jesus, Yes, shining for Je-sus,



Would You Shine for Jesus?

Bringing light di - vine To the sad and erring, Thus for Jesus shine.

29

The Jericho Road.

JOHN M. CLEMENTS.

Mrs. M. E. BLISS WILSON.

1. By the Jer - i-cho road Bar-ti-me-us had sat, A beg-gar, for
2. By the Jer - i-cho road Bar-ti-me-us had heard Of cures that the
3. By the Jer - i-cho road Bar-ti-me-us cried out, And oh, to his
4. By the Jer - i-cho road Bar-ti-me-us had faith; The gift that he

ma - ny a day; But he hears from the throng, as they're passing a -
Savior had wrought; "Will He hear if I cry?" was the thought in his
joy and sur-prise! He looked on the beau - ty and splen - dor of
pray'd for, it gave; So the sin - bur-den-ed soul can to - day be made

CHORUS.

long, That Je - sus is com - ing that way.
heart; "Will He heal if by one He's be - sought?" He's coming to -
day, For Je - sus had o - pen'd his eyes.
whole, For Je - sus is wait - ing to save.

Repeat pp.

day, He's com - ing this way; Oh, sin - ner, be - lieve and be saved!

A Shout of Victory.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. March on, march on, follow the Mighty Commander; March on, march on;
 2. March on, march on, joy - ful - ly sing - ing ho - san - na; March on, march on;
 3. March on, march on, still by His might o - ver - com - ing; March on, march on;

Je - sus our Cap - tain and Lord; March on, march on; see that your
 fight - ing the bat - tle of faith; March on, march on; man - ful - ly
 sing - ing His glo - ry and grace, March on, march on; till in the

steps nev - er fal - ter, March on, march on, heed - ing His ev - 'ry word.
 bear - ing His ban - ner, March on, march on, faith - ful e'en un - to death.
 heav - en - ly pal - ace, March on, march on, we shall be - hold His face.

CHORUS.

There's a song . . . that blends with pray'r, . . . There's a shout . . . up -
 There's a song that blends with pray'r, There's a shout

on the air, 'Tis a song of grace so
 up - on the air, 'Tis a song

A Shout of Victory.

free, 'Tis a shout of vic - to - ry (vic - to - ry.)
of grace so free, 'Tis the shout, the shout of vic - to - ry.

31 I Left it All With Jesus.

MISS ELLEN H. WILLIS.

Tune:—SECURITY.

1. I left it all with Je-sus, long a-go, All my sins I brought Him
2. I leave it all with Je-sus, for He knows How to steal the bit-ter
3. I leave it all with Je-sus, day by day; Faith can firmly trust Him,

and my woe, When by faith I saw Him on the tree, Heard His small, still
from life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop with His smile, Make the des-ert
come what may, Hope has dropped her anchor, found her rest, In the calm sure

whis-per "'Tis for thee," From my heart the bur-den rolled a-way!
gar-den bloom a-while; When my weakness leaneth on His might,
ha-ven of His breast; Love es-teems it heav-en to a-bide

Hap-py day! From my heart the bur-den rolled a-way! Happy day!
All seems light; When my weakness leaneth on His might, All seems light.
At His side; Love es-teems it heav-en to a-bide At His side.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. From ev - 'ry danger, doubt and fear, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 2. From fierce temptations' subtle snares, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 3. In sor - row's dark and heav - y night, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 4. Then trust Him e'en thro' flood and flame God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 5. When passing thro' the val - ley chill, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!

His might - y pres - ence ev - er near, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 His love is swift - er than thy pray'rs, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 His word commands the day - spring bright, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 He liv - eth ev - er - more the same, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!
 His love will be a - round thee still, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee!

CHORUS.

He is a - - - ble, He is a - - - ble,
 a - ble to de - liv - er, a - ble to de - liv - er.

A - ble to de - liv - er thee; He is a - - - ble, He is
 a - ble to de - liv - er,

a - - - ble, God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee.
 a - ble to de - liv - er,

33 Since Jesus Spoke Peace to My Soul.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. The sun-shine cheers and il - lumes my way, Since Je - sus spoke
 2. My doubts are van-ished, my fears are gone, Since Je - sus spoke
 3. The path grows ev - er more fair and bright, Since Je - sus spoke
 4. What wondrous treasures of love are mine, Since Je - sus spoke

peace to my soul; And all my darkness is turned to day, Since
 peace to my soul; Oh! this is heav-en on earth be-gun, Since
 peace to my soul; Each day brings with it some new de-light, Since
 peace to my soul; What gracious measures of peace di-vine, Since

CHORUS.

Je-sus spoke peace to my soul. Since Je-sus spoke peace to my

soul, His won-der - ful peace to my soul, Sweet peace,

sweet peace, Since Je - sus spoke peace to my soul.

Speed Away! Speed Away!

EBEN E. REXFORD.

I. B. WOODBURY.



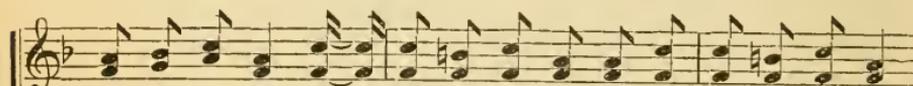
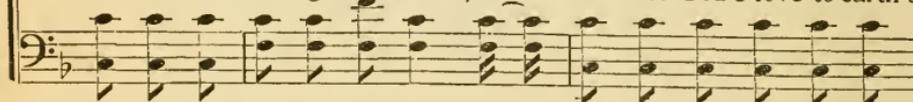
1. Speed a - way, speed a - way to the isles of the sea—To the
2. Speed a - way, speed a - way! There are souls to be won By the
3. Speed a - way, speed a - way with the mes - sage of love. There's grand



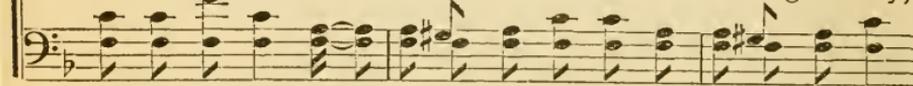
lands that are call - ing to you and to me, Where souls sit in
sto - ry of God and His Cru - ci - fied Son. Go, tell the good
work to be done for the Fa - ther a - bove. Go ye forth in His



dark - ness, yet long for the light Of the gos - pel of Je - sus to
news to the lands o'er the wave, And tell them that Je - sus is
name with the tid - ings He sends, Bear the news of God's love to earth's



scat - ter their night. Oh, hear them, and pit - y their pleading, I pray,
mighty to save! Oh, haste on the mission—there's death in delay,
ut - ter - most ends. For the sake of the souls that need saving to - day,



Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!
Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!



ISAAC WATTS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
 2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
 3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -
 4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord,
 chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King,
 fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields,
 marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
 May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
 Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
 To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
 And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

CHORUS.

We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
 We're march - ing on to Zi - on,

marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
 Zi - on, Zi - on,

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have work enough to do Ere the sun goes down,
 2. I must speak the loving word Ere the sun goes down,
 3. As I jour-ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down,
 ere the sun goes down.

For my - self and kin - dred too, Ere the sun goes down.
 I must let my voice be heard Ere the sun goes down.
 God's commands I must o - bey Ere the sun goes down.
 ere the sun goes down.

Ev - 'ry i - dle whisper still-ing, With a purpose firm and will-ing,
 Ev - 'ry cry of pit - y heed-ing, For the in - jured in - ter - ced-ing,
 There are sins that need con-fess-ing, There are wrongs that need re-dress-ing,

All my dai - ly tasks ful - fill-ing Ere the sun goes down.
 To the light the lost ones lead-ing Ere the sun goes down.
 If I would ob - tain the blessing Ere the sun goes down.
 ere the sun goes down.

CHORUS.

Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,
 Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,

Ere the Sun Goes Down.

rit.

I must do my dai-ly du-ty Ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun goes down, goes down,

37 Who Will Be the Next ?

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Who will be the next to come to Je-sus? Who will be the next with
2. Who will be the next to speak for Je-sus? Who will be the next to
3. Who will be the next to live for Je-sus, Walk-ing in the nar-row

joy to say, "Swing wide, door of welcome, en-ter, Lord, to-day?"
spread His fame, Sing glad hal-le-lu-jah, glo-ry to His name?
way He trod, Path of self-de-ni-al, lead-ing up to God?

CHORUS.

Who will be the next to conscience true? Who will be the next to
Who will be the next to call Him King? Who will be the next His
Who will be the next the cross to bear? Who will be the next the

p *rit.*
dare and do? Who will be the next? He calls for you, Who will be the next?
praise to sing? Who will be the next the heart to bring? Who will be the next?
toil to share? Who will be the next the crown to wear? Who will be the next?

Draw Me Nearer.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it
 2. Con - se - crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the
 3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be -
 4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I

told Thy love to me; But I long to rise in the
 pow'r of grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a
 fore Thy throne I spend, When I kneel in pray'r, and with
 cross the nar - row sea, There are heights of joy that I

REFRAIN.

arms of faith, And be clos - er drawn to Thee.
 steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er,
 Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend. near - er, near - er,
 may not reach, Till I rest in peace with Thee.

near - er, bless - ed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me

near - er, near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

Go Quickly.

JULIA H. JOHNSTON.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Go quick-ly, go quickly, and bring them in, They wan-der in by-
 2. Go quick-ly, go quickly, the hour is late; The Lord has command-
 3. The glad in - vi - ta - tion rings out for all, There's room at the feast,
 4. O glo - ri - ous day, when the gracious King Shall sit at the feast,

ways of want and sin; The souls which the Sav-ior has bid you seek,
 ed, how dare you wait? You car - ry a light that will show the way;
 in the ban-quet hall. But mul - ti - tudes nev - er have heard the word;
 while the glad harps ring; But this is the day when the Lord a - bove

CHORUS.

O has - ten to find them, His message speak.
 Go, bear it to those who have gone a - stray. All things are ready, Come
 Go, car - ry the mes - sage, for you have heard.
 Commissions His servants to tell His love.

in, come in, Come from the highways and byways of sin; Haste with the

message the straying to win, Je - sus, is call - ing, Come in, come in.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato. May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

1. Veiled is the fu-ture be - fore me; Life's checkered pathway I climb,
 2. Earth's dearest ties must be broken, Time's sweetest roses de-cay;
 3. Sometime, I'll come to a val - ley Where a grim shadow is thrown;

God in His good-ness re-veal-ing On - ly one step at a time.
 Words of farewell must be spok-en, Evening will fol-low the day.
 No hu-man friend can go with me, Leave me, O Lord, not alone!

Will the to-mor-row be cloud-ed? Will it bring sunshine to me?
 Still, waves of joy roll a-round me, Swelling from love's boundless sea,
 Till that bright, beau-ti-ful morning, When all the darkness shall flee,

Let me lean hard-er, dear Sav-ior, Let me lean hard-er on Thee.
 While I lean hard-er, dear Sav-ior, While I lean hard-er on Thee.
 Let me lean hard-er, dear Sav-ior, Let me lean hard-er on Thee.

CHORUS. *Much faster.*

Let me lean harder on Thee, . . . Let me lean harder on Thee, Thro'
 Let me lean harder, lean harder on Thee, Let me lean hard-er, lean harder on Thee,

Let Me Lean Harder on Thee.

storm and thro' sunshine, dear Sav - ior, Let me lean harder on Thee. . .
 Savior, dear Savior, lean harder on Thee.

41

I Surrender All.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.
 DUET.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
 2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Humbly at His feet I bow,
 3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Savior, wholly Thine;
 4. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
 5. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;

I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live.
 World - ly pleasures all for - sa - ken, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
 Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
 Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy blessing fall on me.
 Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!

CHORUS.
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all,
 I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all,

All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - ior, I sur - ren - der all.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-
 2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to
 3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en - treat, I wait, bless-ed
 4. Lord Je-sus, Thou seest I pa-tient - ly wait, Come now, and with

ev - er to live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i - dol, cast
 make a com-plete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 ev - er I know, Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 see Thy blood flow, Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.
 never said 'st "No," Now wash me and I shall be whit-er than snow.

CHORUS.

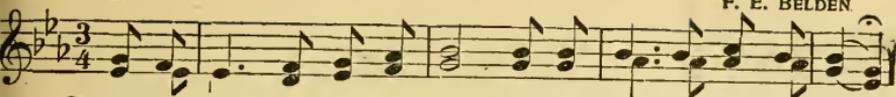
Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow; Now

wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

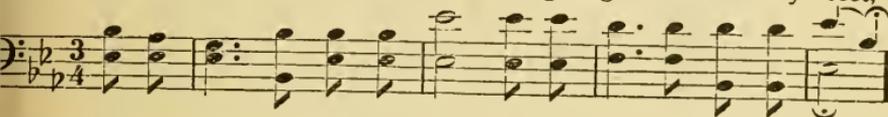
Some Glad Day.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN



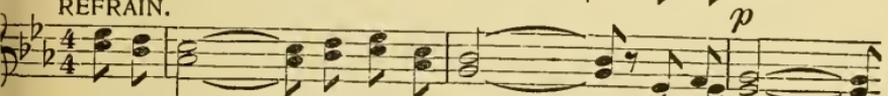
1. Some glad morn not far a - way, Just be - yond this twilight dim,
2. Heart to heart and hand in hand, Love shall clasp a-gain her own,
3. Fade-less blooms Life's healing tree, Peaceful flows her sil-ver stream,
4. Time speed on e - ter - ni - ty; An-gels guide our wea-ry feet;



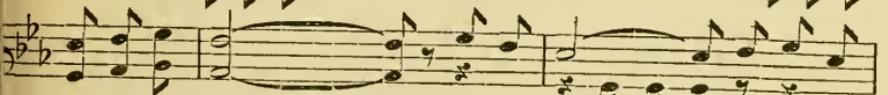
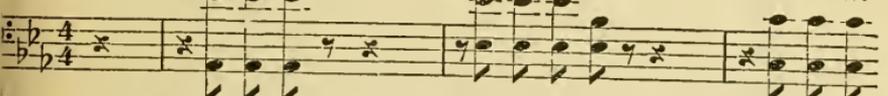
We shall greet the gold-en day With the ev - er - last-ing hymn.
 In God's sin - less summer land Where good-bye is nev - er known.
 Ra-diant shines her jas - per sea; Glory-crown'd her mansions gleam.
 Pear - ly gate wide o - pen be; Fa-ther waits with welcome sweet.



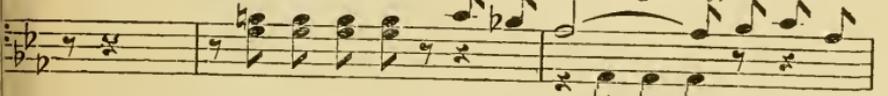
REFRAIN.



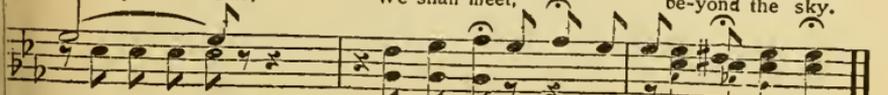
Some glad day, where flow'rs shall bloom Nev - er - more
 Some glad day, in beau-ty bloom Nev-er-more



to fade and die, Some glad day, be-yond the
 to fade and die, Some glad day,



tomb, We shall meet, . . . some golden day.
 be-yond the tomb, We shall meet, be-yond the sky.



E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have a dear Sav-ior, the best of my friends; No oth - er wit
 2. I sing of His grace and His goodness all day, The fa - vor and
 3. His love is the light and the joy of my heart, And brings me co

Christ can com - pare; Wher - ev - er the lot of my life may be cast,
 beau - ty I share; For Je - sus il - lu - mines with sunshine my way
 tent - ment and peace; I nev - er could live from my Je - sus a - part

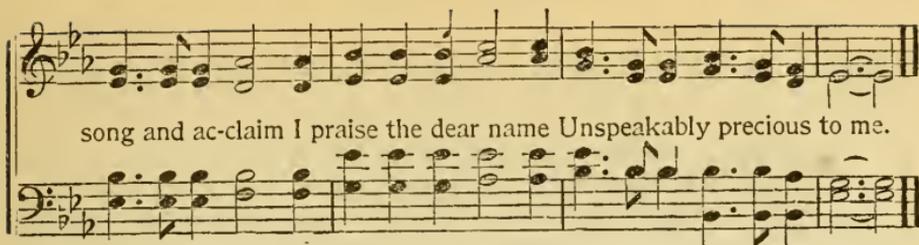
CHORUS.

To com - fort and bless He is there.
 And makes me the child of His care. Un - speak - a - bly pre - cious
 No, I am e - ter - nal - ly His.

He, . . . Un - speak - a - bly pre - cious to me, . . . In song and
 is He, to me,

claim I praise the dear name So full of love's sweetness to me;

Unspeakably Precious is He.

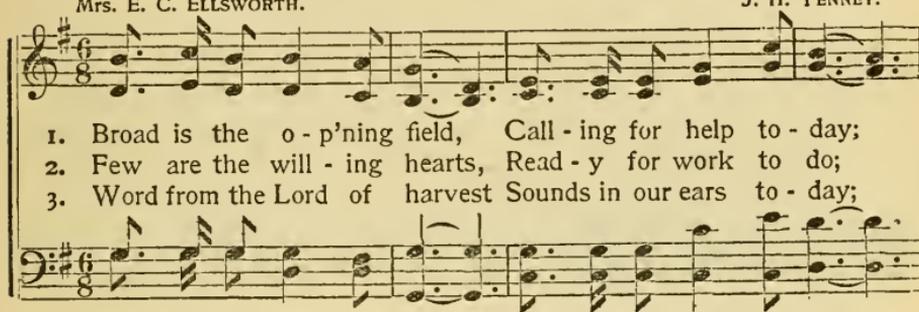


song and ac-claim I praise the dear name Unspeakably precious to me.

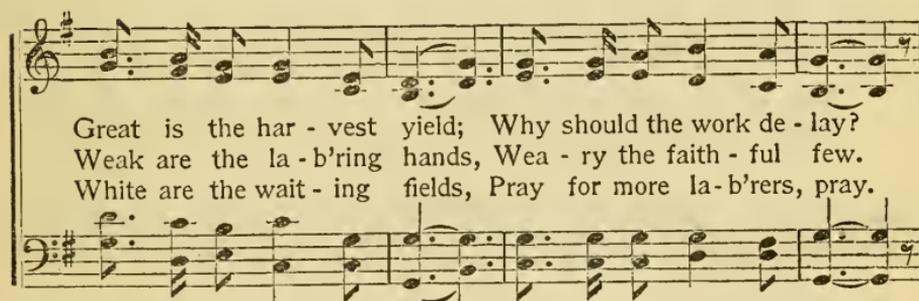
45 Broad is the Opening Field.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

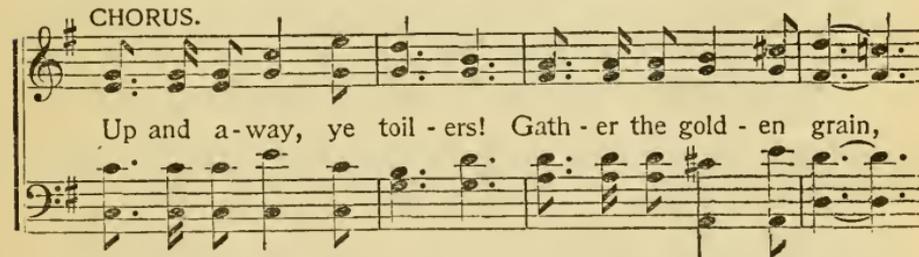


1. Broad is the o - p'ning field, Call - ing for help to - day;
2. Few are the will - ing hearts, Read - y for work to do;
3. Word from the Lord of harvest Sounds in our ears to - day;

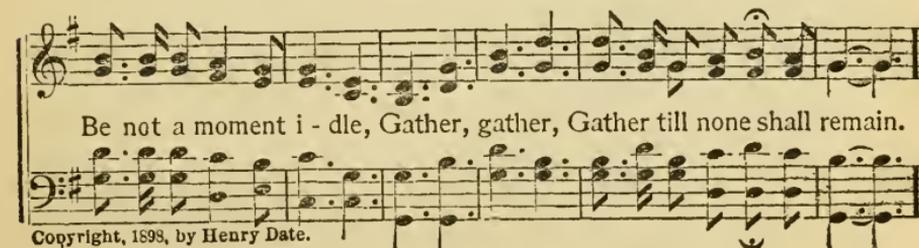


Great is the har - vest yield; Why should the work de - lay?
Weak are the la - b'ring hands, Wea - ry the faith - ful few.
White are the wait - ing fields, Pray for more la - b'ers, pray.

CHORUS.



Up and a - way, ye toil - ers! Gath - er the gold - en grain,



Be not a moment i - dle, Gather, gather, Gather till none shall remain.

JOHN R. COLGAN.

A. F. MYERS.

1. Might - y ar - my of the young, Lift the voice in cheer-ful song,
 2. Tongues of children, light and free, Tongues of youth all full of glee,
 3. Je - sus lives, oh, bless-ed words! King of kings and Lord of lords!

Send the welcome word a-long; Jesus lives! Once He died for you and me,
 Sing to all on land and sea, Jesus lives! Light for you and all mankind,
 Lift the cross and sheathe the swords, Jesus lives! See, He breaks the prison wall,

Bore our sins up-on the tree, Now He lives to make us free, Jesus lives!
 Sight for all by sin made blind, Life in Je-sus all may find, Jesus lives!
 Throws aside the dreadful pall, Conquers death at once for all, Jesus lives!

CHORUS.

Wait not till the shadows lengthen, till you old-er grow, Rally now and
 Wait not, wait not, Sing for

sing for Je - sus, ev - 'ry-where you go, Lift your joyful voic-es high,
 Je - sus,

Jesus Lives.



Ringin' clear thro' earth and sky, Let the blessed tidings fly, Jesus lives.



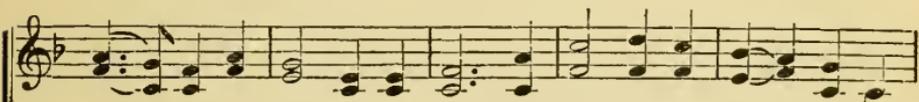
47

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

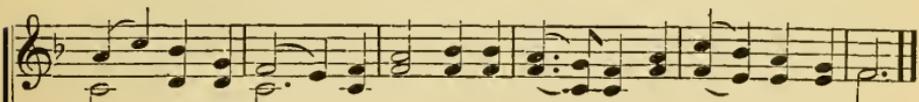
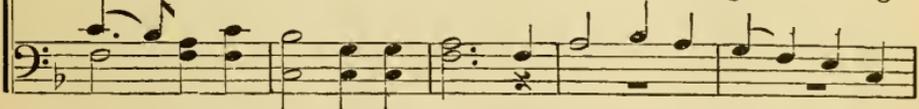
A. J. GORDON.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I love Thee because Thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
3. I will love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
4. In mansions of glo - ry and end-less delight, I'll ev - er a -



fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree; I love Thee for wear - ing the
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - tering



Sav - ior art Thou,
thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow;
crown on my brow;



48 O for a Heart Whiter Than Snow.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Kept, ever kept, 'neath the
 2. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Calm in the peace that He
 3. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! With the pure flame of the
 4. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Then in His grace and His

life - giv-ing flow; Cleans'd from all passion, self - seek-ing, and pride,
 loves to be-stow; Dai - ly re-freshed by the heav-en - ly dews,
 spir - it a-glow; Filled with a love that is true and sin-cere,
 knowledge to grow; Grow - ing like Him who my pat - tern shall be,

CHORUS.

Washed in the foun - tain of Cal - va - ry's tide.
 Read - y for serv - ice when-e'er He shall choose. O for a heart
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
 Till in His beau - ty my King I shall see.

whit - er than snow! Sav-ior di - vine, to whom else can I go?

Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whiter than snow.

B. A. R.
Effective as a Solo.

BYRON A. ROBINSON.

1. Thinking to-night of the world and its care; Thinking to-night
2. Thinking of treasures I love here below, Treasures so fleet-
3. Thinking of God and the mansions of rest; Thinking of Je -

of its pleasures so fair; Thinking of sin and its woe and despair;
ing the world doth bestow; Bit - ter the harvest from seed we thus sow;
sus the Sav - ior so blest, His love is pur - est and sweetest and best;

REFRAIN.

Of these I am thinking to-night.
Of these I am thinking to-night. Thinking, thinking, thinking to-night,
Of this I am thinking to-night.

Turn your feet to the paths of right; Thinking, think - ing,

think - ing to-night, Heed ye God's message and come to the light.

C. R. BLACKALL.

W. H. DOANE.

1. In the har-vest field there is work to do, For the grain is ripe,
 2. Crowd the garner well, with its sheaves all bright, Let the song be glad,
 3. In the gleaners' path may be rich reward, Tho' the time seems long,
 4. Lo! the Har-vest Home in the realms a-bove Shall be gained by each

and the reap - ers few; And the Mas-ter's voice bids the workers true
 and the heart be light; Fill the precious hours, ere the shades of night
 and the la - bor hard; For the Mas-ter's joy, with His chosen shared,
 who has toiled and strove, When the Master's voice, in its tones of love,

CHORUS.

Heed the call that He gives to - day.
 Take the place of the gold - en day. La - bor on! la - bor/
 Drives the gloom from the darkest day.
 Calls a - way to e - ter - nal day. La - bor on!

on! Keep the bright re-ward in view; For the Mas - ter has
 la - bor on!

said He will strength renew; La - bor on till the close of day!

G. M. BILLS.

M. L. McPHAIL.

Not too fast.

1. Safe in the life - boat I joy - ful - ly ride Out on life's
 2. Safe in the life - boat I smile at the wave, Know no re -
 3. Safe in the life - boat when tempests a - rise, Leav - ing His

per - i - lous o - cean; Shutting my ears to the roar of the tide,
 pin - ing or sad - ness; Since at my side stands the "Mighty to Save,"
 presence, no, nev - er; Je - sus, my Pi - lot, sees where danger lies;

CHORUS.

Peace - ful a - mid its com - mo - tion.
 His pres - ence fills me with glad - ness. On to the ha - ven e -
 He will sus - tain me for - ev - er.

ter - nal, I glide, Tell - ing love's won - der - ful sto - ry; Je - sus, my

Pi - lot, re - mains at my side, Fill - ing my soul with His glo - ry.

E. E. HEWITT.
SOLO.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Beau-ti-ful lit-tle treas-ures, They were my heart's delight;
2. Try-ing to grasp the sunbeams Stray-ing a-bout the floor,
3. One day the laugh-ing sun-beams, Bringing the morning's gold,

Hands like the spring-time blossoms, Dain-ti-est pink and white,
Glee-ful-ly pull-ing dai-sies Growing a-round the door,
Saw their fair playmates ly-ing Snow-y, and still, and cold.

Chubby, and warm, and dim-pled; Oh, could I feel them now!
Toss-ing with grace un-stud-ied; Oh, could I on-ly see
Oh, they have found the sun-shine, Dear, blessed ba-by hands!

Soft-ly my cheek ca-ress-ing, Pat-ting my ach-ing brow.
Sweet little hands ex-tend-ed, Ea-ger to come to me!
I, thro' the dark, catch glimpses, Knowing God un-der-stands.

CHORUS.

Dear little hands! Precious hands! Beau-ti-ful ba-by hands! I shall

Beautiful Baby Hands.

poco. rit

clasp them to my heart a-gain, Those beau-ti-ful ba - by hands.

Musical score for 'Beautiful Baby Hands' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece starts with a 'poco. rit' marking. The lyrics are: 'clasp them to my heart a-gain, Those beau-ti-ful ba - by hands.'

53

Hallelujah! Answer We.

F. E. B.

Arr. and chorus by F. E. BELDEN.

1. Je - sus in His tem - ple ho - ly, Where sweet angel anthems ring,
2. Sin-less hosts in heav'n adore Thee For the life Thy goodness gave.
3. King, Cre-a - tor, Shepherd loving, Priest, Redeemer, Broth-er true,

Musical score for 'Hallelujah! Answer We' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece starts with a 'D. C.' marking. The lyrics are: '1. Je - sus in His tem - ple ho - ly, Where sweet angel anthems ring, 2. Sin-less hosts in heav'n adore Thee For the life Thy goodness gave. 3. King, Cre-a - tor, Shepherd loving, Priest, Redeemer, Broth-er true,'

D. C.—Thou hast died from sin to save us, Died, from death to set us free;

FINE.

Dwell-eth, too, in tem-ples low - ly, Hear-eth, too, when mor-tals sing.
And shall we not bow before Thee, We whom Thou hast died to save?
May our lives our love be proving, For Thy love for - ev - er new.

Musical score for 'Hallelujah! Answer We' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece starts with a 'D. C.' marking. The lyrics are: 'Dwell-eth, too, in tem-ples low - ly, Hear-eth, too, when mor-tals sing. And shall we not bow before Thee, We whom Thou hast died to save? May our lives our love be proving, For Thy love for - ev - er new.'

We will thank Thee, we will praise Thee, Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Sing the angel choir to Thee;
to Thee;

Musical score for 'Hallelujah! Answer We' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece starts with a 'D. C.' marking. The lyrics are: 'Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Sing the angel choir to Thee; to Thee;'

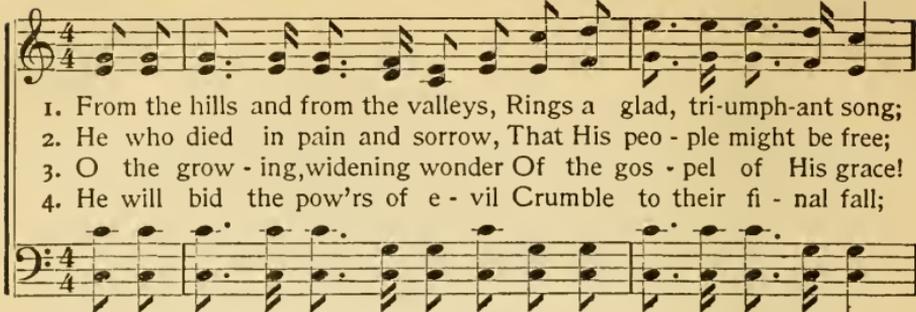
D. C.

Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! an - swer we

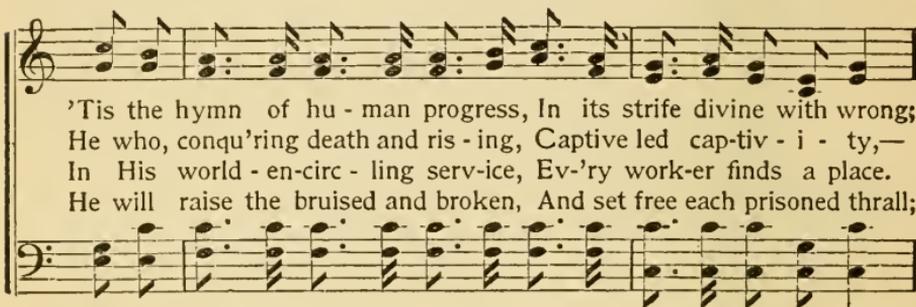
Musical score for 'Hallelujah! Answer We' in G major, 4/4 time. The melody is in the treble clef and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The piece starts with a 'D. C.' marking. The lyrics are: 'Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! an - swer we'

Mrs. MERRILL E. GATES.

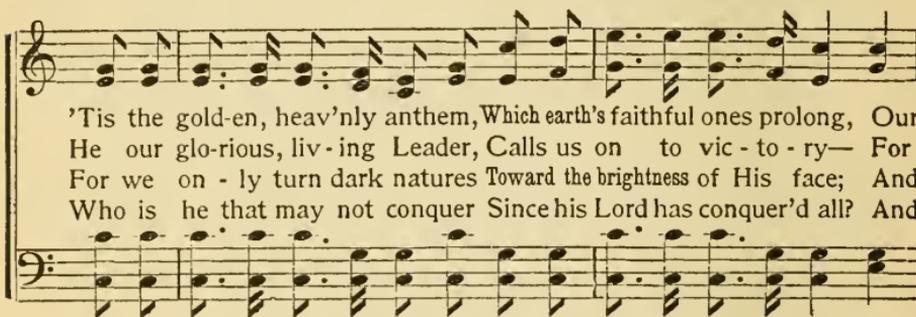
Tune:—BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.



1. From the hills and from the valleys, Rings a glad, triumph-ant song;
 2. He who died in pain and sorrow, That His peo - ple might be free;
 3. O the grow - ing, widening wonder Of the gos - pel of His grace!
 4. He will bid the pow'rs of e - vil Crumble to their fi - nal fall;



'Tis the hymn of hu - man progress, In its strife divine with wrong;
 He who, conqu'ring death and ris - ing, Captive led cap-tiv - i - ty,—
 In His world - en-circ - ling serv-ice, Ev-'ry work-er finds a place.
 He will raise the bruised and broken, And set free each prisoned thrall;

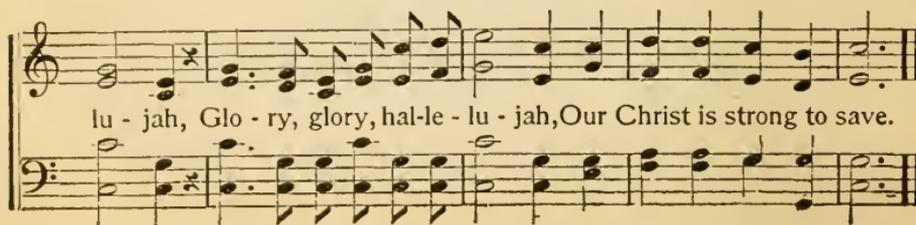


'Tis the gold-en, heav'nly anthem, Which earth's faithful ones prolong, Our
 He our glo-rious, liv - ing Leader, Calls us on to vic - to - ry— For
 For we on - ly turn dark natures Toward the brightness of His face; And
 Who is he that may not conquer Since his Lord has conquer'd all? And

CHORUS.



Christ is strong to save! Glory, glory, hal-le-lu-jah, Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-



lu - jah, Glo - ry, glory, hal-le - lu - jah, Our Christ is strong to save.

55 Jesus Sets the Joy-Bells Ringing.

FANNY BOLTON.

L. E. JONES.

1. Within my soul there rings a chime Of wondrous song that will not cease,
 2. And day by day and hour by hour His wondrous love new songs shall claim;
 3. While in my Savior's sweet control, Un-brok-en is my peace and rest;

My Mas-ter sets His love to rhyme In har-mo-nies of joy and peace.
 I love to tell His saving pow'r, And sing the praises of His name.
 The joy-bells ring with-in my soul, I en-ter-tain a heav'nly guest.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

Je - sus sets the joy - bells ring - ing, Jesus sets the
 Je - sus sets the joy-bells ring-ing in my soul, He sets them ringing in my

joy-bells ringing in my soul. He takes my sin away, and
 soul, He sets them ring - ing, He takes my sin a-way, and
 sets the joy-bells ring-ing, yes, He takes ay sins a-way, and

cheers me day by day, And He sets the joy-bells ringing in my soul.
 cheers me day by day, And He sets the joy - bells

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. { Our friends are go - ing with us, and one by one they come }
 { To join the band of pil - grims who seek the heav'n - ly home; }
 2. { An - oth - er soul has start - ed to live a chris - tian life; }
 { The wea - ry strug - gle o - ver, and end - ed now the strife; }
 3. { An - oth - er soul de - liv - ered from bond - age un - to sin, }
 { And thro' the blood of Je - sus re - gen - er - ate and clean; }

We wel - come them a - mong us, and pledge our warmest love
 The grace of God has con - quered, a soul is saved from sin;
 We give to God the glo - ry who, at this time and place,

To help them on the jour - ney to yon bright courts a - bove,
 The love of God has tri - umphed, and Christ has en - tered in.
 An - oth - er soul has ran - somed, a tro - phy of His grace.

CHORUS.

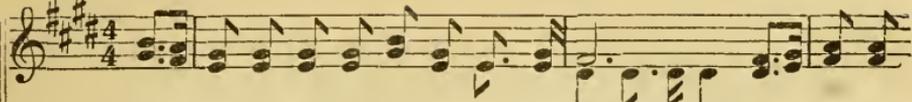
Our { friends are go - ing with us, Thank God, they're going with us; For -
 go with us to glo - ry, To go with us to glo - ry, To

saking sin, to Jesus Christ they come, To go with us to our e - ter - nal home.

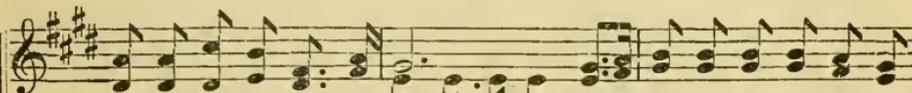
57 I Would not Live Without Thee.

Mrs. BELLE KELOGG TOWNE.

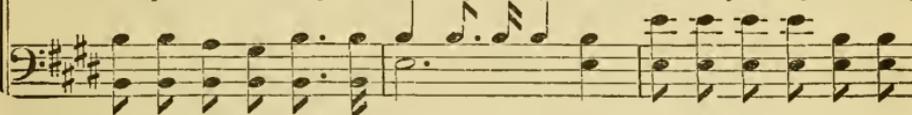
S. W. MARTIN. Arr. by T. M. TOWNE.



1. I would not live without Thee, not a day (not a day;) I need thy
2. The world is full of sor-row and of fears (and of fears,) And ma - ny
3. The way is fraught with danger for us all (for us all;) O Sav - ior,
4. I fear no coming sorrow, light will shine (light will shine;) There comes with



strength to help me all the way (all the way;) I would not dare to wander
 eyes are ev - er shedding tears (shedding tears,) And hearts are well nigh breaking
 nev - er leave me lest I fall (lest I fall,) When Thou dost walk be - side me
 ev - 'ry mor - row help di - vine (help divine;) And when the journey's ended,



from Thy side (from Thy side,) For storm and danger threaten far and wide (far and wide.)
 with their woe (with their woe,) And many struggle vainly here below (here below.)
 I am strong (I am strong,) To fight the many battles all a - long (all a - long.)
 then I know (then I know,) To realms of endless glory I shall go (I shall go.)



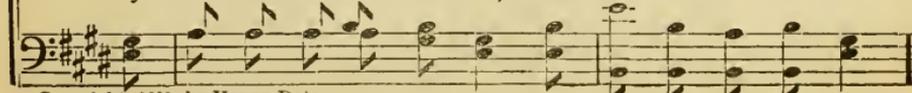
CHORUS.



I would not live with - out Thee, O Sav - ior, Thou art mine;



Thy love makes earth a heav - en, And life to me di - vine.



C. R. BLACKALL.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Would you gain the best in life? Win the prize 'mid all the strife?
 2. Life is more than i - dle play; It will quick-ly pass a - way;
 3. Look be-yond the pres-ent hour; Nev-er yield to Sa-tan's power;

Hold your place thro' troubles rife? With the right keep step!
 Use a - right each gold - en day; With the good keep step!
 Tho' a - bove the clouds may lower, With the truth keep step!

Know the world is watch-ing you; Be sin - cere in all you do;
 There are ear - nest pressing needs, Filled a - lone by pur - est deeds;
 On - ward press! nor, on the way, Loi - ter once or waste the day;

With the good, the pure, and true, Ev - er firm keep step!
 Hap - py he the call who heeds—With the true keep step!
 God and truth and right all say: Strong in faith keep step!

CHORUS.

Keep step, keep step ev-er, Keep step, keep step ever,

Used by per, of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of copyright.

Keep Step Ever.

Keep step, keep step, Keep step, keep step ev - er.

59 Keep Praying as You Go.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Keep pray-ing as you go, While pil-grims here be-low, For
 2. We wres-tle not a-lone, The vic-t'ry's not our own, We
 3. He's with us to the end, An ev-er faith-ful friend, Our

e - vil waits on ev - 'ry hand; But Je-sus Christ for thee Shall
 bat-tle in E-man - uel's name; On Him for strength we call—He
 guide and guard by night and day; No foe have we to fear, If

D. S.—For I thy strength will be, All FINE. REFRAIN.

all suf - fi-cient be; Keep praying as you go.
 conquered once for all; Keep praying as you go. Keep pray - - ing,
 Je-sus Christ is near; Keep praying as you go. Keep praying as you go, Keep

fullness dwells in Me, Keep praying as you go.

pray-ing as you go, Keep pray - - ing, pray-ing as you go.
 pray - - ing, Keep pray-ing as you go, Keep

M. LOWRIE HOFFORD.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. We are marching on to Ca - naan, And Je - ho - vah is our Guide;
 2. We are marching thro' the des - ert, And the manna all a - round
 3. We are marching thro' the des - ert To the promised land divine,

We are marching thro' the des - ert, He is ev - er at our side;
 With the dew of night is fall - ing, And is cov'ring all the ground;
 To the land of milk and hon - ey, To the land of corn and wine;

DUET.

In the darkness or the dan - ger We can nev - er go a - stray,
 From the smitten rock the wa - ters In their sparkling fullness flow,
 We are marching thro' the des - ert; We approach the shining shore;

With Je - ho - vah for our lead - er And our guide up - on the way.
 Thus de - light - ing and re - fresh - ing Us the wea - ry journey through.
 From our home beyond the Jordan We shall wan - der nev - er more.

FULL CHORUS.

On, ³stead - i - ly on! ³Stead - i - ly marching to the hap - py land of
 Marching on, marching on, we're

Marching On to Canaan.

Ca - naan; On, stead-i - ly on! { Ver-i-ly guid-ed by Je-
 marching on, Marching on, marching on, { Steadily marching to the

ho-vah's hand are we, hap-py land we go.
 guid-ed are we, marching on.

61 Home, Sweet Home.

DAVID DENHAM.

HENRY R. BISHOP.

1. Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and creature complaints, How sweet to my soul
 2. Sweet bonds that u-nite all the chil-dren of peace! And thrice precious Je-
 3. While here in the val-ley of con - flict I stay, Oh, give me sub-mis-

is com-mun-ion of saints; To find at the banquet of mer-cy there's room,
 sus, whose love cannot cease! Tho' oft from Thy presence in sadness I roam,
 sion, and strength as my day; In all my af-lic-tions to Thee I would come,

F FINE. REFRAIN. *D. S.*

And feel in the presence of Je - sus at home.
 I long to behold Thee in glo - ry at home. Home, home! sweet, sweet home!
 Re-joic - ing in hope of my glo - ri - ous home.

D. S.—Prepare me, dear Savior, for glo-ry, my home.

HORATIUS BONAR. Alt.

W. A. OGDEN.



1. O Light of light, shine in, shine in; Cast out this night of gloom and sin;
2. O Joy of joys, come in, come in; And end this night of grief and sin;
3. O Life of life, come in, come in; Ex - pel this night of death and sin;



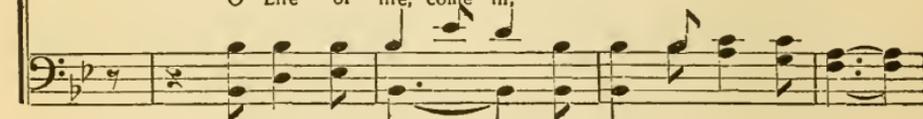
Cre - ate true day my soul with - in, O Light of light, shine in.
 Cre - ate true peace my soul with - in, O Joy of joys, come in.
 A - wake true life my soul with - in, O Life of life, come in.



REFRAIN.



Shine in, . . . shine in, O Light di-vine, shine in;
 Come in, . . . come in, O Joy of joys, come in;
 Come in, . . . come in, O Life of life, come in;
 O Light shine in, shine in,
 O Joy of joys, come in,
 O Life of life, come in,

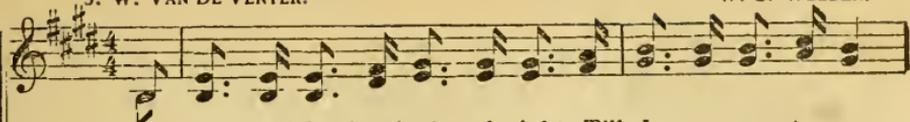


Cre - ate true day my soul with-in, O Light of light, shine in.
 Cre - ate true peace my soul with-in, O Joy of joys, come in.
 A - wake true life my soul with-in, O Life of life, come in.

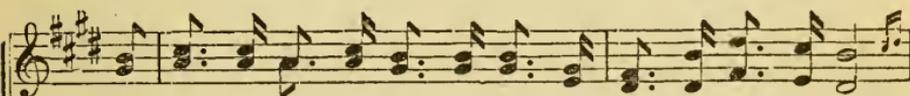


J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.



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

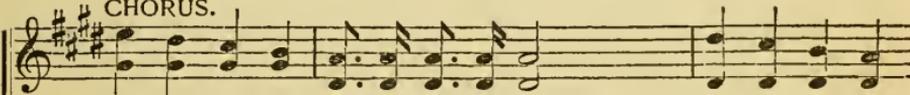


And with the sun-light of His love Bid all my dark-ness flee.
How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soul.

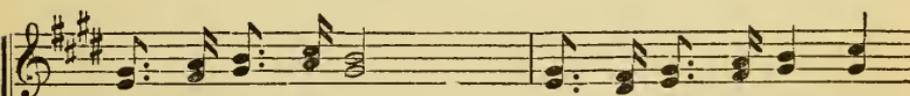
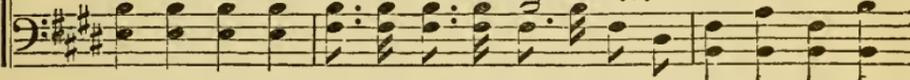
I press with ho - ly vig - or on, And leave the world be-hind.
And in the sun-light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
Be - hold the brightness of His face, Thro'-out e - ter - ni - ty.



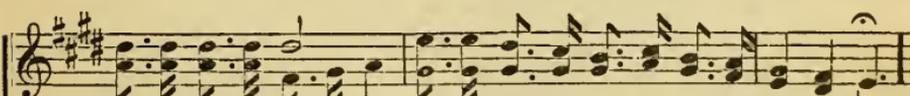
CHORUS.



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



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



Took a-way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love within.
load of sin,



E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. The love of Je - sus is so sweet, And He loves me;
 2. With man - na He my soul doth feed, For He loves me;
 3. He leads me in the shin - ing light, For He loves me;
 4. He takes the love of sin a - way, For He loves me;
 5. What care I, tho' the world re - vile, While He loves me;
 6. I walk with Je - sus in the light, And He loves me;

And fills my life with joy com-plete, For He loves me.
 In pleas-ant pas-tures He doth lead, For He loves me.
 En - robes my soul in garments white, For He loves me.
 And keeps me saved from day to day, For He loves me.
 I'm hap - py in my Sav-ior's smile, For He loves me.
 In heav'n I'll walk with Him in white, For He loves me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus tru - ly loves me, ten - der - ly He loves me, Ho - ly is our

fel - low-ship from day to day; And the path grows brighter, all its

bur - dens light - er, As we walk to - geth - er in the King's high - way.

JOHN H. YATES.

L. E. JONES.

1. From the Word of God light is shin-ing brightly out O'er life's
 2. All its prom - is - es are more precious, far, than gold, Or than
 3. In this pre-cious Book is the dear old sto - ry told Of the
 4. Pre-cious Book of life, let us treasure each command, Heed-ing

o - cean, tem - pest - driven, Guid-ing past the rocks and the
 pearls from deep - est sea; "Who - so - ev - er will" is the
 Sav - ior and His love; And with joy we read of the
 ev - 'ry pre - cept given, Till the strife is o'er and vic -

hid - den shoals of doubt To the bliss - ful port of heaven.
 truth it doth un - fold, Pre - cious truth for you and me.
 streets of pur - est gold, The Je - ru - sa - lem a - bove.
 to - ri - ous we stand With the blood-washed throng in heaven.

CHORUS.

The old Book stands! O yes, it stands! Firm as a rock 'mid shifting sands!

Billows may run high; tempests sweep the sky; Firmly the old Book stands!
 Bil - lows may run high; tem - pests sweep the sky; the old Book stands!

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I was wand'ring in a wil-der-ness of deep despair and sin,
 2. I was fol-lowed by the tempter, as he watched me day by day,
 3. Af-ter days of joy-ful dream-ing, came a time of grief and care,
 4. So I pave the path be-fore me with the prom-is-es of God,

And my feet were grow-ing wea-ry of the road; But my sor-row,
 While I sought the shining path my Sav-ior trod; But with pan-o-
 When I sank be-neath the heav-y chast'ning rod; And the heart so
 They have brightened ev'ry step my feet have trod; And this shin-ing,

doubt and care Fled when Jesus met me there, And I learned to trust the
 ply and shield, And the Spirit's sword to wield, I have conquered thro' the
 torn by grief Found its com-fort and re-lief Only through the blessed
 hap-py way Brightens in-to per-fect day, Thro' the nev-er fail-ing

CHORUS.

prom-is-es of God. I be-lieve the prom-is-es of God,

I can trust His nev-er-fail-ing Word: When earthly hopes shall fail, Or

The Promises of God.

hosts of sin as-sail, I rest up-on the prom-is-es of God.

67

Ever Will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fa-ther, in the morn-ing Un-to Thee I pray,
 2. At the bus-y noon-tide, Press'd with work and care,
 3. When the eve-ning shadows Chase a-way the light,
 4. Thus in life's glad morn-ing, In its bright noon-day,

Let Thy lov-ing kind-ness Keep me through this day.
 Then I'll wait with Je-sus Till He hear my pray'r.
 Fa-ther, then I'll pray Thee, Bless Thy child to-night.
 In the shadowy eve-ning, Ev-er will I pray.

CHORUS.

I will pray, I will pray, Ev-er will I pray;
 I will pray, I will pray, ev-er will I pray;

Morn-ing, noon and eve-ning Un-to Thee I'll pray.
 Un-to Thee I'll pray.

FANNIE BOLTON.

L. E. JONES.

1. There are days of gold-en sunshine, When no shadow dims the blue,
 2. There are days of ra-diant blessing, When the life is full of song;
 3. Then let joy light up our fac-es, Tho' the day be e'er so drear,

When the leaves drink in the brightness, And the flow'rs take deeper hue,
 When thy cour-age is un-daunt-ed, And thy heart with-in is strong;
 Je - sus' love, like glowing hearth-fire, Fills the darkest day with cheer;

When the for-est stores the sunbeams For a shadowy win-ter day;
 Heav-en's splendor shines a-bout you, Joy-ous seems the upward way;
 With thy store of light and gladness Thou may'st clear the mists of doubt,

Then, O heart of mine, learn les-sons For thine own life's way.
 Treas-ure up love's gold-en sunbeams For a shadowy day.
 And the shades will van-ish as you Let love's sun-beams out.

CHORUS.

Let us treas - - ure up the sun - - beams That the
 Treas-ure up the sunbeams, let us treas-ure up the sunbeams,

Treasure up the Sunbeams.

Mas - ter sends in love, For they make the
 Mas-ter sends in love, that the Mas-ter sends in love, Make the path-way brighter,

path-way bright - er to the glo - ry land a - bove.
 For they make the path-way brighter To the glo - ry land a - bove.

69 More Love to Thee.

ELIZABETH PRENTIS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ; More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3. Then shall my lat-est breath, Whisper Thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my ear - nest plea,
 lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be,
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be,

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee; More love to Thee.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. We will scat-ter sun-shine ev - 'ry-where we go, Light-en oth-er's
 2. We will light the path-way for the weak and lone, And make God's sweet
 3. We will cheer the wea-ry all the way a-long, Thrill their hearts with

bur-dens, lift the weight of woe, Singing songs of glad-ness with each
 mes-sage of sal-va-tion known; We will tell the sto - ry of re -
 cour-age and in - spir - ing song; Comfort them and bless them, love and

pass-ing day, Driv-ing care and sor - row and dark-ness a - way.
 deem-ing love, Pointing all earth's pil-grims to heav-en a - bove.
 help be-stow; Tell the love of Je - sus wher - ev - er we go.

CHORUS.

We are the chil - dren of the Prince of Peace, Scatt'ring the sunshine

o - ver this world of His, Cheer-ing and bright'ning the

We Will Scatter Sunshine.

pathway here below, Trying to shine for Je-sus wher-ev - er we go.

71

Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre - cious foun-tain
2. Near the cross, a trembl'ng soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes be - fore me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hop - ing, trust - ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's mountain.
There the bright and Morning Star Sheds its beams a-round me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shad-ows o'er me.
Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

G. MOULTRIE.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

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

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

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

I, 2, 3, Last. FINE.

1. We come in the might of the Lord of Light, With ar - mor bright to
2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met His sai -
3. And the choir of angels with song a-waits Our march to the golden

meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night That the
va - tion; Our ban - ner the cross of Cal - va - ry; Our
Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has broken the bra - zen gates, And

We March to Victory.

D. C.

Musical notation for the first piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

sons of the day may greet Him, The sons of the day may greet Him.
 watchword, the in-car - na - tion; Our watchword, the in-car - na - tion.
 burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.

73

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.
With feeling.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Musical notation for the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast-ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;
5. My on - ly hope, my on - ly plea, Now I'm coming home,
6. I need His cleansing blood, I know, Now I'm coming home;

Musical notation for the continuation of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
 I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
 My strength re-new, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.
 That Je - sus died, and died for me, Lord, I'm coming home.
 Oh, wash me whit - er than the snow, Lord, I'm coming home.

D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS.

D. S

Musical notation for the chorus of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass line is in the bass staff. The piece ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Com - ing home, com - ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re-ceive the Cru-ci-fied One, Who-ev-er be-
 2. Who-ev-er re-ceive the message of God, And trusts in the
 3. Who-ev-er re-pents and forsakes ev-'ry sin, And o-pens his

liev-eth on God's on-ly Son, A free and a per-fect
 pow'r of the soul-cleans-ing blood, A full and e-ter-nal
 heart for the Lord to come in, A pres-ent and per-fect

sal-va-tion shall have, For He is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save.
 redemption shall have, For He is both a-ble and willing to save.
 sal-va-tion shall have, For Je-sus is read-y this moment to save.

CHORUS.

My brother! the Mas-ter is calling for thee; . . . His grace and His
 Brother, the Mas-ter is come and is call-ing for thee,

mer-cy are wondrously free; . . . His blood as a ran-som
 Brother, His grace and His mercy are won-drous-ly free, Brother, His blood as

Abundantly Able to Save.

for sinners He gave, . . . And He is a - bun - dant-ly able to save.
 a ransom for sinners He gave, And He is a-bun-dant-ly a-ble to save.

75

His Yoke is Easy.

PSALM XXIII.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
 2. My soul cri-eth out, "re-store me a-gain, And give me the strength to
 3. Yea, tho' I should walk the val-ley of death, Yet why should I fear from

lie In pastures green He lead-eth me The qui - et wa-ters by.
 take The nar-row path of righteousness, E'en for His own name's sake."
 ill? For Thou art with me, and Thy rod And staff me comfort still.

CHORUS.

His yoke is eas-y, His burden is light, I've found it so, I've found it so.

He lead-eth me, by day and by night, Where living wa - ters flow.

76 Keep Tenting Toward the Highlands.

F. E. B.
All Soprano and Tenor voices

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Are you tenting on the low-lands Of the fa - ted, flow-'ry plain?
2. Does old Sod-om in her glo - ry Beckon you with ease or gain?
3. To the mountains of sal - va-tion! Hear the an-gel, Mer-cy, call;

Are you near-ing life's high mountains, As the night comes on a - gain?
Heed her aw - ful judg - ment sto - ry; Linger not, her joys are vain.
Do not tar - ry! look not backward! Hasten on ere vengeance fall.

CHOIR.

Keep tent - ing toward the high - lands, . . . Each
Keep tent - ing toward the high - lands of life,

eve - ning near - er home; Keep tent - ing toward the
sweet home; Keep tent - ing toward the

high - lands, . . . Keep tent - ing near - er home. . . .
high - lands of life, heav'nly home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His serv - ants, Whether it be
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morn - ing, He shall call us
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or mid - night,

rit. REFRAIN.

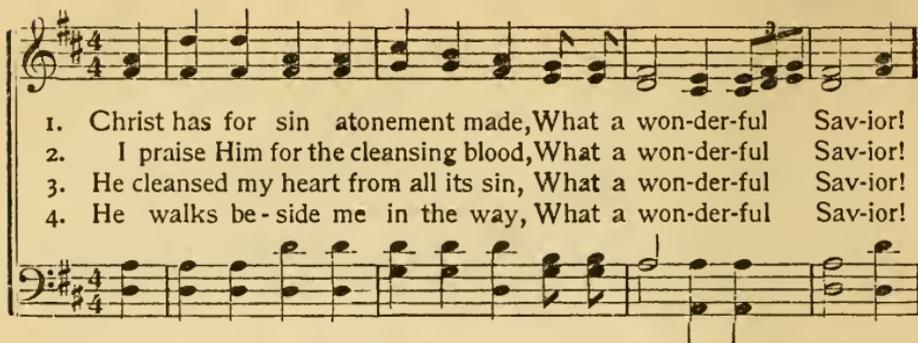
With our lamps all trimm'd and bright?
 Will He an - swer thee— Well done? Oh, can we say we are
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.
 Will He find us watch - ing there?

read - y, broth - er? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say, will He find

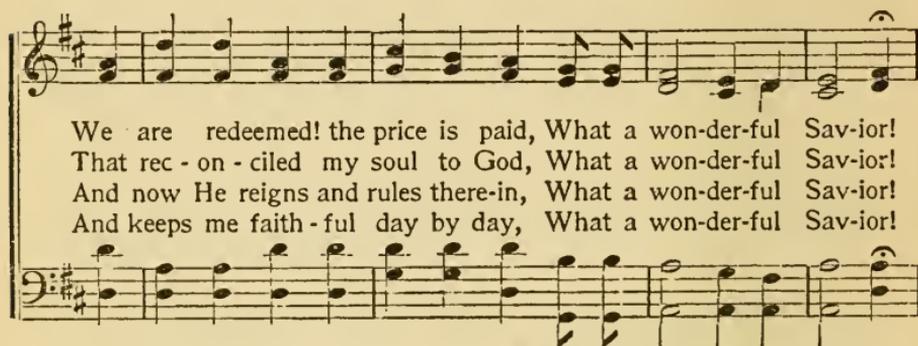
you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

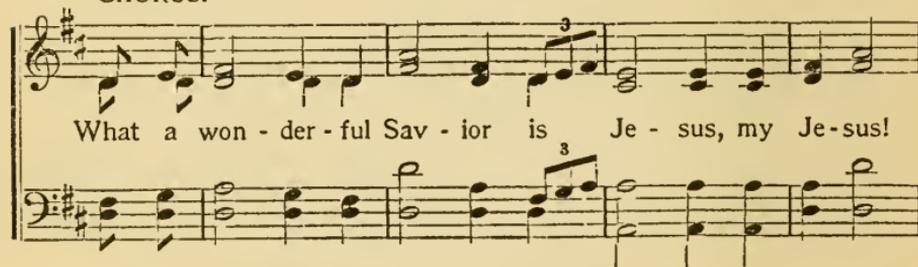


1. Christ has for sin atonement made, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 2. I praise Him for the cleansing blood, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 3. He cleansed my heart from all its sin, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 4. He walks be-side me in the way, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

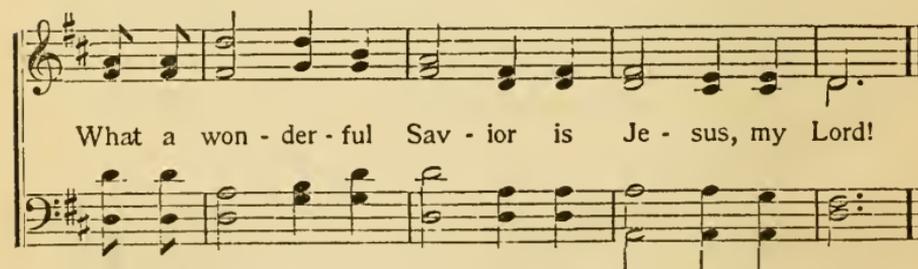


We are redeemed! the price is paid, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 That rec-on-ciled my soul to God, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 And now He reigns and rules there-in, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!
 And keeps me faith-ful day by day, What a won-der-ful Sav-ior!

CHORUS.



What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Je-sus!



What a won-der-ful Sav-ior is Je-sus, my Lord!

5 He gives me overcoming power,
 What a wonderful Savior!
 And triumph in each conflict hour,
 What a wonderful Savior!

6 To Him I've given all my heart,
 What a wonderful Savior!
 The world shall never share a part,
 What a wonderful Savior!

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. For Christ and the church let our voices ring, Let us honor the
 2. For Christ and the church be our earnest pray'r, Let us follow His
 3. For Christ and the church willing offerings make, Time and talents and
 4. For Christ and the church let us cast aside, By His conquering

name of our own blessed King, Let us work with a will in the
 banner, the cross daily bear, Let us yield, wholly yield, to His
 gold, for the dear Master's sake; We'll remember the best we can
 grace, chains of self, fear and pride; May our lives be enriched by an

strength of youth, And loyally stand for the kingdom of truth.
 Spirit's power, And faithfully serve Him in life's brightest hour.
 bring to Him, The heart's wealth of love, that will never grow dim.
 aim so grand, Then happily the call to the Savior's right hand.

CHORUS.

For Christ our dear Redeemer, For Christ who died to save,
 For Christ For Christ

For the church His blood hath purchased, Lord, make us pure and brave.
 For the church

WM. APPEL.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Sail - ing life's tem-pest - uous sea, (tem-pest - uous sea,) We be-
 2. Where the bil - lows fierce-ly roll, (so fierce - ly roll,) And we
 3. Tho' the clouds be dark as night, (be dark as night,) Tho' our
 4. When at last we reach the land, (we reach the land,) Where the

hold (we be - hold) be - yond the lea (be - yond the lea) Heaven's
 fear (and we fear) the treach'rous shoal, (the treach'rous shoal,) Faith be-
 barque (tho' our barque) be frail and light, (be frail and light,) We shall
 saints (where the saints) in glo - ry stand, (in glo - ry stand,) On the

bright and ev - er - green shore, (o - ver there,) Where the tempests rage no more.
 holds the ev - er - green shore, (o - ver there,) Where the storms alarm no more.
 reach the ev - er - green shore, (o - ver there,) Where all danger will be o'er.
 tran - quil ev - er - green shore, (o - ver there,) We shall sin and sigh no more.

CHORUS.

ev - er - green shore, ev - er - green shore,
 Evergreen shore, ev - er - green shore; We be-

We be - hold the ev - er - green shore. Evergreen shore.
 hold, . . . the evergreen shore, ev - er - green shore.

The Evergreen Shore.

ev-er-green shore, Where the tem - pests rage no more.
 ev-er-green shore, Where the tempests rage no more.

81 'Tis Better on Before.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

I. N. MCHOSE

1. God's love has sweetened all my life With gladness more and more;
 2. So blest am I, my cup of joy Is dai - ly run - ning o'er;
 3. For God's sweet gift of per-fect peace His good-ness I a - dore,
 4. It does not seem that my dear Lord Of love could give me more,

And still, tho' bright the days have been, 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.
 And yet I learn, with each new day, 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.
 And on - ward reach to deep-er joys; 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.
 But lar - ger meas-ures He be - stows; 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.

CHORUS.

'Tis bet-ter still bet-ter, . . . Far bet-ter on be - fore;
 on be-fore, on be-fore,

'Tis bet-ter, . . . yes, bet-ter, . . . 'Tis bet-ter on be - fore.
 on be-fore, on be-fore.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. There are lives our love may brighten, While the days are passing by;
 2. Some are faint-ing on the high-ways, While the days are passing by;
 3. Souls for love and help are pray-ing, While the days are passing by;

There are cares that we may light-en, While the days are pass-ing by.
 Some are fall - ing in the by-ways, While the days are pass-ing by.
 Should our help be still de - lay-ing, While the days are pass-ing by?

For a - round us ev - 'ry-where, Men their sins and bur - dens bear,
 Wea-ry wan-der - ers in sin To the Sav - ior we may win;
 Up, ye faith - ful souls and true, There are calls to me and you!

And these bur-dens we may share, While the days are pass-ing by.
 Shall we help to bring them in, While the days are pass-ing by?
 Much of good we all may do, While the days are pass-ing by.

FINE.

D.S.—*O the good we all may do, While the days are pass-ing by!*

CHORUS.

D. S.

Passing by, pass-ing by, While the days are passing by,
 pass-ing by, pass-ing by, pass-ing by.

W. J. K.

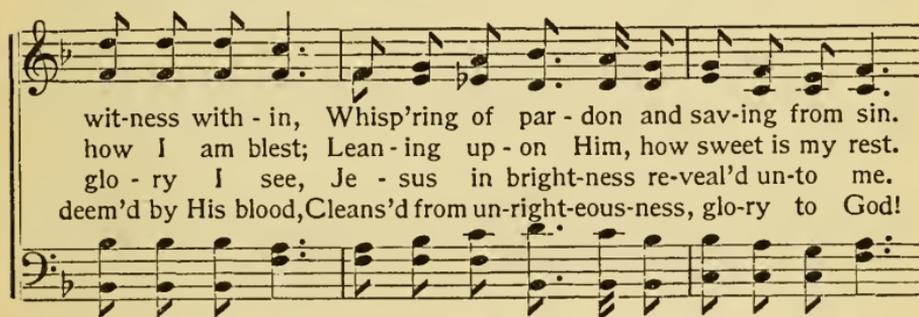
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most; I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my
 2. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most; Je - sus is near, Keep - ing me
 3. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most; this I can say, Once all was
 4. Sav'd to the ut - ter-most; cheer - ful - ly sing Loud hal - le -

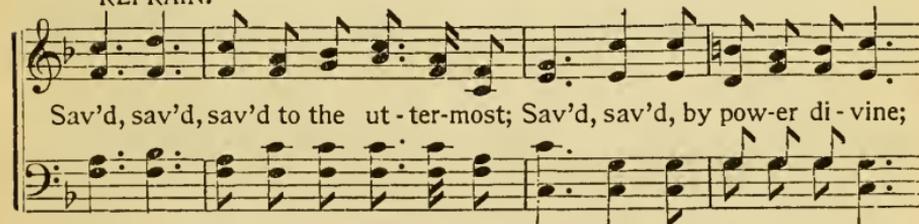


Sav - ior, sal - va - tion af - fords; Gives me His Spir - it a
 safe - ly, He cast - eth out fear; Trust - ing His prom - is - es,
 dark - ness, but now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of
 lu - ias to Je - sus, my King! Ransom'd and par - don'd, re -



wit - ness with - in, Whisp'ring of par - don and sav - ing from sin.
 how I am blest; Lean - ing up - on Him, how sweet is my rest.
 glo - ry I see, Je - sus in bright - ness re - veal'd un - to me.
 deem'd by His blood, Cleans'd from un - right - eous - ness, glo - ry to God!

REFRAIN.



Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter - most; Sav'd, sav'd, by pow - er di - vine;



Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - ter - most; Je - sus, the Sav - ior is mine.

B. B.

May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.

1. The cross that He gave may be heavy, But it ne'er out-weighs His grace,
 2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed His crown for me,
 3. The light of His love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
 4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in His sight,

The storm that I feared may surround me, But it ne'er excludes His face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than He drank in Gethsemane.
 The toil of my work groweth lighter, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bringing, It a-lone can keep me right.

CHORUS.

The cross is not great-er than His grace, The storm can-not

hide His bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know

That with Je-sus here be-low, I can con-quer ev-'ry foe.

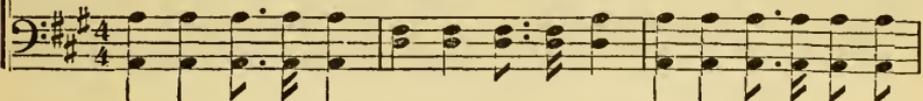
85 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel - low-ship, what a joy di - vine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil - grim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -



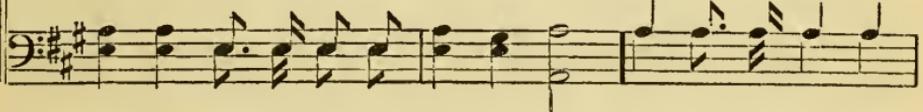
last - ing arms; What a bless - ed - ness, what a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,



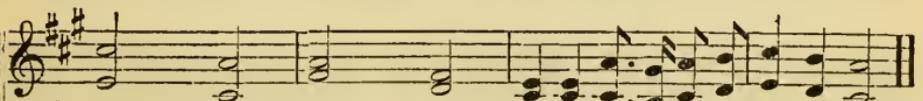
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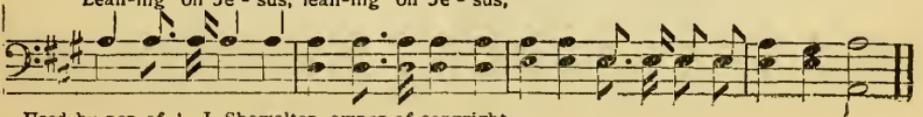
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing, Lean - ing on Je - sus,



lean - ing, Safe and se - cure from all a - larms;
lean - ing on Je - sus;

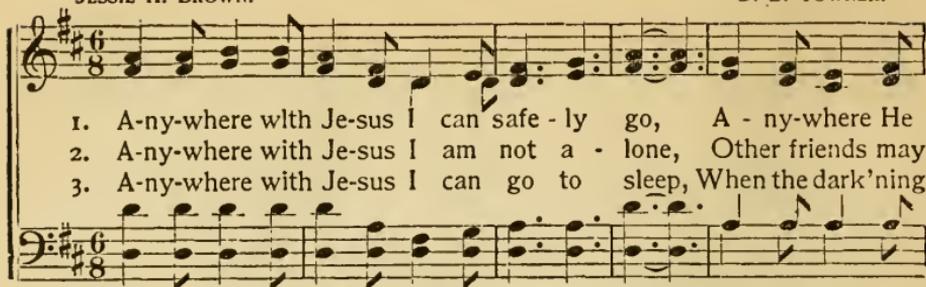


Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on Je - sus, lean - ing on Je - sus,

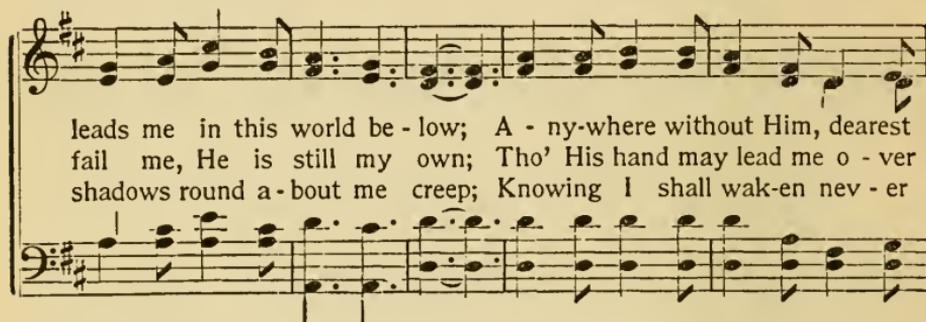


JESSIE H. BROWN.

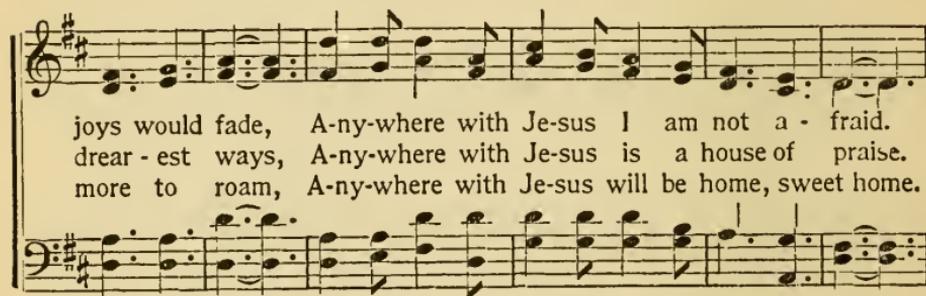
D. B. TOWNER.



1. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go, A-ny-where He
 2. A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a-lone, Other friends may
 3. A-ny-where with Je-sus I can go to sleep, When the dark'ning

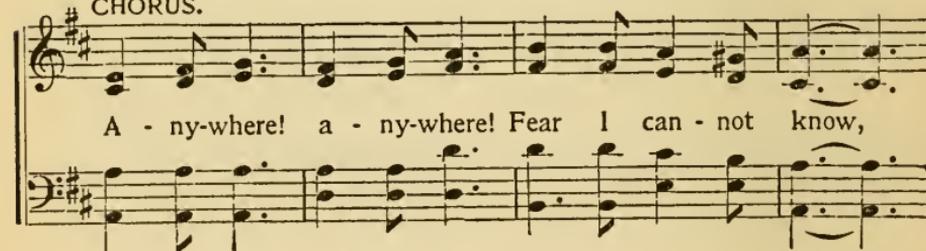


leads me in this world be-low; A-ny-where without Him, dearest
 fail me, He is still my own; Tho' His hand may lead me o-ver
 shadows round a-bout me creep; Knowing I shall wak-en nev-er

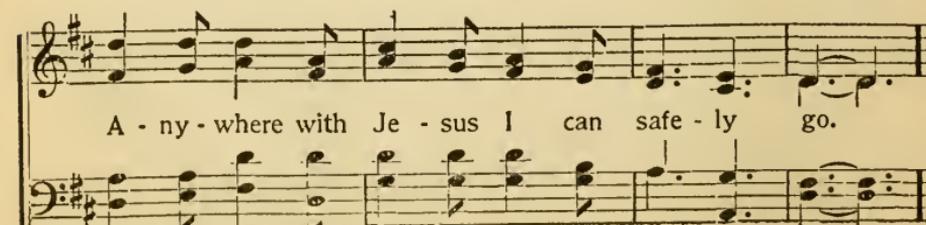


joys would fade, A-ny-where with Je-sus I am not a-fraid.
 drear-est ways, A-ny-where with Je-sus is a house of praise.
 more to roam, A-ny-where with Je-sus will be home, sweet home.

CHORUS.



A-ny-where! a-ny-where! Fear I can-not know,



A-ny-where with Je-sus I can safe-ly go.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shepherd, Calleth thee now to come In - to the
 2. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shepherd, Gave His dear life for thee; Ten-der-ly
 3. Lin-ger-ing is but fol - ly, Wolves are abroad to-day, Seeking the

fold of safe-ty, Where there is rest and room; Come in the strength of
 now He's calling, "Wan-der-er, come to me;" Haste! for with-out is
 sheep who're straying, Seek-ing the lambs to slay; Je - sus, the lov-ing

man-hood, Come in the morn of youth, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,
 dan - ger, "Come," cries the Shepherd blest, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,
 Shepherd, Call-eth thee now to come, En-ter the fold of safe-ty,

CHORUS.

Enter the way of truth.
 Enter the place of rest. Lovingly, tenderly calling is He, "Wanderer, wanderer,
 Where there is rest and room.

Rit.
 come unto me;" Patiently waiting, there standing I see Jesus, my Shepherd divine.

Perishing Souls.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There are souls, perishing souls, o-ver the sea, Per-ish-ing
 2. Bless-ed work, beau-ti-ful work, children of light, Grate-ful-ly
 3. Lift the cross, Calvary's cross! near and afar, Numberless

o - ver the sea,

souls in our own na-tive land; Bearing the mes-sage of love ev - er -
 tell of the Mas-ter we love, Witnessing dai - ly of Him who hath
 hearts shall acknowledge its pow'r; Hasten the day when the nations shall

last - ing and free, Let us reach them a kind, help - ing hand.
 scat - tered our night, And pre-pares us for man - sions a - bove.
 fol - low His star, Hail the dawn of the bright, gold-en hour.

CHORUS.

Per-ish-ing souls, o-ver the sea; Ju-bi-lant
 per-ish-ing souls, o-ver the sea;

songs floating o-ver the waves, Carry the joy, won-der-ful
 Car-ry the joy,

Perishing Souls.

joy,
won-der-ful joy.

Car-ry the news, glorious news, Je-sus saves. . . .
Je-sus saves.

Musical notation for 'Perishing Souls' featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes.

89

Rescue the Perishing.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit-
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Waiting the pen-
3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crushed by the tempter, Feelings lie bur -
4. Res - cue the per - ish-ing, Du - ty de-mands it, Strength for thy la.

Musical notation for 'Rescue the Perishing' featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature.

y from sin and the grave; Weep o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the
i - tent child to re-ceive. Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them
ied that grace can re-store; Touched by a lov-ing heart, Wakened by
bor the Lord will pro-vide. Back to the nar-row way, Pa - tient-ly

Musical notation for 'Rescue the Perishing' featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature.

CHORUS.

fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus, the might-y to save.
gen - tly, He will for-give if they on - ly be-lieve. Res - cue the
kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
win them, Tell the poor wand'rer a Sav - ior has died.

Musical notation for 'Rescue the Perishing' featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature.

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

Musical notation for 'Rescue the Perishing' featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a 4/4 time signature.

G. M. BILLS.
Not too fast.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. Some mortals may wonder how heav-en can bend Down, down to the
 2. Sin - ful and un-worth-y all men we be - hold, Guilt - y of trans-
 3. Where now are the treasures of heart and of mind, Once lavished up-
 4. Love ten - der-ly pleadeth, "Soul, o-pen the door! Thy Savior would

low - ly and speak as a friend; Some ask us the ques-tion
 gres-sion, strayed far from the fold; Why should they be ransom'd
 on thee by heav-en so kind? Why seeketh the Sav - ior
 en - ter to leave thee no more." All heav-en is wait - ing

how jus-tice can spare; Go, search in the Scriptures, Love's reason is there.
 at in - fi-nite cost? Why should the Good Shepherd seek aft-er the lost?
 a heart so de - filed? Why yearns He to save thee, O prod-i - gal child?
 thine answer to know; How can'st thou re - fuse Him Who loveth thee so?

CHORUS.

Love's rea-son is am-ple, Love's measure is full; Sins deep-er than

scar-let shall be white as wool. Come, wash in the foun-tain

Love's Reason.

of cleansing for sin; White, white as a snowflake thou shalt be with-in.

91 In the Shadow of the Cross.

E. R. LATTÀ.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a place a-bove all oth-ers, Where my spirit loves to be!
2. On the cross my Savior suffered, That He might a-tone for me!
3. When my heart is full of troub-le, Then I love, on bend-ed knee,
4. Bless-ed Savior, Thou wilt hear me When I make my ear-nest plea,

'Tis with-in the sa-cred shad-ow Of the cross of Cal-va - ry!
 And I love the bless-ed shad-ow Of the cross of Cal-va - ry!
 To ap-proach Him in the shad-ow Of the cross of Cal-va - ry!
 If I kneel with - in the shad-ow Of the cross of Cal-va - ry!

CHORUS.

In the shad-ow of the cross, of the cross, In the shad-ow of the

cross, There my spir-it loves to be, In the shadow of the cross.
 of the cross,

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Ye toil-ers for Je-sus, be earnest to-day, Toil faith-ful-ly
 2. The cry of the sad and the sor-row-ing hear, Toil faith-ful-ly
 3. To Je-sus be loy-al, to Je-sus be true, Toil faith-ful-ly

on; The har-vest is read-y, then has-ten a-way; The
 on; A woe you may light-en and ban-ish a tear, Or
 on; Seek dai-ly some work in the vine-yard to do; The

D. S.—Toil on till the la-bor of life shall be done, And

sheaves must be garner'd, oh, why should we stay? Go gather the souls that have
 brighten a life that is lone-ly and drear, There's many a heart you may
 har-vest is great and the lab'ers are few, And Jesus has need, earnest
many to Christ and His kingdom be won, To shine with a glory more

FINE. CHORUS.

wander'd a-stray, Toil faithfully on. Toil patiently on,
 com-fort and cheer, Toil faithfully on.
 toil-er, of you, Toil faithfully on. pa-tient-ly on,
bright than the sun, Toil faithfully on.

D. S.

Toil faithfully on, . . . Toil earnestly on, Toil lovingly on;
 faith-ful-ly on, ear-nest-ly on,
 Copyright, 1898, by Henry Date.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Allegretto.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A won-der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, A won-der-ful
 2. A won-der-ful Sav - ior is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
 3. With num-ber-less blessings each moment He crowns, And filled with His
 4. When clothed in His brightness, transported I rise To meet Him in

Sav - ior to me, He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved, He
 full-ness di - vine, I sing in my rap-ture, oh, glo - ry to God For
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va-tion, His won-der-ful love, I'll

CHORUS.

riv - ers of pleas-ure I see.
 giv - eth me strength as my day. He hid - eth my soul in the
 such a Re-deem - er as mine!
 shout with the mill-ions on high.

cleft of the rock That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hideth my life in the

depths of His love, And covers me there with His hand, And covers me there with His hand.

1. In won-drous grace, He took my place Up - on the cru - el tree;
 2. From heav'n above, in wondrous love, To save the lost He came;
 3. We hail the hour of wondrous pow'r When from the grave He rose,

He bore my guilt, His blood He spilt From sin to set me free.
 The Lamb of God! He shed His blood Up - on the cross of shame.
 And rent in twain sin's might - y chain, And triumphed o'er His foes.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, my Sav-ior is He!
 Glo - ry to God, my Sav - ior is He!

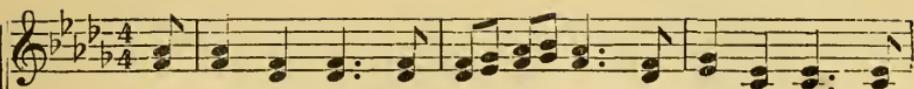
In His great love. He saves e - ven me! Soon I shall
 In His great love, saves e - ven me!

see. Him face to face, Praise Him in heav'n for all of His grace.
 Soon I shall see

I Need Thee, Lord.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN

CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.



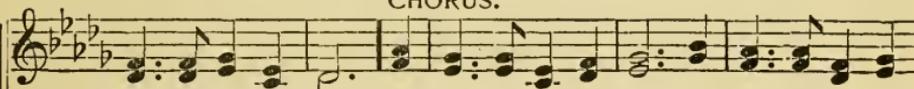
1. When cherished joys have tak - en wing, And sorrow wounds me
2. When sin dis - turbs my ho - ly peace, And leaves my soul in
3. When longs my soul for deep - er rest, To be with all Thy
4. When strong temp - ta - tions me as - sail, And o'er my will al -
5. I need Thee, dear - est Lord, just now While at Thy throne of



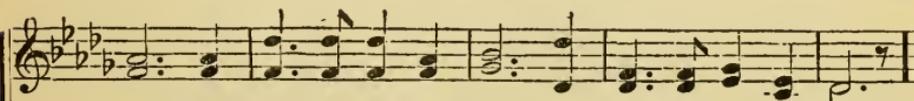
with its sting, Then to Thy cross for help I cling, For
sore dis - tress, To be re - stored to hap - pi - ness, I
full - ness blest, To be of per - fect peace pos - sessed, Oh,
most pre - vail, Lest faith and cour - age then should fail, I
grace I bow; To help me pay to Thee my vow, I



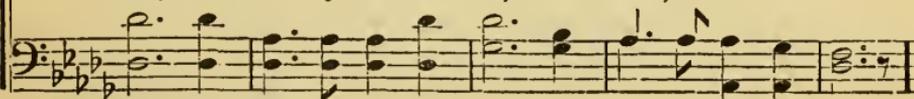
CHORUS.



then I need Thee, Lord!
need Thee, precious Lord.
then I need Thee, Lord. I need Thee, precious Lord! I have no help be -
need Thee, gracious Lord.
need Thee, my dear Lord.



side; In ev - 'ry time of need, Dear Christ, with me a - bide!



EBEN E. REXFORD.
Not too fast.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. There are times when we grow weary Of the bur-dens of the day,
2. Oh, the thought is full of com-fort To the heart that's weary grown.
3. Heart of mine, what are thy burdens To the bur - den of the Cross?

When we long to have them lightened, Or be lift - ed quite a - way.
He who knew and bore men's sorrows, Leaves us not to walk a - lone.
Canst thou not be strong-er, braver?—Better bear earth's pain and loss?

Then a sweet voice seems to whisper, "All the load up-on me lay.
His great heart is touched with pity, And He wipes our tears a - way;
Oh, re - mem-ber and take courage, He is nev - er far a - way

D. S.—*All our burdens and our sorrows Will be lift - ed quite a - way,*

FINE.

When on earth I bore men's burdens—I am just the same to - day!"
Oh, this Christ who wept with Mary—He is just the same to - day!
Whom they called the Friend of sinners—He is just the same to - day!

If we on - ly trust in Je - sus, For He's just the same to - day.

CHORUS.

He is just the same to - day, Yes, He's just the same to - day,

Just the Same To-day.

D. S.

Our bless - ed Lord and Sav - ior, He is just the same to-day.

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

97 My Body, Soul and Spirit.

MARY D. JAMES.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

1. My bod - y, soul and spir - it, Je - sus, I give to Thee,
2. O Je - sus, might-y Sav - ior, I trust in Thy great name,
3. Oh, let the fire, de-scend-ing Just now up - on my soul,
4. I'm Thine, O bless-ed Je - sus, Wash'd by Thy cleansing blood;

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

A con - se - cra - ted of-f'ring, Thine ev - er-more to be.
I look for Thy sal - va - tion, Thy prom - ise now I claim.
Con - sume my hum - ble of-f'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
Now seal me by Thy Spir - it, A sac - ri - fice to God.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

CHORUS.

My all is on the al - tar, I'm wait - ing for the fire;

Musical notation for the chorus first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

rit.
Wait - ing, wait - ing wait - ing, I'm wait - ing for the fire.

Musical notation for the chorus second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

ABBIE MILLS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Heirs to the kingdom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His
 2. Think how He la - bor'd that we might have rest, Go tell the world of His
 3. Plead with the lost ones to come while they may, Go tell the world of His

love; Pub - lish the bless - ings that flow from his word, Go tell the
 love; Think how He suf - fer'd that we might be bless'd, Go tell the
 love; Je - sus is wait - ing, He'll save them to - day, Go tell the

world of His love; Love that has pur - chased re - demp - tion from sin,
 world of His love; Saved by His mer - cy, up - held by His care,
 world of His love; Love that is near - est when earth joys are past,

Love that makes hap - py the spir - it with - in, Love that will
 Tell of the good - ness we con - stant - ly share; Fill'd with His
 Light - ing our path - way by clouds o - ver - cast; Love that will

D. S.—Heirs to the

FINE.

help us our conquest to win, Go tell the world of His love.
 full - ness, no long - er for - bear, Go tell the world of His love.
 bring us to glo - ry at last, Go tell the world of His love.

king - dom of Je - sus the Lord, Go tell the world of His love.

Go Tell the World of His Love.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Go tell the world, Go tell the world, Go tell the world of His love, . . .
of His love.

99

Savior, Take Me.

JOHN BURTON.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Sav-ior, while my heart is ten - der, I would yield that heart to Thee;
2. Take me now, Lord Je-sus, take me, Let my wayward heart be Thine,
3. Send me, Lord, where Thou wilt send me, On - ly do Thou guide my way;
4. Let me do Thy will, or bear it, I would know no will but Thine;
5. Thine I am, O Lord, for - ev - er, To Thy serv-ice set a - part;

All my pow'rs to Thee sur-ren - der, Thine and on - ly Thine to be.
Thy de - vot - ed serv-ant make me, Fill my soul with love di - vine.
May Thy grace thro' life at-tend me, Glad-ly then shall I o - bey.
Shouldst Thou take my life, or spare it, I that life to Thee re - sign.
Suf - fer me to leave Thee nev - er, Seal Thine im - age on my heart.

CHORUS.

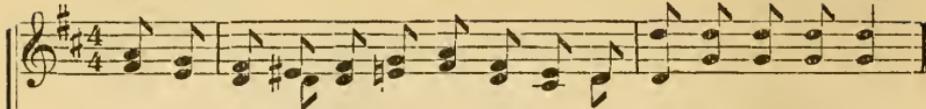
Sav - ior, take me, Sav-ior, take me, Make and keep me all thine own,

Till Thy per - fect likeness wear-ing, I shall stand be-fore Thy throne.

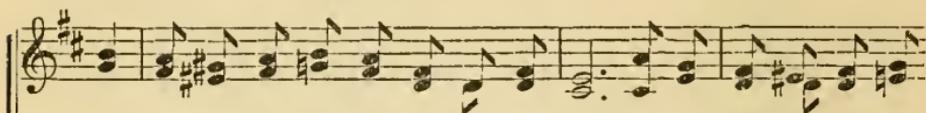
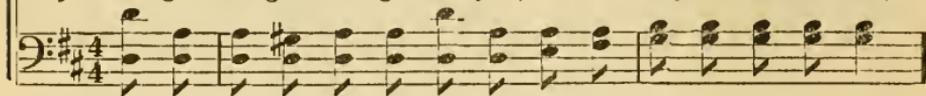
Rally Round the Standard.

L. E. JONES. Alt.

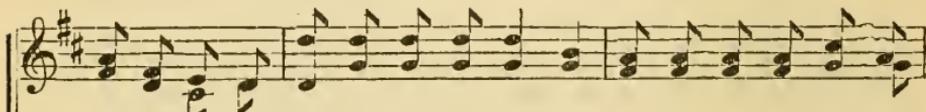
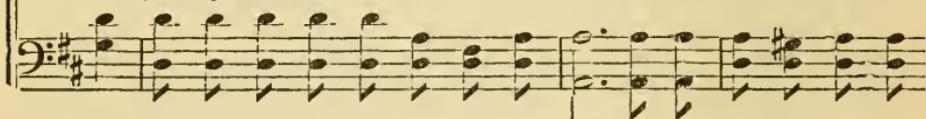
L. E. JONES.



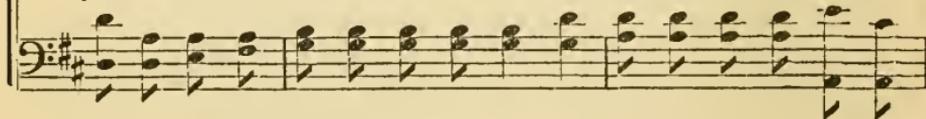
1. There is need of val-iant sol-diers in the ar-my of the Lord,
2. Strongly guarded and de-fend-ed are the bat-tle-ments of sin;
3. All good an-gels will go with you, and the Cap-tain of the host;



To ral-ly round the standard of the cross; With a ho-ly con-se-
Oh, ral-ly round the standard of the cross! But with Christ our blest Com-
Then, ral-ly round the standard of the cross! And your crown be gemm'd with



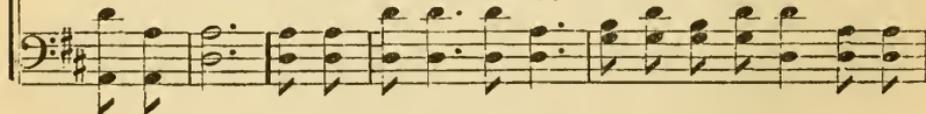
cre-ation and un-wav-'ring faith in God, Oh, ral-ly round the standard
man-der, we the vic-to-ry shall win; Oh, ral-ly round the standard
jew-els for the res-cue of the lost; Then, ral-ly round the standard



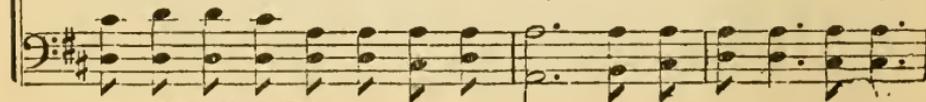
CHORUS.



of the cross! Round the standard ral-ly, at the Master's word; It must



nev-er know de-feat or suf-fer loss; Round the standard ral-ly



Rally Round the Standard.

for your sov'reign Lord; Oh, ral - ly round the standard of the cross!

101 Yield not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

H. R. PALMER.

1. { Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions subdue, Look ev-er to

2. { Shun e-vil com-pan-ions; Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in
Be thoughtful and ear-nest, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to

3. { To Him that o'er-com-eth God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
He who is our Sav-ior, Our strength will renew; Look ev-er to

help you Some oth-er to win. } He'll car-ry you through.
Je - sus, *Omit.* } He'll car-ry you through.
rev'rence, Nor take it in vain. } He'll car-ry you through.
Je - sus, *Omit.* } He'll car-ry you through.
con-quer, Though oft-en cast down. } He'll car-ry you through.
Je - sus, *Omit.* } He'll car-ry you through.

CHORUS.

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

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

M. B. WILLIAMS.

C. D. TILLMAN.

DUET.

1. There's a dear and precious book, Tho' it's worn and faded now, Which re-
 2. There she read of Je-sus' love, As He blest the children dear, How He
 3. Well, those days are past and gone, But their mem'ry lingers still, And the

calls the hap-py days of long a - go, When I stood at moth-er's knee,
 suf-fer'd, bled and died up-on the tree, Of His heav-y load of care;
 dear old Book each day has been my guide; And I seek to do His will,

With her hand up-on my brow, And I heard her voice in gentle tones and low.
 Then she dried my flowing tear With her kisses as she said it was for me.
 As my mother taught me then, And ev - er in my heart His words abide.

CHORUS.

Blessed book, precious book, . . . On thy dear old tear-stain'd
 Bless-ed Book, pre-cious Book,

leaves I love to look; Thou art sweet-er day by day,
 love to look;

My Mother's Bible.

As I walk the narrow way That leads at last to the bright home above.

103

Vale of Beulah.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. { I am pass-ing down the val-ley that they say is so lone,
'Tis to me the vale of Beau-lah, 'tis a beau-ti-ful way,
2. { Not a shad-ow, not a shad-ow ev-er dark-ens the way,
And the mu-sic, sweet-ly chant-ed by the heav-en-bound throng,

FINE.

But I find that all the path-way is with flow'rs o-ver-grown; }
For the Sav-ior walks be-side me, my com-pan-ion all day. }
For a ra-diance of rare glo-ry shines up-on it all day, }
Floats in ech-oes down the val-ley, and it cheers me a-long. }

D.S.—For the love-ly land of Ca-naan in the dis-tance I see.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Vale of Beau-lah! Vale of Beau-lah! Thou art pre-cious to me;

- 3 Day by day I feel the presence of the dear Savior near,
And each moment fills with gladness as His kind voice I hear;
For He comforts and He helps me by the words that He saith,
And He kindles love within me, and He strengthens my faith.
- 4 So I journey with rejoicing t'ward the City of Light,
While each day my joy is deeper, and the path grows more bright,
And I near the open portals of the kingdom above,
For this highway leads to Canaan, to the kingdom of love,

104 When the Saints are Marching In.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.

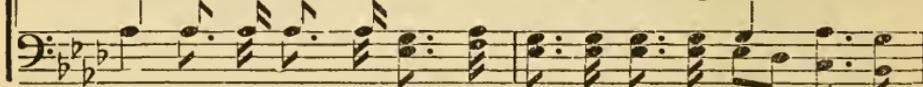


1. Thro' the shin - ing gate, Where the an - gels wait, When the
2. Part - ed friends shall meet On the gold - en street, When the
3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall ex - tol God's grace, When the
4. To the Lamb once slain, But who lives a - gain, When the



saints are march - ing in, The re -
 saints are march - ing in, Spot - less
 saints are march - ing in, And the
 saints are march - ing in, We shall

When the saints are march - ing in,



deemed shall come And be crowned at home, When the saints . . . are
 robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear, When the saints . . . are
 blood-washed throug Shall re - peat the song, When the saints . . . are
 of - fer praise Thro' e - ter - nal days, When the saints . . . are

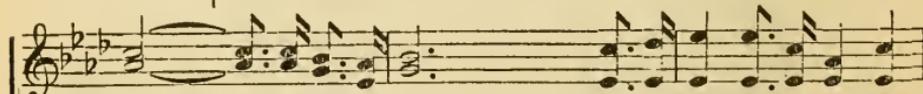
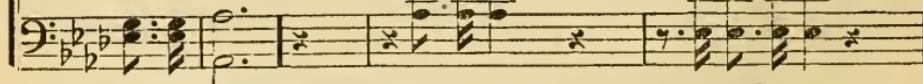
When the saints



CHORUS.



marching in. When the saints . . are marching in, When the
 When the saints are marching in.



saints . . are marching in, What a won - der - ful cho - rus
 When the saints are marching in,



E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark, 'tis the Master! He's calling you to-day, Follow where His voice is guiding;
 2. New fields of blessing will open to your view, Follow where His voice is guiding;
 3. What tho' temptations may beckon you aside? Follow where His voice is guiding;

Look for His footprints along the heav'nward way, Follow where His voice is guiding.
 Seeking His Spirit, your dai-ly strength renew, Follow where His voice is guiding.
 Un-der His banner in loy - al-ty a - bide, Fol-low where His voice is guiding.

He . . . who lives for-ev - er-more, Trod this earthly path be-fore,
 Press - ing onward, glad and free, Sweet - er will His service be,
 Though the way seem hard and long, Faith will sing her cheery song;

Knows its dangers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
 Rich - er His re-wards of love, Foretastes of the feast a - bove.
 Soon we'll lay the burdens down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.

CHORUS.

Follow, fol-low where His voice is guiding, Follow, follow where His voice is
 Fol - low where His voice is guid-ing, Fol - low where His voice is

Where His Voice is Guiding.

guid-ing, Fol-low where His voice is guiding, Follow, follow, fol-low on.
 Fol-low where His

107

More Like Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Slow, with feeling.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More like Je - sus would I be; Let my Sav - ior dwell in me—
 2. If He hears the ra-ven's cry, If His ev - er watch-ful eye
 3. More like Je - sus when I pray, More like Je-sus day by day,

rit.

Fill my soul with peace and love—Make me gen - tle as a dove;
 Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure - ly He will hear my call;
 May I rest me by His side, Where the tranquil wa-ters glide;

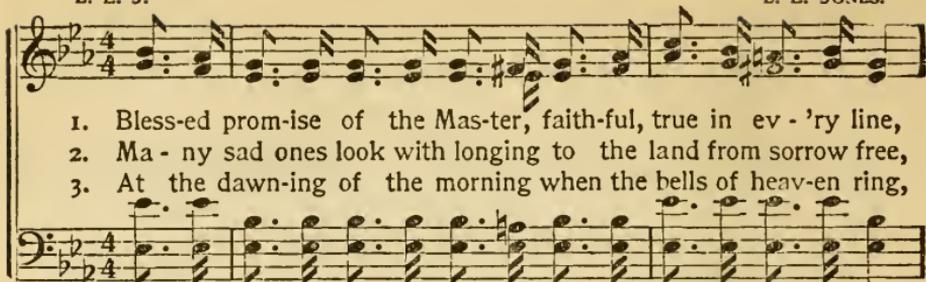
More like Je - sus, while I go, Pil - grim in this world be-low;
 He will teach me how to live, All my sim-ple tho'ts for-give;
 Born of Him, thro' grace renewed, By His love my will sub-dued,

rit.

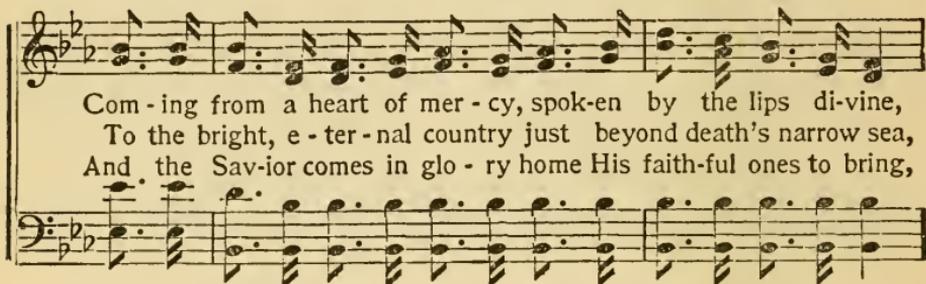
Poor in spir - it would I be— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.
 Pure in heart I still would be— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.
 Rich in faith I still would be— Let my Sav - ior dwell in me.

L. E. J.

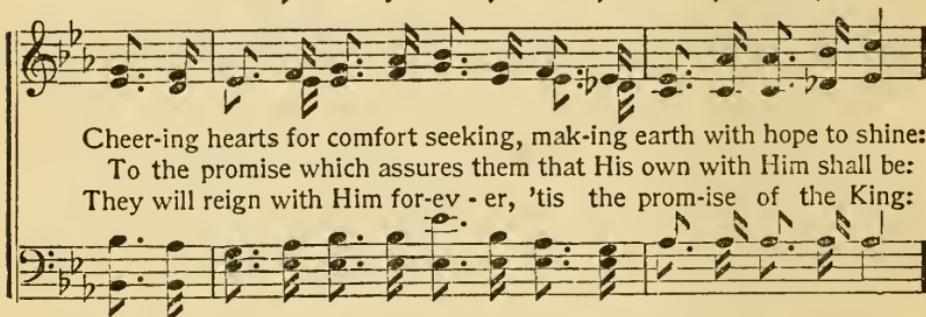
L. E. JONES.



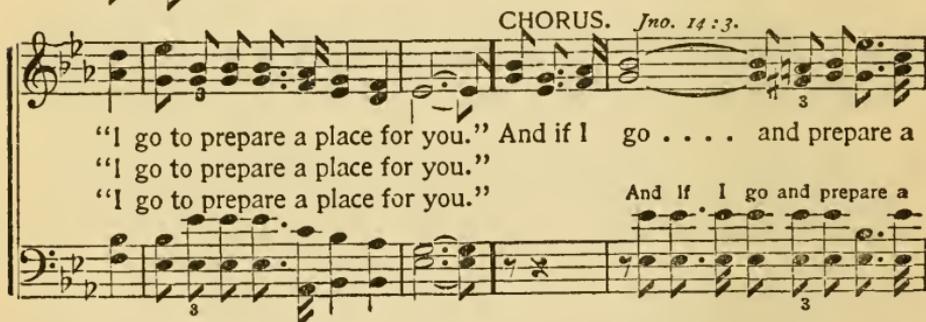
1. Bless-ed prom-ise of the Mas-ter, faith-ful, true in ev - 'ry line,
 2. Ma - ny sad ones look with longing to the land from sorrow free,
 3. At the dawn-ing of the morning when the bells of heav-en ring,



Com - ing from a heart of mer - cy, spok-en by the lips di-vine,
 To the bright, e - ter-nal country just beyond death's narrow sea,
 And the Sav-ior comes in glo - ry home His faith-ful ones to bring,

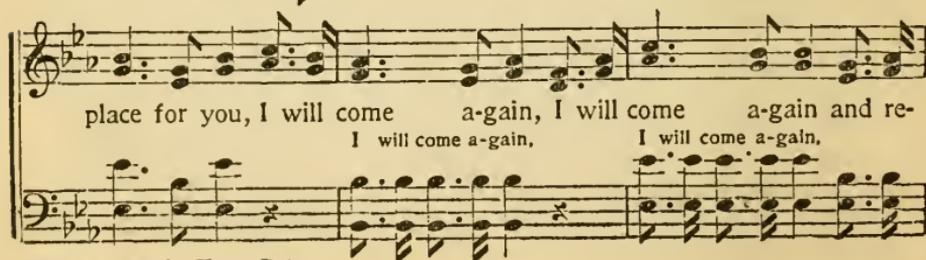


Cheer-ing hearts for comfort seeking, mak-ing earth with hope to shine:
 To the promise which assures them that His own with Him shall be:
 They will reign with Him for-ev - er, 'tis the prom-ise of the King:



CHORUS. *Jno. 14:3.*

"I go to prepare a place for you." And if I go and prepare a
 "I go to prepare a place for you."
 "I go to prepare a place for you." And if I go and prepare a



place for you, I will come a-gain, I will come a-gain and re-
 I will come a-gain, I will come a-gain,

I Go to Prepare a Place.

ceive you unto my - self, that where I am, there ye may be al - so."

109 Whosoever Will May Come.

E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. There's a Feast by Je - sus spread, And by Him prepared for all; And your
2. There's a Fount, a liv - ing stream, Ev - er flowing, deep and wide; Come and
3. There's a Cross where Jesus died, Where the blood is flowing free, Where is

Lord in - vit - eth you (in - vit - eth you); Will you heed His loving call?
 drink, ye thirst - y souls (ye thirst - y souls), Of the pure, life - giv - ing tide.
 cleans - ing for the soul (the sin - sick soul), Per - fect peace and pur - i - ty.

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er will may come, Who - so - ev - er will may come;
 may come, may come;

Will you heed the Savior's call (lov - ing call)? Who - so - ev - er will may come.
 To the fountain, deep and wide (deep and wide), Who - so - ev - er will may come.
 Will you come for pur - i - ty (pur - i - ty)? Who - so - ev - er will may come.

JESSIE H. BROWN.

FRED. A. FILLMORE.

1. Oh, scatter seeds of loving deeds A-long the fer - tile field,
 2. Tho' sown in tears thro' weary years, The seed will surely live;
 3. The harvest-home of God will come, And af - ter toil and care,

For grain will grow from what you sow, And fruitful har-vest yield.
 Tho' great the cost, it is not lost, For God will fruitage give.
 With joy un - told, your sheaves of gold Will all be gar-nered there.

CHORUS.

Then day by day a-long your way, The seeds of
 Then day by day a-long your way,

prom - - ise cast, . . . That ripened grain . . from hill and
 The seeds of promise cast, the seeds of promise cast, That ripened grain

plain Be gathered home at last,
 from hill and plain Be gathered home at last, be gathered home at last.

Be gathered home at last.....

III For God So Loved the World.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. O hear the mes-sage glad and sweet! He who on Christ be-liev-eth,
 2. O hear the mes-sage once a - gain, The message of sal - vation,
 3. O hear the mes-sage fraught with joy! God His dear Son has giv - en,

And trust-eth Him with all the heart, E - ter - nal life re - ceiv-eth.
 Of par-don free to sin - ful men Of ev - 'ry land and na-tion.
 That all who come to Him in faith Shall reign with Him in heav-en.

CHORUS.

For God so lov'd the world That His on - - - ly
 For God so lov'd the world That His on - ly

Son He gave That who - so - ev - - - - er on His
 Son He gave That who - so - ev - er on His

name be - lieves, Ev - er - last - ing life shall have.

G. M. BILLS.

M. L. MCPHAIL

1. Lis - ten to the wondrous sto - ry Of a bet - ter world a - bove;
 2. By the crys - tal flow - ing riv - er, All its rip - ples flashing bright,
 3. There will be no un - filled long - ing, Nor an un - a - vail - ing pray' - r;

'Tis a par - a - dise of glo - ry Fill'd with endless peace and love;
 There the sav'd shall dwell for - ev - er, Clad in garments pure and white;
 Ev - 'ry heart will thrill with gladness, Joy will ban - ish pain and care;

All the fruit - age of its bow - ers, All its fragrant flow - ers rare,
 There are leaves of wondrous heal - ing Growing by the riv - er - side,
 There the seek - er finds his treas - ure, There the pilgrim finds his goal,

All its rich delights are prom - ised To the saints who gather there.
 Per - fect health and beauty yield - ing Un - to those who there a - bide.
 God will sat - is - fy His chil - dren In the home - land of the soul.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah for the pros - pect
 Hal - le - lu - jah for the pros - pect! Hal - le - lu - jah for the pros - pect

Hallelujah for the Prospect

That when du - - - ty's path is trod,
That when du - ty's path is trod, That when du - ty's path is trod,

We shall dwell a - mid the splen - dors
We shall dwell a - mid the splen-dors, We shall dwell a - mid the splen-dors

Of the par - - - a - dise of God. *Rit.*
Of the par - a - dise of God, Of the par - a - dise of God.

113

I'm Going Home.

WM. HUNTER.

WM. MILLER.

I. { My heav'nly home is bright and fair, Nor pain, nor death can enter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine, That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

CHO. { I'm going home, I'm going home, I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more, to die no more, I'm going home to die no more!

2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky;
When from this earthly prison free,
That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below, [flow;
Which flames devour, or waves o'er-
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

Stepping in the Light.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Try - ing to
 2. Press - ing more closely to Him who is lead - ing, When we are
 3. Walk - ing in foot - steps of gen - tle for - bear - ance, Foot - steps of
 4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Up - ward, still

fol - low our Savior and King; Shaping our lives by His bless - ed ex -
 tem - pled to turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to de -
 faith - fulness, mercy, and love, Looking to Him for the grace free - ly
 up - ward we'll follow our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His

CHORUS.

am - ple, Happy, how hap - py, the songs that we bring.
 fend us, Happy, how hap - py, our praises each day. How beautiful to
 promised, Happy, how hap - py, our jour - ney a - bove.
 beauty," Happy, how hap - py, our place at His side.

walk in the steps of the Savior, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light;

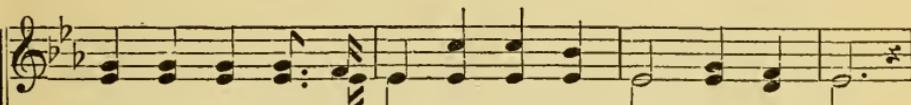
How beautiful to walk in the steps of the Savior, Led in paths of light.

MARY B. C. SLADE.

A. B. EVERETT.



1. Sweetly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol-low me!
2. Tho' they lead o'er the cold, dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
3. If they lead thro' the tem - ple ho - ly, Preaching the word;
4. Tho', dear Lord, in Thy path-way keep-ing, We fol-low Thee
5. If Thy way and its sor-rows shar-ing, We go a - gain,



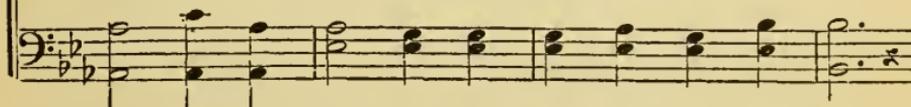
And we see where Thy foot-prints falling Lead us to Thee.
 Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help - ing the weak.
 Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.
 Thro' the gloom of that place of weep-ing, Geth-sem - a - ne!
 Up the slope of the hill - side, bear-ing Our cross of pain.



CHORUS.



Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;



We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>6 By and by, through the shining por-
 Turning our feet, [tals]
 We shall walk, with the glad immor-
 Heaven's golden street. [tals]</p> | <p>7 Then at last, when on high He sees us,
 Our journey done,
 We will rest where the steps of Jesus
 End at His throne.</p> |
|---|---|

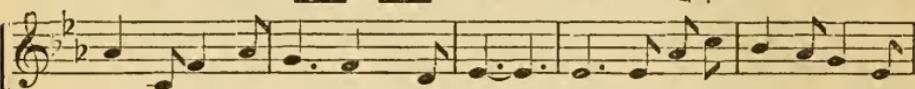
E. A. H.
UNISON.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



1. O ye who are drifting on the swift tides of sin, Near, near is the
2. See! there is a signal gleaming bright from the shore; Hark! voices are
3. Soul, you are in reach of safety, helpers are near; This faith should your

INST.



life-boat! Will ye not en - ter in? Wild storms are around you raging,
call - ing 'mid the loud tem-pest's roar; Look! there is a life-line floating
courage strengthen—lo! God is here; While now there is hope of rescue,



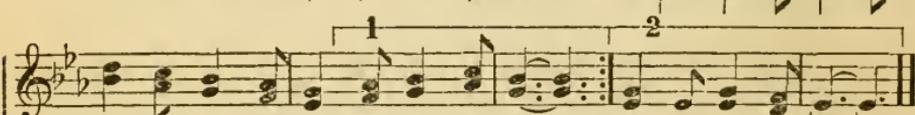
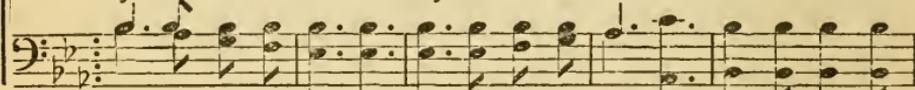
why then de-lay? Why do you not grasp the line for rescue to-day?
close by your side, This, this is your only hope, there's no help beside.
reach forth the hand, Lay hold on the life-line at the dear Lord's command.



CHORUS.



{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Christ can save the
{ Lay hold on the life-line! Lay hold on the life-line! Je - sus Christ can



per - ish-ing from sinking 'neath the wave; } He has pow'r to save.
res-cue you, for (Omit.) . . .



J. W. V.
SOLO OR DUET

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O - ver the iv - er, fac - es I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
 2. Fa - ther and moth - er, safe in the vale, Watch for the boat - man
 3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
 4. Sweet little dar - ling, light of the home, Look - ing for some one,
 5. Je - sus the Sav - ior, bright Morning Star, Look - ing for lost ones

look - ing for me; Free from their sor - row, grief, and de - spair,
 wait for the sail, Bear - ing the loved ones o - ver the tide,
 com - ing some - time; Safe with the an - gels, whit - er than snow,
 beck - on - ing come; Bright as a sun - beam, pure as the dew,
 stray - ing a - far; Hear the glad mes - sage; why will you roam?

CHORUS.

Waiting and watch - ing pa - tient - ly there.
 In - to the har - bor, near to their side.
 Watching for dear ones wait - ing be - low. Looking this way, yes,
 Anx - ious - ly look - ing, moth - er, for you.
 Je - sus is call - ing, "Sin - ner, come home."

looking this way; Loved ones are waiting, looking this way; Fair as the

morning, bright as the day, Dear ones in glo - ry, looking this way.

E. E. HEWITT.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "Ho - san-na! ho - san-na!" the children were singing, Sing-ing in
 2. Ho - san-na! ho - san-na! the birds in the wild-wood Hon-or their
 3. Ho - san-na! ho - san-na! the palm waved before Him, Green, bud-ding

Zi - on, the cit - y so fair; "Ho - san - na! ho - san-na!" glad
 Mak-er with car - ols of glee; Ho - san - na! ho - san-na! the
 branches were strewn in His way; Ho - san - na! ho - san-na! we,

ech - oes were ring-ing, Cheer - i - ly float-ing up - on the soft air.
 voic - es of childhood Blend in a chorus more joy - ous and free.
 too, would a-dore Him, Grate-ful - ly bringing love's offering to-day.

Beau - ti - ful blos-soms the breez-es per - fum-ing, Sprang at His
 "Who's this that com-eth, so meek and so low - ly?" Mul - ti - tudes
 Glo - ry for - ev - er to Thee, ris - en Sav - ior! Still in Thy

feet, as the Mas - ter passed by; But lil - ies far sweet-er for
 ques-tion; and chil - dren re - ply, "Tis Je - sus of Naz - a - reth,
 tem - ple the lit - tle ones sing; Now smile on our prais-es and

Hosanna! Hosanna!

Je - sus are bloom - ing, Wher - ev - er prais - es as - cend to the sky.
 bless - ed and ho - ly, Je - sus, the Son of our Fa - ther on high."
 grant us Thy fa - vor; Glo - ry to Thee, our Re - deem - er and King!

119

Rejoice Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Tho' trou - bles as - sail, and dan - gers af - fright, Tho' friends should all
 2. The birds, with - out barn or storehouse are fed; From them let us
 3. When Sa - tan ap - pears to stop up our path, And fills us with
 4. He tells us we're weak, — our hope is in vain; The good that we

CHO.—Yes, I will re - joice, re - joice in the Lord, Yes, I will re -

fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us whatever be -
 learn to trust for our bread; His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be de -
 fears, we tri - umph by faith, He can - not take from us, tho' oft he has
 seek we ne'er shall ob - tain; But when such suggestions our graces have

joice, re - joice in the Lord. Yes, I will re - joice, re - joice in the

D. C. Chorus.

tide, The prom - ise as - sures us, The Lord will pro - vide.
 nied, So long as 'tis writ - ten, The Lord will pro - vide.
 tried, The heart - cheer - ing promise, The Lord will pro - vide.
 tried, This an - swers all questions, The Lord will pro - vide.

Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

JESSE P. TOMPKINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je-sus is mine, He never will forsake me; Je-sus is mine, no e - vil
 2. Je-sus is mine, He never will deceive me; Je-sus is mine, His words shall
 3. Je-sus is mine, He never will de-sert me; Je-sus is mine, no grief can
 4. Je-sus is mine, He never will re-ject me; Je-sus is mine, His blood will

can o'er-take me; I seek His kind - ly face, I trust Him for His
 nev - er grieve me; I know His love is true, And what He says, He'll
 ev - er hurt me; For on His throbbing breast I can most sweetly
 e'er pro - tect me; And when be-fore the throne, I shall not stand a-

CHORUS.

grace, O no, He never will forsake me. No, no, no, He never will forsake
 do, O no, He never will deceive me. No, no, no, He never will deceive
 rest, O no, He never will de-sert me. No, no, no, He never will de-sert
 lone, O no, He never will re-ject me. No, no, no, He never will re-ject

me; No, no, no, no e - vil can o'er-take me; His love will ev - er
 me; No, no, no, His words shall never grieve me; I know His love is
 me; No, no, no, no grief can ev - er hurt me; For on His throbbing
 me; No, no, no, His blood will e'er pro-tect me; And when be-fore His

He Never Will Forsake Me.

last, Till all of earth is past; O no, He nev-er will for-sake me.
 true, And what He says, He'll do; O no, He nev-er will de-ceive me.
 breast I can most sweetly rest; O no, He nev-er will de-sert me.
 throne, I shall not stand a-lone; No, no, He nev-er will re-ject me.

121

Battling for the Lord.

SEMI-CHORUS.

CHORUS.

T. E. PERKINS.
SEMI-CHORUS.

1. We've 'list-ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter - nal
 2. We've gird-ed on our ar-mor bright, Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's
 3. We'll stand like heroes on the field, Battling for the Lord! And no - bly
 4. And when our glorious war is o'er, Battling for the Lord! We'll shout sal-

CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

life our guiding star, Battling for the Lord!
 word our strength and might, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Jesus comes,
 fight, but nev-er yield, Battling for the Lord!
 va-tion ev - er - more, Battling for the Lord!

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. As mul - ti - tudes thronged the dear Sav - ior one day, A
 2. So hearts that are brok - en a - gain may be whole, The
 3. The Lord is un - change - a - ble, ev - er the same; He

woman press'd near to His side, And tho' but the hem of His
 burdened may find a re - lease, The bat - tle with self, and the
 heal - eth to - day as of old; Then seek Him, ye wea - ry, and

gar - ment she touched, Was filled with a life - giv - ing tide.
 tu - mult with - in, Be hushed by His in - fi - nite peace.
 trust - ing His love, Re - ceive of His rich - es un - told.

CHORUS.

Touch with faith the liv - ing Sav - ior, Touch and be made whole;

Find in Christ e - ter - nal life, And heal - ing for thy soul.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I have precious news to tell, hal - le - lu-jah! Christ has come with
 2. It was Christ's redemption blood, hal - le - lu-jah! That re-stored my
 3. I have found a precious friend, hal - le - lu-jah! On whose help I

me to dwell, hal - le - lu-jah! By His grace and pow'r di-vine, He has
 soul to God, hal - le - lu-jah! He the cleansing stream applied, Flowing
 can de-pend, hal - le - lu-jah! Since He took my sins a - way, He has

D. S.—joic-ing night and day, As I

FINE.

changed this heart of mine, And He whispers, "I am thine," hal-le - lu - jah!
 from His wounded side; I am saved and jus-ti - fied, hal-le - lu - jah!
 taught me how to pray, And to do His will each day, hal-le - lu - jah!

walk the nar-row way, For He washed my sins away, hal-le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - - - jah! I'm re - deem'd!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re-deem'd! oh, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm re - deem'd!

D. S.

Oh, so won - - - drous-ly re-deem'd! I'm re -
 Oh, so won-drous-ly re-deem'd, yes, oh, so won - drous-ly re-deem'd!

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. By thousands now re-ject-ed, By few is Je-sus own'd; The
 2. Be-hold the Man of Sor-rows In an-guish on the tree! For
 3. Lay down your pride and pleasure, Lay down your sin and shame; Ac-

mul-ti-tude to pleasure turns a-way; But there's a morn ex-pect-ed
 you He left His glorious home a-b-ove; Why longer anguish borrow,
 cept the gra-cious of-fer while you may; There's peace that passeth measure,

When He shall be enthron'd, The King Emanuel's glorious crowning day.
 If He has made you free By off'ring up Him-self in ten-der love.
 Be-liev-ing on His name, There's safe-ty in the glorious crowning day.

CHORUS.

That dread-ful day is com-ing, That fear-ful day is com-ing; O

sin-ner, dare you still de-lay? That joy-ful day is com-ing,
 why de-lay?

Glad Crowning Day.

That hap-py day is coming, The day of final summing, Glad Crowning Day!

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

125

Scatter Kind Words.

FANNY BOLTON.

L. E. JONES.

1. Kind words will ease the heart-broken, Kind words will comfort the sad,
2. Kind words bring balm to the wea-ry, Kind words bring strength to the weak,
3. Kind words will bring back the erring, Kind words the wand'ret will win,

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

Give of af-fec-tion a to-ken, And make the sor-row-ful glad.
Brighten the lives of the drear-y, Courage to faint-ing ones speak.
Thro' them the Spirit is stir-ring Souls who are slumb'ring in sin.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

CHORUS.

Kind words will comfort the young and the old, Like the sweet fragrance the flowers unfold;

Musical notation for the chorus, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

As you go on to the cit-y of gold; Scatter kind words by the way.

Musical notation for the final system, including treble and bass staves with lyrics.

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Where my Savior leads me in this changing world below, I will follow on,
 2. Tho' the world entreat me and tho' pleasure bid me stay, I will follow on,
 3. Tho' my friends forsake me and I seem to be a - lone, I will follow on,
 4. Tho' He leads in sunshine till I walk on earth no more, I will follow on,

I will follow on; While He walks before me, tho' the way I do not know,
 I will follow on; Tho' the road be rugged, and tho' thorny be the way,
 I will follow on; Knowing that my Sav-ior can for ev-'ry-thing a-tone,
 I will follow on; Or tho' darkness hide me, till I reach the gold-en shore,

CHORUS.

I will follow on, follow on. Fol - low on, Fol - low on,
 Fol-low on, fol-low on, I will fol-low on,

Follow where the Savior in the way before has gone, Till I rest be-
 Fol-low

side Him, up in heaven's golden dawn, I will fol-low on, fol-low on.
 fol - low, fol - low on,

ritard

E. A. H

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I can - not bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my troubles; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried, I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

bur - dens a - lone; In my dis - tress He kind - ly will help me;
 pas - sion - ate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er,
 bur - dens to bear; I must tell Je - sus, I must tell Je - sus;
 tempt - ed to sin! I must tell Je - sus, and He will help me

CHORUS.

He ev - er loves and cares for His own.
 Make of my troub - les quick - ly an end. I must tell Je - sus!
 He all my cares and sor - rows will share.
 O - ver the world the vic - t'ry to win.

I must tell Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Je - sus can help me, Je - sus a - lone.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Hear the prom-ise of the Lord, As re-cord-ed in His word,
 2. Wea-ry pil-grim on the road To the judgment seat of God,
 3. Cast on Je-sus all your care, And your burden He will bear,

"Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" Heav-y la-den and distress'd,
 "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" If on Je-sus you be-lieve,
 "Un-to you is ev-er-last-ing life!" In the strait and narrow way,

Come, and I will give you rest, "Unto you is ev-er-last-ing life!"
 And His blessed word receive, "Unto you is ev-er-last-ing life!"
 He will lead you day by day! "Unto you is ev-er-last-ing life!"

CHORUS.

"Ev-er-last-ing life," the promise reads, And at God's right hand the Savior pleads;

Will you come to-day, making Christ your stay? For with Him is ev-er-last-ing life.

Mrs. J. H. KNOWLES.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

1. He has come! He has come! My Redeemer has come, He has tak-en my
 2. He has come! He has come! My Love and my Lord, Ev'ry tho't of my
 3. He has come to a-bide, And ho - ly must be The place where my

heart as His own chosen home; At last I have given the welcome He sought;
 be - ing is sway'd by His word; He has come, and He rules in the realm of my soul,
 Lord deigns to banquet with me; And this is my pray'r, Lord, since Thou art come,

CHORUS.

He has come, and His coming all gladness has bro't.
 And His scep - tre is love; O bless-ed con-trol! Joy; joy is mine! my
 Make meet for Thy presence my heart as Thy home.

Sav - ior di-vine Comes to a-bide with me, with me, Comes to a-bide,
 with me,

rit.

Ev - er to a-bide, My own lov - ing Savior a - bid-eth with me.

FANNIE BOLTON.

I. N. McHose.

1. In the glorious world on high, Fill'd with light and love and joy, We shall
 2. Soft will be the balm-y air Of the hills and valleys fair, Rich will
 3. Nev-er tear will dim the sight, Never care will fall to blight, We shall

gath-er by and by o - ver there; We shall strike the harp and sing,
 be the mu-sic rare o - ver there; We shall clasp the hand and greet
 walk with Christ in white o - ver there; No more wea - ry will we rove,

And make wondrous music ring, As we praise our Savior King o-ver there.
 Loved ones on the golden street, Cast our crowns at Jesus' feet o-ver there.
 But, renewed in youth a-bove, Dwell for-ev - er in God's love o-ver there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, In that home so bright and fair, Meet me there,
 Meet me there, meet me there, Meet me there,

Meet me there, meet me there, And redemption's treasures share over there.
 Meet me there, meet me there, over there.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

DUET. *Gently.*

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

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

QUARTET.

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

Tho' they be red

DUET. *p*QUARTET. *f*

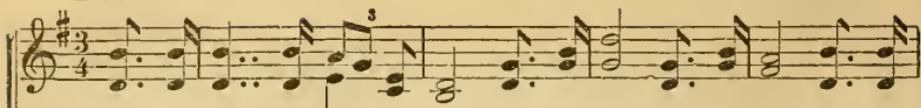
"Tho' your sins be as scar - let, Tho' your sins be as scar - let,
Hear the voice that entreats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
He'll for - give your transgressions, He'll for - give your transgressions,

f Ritard.

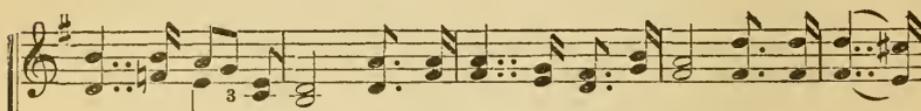
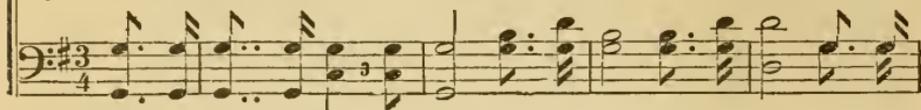
They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
Oh, re - turn ye un - to God! Oh, re - turn ye un - to God!
And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.

E. E. HEWITT.

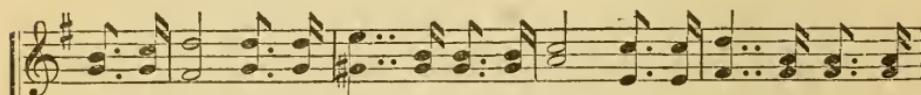
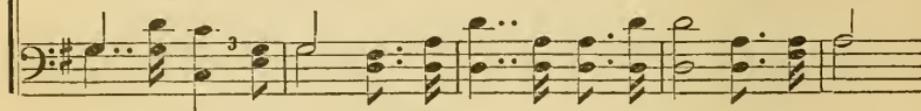
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



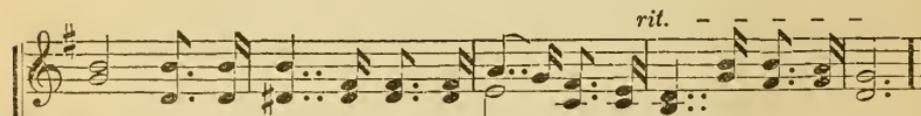
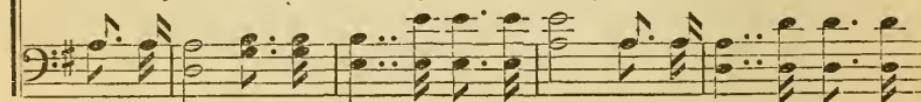
1. When the clouds are hanging low, Look beyond, look beyond; Soon the
2. When the "bro - ken cisterns" fail, Look beyond, look beyond, Liv - ing
3. When the road is rough and wild, Look beyond, look beyond, God is



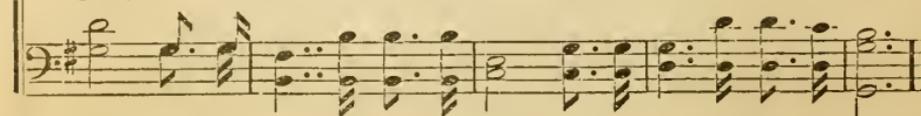
skies will o - ver-flow With the sunlight's cheery glow, Look be-yond,
fountains glad-ly hail, Sparkling springs in Baca's vale, Look be-yond,
watching o'er His child, Mer - cy on thy pathway smil'd, Look be-yond,



look beyond. Hope is sing - ing her re - refrain, Joy will come to you a -
look beyond. Riv - ers of sal - va - tion pour From the Ev - er - last - ing
look beyond. When the Pearly Gates unfold, Thou shalt tread the streets of



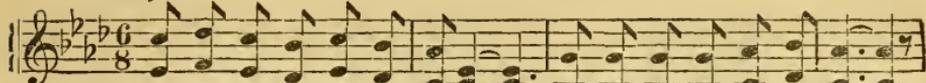
gain, Clearest shin - ing af - ter rain, Look beyond, O look be-yond.
Shore, Free - ly drink, and thirst no more, Look beyond, O look be-yond.
gold, "Ma - ny mansions" there behold, Look beyond, O look be-yond.



133 What Will You Do in That Day?

T. B. W.
Tenderly. SOLO OR DUET.

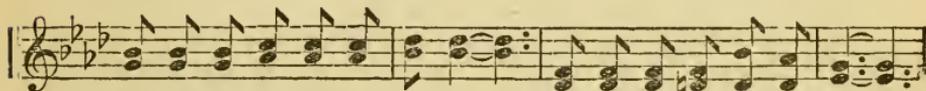
T. B. WEAVER.



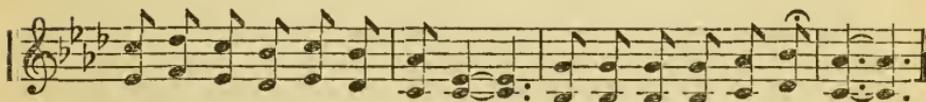
1. List-en, O list-en to Je-sus, Ten-der-ly ask-ing your heart,
2. Christ is a ref-uge for sin-ners, Flee to the arms of His love;
3. Toiling for wealth that will perish, Charmed with the toys that de-cay,
4. Think of the loved ones in heaven, In yon-der cit-y of light,



Seek-ing to res-cue and save you, And His rich grace to im-part!
If you neg-lect this sal-va-tion, How can you meet Him a-bove?
Blind-ed by sin and by fol-ly, Sinning from day un-to day,
Waiting for you at the por-tal; What if your soul take its flight?



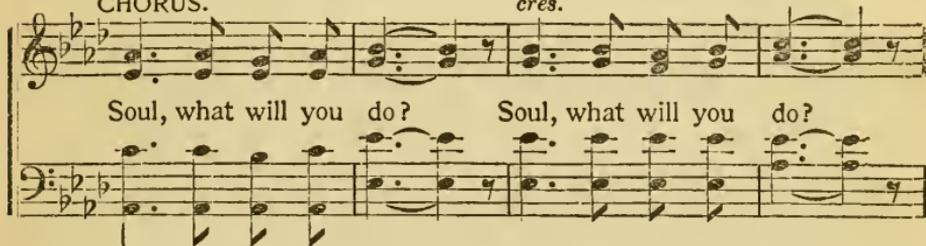
Oh! if His calls are all slight-ed, And in your sins you still go,
Can you not give up your pleasures, Turn from earth's trifles a-way?
Sin-ner, just think of the wa-ges You for your sin shall re-ceive!
Would you be ready to greet them, Anxious the gates to pass thro'?



What will you do in the judg-ment, Won-der-ful days of great woe?
Oh! if you cling to your i-dols, What will you do in that day?
Turn to the dear, lov-ing Sav-ior, Humb-ly confess and be-lieve!
If you have no hope in Je-sus, Sin-ner, then, what will you do?

CHORUS.

cres.



Soul, what will you do? Soul, what will you do?



Oh! what will you do In that won-der-ful, won-der-ful day?



E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Trust, for the Lord is with thee, be not a - fraid; He will help and
 2. His love will never fail us, nor us for-sake; His e - ter-nal
 3. He strews the way be-fore us with rich sup-plies; For the poor and
 4. Faith brings the vic - to - ry each pass - ing hour, Girding us with

He will strengthen, be not dis-mayed; He ev - er will up-hold thee
 cov - e - nant He nev - er will break; Safe are the prom - is - es, and
 need - y liv - ing streams will a - rise; For all the sad and sin - ful
 cour-age and with con - quer - ing pow'r, Keep - ing our spir - its ho - ly

with His right hand; Thou art called and chosen in His presence to stand.
 sweet is His Word; So we trust with confidence in Je - sus the Lord.
 grace will be found; For the faint and feeble perfect strength will abound.
 and free from blame, Helping us to o - ver - come the world in His name.

CHORUS.

Trust and be en - cour - - aged,
 Trust and be en - cour - aged, Trust and be en - cour - aged,

1 Trust . . . in Christ the Lord; 2 Trust in Jesus and His Word.
 Trust in Christ the Lord, in Christ the Lord;

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the footsteps of Je-sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
 2. 'Tis the voice of the Savior, Whose mer-ci-ful call Freely of-fers sal-
 3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpow'ed by your sin? While the waters are
 4. Bless-ed Sav-ior, as-sist us To rest on Thy Word; Let the soul-healing

wounded, Healing all who ap- ply; As He spake to the suff'rer Who
 va - tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to Him Each
 troubled, Can you not en-ter in? Lo, the Sav-ior stands waiting To
 pow - er On us now be outpour'd; Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take

lay at the pool, He is saying this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 sin-taint-ed soul, And lov-ing-ly ask-ing, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 strengthen your soul, He is ear-nest-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 per - fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spir-it, "Thy faith makes thee whole."
 FINE.

D. S.—cleansing wave roll; Step in - to the current and thou shalt be whole.

CHORUS.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, weary

suf-f'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flowing, See the
 D. S.

W. F. WARREN.

C. S. HARRINGTON.

1. Out on an o - cean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound,
 2. Wild - ly the storm sweeps us on as it roars, We're homeward bound,
 3. In - to the har - bor of heav'n now we glide, We're home at last,

home - ward bound; Tossed on the waves of a rough, rest - less tide,
 home - ward bound; Look! yon - der lie the bright, heav - en - ly shores,
 home at last; Soft - ly we drift on its bright sil - ver tide,

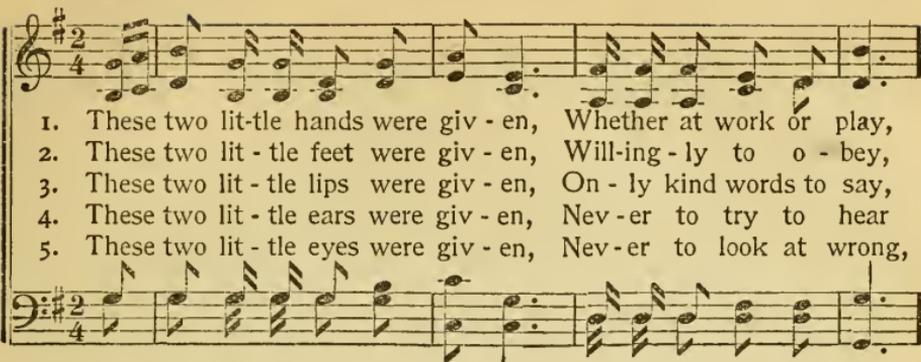
We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Far from the safe, quiet harbor we
 We're homeward bound, homeward bound. Steady, O pilot! stand firm at the
 We're home at last, home at last. Glo - ry to God! all our dangers are

rode, Seek - ing our Fa - ther's ce - les - tial a - bode, Prom - ise of
 wheel, Stead - y! we soon shall out - weath - er the gale; Oh, how we
 o'er, We stand se - cure on the glo - ri - fied shore; Glo - ry to

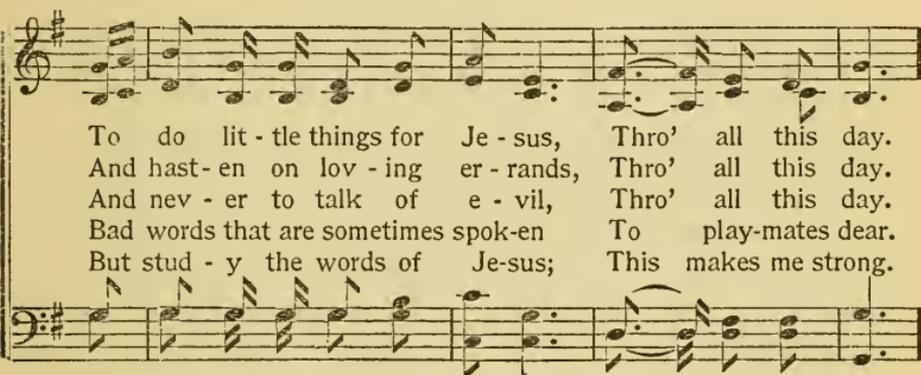
which on us each He be - stowed; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 fly 'neath the loud - creak - ing sail; We're homeward bound, homeward bound.
 God! we will shout ev - er - more, We're home at last, home at last.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

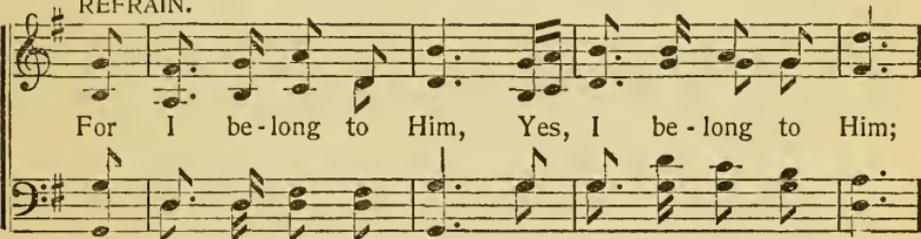


1. These two lit - tle hands were giv - en, Whether at work or play,
 2. These two lit - tle feet were giv - en, Will - ing - ly to o - bey,
 3. These two lit - tle lips were giv - en, On - ly kind words to say,
 4. These two lit - tle ears were giv - en, Nev - er to try to hear
 5. These two lit - tle eyes were giv - en, Nev - er to look at wrong,

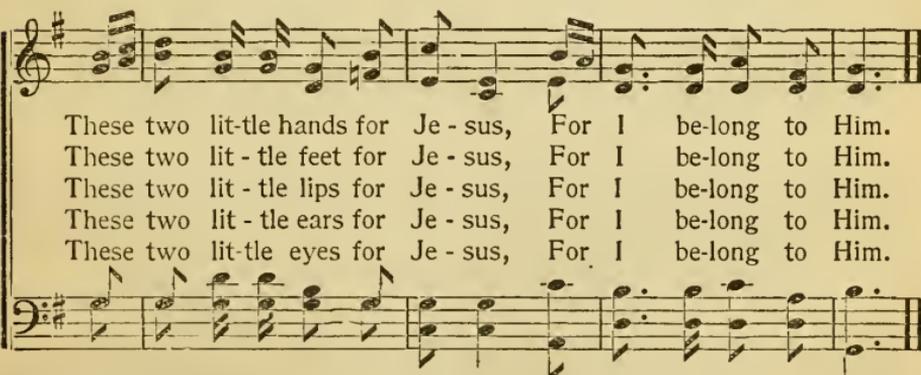


To do lit - tle things for Je - sus, Thro' all this day.
 And hast - en on lov - ing er - rands, Thro' all this day.
 And nev - er to talk of e - vil, Thro' all this day.
 Bad words that are sometimes spok - en To play - mates dear.
 But stud - y the words of Je - sus; This makes me strong.

REFRAIN.



For I be - long to Him, Yes, I be - long to Him;



These two lit - tle hands for Je - sus, For I be - long to Him.
 These two lit - tle feet for Je - sus, For I be - long to Him.
 These two lit - tle lips for Je - sus, For I be - long to Him.
 These two lit - tle ears for Je - sus, For I be - long to Him.
 These two lit - tle eyes for Je - sus, For I be - long to Him.

NOTE:—Children may be taught to present hands, look at feet, touch lips, ears and eyes, as each is referred to in the song.

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E. C. GREEN. Alt.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



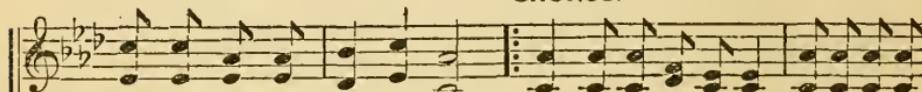
1. Can it be that Je-sus bought me, And on the hallowed cross a -
2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Sav'd me from wandering and
3. It was years He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the
4. From that hour He has been seeking How He may fill me with His
5. As I think of all, I mar - vel Why in such pa-tience He my



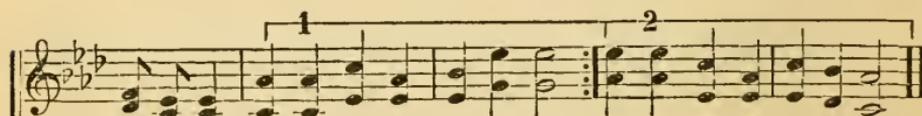
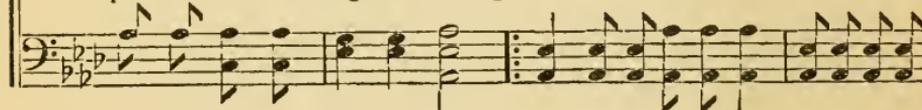
toned for me, Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a brought me near; Dai - ly now His grace be - stow-ing, Je - sus is pre - cious hour, When I should at last be yield-ing, Yielding to pre - cious love, How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the good has sought, And bestowed His grace up - on me, And in my



CHORUS.



precious, precious Friend is He!
 grow-ing un - to me more dear.
 Je - sus ev - 'ry ransom'd pow'r. Oh, it is won-der-ful, very, very
 fel - low-ship of saints a - bove.
 spir - it such a change has wrought.



wonderful, All His grace so rich and free! }
Omit. } That my Savior so loves me!



WM. STEVENSON.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, sin - ner— Urg - ing you
 2. Thro' Him there is life in be - liev - ing; Sin - ner, oh,
 3. The Sav - ior is call - ing you, wan - d'rer— Points you to
 4. There's dan - ger in long - er de - lay - ing, Swift - ly the

now to draw nigh; He asks you by faith to re - ceive Him;
 why will you die? Ac - cept Him by faith as your Sav - ior;
 man - sions on high; Re - turn to the path that leads homeward;
 moments pass by; If now you will come, there is mer - cy;

REFRAIN.

Je - sus will help if you try. Je - sus will help you, Je - sus will

help you, Help you with grace from on high; The weak - est and

poor - est the Sav - ior is call - ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

W. A. O.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Sweet are the prom-is - es, Kind is the word, Dear-er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten-der love Je-sus hath shown, Sweeter far than
 3. List to His loving words, "Come un-to me," Wea-ry, heav-y

a - ny mes-sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
 a - ny love that mortals have known; Kind to the err-ing one,
 lad-en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom-is - es,

Sin - less I see; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
 Faith-ful is He; He the great ex-am-ple is, and pat-tern for me.
 Faith-ful and sure; Lean upon thy Savior, and thy soul is se-secure.

CHORUS.

Where He leads I'll fol - low,
 Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

Fol - low all the way, Follow Jesus ev'ry day.
 Fol-low all the way, yes, follow all the way.

F. L. S. and E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Some of these days the skies will be brighter; Some of these days the
 2. Some of these days, in des-erts up-springing, Fountains will flash, while
 3. Some of these days we'll bur-y our sor-row; Out of the fu-ture,
 4. Some of these days God's wondrous salvation Will, in its love, em-

burdens be light - er; Hearts will be happier, souls will be whit - er,
 joy-bells are ring-ing, Earth will be full of joy and of sing - ing,
 light we may bor-row; There will be joy and hope in the mor - row,
 brace ev-'ry na-tion; All then shall hail our King's cor-o - na - tion,

rit. CHORUS.

Some of these days, Some of these days. Some of these days all sin will be

banished, Some of these days all e - vil have vanished, Earth will be

rit.

brighter, hearts will be lighter, Souls will be whiter Some of these days.

L. E. J.

L. E. JONES.

1. Do you love the serv-ice of the King? Can you from the heart His
 2. Are your ma-n-y sins all wash'd a-way? Are you walking in the
 3. Do you tru-ly love the Ho - ly One? Day by day is some new

prais - es sing? Have you gath-ered gold - en sheaves to bring
 light al-way? Do you ev - 'ry mo - ment watch and pray,
 vic - t'ry, won? Is His will each mo - ment in you done?

CHORUS.

To your Mas-ter, should He come? Read-y, wait-ing,
 Read - y, wait-ing, should He come?
 Are you read - y, should He come? Read-y be, and wait - ing, watching.

Watch-ing for the com-ing of the King of kings to reign;

Read-y, wait-ing, Read-y when he comes a - gain.
 Read-y be, and wait - ing, watching.

W. S. MARTIN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Weeping will not save you; Tho' you weep for days and years,
 2. Working will not save you; Tho' you toil with might and main,
 3. Waiting will not save you; You will nev - er bet - ter be,

Tho' you shed most bit - ter tears, This will not re - move your fears;
 This will not re - move your stain, For you must be born a - gain;
 Tho' you wait e - ter - nal - ly, On - ly Christ can make you free;

CHORUS.

Weeping will not save you. Christ alone can save from sin,
 Working will not save you.
 Wait - ing will not save you. Christ a - lone can save from sin, can save from sin,

Christ a - lone can make you clean, Naught that
 Christ a - lone can make you clean, can make you clean, Naught that you have

you have done or been, On - ly Christ can save you.
 done or been, have done or been, On - ly Christ can save you, can save you.

I. N. McHose.

I. N. McHose.

1. Won-der of won-ders that Je-sus loves me, Je - sus loves me,
 2. Won-der of won-ders, He car-eth for me, Car-eth for me,
 3. Won-der of won-ders, Christ suffered for me, Suffered for me,
 4. Won-der of won-ders that Je-sus saves me, Je-sus saves me,

Je - sus loves me! Wonder of wonders, O how can it be? Jesus loves
 Car-eth for me! Wonder of wonders, His goodness I see, Dai-ly He
 Suffered for me! Wonder of wonders, O how could it be? Suffered for
 Je-sus saves me! Wonder of all that He died on the tree, Died to save

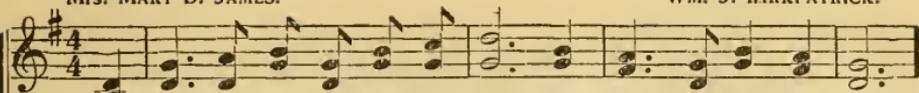
CHORUS.

e - ven me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Je-sus loves e-ven me;
 cares for me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Careth for e - ven me;
 e - ven me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Suffered for e - ven me;
 e - ven me! E-ven me, e - ven me, Jesus saves e - ven me;

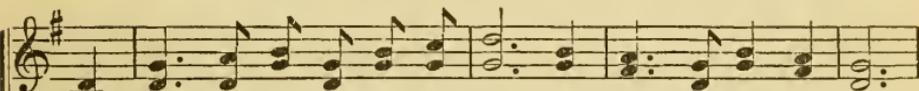
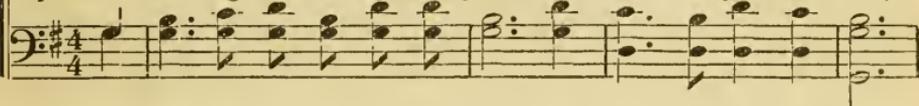
Wonder of wonders, O how can it be? Je-sus loves e - ven me!
 Wonder of wonders, His goodness I see, Dai-ly He cares for me!
 Wonder of wonders, O how could it be? Suffered for e - ven me!
 Wonder of all that He died on the tree, Died to save e - ven me!

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

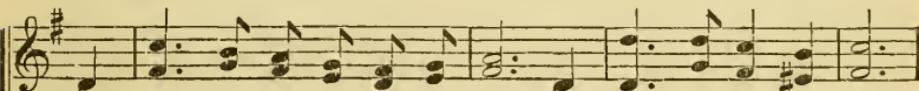
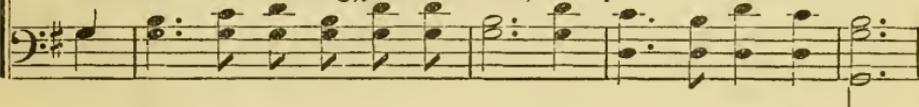
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



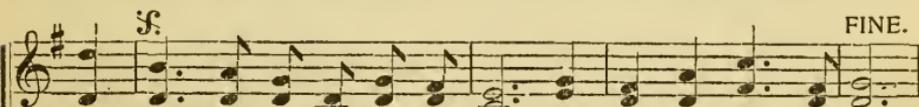
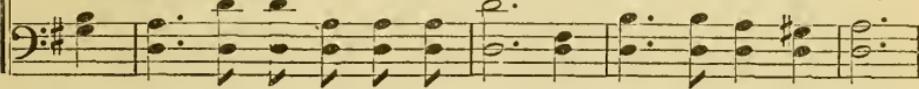
1. Oh, glo-ri-ous prom-is - es of God! Each one a price-less gem!
2. No fail - ure in His prom-is - es, But stead-fast, firm and sure,
3. Be - liev - ing them the Spir-it's pow'r Re - news and pu - ri - fies,



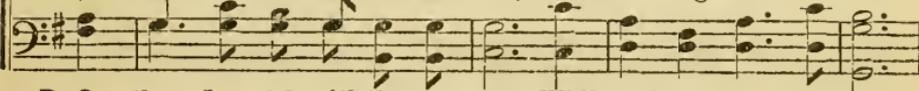
The rich - est diamonds of the earth Are naught compared to them;
The Word of our unchanging God For - ev - er shall en - dure.
Thro' Christ's all-cleansing, precious blood, Our per - fect sac - ri - fice.



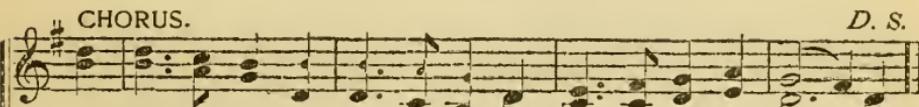
Most bless - ed boon to mor-tals giv'n, To cheer life's drear-y way;
Tho' heav'n and earth shall pass a-way, And all we love may die,
Oh, glo - ri-ous leg - a - cy of heav'n, So rich, so vast and free,



Bright lights let down to show the path To ev - er - last - ing day.
God's prom - is - es to us re-main,—On these we may re - ly.
These pre-cious prom-is - es di - vine, Se - cur - ing all to me.



D. S.—these I'm rich, with these se - cure, While end - less a - ges roll.



Sweet prom-is - es! God's prom-is-es! Dear treasures of my soul; With



F. G. BURROUGHS.

M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. "We who have be-lieved do en - ter in - to rest;" Not an anx-ious
 2. "We who have be-lieved do en - ter in - to rest;" Oh, how free we
 3. "We who have be-lieved do en - ter in - to rest;" Ev-'ry day is

care dis-turbs the trustful breast; From all un - be - lief for - ev - er -
 are from all that once depressed! What a blessed fore-taste of the
 ho - ly, ev - 'ry hour is blest; Ef-fort ceas-ing, rest-ing now in

more we cease, Kept by pow'r di - vine in sweet and per-fect peace.
 peace to come, Where we all shall gath - er in our heav'nly home!
 God are we; To His name the glo - ry ev - er-more shall be.

CHORUS.

Bless-ed rest, Oh, this is blessed rest! Tho' the waves of trouble roll,
 Blessed rest, Oh, this is blessed rest! Tho' the waves, the waves of trouble roll,

Faith has reach'd the haven of the blest, 'Tis Sabbath, Sabbath in my soul.
 Faith has reach'd the haven of the blest; 'Tis

E. R. LATTA.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Sin - ner, un-done thy con - di - tion, Thou art of Sa - tan the
 2. If thou wilt seek Him in ear - nest, Thou His for-give-ness shalt
 3. How He, on Cal - va-ry's moun - tain, Pray'd for His foes, and for-
 4. Think how the mighty Re - deem - er Triumphed o'er death and the

slave; Yet thou canst hope for sal - va - tion; Je - sus is a - ble to
 have; Thou shalt be freed from thy bondage; Je - sus is a - ble to
 gave! He will not slight thy pe - ti - tion; Je - sus is a - ble to
 grave; Seek Him, oh, seek Him or per - ish! Je - sus is a - ble to

CHORUS.

save. A - ble to save, a - ble to save,
 a - ble to save. A - ble to save,

Je - sus is a - ble and willing to save, A - ble to save, . . .
 A - ble to save,

a - ble to save, Je - sus is a - ble and will - ing to save.

W. D. CORNELL. Alt.

W. G. COOPER

1. Far a - way in the depths of my spir - it to - night, Rolls a
 2. What a treas - ure I have in this won - der - ful peace, Bur - ied
 3. I am rest - ing to - night in this won - der - ful peace, Rest - ing
 4. And me - thinks when I rise to that Cit - y of peace, Where the
 5. Ah! soul, are you here with - out com - fort or rest, March - ing

mel - o - dy sweeter than psalm; In ce - les - tial like strains it un -
 deep in the heart of my soul; So se - cure that no pow - er can
 sweet - ly in Je - sus' con - trol; For I'm kept from all dan - ger by
 Au - thor of peace I shall see, That one strain of the song which the
 down the rough pathway of time? Make Je - sus your friend ere the

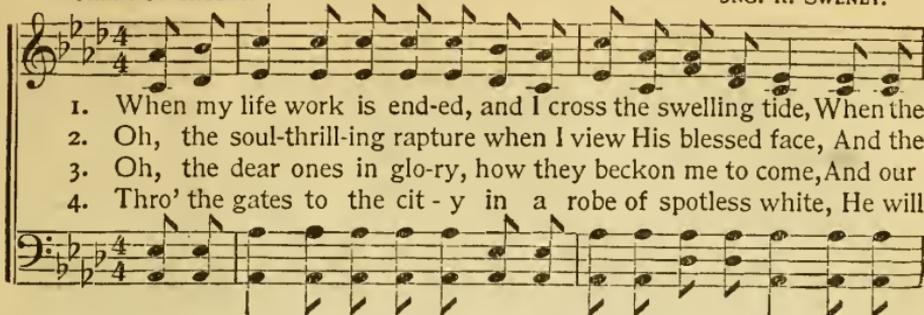
ceas - ing - ly falls O'er my soul like an in - fi - nite calm.
 mine it a - way, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
 night and by day, And His glo - ry is flood - ing my soul.
 ran - somed will sing, In that heav - en - ly king - dom shall be:—
 shad - ows grow dark; Oh, ac - cept this sweet peace so sub - lime.

CHORUS.

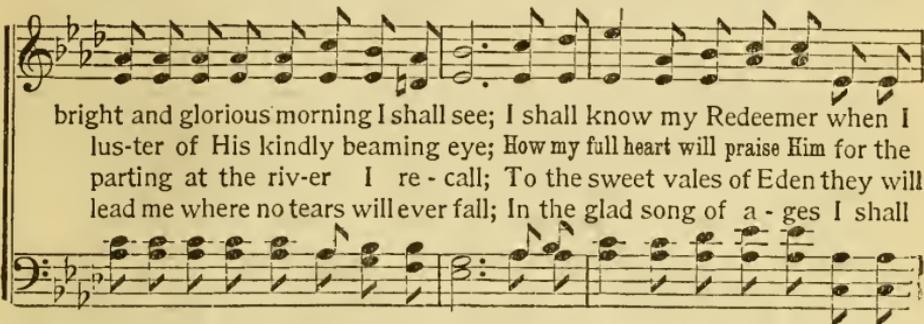
Peace! peace! Wonderful peace, Coming down from the Father above; Sweep
 o - ver my spir - it for - ev - er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

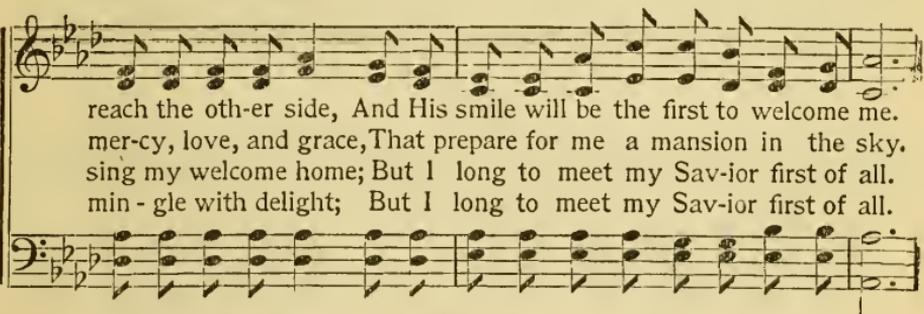
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When my life work is end-ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
 2. Oh, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His blessed face, And the
 3. Oh, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
 4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will

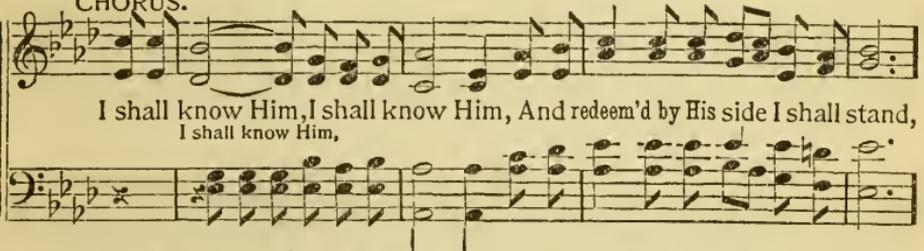


bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
 lus-ter of His kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
 parting at the riv-er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
 lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a - ges I shall

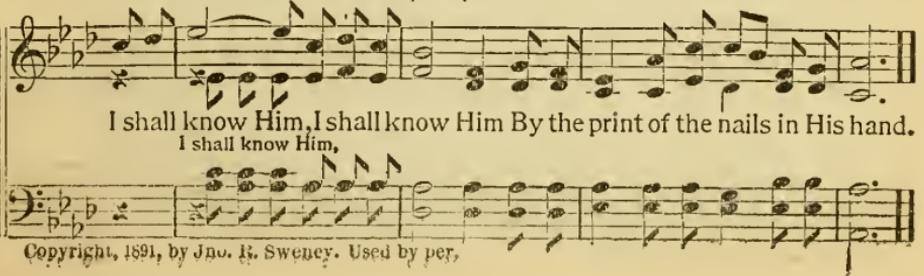


reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
 mer-cy, love, and grace, That prepare for me a mansion in the sky.
 sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
 min - gle with delight; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeem'd by His side I shall stand,
 I shall know Him,



I shall know Him, I shall know Him By the print of the nails in His hand.
 I shall know Him,

Duet. Tenor and Alto voices preferred. Tenor taking lower part as if written an octave higher.

GRACE DUFFIE ROE.

JAY ARTHUR FORD.

1. Daylight is past, Shad-ows are cast O-ver the sea and
 2. Once down our path, The storm in wrath Lashed the wild foaming
 3. O Helmsman true, The voyage through, May we but trust Thy

land;
 wave;
 hand!
 Down in the glade, Night's peaceful shade
 Dark-ness and dread Gathered o'er-head,
 Thine are the isles Where pleasure smiles,

Li - eth so near at hand. Full are the nets we've
 No hu-man arm could save. Drift-ing and lost we
 Thine the fair Beu - lah land. Each strange, new morn un-

drawn to shore; Joy's measure pressed to o - ver - flow;
 heard with fear The break-ers' roar where rocks did hide;
 veils the way To unknown seas where we must go;

Pilot of Galilee.

The reefs are passed, the tempest's roar Sinks to a whisper low.
Till thro' the gloom our souls could hear, "Lo, I will be thy guide."
Thou who didst guide thro' yes-ter-day, To-morrow's path dost know.

CHORUS.

Then tho' the tide be swift and wide, Naught can we fear on life's wild sea;

To Thee we raise our songs of praise, Pi - lot of Gal - i - lee.

151

Gloria Patri.

1. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost;
2. As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ev-er shall be, world without end. A-men.

FANNIE BOLTON.

L. E. JONES.

1. Lo, the harvest fields are wav-ing With the gold-en grain to-day,
 2. Stay not from the fields of har-vest In the burn-ing noon-tide's heat,
 3. Bind the sheaves as ev'ning gathers, Let not one be cast a-way;

Up, ye reap-ers, take your sick-les, And the Mas-ter's call o - bey.
 For the Mas-ter will re - fresh you As you bind the bearded wheat
 Each is pre-cious to the Mas - ter, La - bor on till close of day.

Forth in - to the rip'ning har-vest At the ten-der dawn of light,
 For the har-vest is the sow-ing Of His own dear love and tears,
 And thy soul with great re-joic-ing At thy Master's word shall come

Lest the gold - en grain be wast-ed, For the world's broad fields are white.
 And the wheat the souls He died to Save for ev - er - last - ing years.
 And He'll crown thee true and faithful When the sheaves are garner'd home.

CHORUS. *f* *m* *p*

"On to the harvest," the Spirit breathes, Hasten a-way nor i - dle
 On, on, on, the Spirit breathes,

On to the Harvest.

be, Amid the fields of ripening grain, On to the har - vest, lo, Jesus

pp *f*

On, on, on,

grieves, Gath-er the sheaves, gather the sheaves.

lo, Je-sus grieves, Gather the sheaves, gath-er the sheaves.

Rit.

153

All for Jesus.

MARY D. JAMES.

ARRANGED.

1. { All for Je - sus, all for Je - sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs:
All my tho'ts, and words, and doings, All my days and all my (Omit.) hours.

2. { Let my hands perform His bidding, Let my feet run in His ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus on-ly, Let my lips speak forth His (Omit.) praise.

All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days and all my hours; hours.
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth His praise; praise.

- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all beside;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the crucified.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.:||
- 4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me His beloved,
Lets me rest beneath His wings.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath His wings.:||

A. B. SIMPSON.

L. L. PICKETT.

1. I have learned the wondrous secret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;
 2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And He lives and dwells in me;
 3. All my cares I cast up - on Him, And He bears them all a - way;
 4. For my words I take His wis - dom, For my works His Spirit's pow'r,

I have found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in His word,
 I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long - er I, but He;
 All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day;
 For my ways His gracious Presence, Guards and guides me ev'ry hour;

I have tast - ed life's pure fountain, I am trusting in His blood,
 All my will is yield - ed to Him, And His Spir - it reigns with - in,
 All my strength I draw from Jesus, By His breath I live and move;
 Of my heart He is the Por - tion, Of my joy, the ceaseless Spring;

I have lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.
 And His precious blood each moment Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.
 E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
 Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep - er, Glorious Lord and com - ing King.

CHORUS.

I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -
 I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -

Abiding and Confiding.

fid - - ing in His word, And I'm hid - -
 fid-ing in His word, And con - fid-ing in His word, And I'm hid-ing, safe-ly

ing, safely hid - - ing, In the bo - som of His love.
 hid - ing, I am hid - ing, safe-ly hid - ing,

155

I Need Thee Every Hour.

ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like
2. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temptations lose their
3. I need Thee ev'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quickly and a-
4. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis'
5. I need Thee ev'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-

REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 bide, Or life is vain. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev'ry hour I
 es In me ful - fill.
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son!

need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. There is none, O Je-sus, like Thee, None so faith-ful and so true,
 2. Nev - er have I found an - oth-er Kind and lov-ing as Thou art;
 3. It was love that sought and found me, It was grace that ransomed me,
 4. Why should I not love Thee ev - er, And go with Thee all the way?

None so full of ten - der pit - y, And compassion ev - er new.
 Thou art dear-er than a broth - er, Near-er, dear-er to my heart.
 Broke the chains of sin that bound me, And for-ev - er set me free.
 Je - sus, I will leave Thee nev - er; From Thy side I will not stray.

CHORUS.

Je - - sus, Je - sus, Je - - sus, Je - sus,
 Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus, Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus,

I have never known so true a Friend be-fore; Je - - sus, Je-sus,
 Je - sus, pre-cious Je - sus,

Je - - sus, Je - sus, Dai - ly will I love Thee more and more.
 Je - sus, lov - ing Je - sus,

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

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

glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of His
 burst on my sight. An - gels, descending, bring from a - bove Ech - oes of
 hap - py and blest. Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Fill'd with His

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in His blood.
 mer - cy, whis - pers of love. This is my sto - ry, this is my
 good - ness, lost in His love.

song, Prais - ing my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my

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

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Is there a sin - ner a - wait - ing Mer - cy and par - don to - day?
 2. Brother, the Mas - ter is wait - ing, Wait - ing to free - ly for - give;
 3. Yes, He is com - ing to bless you While in con - tri - tion you bow;

Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je - sus is pass - ing this way!"
 Why not this moment ac - cept Him, Trust in His grace and live?
 Com - ing from sin to re - deem you, Read - y to save you now;

Com - ing in love and in mer - cy, Par - don and peace to be - stow,
 He is so ten - der and pre - cious, He is so near you to - day;
 Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fer - ing here?

Com - ing to save the poor sin - ner From his heart - anguish and woe.
 O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, While He is pass - ing this way.
 O - pen your heart to ad - mit Him, While He is com - ing so near.

CHORUS.

Je - sus is pass - ing this way To - day, to - day,
 Je - sus is pass - ing this way, To - day, is pass - ing to - day!

Jesus is Passing This Way.

While He is near, O be - lieve Him, Open your heart to re-ceive Him, For

Je - sus is passing this way, . . . Is pass-ing this way to - day.
this way,

159 That's Enough for Me.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. O love, sur-pass-ing knowl-edge! O grace so full and free!
2. O won - der - ful sal - va - tion, That I should ransomed be!
3. O blood of Christ so pre - cious, Poured out on Cal - va - ry!
4. O won-drous love of Je - sus! What love could sweeter be?
5. We live in sweet com-mun-ion, In ho - ly har - mo - ny;

D. S. I know that Je - sus loves me, And that's e-nough for me.
D. S. 'Tis mine, this sweet as - sur - ance, And that's e-nough for me.
D. S. It cleans - es me com - plete - ly, And that's e-nough for me.
D. S. He keeps me pure and hap - py, And that's e-nough for me.
D. S. I share His full sal - va - tion, And that's e-nough for me.

REFRAIN. D. S.
And that's e-nough for me, E - nough of joy for me;

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Watch and pray that when the Master com - eth, If at morn - ing,
 2. Watch and pray; the tempter may be near us; Keep the heart with
 3. Watch and pray, nor let us ev - er wea - ry; Je - sus watched and
 4. Watch and pray, nor leave our post of du - ty, Till we hear the

noon or night, He may find a lamp in ev - 'ry window, Trimmed and
 jeal - ous care, Lest, the door a mo - ment left un - guard - ed, E - vil
 prayed a - lone, Prayed for us when on - ly stars be - held Him, While on
 Bridegroom's voice; Then, with Him the marriage feast par - tak - ing, We shall

CHORUS.

burn - ing clear and bright. Watch and pray, the Lord com
 thoughts may en - ter there.
 Ol - ive's brow they shone.
 ev - er - more re - joice. Watch and pray the Lord com - mand - eth, Watch and

mand - - eth; Watch and pray, 'twill not be
 pray the Lord com - mand - eth; Watch and pray, 'twill not be long. Watch and

long; Soon He'll gath er home His
 pray, 'twill not be long: Soon He'll gath - er home His loved ones, Soon He'll

Watch and Pray.

loved ones To the hap - py vale of song (of song.)
gath - er home His loved ones To the hap - py vale of song, the vale of song.

161 The Half Has Never Been Told.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love Thee bet-ter, Lord, Than a - ny earth-ly joy,
2. I know that Thou art near-er still Than a - ny earth-ly throng,
3. Thou hast put glad-ness in my heart; Then well may I be glad!
4. O Sav - ior, pre-cious Sav-ior mine! What will Thy presence be,

For Thou hast giv-en me the peace Which nothing can de - stroy.
And sweet - er is the tho't of Thee, Than a - ny love - ly song.
With-out the se-cret of Thy love, I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with Thee?

CHORUS.

{ The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleans-eth me. }

yet been told,

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.
DUET. SOP. AND TENOR.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Back to the cold world I will not go, Back to the old paths of
2. Back on the night shrouded sea to die? Back, where the breakers of
3. Back to the boon friends of former days, Still walk-ing on in their

pain and of woe, Back to the old life of sin, O no! I've had a
sin toss on high? Back, 'mid the billows of doubt? Not I! I've had a
old, sin-ful ways? Back with a mes-sage of love and grace; I've had a

DUET. SOP. AND ALTO.

glimpse of Je - sus. I've found a life that is sweet-er to me,

Sweeter with peace, from un-hap-pi-ness free, Full-er of joy than the

CHORUS.

old life could be; I've had a glimpse of Jesus. { Back to the cold world I
Back to the old life of

I've Had a Glimpse of Jesus.

will not go, Back to the old paths of pain and of woe,
sin, O no! I've had a *Omit.* } glimpse of Jesus.

163

I Shall be Satisfied.

HORATIUS BONAR.

T. C. NEAL.

1. When I shall wake in that fair morn of morns, Af - ter whose dawning
2. When I shall see Thy glo - ry face to face, When in Thine arms Thou
3. When I shall meet with those that I have lov'd, Clasp in my ea-ger
4. When I shall gaze up - on the face of Him Who for me died, with

nev - er night re- turns, And with whose glo-ry day e - ter - nal burns,
wilt Thy child embrace, When Thou shalt o - pen all Thy stores of grace,
arms the long removed, And find how faith - ful Thou to me hast proved,
eye no long - er dim, And praise Him with the ev - er - last - ing hymn,

CHORUS.

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

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

EBEN E. REXFORD.
Effective as a Solo and Chorus.

Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.

1. How ma - ny times, dis - cour - aged, We sink be - side the way;
 2. Oh, soul, hast thou for - got - ten The ten - der word and sweet
 3. Take cour-age, way-worn pil - grim! Tho' mists and shadows hide

A - bout us all is dark - ness, We hard - ly dare to pray.
 Of Him who left be - hind Him The print of bleed - ing feet?
 The face of Him thou lov - est, He's ev - er at thy side.

Then, thro' the mists and shad - ows, The sweet - est voice e'er known
 "I nev - er will for - sake thee, Oh, child, so wea - ry grown;
 Reach out thy hand and find Him, And lo, the clouds have flown;

Says, "Child, am I not with thee, Nev - er to leave thee a - lone?"
 Re - mem - ber, I have prom - ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone."
 He smiles on thee who prom - ised Nev - er to leave thee a - lone.

CHORUS.

No, nev - er a - lone, . . . no, nev - er a - lone! He

Never Alone.

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

165

Away the Bowl!

F. E. B.

Arr. by F. E. BELDEN.

1. Cold wa - ter is the cup that cheers; A - way, a-way the bowl!
 2. See how the stagg'ring drunkard reels; A - way, a-way the bowl!
 3. No al - co - hol we'll buy or sell; A - way, a-way the bowl!

Old Al - co - hol is king of tears; A-way, a-way the bowl! Good-
 What shame and mis'ry he re-veals! A-way, a-way the bowl! His
 We hate it now and ey - er shall; A-way, a-way the bowl! U -

bye to rum and all its harms, Farewell the wine-cup's dread alarms,
 hun-gry chil-dren cry for bread, And from their cold, damp cellar bed,
 nit - ed in a temp'rance band, We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,

Cold wa - ter hath far sweet-er charms; A-way, a-way the bowl!
 They watch for His re - turn with dread; A-way, a-way the bowl!
 To drive the de - mon from our land; A-way, a-way the bowl!

W. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Still out of Christ, when so oft He has called you; Why will you longer re-
 2. Still out of Christ, and the moments so precious; Night is approaching; oh,
 3. Still out of Christ, yet for you there is mer-cy, If you are will-ing to
 4. Still out of Christ and the love He has promised; How you are longing that

fuse to be-lieve? What can you hope from the world or its pleas-ure?
 what will you do? Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fountain,
 turn from your sin; Yon-der He stands at the door of sal-va-tion,
 love to re-ceive! Haste where the star of your faith is di-rect-ing,

REFRAIN.

How can you trust them when both will deceive?
 Free are its wa-ters, and flow-ing for you. Come, come to Je-sus,
 Wait-ing to par-don and wel-come you in.
 Haste, and this mo-ment re-pent and be-lieve.

wea-ry, heavy-hearted, Come, come to Jesus while you may; Now He is

wait-ing, waiting to re-ceive you, Hark! He is call-ing you to-day.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

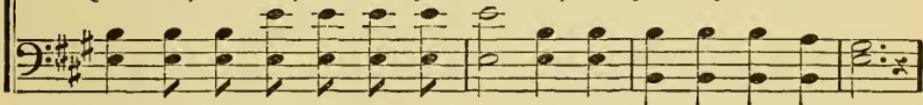
J. H. TENNEY.



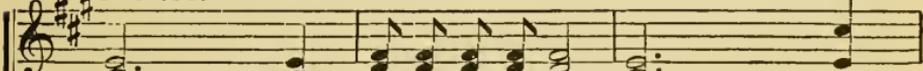
1. Clos-er to Thee, my Father, draw me, I long for Thine embrace;
2. Clos-er to Thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave Thee more;
3. Clos-er to Thee, sweet Spirit, draw me, Till I am whol-ly Thine;



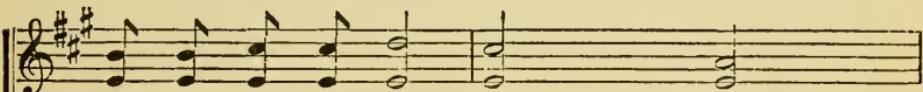
Clos - er with-in Thine arms en - fold me, I seek a rest-ing place.
 Sigh - ing to feel Thine arms a-round me, And all my wand'rings o'er.
 Quick-en, re - fine, and ful-ly cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine.



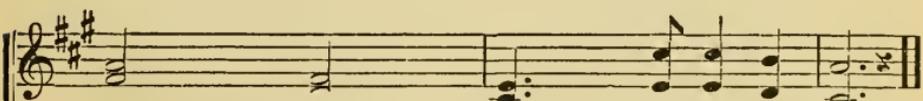
CHORUS.



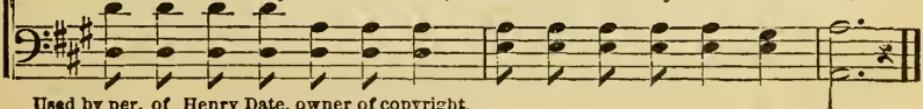
Clos - - er with the cords of love, Draw me
 Clos - er, clos-er with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to Thy-



to Thy - self a - bove; Clos - - er
 self a - - bove; Clos - er with the cords of love,



draw me To Thy-self a - bove.
 Draw me to Thy-self a - bove, Draw me to Thy-self a - bove.

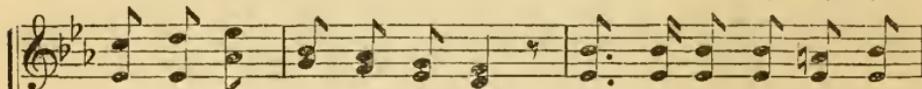
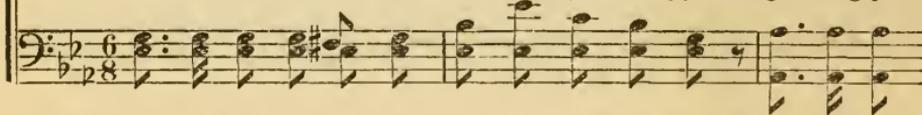


FANNIE BOLTON.

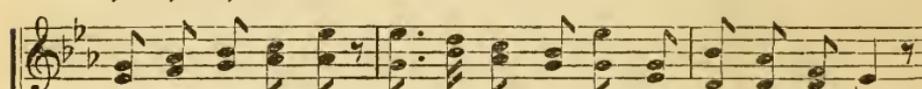
I. N. MCHOSE.



1. Look to the hill-tops, the morn-ing is break-ing, Sun - shine and
2. Look to the hill-tops, the dark-est clouds brighten, Col - ors re -
3. Look to the hill-tops, the ver-dure is ver - nal, That which was
4. Look to the hill-tops where God's angels ral-ly, Strength'ning your



glad-ness the wait-ing world cheer, O - ver the val - ley the
splen-dent tint ev - 'ry dark hue; E'en so your God shall your
hid - den is com - ing to view; Lift up your eyes to the
cour-age and help - ing you rise; No long-er look to the



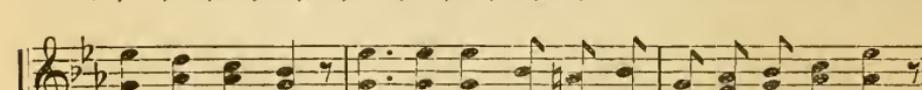
glo - ry is streaming, Shadows depart when the sun-rays ap-pear.
life-shad-ows light-en, Showing His peace and His comfort to you.
mountains e - ter - nal, Heav-en is call-ing and beck-on - ing you.
shades of the val - ley, Learn to the hill-tops to lift up your eyes.



CHORUS.



Look, look! look to the hill-tops, See the
Look to the hill-tops, O Look to the hill-tops, See



shadows de - part; Christ as the morning Will, in the glad dawning,



Look to the Hill Tops.

Rise as the sun for your shaded, sad heart.

169

"Here Am I, Send me."

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Hear the voice of love and du - ty, Call - ing thee; call - ing thee;
2. Shall the Mas - ter ask un - heed - ed, "Who will go, who will go?"
3. Liv - ing coals from God's own al - tar, Touch our lips, purge our sin;

There is work to do for Je - sus, Here and o'er the sea.
 When the Bread of Life is need - ed Ev - 'ry - where be - low.
 Love di - vine the lost ones seek - ing, Make thy home with - in.

CHORUS.

Here am I, send me, I would toil for Thee;
 Here am I, O Lord, I know Thy voice, Here am I, O Lord, Thou art my choice;

I have heard Thy call, and with joy re - ply, "Dear Savior, here am I."
 I have heard Thy call,

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
Effective as a Solo.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. By Sa - ma - ria's way - side well, Once a bless - ed mes - sage fell
2. And a lit - tle cap - tive maid, By a lep - er un - dis - mayed,
3. And a wo - man in a crowd, Without word or cry a - loud,

On a wo - man's thirst - y soul, Long a - go; And to
Told to him a sim - ple sto - ry, Long a - go; That the
Just stooped down and touched His garment, Long a - go; As her

eyes that long were sealed Was the glo - rious light re - vealed, Thro' a
stream where he might lave Had a - lone the power to save, Thro' his
ur - gent need ap - pealed, So her sin - ful soul was healed, In that

CHORUS.

fountain that was o - pened Long a - go.
trust in that old fountain, Long a - go. There's a fountain that was
fountain that was o - pened Long a - go.

opened Long a - go, Long a - go, For the heal - ing of the na - tions

The Old Fountain.

Is its flow; A-long the line of a - ges The prophets and the

sages Caught the singing of its wa-ters, Long a - go (Long a - go.)

4 As the eunuch tried to read
Philip taught him of his need,
And baptized him in the stream,
Long ago;
As the outward seal and sign
Of an inward work divine, [tain,
That was wrought thro' that old foun-
Long ago.

5 O thou fountain, deep and wide,
Flowing from the wounded side,
That was pierced for our redemption,
Long ago;
In thy ever-cleansing wave
There is found all power to save,
'Tis the power that healed the nations,
Long ago.

171

I'll Live for Him.

R. E. HUDSON.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe Thou dost receive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

Chorus D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sav - ior and my God!
And now, henceforth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!
I'll con - se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav - ior and my God!

I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav - ior and my God!

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I think of my Savior, His love and His fa - vor, And all of His
 2. The moment so precious, So ho - ly and gracious, I think of it
 3. How close was the union, And rich the com - mun - ion Be - tween the dear
 4. In glad ex - ul - ta - tion O'er con - scious sal - va - tion, I praise His a -

mer - cy di - vine; A new heart He gave me, And thus did He save me,
 joy - ful - ly still, When Jesus re - newed me, With power endued me,
 Lord and my soul; 'Twas joy full of sweetness My heart, in completeness,
 dor - a - ble name; A new heart He gave me, And thus did He save me,

CHORUS.

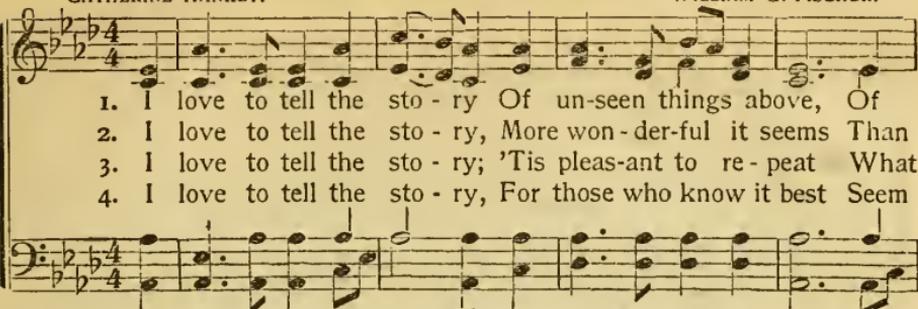
This won - der - ful Sav - ior of mine.
 And hum - bled my heart to His will. A new heart He gave me, a
 To yield to His ho - ly con - trol.
 And I will His goodness pro - claim.

new heart of love; By grace He renewed me, by grace from above; My soul He trans -

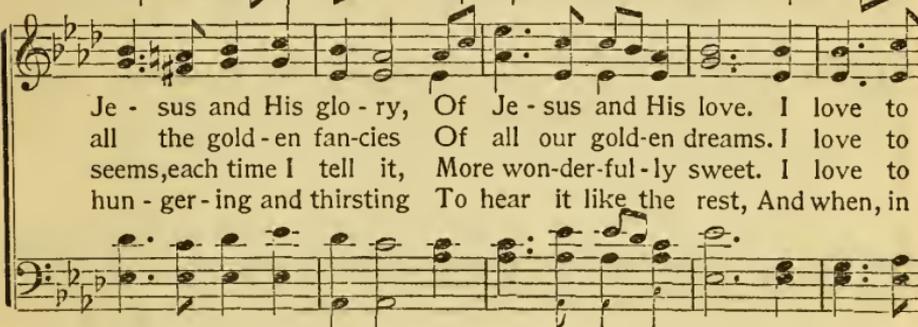
formed by His power divine, This won - der - ful Je - sus, this Sav - ior of mine.

CATHERINE HANKEY.

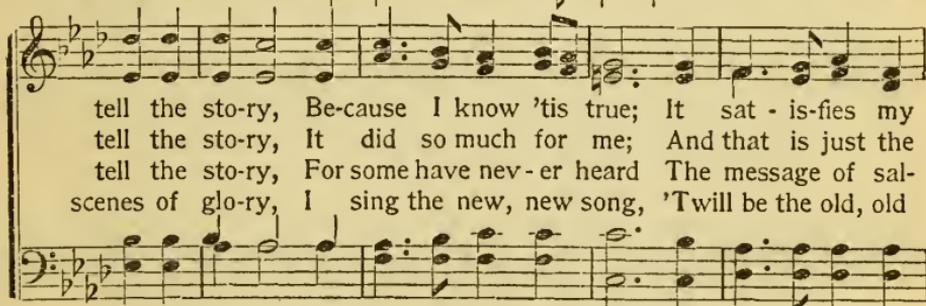
WILLIAM G. FISCHER.



1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things above, Of
 2. I love to tell the sto - ry, More won - der - ful it seems Than
 3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What
 4. I love to tell the sto - ry, For those who know it best Seem

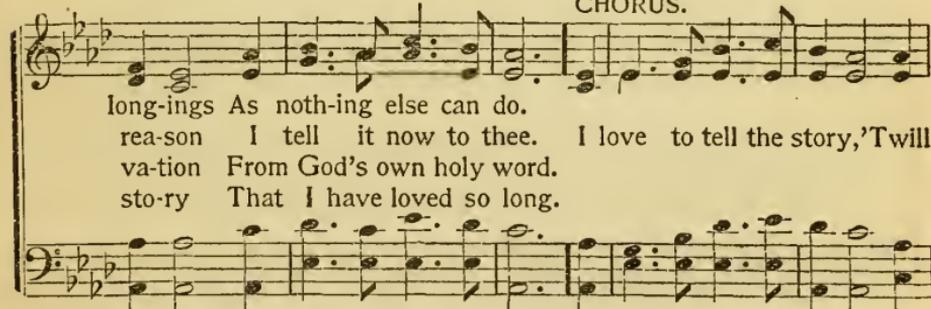


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to
 all the gold - en fan - cies Of all our gold - en dreams. I love to
 seems, each time I tell it, More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to
 hun - ger - ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest, And when, in

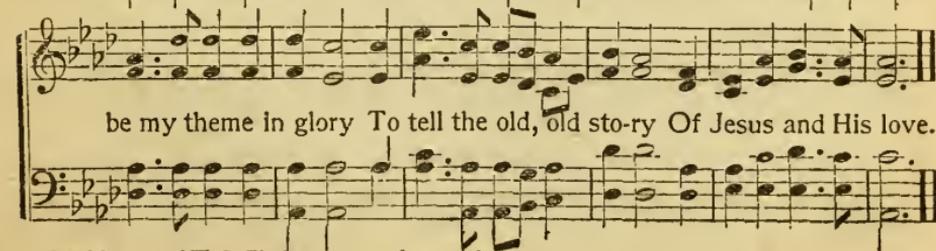


tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my
 tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me; And that is just the
 tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard The message of sal -
 scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old

CHORUS.



long - ings As noth - ing else can do.
 rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the story, 'Twill
 va - tion From God's own holy word.
 sto - ry That I have loved so long.



be my theme in glory To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Jesus and His love.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. There's a place where we may la-bor, One and all (One and all);
 2. "In the mar-ket i-dly standing, Are there more (Are there more)?"
 3. And the Mas-ter still is waiting, Call-ing still (Call-ing still),

To the har-vest fields that rip-en, Hear the call (Hear the call);
 Calls the Mas-ter of the harvest, O'er and o'er (O'er and o'er);
 "Go ye all in-to My vineyard With a will (With a will);

I - dle stand not all the day, Stow the Master's grain a-way;
 Calls the Mas-ter, far and near, "I - dle stand no long-er here,
 Be it ear-ly, be it late, I - dle there no long-er wait,

It is read-y for the gar-ner, Why de-lay (Why de-lay)?
 I will give you righteous wa-ges, Nev-er fear (Nev-er fear)."
 What is right I sure will give you, Small and great (Small and great)."

CHORUS.

Why de-lay? Haste a-way, Soon will come close of day; While the

Idle Stand Not All the Day.

gold - en har - vests wait, Ripe to fall (Ripe to fall), Stand not
 at the mark - et gate, Hear, oh, hear the Mas - ter's call,
 "Work you My de - sire, I'll give, will give you hire (give you hire)."

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

175

Jesus Shall Reign.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune:—MIGDOL, L. M.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-ces-sive journeys run;
2. From north to south the princes meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet;
3. To Him shall endless pray'r be made, And endless praises crown His head;
4. People and realms of ev'ry tongue Dwell on His love with sweetest song,

His kingdom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
 While western empires own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.
 His name like sweet perfume shall rise With ev-'ry morn-ing sac - ri - fice.
 And infant voices shall proclaim Their ear-ly bless-ings on His name.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The key signature has three sharps (F#, C#, G#), and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the treble staff.

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Let not your heart be troub-led, Neith - er be a-fraid; If
 2. Let not your heart be troub-led! Noth - ing can be-tide To
 3. Temp - ta-tions may be - set you, Tri - als ver - y sore With

ye be-lieve in God, be-lieve al - so in me; I will not leave you
 do you ill and harm, to fill you with a-larm; For in His bless-ed
 ev-'ry dawning day may meet you on the way; Let not your heart be

com-fort-less, I will come to aid; A Friend and Helper I will be.
 fel - low-ship, safe you shall abide, Se-cure beneath His shelt'ring arm.
 troub-led, but trust Him more and more, For He will be with you always.

CHORUS.

Fear not, fear not, God is on His throne; Trust Him, He who

car - eth for His own; He is a faith - ful Friend, and

God is on His Throne.

you He will de-fend, And nev - er leave His child to walk a - lone.

177

Praise His Name.

W. C. MARTIN.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. I've a message from the Lord, Praise His name, Praise His name;
 2. Oh, He guides me by His eye, Praise His name, Praise His name;
 3. I'm a sub-ject of His grace, Praise His name, Praise His name;
 Praise His name, Praise His name;

Praise His name,

And I love the precious word, Praise His name, Praise His name.
 All my needs doth He sup-ply, Praise His name, Praise His name.
 And I long to see His face, Praise His name, Praise His name.
 Praise His name, Praise His name.

Praise His name,

For it tells His love to me, Tells of mer - cy full and free,
 Day by day He leads me on By the path the saints have gone,
 He's my shel-ter from the blast, - I shall dwell with Him at last,

Of the death on Cal - va - ry, Praise His name, Praise His name.
 And His might I lean up - on, Praise His name, Praise His name.
 When afflictions here are past, Praise His name, Praise His name.
 Praise His name, Praise His name.

Praise His name,

Loyalty to the Master.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Loy-al-ty to the Master, loy-al - ty to the King; Loy-al - ty now and
 2. Loy-al-ty to the Master; letting Him lead the way; Glo-ri-ous is His
 3. Loy-al-ty to the Master; looking to Him a-lone, Turning a-way from

ev - er cheer-i - ly let us sing; Wholly at His commandment, let ev-'ry
 ban-ner, follow it ev - 'ry day In - to the midst of bat-tle, conquering
 e - vil, Jesus will keep His own; Onward, still onward pressing, seeing the

sol - dier be, Joy - ful - ly serv-ing Je - sus, serving with loy-al - ty.
 as we go, Vic - to - ry He has prom-ised o - ver the dead-ly foe.
 star-ry prize Waiting for all the faith - ful, meeting beyond the skies.

CHORUS.

Loy - al soldiers, let us joy-ful-ly march a-long, For - ward,
 Joy-ful - ly march,

for - ward, with a triumphant song; On - ward, on - ward, a
 stead-i - ly march, Joy-ful-ly, march, stead-i-ly march,

Loyalty to the Master.

happy and loyal throng, Loy-al to our Sav-ior and our King.
to our Sav-ior and our King.

179

Stand Like Caleb.

F. E. BELDEN.
With energy.

EDWIN BARNES.

1. Stand like Ca-leb, tho' the world oppose; Vic-t'ry's key-note is be-
2. Are there gi-ants in the upward way? Are their cities "walled to
3. There's a land with "milk and honey" blest, Why be faithless and faint-

liev-ing; There's no dan-ger from ten thousand foes, God's al-might-y
heaven?" Glo-ri-ous vic-t'ry shall be ours each day, Trusting God by
hearted? On Je-ho-vah's strong assurance rest, Sin's defense is

CHORUS. *cres*
pow'r re-ceiv-ing.
whom 'tis giv-en. Stand like Caleb! fear no foe, Trust, ye doubting, in Je-
now de-part-ed.

ff
hovah's might; God is leading, forward go, Never fal-ter in the cause of right.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. We'll stand by the Bi - ble, God's message to man, Re-veal-ing His
 2. No book so a-bound-ing in won-der-ful truth, No guide so un-
 3. Thro' a-ges when Faith spurn'd the fetters of Might, It shone like a
 4. We'll fol-low thy teachings, blest word from a-bove, We'll live by thy

love in Redemption's great plan; It tells how death entered with
 err - ing for child-hood and youth, No coun-sel so need-ed by
 star on the bo - som of night; Its word was the rule of the
 Pat - tern of in - fi - nite love. Be - liev - ing, o - bey - ing, and

sin and the fall, Of life free-ly of-fered thro' Je - sus to all.
 man in his bloom, No com-fort so sweet on the verge of the tomb.
 mill-ions who bled, Its hope was their stay when the last pray'r was said.
 watching with pray'r, Till grace shall for heaven our spir-its pre - pare.

REFRAIN.

{ Stand by the Bi - ble, walk by the Bi - ble, Teach by the
 { Stand by the Bi - ble, stud - y the Bi - ble, Live by the

Bi - ble, re - veal - ing God's plan;
 Bi - ble, *Omit.* } God's message to man.

181 The Story That Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES.

M. L. McPHAIL.

1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
 2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the
 3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my
 4. When sor - row is mine, and on pil - lows of stone My ach - ing head
 5. When down in the "valley and shad - ow of Death," I en - ter the

ev - er is new, The message that saints of all a - ges have told,
 pris - on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto - ry came in
 way - wear - y feet; It tells of the Rock that is high - er than I,
 seeks for re - pose, This story brings comfort and peace from the throne,
 gloom of the grave, I'll tell the old sto - ry with life's lat - est breath,

CHORUS.

The message so ten - der and true.
 And led me tri - umph - ant - ly out.
 And leads to its bliss - ful re - treat. The sto - ry that nev - er grows
 My des - ert blooms forth like the rose.
 Of Christ and His power to save. that

old, Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told: The
 nev - er grows old, 'tis told:

story so dear, bringing heav'n so near, Sweet story that never grows old.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Tune:—DENNIS. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris-tian love;
 2. Be - fore our Fa-ther's throne We pour our ar - dent pray'rs;
 3. We share our mu - tual woes; Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
 4. When we a - sun - der part, It gives us in - ward pain;

The fel - low - ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com-forts and our cares.
 And of - ten for each oth - er flows The sym-pa - thiz - ing tear.
 But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

W. WILLIAMS.

Tune:—ZION. 8, 7, 4.

1. { Guide me, oh, Thou great Jehovah, Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
 I am weak but Thou art mighty, Hold me with Thy pow'ful hand; } Bread of

heaven, Feed me till I want no more; Bread of heaven, Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now 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 my anxious fears subside;
 Bear me thro' the swelling current;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;

||: Songs of praises

I will ever give to Thee.:||

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune:—HURSLEY, L. M.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Savior dear, It is not night if Thou be near:
 2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen - tly steep,
 3. Abide with me from morn till eve, For without Thee I can - not live;
 3. If some poor wand'ring child of Thine Have spurned to-day the voice divine,

O may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
 Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Savior's breast.
 A-bide with me when night is nigh, For with-out Thee I dare not die.
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin; Let him no more lie down in sin.

A. M. TOPLADY.

Tune:—TOPLADY, 7s.
FINE.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee:
 D. C.—Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wounded side which flow'd.

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.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sav - ior died, Down where for cleans -
 2. I am so won - drous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet -
 3. Oh, pre - cious foun - tain, that saves from sin, I am so glad
 4. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul

ing from sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;
 ly a - bides with - in; There at the cross where He took me in;
 I have en - tered in; There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean,
 at the Sav - ior's feet; Plunge in to - day and be made complete;

D. S.—*There to my heart was the blood ap - plied;*

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

Glo - ry to His name. Glory to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

Glo - ry to His name!

Used by per.

C. WORDSWORTH.

Tune:—MENDEBRAS. 7. 5.

1. { O day of rest and glad - ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad - ness, Most beau - ti - ful, most bright; }
 2. { To - day on wea - ry na - tions The heav'nly man - na falls; }
 { To ho - ly con - vo - ca - tions The sil - ver trum - pet calls, }
 3. { New grac - es ev - er gain - ing From this our day of rest, }
 { We reach the rest re - main - ing To spir - its of the blest; }

O Day of Rest and Gladness.

On thee, the high and low - ly, Through a - ges joined in tune,
Where gos-pel light is glow - ing With pure and ra-diant beams,
To Ho - ly Ghost be prais - es, To Fa - ther, and to Son;

Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.
And liv - ing wa - ter flow-ing With soul - re - fresh-ing streams.
The Church 'er voice up - rais-es To Thee, blest Three in One.

188

There is a Fountain.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Tune:—FOUNTAIN. C. M.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
And sinners plunged beneath that flood, *Omit.* }
D.C.—And sinners plunged beneath that flood, *Omit.*

2 FINE. D. C.
Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, tho' 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.

4 E'er since by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme
And shall be, till I die.

5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor, lisping, stamm'ring
Lies silent in the grave.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

Tune:—OLIVET. 6, 7.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
 2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
 3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
 4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sull-en stream

Sav - ior di - vine! Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast died for me, Oh, may my
 Be Thou my Guide: Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis -

guilt a - way, Oh, let me from this day, Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re-move; Oh, bear me safe a - bove, A ran-somed soul!

Come Thou Almighty King.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—ITALIAN HYMN. 6s, 4s.

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
 2. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear,
 3. To Thee, great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be;

Come Thou Almighty King.

Help us to praise! Fa-ther all glo-ri-ous, O'er all vic-
 In this glad hour. Thou, who al-might-y art, Now rule in
 Hence, ev-er-more; Thy sovereign maj-es-ty May we in

to-ri-ous, Come, and reign o-ver us, An-cient of Days.
 ev-'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir-it of pow'r.
 glo-ry see, And to e-ter-ni-ty Love and a-dore.

191

The Great Physician.

WM. HUNTER.

Arr. by J. H. STOCKTON.

1. { The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je-sus, }
 { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus. }
 2. { Your ma-n-y sins are all for-giv'n, Oh! hear the voice of Je-sus, }
 { Go on your way in peace to heav'n, And wear a crown with Je-sus. }

D. S.—Sweet-est car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, bless-ed Je-sus.

REFRAIN.

D. S.

Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on mor-tal tongue;

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

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

192 All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

EDW. PERRONET.

Tune:—CORONATION. C. M.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je-sus' name! Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
 2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
 3. Ye chos - en seed of Israel's race, Ye ransomed from the fall,
 4. Sin - ners whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all;
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all.
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.

5 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe
 On this terrestrial ball,
 ||: To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.:||

6 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall!
 ||: We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.:||

193 A Charge to Keep I Have.

CHAS. WESLEY.

Tune:—BOYLSTON. S. M

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
 2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill,
 3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live;
 4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,

A Charge to Keep I Have.

A ne-ver dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
 O may it all my pow'rs engage, To do my Mas - ter's will.
 And oh, Thy servant, Lord, pre-pare A strict ac-count to give.
 As-sured if I my trust be - tray, I shall for - ev - er die.

194

What a Friend.

H. BONAR.

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear!

F. FINE.
 What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev'ry thing to God in pray'r!
 D. S.—*All be-cause we do not car - ry, Ev'ry thing to God in pray'r!*

D. S.
 Oh, what peace we oft-en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear,

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.

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

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.
FINE.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side; }
 { Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land. }
 2. { Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, }
 { Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear. }
 3. { When our days of toil shall cease, Wait - ing still for sweet re - lease, }
 { Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r, Wond'ring if our names are there; }

D. C.—Whisp'ring softly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.
 Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
 When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint and hopes give o'er,
 Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood;

GEO. ROBINSON.

Tune:—NETTLETON. 8, 7, D.

FINE.

1. { Come, Thou fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, }
 { Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }

D. C.—Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.

D. C.
 Teach me some me - lo - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues above.

- 2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by Thy help I'm come;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.
- 3 Oh, 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, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune:—ARLINGTON. C. M

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

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

198 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—MARTYN. 7. D.
FINE.

1. { Je-sus, lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo-som fly,
 While the nearer wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }
 D.C.—Safe in-to the ha-ven guide, Oh, re-ceive my soul at last.

D.C.
 Hide me, O my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past.

2 Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
 Leave, oh, 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 Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
 More than all in Thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is Thy name;
 I am all unrighteousness;
 Vile and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—LENOX. H. M.

1. Blow ye the trumpet, blow, The glad-ly solemn sound, Let all the
 2. Je-sus, our great High Priest, Has full atonement made; Ye wea-ry
 3. Ex - alt the Lamb of God, The sin a - ton-ing Lamb; Re-demp-tion

nations know, To earth's remotest bound; The year of Ju-bi-lee is come,
 spir-its, rest; Ye mourning souls, be glad; The year of Ju-bi-lee is come,
 by His blood Thro' all the world proclaim; The year of Ju-bi-lee is come,

The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sinners, home.
 The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sinners, home.
 The year of Ju - bi - lee is come, Re-turn, ye ransomed sinners, home.

200 When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune:—EUCHARIST. L. M.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross, On which the Prince of glo-ry died,
 2. For-bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
 4. Were the whole realm of nature mine, That were a present far too small;

When I Survey the Wondrous Cross.

My richest gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
 All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri - fice them to His blood.
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet, Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
 Love so a-maz-ing, so di-vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all.

201 Bringing in the Sheaves.

KNOWLES SHAW.

GEO. A. MINOR.

1. { Sow-ing in the morn-ing, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the
 Waiting for the har-vest, and the time of reap-ing, *Omit.* . . .
 2. { Sow-ing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadows, Fear-ing neither
 By and by the har-vest, and the la - bor end - ed, *Omit.*
 3. { Go then, ev - er weep-ing, sow-ing for the Mas-ter, Tho' the loss sus-
 When our weeping's o-ver, He will bid us welcome, *Omit.* . . .

noon-tide and the dewy eyes; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
 clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
 tained our spirit often grieves; We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

OHRUUS.

Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
After Repeat D. S. to Fine.

Love Divine.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune:—LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7, D.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
 2. Breathe, O breathe Thy loving Spirit In - to ev - 'ry troubled breast!
 3. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spotless let us be;

Fix in us Thy hum-ble dwelling; All Thy faithful mer-cies crown.
 Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find the prom-ised rest.
 Let us see Thy great sal-va-tion Per-fect - ly re - stored in Thee:

D.S.—Vis-it us with Thy sal-va-tion; En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.

D.S.—End of faith, as its be-gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.

D.S.—Till we cast our crowns before Thee, Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Je-sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
 Take a-way our bent to sin-ning; Alpha and O-me-ga be;
 Changed from glo-ry in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Revive Us Again.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
 2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
 3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
 4. All glo - ry and praise to the God of all grace,

Revive Us Again.

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
 Who has shown us our Sav - ior and scat - tered our night.
 Who has borne all our sins and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
 Who has bought us, and sought us, and guid - ed our ways.

REFRAIN.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glory; Hal - le - lu - jah! a - men! Re - vive us a - gain,

204 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove.

ISAAC WATTS.

Tune:—ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav'nly Dove, With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 2. Look, how we grov - el here be - low, Fond of these earthly toys;
 3. In vain we tune our for - mal songs, In vain we strive to rise;

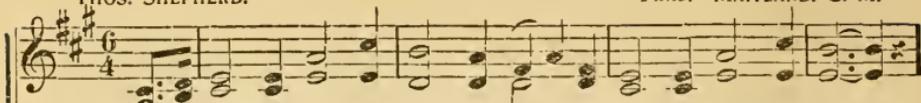
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.
 Our souls, how heav - i - ly they go, To reach e - ter - nal joys.
 Ho - san - nas lan - guish on our tongues, And our de - vo - tion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying rate,
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And Thine to us so great?

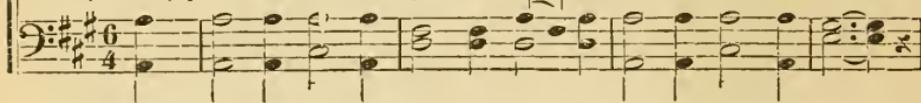
5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
 With all Thy quick'ning pow'rs;
 Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

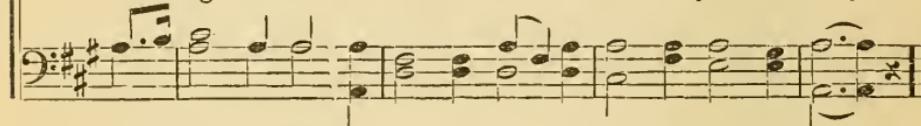
Tune:—MAITLAND. C. M.



1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se-crat - ed cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je-sus' pierc-ed feet,
4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown, Oh, res-ur-rec-tion day!



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

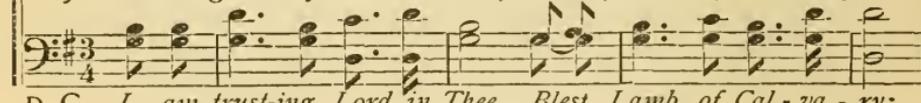


WM. McDONALD.

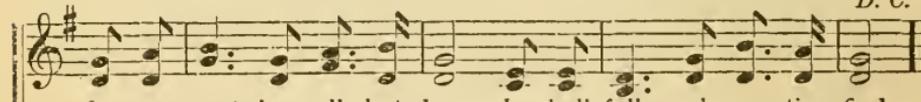
WM. G. FISCHER.



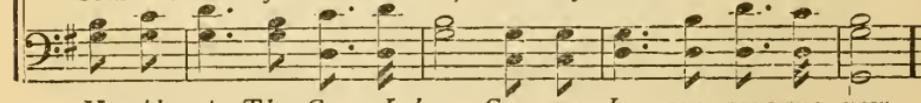
1. I am com - ing to the Cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for Thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;



D. C.—*I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;*

D. C.

I am count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je-sus sweet-ly speaks to me,—“I will cleanse you from all sin.”
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be,— Wholly Thine for - ev - er - more.



Humbly at Thy Cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

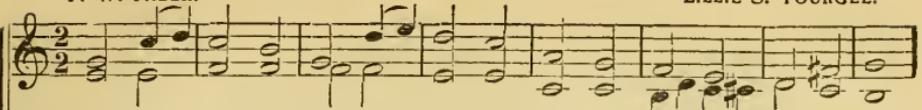
- 4 In Thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied:
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

- 5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
 Perfected in Him I am;
 I am every whit made whole:
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

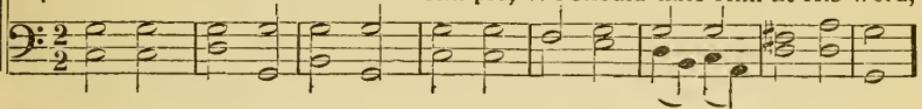
207 There's a Wideness in God's Mercy.

F. W. FABER.

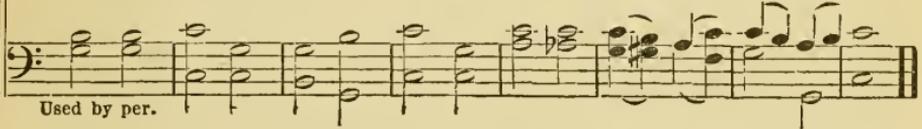
LIZZIE S. TOURGEE.



1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more grac-es for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;



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



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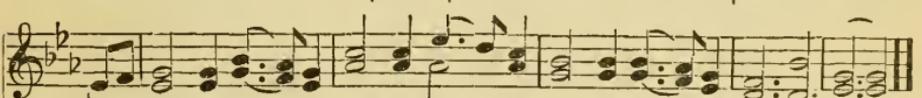
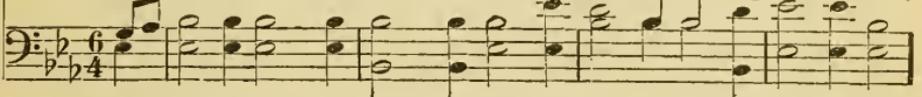
208 Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

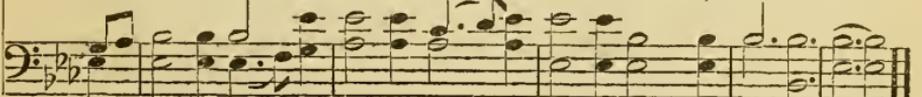
Tune:—WOODWORTH. L. M.



1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, riches, healing of the mind,



And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Fight-ings within and fears with-out, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Yea, all I need, in Thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!



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

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

REGINALD HEBER.

Tune:—NICEA. 11, 12, 10.

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

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

mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!
 fall-ing down before Thee, Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.
 there is none beside Thee, Per-fect in pow'r, in love and pur - i - ty.
 mer - ci - ful and mighty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin-i - ty!

My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH.

Tune:—LABAN. S. M.

1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thous-and foes a - rise,
 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er,
 3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor once at ease sit down;
 4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God:

My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

And hosts of sin are press-ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
 Re - new it bold - ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
 Thine arduous work will not be done Till thou hast got the crown.
 He'll take thee, at thy part-ing breath, Up to His blest a - bode.

211

O Happy Day.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Tune:—HAPPY DAY. L. M.

1. { O happy day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Savior and my God! }
 { Well may this glowing heart re-joyce, And tell its raptures all a-broad. }
 2. { O happy bond, that seals my vows To Him who merits all my love! }
 { Let cheer-ful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move. }

FINE.

Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way;
 D.S.—Hap - py day, hap - py day, When Je - sus washed my sins a - way.

D S.

He taught me how to watch and pray, And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
 I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess the voice divine.</p> | <p>4 Now rest, my long divided heart,
 Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
 With Him of every good possessed.</p> |
|--|--|

J. H. S.

J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely
 2. For Jesus shed His precious blood Rich blessings to bestow, Plunge now into the
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in Him with-
 4. Come, then, and join this holy band, And on to glo-ry go, To dwell in that ce-

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trust-ing in His word. On-ly trust Him, only trust Him,
 crim-son flood That washes white as snow. Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,
 out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest. Don't reject Him, don't reject Him,
 les - tial land, Where joys immortal flow. I will trust Him, I will trust Him,

On - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 Come to Je - sus now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 Don't reject Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.
 I will trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

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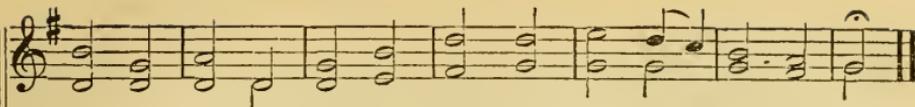
213 I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

Tune:—ST. THOMAS. S. M.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode, The
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand, Dear
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend, To
 4. Be - yond my high - est joy I prize her heav - 'nly ways, Her

I Love Thy Kingdom, Lord.



Church our blest Re - deem-er saved With His own pre-cious blood.
as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thine hand.
her my cares and toils be giv'n, Till toils and cares shall end.
sweet communion, sol - emn vows, Her hymns of love and praise.



214

Oh, Could I Speak.

S. MEDLEY.

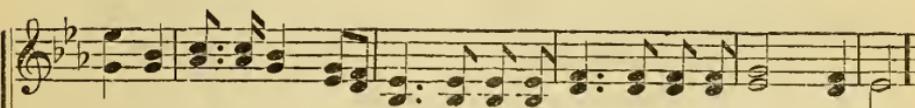
Tune:—ARIEL. C. P. M.



1. Oh, could I speak the matchless worth, Oh, could I sound the glories forth
2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood He spilt, My ransom from the dreadful guilt
3. Well—the de - light-ful day will come, When my dear Lord will bring me home,



Which in my Sav-ior shine, I'd soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with
Of sin and wrath divine! I'd sing His glo-rious righteousness, In which all
And I shall see His face: Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend, A blest e-

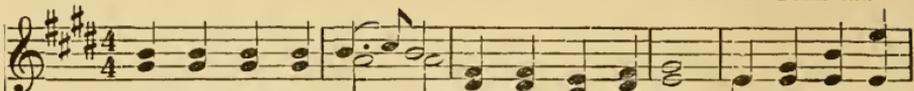


Gabriel while he sings In notes almost divine, In notes almost di-vine.
perfect heav'nly dress My soul shall ever shine, My soul shall ev - er shine.
ter - ni-ty I'll spend, Triumphant in His grace, Triumphant in His grace.

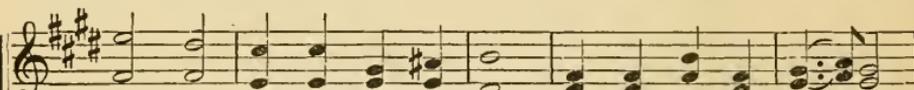
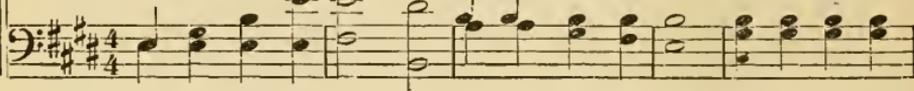


SABINE BARING-GOULD.

ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



1. On-ward, Christian sol-diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of
2. Like a might-y ar - my Moves the Church of God, Brothers, we are
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of
4. On-ward, then, ye peo - ple! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your



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



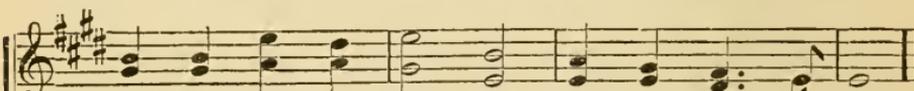
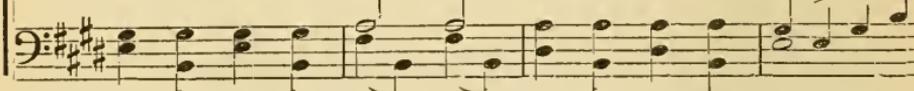
Leads a - gainst the foe; For - ward in - to bat - tle, See, His banners go!
All one bod - y we, One in hope and doctrine, One in char - i - ty.
'Gainst that Church prevail, We have Christ's own promise, And that cannot fail.
Un - to Christ the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



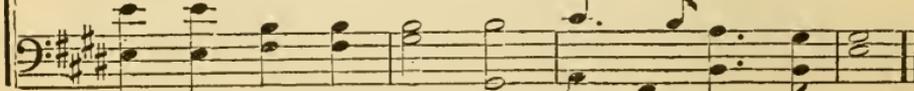
CHORUS.



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



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



GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr.

Tune:—WEBB.

1. { Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol - diers of the cross; }
 { Lift high His roy - al ban - ner, It must not (Omit.) } suf - fer loss;

D. C.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished and Christ is (Omit.) Lord indeed.

From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His ar - my shall He lead,

2 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.

3 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.

217 The Morning Light is Breaking. 218 Reapers of Life's Harvest.

Tune above.

Tune above.

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 See heathen nations bending
 Before the God of love,
 And thousand hearts ascending
 In gratitude above;
 While sinners, now confessing,
 The gospel's call obey,
 And seek a Savior's blessing,
 A nation in a day.

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."
 SAMUEL SMITH.

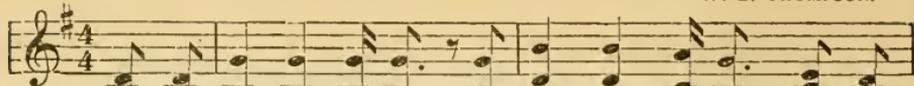
1 Ho, reapers of life's harvest,
 Why stand with rusted blade
 Until the night draws round thee,
 And day begins to fade;
 Why stand ye idly waiting,
 For reapers more to come?
 The golden morn is passing,
 Why sit ye idle, dumb?

2 Thrust in your sharpened sickle,
 And gather in the grain;
 The night is fast approaching,
 And soon will come again;
 The Master calls for reapers,
 And shall He call in vain?
 Shall sheaves lie there ungathered,
 And waste upon the plain?

3 Come down from hill and mountain,
 In morning's ruddy glow,
 Nor wait until the dial
 Points to the noon below,
 And come with stronger sinews
 Nor faint in heat or cold,
 And pause not till the evening
 Draws round its wealth of gold.
 J. B. WOODBURY.

W. L. T.

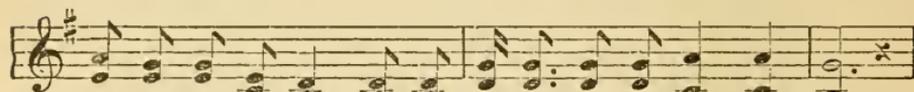
W. L. THOMPSON.



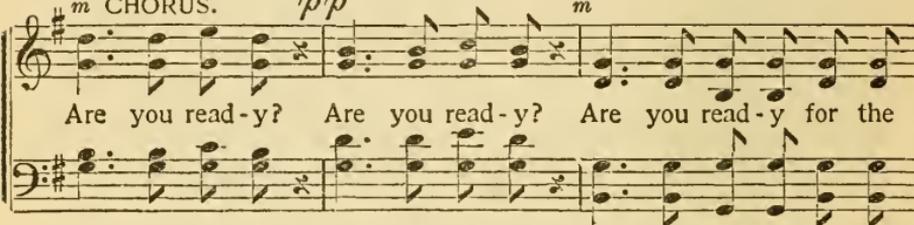
1. There's a great day com-ing, A great day com-ing, There's a
2. There's a bright day com-ing, A bright day com-ing, There's a
3. There's a sad day com-ing, A sad day com-ing, There's a



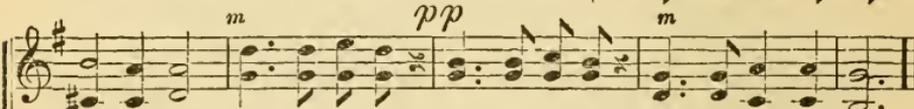
great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
bright day coming by and by, But the brightness shall on-ly come to
sad day coming by and by, When the sinner shall hear his doom, "De-



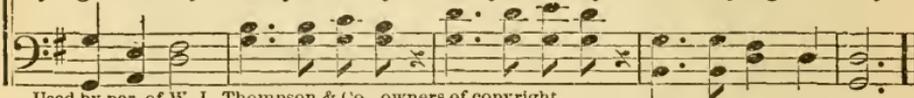
part - ed right and left; Are you read-y for that day to come?
those who love the Lord; Are you read-y for that day to come?
part, I know ye not;" Are you read-y for that day to come?

m CHORUS.*pp**m*

Are you read-y? Are you read-y? Are you read-y for the



judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready For the judgment day?



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220 Jesus Hath Done All Things Well.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

Arr. by M. L. McPHAIL.



1. I sing the praise of Him to-day Who wash'd my many sins away;
2. I mar - vel at His grace to me, It is so boundless, rich and free;
3. A bless-ed life it is to be, Thro' Jesus, saved so wondrously;
4. Oh, wondrous peace! Oh, sacred rest! In Him I am supremely blest;



CHO.—And above the rest this note shall swell, This note shall swell, this note shall swell;
Copyright, 1894, by Henry Date.

Jesus Hath Done All Things Well.

D. C. for Chorus.

His love is more than tongue can tell; My Jesus hath done all things well.
 His grace is more than tongue can tell; My Jesus hath done all things well.
 His pow'r is more than tongue can tell; My Jesus hath done all things well.
 His peace is more than tongue can tell; My Jesus hath done all things well.

And above the rest this note shall swell; My Jesus hath done all things well.

221 How Firm a Foundation.

GEORGE KEITH.

Tune:—PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
 Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
 What more can He say than to you He hath said,—
 To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

2 "Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed,
 For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
 Upheld by my gracious, omnipotent hand.

3 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not—I will not desert to his foes;
 That soul—though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never—no never—no never forsake."

222

Oh, Turn Ye.

Tune above.

1 Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die,
 When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
 Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, come,
 And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 In riches, in pleasure, what can you obtain,
 To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
 To bear up your spirit, when summoned to die,
 Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;
 Oh, how can you question if you will believe?
 If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
 'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home. J. HOPKINS.

E. W. BLANDY. Alt.

Arr. by M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing, I have heard my Sav-ior call-ing,
 2. Tho' He leads me thro' the valley, Tho' He leads me thro' the valley,
 3. Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, Tho' He leads me thro' the garden,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will follow, Where He leads me I will follow,

I have heard my Savior calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
 Tho' He leads me thro' the val-ley, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
 Tho' He leads me thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Arrangement copyright, 1898, by Henry Date.

Where He leads me I will follow, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

- 4 ||: Tho' He leads me to the conflict, :|| 6 ||: He will give me grace and glory, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. He will keep me, keep me all the way.
 5 ||: Tho' He leads thro' fiery trials, :|| 7 ||: Oh, 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :||
 I'll go with Him, with Him all the way. And be with Him, with Him all the way.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH.

LOWELL MASON.

1. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Ye wan-d'rers, come;
 2. To - day the Sav - ior calls; Oh, hear Him now;
 3. To - day the Sav - ior calls; For ref - uge fly;
 4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r,

O ye be - night - ed souls, Why long - er roam?
 With - in these sa - cred walls To Je - sus bow.
 The storm of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh.
 Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

S. F. SMITH.

Tune:—AMERICA.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty,
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free,
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
 4. Our fa - thers' God, to Thee, Au - thor of lib - er - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the
 Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
 Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal tongues a - wake, Let all that
 To Thee we sing; Long may our land be bright, With freedom's

cres.
 pil - grims' pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side, Let free - dom ring.
 tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills, Like that a - bove.
 breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 ho - ly light, Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King.

The Lord's Prayer.

Reverently.

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

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I heard of a Sav - ior who sought for the lost, Deep
 2. I've prov'd this dear Sav - ior in sun and in show'r, In
 3. The full - ness of bless - ing is His to be - stow, Then

riv - ers He ford - ed, high moun - tains He crossed, To
 joy's blooming sum - mer, and grief's win - try hour, He
 straight to the Mas - ter I'll trust - ful - ly go, And

find them, to save them, what - ev - er the cost, To
 still is my Ref - uge, my Rock and my Tow'r, My
 ask that the pow'r of His Spir - it He'll show, His

bring them from dark - ness to day. I heard of this
 Com - fort and Strength ev - 'ry day. What - ev - er the
 won - der - ful grace He'll dis - play; And when these short

Sav - ior, and humb - ly I came, A poor guilt - y sin - ner, His
 trou - ble, what - ev - er the need, I'll lean on His bo - som, His
 pil - grim - age days shall pass by, I'll come to the gates of the

He Never Will Turn Me Away.

mer - cy to claim, And now I'm re - joic - ing thro'
 prom - ise I'll plead, And find Him a Help - er, a
 Cit - y on high; Oh, then from the man - sions be -

faith in His name, He nev - er will turn me a - way.
 Broth - er in - deed, He nev - er will turn me a - way.
 yond the blue sky, He nev - er will turn me a - way.

CHORUS.

He nev - er will turn me a - way, He nev - er will
 He nev - er will turn me a - way, He

turn me a - way, I asked Him to save me, He
 nev - er will turn me a - way,

free - ly for - gave me; He nev - er will turn me a - way.

SIDNEY DYER.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the morning hours; Work while the
 2. Work, for the night is com-ing, Work thro' the sun-ny noon; Fill brightest
 3. Work, for the night is com-ing, Un - der the sun-set skies; While their bright

dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs; Work when the day grows brighter,
 hours with la-bor, Rest comes sure and soon; Give ev-'ry fly - ing min - ute,
 tints are glowing, Work, for day-light flies; Work till the last beam fadeth,

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.
 Something to keep in store; Work, for the night is coming, When man works no more.
 Fad-eth to shine no more; Work while the night is dark'ning, When man's work is o'er.

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B. BARTON.

Tune:—MANOAH. C. M.

1. Walk in the light, so shalt thou know That fel-low-ship of love,
 2. Walk in the light, and thou shalt find Thy heart made truly His,
 3. Walk in the light, and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed a-way,
 4. Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb No fear-ful shade shall wear;
 5. Walk in the light, thy path shall be Peaceful, se-rene and bright,

Walk in the Light.

His Spir-it on - ly can be - stow, Who reigns in light a - bove.
 Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined, In whom no darkness is.
 Be-cause the light has on thee shone In which is per - fect day.
 Glo - ry shall chase a-way the gloom, For Christ hath conquer'd there.
 For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee, And God Him-self is light.

230 Nearer, My God, to Thee.

SARAH F. ADAMS.

Tune:—BETHANY. 6, 4, 6.

1. Near - er, my God, to Thee, Near - er to Thee; E'en tho' it
 2. Tho' like a wan - der - er, The sun gone down, Dark - ness be
 3. There let the way ap - pear Steps un - to heav'n; All that Thou
 4. Then with my waking tho'ts Bright with Thy praise, Out of my
 5. Or if on joy - ful wing, Cleav - ing the sky, Sun, moon and

be a cross That rais - eth me, Still all my song shall be
 o - ver me, My rest a stone; Yet in my dreams I'd be
 send - est me, In mer - cy giv'n; An - gels to beck - on me
 sto - ny griefs Beth - el I'll raise; So by my woes to be
 stars for - got, Up - ward I fly, Still all my song shall be

Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer, my God, to Thee! Nearer to Thee!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O the morning, hap-py morn-ing, That will break on yonder shore,
 2. O the morning, blissful morn-ing, That from ev - 'ry care is free,
 3. O the morning, gold-en morn-ing, We shall see it by and by,

When the march of life is end-ed, And our har-vest work is o'er;
 And for-ev-er with our Sav-ior And Re-deem-er we shall be;
 Faith be-holds it in the dis-tance, And its dawning draweth nigh.

When we stand a-mid the gloaming, And our hearts with joy are bright,
 When the sil-ver cord is bro-ken, And our spir-its wing their flight,
 Here we part, for time is fleet-ing, Ev-er fad-ing from our sight,

While we say to those a-round us, With a lov-ing smile, Good night.
 On-ly pausing till our dear ones Catch the loving words, Good night.
 But in yon-der hap-py mor-row We shall nev-er say Good night.

CHORUS. *A little faster.*

Good night, good night, Till we meet in the morning light; Good
 Good night, good night, good night;

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Good Night.

night till we meet at the Savior's feet, In that land where all is bright.

232

Yes, He Will.

W. S. W.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. Will Jesus hear me when I pray? Yes, O yes, He will; And bid the darkness
2. Will Jesus come and speak to me? Yes, O yes, He will; And set my captive
3. Will Jesus cleanse my heart from sin? Yes, O yes, He will; And then for-ev-er

CHORUS.

flee a-way? Yes, O yes, He will.
 spir-it free? Yes, O yes, He will. Yes, He will, O yes, He will, He will.
 dwell within? Yes, O yes, He will.

ev-er near abide; Keep my many needs supplied. Yes, O yes, He will. He will.

4 Will Jesus then supply my need?
 Yes, O yes, He will;
 My soul with heav'nly manna feed?
 Yes, O yes, He will.

6 Will Jesus give me dying grace?
 Yes, O yes, He will;
 Permit me then to see His face?
 Yes, O yes, He will.

5 Will Jesus fill me with His power?
 Yes, O yes, He will;
 When I approach the dying hour?
 Yes, O yes, He will.

7 Will Jesus lead me up the way?
 Yes, O yes, He will;
 Throughout the land of endless day?
 Yes, O yes, He will.

J. E. RANKIN.

W. G. TOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet a - gain, By His counsels guide up
 2. God be with you till we meet a - gain, 'Neath His wings protecting,
 3. God be with you till we meet a - gain, When life's perils thick con-
 4. God be with you till we meet a - gain, Keep love's banner floating

hold you, With His sheep se - cure - ly fold you,
 hide you, Dai - ly man - na still pro - vide you,
 found you, Put His arms un - fail - ing round you,
 o'er you, Smite death's threat'ning wave be - fore you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a - gain. Till we meet, till we
 Till we meet, till we

meet, Till we meet at Je - sus' feet, Till we
 meet, till we meet, till we meet,

meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
 Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,

W. SHIRLEY.

Tune:—SICILY.

1. Lord, dis-miss us with Thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
 2. Thanks we give and ad - o - ra - tion, For Thy gos-pel's joy-ful sound;
 3. So, when-e'er the sig-nal's giv-en Us from earth to call a-way,

Let us each Thy love pos - sess-ing, Triumph in re - deem-ing grace.
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va - tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.
 Borne on an-gels' wings to heav-en, Glad the summons to o - bey,

O re-fresh us! O re-fresh us! Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.
 May Thy presence, may Thy presence With us ev - er-more be found.
 May we read-y, may we read-y, Rise and reign in end-less day.

THOMAS KEN.

Tune:—OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow; Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'nly host; Praise Father, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost.

L. R. M.

LUCY RIDER MEYER.



1. Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! We say it in joy - ful tone;
2. Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! The harvest im - mor - tal stands
3. Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! Again we unite heart and hand,

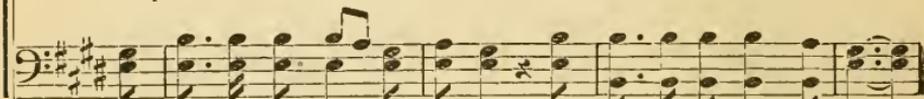


REF.—*Good-bye, good-bye, and God bless you! We say it in joy - ful tone;*

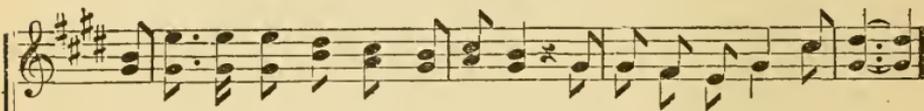


FINE.

For safe in the Father's keeping We sure-ly can trust His own.
 All glowing with gold-en promise, And ripe for the reapers' hands,
 And promise that true to our Mas-ter, God helping us, ever we'll stand.



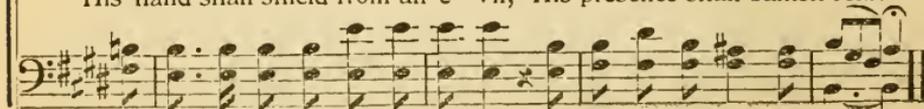
For safe in the Father's keeping We sure-ly can trust His own.



Good-bye! it is but for a moment; The way to our home lies straight;
 And he that go-eth forth weeping To scatter the precious seed,
 No harm shall touch His be-lov-ed, No pestilence dread draw near;

*D. C. for Refrain*

We'll en-ter it, some in the morning, And some in the evening late.
 Shall doubtless come with re-joic-ing, Well-laden with shining sheaves.
 His hand shall shield from all e - vil, His presence shall banish fear.



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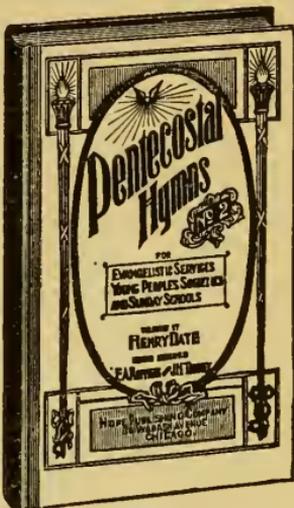
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