

ORATION — IN — SONG

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS ^{AND} SACRED MELODIES.

EDITORS.

J. R. SWENEY

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

• H. L. GILMOUR •

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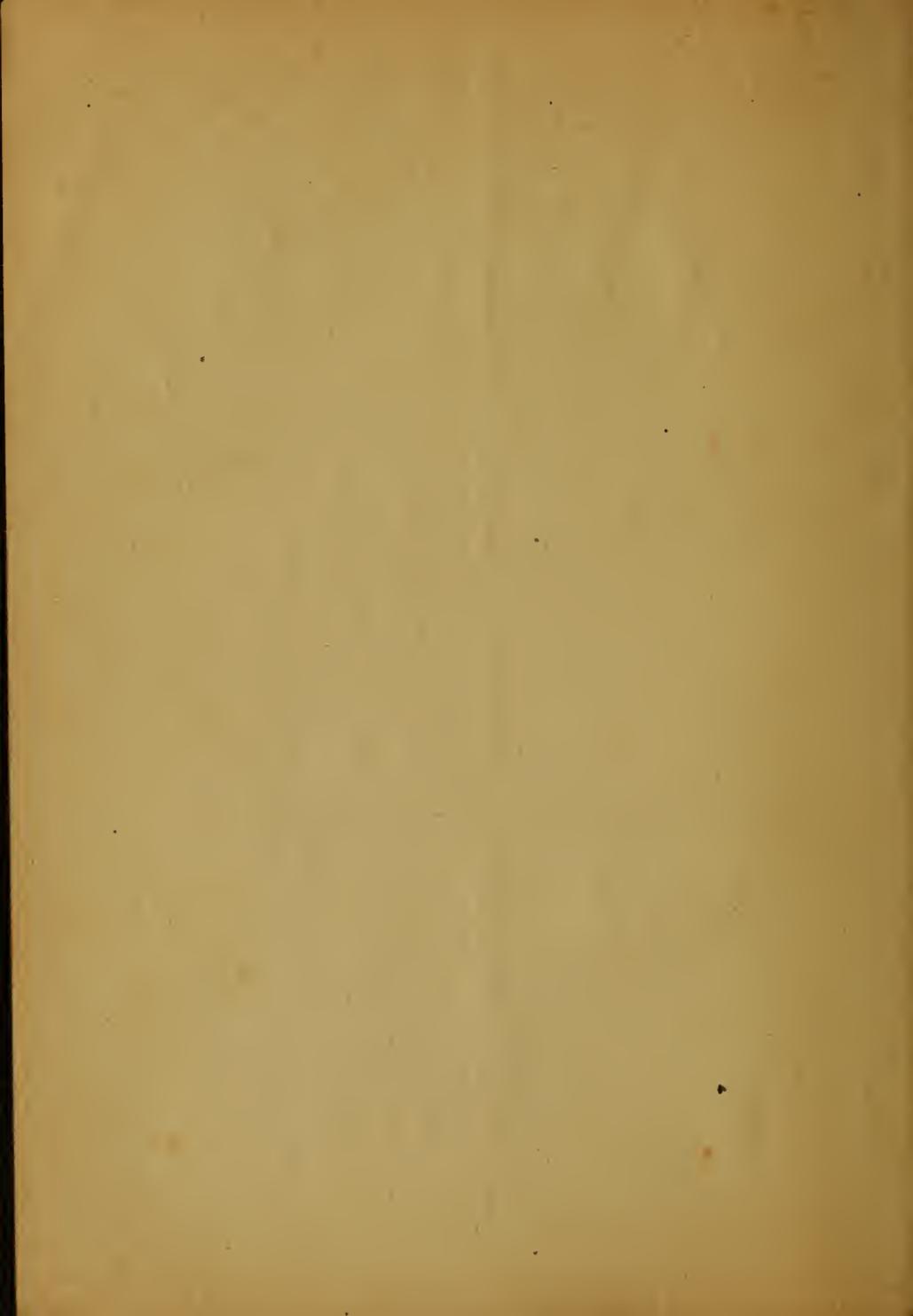
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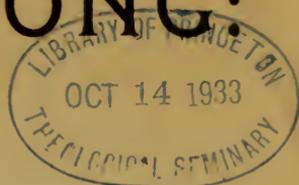
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PRAISE IN SONG:



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ADAPTED FOR USE BY

Sunday Schools, Endeavor Societies,

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Pastors, Choristers, etc.

✓
EDITORS:

✓
JNO. R. SWENEY, M. J. KIRKPATRICK

✓
AND H. L. GILMOUR.

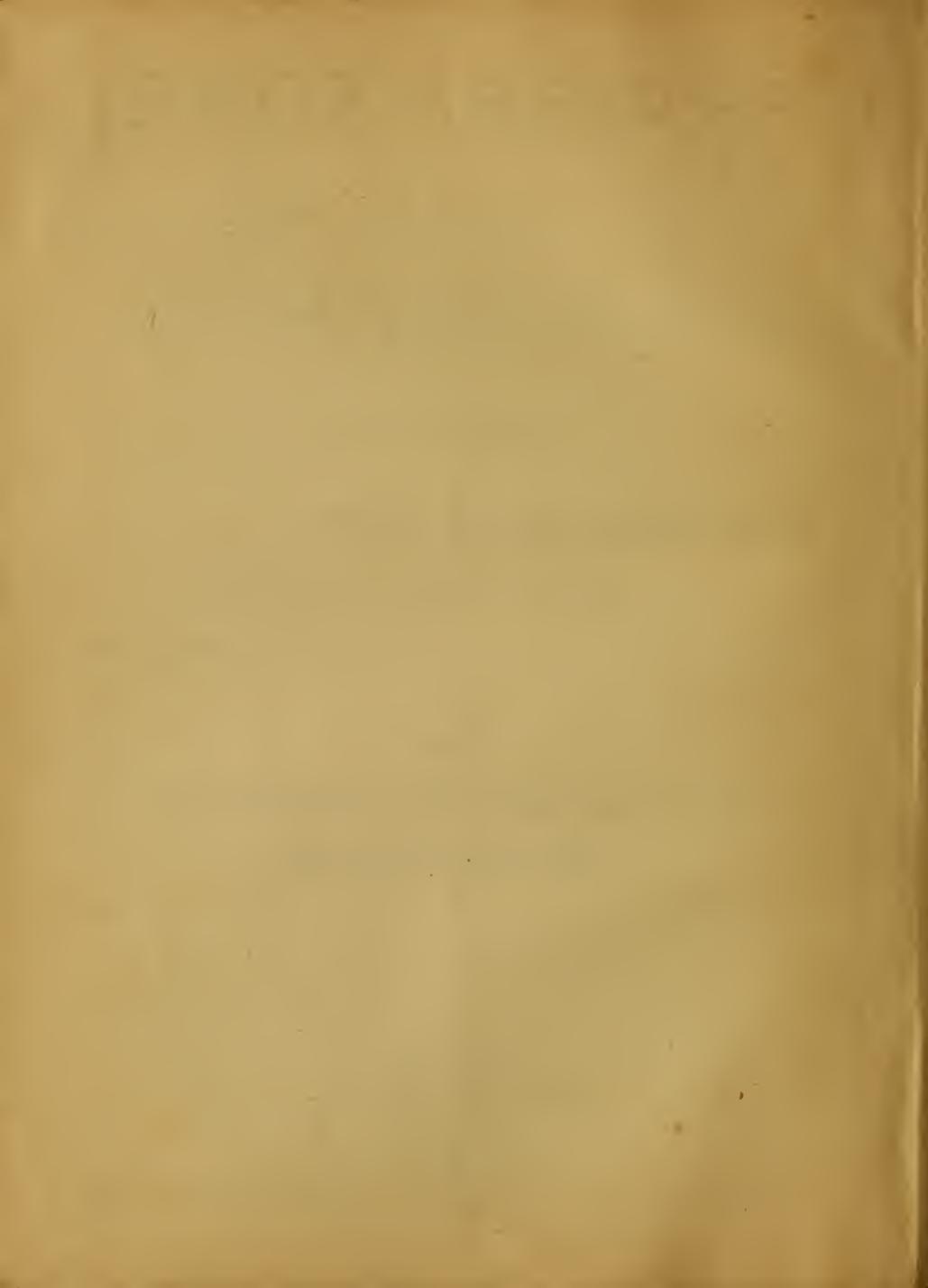
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John J. Hood,

1024 Arch Street.

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PRAISE IN SONG.

Jesus, the Light.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Arr. by H. L. G.

1. Let my gaze be fixed on thee, Je-sus, the light of the world;
2. Let my hands be strong for thee, Je-sus, the light of the world;
3. When the tempt-er would a-larm, Je-sus, the light of the world;

As I look, new beauties see, Je-sus, the light of the world.
And my feet be swift and free, Je-sus, the light of the world.
Bare, oh, bare thy might-y arm, Je-sus, the light of the world.

CHORUS.

Walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,

Falling around us by day and by night,—Jesus, the light of the world.

Copyright, 1930, by H. L. Gilmour.

4 Walk the waves, across life's sea,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Nearer come, O Lord, to me,
Jesus, the light of the world.

5 Be a shelter in the storm,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Keep, oh, keep thy child from harm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

Break Forth in a Song.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The earth is the Lord's and the fulness, The sky is the work of his hand;
 2. He sendeth the springs in the valleys From hills that are blooming with flow'rs,
 3. He came from the throne of his glory, The lost ones to seek and to save;

The stars that revolve in their splendor, Shine out at his will and command.
 He covers the mountains with verdure, And giveth the dew and the show'rs.
 Oh, wonder-ful, wonder-ful sto - ry! His life as our ransom he gave.

He speaks, and the tempest is si - lent, The o - cean his mandate o - beys;
 The light of the beautiful sunshine, His goodness and wisdom displays;
 For love that surpasseth our knowledge Our voices *transported we raise;

While nature, her minstrels awak - ing, Breaks forth in a song to his praise.
 Oh, well may his people, re - joic - ing, Break forth in a song to his praise.
 Let all in his boundless cre - a - tion Break forth in a song to his praise.

CHORUS.

Praise him, praise him, holy is he, Blessed Cre - a - tor of earth and sea;

Great and victo - rious, mighty and glori - ous, Jesus shall reign forev - er.

Star of Promise.

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Beau - ti - ful star of prom - ise, Beau - ti - ful morning star;
 2. Beau - ti - ful star of prom - ise, Beacon of hope and rest;
 3. Beau - ti - ful star of prom - ise, Shining when waves are dark;
 4. Beau - ti - ful star of prom - ise, Star of e - ter - nal love;

Beaming with joy and glad - ness O - ver the world a - far.
 Lighting the couch of sor - row, Soothing the wea - ry breast.
 In - to its long sought hav - en Guiding the lone - ly bark.
 Thou wilt conduct me safe - ly Home to the realms a - bove.

CHORUS.

Smile on me, smile on me, Beau - ti - ful, beauti - ful morning star;

Smile on me, smile on me, Beau - ti - ful morning star.

Trusting.

J. E. H.

"Trust ye in the Lord forever."—Isa. xxvi: 4.

J. E. HALL.

1. All a - long life's rug - ged jour - ney I am trust - ing thee,
 2. If my feet grow tired and wea - ry, and the way be long,
 3. If the woes of life come o'er me, in that hour be near,
 4. I am trusting, working, wait - ing as the end draws nigh,

O my Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour; Thou wilt keep me safe from
 O my Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour; Thou wilt give me joy and
 O my Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour; Give me faith un - to the
 O my Sav - iour, bless - ed Sav - iour; And by faith I see the

fall - ing, lead me ten - der - ly, Je - sus dear, my lov - ing Sav - iour.
 comfort, and wilt make me strong, Je - sus dear, my lov - ing Sav - iour.
 vict'ry, fill my soul with cheer, Je - sus dear, my lov - ing Sav - iour.
 glories of the home on high, Je - sus dear, my lov - ing Sav - iour.

CHORUS.

I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing, Thou wilt keep me day by day:

I am trust - ing, I am trust - ing, Thou wilt keep me all the way.

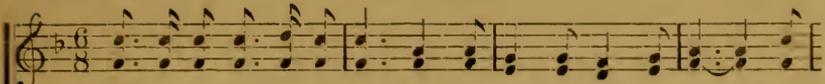
Anything, Lord, for Thee.

7

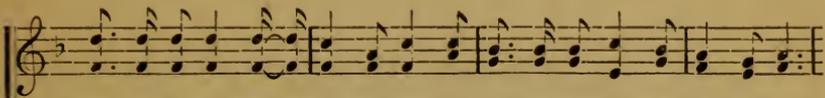
E. E. WILLIAMS.

(CONSECRATION.)

H. L. GILMOUR.



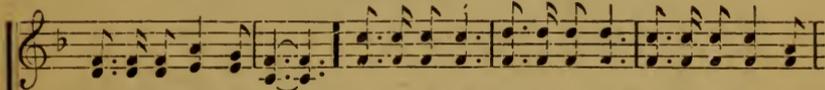
1. What wouldst thou have me to do, Lord? Whatev - er it may be, Though
2. Where wouldst thou have me to go, Lord? Wherev - er it may be, My
3. What wouldst thou have me to yield, Lord? Whatever it may be, All,
4. What is thy will for me now, Lord? Whatev - er it may be, Though



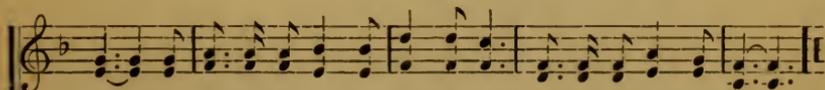
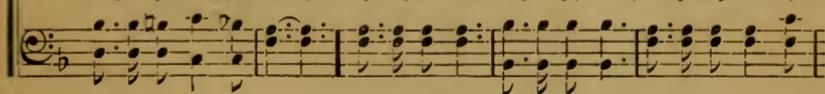
mine is a weak and trembling hand, I'm willing to do at thy command
feet thou hast placed on the King's highway, Thy grace doth enable me to say,
all that I have and am is thine, And willingly, glad-ly I resign
worldlings may seek what the world can give, I covenant here henceforth to live



REFRAIN.



Anything, Lord, for thee, Anything, Lord, anything, Lord, anything, Lord, for
Anywhere, Lord, for thee, Anywhere, Lord, anywhere, Lord, anywhere, Lord, for
Ev'rything, Lord, for thee, Ev'rything, Lord, ev'rything, Lord, ev'rything, Lord, for
Ev'ry day, Lord, for thee, Ev'ry day, Lord, ev'ry day, Lord, ev'ry day, Lord, for



thee; I'm willing to do at thy command Anything, Lord, for thee.
thee; Thy grace doth enable me to say, Anywhere, Lord, for thee.
thee; Now willingly, gladly I resign, Ev'rything, Lord, for thee.
thee; I covenant here henceforth to live Every day, Lord, for thee.



He is My Refuge.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. I al-ways go to Je - sus When troubled or distressed, I
 2. When full of dread fore-bod - ing, And flowing o'er with tears, He
 3. When those are cold and faith- less Who once were fond and true, With
 4. I al-ways go to Je - sus, No mat-ter when or where I

always find a ref-uge Up - on his loving breast; I tell him all my
 calms a - way my sor - row And hushes all my fears; He comprehends my
 careless hearts for-sak - ing The old friends for the new, I turn to him whose
 seek his gracious presence, I'm sure to find him there. In times of joy or

tri - als, I tell him all my grief, And while my lips are speaking
 weakness, The per - il I am in, And he supplies the ar - mor
 friendship Knows neither change nor end; I always find in Je - sus
 sor - row, Whate'er my need may be. I always go to Je - sus,

REFRAIN.

He gives my heart re - lief. *p* He is my ref - uge,
 I need to con - quer sin.
 A nev - er - fail - ing friend.
 And Je - sus comes to me. *p*

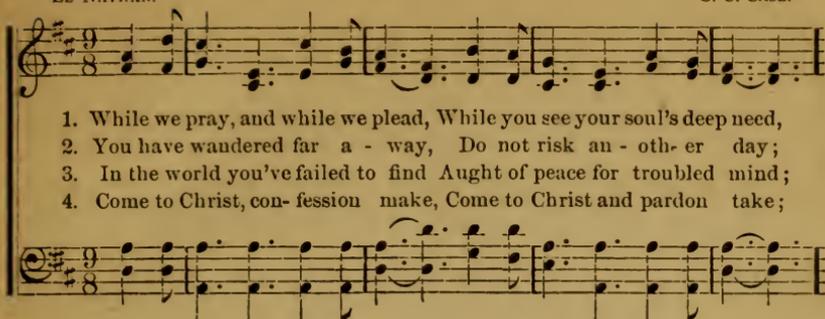
m He is my ref - uge, *f* He is my ref - uge, My nev - er - fail - ing friend.

Why Not Now?

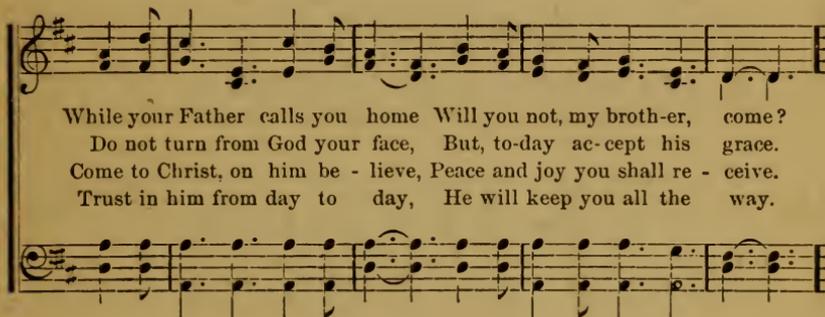
EL NATHAN.

"Behold, now is the accepted time."—2 Cor. vi. 2.

C. C. CASE.

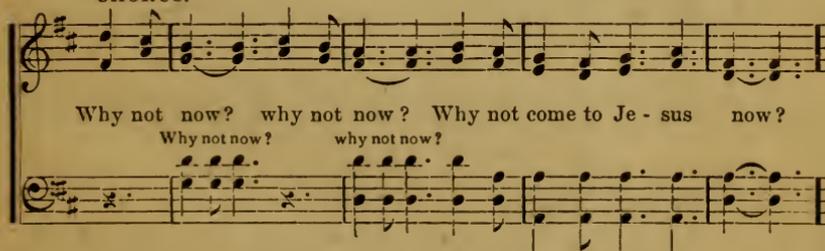


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wandered far a - way, Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troubled mind;
4. Come to Christ, con - fession make, Come to Christ and pardon take;

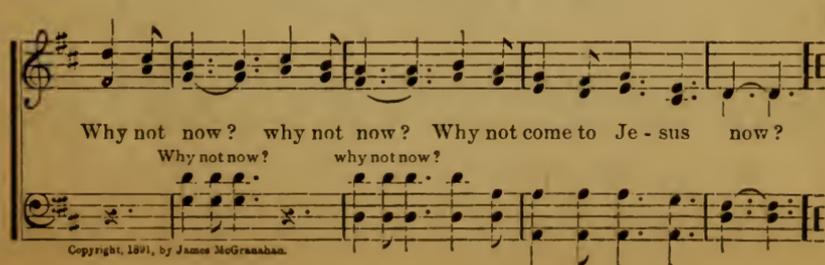


While your Father calls you home Will you not, my broth - er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day ac - cept his grace.
Come to Christ, on him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.

CHORUS.



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?



Why not now? why not now? Why not come to Je - sus now?
Why not now? why not now?

Out of Darkness into Light.

Rev. CHAS. ROADS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out of darkness in - to light, Glo - ry breaks around me! Oh, how
 2. Out of darkness in - to light, Oh, the love that sought me! Found me
 3. Out of darkness in - to light, On the mount of glo - ry, Heaven

dense and dark the night Where his mer - cy found me. All the past was
 trembling with affright, Out of anguish brought me! By a touch my
 com - ing in - to sight While we tell the sto - ry. All the fel - low -

sin and gloom, All the fu - ture sor - row; Now his smiles my way illume,
 blindness healed, Gave me sight so glo - rious, By a word his light revealed
 ship of joy I am now pos - sess - ing; Ev'ry power would I employ,

CHORUS.

Brighter still the morrow. Out of darkness in - to light, Peace is like a
 Je - sus, all vic - torious!
 Love supreme confess - ing.

poco ritard.

riv - er; Saved by his redeem - ing might, Light and life forev - er!

I Hope to Live There.

11

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, my hope is as bright as the clear noonday sun, That my soul shall find
 2. Yes, this hope is my strength when the battle is fierce, 'Tis a shield that no
 3. It has kept me when weak, it has cheered me when sad, In affliction it

rest when life's journey is done, In the haven of rest, the bright home over there
 dart of the tempter can pierce; It will bear me triumphantly over death's wave,
 comforts and makes my heart glad; It has lightened my burden, and filled me with song,

D. S.—kingdom above, with its mansions so fair,

Fine. CHORUS.
 That my dear, loving Saviour has gone to prepare. I hope to live there, yes, I
 For it rests upon Jesus, the mighty to save.
 And I'm shouting to-day as I journey a-long.

With Jesus, my Saviour, I hope to live there.

D. S.
 hope to live there, When I'm called from this life with its toil and its care; In that

The Beautiful Harbor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a lovely harbor of peace and rest, A way o'er the storm-toss'd foam ;
 2. There's a rainbow spans all that harbor wide, God's sunshine on human tears ;
 3. There the waves shall mirror the faces back We've missed so long and sore ;
 4. There the river of life comes winding down From the everlasting hills ;

Oh, my heart is seeking that haven blest, I'm longing to reach that home.
 With a golden ripple, the ebbing tide Sweeps out all our doubts and fears.
 As they crowd to welcome our homeward track, And beckon us to the shore.
 There the music of heaven all sorrow drowns, And each soul with its rapture fills.

p CHORUS.

Soft - - ly I'll glide - - with the flow - - - ing tide, When
 Softly I'll glide, softly I'll glide, Softly I'll glide with the flowing tide,

dim.

mur - - - muring winds . . . shall cease ; . . . shall cease ;
 Murmuring winds, murmuring winds, When murmuring winds shall cease ;

cres.

In - - - to the har - - bor, the beau - - ti - ful har - bor,
 In - to the harbor, in - to the harbor, In - to the beau - ti - ful har - bor,

rit.

Har - - - bor of rest - - - and peace.
 Harbor of rest, harbor of rest, Harbor of rest and peace.

I am With You.

(Also to same music, sing "Come, ye Sinners.")

REV. L. B. EDWARDS.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. "I am with you," oh, how precious Is this promise of the Lord;
2. Pilgrim, hap-py in life's journey, Singing on the way to-heaven;
3. In my life, made sad and wea-ry, In my anguish, in my pain,
4. If my path be rough and cheerless, And if faith and hope be small,
5. When the journey here is end-ing This the message he will send,

Fine.

For it came from lips just si-lent, But he's now the "living word"
 Whence thy peace? thy ho-ly rapture? Why all ter-ror from thee driven?
 In my hour of des-o-lation, When the clouds o'er me do hang.
 And if friends turn foes, and leave me, On my ears these words will fall,—
 Lighting up the pass to glo-ry, Lo, I'm with you to the end.

D. S.—And I'll trust his gracious presence All the pilgrim-way to heav'n.

CHORUS.

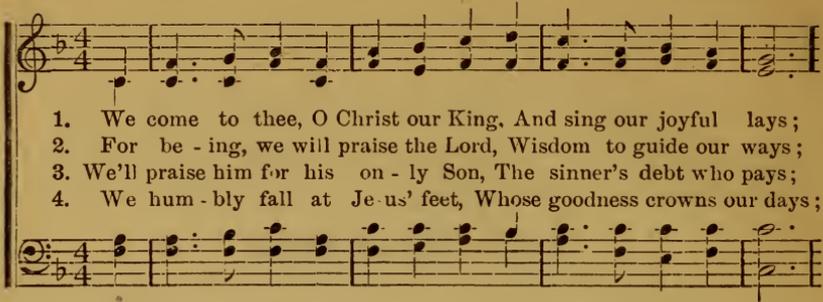
D. S.

"I am with you, I am with you," Is the blessed promise giv'n;

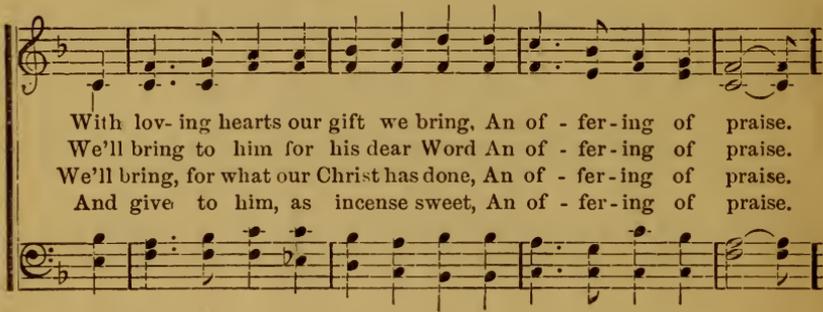
An Offering of Praise.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

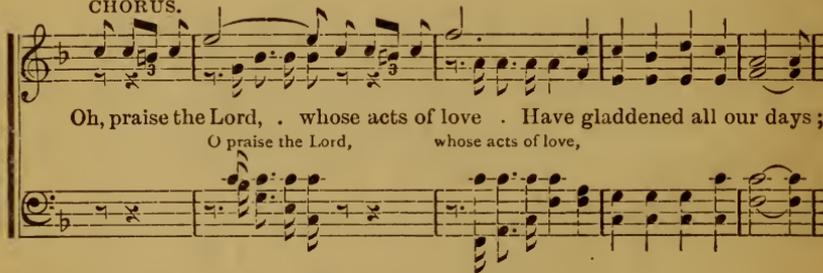


1. We come to thee, O Christ our King, And sing our joyful lays ;
 2. For be - ing, we will praise the Lord, Wisdom to guide our ways ;
 3. We'll praise him for his on - ly Son, The sinner's debt who pays ;
 4. We hum - bly fall at Je - us' feet, Whose goodness crowns our days ;

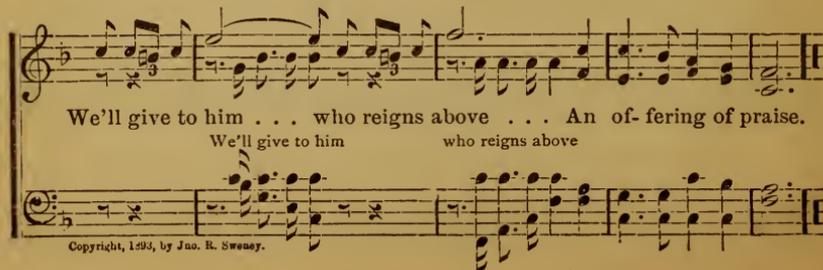


With lov - ing hearts our gift we bring, An of - fer - ing of praise.
 We'll bring to him for his dear Word An of - fer - ing of praise.
 We'll bring, for what our Christ has done, An of - fer - ing of praise.
 And give to him, as incense sweet, An of - fer - ing of praise.

CHORUS.



Oh, praise the Lord, . whose acts of love . Have gladdened all our days ;
 O praise the Lord, whose acts of love,



We'll give to him . . . who reigns above . . . An of - fer - ing of praise.
 We'll give to him who reigns above

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Give the Very Best to Jesus.

15

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { Give the very best to Jesus, Bring him youth's bright, laughing hours; }
2. { Bring its song, and bloom, and fragrance, While his loving kindness show's; }
3. { Give the ver - y best to Je - sus; All the freshness of the morn, }
4. { All the day's unwearied ser - vice, By his mighty grace upborne. }
5. { Give the ver - y best to Je - sus, Precious gift! himself he gave! }
6. { Is there aught too good to yield him, Since he died our souls to save? }

Bring him deep and strong devo - tion, When life gains its rounded prime;
Love that hallows ev - 'ry du - ty, Faith that in the darkness sings;
Let us lay our dearest treasures Humbly, glad - ly at his feet,

Bring the garnered wealth of harvest, In the qui - et autumn time,
Prais - es from the heart outflowing, Gold to crown him King of kings.
For our best will seem but lit - tle When we see his face so sweet.

CHORUS.
Give the ver - y best to Je - sus, Give the ver - y best to Je - sus;

On - ly the best, the ver - y best, Give the ver - y best to Je - sus.

For He Careth for You.

H. B. BEEGLE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While as Christians we journey to the mansions of light, Many trials a-
 2. When our burdens grow heavy, and our strength is all spent, And the way long and
 3. Does the pathway grow thorny are our feet bruised and sore? Do our foes smite and
 4. Though our crosses are heavy, and our conflicts severe. Till in anguish of

wait us, many bat-tles to fight; But whatev-er may trouble, We have
 weary, and our courage but faint; Hear the words full of comfort, bringing
 wound us, and our friends smile no more? He will turn all to blessing, If but
 spir-it, we are tempted to fear; Let us fol-low God's order, and be

but this to do; "Cast all your care on Jesus, for he car-eth for you."
 courage anew; "Cast all your care on Jesus, for he car-eth for you."
 this we will do; "Cast all your care on Jesus, for he car-eth for you."
 faithful and true, "Cast all your care on Jesus, for he car-eth for you."

CHORUS.

For he car-eth for you, He is faithful and true; "Cast all your care on

1st. Je-sus, for he car-eth for you." *2d.* Je-sus, for he car-eth for you."

Not One Forgotten.

17

E. E. HEWITT.

"Not one of them is forgotten before God."—Luke xii: 6.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's a word of ten - der beauty In the say - ings of our Lord,
2. Though I'm least of all his children, So un - wor - thy of his love,
3. Oh, the wounded hands of Je - sus All the springs of life con - trol,

How it stirs the heart to mu - sic, Waking grat - itude's sweet chord;
Yet, for me there's kind remembrance In the Fa - ther-heart a - bove;
Is there an - y 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 sparrow, Trust him where I can-not see,

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

D.S. Chorus. F

Bends to note a fall - ing sparrow, For 'tis precious in his sight.
For my Saviour gent - ly whispers, "Are ye not much more than they?"
In the sunshine and the shadow, Singing, he will care for me.

While his eye is on the sparrow I will not for - got - ten be.

Praise in Song—B

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Oh, Come to the Fountain.

JENNIE WILSON.

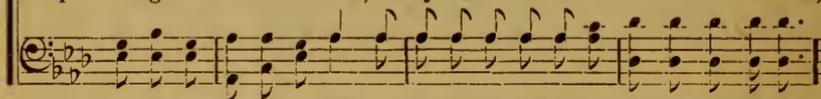
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. O wand'ring one, come to the fountain of cleansing, And wash from thy
2. This fountain was opened by in-fin-ite mercy, So per-ishing
3. From paths that lead downward to death everlasting, From wanderings
4. Come, sorrowing one, at this peace-giving fountain The broken in



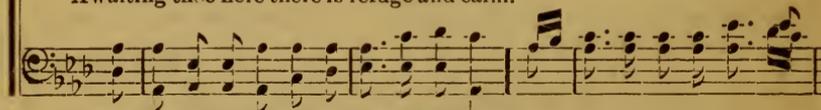
soul all defilement and stain ; Repentant one, come, there is perfect atonement,
souls might be saved by its flow ; Then, erring one, come, tho' thy sins be as scarlet,
lonely thro' sin's dreary night ; Oh, come to this fount and receive life eternal,
spirit find grief's sweetest balm ; O way-farer out in life's storm-beaten deserts,



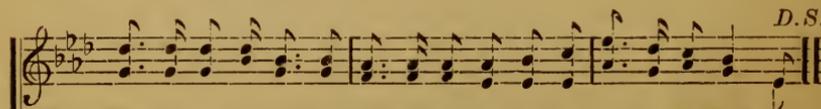
D. S. - cept offered pardon, now Jesus is calling,



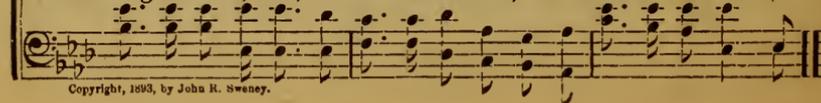
Salvation for thee thro' the Lamb that was slain. Oh, come to the fountain, life's
They shall in its tide become whiter than snow.
And journey with joy to the city of light.
Awaiting thee here there is refuge and calm.



O weary one, come, and find rest for thy soul.



free-flowing fountain, And, washed in its current, thou shalt be made whole, Ac-



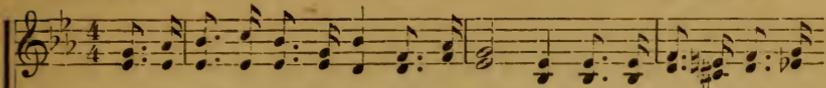
Blessed Hiding.

19

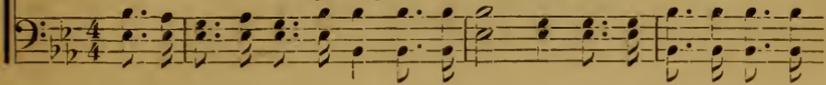
IDA L. REED.

Ps. xci: 1.

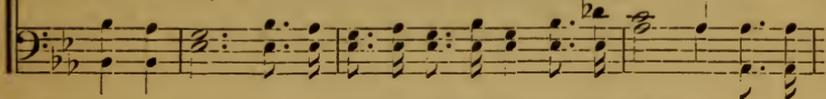
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. In the shadow of thy wings, dearest Saviour, Shall the weary and the
2. In the shadow of thy wings, dearest Saviour, There's a peaceful rest so
3. There is rest, yes, sweetest rest, dearest Saviour, 'Neath the shadow of thy
4. In the shadow of thy wings there is resting, With the sorrows of our



weak find rest, While the waves are dashing high we are hid- ing In the calm and sweet; There is rest for all the wea- ry and way- worn, In thy wings for all; There is room for each and all of thy chil- dren Who will earth-life o'er; We shall rest with thee, O Lord, then fore- ver, And we'll



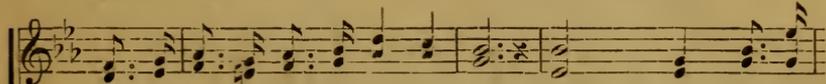
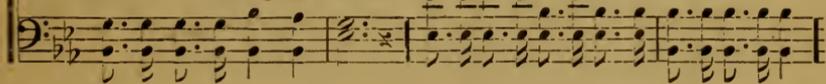
CHORUS.



shelter of thy love so blest.
love there is a joy complete.
list- en to thy lov- ing call.
meet the loved ones gone before.

Hid - - ing, blessed hid - - ing,

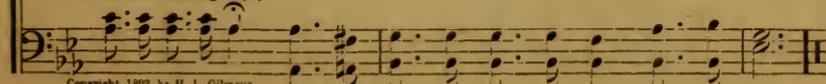
Hiding, blessed hiding, In the shelter of thy love,



In the shel- ter of thy love so blest; Hid - - ing, we are
Hiding, we are hiding, While the



hid - - ing. While the waves are dashing high we have rest.
waves are dashing high,



On to Victory.

JENNIE WILSON. "This is the victory that overcometh the world." 1 John v: 4. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. "On to vic - to - ry" shall our mot - to be, While we march as
 2. "On to vic - to - ry," for on Cal - va - ry Je - sus conquered
 3. "On to vic - to - ry," till the world is free From the cru - el
 4. "On to vic - to - ry," till those heights we see Where the an - gel

soldiers of Christ our Lord; Ne'er shall come defeat when the foe we meet,
 death that our souls might live; Let us trust his name, and his promise claim,
 bondage and blight of sin; Onward, onward press, gaining new success,
 arm - ies of Jesus stand, Then with joyous song we shall join the throng,

CHORUS.

If for bat - tle or - ders we take God's word. "On to vic - to - ry,
 In the Christian warfare he'll triumph give.
 Stars to shine for - ev - er thro' Je - sus win.
 Singing happy praise in the glo - ry - land.

on to vic - to - ry," Hear the ringing bat - tle call, "On to

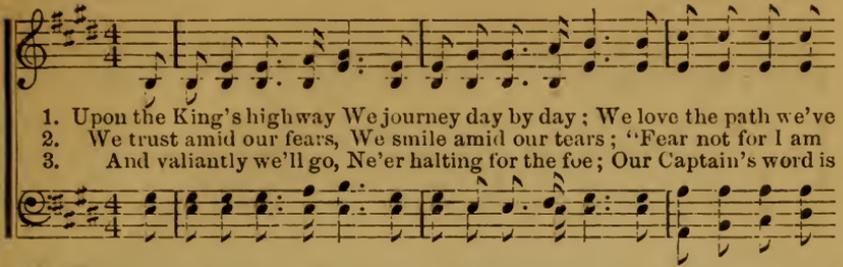
vic - to - ry, on to vic - to - ry," Earth shall crown him Lord of all.

Singing all the Way.

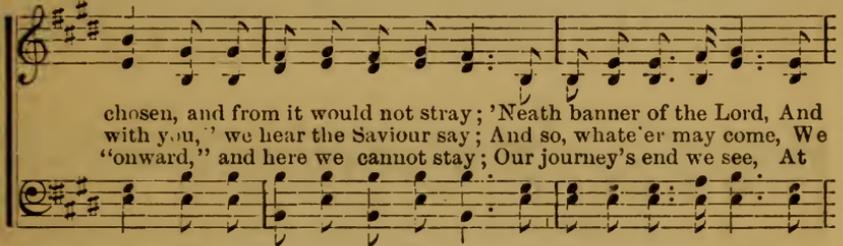
21

F. A. B.

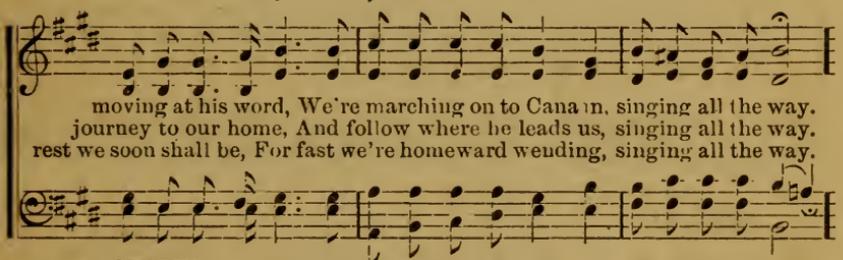
F. A. BLACKMER.



1. Upon the King's highway We journey day by day ; We love the path we've
2. We trust amid our fears, We smile amid our tears ; 'Fear not for I am
3. And valiantly we'll go, Ne'er halting for the foe ; Our Captain's word is

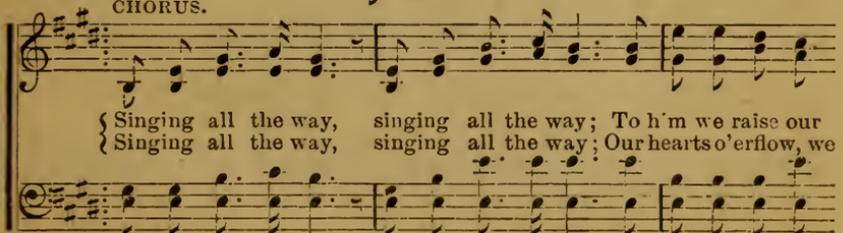


chosen, and from it would not stray ; 'Neath banner of the Lord, And
with you,' we hear the Saviour say ; And so, whate'er may come, We
'onward,' and here we cannot stay ; Our journey's end we see, At

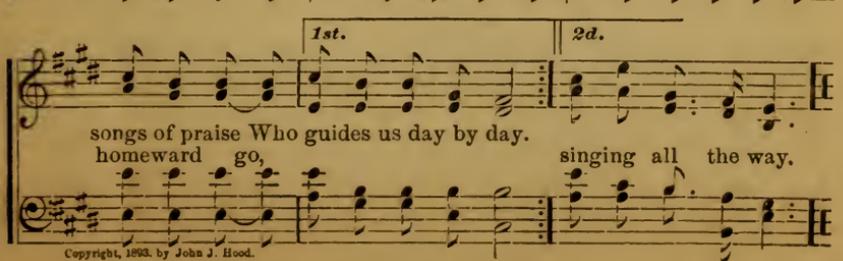


moving at his word, We're marching on to Canaan, singing all the way.
journey to our home, And follow where he leads us, singing all the way.
rest we soon shall be, For fast we're homeward wending, singing all the way.

CHORUS.



{ Singing all the way, singing all the way ; To h'm we raise our
{ Singing all the way, singing all the way ; Our hearts o'erflow, we

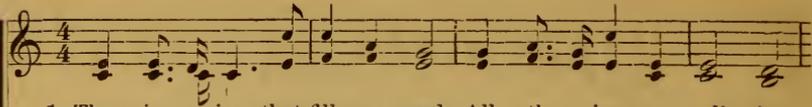


1st. songs of praise Who guides us day by day.
homeward go, *2d.* singing all the way.

Redeeming Grace.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There is a joy that fills my soul, All oth - er joy ex - cell - ing;
2. A wand'rer lost, and far from home, My blessed Saviour found me;
3. And now by faith with him I walk, He leads the way be - fore me;
4. Oh, when at last my sails are furled Beyond the Jordan's riv - er;



For he, my Saviour, deigns to make My humble heart his dwelling.
 With cords of love my soul he drew, And to his fold he bound me.
 Protects me still from ev - 'ry ill, And spreads his ban - ner o'er me.
 His love to me my song shall be, For - ev - er and for - ev - er.



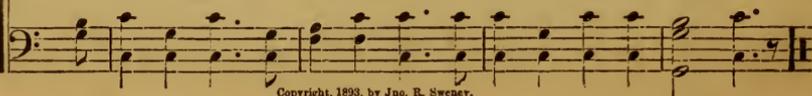
CHORUS.



From step to step, from strength to strength, From glory on to glo - ry;



I'll shout a - loud re - deem - ing grace, And tell the wondrous sto - ry.



The Door Stands Open Wide.

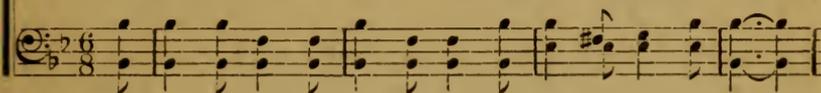
23

L. H. EDMUNDS.

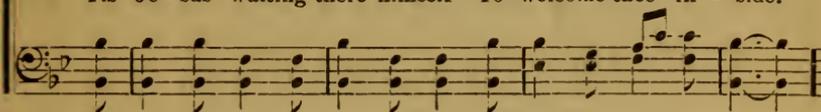
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Sweet words o'er-arching mercy's door, In gold-en light a - flame,
2. Thou who art standing just outside, O look within, and see
3. There peace, like a bright river flows, There, "pleasures ever - more,"
4. The hands that bear the nail-prints still Fling mercy's door so wide ;



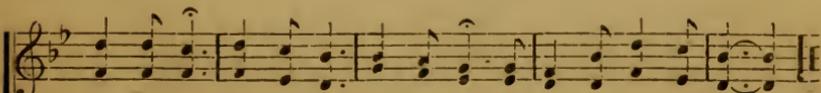
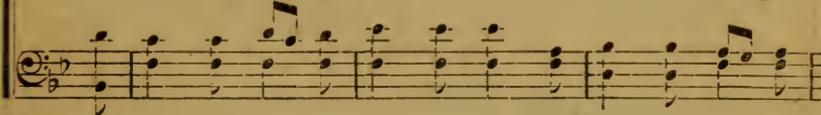
Come, en - ter, "whoso - ev - er will," Thro' one a - vail - ing name.
The blest delights of that fair fold, E - ter - nal, full, and free.
And grace, and pur - i - ty, and love, Beyond that o - pen door.
'Tis Je - sus waiting there himself To welcome thee in - side.



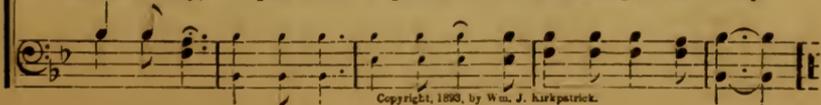
CHORUS.



Oh, hear the Ho - ly Spir - it say, The door stands o - pen



wide to-day, O - pen wide! o - pen wide! In this accept - ed day.



Up with the Morning.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Up with the morning's blushing ray, Come where the Master calls a-way;
 2. Up with the ear-ly morning dew, Our willing hands must labor too;
 3. Up with the morning, one and all, Work till the evening shadows fall;

Out in the field, out in the field, Out in the bar-vest field.
 Come, come a-way, quickly a-way, Why should we long-er stay?
 Work with a will, work with a will, Trusting the Sav-iour still.

Up with the fairest, brightest hours, Up when the song-bird wakes the flowers;
 Gleaners for Je-sus, glad are we, Close by the reapers we may be;
 Soon will the morning dawn no more, Soon will the harvest work be o'er;

Work with the light, work with the light, Work with the golden light.
 Oh, what delight, oh, what delight, Toiling from morn till night.
 Then may we sing, Lord, may we sing Glo-ry to thee our King.

CHORUS.

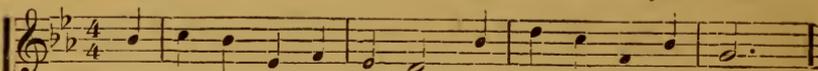
Now . . . is the time . . . our seed . . . to sow, . . . Now . . . is the
 Now is the time, Now is the time, Now is the time, our seed to sow, Now is the time,

No Fault in Jesus.

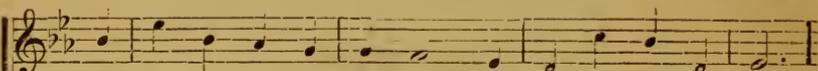
E. E. HEWITT.

John xviii : 38.

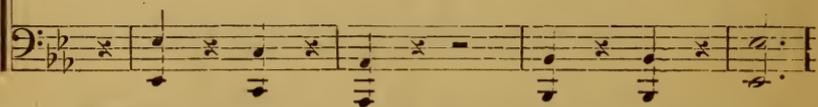
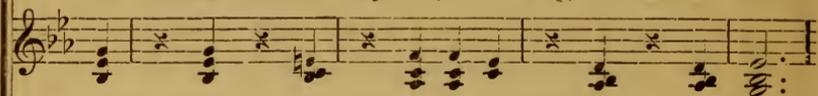
JNO. R. SWENEY.



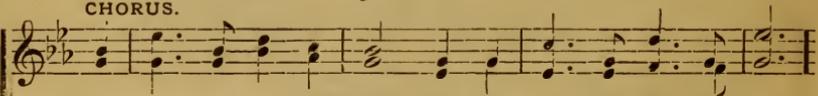
1. My Saviour, when they brought thee To Pilate's judgment hall,
2. My Saviour, when in con - flict Up - on thy name I call,
3. My Saviour, dwell with - in me, For sins my soul ap - pal;
4. My Saviour, let thy beau - ty My willing soul en - thrall,
5. And when in ad - a - ra - tion Be - fore thy throne I fall,



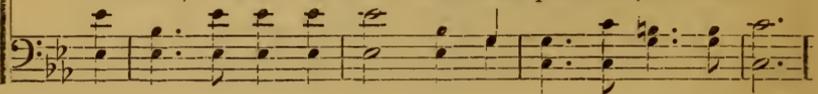
Thy question - er was silenced, He found "no fault at all."
 In thee, my friend un - fail - ing, I find "no fault at all."
 Transform me to thy like - ness, For thine, "no fault at all."
 Till with new love en - kindled, I cry, "no fault at all."
 And see thee—all en - raptured, I'll sing, "no fault at all."



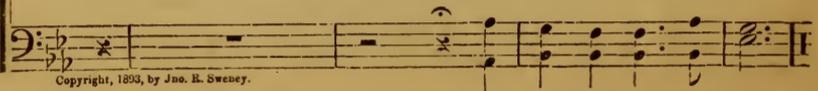
CHORUS.



No fault, no fault in Je - sus! What peer - less glo - ries shine



From life and death so pre - cious, So ho - ly, so di - vine.



I'll Sing my Dear Redeemer's Praise. 27

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I'll sing my dear Redeemer's praise, "Rejoice with me" to-day, For Jesus
2. I heard a voice that filled the night With music pure and sweet, I felt a
3. He led me to his pastures green, Where streams of mercy flow, And taught my
4. Oh, sweeter yet that song shall rise, Until his face I see, And tell the

CHORUS.

smiled upon my soul, And took my sins away. Oh, glory to his name And his
touch that healed my wounds, And drew me to his feet,
heart the happy song None but his ransomed know.
wond'ring angels 'round, That Jesus died for me.

wondrous love proclaim, I'll shout his praise on high;
I'll sing redeeming love To the

shining hosts a-bove, And behold his face in glo-ry by and by.

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Jesus is My Helper.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je- sus is my Helper, Mighty and strong, Heart and hand he strengthens
 2. Je- sus is my Helper, Tender and true, Friend more kind and faithful
 3. Je- sus is my Helper, Light of my way, Near his side so precious

All the day long; All my cares he knoweth, Doth my toiling see,
 None ev - er knew; All my griefs I tell him, He doth see and know,
 Ev - er I'll stay; Je- sus is my Helper, Je- sus is my Friend,

CHORUS.

And his sweet compassion Bringeth joy to me. Je- sus is my Helper,
 When life's storm-clouds gather Unto him I go.
 He will guide me ev - er Un - til life shall end.

Might - y and strong, Heart and hand he strengthens All the day long.

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Throw Out the Life-Line.

29

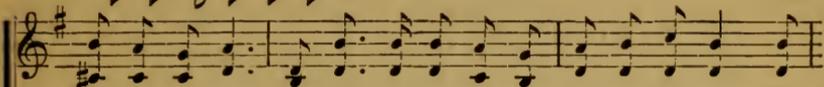
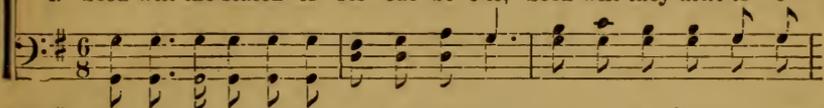
Rev. E. S. UFFORD.

(May be sung as a Solo and Chorus.)

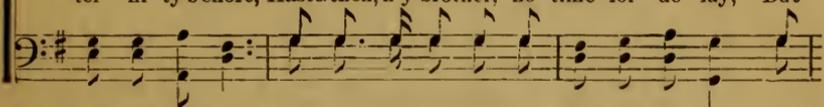
E. S. U. Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Throw out the life-line a- cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong: Why do you tarry, why
3. Throw out the life-line to danger-fraught men, Sinking in anguish where
4. Soon will the season of res- cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

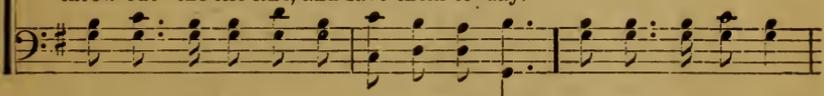


some one should save; Somebod - y's brother! oh, who then, will dare To
lin - ger so long? See! he is sinking, oh, hast - en to day—And
you've nev-er been: Winds of temptation and bil-lows of woe Will
ter - ni - ty's shore, Haste then, my brother, no time for de - lay, But

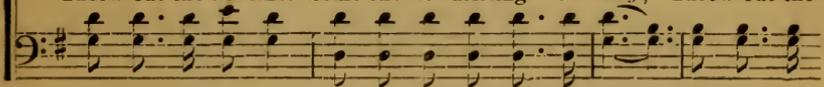


CHORUS.

throw out the life-line, his per - il to share? Throw out the life-line!
out with the life-boat! a - way, then, a - way
soon hurl them out where the dark waters flow.
throw out the life-line, and save them to - day.



Throw out the life-line! Some one is drifting a - way; Throw out the



life-line! Throw out the life-line! Some one is sinking to - day.



In the Presence of the King.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. One by one the sheaves are gathered, And we see them borne a - way
 2. One by one the sheaves are gathered, As the sunset hour draws near;
 3. One by one, our la - bor end - ed, At the riv - er we shall stand,

To the feet of our Redeem - er, In the peaceful realms of day;
 One by one the clouds are lift - ed, And the evening skies are clear;
 And with those that wait our coming We shall reach our Father - land;

One by one the patient reapers Hear the voice that whispers, come,
 One by one our brother toil - ers Safe - ly cross the bil - low's foam,
 Then we lay our sheaves, tho' humble, At our Saviour's feet a - bove.

And they catch the dis - tant mu - sic Of the bless - ed harvest - home.
 And they waft to us the ech - o Of the bless - ed harvest - home.
 And receive his precious welcome In a home where all is love.

CHORUS.

Harvest - home. O hap - py voi - ces, That for - ev - er - more shall ring

Harvest-home a- mong the an- gels, In the presence of the King.

Waiting for You.

MARtha J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Why will you roam far from your home, Over the dark mountain's brow ?
2. Come as you are, burdened with care, Lonely and sorrow- op- pressed;
3. Grace if you spurn where will you turn? What will become of your soul ?
4. Waiting he stands, reaching his hands, Freely his blessing to give;

Why will you die? Je - sus is nigh, Waiting to save you now.
 Why do you fear? Je - sus is here, Waiting to give you rest.
 Haste while you may, do not de - lay, Je - sus will make you whole.
 On - ly believe, ask and receive, Look un - to him and live.

CHORUS.

Wait - ing, he's wait - ing, Grieve him no more a - way ;

Wait - ing, wait - ing, Why will you long - er stay ?

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Earthly sweets will sometime cloy, Passing pleasures lose their joy, But in
 2. There is always something new, When his bidding we pursue, In his
 3. There is always something new, Angels look, and worship too, While the

Je- sus there is always something new; Some bright token of his love,
 ser- vice there are nev- er-fail- ing charms; For the more we do his will
 treasures of re- deem- ing grace un- fold; Heaven's day is none too long

Bearing blessing from a- bove, Like the freshness of the morning dew.
 We will know him better still, Rest more sweetly in the Saviour's arms.
 For the ev- er- last- ing song, When the King of glo- ry we be- hold.

CHORUS.

Wonderful joy, wonderful joy, wonderful joy he gives, Joy that for-
 Wonderful joy, wonderful joy,

ever lives! Wonderful joy, wonderful joy, Riches, abiding, true,
 Wonderful joy, wonderful joy,

Always in Jesus new, Wonderful joy, wonderful joy.
Wonderful joy, wonderful joy.

Invocation.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Slowly.

1. Again we come with songs of praise, To him whose goodness crowns our days;
2. Come, save us from our bos - om sin, May all be clean without, within;
3. Our all is on the al - tar laid, A per - fect con - se - cration made;
4. Now answer prayer, and let us see Times of refreshing, Lord, from thee;

Fine.

In Christian fel - lowship we meet, To wor - ship at our Saviour's feet.
Take from us all un - ho - ly pride, May we with Christ be cru - cified.
Come here, O God, this ver - y hour, And seal us by thy Spirit's power.
Like floods let thy sal - vation roll, And pur - i - fy each waiting soul.

D.S.—Come, satis - fy our heart's desire, And send the Pen - te - cos - tal fire.

D.S.

Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, meet us here, And may we know that thou art near;

Bid Him Welcome.

J. B. M.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je - sus now is standing at the threshold of your heart,
 2. Shall the lov - ing Saviour, who has done so much for you,
 3. Do not keep him wait - ing till his gen - tle soul is grieved,
 4. Je - sus came and suffered on the cross to set you free,

Open wide the door and let him in; Joy and peace forev - er to your
 In your heart a dwelling be de - nied? Oh, if but a part of all his
 Why should all his pleading be in vain? Such a friend as Jesus should be
 Leaving all the glo - ry of his throne; Oh, then bid him welcome to your

CHORUS.

soul he will impart, He will give you rest from sin. Bid him welcome,
 tender love you knew, You would bid him there abide.
 joy - ful - ly received, Welcomed, that he might remain.
 heart, and let it be Now and ev - ermore his own.

wel - come, Haste while he is knocking, lest he turn a - way, Bid him

wel - come, bid him wel - come, Welcome to your heart to - day.

Lay up Thy Treasure in Heaven. 35

"But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through nor steal" Matt. vi: 20. JNO. R. SWENEY.
con espress.

Rev. xxi. 3. 1. Boast thou not of thy gold - en hoard To us whose souls are saved;
Rev. xxi. 10-21. 2. Boast thou not of thy jew - els fair, For we redeemed from sin
John xiv. 2. 3. Boast thou not of thy mansions here, For we with blood-washed souls
1 Pet. v. 4. 4. Boast thou not of thy great renown, For each who bears Christ's name
Gal. vi. 14 5. Freely speak of the Saviour's power, And of his matchless love,

For in the cit - y of our Lord The streets with gold are paved.
Thro' gates of pearl to beauties rare Will soon be ushered in.
Have mansions in an - oth - er sphere, Where time unending rolls.
Will some day wear a fadeless crown, And have endur - ing fame.
Re - solv - ing thou wilt from this hour Lay treasure up a - bove.

CHORUS.

Lay up thy treasure in heav - en, Of all things make this sure;

Lay up thy treasure in heav - en, And God will keep it se - cure.

Christ the Lord is Coming.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
DUET.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Christ the Lord is com - ing to his loved ones a - gain, Christ the
 2. Christ the Lord is com - ing in his might and his pow'r, Christ the
 3. Christ the Lord is com - ing, and the time draweth nigh, Christ the

Lord is com - ing, and a King he shall reign; Cry a - loud, ye
 Lord is com - ing, but we know not the hour; Work and be ye
 Lord is com - ing in the clouds of the sky; Ye that on the

watchmen, cry aloud and say, Hasten, O ye lost ones,
 faith - ful, hear the Spir - it say, Round the gospel standard
 mountains wander far a - way, Un - to him that loves you

CHORUS.

seek him while you may. Joy, joy, he is coming, wako the tuneful
 ral - ly while you may.
 gather while you may.

strain, Coming in his glo - ry o'er the world to reign.

Tell to the Nations.

37

"Go ye into all the world, and preach my gospel to every creature."—Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Go tell to the nations in darkness, The story of wonderful love;
 2. Go tell them of Jesus their Saviour, How much he hath borne for their sake;
 3. Go tell them the beautiful sto - ry Of heaven's fair cit - y of light,

Christ died for their many transgressions, And promised a mansion a - bove.
 How dearly and fondly he loves them, Bids all from their darkness awake.
 How they may inher - it its glo - ry, And walk with the angels in white.

REFRAIN.

Go tell to the nations, Tell to the nations in darkness, Go tell to the nations, of
 Tell to the nations in darkness, Go tell, go tell, Tell to the nations in darkness, of

Jesus the mighty to save; Go tell to the nations of him who hath borne all our
 Tell who hath borne all our sorrows, Go tell

sorrows, Go tell, go tell, He's victor o'er death and the grave.
 Go tell, Tell who hath borne all our sor - rows, He's

L H EDMUNDS.

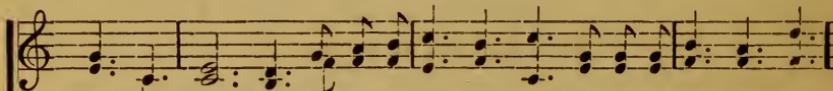
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



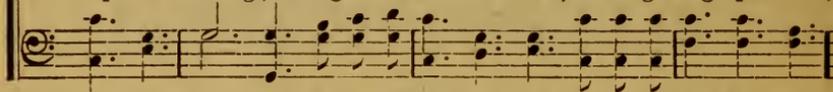
1. Wonderful tidings bring, Messengers for the King, Sounding aloud the
2. Hark, a glad chorus rings, Praise to the King of kings, Joyfully now his
3. Onward the tidings roll, Onward from pole to pole, List to the song of



CHO.—O- ver the sea of time, Cometh a song sublime, Tenderly sweet the



Saviour's glo - ry, Bear the good news along, Waft it in hap - py song,
work pro - gress - ing; Over the land and sea Tell of his grace so free,
rapture swelling; Rising from souls new-born, Hailing the gospel morn,



chime of voi - es; Voices of grateful song, Echo the news a - long,



News of salvation, precious story. Good news from the regions eternal,
Carry the news of endless blessing. Oh, tell of the deep, flowing fountain,
Wonderful joy its tones are telling. Oh, spread the good news of redemption,
haste to spread



Calling the earth while heav'n rejoices.



Good news from the Father a - bove, Good news and a message of
Oh, tell of the robes white and fair; The feast, for the sinner re-
Let love be our happy re - frain, The love of a crucified
royal feast



My Father's Care.

H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. There's not a bird that wings its flight, Nor li-ly blooms to ravish sight,
 2. There's not a blade of grass that springs, Or feathered orchestra that sings,
 3. There's not an eagle cleaves the sky, With stalwart wing and flashing eye,
 4. There's not a soul, however vile, On whom the Saviour will not smile,

But in the song and perfume rare An ech-o whispers, Father's care.
 But praises God, in earth and air, For dai-ly bread, for Father's care.
 But from his fortress high in air Re-ech-oes back, my Father's care.
 And now invites to gospel fare, To grace bestowed, and Father's care.

CHORUS.

My Father's care, my Father's care, Oh, blessed thought, without compare !

Those watchful eyes, that sparrows see, Will ne'er forget a child like me.

Copyright, 1893, by H. L. Gilmour.

5 There's not a soul who's born of God,
 Has peace and pardon thro' the blood,
 But in the hour of dark despair
 Finds comfort, joy, in Father's care.

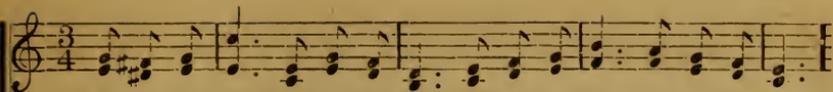
6 Speak forth, O flower, divinely clad,
 And happy bird, with twitter glad,
 And soul redeemed, boldly declare
 We cannot doubt our Father's care.

Steadfast Faith.

41

FANNY. J. CROSBY.

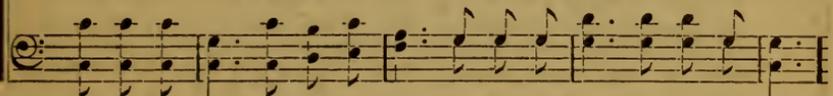
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I ask, O Lord, that mine may be A faith so strong, so firm in thee,
2. I ask a faith that works by love, That neither time nor death can move ;
3. I ask a faith o - bedient still, Content to suf - fer if thy will ;
4. I ask a faith that undismayed Will lead me thro' the vale and shade ;



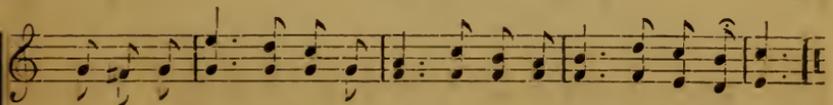
That thro' the deepest, darkest night, My soul shall triumph in its light.
A faith that views, with radiant eyes, Where heav'n's eternal region lies.
A faith that in the furnace flame Can shout for joy my Saviour's name.
Till, wafted o'er the narrow sea, I en - ter life, and dwell with thee.



CHORUS.



Give me this faith, O Saviour mine, That I may trust each word of thine ;



A faith that must and will prevail, Because thy word can nev - er fail.



Sing on the Way to Zion.

Rev. Jno. O. FOSTER.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing on the way to Zi-on, Sing while the moments fly; Sing with the
 2. Sing with the words of wisdom, Songs of the heart and voice; Hymns of the
 3. Sing with a prayerful spirit, Making your wishes known Sing while the

friends that love you, Sing when the cross is nigh, Singing will soothe our
 soul and spir - it Making the mind rejoice; Singing with holy
 throng shall gather, Near to the golden throne: Millions of free-born

sor - rows, Grief is subdued by song; Pain is allayed by mu - sic,
 fer - vor, Peacefully sweet and long, Saints on the way to glo - ry,
 spir - its Sing on the peaceful shore Honor and power and blessing,

CHORUS.

Gloom cannot tar - ry long. Sing, sing, for - ev - er sing, Sing as we
 Singing the new, new song,
 Je - sus, for - ev - er - more.

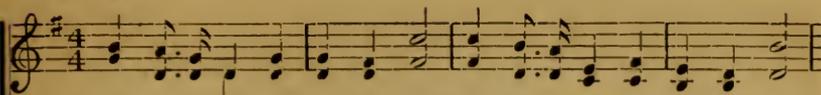
onward roam; Sing, sing, for - ev - er sing, Sing all the journey home.

Happy Days.

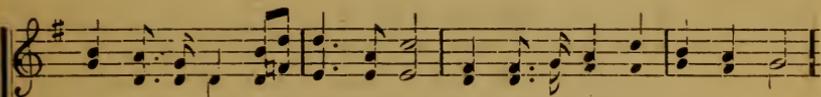
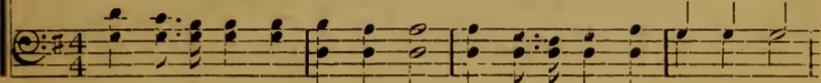
43

E. E. HEWITT.

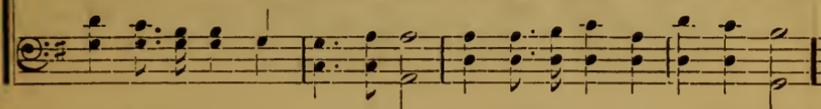
JNO. R. SWEENEY.



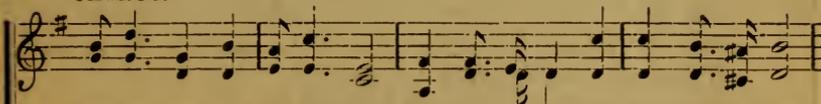
1. On - ly to follow, day by day, Just as the Master leads the way,
2. On - ly his least command to heed, Let'ting his fulness meet our need ;
3. On - ly to trust him all the while, Trusting, while days of pleasure smile,
4. On - ly in Je - sus to a - bide, Cleaus'ng the soul in Calv'ry's tide,



Taking each step that leads above In the bright sunshine of his love.
Loy - al to him thro' good and ill, Finding his grace suf - ficient still.
Trusting, when tears of sorrow fall, Proving his presence, more than all.
On - ly to praise him more and more, Till face to face, on Eden's shore.



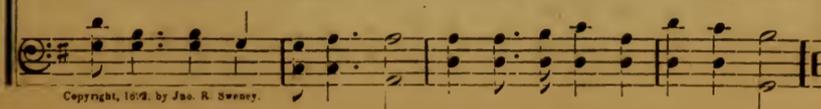
CHORUS.



Happy days, yes, happy days ; Faithful in service, joyful with praise ;



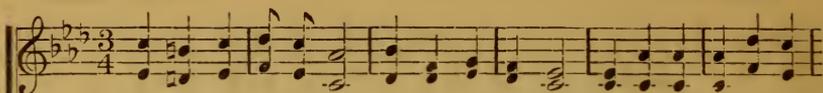
Happy days, yes, happy days, Walking with Jesus in his ways.



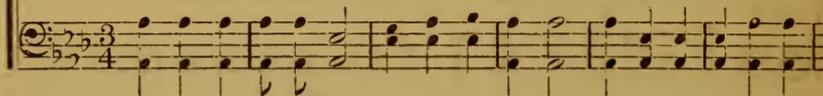
Only a Little Word.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

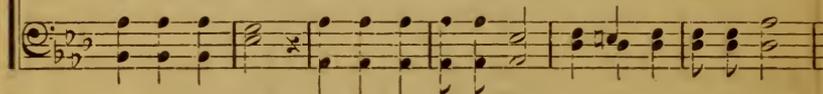
JNO. R. SWENEY.



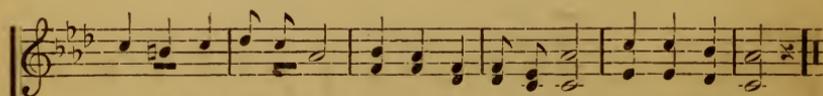
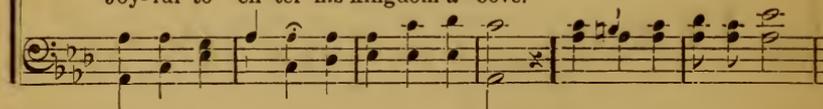
1. On - ly a little word, softly and kindly Breathed in the ear of the
2. On - ly a little word, softly and kindly Dropp'd in a heart that is
3. On - ly a little word, careful-ly spoken, Borne to the lost on the
4. On - ly a little word, spoken for Je - sus, Telling his pity, com-



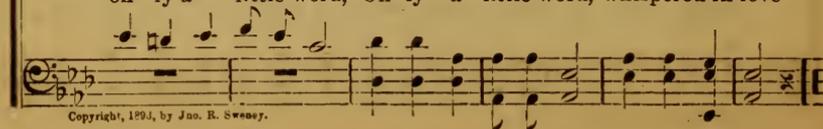
sad and oppressed ; Oh, how it tender-ly steals like a mel-o - dy
 blighted and chilled ; Oh, how its gentle s rain tunes every chord again,
 desert that roam, Breaks like the morning light, chasing the dreary night,
 passion and love, Out of the path of sin thousands may gather in,



Over life's billows, and lulls them to rest. On - ly a lit - tle word,
 Waking the echoes that sorrow has chilled.
 Pointing them upward, and leading them home.
 Joy - ful to en - ter his kingdom a - bove.



on - ly a little word, On - ly a little word, whispered in love

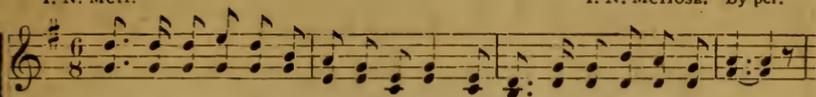


Oh, such Wonderful Love!

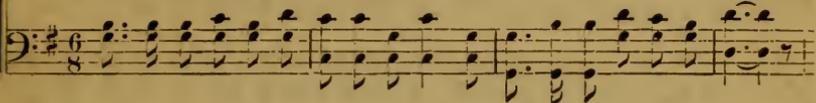
45

I. N. McH.

I. N. McHose, By per.



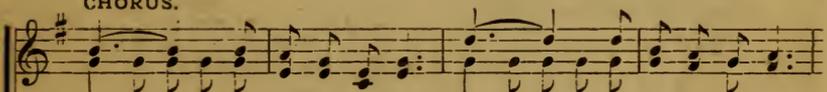
1. Jesus my Saviour did leave his bright home, To rescue a sinner like me;
2. Palaces, mansions, and inns had no room, When Jesus in infancy came;
3. Wayfaring man of grief, homeless and poor, Came Jesus my Saviour and Lord;



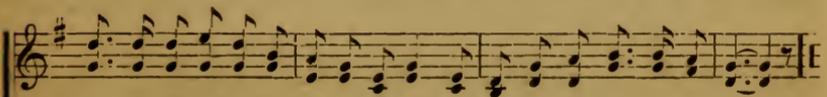
Laid down his scepter, and gave up his throne, To shamefully die on the tree.
Born in a manger 'midst sin's deepest gloom, Was Jesus the Saviour of men.
Poured out his infinite love to redeem, And save us thro' faith in his word.



CHORUS.



Oh, such wonderful love, Oh, such wonderful love;
Oh, such wonder-ful, Oh, such wonder-ful,



Jesus my Saviour left sceptre and throne, To suffer and die to save me.



I am Coming, Blessed Lord.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Blessed Lord, I am wea-ry of sin and the world, And I long to find
 2. All I counted as pleasure has end-ed in pain, That my soul can no
 3. Let me taste, precious Saviour, thy wonderful love, That my life with true
 4. Come and dwell in my heart, blessed Saviour, to-day, All I have to thy

rest for my soul; Let me dwell where thy banners of love are unfurled, And where
 long-er endure: For the treasures of earth are but fleeting and vain, And I
 joys may abound; Fix my wavering thoughts on that kingdom above, Where the
 will I re-sig-n; Keep my faltering feet in the heavenward way, And pre-

CHORUS.

peace, like a riv-er, doth roll. I am coming, blessed Lord, coming, blessed Lord,
 yearn for the real and the sure.
 purest of pleasures are found.
 serve me, dear Lord, ever thine.

Coming with my weight of sin to thee; Make my broken spirit whole, cleanse and

pur-i-fy my soul In the all-a-toning blood of Cal-va-ry.

Thank God and Take Courage.

47

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

ACTS XXVIII: 15.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thank God, and take courage, Tho' rough is thy way, Thy Master will
 2. Thank God, and take courage, There's much work to do, But Je - sus has
 3. Thank God, and take courage, The warfare is long, But vict'ry is
 4. Thank God, and take courage, Tho' tri - als a - bound, A refuge for-

give thee Fresh strength for each day; Tho' foes are around thee, And
 promised Our strength to re - new; Thank God, and take courage, Each
 cer - tain, For Je - sus is strong; Thank God, and take courage, We
 ev - er Our God will be found; We'll serve him with gladness, The

dan - ger a - larms, They cannot un - fast - en The clasp of his arms.
 step of the way Is cheered by his presence, Our help - er and stay.
 will not re - treat, Who follow Christ's banner Need fear no de - feat.
 world o - vercome, Thank God, and take courage, Our rest is at home.

CHORUS.

Thank God, . . . and take cour . . . age, With Christ . . . on our side;
 Thank God, and take courage, thank God and take courage, With Christ, with Christ on our side;

We still . . . will march on . . . ward, With Je . . . sus to guide.
 We still will march onward, we still will march onward, With Jesus, with Jesus to guide.

Where, But to Thee?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Where shall I go, my Saviour, Oh, where, but to thee? Tho' I am
 2. Where shall I go, my Saviour, When sorrow-op - pressed? Thou art my
 3. Where shall I go, my Saviour, When tempted and tried? Sweetly thy

weak and sin - ful, Thou carest for me. Thou art my eld - er brother,
 on - ly comfort, Thou givest me rest. Jesus, divine Re - deemer,
 word assures me, My soul thou wilt hide. Out of the deep, my Saviour,

Praise, praise to thy name; Taught by the Holy Spirit, Thy promise I claim.
 No other can save; Thou in thy might hast triumphed O'er death and the grave.
 Thou hearest my call; Thou art the rock eter - nal, My refuge, my all.

CHORUS.

Where shall I go when clouds appear? Where shall I turn when storms are near?

Where shall I fly from doubt and fear? On - ly, on - ly to thee.

The Stairway of Love.

49

ABBIE MILLS.

Psalms cxxxviii : 5.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. In the ways of the Lord I am finding a song, And the works of his
 2. Clouds oft cov - er his feet, and but dim - ly I see, Yet I know, step by
 3. All the buf-fet'ing thorns grace is changing I find In - to steps of tried
 4. I can sing in his ways, while unable to know What his love will re-

hands eve - ry note shall prolong ; I will sing it on earth, and will
 step, he is still leading me, For the shinings, so clear, bring me
 gold, steps that heavenward wind ; I will triumph in Je - sus, and
 veal as advanc - ing I go, 'Mid the glo - ry that shines all the

sing it above, For the ways of my Lord are the footprints of love.
 gladsome surprise, All my steppings with him lead me nearer the skies.
 trust - ing - ly cry, Lead my feet to the Rock that is high - er than I.
 way to the throne I will shout hal - le - lujah for the heaven begun.

CHORUS.

Oh, bright stairway of love ! Golden stairway above !
 Faith is lending her wings, As my

soul soars and sings ; I can run and not weary, I can walk and not faint.

To the Rescue.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER. By per.

1. See! a sail amid the fearful breakers Yonder, waving signals of distress;
 2. Higher, fiercer yet the tempest rages, Can the life-boat live in such a sea?
 3. See the forms unto the old wreck clinging, Now they beckon to the shore for aid;
 4. Sin is rampant and its billows raging, And these human wrecks are ev'ry where;
 5. Go and tell them Christ has died to win them, Bid them cast on him their load of [care];

Haste! make ready at the saving station, Man the life-boat, praying God to bless!
 Yes, for God who rules the storm shall guide it, Till imperilled souls in safety be.
 Now their cry for help your ears is greeting! Surely you would not the call evade?
 Brother, do not lose a single moment! Heaven's message to them quickly bear.
 Bid them hope, tho' 'neath the wave now sinking;
 Tell them Christ can save them even there.

CHORUS.

To the rescue, to the rescue! Brother, seize the oar! Launch the life-boat,

launch the life-boat! Pull away from shore! Speed the life-boat, speed the life-boat!

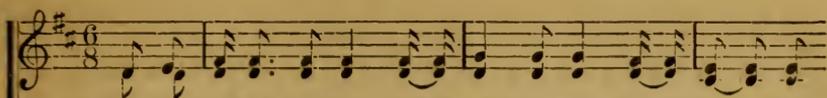
Brave the wind and wave! To the rescue, to the rescue! Precious souls to save!

Have You Nothing to Do?

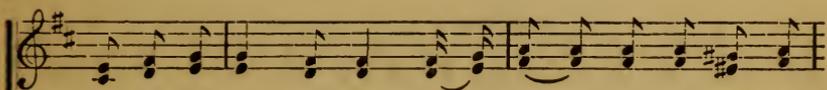
51

J. H. RALSTON, alt.

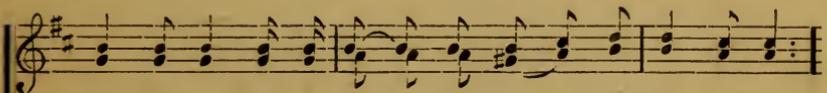
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Have you nothing to do? in this world of ours, Where weeds spring
2. Have you nothing to do? there are minds to teach The sim-plest
3. Have you nothing to do? there are pray'rs to lay on the al-tar, as
4. Have you noth ng to do? there are lambs to feed, The pre-cious
5. Have you nothing to do? O Christian soul, Why wrap thee



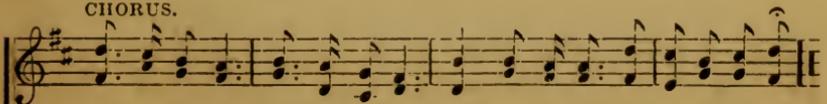
up with the fair-est flowers, Where smiles have oft but a
language of Christian speech; There are souls to win with your
incense by night and day; There are foes to bat-tle, with-
hope of the church's need, And strength to be borne to the
round in thy self-ish stole? Fling off thy garments of



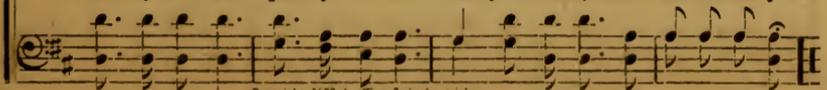
fit-ful play, Where hearts are break-ing eve-ry day.
lov-ing vile, From the low-est haunts of sin's de-file.
in, without, And er-rors to conquer though strong and stout.
weak and faint, And vig-ils to keep with the suff'ring saint.
sloth and sin, For Christ, thy Lord, hath a world to win.



CHORUS.



Plenty to do! plenty to do! O my brother, there's labor for you.



Nothing to Fear.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Singing and trusting, press onward, my soul ! Boulders of doubt in my
 2. Foes great and man-y may hold o'er my way False lights, to dazzle and
 3. Weary one, out in the darkness a-way, Je sus is longing to

pathway may roll ; If to surmount them my strength too small
 lead me a-stray ; Yet from their wiles I have nothing to fear,
 bless you to-day ; Come, and your terrors will all dis-appear,

D. S.—E - ven the darkness his light maketh clear,

rit. Fine. CHORUS.

Je - sus will car - ry me o - ver them all. Nothing to fear,
 God in his word gives me sunshine so clear.
 Trusting in him, there is nothing to fear. I have

Trusting in him, I have nothing to fear.

D. S.

nothing to fear, Nothing can harm me while Je - sus is near ;

Copyright, 1893, by Jno. R. Sweney.

Blessed the Hour!

53

W. T. NOSS.

T. S. EVANS.



1. Blessed the hour when Je - sus first spoke Peace to my soul, which,
2. Constantly near wher - ev - er I go, Je - sus, my guide, pro-
3. Soon I shall come to life's closing scenes, Soon earthly journ'yings

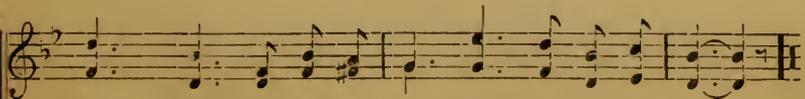
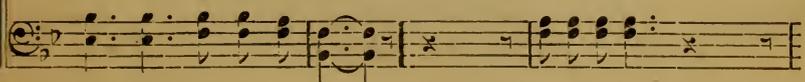


burdened with sin, Long had been struggling sad and alone, Blessed the
tector and friend, Gives me a joy the world cannot know; Glo - rious
all shall be past; Jesus, my Saviour, true to the end, Then shall re-



CHORUS.

hour when Jesus came in. Blessed the hour when Jesus, my
friendship, nev - er to end.
ceive and give me sweet rest. Blessed the hour



Sav - iour, Entered my life, and made me his child!
Blessed the hour,



Glad Tidings of Joy.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, what a wonderful Saviour is mine! Help me to sing of his goodness divine;
 2. He gave his life that my soul might be free, Dying for sinners, he saves even me;
 3. Looking to Jesus and trusting his grace, In the cleft Rock is my sure hiding-place;
 4. My precious Saviour is your Saviour too, He died to purchase salvation for you;

He, to redeem me, thro' in - finite love, Left his bright mansions above.
 When I was burdened with sorrow and fear, Sweetly he said, "be of cheer."
 He is my comfort-er, helper and friend, He will stand by to the end.
 Ask him to come and abide in your heart, Nev-er again to de - part.

CHORUS.

Shout the glad tidings of joy, Pardon is purchased for you and for me;
 Shout the glad tidings,

Shout the glad tidings of joy, Life ev-er-lasting is free.
 Shout the glad tidings,

We Love to Gather at Evening. 55

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We love to gather at evening, From toil and la - bor free,
2. We love to gather at eve - ning, Thy voice by faith to hear,
3. We love to gather at eve - ning, In ho - ly converse sweet,
4. We love to gather at eve - ning, Beneath thy watchful care;

And spend, in blessed commun - ion, An hour, O Lord, with thee.
And feel the joy of thy presence, - No place on earth so dear.
And learn our du - ty, like children, O Saviour, at thy feet.
We love to gather at evening, Where thou dost answer prayer.

CHORUS.

We love to gather at eve - ning, But sweeter far 'twill be

When we shall meet in the morning, At home, safe home with thee.

Come and Buy.

J. B. MACKAY.

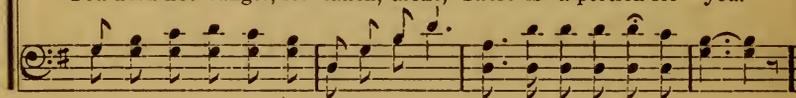
JNO. R. SWENEY.



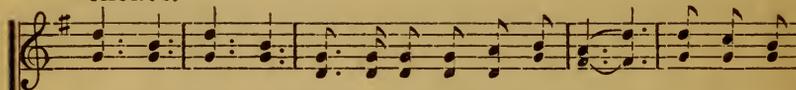
1. Why are you languishing here by the way, Starving while plenty is nigh ?
2. Have you been tempted to wander afar, You who have supped with the Lord ?
3. Come back and dwell in the light of his face, Come to the feast of the King ;
4. Or if his bounty you never have known, Come, for his promise is true ;



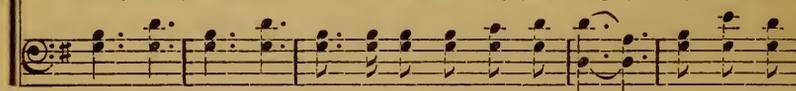
Come now and eat, there is nothing to pay, Come without money and buy.
 Is not the price you must pay where you are More than your soul can afford ?
 Tho' you be fallen, for you there is grace, This is the message we bring.
 You need not hunger, for- saken, alone, There is a portion for you.



CHORUS.



Come, come, oh, come, Je- sus is call- ing you nigh ; Buy milk and



hon - ey, your soul sat - is - fy, Come without money and buy.



Come, Whosoever Will.

57

"And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. xxii: 17

M. A. WHITAKER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Come home, come home, the fold is free, And o - pen stands the door ;
2. He claims thee now, then lin - ger not, Cast off the doubt and fear ;
3. He wore for thee the crown of thorns, His blood for thee was shed ;
4. Doth not thy heart within thee burn, Its hardness melt a - way ?

There Je - sus waits to welcome thee, To save thee ev - er - more.
No wand'ring child by him for got, In sim - ple faith draw near.
He saw thee faint and trav - el-worn, To suc - cor thee he sped.
His sav - ing hand thou wilt not spurn, Oh, clasp that hand to - day.

CHORUS.

Come home, . . . come home, The Saviour's wait - ing still ;
Come home, come home,

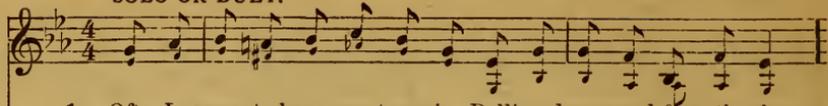
Come home, . . . come home, Come, who - so - ev - er will.
Come home, come home,

Heavenly Music.

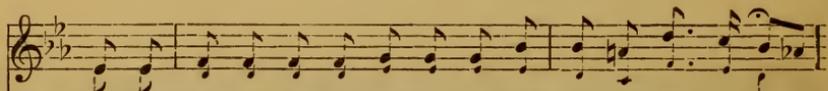
Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO R. SWENEY.

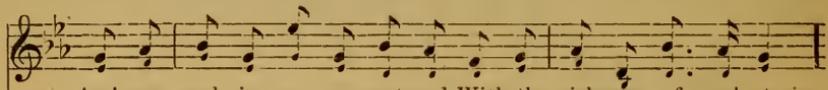
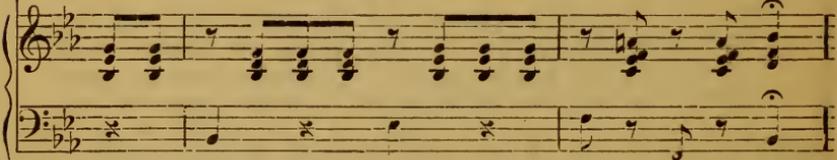
SOLO OR DUET.



1. Oft I seem to hear sweet music Rolling downward from the sky,
2. Earth has music, rich and cheering, Soothing hearts borne down with woe,



Thro' the o - pen gates of heaven, God's own Par - a - dize on high;
But there's sweeter, richer mu - sic In the land to which we go;



And my soul is so en - raptured With the richness of each strain,
And my soul is so transport - ed With the prospect on before,



That I long to cross the portals, There to join the glad refrain.
That I scarce can hold my spir - it From the bright ce - les - tial shore.



CHORUS.

1st.
 { Oh, the music rich and sweet, Rolling down the golden street, Rolling down, rolling
 May I join the glad refrain On the happy Eden plain, . . .

2d.
 down the golden street; On the hap- py, on the happy E- den plain.

The Fountain Now is Open Wide.

COWPER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, }
 { And sinners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt- y stains. }
 2. { The dy- ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day, }
 { And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a- way. }
 3. { Thou dy- ing Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev- er lose its power. }
 { Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more. }

CHORUS.

The fountain now is o- pen wide, I plunge beneath its crimson
 tide; 'Twas o- pened in the Saviour's side For me, for me.

From "Precious Songs," by per.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>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.</p> | <p>5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song
 I'll sing thy power to save,
 When this poor lisping, stamm'ring
 Lies silent in the grave. [tongue</p> |
|--|--|

Building Day by Day.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

HERBERT D. LOTHROP.

1. We are building in sorrow, and building in joy, A temple the world cannot
 2. Ev'ry deed forms a part in this building of ours, That is done in the name of the
 3. Then be watchful and wise, let the temple we rear Be one that no tempest can

INST.

see; But we know it will stand if we found it on a rock, Thro' the
 Lord; For the love that we show and the kindness we bestow, He has
 shock; For the Master has said, and he taught us in his word, We must

CHORUS.

a - ges of e - ter - ni - ty. We are building day by day, as the
 promised us a bright re - ward.
 build upon the sol - id rock.

moments glide away, Our temple, which the world may not see;
 which the world may not see;

Ev - 'ry vic - t'ry won by grace Will be sure to find its place

ad lib.

In our building for e - ter - ni - ty. e - ter - ni - ty.
for e - ter - ni - ty.

Jehovah, My Saviour.

REV. R. M. MCCHEYNE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I once was a stranger to grace and to God; I knew not my danger and
2. When free grace awoke me by light from on high. Then legal fears shook me; I
3. My terrors all vanished before the sweet name; My guilty fears banished, with
4. Jehovah, the Lord, is my treasure and boast; Jehovah, my Saviour, I
5. E'en treading the valley, the shadow of death, This watchword shall rally my

felt not my load; Tho' friends spoke in rapture of Christ on the tree, Jehovah, my
trembled to die; No refuge, no safety, in self could I see; Jehovah! thou
boldness I came To drink at the fountain life-giving and free: Jehovah, my
ne'er can be lost; In thee I shall conquer by flood and by field, Jehovah, my
faltering breath; For while from life's fever my God sets me free, Jehovah, my

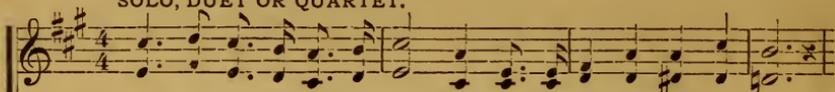
Saviour, was nothing to me, Je-hovah, my Saviour, was nothing to me.
on-ly my Saviour must be, Je-hovah, thou only my Saviour must be.
Saviour, is all things to me, Je-hovah, my Saviour, is all things to me.
anchor, Jehovah, my shield, Je-hovah, my anchor, Je-hovah, my shield!
Saviour, my death-song shall be, Jehovah, my Saviour, my death-song shall be!

62 Will You Meet Me in the Morning?

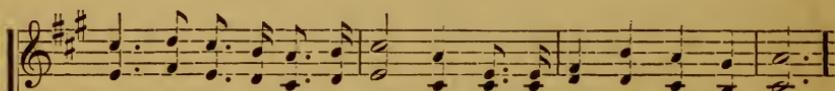
LIDIE E. HEWITT.

SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Will you meet me in the morning, When the shadows pass a - way?
2. Here the joy-beams, pure and tender, Oft are veiled by sorrow's night,
3. Je - sus, there, is all the glo - ry, Brighter than the sun his face;
4. See, oh, see, the golden dawn - ing Of the grand, e - ter - nal day!



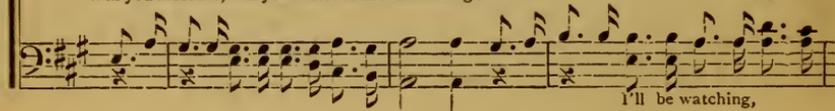
When the glad and golden dawning Melts in - to the per - fect day.
But no clouds will dim the splendor Of the ev - er - last - ing light.
There we'll sing salvation's sto - ry, Sing the wonders of his grace.
Will you meet me in the morning, When the shadows pass a - way?



CHORUS.



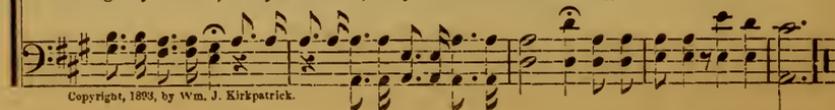
Will you meet me in the morning? I'll be watching, I'll be waiting for you
Will you meet me, will you meet me in the morning? I'll be



I'll be watching,



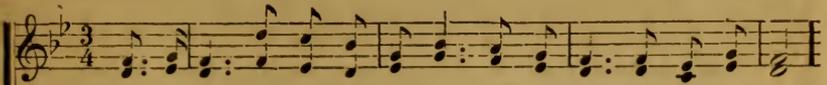
there; Will you meet me in the morning, In that city bright and fair?
waiting for you there; Will you meet me, will you meet me in the morning,



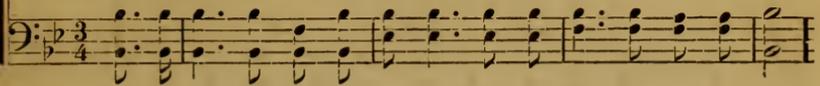
Will You be Among the Number? 63

ALICE. M. LOWE.

N. S. HOWARD.



1. Will you be among the number That shall hear the Saviour say,—
2. Will you be among the number That shall have a home at last
3. Will you be among the number That shall wear a robe of white,
4. Will you be among the number That make up the blood-wash'd throng,



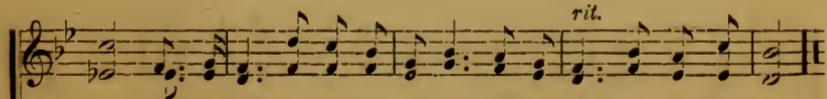
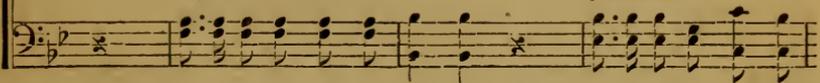
"Well done, good and faithful servant," When he comes on judgment day?
With the Saviour and his loved ones, Where all pain and death are past?
That shall bear a harp in glo - ry, And be crowned with jewels bright?
Who both day and night with gladness Sing the ev - er - lasting song?



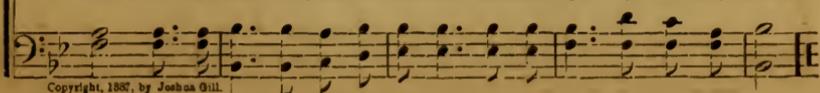
CHORUS.



Yes, I'll be among the number, Je - sus wants me to be
Yes, I'll be Jesus wants



there; He has paid the precious ransom, That his glo - ry I may share.



Give Praise to God.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Give praise to God, who rules the earth and sky, And we behold his
 2. Give praise to God, whose blessings freely flow, To make us glad with
 3. Give praise to God, who doeth all things well, And who is rich in

wonders far and near; Give praise to him whose eye is o - ver all,
 each return - ing day; Give praise to him whose all - suf - ficient grace
 mer - cy and in love; Give praise to him, for in his on - ly Son

CHORUS.

And who is good to all his children here. Give praise, give
 Will keep us here from every e - vil way.
 We all have life, e - ternal life a - bove. Give praise,

praise, With joy - ful notes give thanks and praise to God; Give
 give praise,

praise, give praise, With grateful hearts give thanks and praise to God.
 Give praise, give praise,

Working for Jesus.

65

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

Not too fast.

1. Working for Je - sus, my Saviour and King, Glad is my heart, and in
2. Working for Je - sus, while daylight shall last, Soon will the moments for
3. Working for Je - sus, what comfort is mine, Lo, I am led by his
4. Working for Je - sus, till run is life's race, When in his beauty I'll

rap - ture I sing; Nev - er from Je - sus my footsteps shall stray,
ev - er be past; Night will o'er - take me ere long - er I roam,
guidance di - vine; Safe - ly he'll lead me, my feet may not stray,
see his dear face; Then in the kingdom of heav - en I'll sing

CHORUS.

For he will guide in the straight, narrow way. Working for Je - sus,
Working un - til he shall beck - on me home.
Soon shall I joy in his in - fi - nite day.
End - less ho - san - nas to Je - sus our King.

working for Je - sus, Coun - sel - lor, Saviour, and King; Glad in his

ser - vice, glad in his ser - vice, Hearts as our tributes we bring.

Copyright, 1900, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. *Praise in Song* - E

I am Saved, Praise His Name.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I am walking to-day in that glo - rious way, Where the pleasures un-
 2. I am filled with delight, as I walk in his sight, Where no terrors my
 3. He supplies all I need, on his manna I feed, And I drink from the
 4. While I live I will sing of my Saviour and King, And the wounds in his

failing a - bound; And my heart has a song as I journey a - long,
 soul can dismay; And when dangers appear, I have nothing to fear,
 fountain of life; By his strong, loving arm I am shielded from harm,
 hands and his side; Come, and prayerfully bow at his footstool just now,

D. S.—sin-cleansing tide, freely shed from his side,

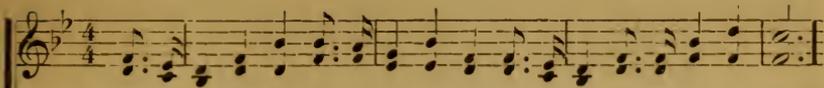
Fine. CHORUS.
 Since the Saviour so rich - ly I've found, I am saved, I am
 For he walks by my side all the way.
 And am kept from the world and its strife.
 And be washed in the free, flowing tide. praise his name,
 I am saved, I am saved, praise his name.

D. S.
 saved, Hal - le - lu - jah! his prais - es proclaim; Thro' the
 praise his name,

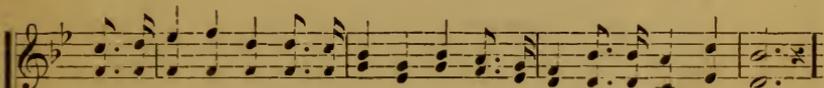
There are Songs, Glad Songs. 67

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. There are songs, glad songs, that in dreams I hear, And they come o'er the crystal sea;
2. There are songs, glad songs, when my heart is lone,
3. There are songs, glad songs, that my Father gives, In the hush of the silent night;
4. There are songs, glad songs, I shall learn them soon, On the banks where the faith-
[ful] meet;



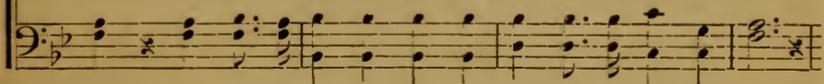
From the friends that wait at the jasper gate, And I know they are calling me.
And their tones are sweet as the voice of birds, Or the breath of the dewy flow'rs.
And my faith takes wings, and it soars away To the home of the morrow's light.
When I strike my harp with a loud amen, As I kneel at the Saviour's feet.



CHORUS.



Come, oh, come they are gently say-ing, Come where the blest repose;



Come, oh, come to the vales of E-den, Come where the life-tree grows.



At the Gate called Beautiful.

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. At the "beautiful gate" of the temple, As beggars and maimed we a-
 2. From the "beautiful gate" of the temple A gleam of his beauty we
 3. Thro' the "beautiful gate" of the temple The flood of hosannas we
 4. He is near! he is near! he is waiting, By the gate of the temple he

wait The hand of our healing A - pos - tle, The Lord of the
 see; Yet the light of his ut - termost glo - ry Is hidden from
 hear, And we know, by the voi - ces of triumph, The step of our
 stands; He touches the maimed, and exult - ing We leap with the

CHORUS.

"beau - ti - ful gate." He cometh! he cometh! sal - vation re -
 thee and from me.
 Heal - er is near.
 life from his hands.

vealing, The Naz - a - rene passeth this way; He cometh! he
 He passeth this way;

cometh! his presence is healing, He com - - eth! he cometh to - day!
 He cometh! he cometh!

I'm Dwelling in the Presence.

69

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I have left the land of bondage far behind, To no sin-ful thing nor
2. I am liv ing in a country bright and fair, Where the joyous shouts of
3. In this happy land the skies are always clear, Flowers ev-er blooming
4. Oh, the joy I find contin-ues in this place, As I walk with Jesus,

pleasure do I cling; All I need to sat-is-fy me I can find, For I'm
hal-le-lu-jah ring; I have found a rest from sin and every care, For I'm
in this fadeless spring; And the ripened fruit of Beulah land is here, For I'm
to his hand I cling; I can hear his voice and see his smiling face, For I'm

CHORUS.

dwelling in the presence of the King. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, is the

joyous, joyous song That the angels and the ransomed ever sing, And I can sing it

too, with my palace still in view, For I'm dwelling in the presence of the King.

70 Behold Me Standing at the Door!

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

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP. By per.

With feeling.



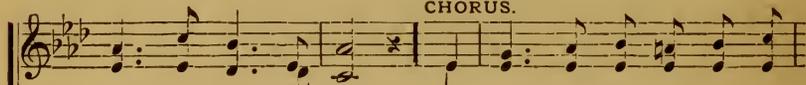
1. Be - hold Me standing at the door, And hear Me pleading ev - er -
2. I bore the cruel thorns for thee; I wait - ed long and patient -
3. I would not plead with thee in vain, Re - member all My grief and
4. I bring thee joy from heav'n above; I bring thee pardon, peace and



more, With gentle voice, oh, heart of sin, May I come
 ly: Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come
 pain! I died to ran - som thee from sin, May I come
 love: Say, wea - ry heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come



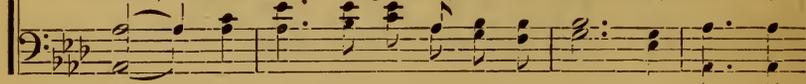
CHORUS.



in? may I come in? Be - hold Me standing at the



door, And hear Me pleading ev - er - more: Say, wea - ry



heart, oppress'd with sin, May I come in? may I come in?

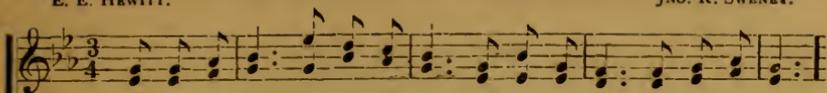


He Took My Place.

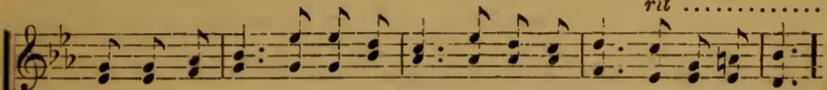
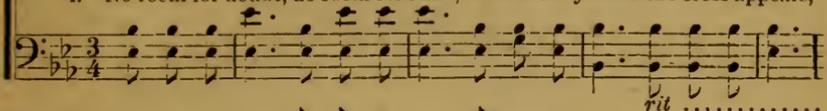
71

E. E. HEWITT.

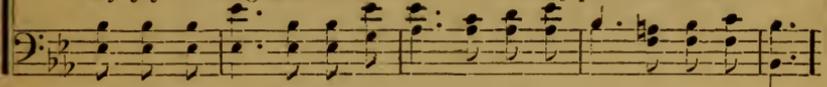
JNO. R. SWENEY.



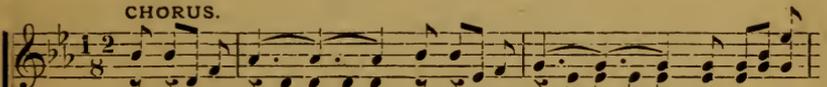
1. A trembling soul, I sought the Lord, My sin confessed, my guilt deplored;
2. Here rests my heart; assurance sweet, His blessed work he will complete,
3. When sorrow veils the smiling day, When e-vil foes be-set my way,
4. No room for doubt, no room for fears, When to my view the cross appears,



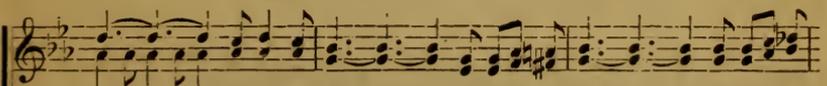
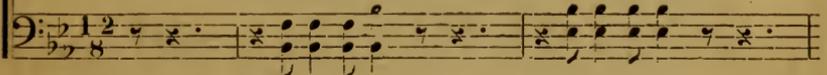
How soft and sweet, his word to me, "I took thy place, and died for thee."
 Since in his love, so great and free, He took my place, and died for me.
 A - bundant grace in him I see, He took my place, and died for me.
 My joy - ful song shall ev - er be. He took my place, and died for me.



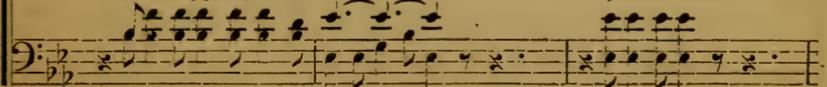
CHORUS.



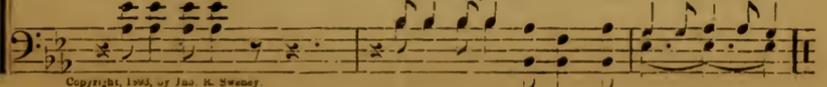
No oth - er hope no oth - er plea; He took my
 No oth - er hope, no oth - er plea;



place. . . . and died for me: O precious Lamb . . . of Calya-
 He took my place, and died for me; O precious Lamb



ry! He took my place, and died for me. . . .
 of Cal - va - ry! He took my place, and died for me.



From the Stranger-Country.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth . . . they desire a better country."—Heb. xi : 13, 16.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. From the stranger-country To the glo-ry-land, From the pilgrim-
 2. From the burden-bearing To the sweet re-lease, From the tossing
 3. From the thorny pathway To the fields of balm, From the shout of

ex-ile To the Lord's right hand; From the lonely val-ley To the
 billow To the Realm of Peace; From the foes be-set-ting To the
 warfare To the vic-tor's palm; From the farewell sobbings, From the

hills of light, From the mist-y shadow To the day-beams bright.
 an-gel-throng, From the pray'r of anguish To the rap-tured song.
 eb-bing tide, To the glad good-morning On the oth-er side.

CHORUS.

From the pain, the tears, the sor-row, To the ev-er-last-ing mor-row;

From the last-drawn earthly sigh To the Father's house on high.

All Our Need Supplied.

73

E. E. HEWITT.

Phill. iv: 19.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Simple faith in Jesus Brings each blessing nigh, God our heav'nly Father
 2. Need of kindly guiding, Need of hope and cheer, Light upon our pathway,
 3. Ev-'ry inmost longing Can our Father read, Ev-'ry spir-it-hunger
 4. Boundless is the measure Of his grace untold, From his royal treasure

Shall all need supply; "Great and precious promise!" Have we learned its pow'r?
 Like the sunshine clear; More of strength and wisdom. More of faith and love;
 He can ful-ly feed; Come to him believ-ing, On his word re-ly,
 Wondrous gifts unfold; Riches of his glo-ry Amply sat-is-fy,

CHORUS.

Do we claim its bounty Ev-'ry passing hour? All our need, all our
 Oh, what daily mercies Need we from above.
 For our heav'nly Father Shall all need supply.
 So our heav'nly Father Shall all need supply. All our need,

need, Trustful-ly . . . the promise plead; Look on
 all our need, Trustful-ly his promise plead, Trustful-ly his promise plead;

high, look on high, God shall all our need sup-ply.
 Look on high, look on high,

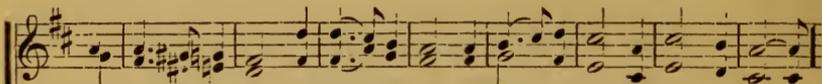
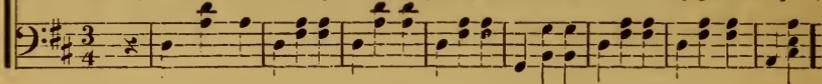
Boundless and Free.

Rev. J. H. BATTEN.

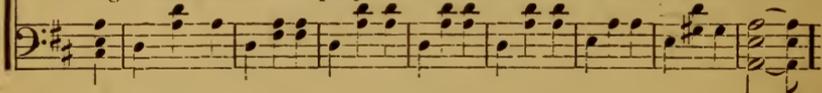
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. On Calv' - ry's cross, uplifted high, The Son of God was nailed to die;
2. It gath - ered in the fount of love, And spoke to men of heav'n above;
3. All they who heeded proved its might To wash the blackest sinner white;
4. Still flows the stream that saves from sin, Almighty pow'r its depths within;
5. Oh, come with all thy sense of guilt, This blood was for thy pardon spilt;



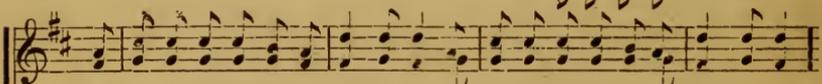
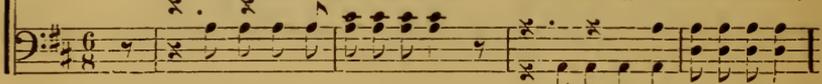
There, pierced thro' with grief and woe, From Christ the healing stream did flow.
 Pro - claim to all the message sweet, Redemption boundless and com - plete.
 By faith they plunged beneath its flow, Emerg - ing pure as driv - en snow.
 Still speaks the voice of heaven's home, And, "who - o - ev - er will may come."
 Plunge now beneath its purple tide, And ev - ermore with Christ a - bide.



CHORUS.



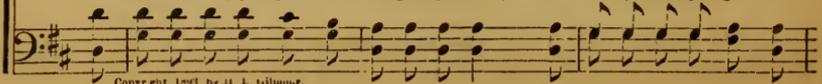
So bound - less and free, . . . so bound - less and free, . . .
 So boundless, so boundless and free, So boundless, so boundless and free,



'Tis flowing, 'tis flowing for you, for you, 'Tis flowing, 'tis flowing for me, for me;



O sin - - - ner, come, plunge . . . in the life - - - giv - ing
 O sinner, come, plunge in the life-giving stream, O sinner, come, plunge in the



stream That's flow - - ing so bound - less, the world to re - deem.
 life-giving stream That's flowing so boundless, the world to redeem,

Jesus, Come in To-day.

EDGAR PAGE,

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. Je - sus, come in to-day, In - to my heart and stay, As thou dost
2. Je - sus, I pray to thee, Come thou and reign in me, Then, Lord, my
3. Oft - en he knocked before, Wick - ed I closed the door, For - give—I
4. O Christ, thy precious love, As from the realms above, Like as a

pass this way, Je - sus, come in; Come in, thou precious guest, Then,
 heart shall be Ev - er thy throne; No ri - val en - ter there, No
 will no more Turn thee a - way; Lord, low - ly at thy feet, For -
 white-winged dove, Fills all my soul; Je - sus, my Saviour, King, Let

with thy presence blest, I shall have perfect rest, Freedom from sin.
 shadow of despair, He, of ten thousand fair, Je - sus, my own.
 give, I pray, entreat, And with thy presence sweet Fill me to - day.
 me thy praises sing, Let earth and heaven ring, While a - ges roll.

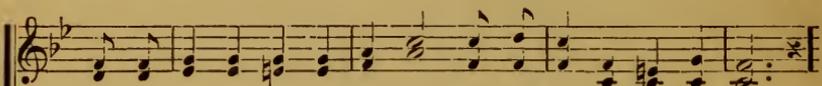
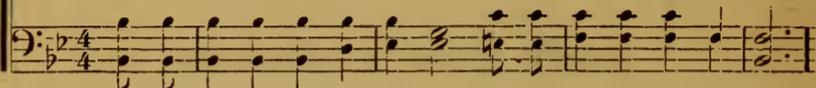
We'll Surely Conquer.

WM. H. GARDNER.

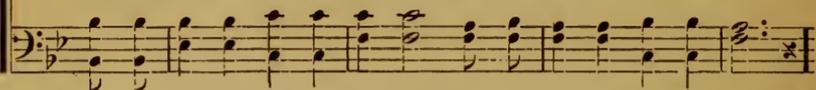
CHAS. H. GABRIEL



1. There are heights that frown before us, There are foes on ev - 'ry side;
2. We are striving for a purpose, We are liv - ing for the right;
3. All this life is filled with warfare, There are always fields to win;
4. Onward t'ward the goal we hast - en, Where we'll gain the prize of life;



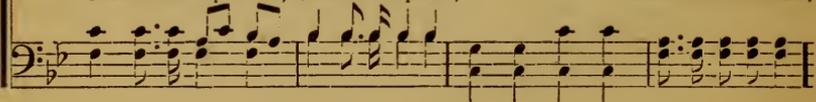
Yet we mean to journey onward, Tho' the darkest ills be - tide.
 And we know the Lord is with us, For we feel his arm of might.
 And we ral - ly for the con - flict With no thought of fear with - in.
 Upward look we to the Saviour, Gaining strength to bide the strife.



CHORUS.



On - - ward and up - ward, Be our watchword still;
 Onward and up - ward, Onward and upward, Be our watchword still;



And we'll surely conquer, sure - ly conquer, If we do God's ho - ly will.



The Lord Dwelleth in Zion.

77

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

Joel iii: 21.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The foes of life we will not fear, For the Lord dwelleth in Zi - on ;
 2. Temptations now have lost their pow'r, For the Lord dwelleth in Zi - on ;
 3. No weapon 'gainst us shall prevail, For the Lord dwelleth in Zi - on ;
 4. Our foes shall all be put to flight, For the Lord dwelleth in Zi - on ;

We always find de - liv'rance near, For the Lord dwelleth in Zi - on.
 Through grace we triumph every hour, For the Lord dwelleth in Zi - on.
 We'll stand unmoved when doubts assail, For the Lord dwelleth in Zi - on.
 And we are sure to win the fight, For the Lord dwelleth in Zi - on.

CHORUS.

Then praise the Lord with shout and song, To him all glo - ry doth be - long ;

Let heav'nly choirs the praise prolong, For the Lord dwelleth in Zi - on.

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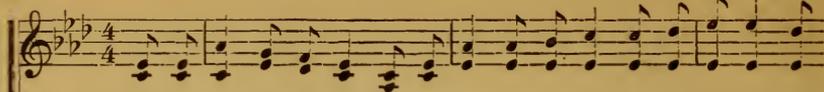
5 Our every need is now supplied,
 For the Lord dwelleth in Zion ;
 There's naught that we can ask beside,
 For the Lord dwelleth in Zion.

6 We will not fear when death shall come,
 For the Lord dwelleth in Zion ;
 And he will guide us safely home,
 For the Lord dwelleth in Zion.

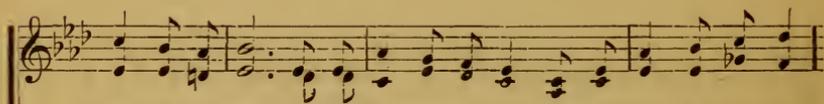
Hallelujahs we'll Sing.

W. HARRISON HORNER.

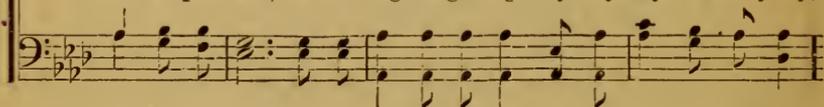
JNO. R. SWENEY.



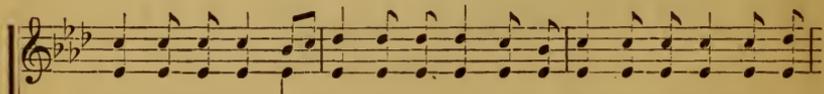
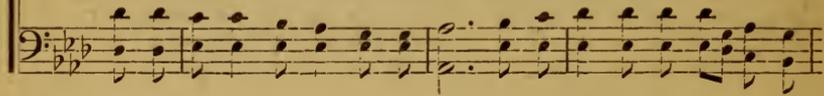
1. Come, ye saints of the Lord, who believe in his word, Halle - lujahs we'll
2. From his love's boundless tide all our wants are supplied, Halle - lujahs we'll
3. Are there those in this throng who can't join in this song, As they know not our
4. Peace divine all may know, as to heaven they go, Halle - lujahs thro'



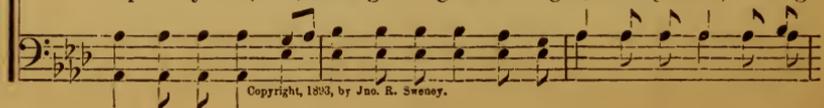
sing to his name; To our Saviour and King let each heart tribute bring,
sing to his name; 'Mid our burdens and fear ev'ry heart he doth cheer,
Saviour and King? Je - sus bids you to come, he will welcome you home,
life to proclaim; On the King's bright highway they may walk ev'ry day,



Halle - lujahs we'll sing to his name; He has spared us to meet once a -
Halle - lujahs we'll sing to his name; Tho' oft tempted to stray from his
Then in joy hal - le - lujahs you'll sing; Calv'ry's blood, precious flow, washes
And in joy hal - le - lujahs exclaim; When life's journey is o'er, then tri -



gain at his feet, And welcomes us all to the blest mercy-seat, Where we
own blessed way, He holds us in love, driving tempters away, All the
sin white as snow, All poor, contrite souls full salvation may know. Oh, come,
umphantly soar, On glad angel wings to the bright, shining shere, Joining



join as one fold in communion so sweet, Hallelujahs we'll sing to his name.
 sheep of his flock he guards safe night and day, Hallelujahs we'll sing to his name.
 wanderers, come, there your hearts will o'erflow, And from all hallelujahs will ring.
 hosts there in glory, to sing evermore Hallelujahs to Jesus' dear name.

CHORUS.

Sing hallelujahs, sing hallelujahs, Sing hal- lujahs to his name;
 Halle- lujahs to his name;

Hal - le - lujahs, hal - le - lujahs, Hal - le - lujahs we'll sing to his name.

Nothing to Pay.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Nothing to pay, for atonement's made. The blood has been shed, and the debt is paid.
2. Nothing to pay, for the blotted scroll Was nail'd to the cross where he sav'd my soul.
3. Nothing to pay, yet my all I owe Unto the dear Lord who hath loved me so.
4. Nothing to pay, but myself I'll bring To serve him forever, my Saviour King.
5. Nothing to pay, but my heart is his, 'Tis his who hath bought me for endless bliss.
6. Nothing to pay, but our thanks we'll raise, With rapture we'll render immortal [praise.

CHORUS.

Nothing to pay, nothing to pay, For Jesus has taken my debt away.

What a Comfort to Know.

IDA L. REED.

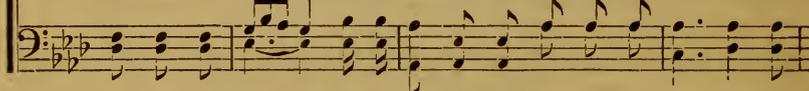
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. What a comfort to know that he loves me, My Re-deemer, my
2. When the shadows hang dark o'er my pathway, And I see not the
3. When the storm and the darkness enshroud me, Still safe-ly and
4. When wea-ry and worn with the jour-ney, Still Je-sus my



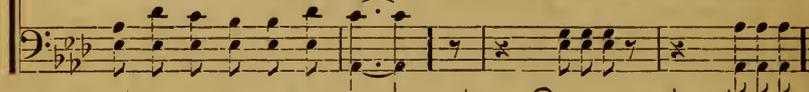
Saviour di-vine; That he watches in pit-y a-bove me, No
 sunlight a-bove; 'Tis a joy then to know that my Saviour Still
 sure-ly he'll guide All my fal-ter-ing steps, in his mer-cy, No
 strength will up-hold; What a comfort to know that he loves me, His



CHORUS.



matter what sorrows are mine. He loves me, . . he loves me, . .
 o-ver me watches in love.
 matter what perils be-tide.
 mercies can nev-er be told. He loves me, he loves me,



My Re-deemer, my Saviour di-vine; . . . He loves me, . . . he
 my Saviour divine; He loves me,



loves me, And Je-sus who loves me is mine. . . .
 he loves me, who loves me is mine.



The Cross is my Anchor.

81

WM. J. CONIVER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' waves dash around me, no danger I fear, A bright star is shining, life's
2. Tho' waves dash around me, and loud thunders roll, The Lord is the refuge and
3. Tho' waves dash around me, and wild is the gale, Tho' spars may be broken, and
4. Tho' waves dash around me, yet, onward I go, Since Jesus has promised they

o-cean to cheer; I heed not the billows, for still I can sing, The
strength of my soul; I dread not the tempest, for still I can sing, The
shattered the sail, No storms can ap-pal me, for still I can sing, The
shall not o'erflow; I smile at their rag-ing, for still I can sing, The

CHORUS.

cross is my anchor, and there will I cling. There will I cling, there will I cling,

The cross is my anchor, and there will I cling; Oh, soon in the harbor at

rest will I sing; The cross is my anchor, and Je-sus my King.

Oh! Yes, I'm Redeemed.

Rev. ROBERT W. TODD.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. I heard a sweet voice, saying "come un - to me, O wea - ry one,
 2. I came in my sor - row, my fear and my shame, And leaned on his
 3. Tho' oft in my frail - ty I err from the way, And thus sad - ly
 4. Then sing on thy journey, my soul, let thy song O'er sea, hill and

la - den with sin; I've wept for thy sadness, and carried for thee Thy
 cru - ci - fied breast; The promi - ses pleaded in Jesus' dear name, And
 grieve my dear Lord; His Spir - it doth follow wher - ev - er I stray, His
 vale ech - o wide; The old sto - ry tell to the world's giddy throng, Thro'

burden of woe on the sorrowful tree, And died thy lost soul to re - deem."
 oh, how he banished my anguish and pain, And gave to my soul his sweet rest.
 love ever guards me by night and by day, I'm triumphing still in his word.
 time and forever the anthem prolong, "I've sinned, but my Saviour hath died."

CHORUS.

Oh! yes, I'm redeemed, oh, sing it, my soul, Till all the glad tidings have heard;

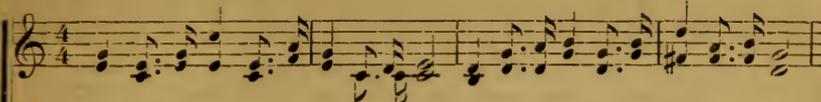
Now let the song echo from pole to pole, Oh! yes, I'm redeemed by the Lord.

Tell the Glad Tidings.

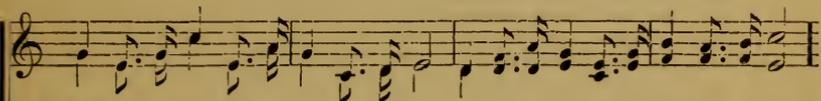
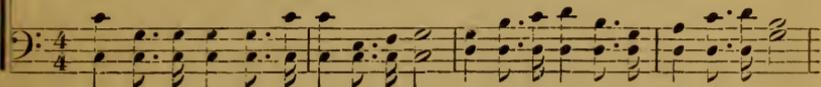
83

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Tell to the nations the tidings of old, Tell the glad message by prophets foretold;
2. Tell it with rapturous tones of the voice, Tell it with love so that all may rejoice;
3. Constantly tell it with sweetest of songs, Wisdom and honor to Jesus belongs;
4. Tell it, for others are waiting to know How to be saved from their sorrow and woe;



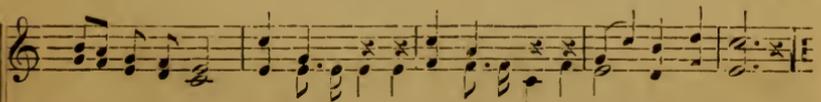
Tell how redemption for sinners was made, Tell how humanity's debt has been paid.
Living or dying the message proclaim, Man is redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.
Wide as the world the deep anthem shall ring, Jesus triumphant is Saviour and King.
Spread the glad gospel wherever you can, Glory eternal is waiting for man.



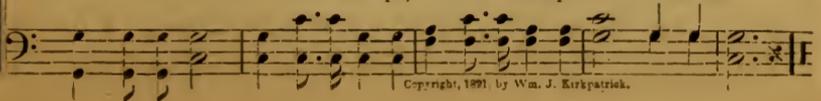
CHORUS.



Tell it in triumph, with joy evermore, Tell the glad tidings from



shore unto shore; Tell it, tell it From shore to shore.
in triumph, in triumph



The Wonderful Saviour.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY. "His name shall be called Wonderful."—Isa. ix : 6. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Wea-ry and sinsick and read-y to die, Man raised to heav-en a
 2. Je-sus our sorrows with pit-y did see, Left his bright home for to
 3. He who for sinners his life freely gave, Won-der-ful, Coun-sel-or,
 4. Battles when o-ver, and ended life's days, Then with the ransomed our

pen - i - tent eye; God, moved to pit - y by man's hopeless cry,
 die on the tree; Purchased sal - va - tion for you and for me,
 might - y to save, Gives us the vic - t'ry o'er death and the grave;
 voic - es we'll raise, Hearts full of glad - ness for - ev - er will praise

CHORUS.

Sent us a won - der - ful Sav - iour. Help me, O broth - ers, the
 Oh, what a won - der - ful Sav - iour!
 He is a won - der - ful Sav - iour.
 Je - sus, our won - der - ful Sav - iour.

sto - ry to tell, Help me, O sis - ters, his praises to swell; Honor the

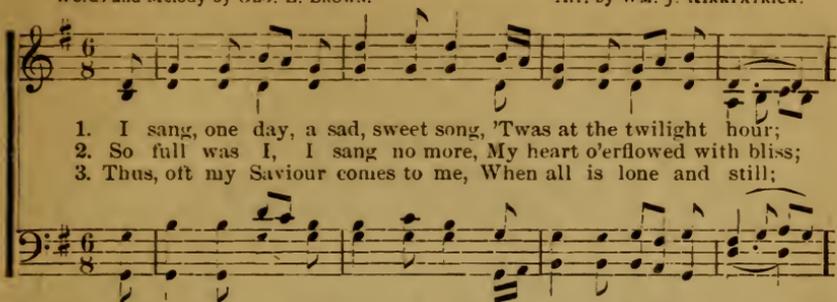
One who has loved us so well, Je - sus, our won - der - ful Sav - iour.

Remembered Blessings.

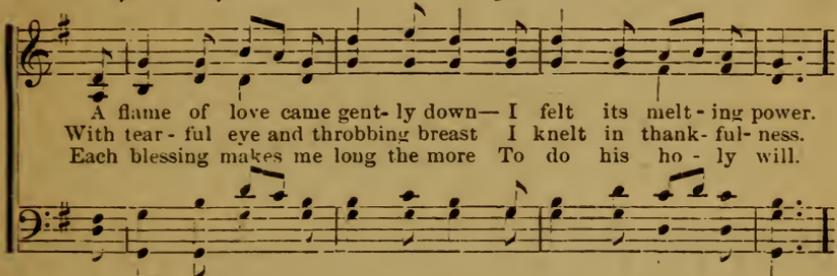
85

Words and Melody by GEO. L. BROWN.

Arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

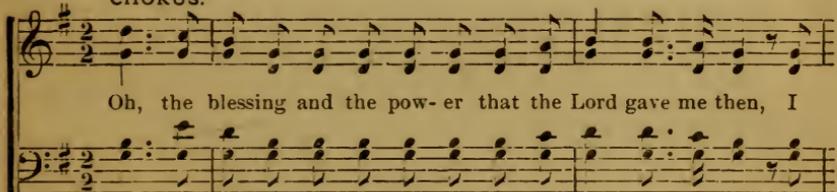


1. I sang, one day, a sad, sweet song, 'Twas at the twilight hour;
2. So full was I, I sang no more, My heart o'erflowed with bliss;
3. Thus, oft my Saviour comes to me, When all is lone and still;

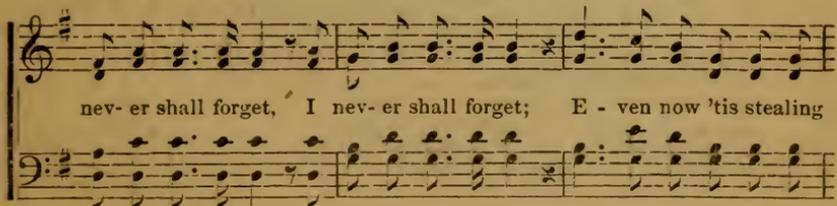


A flame of love came gently down— I felt its melting power.
With tear-ful eye and throbbing breast I knelt in thank-ful-ness.
Each blessing makes me long the more To do his ho-ly will.

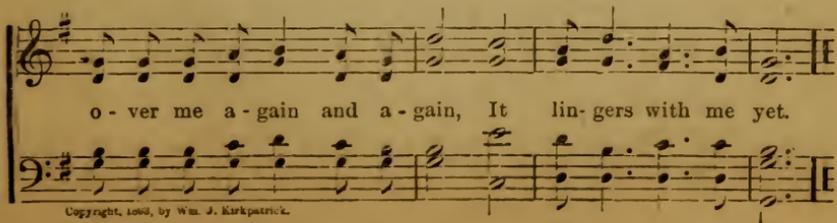
CHORUS.



Oh, the blessing and the pow-er that the Lord gave me then, I



nev-er shall forget, I nev-er shall forget; E-ven now 'tis stealing



o-ver me a-gain and a-gain, It lin-gers with me yet.

A Joyful Song.

TINA SPENCER. Alt.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. A joyful song I love to sing Of Je - sus, of Jesus, The chords that thro'
 2. My hope and joy, my sunshine bright, Is Jesus, my Je - sus; His presence is -
 3. Oh, come and join the songs I sing, Of Je - sus, of Je - sus; And let the glo-

my spir - it ring, But speak of precious Je - sus: The blessed name I
 my chief delight. My heart is filled with Je - sus: And while that love throbs
 ry - an - thems ring Thro' all the earth for Je - sus: Then all a - tune thy

can but sing; A far from home he sought me, And in the fulness of his love,
 thro' and thro', In bounding pulse of pleasure, My song shall be both glad and free,
 soul shall join The angel choirs of heaven; The gates of pearl will soon un -

CHORUS.

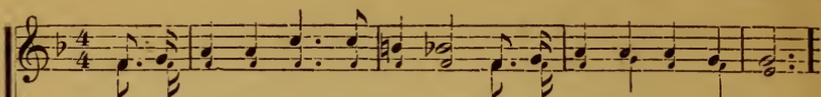
His great salvation brought me. Sing glo - ry! sing glo - ry! And praise forever
 I would not change the measure.
 And endless praise be given.

bringing, The love of Je - sus, precious love! I cannot keep from singing.

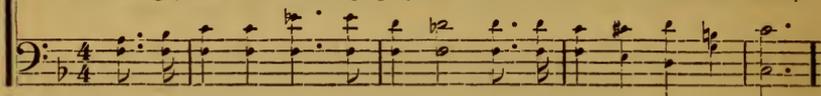
Light is Shining Just Ahead.

C. H. G.

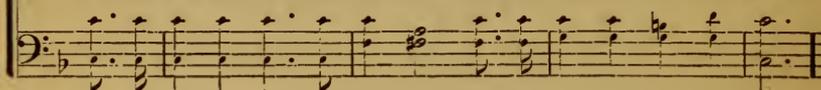
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



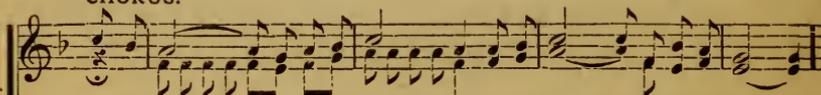
1. Are you grow-ing heav - y - heart - ed? Do the clouds hang o'er thy way?
2. Have you troubles and temptations, That be - set on ev - 'ry hand,
3. Do you sometimes hear a whisper, In the stillness of the night,
4. Courage, then, O fainting pilgrim, Take not heed of storm or rain;



Does the path seem dark and lone - ly As you trav - el day by day?
 Seeking to obstruct thy pathway To the bet - ter, brighter land?
 Coming with an in - spi - ra - tion, And a feel - ing of de - light?
 Here is loss, but o - ver yon - der You shall reap e - ter - nal gain.



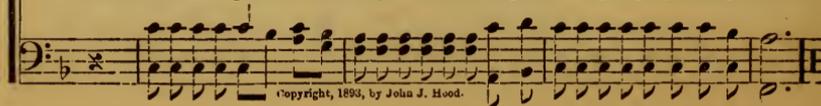
CHORUS.



Then look up, . . . O fainting pil - grim, Skies with clouds now overspread
 Then look up, O fainting pilgrim, now look up. Skies with clouds now overspread



Will be clear . . . and bright to - mor - row, Light is shin - ing just ahead.
 Will be clear and bright, be clear and bright to - morrow, Light is shining, brightly shining just ahead.

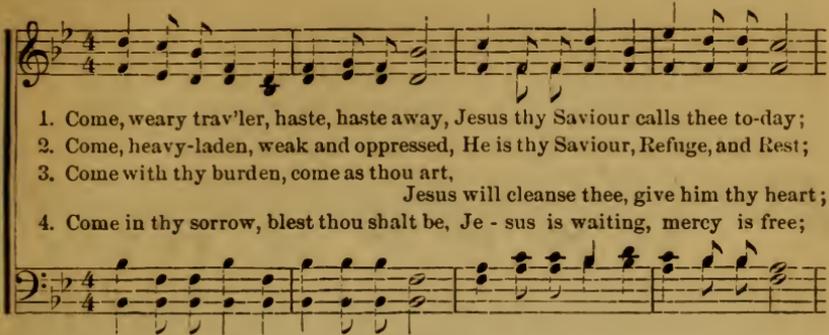


Calling Thee To-day.

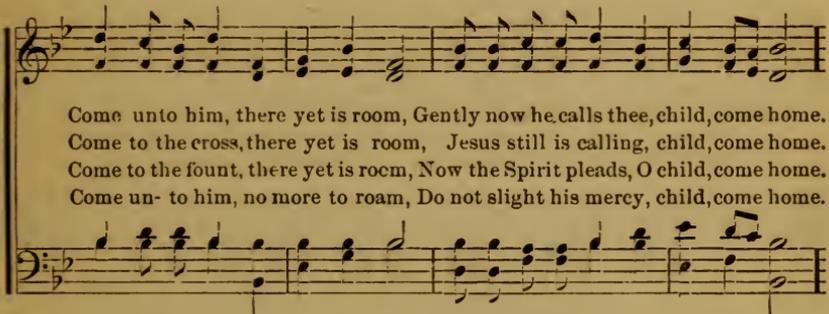
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LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

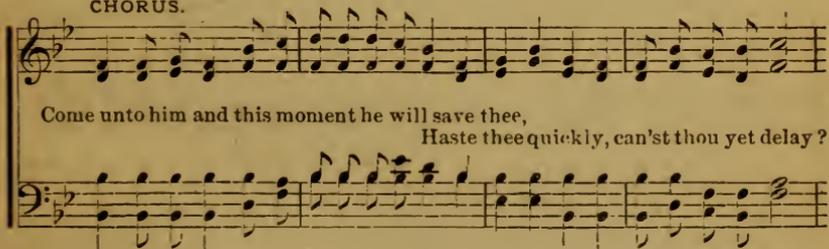


1. Come, weary trav'ler, haste, haste away, Jesus thy Saviour calls thee to-day;
2. Come, heavy-laden, weak and oppressed, He is thy Saviour, Refuge, and Rest;
3. Come with thy burden, come as thou art,
Jesus will cleanse thee, give him thy heart;
4. Come in thy sorrow, blest thou shalt be, Je - sus is waiting, mercy is free;

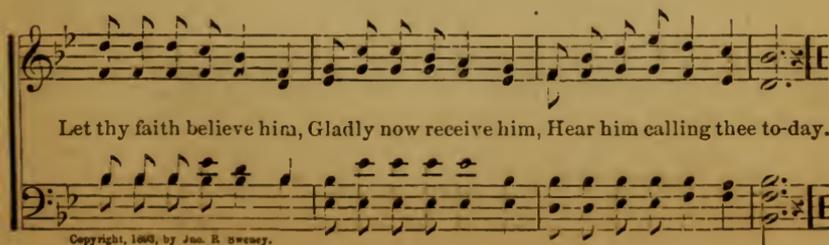


Come unto him, there yet is room, Gently now he calls thee, child, come home.
Come to the cross, there yet is room, Jesus still is calling, child, come home.
Come to the fount, there yet is room, Now the Spirit pleads, O child, come home.
Come un- to him, no more to roam, Do not slight his mercy, child, come home.

CHORUS.



Come unto him and this moment he will save thee,
Haste thee quickly, can'st thou yet delay?



Let thy faith believe him, Gladly now receive him, Hear him calling thee to-day.

To be Forever Thine.

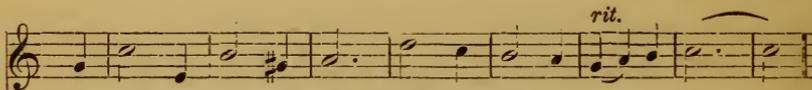
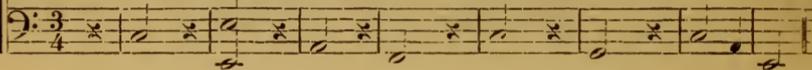
FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

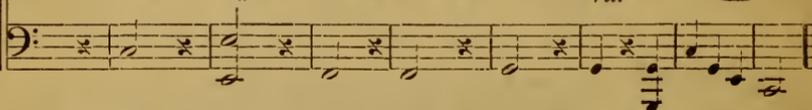
SOLO.



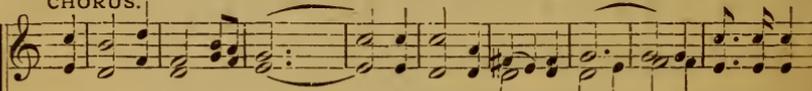
1. A-lone with thee, my Sa - viour, Be - fore the mer - cy - seat,
2. A-lone with thee, my Sa - viour, And thou dost come so near
3. A-lone with thee, my Sa - viour, The world shut out from sight,
4. My heart is growing strong - er, My toil will sweeter be,



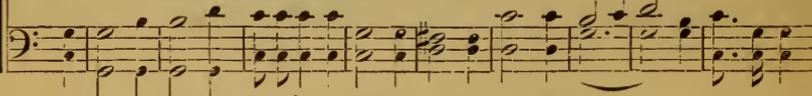
Where thou art ev - er wait - ing Thy faithful ones to meet.
 That in my soul's commun - ing Thy ver - y tones I hear.
 I float a - mid the sun - shine Of heav'n's transcendent light.
 For thou thy-self hast taught me To cast my care on thee.



CHORUS.



A ho - ly calm is mine, . . . A sacred peace divine. . . . A giving up
 A ho - ly calm, a holy calm is mine, divine, |



of all I have To be for - ever thine, To be for - ev - er thine. . . .
 ev - er thine.



Everything in Jesus.

91

L. H. EDMUNDS.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ev'rything in Je- sus, Cleansing from all sin, Comfort in our sorrow,
2. Ev'rything for Je- sus, Ev- 'ry tal- ent lent, Laid up- on the al- tar,
3. Ev'rything to Je- sus, Yielded ev- 'ry hour, Life and works committing

Peace to rule within; Light to shine in darkness. Grace to meet all need.
In his service spent; Watching, lest the love-light In our hearts grow dim;
To his keeping power; All the worlds controlling From his roy- al throne,

CHORUS.
Having "Je- sus on - ly," We are blest indeed. Ev'rything in Je- sus,
Je- sus gives us free- ly, Ev'rything for him.
Surely he will ev- er Save and guide his own.

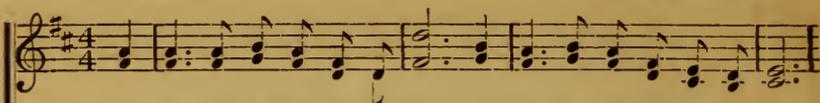
Shelter'd'neath his wing; Ev'rything in Jesus, Saviour, Brother, King. Light to shine [in

darkness, Grace to meet all need, Having "Jesus only," We are blest indeed. *ritard.*

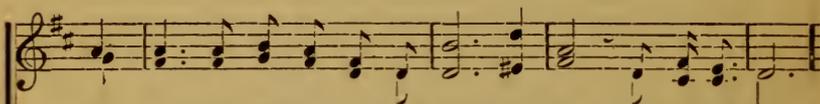
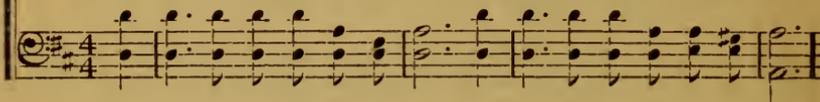
Some Blessed Day.

Rev. C. W. RAY, D. D.

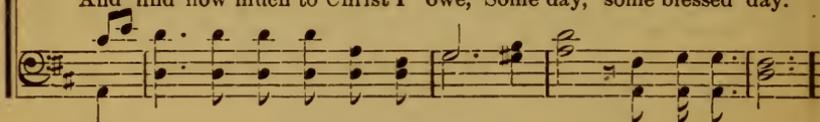
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Some day, but when I cannot tell, To toil and tears I'll bid farewell;
2. Some day, within the gates so fair. A golden harp my hands shall bear;
3. Some day, I'll see my Saviour's face, And welcomed to his blest embrace,
4. Some day, some blessed day, I know I'll find the loved of long a - go,



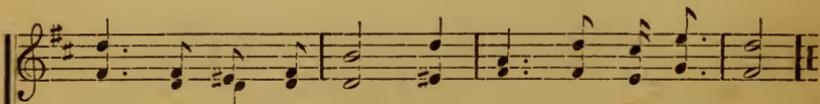
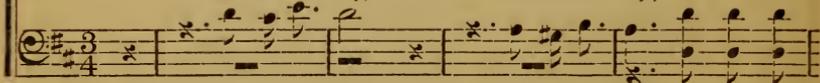
For I shall with the angels dwell, Some day, some blessed day.
 And glist'ning robes of white I'll wear, Some day, some blessed day.
 Shall with his peo-ple find a place, Some day, some blessed day.
 And find how much to Christ I owe, Some day, some blessed day.



CHORUS.



Some day, Some day, I'll be at
 some blessed day, some blessed day;



home with Christ to stay, Some day, some blessed day.



That Old, Old Story is True.

D. B. WATKINS.

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a wonder - ful sto - ry I've heard long a - go, 'Tis called "The sweet
2. They told of a Be - ing so love - ly and pure, That came to the
3. He a - rose and as - cend - ed to heav - en, we're told, Triumphant o'er
4. Oh, that wonder - ful sto - ry I have to re - peat, Of peace and good

sto - ry of old;" I hear it so oft - en, where ever I go That
earth to dwell, To seek for his lost ones, and make them secure From
death and hell; He's prepar - ing a place in that ci - ty of gold, Where
will to men; There's no story to me that is half so sweet, As I

same old sto - ry is told; And I've thought it was strange that so
death and the power of hell; That he was despised, and with
loved ones for - ev - er may dwell, Where our kindred we'll meet, and we'll
hear it a - gain and a - gain, He invites you to come—He will

oft - en they'd tell That sto - ry, as if it were new; But I've
thorns he was crowned, On the cross was extended to veiv, But
nev - er more part, And oh, while I tell it to you, It is
free - ly receive, And this message he send - eth to you, "There's a

That Old, Old Story is True.—CONCLUDED. 95

found out the reason they love it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.
 oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I found That old, old sto - ry is true.
 peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart That old, old sto - ry is true.
 mansion in glo - ry for all who believe" That old, old sto - ry is true.

REFRAIN.

That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; But I've
 That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; But
 That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; It is
 That old, old sto - ry is true, That old, old sto - ry is true; "There's a
 it is true, it is true,

found out the reason they love it so well, That old, old sto - ry is true.
 oh, what sweet peace in my heart since I've found That old, old sto - ry is true.
 peace to my soul, it is joy to my heart, That old, old sto - ry is true.
 mansion in glo - ry for all who believe" That old, old sto - ry is true.

Home of the Soul.

Key Eb.

- 1 I will sing you a song of a beautiful land,
 The far-away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 While the years of eternity roll. etc.
- 2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,
 Its bright, jasper walls I can see;
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
 Between the fair city and me. etc.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
 The King of all kingdoms forever is he,
 And he holdeth our crowns in his hands. etc.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
 So free from all sorrow and pain,
 With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
 To meet one another again. etc.

Rest, Sweet Rest.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark! from the joy-land hear the song. Rest, sweet rest; Breath'd by a soft harp
 2. Still from the joy-land breaks the sound, Rest, sweet rest; There where the life-tree
 3. Soon in the joy-land we shall know Rest, sweet rest; Home where the blue waves

all day long, Rest, sweet rest. Out of the pearl-gates bright and fair, Borne on a
 fruits abound, Rest, sweet rest. Haste to the lovilit skies away, Haste where the
 murmur low, Rest, sweet rest.
 Rest where the spring-time buds are strown, Rest where the

sunbeam thro' the air, Song for the toil-worn ev'rywhere, Rest, sweet rest.
 vine leaves ne'er decay, Faith on her light wings joins the lay, Rest, sweet rest.
 dear ones all have flown, Rest where the lone heart finds its own, Rest, sweet rest.

CHORUS. *With great expression.*

Rest, sweet rest, hallowed rest, Song for the toil-worn ev'rywhere, Rest, sweet rest.

One Day Nearer.

97

"For now is our salvation nearer than when we believed."—Rom. xiii. 11.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. The evening sun is sinking fast, The gloomy shades are falling, And
 2. The sun of life will thus descend, And friendly ties will sever; But,
 3. Tho' storms of sorrow here may blow, Life's sea be all commotion, When

evening zeph - yrs as they pass The sol - emn truth are call - ing:—
 when at last our troubles end, We'll rest in joy for - ev - er.
 morning dawns o'er all be - low, How calm will be the o - cean.

CHORUS.

We're one day near - er home above, The stars grow brighter o'er us, The

sunlight fades in peace and love,—The land lies just be - fore us.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>4 Then, cares forgot and troubles o'er,
 We'll join the anthems ringing
 From angel tongues upon that shore,
 That are with rapture singing.</p> | <p>5 Then, free from sin, our raptured soul
 Will shout the Saviour's glory;
 Forever and forever there
 We'll chant the wondrous story.</p> |
|---|--|

98 Dear Jesus, Canst Thou Help Me?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Dear Je - sus, canst thou help me? My soul is full of woe;
 2. I feel I am a sin - ner, And this my on - ly plea,
 3. I've heard there is a fountain, Where cleansing wa - ters flow;
 4. Thy blood doth fill that fountain, Thy blood so pure and free;
 5. Dear Je - sus, lov - ing Saviour, Thou precious dy - ing Lamb,

My heart is al - most breaking, I've no - where else to go.
 The sweet and blest as - sur - ance That thou hast died for me.
 My sins, though red like crim - son, May now be white as snow.
 That blood a - vailed for oth - ers, And now a - vails for me.
 While here my faith is plead - ing, Now take me as I am.

CHORUS.

I've no - where else to go, Dear Je - sus, but to thee,

And so I lift my voice and cry, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me;

D.S.—And so I lift my voice and cry, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me.

Have mer - cy, Lord, on me, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me,

Thou Art with Me.

99

E. E. HEWITT.

Ps. xxiii: 4.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Thou art with me, Saviour, All the pilgrim way, By thy loving
 2. Thou art with me, Saviour, On the stormy wave, Walking on the
 3. Thou art with me, Saviour, Light, and strength, and song; Thou wilt surely

fa - vor Turning night to day; Cheering me in sad - ness,
 bil - lows, Mighty there to save; Hushing all the tempest
 let me See thy face ere long; Till that hour of glo - ry

Hearing ev - 'ry call, Giving songs of gladness E'en when shadows fall.
 With thy "peace, be still," Ev'ry wind of heav - en Shall thy word fulfill.
 Break upon the soul, Saviour, be thou near me, Speed me to the goal.

CHORUS.

With me ev - er, ev - er, Bless - ed, bless - ed Sa - viour;

By thy lov - ing fa - vor Turn - ing night to day.

Precious Lessons.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Pre-cious les-sons, precious les-sons we are learn-ing, Hap-py
 2. We will rest beneath the wings of his pro-tec-tion, Ask-ing
 3. Onward then, we'll onward press with songs of glad-ness, Pressing

les-sons in the morning of our youth; From the songsters of the air,
 him to guide and or-der all our ways, In the sunshine and the rain.
 onward in the paths of peace and love; Let us work for Je-sus here,

[truth.
 From the blossoms bright and fair, From the blessed book, our Father's word of
 In the hours of joy and pain. In our Saviour there is happiness and praise.
 He will help us, he will cheer, Till we meet him in the shining fields above.

CHORUS.

Precious les-sons we are learning, Un-to Christ our Saviour turning, Ere this
 Precious lessons Unto Christ our

blessed Sabbath day Shall forever pass away Let us sing redeeming love.

Draw Me Near to Thee.

101

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Draw me near to thee, To thy blessed side; Let thy
 2. Draw me near to thee, And my soul de - fend; Thou my
 3. Draw me near to thee, Make me strong and brave, Keep my

love so free In my soul a - bide: Je - sus, Saviour
 trust shall be, Un - til life shall end: Ev - er true and
 spir - it free From temptation's wave: Draw me near to

dear, Un - to thee I come With my doubt and fear,
 kind To the faithful heart, Friend in thee I find,
 thee, Fill my heart with love, I would clos - er be

CHORUS.

To thy ho - ly throne. Draw me, draw me near to
 That will ne'er de - part.
 To thy throne a - bove. Draw me near, draw me near, draw me near to

thee; Sav - iour, Sav - iour, draw me near to thee.

Eye Hath Not Seen.

E. A. BARNES.

I Cor. ii: 9.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. "Eye hath not seen," the cit - y of the King, The pearl - y gates, the
 2. "Eye hath not seen," the up - per fold of love, The gold - en crowns, the
 3. "Eye hath not seen," the glad, e - ter - nal day, The vic - tor's palms, the

gleam of jas - per walls; The Father's house, with mansions all so fair,
 shining robes of white; The tree of life be - side the crys - tal stream,
 harps that sweetly ring; The sainted band a - round the shining throne,

CHORUS.

O'er which the light of glo - ry falls. "Eye hath not seen," "eye hath not
 That glistens in the per - fect light.
 Who praise the glo - ry of the King. "Eye hath not seen,"

seen," ... The glo - ry of the world to come; "Eye hath not seen," nor
 "eye hath not seen," The glo - ry of the world, the world to come; "Eye hath not seen,"

can the heart conceive The glo - ry of our heav'nly home. . . .
 Nor can the heart conceive The glo - ry of our heav'n - ly home, our heav'nly home.

In the Glory-Land.

103

MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweetly now are an-gels singing, In the glo-ry-land; Tuneful
 2. Clad in robes of snow-y whiteness, In the glo-ry-land; Victors
 3. Soon we'll join them in the cho-rus, In the glo-ry-land; And the

praises ev-er ringing, In the glo-ry-land. There 'tis with the righteous
 there, with crowns of brightness, In the glory-land. Round the throne of God they
 Saviour will reign o'er us, In the glo-ry-land. Where the tree of life doth

well, Ev-ermore with Christ to dwell, And the old, old sto-ry tell,
 stand, With the great angel-ic band, At the Saviour's own right hand,
 grow, And the liv-ing wa-ters flow, We no sor-row e'er can know,

CHORUS.

In the glo-ry-land. In the glo-ry-land, In the glo-ry-

land, Hal-le-lu-jahs now are ring-ing In the glo-ry-land.

Oh, for a Vision of Jesus.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

"I will manifest myself to him," John xiv: 21.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, for a vis-ion of Je - sus! Oh, for a glimpse of his face,
 2. Oh, for a vis-ion of Je - sus! Seen in the wonder-ful Book!
 3. Oh, for a vis-ion of Je - sus! When roll the billows of grief!
 4. Oh, for a vis-ion of Je - sus! When nears the cold Jordan-tide!

CHO.—Oh, for a vis-ion of Je - sus! Oh, for a glimpse of his face,

Fine.

Radiant with heaven - ly glo - ry, Beaming with heaven - ly grace!
 As in a clear, shining mir - ror, In those dar - pa-ges I look.
 O - ver the wa - ters of sor - row, Saviou', thy smile brings relief.
 Mak - ing a pathway of glo - ry, E'en to the bright "other side."

Radiant with heaven - ly glo - ry, Beaming with heaven - ly grace!

Not here to mortals 'tis giv - en, Veilless his beauty to see,
 There, Lamb of God, is thy likeness, There glows thy image di - vine;
 One look—the tempest is passing; One word—the waves are at rest;
 There, in in - ef - fable splendor, Man - ifest, Lord, to our gaze,

D.C. Chorus.

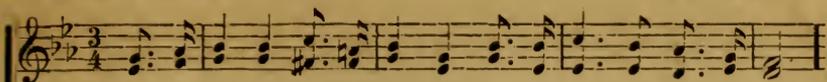
Yet in the soul's contempla - tion, Show thyself, Saviour, to me.
 So let me gaze till thy Spir - it, Lord, is reflect - ed in mine.
 Sweet peace, beyond understand - ing, Je - sus is there "mani - fest."
 More than the angels, we'll love thee, More than the seraphim, praise.

Jesus Only.

105

Mrs. E. E. WILLIAMS.

H. L. GILMOUR.



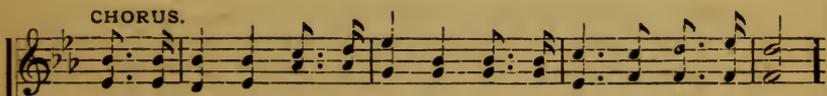
1. Oh, 'tis sweet to live for Je - sus, Counting all things else but dross,
2. Oh, 'tis sweet to work for Je - sus, In his vineyard to be found,
3. Oh, 'tis sweet to talk with Je - sus, In communion close and dear,
4. Oh, 'tis sweet to fol - low Je - sus, Tho' I may not know the way,
5. Je - sus! Je - sus! Prince and Saviour! More than life I find in thee;



Leaving all the world's allurements For the glo - ry of the cross.
Or a - mong the har - vest toil - ers, Where the gold - en sheaves abound.
Where the voice of "Je - sus on - ly" Charms my spirit's list'ning ear.
I can trust his hand to guide me Home to realms of end - less day.
Tho' all else be lost for - ev - er. Where thou art is heaven to me.



CHORUS.



All for Je - sus, "Je - sus on - ly," This my watchword still shall be;



Life and tal - ent, time and treasure, All for him who died for me.



Where is Thy Sting.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Christ, the Son of God, a - rose Triumphant from the tomb,
 2. Lift up your heads, ye heavenly ga - es, The mighty work is done ;
 3. He lives, our great Redeem - er lives ! And we who now be - lieve,

He left with - in the lamp of faith, To take a - way its gloom ;
 A brok - en seal, a rift - ed rock, Proclaim the bat - tle won.
 And bear the cross with patience here, Shall life thro' him re - ceive ;

A - wake, awake, ye souls redeemed, With ho - ly rapture sing, -
 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates, While saints with rapture sing, -
 Our thankful hearts a - dore his love, Our souls with rapture sing, -

O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry ? O death, where is thy sting ?
 O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry ? O death, where is thy sting ?
 O grave, where is thy vic - to - ry ? O death, where is thy sting ?

Rest Awhile.

107

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When faints the heart beneath the heavy burden Of human woes that
2. And there a-lone with Jesus on the mountain, What joy is ours, what
3. Yet not for aye the rest, the joy, the transport, The interchange of
4. Thrice blessed mount of ho-ly transformation, Where Je- sus oft per-

cannot be suppressed; When anxious ones are coming still and going,
visions of de- light; Our faith mounts up as on the wings of eagles,
thought, as friend with friend; But, for the work we still have left unfinished
mits his own to stay; Oh, bliss to rise and breathe its air a moment!

CHORUS.
And leave no time for leisure, calm or rest. How sweet the words that all our fears be-
And soars at will from tow'ring height to height.
Our souls are strong when we again descend.
Then speed us on to ever- lasting day.

guile, Come ye a- part with me and rest awhile; How sweet the words that

all our fears be- guile, Come ye apart with me and rest a- while.

In the City.

JENNIE WILSON.

Hebrews xiii : 14.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Do you seek the golden cit - y, By the ransomed ones possessed, Where no
 2. Are you lay - ing up the rich - es Which forevermore endure? Do you
 3. Do you long for joyous meetings In the blessed by and by, With the
 4. Oh, while time is swiftly passing For e - ter - ni - ty prepare, Seek a

grief with rapture mingles, And no pain mars perfect rest? There beside the crystal
 hold to heav'n a title Based upon the cov'nant sure? On - ly there are lasting
 angel friends abiding Where no tear-drop dims the eye? Where farewells are never
 home within that city 'Midst the "many mansions" there; Then beyond the pearly

riv - er, Will your soul rejoice forev - er, In the cit - y of the blest?
 pleasures, on - ly there unfading treasures, In the cit - y of the pure.
 spoken, And fond ties no more are broken, In the cit - y built on high?
 por - tal You shall feast on joys immortal, In God's cit - y, wondrous fair.

CHORUS.

Will you meet us in that cit - y, Waving victory's fadeless palm? Will you

meet us wearing life's bright diadem? Will you join the hal - le - lujahs

Of the grand triumphal psalm In the cit - y of the New Jerusa - lem?

Consolation.

“Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.”—Jesus.

M. A. WHITAKER.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. 'Tis thy own voice in ten - der pit - y fall - ing, Soft - ly and
 2. Dark is our path, we grasp thy hand for leading, Thou hast the
 3. Sa - vour and Friend, our weakness on thee leaning, Thine is the
 4. Thou, too, hast wept such tears as we are weeping, Shar - ing on
 5. Deep in thy heart our fears and sorrows hid - ing, Shel - ter us

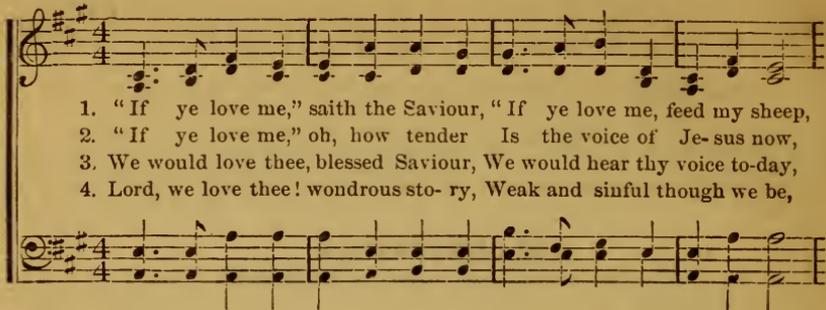
low, O Com - fort - er di - vine, Voice of thy love, to us so
 light where - by a - lone we see; We can - not tell, but thou dost
 strength that will the burden bear; Kind are thy ways, could we but
 earth our human grief and pain; Bowed o'er the grave where thy be -
 safe thro' these sad hours of woe; There, dear - est Lord, in low - ly

gent - ly call - ing, Bid - ding us rest our bruised hearts in thine.
 own our need - ing, So we re - sign ourselves, our all to thee.
 read their mean - ing, Did we but trust thy ev - er watch - ful care.
 loved lay sleep - ing, Help us to pray, all oth - er help is vain.
 faith a - bid - ing, Rest may we find, and tru - est com - fort know.

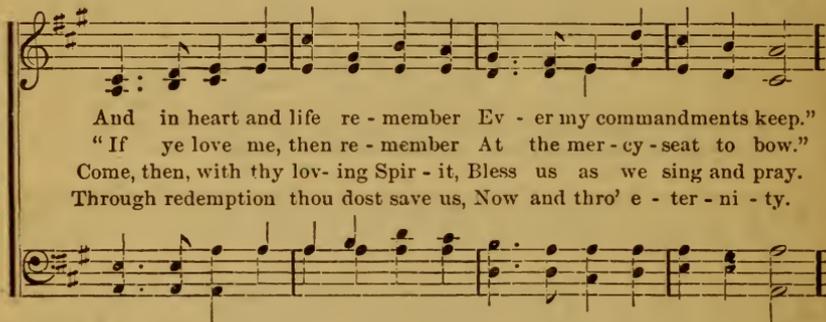
If Ye Love Me.

MYRON W. MORSE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

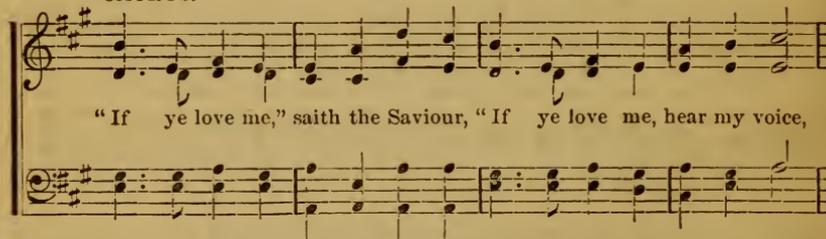


1. "If ye love me," saith the Saviour, "If ye love me, feed my sheep,
2. "If ye love me," oh, how tender Is the voice of Je-sus now,
3. We would love thee, blessed Saviour, We would hear thy voice to-day,
4. Lord, we love thee! wondrous sto-ry, Weak and sinful though we be,

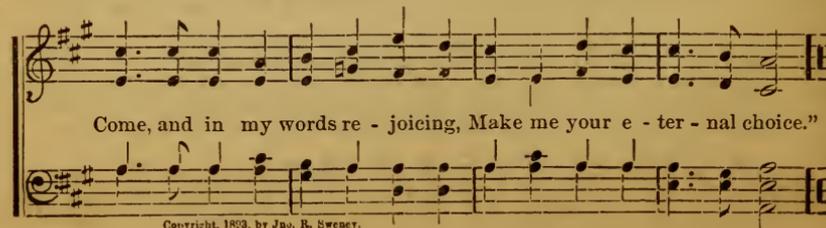


And in heart and life re - member Ev - er my commandments keep."
 "If ye love me, then re - member At the mer - cy - seat to bow."
 Come, then, with thy lov - ing Spir - it, Bless us as we sing and pray.
 Through redemption thou dost save us, Now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.



"If ye love me," saith the Saviour, "If ye love me, hear my voice,



Come, and in my words re - joicing, Make me your e - ter - nal choice."

I Know 'tis the Voice.

111

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I know 'tis the voice of my Saviour that whispers, Be not a-
 2. I know 'tis the voice of my Saviour that whispers, Peace, be
 3. I know 'tis the voice of my Saviour that whispers, Soft-ly to
 4. I know 'tis the voice of my Saviour that whispers, Home draweth

fraid, be not a-fraid; I know on the arm of his
 still, peace, be still; And thus I have learned to
 me, soft-ly to me, The way may be dark, but my
 nigh, home draweth nigh; I know I shall find in his
 1. Be not a-fraid, be not a-fraid;

in-fi-nite mer-cy My hope is stayed, my hope is stayed.
 calm and sub-mis-sive, Lost in his will, lost in his will.
 grace is suf-fi-cient Ev-er for thee, ev-er for thee.
 kingdom of glo-ry Rest by and by, rest by and by.
 my hope is stayed,

CHORUS.

I know .. he is a-ble to keep What-e'er ... I commit to his
 I know he is a-ble, is a-ble to keep What-e'er

care; I know that when trials are many and deep He answers my pray'r.
 I know

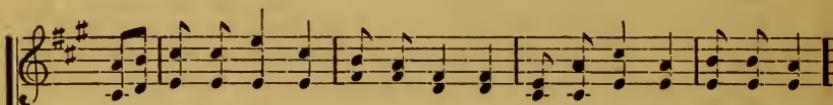
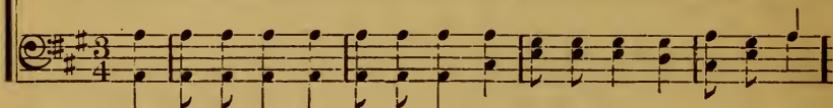
I would be Thine.

MRS. ADRLINE H. BERRY.

JNO. R. BRYANT.



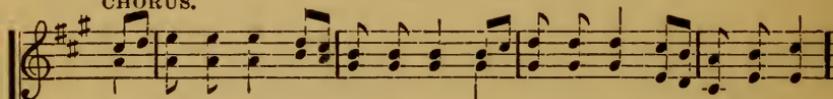
1. In all my thoughts, in all my ways, In all my deeds, in all my praise;
2. When wand'ring thro' the shades of night, Or singing in the morning bright;
3. Tho' strong temptations I may meet, Tho' waves of trouble 'round me beat;



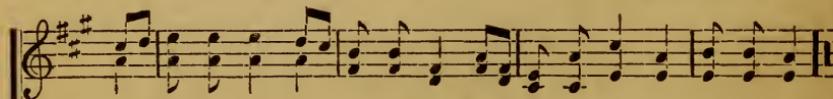
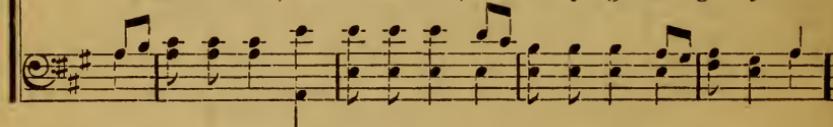
Through all my moments and my days, My dearest Lord, I would be thine.
 When batt'ling for the good and right, My dearest Lord, I would be thine.
 To thee I'll quickly turn my feet; My dearest Lord, I would be thine.



CHORUS.



I would be thine, I would be thine, And in thy righteous glo- ry shine;



Oh, keep me in thy truth divine, Most gracious Lord, I would be thine.

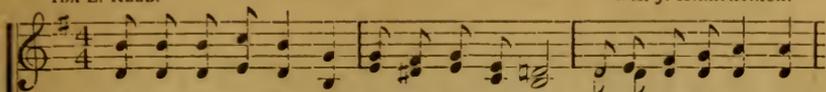


Give thy Life to Jesus.

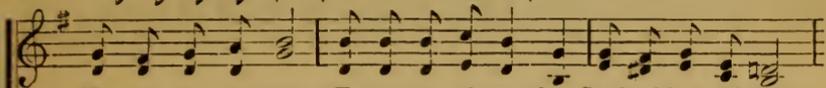
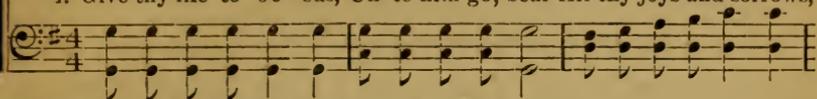
113

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



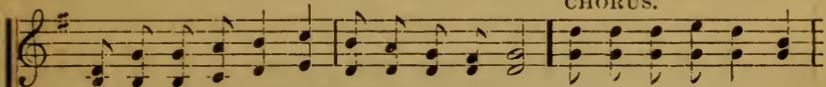
1. Give thy life to Jesus, Tell him all thy care, Come with all thy trials
2. Give thy life to Jesus. Tell him all thy grief, He will hear thy pleadings,
3. Give thy life to Jesus, He will cleanse each stain, Make thee pure and holy,
4. Give thy life to Je - sus, Un - to him go, bear All thy joys and sorrows,



Un - to him in prayer. Evermore above thee Smiles his gentle face,
Send thee sweet relief. He thy prayers will answer, Helper strong will be,
In thy heart shall reign. Pit - i - ful, for - giving, Love that passeth all,
Cast on him thy care. Give thy life to Jesus, Soul, and heart, and brain,



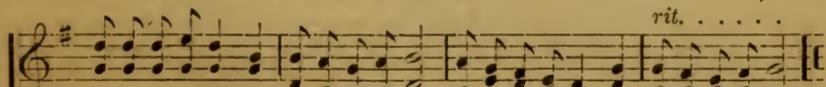
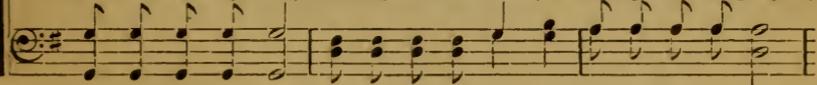
CHORUS.



Tenderly he loves thee, Keeps thee by his grace. Give thy life to Je - sus,
Out of all thy troubles He'll deliv - er thee.
He will hear and save thee. Heed thy faintest call.
Then, when toil is ended, Thou with him shalt reign.



Tell him all thy care, Give thy best endeavor, Earnest praise and prayer ;



Evermore above thee Smiles his gentle face,
Tenderly he loves thee, Keeps thee by his grace.



Mrs. W. G. MOYER.

I. H. MEREDITH.

Moderato.

1. The fold was warm, the Shepherd kind Watched o'er his lambs at play ;
 2. The night is dark, the stars are hid, The storm comes on a - pace ;
 3. The way is dark, the rocks are steep, My foes are fierce and wild ;
 4. The Shepherd found his wand'ring one Out on the mountain cold ;

And tears dropped from his gen- tle eyes, One lamb had gone a - stray.
 O Shepherd, wait un - til the dawn Thy lost one's feet to trace.
 But I will traverse waste and deep To bring back home my child.
 He laughed for joy, and car - ried it, And brought it to the fold.

CHORUS.

Who is the one a - stray? Who is the one a - stray?
 4th v. Yes, I'm the one a - stray, Yes, I'm the one a - stray;

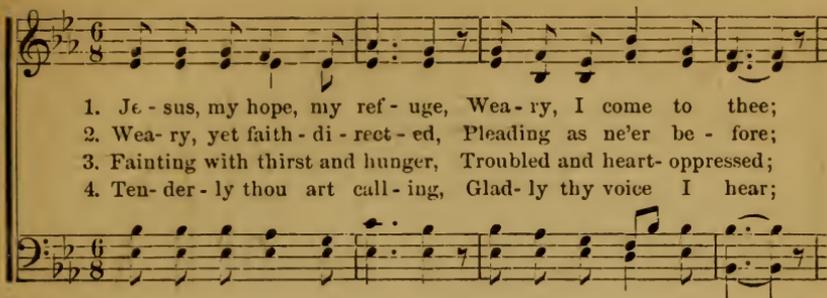
The Shepherd's heart is sad to - day, For one has gone a - stray.
 His ten - der love has won my heart, And I'll no lon - ger stray.

Open the Door for Me.

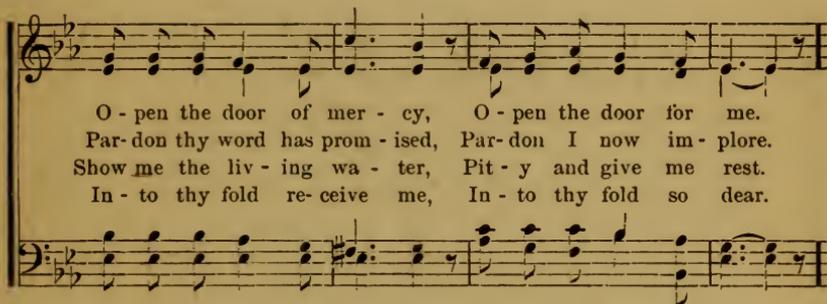
115

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

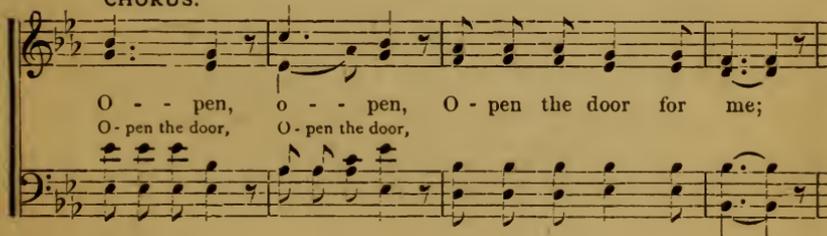


1. Je - sus, my hope, my ref - uge, Wea - ry, I come to thee;
2. Wea - ry, yet faith - di - rect - ed, Pleading as ne'er be - fore;
3. Fainting with thirst and hunger, Troubled and heart-oppressed;
4. Ten - der - ly thou art call - ing, Glad - ly thy voice I hear;

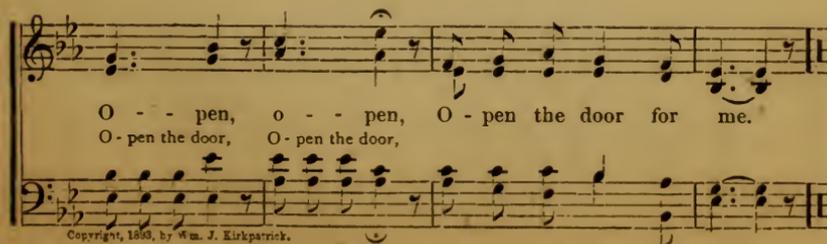


O - pen the door of mer - cy, O - pen the door for me.
Par - don thy word has prom - ised, Par - don I now im - plore.
Show me the liv - ing wa - ter, Pit - y and give me rest.
In - to thy fold re - ceive me, In - to thy fold so dear.

CHORUS.



O - - pen, o - - pen, O - pen the door for me;
O - pen the door, O - pen the door,



O - - pen, o - - pen, O - pen the door for me.
O - pen the door, O - pen the door,

The Song-Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. J. G. WILSON.



1. When our shattered bark is rocking On a wild and restless wave,
2. When the shades are growing darker, As they deep-en in - to night,
3. Oh, the ten - der voice of Je - sus, How it lulls our fears to sleep!
4. Thro' the tempest and the sunshine, Thro' the darkness and the day,



When our heart and strength are failing, And the storm we can - not brave;
 And our wea - ry eyes are long - ing For the morrow's gold - en light;
 While it tells us that in glo - ry We shall wake no more to weep;
 To our ha - ven o'er the bil - lows, 'Tis the Saviour guides our way:



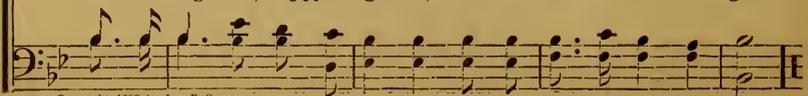
CHORUS.



Oh, the lov - ing words we hear, Like a whis - per soft and low,



From the song-land, happy song-land, Blessed home to which we go!

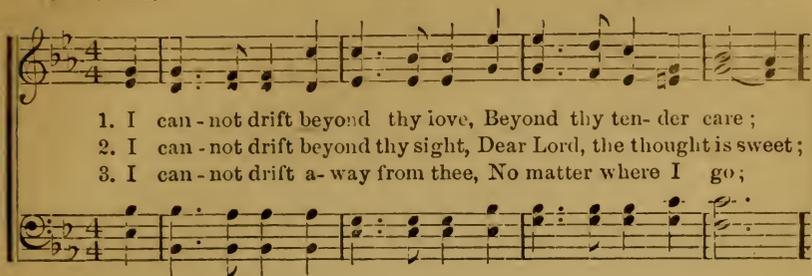


I Cannot Drift Beyond Thy Love. 117

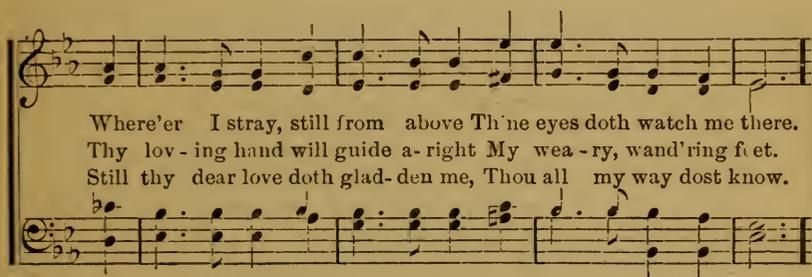
IDA L. REED.

C. M. D.

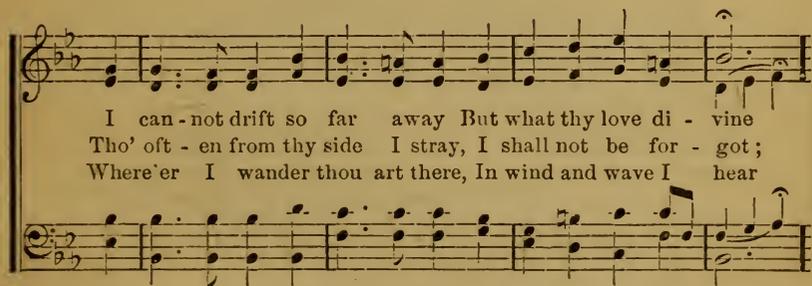
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



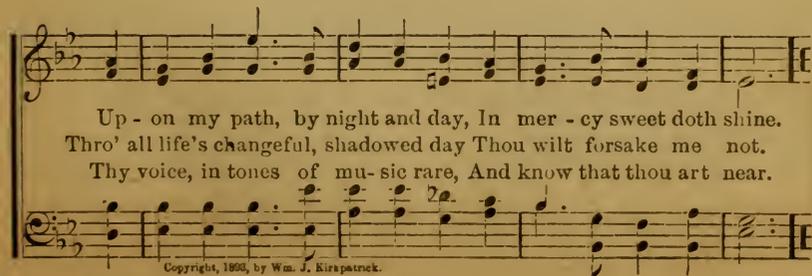
1. I can - not drift beyond thy love, Beyond thy ten - der care ;
2. I can - not drift beyond thy sight, Dear Lord, the thought is sweet ;
3. I can - not drift a - way from thee, No matter where I go ;



Where'er I stray, still from above Thine eyes doth watch me there.
Thy lov - ing hand will guide a - right My wea - ry, wand'ring feet.
Still thy dear love doth glad - den me, Thou all my way dost know.



I can - not drift so far away But what thy love di - vine
Tho' oft - en from thy side I stray, I shall not be for - got ;
Where'er I wander thou art there, In wind and wave I hear



Up - on my path, by night and day, In mer - cy sweet doth shine.
Thro' all life's changeful, shadowed day Thou wilt forsake me not.
Thy voice, in tones of mu - sic rare, And know that thou art near.

We Come.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. We come in his name, our Redeemer and Lord,
 3. The Lord is our trust, our Defender, and Guide,
 3. We seek for a home, in a mansion a - bove,
 4. O land of the blest! when our journey is passed,
 x. We come in his name, our Redeemer and Lord, Redeemer and Lord,

We come, and rejoice in his excellent word;
 The Lord is a Rock where in safety we hide;
 That he has prepared in his wonderful love;
 When o'er the dark stream we have anchored at last,
 We come and rejoice in his excell - ent word, his excellent word;

Our thanks for his care and protection we give,
 The Lord is our shield when the tempter assails,
 A home in the vale and the haven of peace,
 All praise to the name of our Saviour and King,
 Our thanks for his care and protec - tion we give, protection we give,

And ask him for grace in his service to live. . . .
 His truth is our lamp, and its light never fails. . . .
 A home where the storm and the billow shall cease. . . .
 With all the redeemed we will joy - ful - ly sing. . . .
 And ask him for grace in his ser - vice to live.

CHORUS.

We are trav'ling, trav'ling to a beautiful clime, a beautiful clime, A cit-y be-
 yond the sea, a cit-y beyond the sea; We are trav'ling, trav'ling to a beautiful
 clime, a beautiful clime, Where at home . . . we for- ever shall be. . . .
 a beautiful clime, Where at home

WM. P. LEWIS.

Traveler, Turn.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Fine.

1. { Trav'ler, turn, O turn thee backward, Dangers lie on ev-'ry side; }
 { Do not trust a sin-gle moment To thy false and treach'rous guide. }
 2. { Trav'ler, see, the way grows darker, Piercing winds around thee blow. }
 { Onemorestep, perhaps, mayplungethee In-to ru-in, wreck, and woe. }

D. C.—Come to him who ne'er deceives thee, But will keep thee to the end.

CHORUS.

D. C.

Come to him, thy on-ly Saviour, Come to him, thy truest friend;

3 Thou art hungry, yet thy Father
 Hath a feast prepared for thee:
 Thou art thirsty, yet the fountain
 Of his love thou wilt not see.

4 Trav'ler, now the time accepted,
 Come thou quickly, haste away;
 There's no promise for the morrow,
 Mercy calls, and calls to-day.

120 I am Walking with My Saviour.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

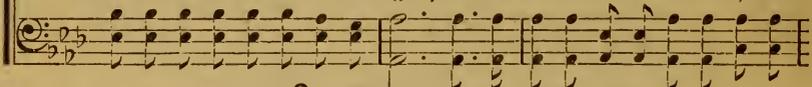
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. I am walking with my Saviour, I am walking in his path, And he
2. I am walking with my Saviour, and each day it grows more bright, As I
3. I am walking with my Saviour, what tho' trials here may come, Soon the
4. I am walking with my Saviour, I am walking here by faith, But the



gently sheds a light upon my way; Tho' the path looks dark beyond me, when I follow in the path the Master trod; For he sheds his beams around me, he who storms of life will be forever past; Just a few more tears of sorrow, then we'll time will come when faith is lost in sight; I shall know him and be like him, when I



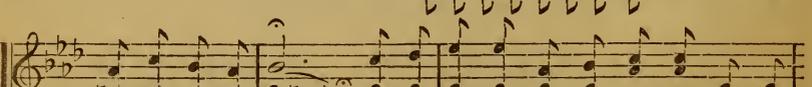
reach the dreaded place There he throws the light of ever - lasting day. is to be the light That will shine upon the cit - y of our God. all be gathered home, Who are found among the faithful at the last. see him as he is, In that blessed land of ev - er - lasting light.



CHORUS.



Yes, I'm walk - ing with my Sav - iour, And I hear his gentle
Yes, I'm walking with my Saviour, walking with my Saviour,



voice from day to day; I am walking, and I'm talking, and I



ev - ermore rejoice, For he's promised to go with me all the way.

Thou Art My Refuge.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thou art my refuge, dear Saviour, Thou art my strength and my shield ;
 2. Thou art my refuge, dear Saviour, All of my trust is in thee ;
 3. Thou art my refuge, dear Saviour, Thou my Redeem-er and Friend ;

Thou art my hope and sal - va - tion, All un - to thee I will yield.
 Un - der thy wings will I hide me, There will be safety for me.
 Watching me e'er as I jour - ney, Walking with me to the end.

CHORUS.

Thou art my refuge, dear Saviour, Thou whom my heart holdeth dear ;

Watching so lov - ing - ly o'er me, nev - er for - saking me here.

Anon.

Arranged for this work.

1. Tho' dark the night and clouds look black And stormy o - verhead, And
 2. When those who once were dearest friends Begin to per - secute, And
 3. And thus, by frequent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
 those who once professed to love Have si - lent grown and mute; I
 march a - long with cheerful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

f.
 soon I conquer all, As to the Lord I call,—A lit - tle talk with
 tell him all my grief, He quickly sends re - lief,—A lit - tle talk with
 Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S.—trials of ev - 'ry kind . . . God I al - ways find,—A lit - tle talk with

Fine. CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Jesus makes it

Je - sus makes it right, all right.

D.S.
 right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Jesus makes it right, all right; In

Tell the Glad Story Abroad.

123

Rev. H. J. ZELLEV.

Psalm xlviii : 13.

H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Have you, my dear brother, been rescued from sin? Is Christ the Re-
2. Are you, my dear brother, washed whiter than snow? And now does the
3. Does Christ, my dear brother, within you now reign? And sin - ful en-
4. Is Christ, my dear brother, now walking with you? And does he di-



deemer a - biding within? Would you help some others salvation to win?
 cleansing blood over you flow? And would you have others the same joy to know?
 joysments do you now disdain? Oh, would you help others a heaven to gain?
 rect in all things that you do? Oh, would you have others enjoy Jesus too?



CHORUS.



Then tell the glad sto - ry a - broad. Oh, tell the glad sto - ry, oh,



tell what you know, That sinners find cleansing in Cal - vary's flow, And



ev'ry heart may be made whiter than snow, Oh, tell the glad story a - broad.



Oh, Master, Save.

IDA L. REED.

Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Long a - go, at the e - ventide, Toss'd a ves - sel on the sea,
 2. O'er the deep rang his "peace, be still," When the winds and waves obey,
 3. Still he speaks to the storm-toss'd souls, Weary, toiling o'er life's sea;

Storm-winds shrieked and the waves dashed wild, Tempest-driv'n o'er Galilee.
 Skies no longer above them frown, As they smile with setting ray;
 Braving billows that o'er them rolls, "Peace, be still," I'll comfort thee.

Low on a pillow the Saviour slept, Unconscious of wind and wave,—
 Peacefully calm, now the treacherous sea Is hushed at his sweet command,
 "Peacefully still," and the heart grows light, Storm-clouds have all passed away,

Pleading, the sailors be - side him knelt, Cry - ing, oh, Master, save.
 Nev - er his voice can be heard in vain On storm-toss'd sea or land.
 Scattered the gloom of the wea - ry night To dawn of hap - py day.

CHORUS.

Save, save, Master, save, Souls out on life's storm-toss'd sea;
 Save, or we perish, oh,

Musical score for 'Oh, Master, Save.' featuring a treble and bass clef with a 2/5 time signature. The melody is in G minor. The lyrics are: 'Save, or we perish, oh, Master, save, Thou King of wild Gali - lee.' The word 'Save,' is written below the first and third notes of the melody.

Wash Me, O Lamb of God.

H. B. BEEGLE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

May be used as a Duett.

Musical score for 'Wash Me, O Lamb of God.' featuring a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in D major. The lyrics are: '1. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; By thine a- toning blood, 2. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; I long to be like thee, 3. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; I will not, cannot rest 4. Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; By faith thy cleansing blood'

Musical score for 'Wash Me, O Lamb of God.' featuring a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in D major. The lyrics are: 'Oh, make me clean ; Purge me from every stain, Let me thine image gain, All pure within ; Now let the crimson tide Shed from thy wounded side Till pure within ; All human skill is vain, But thou canst cleanse each stain, Now makes me clean. So near thou art to me, So sweet my rest in thee,'

Musical score for 'Wash Me, O Lamb of God.' featuring a treble and bass clef with a 4/4 time signature. The melody is in D major. The lyrics are: '5 Wash me, O Lamb of God, Wash me from sin ; Thou, while I trust in thee, Wilt keep me clean ; Each day to thee I bring Heart, life, yea, everything ; Saved while to thee I cling, Saved from all sin.'

Blessed Jesus, I am Thine.

Mrs. LAURA E. NEWELL.

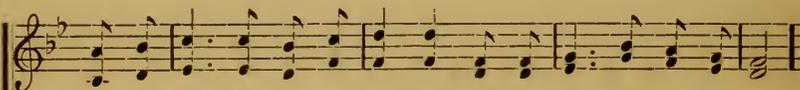
JNO. R. BRYANT.



1. Take me, Saviour, keep me near thee, I the fu- ture may not know,
2. Keep me, Saviour, I am trusting Wholly on thy strength and love,
3. Save me now, O blessed Je- sus, I am weak, but thou art strong,



But I pray thee to di- rect me, As I jour- ney here be- low.
 And I pray that thou wouldest ever Stay my soul on things above.
 Teach my lips thy truths to ut- ter, Till I sing the glad, new song



I am cling- ing to thy promise, And thy word can nev- er fail ;
 Make my heart thy tem- ple ho- ly, Free from en- vy, strife or sin,
 In the kingdom of the blessed, Where the day doth ev- er shine ;



Lift me thro' life's fit- ful changes, Till the evening shades prevail.
 Make me pure, O blessed Je- sus, May thy child the vict'ry win.
 I am thine, dear Lord, for- ev- er, Blessed Je- sus, I am thine.



Live unto Him.

127

WM. T. ORTLIP.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rise, O my soul, to high-er joys a - waking, Rise and o - bey thy
 2. Rise, O my soul, and o - vercome temptation, Stand like the brave a -
 3. Rise, O my soul, above thy care and sadness, Rise and rejoice, thy
 4. Rise, O my soul, the way grows bright before thee, Soon wilt thou reach the

blessed Master's will; Now from the world and all its pleasures breaking,
 mid the bat - tle strife; Strong in the might and strength of my salvation,
 song of rapture swell; Praise him who turns thy sorrow in - to gladness,
 sun - ny heights above; Haste, haste thee on to glo - ry, un - to glo - ry,

D.S. - Live un - to him who walketh still beside thee,

rit. *Fine.* CHORUS.
 Live un - to him, and be thou faithful still. Live un - to him whose
 Hold fast the hope of ev - er - lasting life.
 Trust in the Lord, who do - eth all things well.
 Till thou art lost in thy Redeemer's praise. Him whose gentle

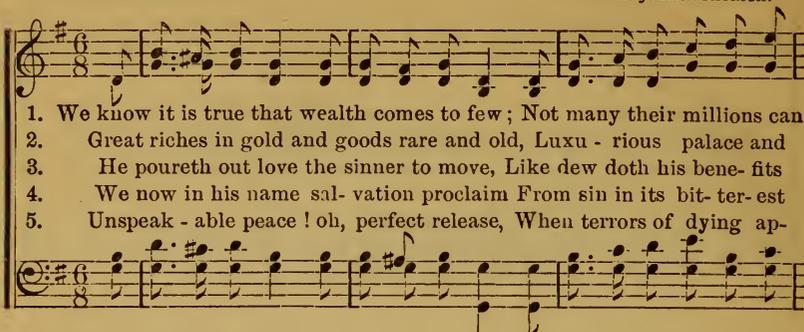
Live un - to him who liv - eth ev - ermore.

D.S.
 gentle hand will guide thee Safe thro' the ills . . . that mark this fleeting shore;
 hand will Safe thro' the ills

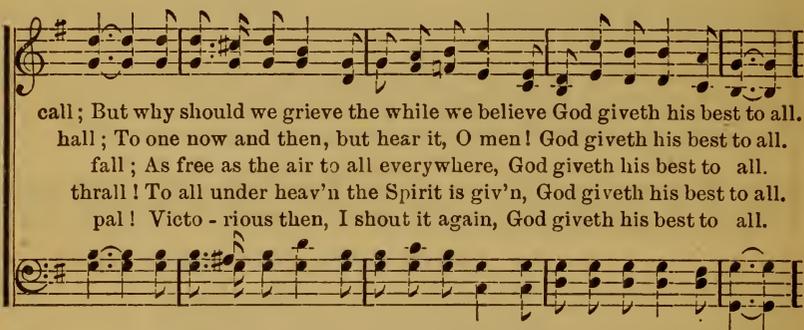
God giveth His Best to All.

Rev. CHAS. ROADS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

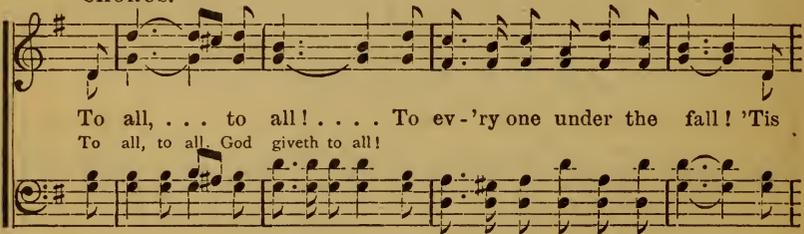


1. We know it is true that wealth comes to few ; Not many their millions can
2. Great riches in gold and goods rare and old, Luxu - rious palace and
3. He poureth out love the sinner to move, Like dew doth his bene - fits
4. We now in his name sal - vation proclaim From sin in its bit - ter - est
5. Unspeak - able peace ! oh, perfect release, When terrors of dying ap -

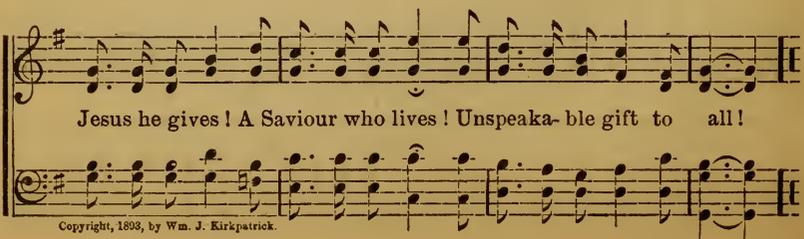


call ; But why should we grieve the while we believe God giveth his best to all.
 hall ; To one now and then, but hear it, O men ! God giveth his best to all.
 fall ; As free as the air to all everywhere, God giveth his best to all.
 thrall ! To all under heav'n the Spirit is giv'n, God giveth his best to all.
 pal ! Victo - rious then, I shout it again, God giveth his best to all.

CHORUS.



To all, . . . to all ! To ev-'ry one under the fall ! 'Tis
 To all, to all, God giveth to all !



Jesus he gives ! A Saviour who lives ! Unspeak - able gift to all !

Heavenly Manna.

129

Rev. J. H. BATTEN.

H. L. GILMOUR.

[the
1. When out from Egypt's bondage The chosen children fled, And journey'd thro'
2. We too, like them, are pilgrims Along the desert way That leads thro' earth to
3. Oh, bread sent down from heaven, We'll ever feed on thee, And trust our loving

desert, They fell in need of bread ; Their cries to heav'n ascending, From
heaven, The land of end-less day ; And as we journey onward, In
Father For grace, abounding, free ; Till ends the pilgrim's journey, And

famine-stricken earth. God showered down the manna Supplying all their dearth.
answer to our calls, In rich and full abundance The manna daily falls,
all our needs supplied, We'll feast our souls in heaven, With all the sanctified.

CHORUS.

The heav'nly manna's falling Along the pilgrim's way. And angel food's our

1st. 2d.
por-tion, While his word we o-bey ; Yes, :|| tion, While his word we obey.

At Thy Feet.

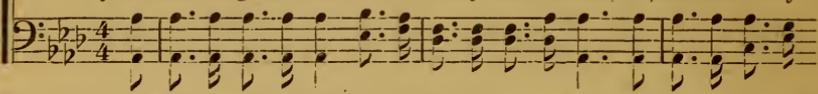
M. A. WHITAKER.

Job xlii: 5, 6.

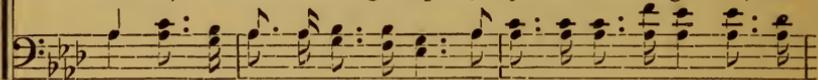
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. At last, my King and Saviour, Thy face divine I see, As shining thro' the
2. Those feet, how worn and weary, As o'er this earth they sped, With hope to cheer the
3. This load of sin—thou knowest, Its weight doth press me sore; Wilt thou not lift the
4. By all the wrong and torture Thou freely didst endure, Oh, take me in my



darkness, 'Tis bent in love on me; That patient look appeal - ing, Thy
hopeless, And life to give the dead; Those feet for us so wounded, The
burden, And hope and peace restore? I trust thy ten - der mer - cy, Thy
weakness, And make me strong and pure; Thy life for me was giv - en, Let



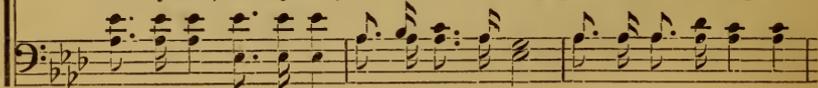
call so low and sweet, Have bowed me down in sorrow, Repentant, at thy feet.
nail-prints still are there, Yet joy was in thy suff'ring, And pardon in thy pray'r.
sac - ri - fice I plead, Oh, grant me full forgiveness, And help for coming need.
mine be true to thee, A life of loving service, From self and sin set free.



CHORUS.



At thy feet, at thy feet, Je - sus, now I bow; Speak that word, forgiven,



Speak, oh, speak it now. Speak that word, forgiven, Speak, oh, speak it now.



We Live to Serve the Master. 131

E. J. LAWRENCE. "To be ready to every good work."—TIMOTHY II. 21. J. W. SWANSON.

1. We live to serve the Mas-ter, As will we hear the call, We spend the
 2. We live to seek and res-cue The un-belie-ving, We show them
 3. We live that all around us May know the Friend above, We bear the

Life he gives us In bring-ing good to all, We take his love and comfort
 what is bet-ter, The true and living way, We live that all in dark-ness
 joy-ful tidings Of saving grace and love, We sow be-cause all we reap

To all who sadly grieve, We seek the poor and weary, Their burdens to relieve,
 The gospel light may see, That all in sin and bondage May yet be glad and free,
 The precious gospel word, 'Tis thus in love and goodness, We live to serve the Lord.

CHORUS

We live to serve the Master, What ready hearts and spirits true, What ready hearts and

spirits true, Oh, we live to serve the Master, With a glorious rest in view.

The Light that Never Fails.

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



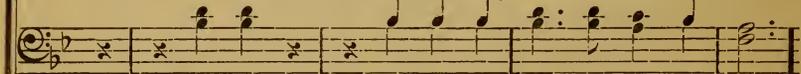
1. There is a light that shines for aye, And o'er the night prevails,
2. To ban-ish clouds of doubt and fear No oth - er light a - vails,
3. My soul once spurned the beams divine Which now with joy it hails
4. My eyes have been restored to sight, His touch removed the scales



It sends a gleam of perfect day, Whose brightness never fails.
 Than God's own radiance, strong and clear, Whose lustre nev - er fails.
 For all its darkest places shine With light that nev - er fails.
 And now I'm liv - ing in the light, The light that nev - er fails.



CHORUS.
 The light, the light The light that nev - er fails,
 The light, the light,



I'm walking in the light of God, The light that nev - er fails.

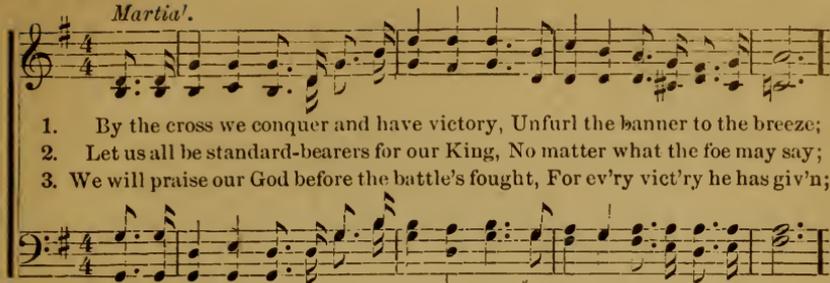


By this We Conquer.

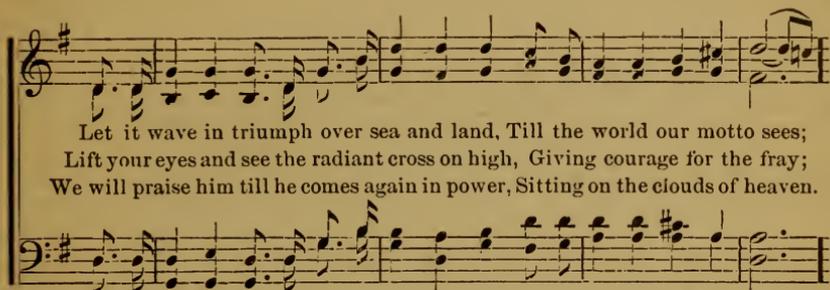
133

H. L. G.

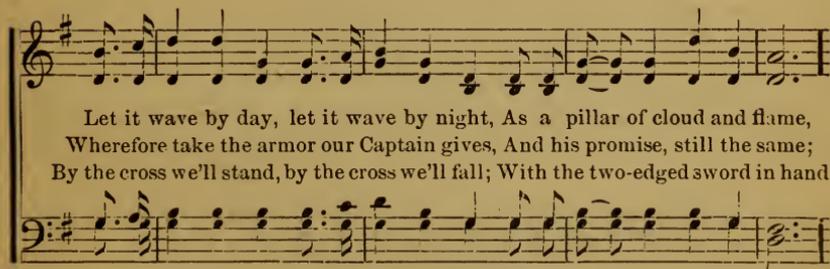
H. L. GILMOUR.

Martial.

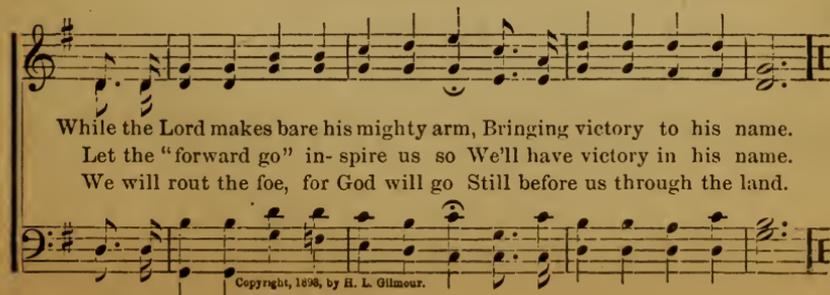
1. By the cross we conquer and have victory, Unfurl the banner to the breeze;
2. Let us all be standard-bearers for our King, No matter what the foe may say;
3. We will praise our God before the battle's fought, For ev'ry vict'ry he has giv'n;



Let it wave in triumph over sea and land, Till the world our motto sees;
Lift your eyes and see the radiant cross on high, Giving courage for the fray;
We will praise him till he comes again in power, Sitting on the clouds of heaven.



Let it wave by day, let it wave by night, As a pillar of cloud and flame,
Wherefore take the armor our Captain gives, And his promise, still the same;
By the cross we'll stand, by the cross we'll fall; With the two-edged sword in hand



While the Lord makes bare his mighty arm, Bringing victory to his name.
Let the "forward go" in- spire us so We'll have victory in his name.
We will rout the foe, for God will go Still before us through the land.

Copyright, 1936, by H. L. Gilmour.

On the Other Side.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. They will come to us no more From the blessed golden shore, Just be-
 2. They will nev-er come a-gain To the sorrow, sin, and pain; In the
 3. They will nevermore return; Where the rainbow-glories burn They are
 4. They will come to us no more, Safe beyond the billows' roar, They have

yond the restless, roll - ing tide; If the Saviour's name we know Hope still
 "Father's house," forev - er free! Would we call them, if we might, From those
 looking on the Saviour's face; From the jeweled towers above Float the
 entered in - to end - less peace; What a joy - ful hope is ours, In the

beams with star - ry glow, We shall meet them on the oth - er side.
 mansions, pure and bright? No, we'll meet them by the crys - tal sea.
 raptured strains of love; We shall meet them thro' redeem - ing grace.
 love - ly Eden bowers, We shall join their songs that nev - er cease.

CHORUS.

Nevermore! nevermore! Come they from the golden shore; One in Jesus, still we

know To our loved ones we shall go, We shall meet them on the other side.

Sing Praise to God.

135

WM. STEVENSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sing praise to God, our highest praise Be to the Father given;
2. Sing praise to God, our highest praise To Christ th'eter- nal Son,
3. Sing praise to God, our highest praise The Ho - ly Ghost inspires;
our highest praise

Great source of be - ing, by whose hand Was formed both earth and heaven.
Who left his throne our souls to save When help- er there was none.
Blest Comfort- er, whose rays di- vine With love each bos - om fires.

CHORUS.

Sing praise to God, . . . our highest praise, To Father, Spir- it,
Sing praise to God, our highest praise,

Son; Let all in earth and heaven adore Th'eternal Three in One.

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Choose You this Day.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Joshua xxiv : 15.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Choose you this day, O careless heart, Slight not the earnest invi - ta - tion;
 2. Choose you this day, O joyous youth, While health and hope and life are given;
 3. Choose you this day, O tempted heart, Tho' worldly pleasures seem to cheer thee;
 4. Choose you this day, O wav'ring soul, So long in doubt and darkness straying;

Come now and choose the better part, Come, take the water of sal - va - tion.
 Come, seek the path of peace and truth, Find now in Christ the way to heaven.
 Rend ev - 'ry gild - ed snare a - part, Find Christ a refuge ever near thee.
 On Christ your heavy burdens roll, List to his voice for wand'ers praying.

CHORUS.

Choose you this day, no more de - lay, Turn not from heav - en's

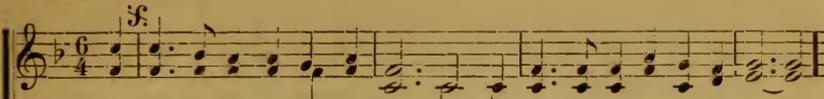
voice a - way; If Je - sus is your precious choice Thro' endless

years you shall rejoice, Choose you this day, Choose Christ to - day.

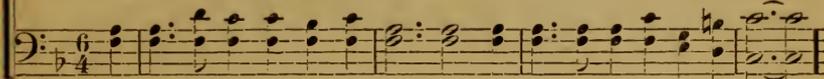
Do Not Make Light of the Call. 137

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



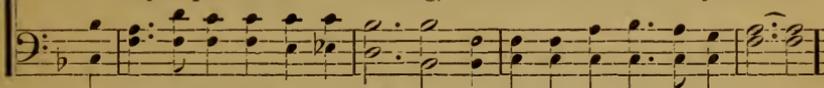
1. The Master commandeth his servants To go and the message declare,
2. You never can make yourselves better, There's nothing remaining to do,
3. But why are you making ex-cu-ses? Your moments, how swiftly they roll!



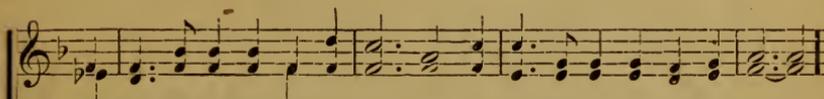
D.S.—come, for all things are now ready, Oh, do not make light of the call;



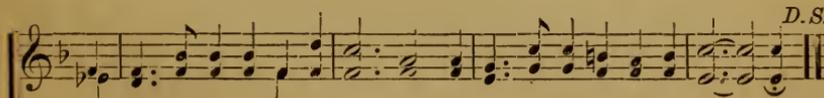
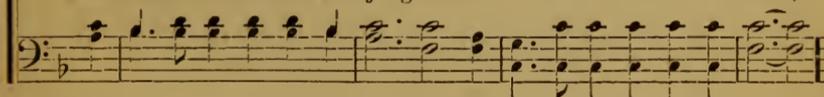
Not on-ly a feast is provid-ed, But e-ven the robe you shall wear;
But come as you are to the Saviour, And ask him to clothe you a-new;
Your day of pro-bation is clos-ing, And what will become of your soul



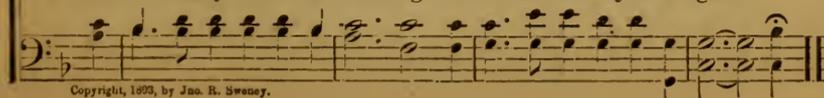
For these are the words of the Master, So urgent-ly spoken to all.



A feast of his love and sal-va-tion, A robe that is whiter than snow,
The debt of your sin he hath cancelled, The blood of atonement is free;
Whensummoncd tostand at the judgment? Exc-u-ses will there be in vain,



His righteousness, will you receive it? Oh, surely you cannot say no. Oh,
The fountain of mercy he o-pen-ed, A-vaileth for you and for me.
The voice that you now are refusing Will never invite you a-gain.



There's Power in the Gospel.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's pow'r in the gospel, the same blessed gospel That prophet and
 2. Then give us the gospel we find in our Bi-ble, To answer the
 3. We'll thank-ful-ly take it, this same blessed gospel, No oth-er will
 4. Then joy-ful-ly tell it, this blessed old gospel, We need it, we

psalmist pro-claim; It ech-oes from Eden, it rings down the ages, Sal-
 soul's longing cry; A Father's forgiveness, a Saviour's redemption, And
 comfort im-part; 'Tis hope for the contrite, 'tis bread for the hungry, 'Tis
 need it to-day; Good tidings from heaven, the sto-ry of Jesus, The

CHORUS.

va-tion thro' one mighty name. We will sing it for-ev-er, while
 grace in abound-ing sup-ply.
 rest for the wea-ry of heart.
 Life, and the Truth, and the Way.

an-gels to lis-ten Will silence their harp-strings of gold; The song of the

ransomed, this glo-ri-ous gospel, The sto-ry, sweet story of old.

Winning Souls for Jesus.

139

J. B. M.

"He that winneth souls is wise."—Pr. xi: 30.

J. B. MACKAY.

1. Rouse, ye Christian workers, be ye up and doing, Shall the Master's kingdom
 2. Wait no longer for some more convenient season, Souls are dying round you,
 3. Do your spirits fal- ter at the undertaking, Lest one might repay you
 4. Ev'ry soul you win shall add a star of beauty To the crown of glory

suf-fer at your hands? There are precious souls just waiting for your
 let them not be lost; Talk or sing of Je-sus, they will yield to
 with a cru-el sneer? Do not let them per-ish, stand no long-er
 Je-sus has for you; Always thus be working, do-ing all your

D.S—seeking to re-

woo-ing, Go ye forth and win them, Christ your Lord commands.
 rea-son, Tell of their re-demp-tion, what a price it cost.
 quaking, Win them for the Mas-ter, tell them he is near.
 du-ty, Winning souls for Je-sus, they will bless you too.

Fine.

claim them, Oh, be up and winning souls, while 'tis called to-day.

CHORUS.

Winning souls, winning souls, winning souls for Je-sus, Oh, what joy in

winning souls from the downward way; Out up-on the highways,

D.S.

The Everlasting Song.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When the port of heaven o-pens to a world redeemed from sin,
 2. There the harps shall thrill as harps were never known to thrill before,
 3. And when ceaseless ages shall have passed, with a-ges yet to come.

When the great arch foe is vanquished, and the vic-tors en-ter in,
 And no voice-es shall be si-lent on that safe and hap-py shore,
 When from all of earth-ly sor-row free we rest with-in that home,

There will be a burst of triumph, like the sounding of the sea,—
 But with glo-ri-ous commingling shall the mighty anthem swell,
 Still the cho-rus shall be pealing forth, un-changing, grand and free:

Like the voice of ma-ny wa-ters shall that glorious anthem be:
 To the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who hath done all things well.
 "Un-to him who hath redeemed us let e-ter-nal glo-ry be!"

REFRAIN.

Glo-ry glo - - - ry to his name, Now and
 Glo-ry to his name, glo-ry to his name,

The Everlasting Song.—CONCLUDED. 141

ev - - - ermore the same; Let the cease - - - less
 ev-ermore the same, Now and ev-ermore the same; Let the ceaseless chorus be,

cho- rus be— Christ, whose love has set me free.
 let the ceaseless chorus be—Christ, whose love, whose love has set us free.

rall.

The Joyful Sound.

I. WATTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sal- vation! O the joy-ful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign
 2. Sal- vation! let the ech- o fly The spacious earth around, While all the
 3. Sal- vation! O thou bleeding Lamb! To thee the praise belongs: Salvation

CHORUS.

balm for ev'ry wound, A cordial for our fears. Sal- va- tion! sal- va- tion!
 armies of the sky Conspire to raise the sound.
 shall inspire our hearts, And dwell upon our tongues.

O the joyful sound! Come, let ussing with happy hearts, The Saviour we have found.

Better Days.

A. H. G.

A. H. GORHAM.

DUET.—Soprano and Tenor.

1. Tho' the pathway seemeth dark and drear-y, As in sadness we are
 2. Better days! when naught of sin and sorrow Shall abide with those whose
 3. Better days! O sweet the song in glo - ry, When the vic - to - ry and

waiting for the dawn, There is hope and comfort for the wea - ry,
 pil - grimage is done; When the night shall yield to golden morn -
 row - crown of life are won, And we sing redemption's wondrous sto - ry,

CHORUS.

Bet - ter days are coming on. Bet - ter days are coming
 Bet - ter days are coming on.
 In the days soon coming on. Better days

on; coming on; Bet - ter days are coming on; Bet - ter
 coming on; Better days coming on;

days, better days, Better days are coming, coming on.
 Better days, better days,

rit.

Copyright, 1893, by John J. Hood.

I'll Praise my Redeemer.

143

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I'm hap- py, I'm happy as mortal can be, For Je- sus my Saviour is
 2. No matter how heavy the burden I bear, His dear, loving presence I
 3. Tho' trials may gather like waves of the sea, I'll run to the arms that are
 4. And when over Jordan I anchor at last, When labor is end- ed and

precious to me; My soul from its bondage he came to restore, He
 constant- ly share; His grace without measure he kind- ly bestows, And
 o - pen for me, And there, from the tempest and billows that roll, I'll
 tri- als are past, Oh, then, with the numberless millions a- bove, My

D. S.—hap- py, I'm hap- py as mor- tal can be, For

Fine. CHORUS.

sought and he saved me, he saves ev- ermore. I'll praise my Redeemer as
 oh, with his blessing my cup o- verflows.
 rest, with the sunshine of joy in my soul.
 voice shall re-ech- o the mu- sic of love.

Je- sus my Saviour is precious to me.

D. S.

long as I live, All hon - or and glo - ry to him will I give; I'm

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White as Snow.

Rev. W. McDONALD.

Arranged by Rev. W. McD.

Ad lib.

1. Ah, man - y years my burdened heart Has sighed, has longed to know
 2. I heard the saints in rapture tell, How much a soul may know
 3. I came to Je - sus sick and vile, That I this grace might know;
 4. He cast on me a look of love, Such as no words can show;

The vir - tue of my Saviour's blood, That wash - es white as snow.
 Of Je - sus' precious, cleansing-blood, That wash - es white as snow.
 And trusted in his precious blood To wash me white as snow.
 I felt within my ver - y soul He washed me white as snow.

CHORUS.

There is pow'r in Je - sus' blood, There is pow'r in Je - sus'

blood, There is pow'r in Je - sus' blood To wash me white as snow.

Copyright, 1879, by Rev. Wm. McDonald.

5 I'll tell to every saint I meet,
 To sinners high and low,
 That, trusting in the Saviour's blood,
 It washes white as snow.

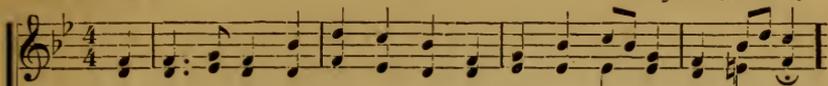
6 And when to that bright world above
 My raptured soul shall go,
 My song shall be—the precious blood,
 Still washes white as snow.

We'll Mention Them no More. 145

E. E. HEWITT.

"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—EZEK. xvii: 22.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



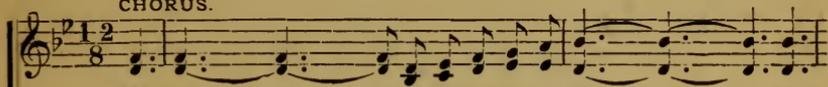
1. My soul sings glory all the way, For Je - sus took my sins a - way;
2. Oh, wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
3. But since he shows such grace to me, Let not his love for - got - ten be;
4. My soul sings glory all the way To yon - der land of cloudless day,



With pre - cious blood they're covered o'er, He'll mention them no more.
 Since Je - sus in re - deem - ing love, Brought mercy from a - bove.
 Oh, let my life its trib - ute bring, My heart ex - ultant sing.
 And when I reach that hap - py shore, I'll praise him ev - er - more.



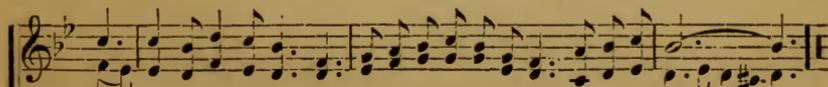
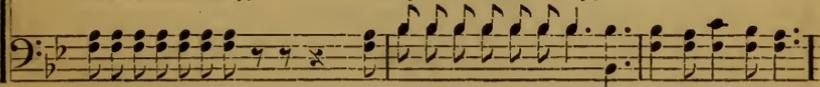
CHORUS.



My sins are all taken a - way, My
 My sins are all tak - en a - way, My sins are all taken a - way, My



sins are all taken a - way; Oh, glo - ry to his name!
 sins are all taken away, My sins are all taken away;



Oh, glory to his name! My sins are all taken away, taken away.
 taken away.



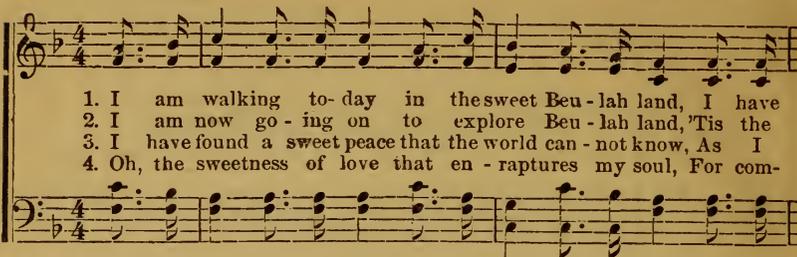
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The Sweet Beulah Land.

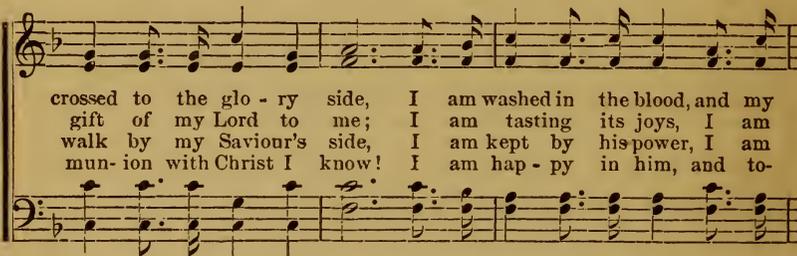
"Let us go up at once and possess it;" Nu. xiii: 30.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

H. L. GILMOUR.

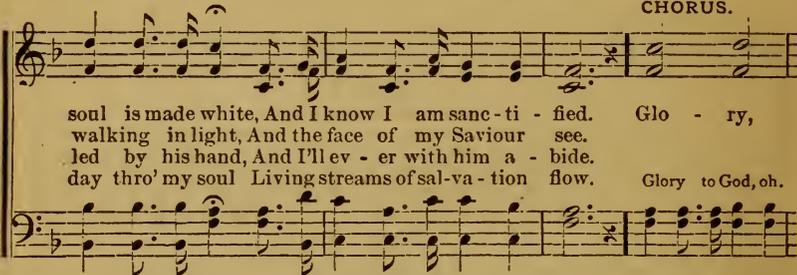


1. I am walking to-day in the sweet Beu-lah land, I have
 2. I am now go-ing on to explore Beu-lah land, 'Tis the
 3. I have found a sweet peace that the world can-not know, As I
 4. Oh, the sweetness of love that en-raptures my soul, For com-



crossed to the glo-ry side, I am washed in the blood, and my
 gift of my Lord to me; I am tasting its joys, I am
 walk by my Saviour's side, I am kept by his power, I am
 mun-ion with Christ I know! I am hap-py in him, and to-

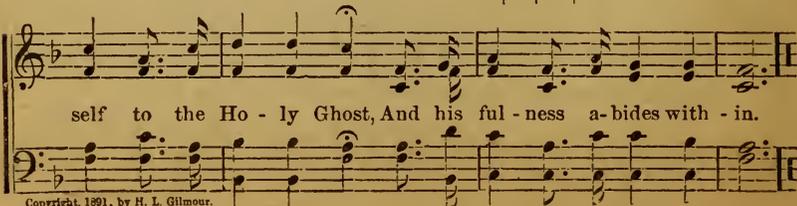
CHORUS.



soul is made white, And I know I am sanc-ti-fied. Glo-ry,
 walking in light, And the face of my Saviour see.
 led by his hand, And I'll ev-er with him a-bide.
 day thro' my soul Living streams of sal-va-tion flow. Glory to God, oh.



Glo-ry to God, My heart is now cleansed from sin, I've abandoned my-
from sin,



self to the Ho-ly Ghost, And his ful-ness a-bides with-in.

Who will Follow Jesus?

147

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Who will follow Je - sus, Standing for the right, Holding up his banner
2. Who will follow Je - sus In life's busy ways, Working for the Master.
3. Who will follow Jesus? When the tempter charms, Fleeing then, for safety
4. Who will follow Je - sus In his work of love? Leading others to him,

In the thickest fight? List'ning for his or - ders, Read-y to o - bey,
Giving him the praise? Eearnest in his vineyard, Hon - or - ing his laws,
To the Saviour's arms; Trusting in his mer - cy, Trusting in his power,
Lifting prayers above; Courage, faithful servant; In his word we see,

CHORUS.

Who will follow Je - sus, Serving him to-day? Who will follow Je - sus?
Faithful to his counsel, Watchful for his cause?
Seeking fresh renewals Of his grace each hour.
On our side forev - er Will this Saviour be.

Who will makereply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow

Je - sus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

The Good Ship Zion.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O come, O come! for staunch and strong, The good ship Zion sails along; O
 2. Our chart will show when rocks are near, The polar-star is shining clear; When
 3. Beyond life's tossing, fitful sea, The haven lies where we would be, And

come and join her hap- py crew, And trust the Captain wise and true. We
 bil- lows seem to overwhelm We'll trust the Hand that holds the helm. Then
 soon, with rays of glo- ry bright, We'll hail the beacon's welcome light. The

bear his banner floating from the mast, And hope thro' grace to reach our home at last;
 lift on high the banner of the cross, The ship that bears it never suffers loss;
 good ship Zion, tho' the breakers roar, Will safely land us on the morning shore;

Then join with our number; we're bound to the land of light; We'll keep our course [right
 O - beying his orders, tho' gales of temptation come, The Captain of sal-
 Then o - ver the surges we sail to the port of peace, With joy we'll cast the

CHORUS.

onward thro' the stormy night. Sailing, sailing o- ver the sea of time,
 vation surely guides us home.
 anchor when the voyage shall cease.

Sailing, sailing, bound to the golden clime; Sailing, sailing o- ver the sea of

time, And sweetly now, tho' tempests blow, We hear the home-bells chime.

The Blessed Song.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Have you learned to sing the blessed song That rings within the soul,
2. Have you heard the words gently breathed, "Come un- to me and rest?"
3. Oh, 'tis there you'll learn the blessed song, That nev- er will grow old,
4. Then we'll cross the river with this song, 'Twill brighten Jordan's wave;

Fine.

When the voice of Jesus whispers "peace," And love gains sweet control?
 Will you heed the call, and humbly lean Up- on the Saviour's breast?
 For it tells of par- don, life, and joy, And mercies man- i- fold.
 Hon- or, power, and blessing ev- ermore, To him who died to save.

D. S.—"new, new song" the ransomed sing, And strike the glo- ry- key.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Come, come to Jesus, come, come to-day, And learn his grace so free, Learn the

God is My Salvation.

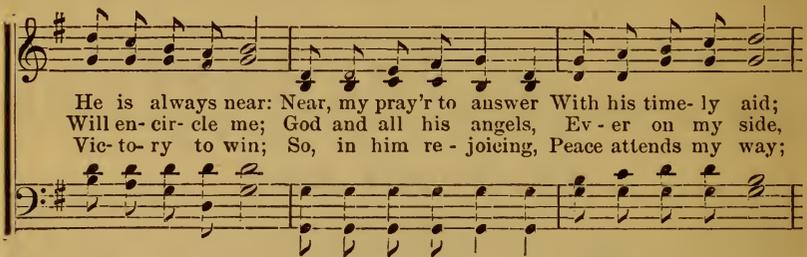
E. E. HEWITT.

Isa. xii : 2.

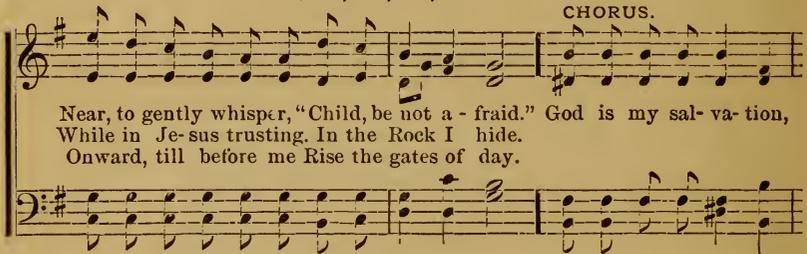
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. God is my sal - va - tion, Whereforeshould I fear? Blessed consola - tion,
 2. God is my sal - va - tion, Perils thick may be, But the heavenly legions
 3. God is my sal - va - tion From the foes within, For his grace will help me

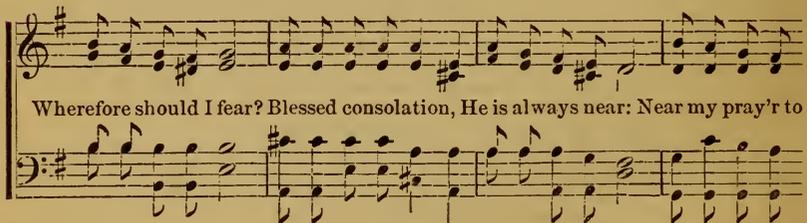


He is always near: Near, my pray'r to answer With his time - ly aid;
 Will en - cir - cle me; God and all his angels, Ev - er on my side,
 Vic - to - ry to win; So, in him re - joicing, Peace attends my way;

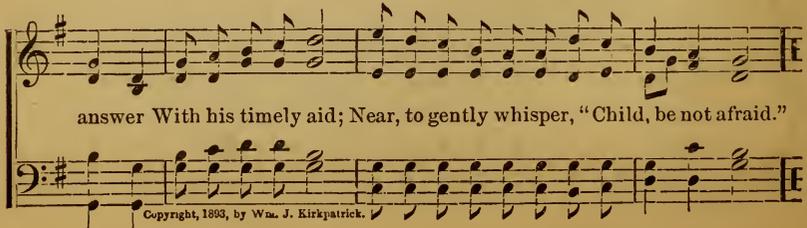


CHORUS.

Near, to gently whisper, "Child, be not a - fraid." God is my sal - va - tion,
 While in Je - sus trusting. In the Rock I hide.
 Onward, till before me Rise the gates of day.



Wherefore should I fear? Blessed consolation, He is always near: Near my pray'r to



answer With his timely aid; Near, to gently whisper, "Child, be not afraid."

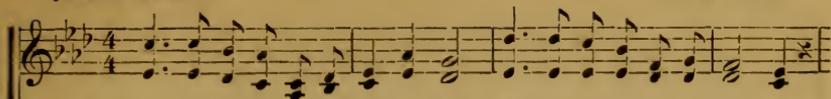
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Keep me Close to Thee.

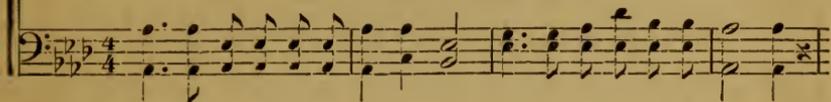
151

JAMES B. MACKAY.

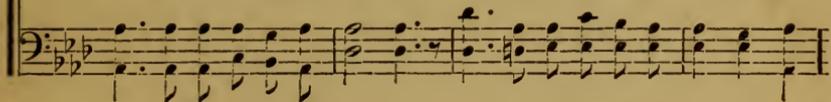
JNO. R. SWENEV.



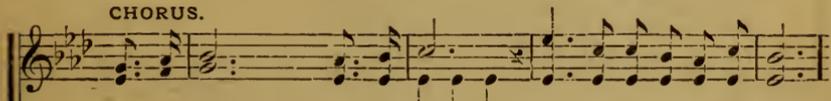
1. Precious Saviour, keep me close to thee; Without thee I am forsak- en,
2. Precious Saviour, keep me close to thee; In thy mighty arms secure me,
3. Precious Saviour, keep me close to thee; If earth's ties must all be riven,
4. Precious Saviour, keep me close to thee; Keep till sin no more can sever,



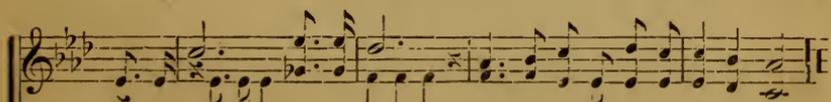
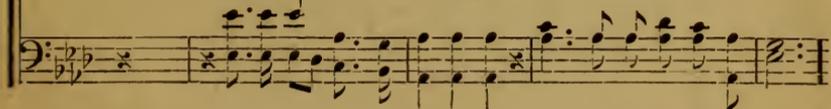
All my fondest hopes are shaken, Precious Saviour, keep me close to thee.
There temptations cannot lure me, Precious Saviour, keep me close to thee.
And its dearest i- dols giv - en, Precious Saviour, keep me close to thee.
And all danger passed forev - er, Precious Saviour, keep me close to thee.



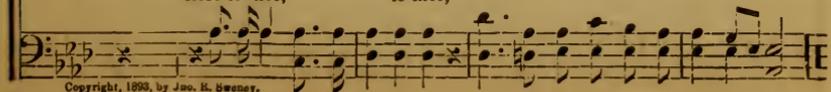
CHORUS.



Keep me close, keep me close, This my constant pray'r shall be;
Close to thee, to thee,



Keep me close, keep me close, Precious Saviour, keep me close to thee.
close to thee, to thee,



Still out of Christ.

H. E. BLAIR.

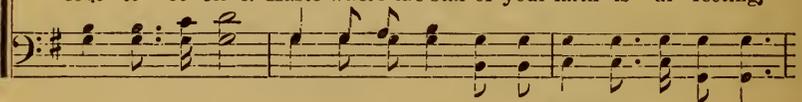
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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 mercy, If you are willing to
4. Still out of Christ, and the love he has promised, How you are longing that



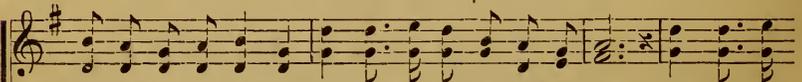
fuse to be- lieve? What can you hope from the world or its pleasure?
 what will you do? Still out of Christ, yet there's room at the fountain,
 turn from your sin; Yon- der he stands at the door of sal- va- tion,
 love to re- ceive: Haste where the star of your faith is di- recting,



REFRAIN.



How can you trust them when both will deceive? Come, come to Je- sus,
 Free are its wa- ters, and flow- ing for you.
 Wait- ing to par- don and welcome you in.
 Haste, and this moment repent and believe.



wea- ry, heavy- hearted, Come, come to Jesus while you may; Now he is



waiting, waiting to receive you, Hark, he is calling you to- day.

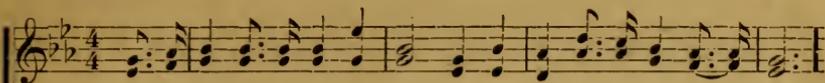


On the Heights.

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EIZABETH CHENEY.

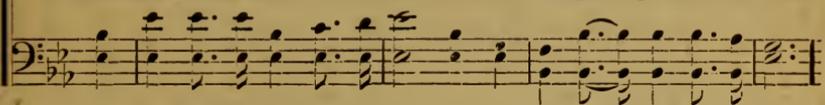
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's a life on the heights, O Christian, Up, up from thy low es - tate!
2. There's a glow on the heights, O Christian! Why longer in shadow a - bide?
3. There's a song on the heights, O Christian! A thrilling and ju - bilant strain;
4. There's a view from the heights, O Christian! The gleam of a far-away shore;



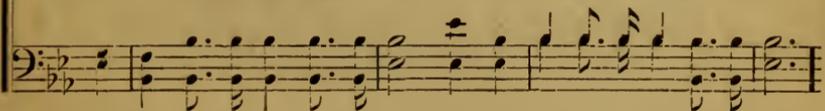
Cut loose from the sins that beset thee, And lay a - side ev'ry weight.
The storm-clouds of care and of sorrow Are bright on the heavenward side.
It tells of a perfect sal - vation Thro' Jesus the Lamb that was slain.
And hearts that are faint for the home-land Gain courage and patience once more.



CHORUS.



Stay not in the mist-la - den val - ley; Look not on the earth, but above;



Rise, rise in the strength of thy Saviour, And climb to the hill-tops of love.



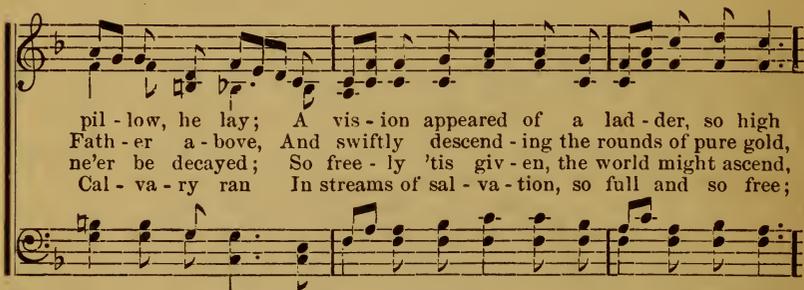
The Ladder of Mercy.

Revised by L. H. EDMUNDS.

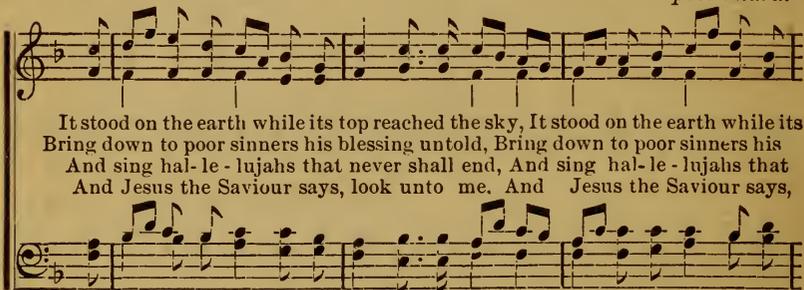
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. As Jacob, when weary, sought rest by the way, His head on a stone, for a
 2. Upon this bright ladder sweet angels of love Are bearing our pray'rs to the
 3. This wonderful ladder is strong and well-made, Has stood for long ages; 'twill
 4. This ladder is Jesus, true God and true man, Whose blood richly flowing from

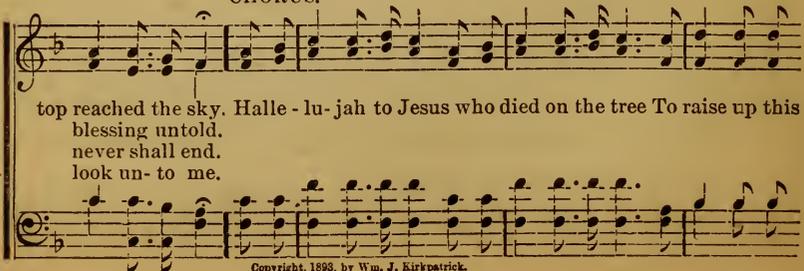


pil - low, he lay; A vis - ion ap - peared of a lad - der, so high
 Fath - er a - bove, And swiftly descend - ing the rounds of pure gold,
 ne'er be decayed; So free - ly 'tis giv - en, the world might ascend,
 Cal - va - ry ran In streams of sal - va - tion, so full and so free;

poco ritard.


It stood on the earth while its top reached the sky, It stood on the earth while its
 Bring down to poor sinners his blessing untold, Bring down to poor sinners his
 And sing hal - le - lujahs that never shall end, And sing hal - le - lujahs that
 And Jesus the Saviour says, look unto me. And Jesus the Saviour says,

CHORUS.



top reached the sky. Halle - lu - jah to Jesus who died on the tree To raise up this
 blessing untold.
 never shall end.
 look un - to me.

poco ritard.

lad - der of mer - cy for me. To raise up this ladder of mercy for me.

- 5 Our fathers upon it have mounted to God,
They've finished their labors, and reached their abode,
And we're climbing after, and soon we'll be there,
To join with the ransomed, their happiness share.
- 6 We'll see our dear Saviour, and join the glad throng
In singing his praises in rapturous song;
All glory to God, to the Father and Son,
And blest Holy Spirit, united in one.

Go as an Humble Disciple.

MARY THOMPSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Go as an humble dis - ci - ple, Pray'rfully, earnest - ly go;
2. Go to the poor and neglect - ed, Seek them where'er they may be;
3. Rescue the lost ones that per - ish, Urge them at once to be - lieve;
4. Go with a word from the Master, Go with his love in thy heart;

Whisper the name of the Sav - iour Tender - ly, soft - ly and low.
Tell them the sto - ry of Je - sus, Tell them his mercy is free.
Some one will list to thy pleading, Some one the truth will re - ceive.
Scatter its sunshine of glad - ness, Bidding the shadows de - part.

D.S.—Follow his blessed ex - am - ple, He will thy la - bor re - ward.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Go as an humble dis - ci - ple, Go for the sake of thy Lord;

A Sunny Side of Life.

A. ROSALTHE CAREY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, sigh not in sorrow for the joys that will not stay, Nor dim all the
 2. Though trial and toil have found a home in ev'ry land, And care, like a
 3. Each heart has its burden and its weary, weary pain, And tears oft will

present with the thought of coming ill; Let no cloud of to-morrow shade the
 phantom, haunts each earthly gleam of light; Yet, the angel of faith will point her
 gather on the smile of love and hope; But, the tears of his children God will

brightness of to-day, For each cloud has its bow of promise still.
 snowy, gentle hand, To the realms where will come no grief nor night.
 change to smiles again, And pour balm in their ev'ry bit - ter cup.

Then look where the bright sun is shining, O'er the shadows of this weary world of strife,
 Then look, look where the bright sun is shining, world, this weary world of strife,

For each cloud has its fair, silver lining, Praise God! there's a sunny side of life.
 For each cloud has its fair, has its fair, silver lining, side, a sunny side of life.

My only Intercessor.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

Isa. lix : 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Though numbered with the sin-defiled, I am my Father's long-sought child ;
2. In naught but filthy rags I come, Yet, weary of these paths I roam,
3. No more, among the husks and swine, With want and hunger I repine ;
4. Though coming empty to thy feet, My soul with joy is made replete ;

And now my soul is reconciled, O Lamb of God, through thee!
 I seek at last my Father's home, O Lamb of God, through thee!
 The ring, the robe, the kiss are mine, O Lamb of God, through thee!
 Mine is the Father's pardon sweet, O Lamb of God, through thee!

D.S.—my behalf points to his side, My on - ly In - ter - - cessor.

CHORUS.

D.S.

The Lamb of God, who for me died, And on the cross was crucified, In

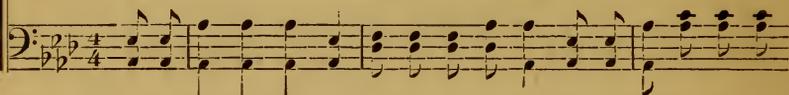
Resting 'neath His Shadow.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There's no comfort 'in the pleasures of the earth, In its ma-ny follies,
2. If the clouds of darkness shall surround my way, I will trust in him who
3. When my foes oppress me, and my friends forsake, I will look to Je - sus
4. Soon my warfare end- ed and my tri- als past, I will join the rapturous



and its senseless mirth; I will live for Je - sus, walking in his light,
changes night to day; And a - mid life's conflicts, while I do the right,
and fresh courage take; In a world of sorrow, strengthened by his might,
song of "heaven at last;" As I stand before him faith will change to sight,



D.S.—liv- ing where the sky is ev- er bright,



I will rest beneath his shadow with delight. I am rest- ing in the
I can sit beneath his shadow with delight.
I can sit beneath his shadow with delight.
And I'll gaze upon his beauty with delight.



I am sitting 'neath his shadow with delight.



D.S.
sunlight of his love, I am feasting on the joys of heaven above; I am



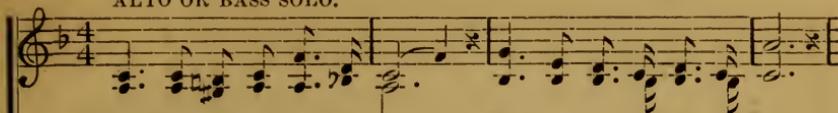
Blessed Refuge.

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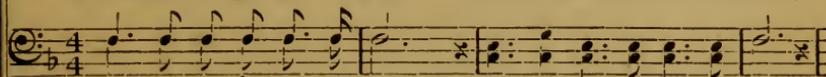
FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. Rev. J. G. WILSON.

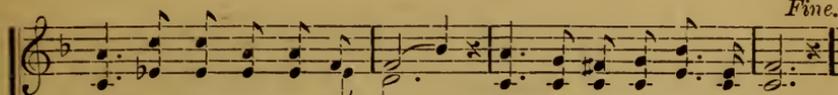
ALTO OR BASS SOLO.



- | | |
|----------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Blessed refuge of the soul, | With thy love o'ershadow me ; |
| 2. Blessed refuge, mine a-lone, | While in fervent pray'r I bend ; |
| 3. Blessed refuge, ev - er near, | Precious balm for all my woes ; |



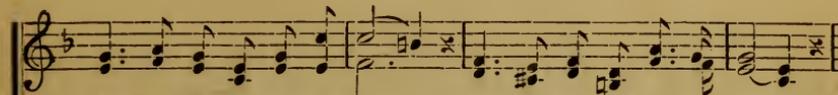
CHO.—Blessed refuge of the soul, With thy love o'ershadow me ;



Still the raging waves con - trol,	Keep my anchor firm on thee.
From thy bright ce - les - tial throne	Let the star of faith descend,
What have I to ask or fear	While I still on thee re - pose ?



Still the raging waves con - trol, Keep my anchor firm on thee.



Gent - ly o'er the ocean's foam	Cheer my heart and guide my way ;
May its pure and sacred rays,	Breaking thro' the clouds of night,
Soon with angels I shall rise	Far above this changeful shore,



D. C. Chorus.



Till I hear thy welcome home,	Safe within the gates of day.
Fill my waking thoughts with praise,	Till I hail the morning light.
Where the dawning never dies,	And the darkness comes no more.



Flow In, My God.

ELIZABETH CHENEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I lift the flood-gate of my soul, O God, thou boundless sea,
 2. O'er all the rocks of un - be - lief, The burning sands of sin,
 3. Now may I lose myself in thee, Now may I die to sin;

And feel thy cleansing bil-lows roll In glo - ry o - ver me.
 O'er self - ishness, and fear, and grief, Flow in, my God, flow in!
 Thou art my all e - ter - nal - ly, Flow in, my God, flow in!

CHORUS.

Flow in, thou mighty sea of love, Thro' all my na - ture roll;

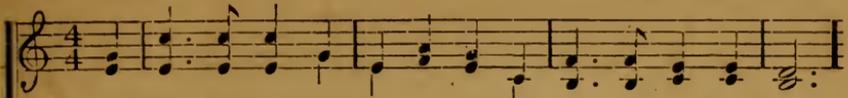
With tides of power, This gracious hour, Submerge my longing soul.
 With tides of power, This gracious hour,

O Praise the Lord.

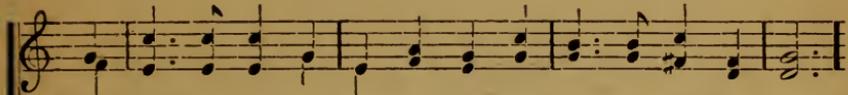
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FANNY, J. CROSEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. While saints and an - gels cry a - loud, Be - fore the throne on high,
2. He speaks, and lo, the gath'ring storm O - beys his sovereign will;
3. His ten - der mer - cy deigns to hear The weakest one that calls;
4. Oh, love that can - cels ev - 'ry sin, Oh, love, the cross that bore;



My raptured soul is on the wing, And all its pow'rs re - ply.
The an - gry sea his mandate hears, And ev - 'ry wave is still.
And not a sparrow to the ground Without his no - tice falls.
Not heav'n a - bove its height can reach, Nor yet its depth explore.



CHORUS.



O praise the Lord with heart and voice, The God in whom we trust,



The ev - er - last - ing King of kings, The on - ly wise and just.



Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

LIDIE H. EDMUNDS.

Adapted and arranged by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. From that dear cross where Je - sus died, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a - side, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
3. For ev - 'ry con - trite, wounded soul, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
4. For ev - 'ry wea - ry, ach - ing heart Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
5. With life and peace up - on its tide Calv'ry's stream is flowing;



From bleeding hands and feet and side, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
 Come, while 'tis called sal - va - tion's day, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
 Step in just now, and be made whole, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
 A ten - der heal - ing to im - part Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
 Sweet blessings down the a - ges glide, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;



CHORUS.



Calv - 'ry's stream is flow - ing, Calv - 'ry's stream is flow - ing;



Flowing so free for you and for me, Calv'ry's stream is flowing.



Jesus Lives and Loves.

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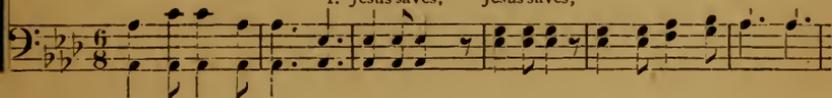
E. E. HRWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. From my sin and danger Je - sus saves, While his blood-stain'd banner
2. When I trust him wholly Je - sus keeps, For the love that watches
3. This my plea for pardon, Je - sus died; This my hope of blessing,

r. Jesus saves, Jesus saves,



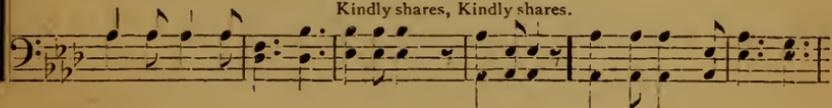
O'er . . . me waves; When I feel a sor - row Je - sus cares,
 Nev - er sleeps; When I meet with tri - al Je - sus knows,
 He'll . . . pro - vide; Have I fear of dying? Je - sus lives!
 O'er me waves, O'er me waves; Jesus cares, Jesus cares,



CHORUS.



Ev'ry cross and burden Kind - ly shares. When all else is dreary,
 Lights the stars of promise, Peace . . be - stows.
 Songs instead of sighing, Life . . he gives.
 Kindly shares, Kindly shares.



His sweet love will cheer me; Yes, I know he's near me, Jesus lives and loves.



A Glory in the Cross.

Rev. J. N. MAFFITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I glo-ry in the cross of Christ, My Saviour and my God, I
 2. I see the cross on which he died, In ag-o-ny, for me, I
 3. I'll hang my guilt-y head u-p-on That bosom ope'd for me, I'll
 4. He died for me, he died for all, He lighted death's dark way, And

count this glitt'ring world but dross, To gain his high abode; Earth has no charms to
 see the spear that pierced his side, I hear his dying plea; His hands, his feet are
 venture to implore his grace; I'll plead dear Calvary; Oh, yes, he will not,
 open'd up thro' heav'n's bright gates, A path to endle-s day, He purchased then a

win my heart, No bliss, no joy for me, I cannot see its beauties now,
 bleeding fast, His wounds stand open wide, They speak my sins and sorrows past,
 cannot spurn Me from his bleeding arms, I know he loves me tho' I've dared
 blissful home, For all his ex-iled race; And now he calls us up to him,

CHORUS.

I see but Cal-va-ry. I do believe, I now believe, That Jesus
 I'll in those wounds abide.
 To scoff at all his charms.
 To see his Father's face.

died for me; And thro' his blood, his precious blood, I am from sin set free.

I will Praise Him.

L. H. EDMUNDS.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Sing with me in joy-ful measure, Sing my dear Redeemer's love;
2. To his precious cross I'm clinging, Plunging in the cleansing tide;
3. Sweeter grows salvation's sto-ry, As I lean its meaning more;
4. Blessed bells of promise pealing, Onward call the willing soul;
5. I will praise him, I will praise him, Pressing on life's varied way;

Fine.

Sing the rich, e - ter-nal treasures Je - sus brings me from a - bove.
 There he fills my lips with singing, There my needs are all supplied.
 Christ within, "the hope of glo - ry," Op'ning Heav - en's roy - al store.
 Mighty grace his word re - vealing, Let the hal - le - lu - jahs roll.
 I will praise him, I will praise him, Where his smile is endless day

D. S.—rise from earth to heaven, I will shout his praise on high.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

I will praise him, I will praise him, I will praise him till I die; When I

I Shall be Whiter than Snow.

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My heart has been sigh - ing, O Je - sus, for thee, A
 2. The dross of my na - ture, oh, melt it a - way, My
 3. Cre - ate in me, Sav - iour, a heart tru - ly whole, Re -
 4. I rest in thy prom - ise, I know it is mine, Thy

con - flict is rag - ing with - in; I long to be ho - ly and
 soul's ev - 'ry e - vil re - move: Oh, wash out the stains that may
 new a right spir - it with - in; Re - veal thy great joy to my
 pres - ence is with me, I know; In claim - ing thy glo - ri - ous

per - fect - ly free From doubt - ing and sor - row and sin.
 lin - ger, I pray, And clothe me with life from a - bove.
 sor - row - ing soul, And now let the cleans - ing be - gin.
 ful - ness di - vine My soul is made whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Wash me to - day, wash me to - day, And I shall be whit - er than

snow; Wash me, oh, wash me, And I shall be whiter than snow.

Happy Rest will Jesus Give.

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MINNIE B. JOHNSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come to Je - sus, bring thy burdens, By the weight of sin oppressed;
2. Come to Je - sus, mercy's offered, Healing for your aching breast;
3. Come to Je - sus, humbly bowing, On - ly come at his re - quest;

He'll receive thee, he'll relieve thee, Je - sus gives the wea - ry rest.
Trust thy Saviour, seek his fav - or, Je - sus gives the wea - ry rest.
He will meet thee, he will greet thee, He will give thy spir - it rest.

CHORUS.

Happy rest . . . will Jesus give, . . . All may come . . . to him and
Happy rest, happy rest will Jesus give, All may come, all may

live; . . . Seek him now, . . . O weary soul, . . . On him thy burdens roll.
come to him and live; Seek him now, seek him now, Seek him now, O weary soul,

Jesus in Galilee.

IDA L. REED.

Cho. by H. L. G.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Thronging about him the people pressed, Down by the shores of the calm, blue sea,
 2. Thronging about him still more and more, Striving to catch every tender tone,
 3. Thronging about him the people came, Eager his gospel of love to hear,

Crowds of the sinful, the sick, distressed, Seeking for Jesus in Gal - i - lee.
 Kingly he stood on the sunlit shore, Brightly his face with the lovelight shone.
 Joyfully praising his holy name, Crowding the strand from afar and near;

Eager to hear the sweet words of God, Longing for peace, and relief from pain.
 Patiently, sweetly he taught them there, Preaching God's love to the great and small,
 Oh, 'twas a wonderful meeting there, Down by the seaside so long ago,

Weary the pathways that many trod, Seeking for Jesus, but not in vain.
 How in his glory each one might share, Preaching the love that surpasseth all.
 Songs of rejoicing thrilled all the air, They were so happy God's love to know.

CHORUS.

He talked to the multitudes by the sea, He talks with poor sinners like you and me;

He talks with disciples, where'er they be, Just as he did in Gal - i - lee.

Use Me, Saviour.

FRED. WOODROW.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Use me, O my gracious Sa-viour, Use me, Lord, as pleaseth thee;
 2. Be it noon or be it midnight, Wea-ry watch or blaze of day;
 3. Pride of will and lust of sta-tion, Lord, I would from all be free,

Nothing done for thee so low - ly But is great enough for me.
 Shouting with the hap-py reap - ers, Toil - ing in the hidden way.
 And the on - ly hon - or seek - ing, Lord, to be of use to thee.

CHORUS.

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee;
 Use me, O my Saviour, Use me, O my Sa-viour,

Use me, Use me, Use me as it pleaseth thee.
 Use me, my Saviour, Use me, O my Saviour,

Save One.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out in the breakers are per- ish- ing souls, Save one, save one,
 2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw- ful night, Save one, save one;
 3. Out on the mountain so sad- ly a- stray, Save one, save one;
 4. Loved ones or strangers, who'er they may be, Save one, save one;

Out where the current of sin mad- ly rolls, Save one, save one.
 Tell them of Je- sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
 From the sweet home land so far, far a- way, Save one, save one.
 Go in his Spir- it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

Pit- y the per- ish- ing, La- bor and pray; Hasten to res- cue them,

Save one to-day, Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

Sweet Land of Rest.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,
 2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome;
 3. To Je - sus Christ I sought for rest, He bade me cease to roam;
 4. Wea - ry of wand'ring round and round This vale of sin and gloom,

When I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell with Christ at home.
 This world's a wil - derness of woe, This world is not my home.
 But fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd conduct me home.
 I long to leave th' unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

Home, home, home sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home, When
 Home, home, home sweet home, This world is not my home, This
 Home, home, home sweet home, And he'd con - duct me home, But
 Home, home, home sweet home, And dwell with Christ at home, I

I shall lay my arm - or by, And dwell with Christ at home.
 world's a wil - derness of woe, This world is not my home.
 fly for suc - cor to his breast, And he'd conduct me home.
 long to leave th' unhallowed ground, And dwell with Christ at home.

Blind Bartimeus.

Mrs. JOSEPH F. KNAPP.



1. Whence Je-sus came I can-not tell, Nor why he came to me;
2. When all was dark One touch'd my eyes, And that is all I know;
3. How it was done I can-not say, Nor e-ven think, nor dream;



One thing I know, and know it well, Tho' I was blind, I see!
 For light came down from Par-a-dise, And set my soul a-glow;
 Nor why a touch of moistened clay Shoud make things what they seem;



I once was blind, but now I see! And that is news enough for me,
 I once was blind, but now I see! And that is light enough for me,
 I once was blind, but now I see! And that is truth enough for me,



And that is news enough for me.
 And that is light enough for me.
 And that is truth enough for me.



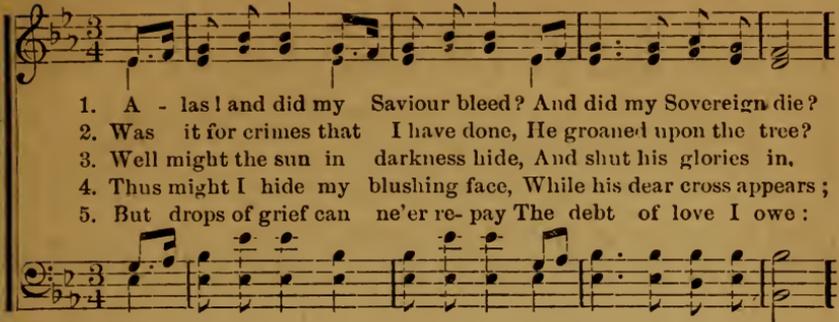
4 It is the Son of God! his grace
 Makes trembling weakness strong;
 Wipes tears away from sorrow's face,
 And teaches grief a song;
 I once was blind, but now I see!
 :: And that is joy enough for me.!!

I Now Believe.

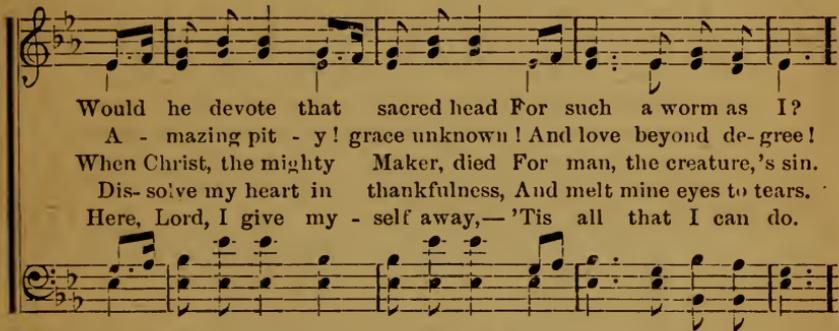
173

ISAAC WATTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

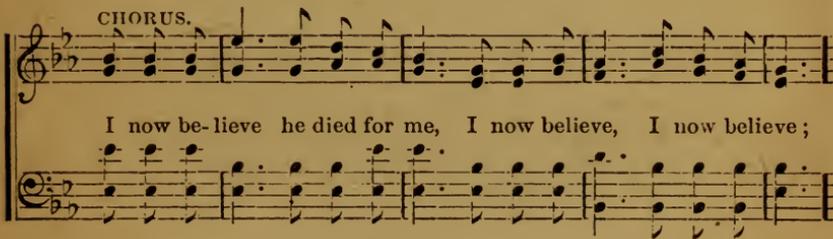


1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face, While his dear cross appears;
5. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe:

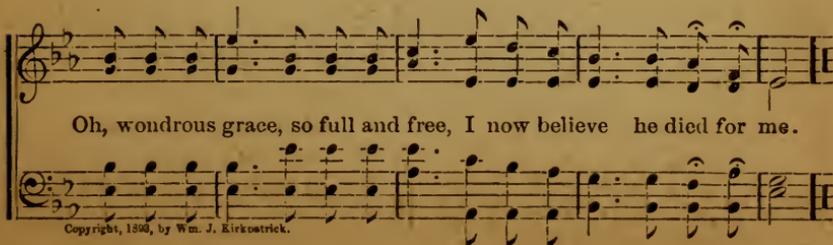


Would he devote that sacred head For such a worm as I?
A - mazing pit - y! grace unknown! And love beyond de-gree!
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died For man, the creature, 's sin.
Dis- solve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my - self away,— 'Tis all that I can do.

CHORUS.



I now be-lieve he died for me, I now believe, I now believe;



Oh, wondrous grace, so full and free, I now believe he died for me.

In all thy Ways.

L. H. EDMUNDS,

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. "In all thy ways acknowledge him," He shall thy paths di-rect ;
 2. How calm the heart that leans up-on His "ev-er-last-ing arms !"
 3. "Commit thy works un-to the Lord," Who only gives suc-cess ;
 4. "In all thy ways acknowledge him," Then joy will light thy skies,

His wisdom will sure guidance give, His mighty love pro-lect.
 His love will guard his trusting child, From all that real-ly harms.
 The service wrought for his dear sake, His hand will surely bless.
 Or, on the cluds of grief and care, The bow of peace a-rse.

CHORUS.

Sing prais - - es un-to him, Sing praises, tho' the day be
 Sing praises un-to him, Sing praises un-to him. Sing praises, prais - es,

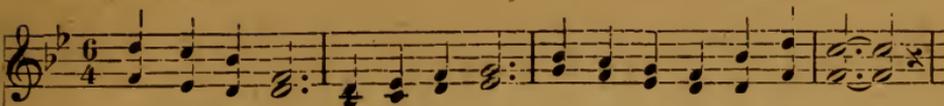
dim ; "In all thy ways acknowledge him,
 tho' the day be dim ; And he shall direct thy paths."

Why Not To-day?

175

WM. H. GARDNER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.



1. Why not to-day? Why still de-lay? See, he is waiting for you;
2. Why not to-day? Dear Lord, we pray, Soften each heart in this place;
3. Why not to-day? Can you de-lay, When such a pardon is free?



Say in your heart, O sin, de-part! God then your soul will re-new.
Soon may they be, On bended knee, Asking the gift of thy grace.
Think of him now, Thorns on his brow, Dy-ing to save you and me.



CHORUS.



Why not to-day? Why not to-day? Why should you wait till the morrow?



Take him to-day! He'll be your stay, Comforting you in your sor-row.



The Winds were Hushed.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, the winds were hushed, and the night grew fair, When the Master's voice brought a
 2. So the heart is hushed in the storm of grief, When the Master's word brings its
 3. There's a song of joy when that voice is heard, And new faith upsprings at his

blessing there: The dark, rolling sea owned his sov'reign will. For the mighty
 sweet re- lief; O, trust, weary soul, in his ho- ly will, For the King of
 bless- ed word; Sing on, happy heart, and his praise fulfill, For the King of

King uttered, "peace, be still," For the mighty King uttered, "peace, be still."
 love whispers, "peace, be still," For the King of love whispers, "peace, be still."
 love whispers, "peace, be still," For the King of love whispers, "peace, be still."

CHORUS.

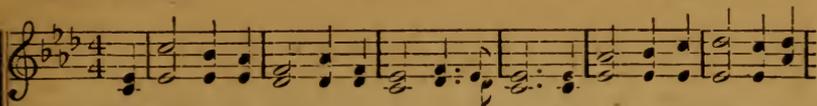
Peacefully, peacefully, peacefully rest, "Child of the King," on his gentle breast;

Peacefully, peacefully, peacefully rest, In Jesus thou art for - ev - er blest.

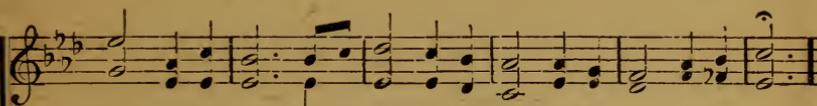
What wilt Thou do with Thy Soul? 177

LOTTIE A. NEWMAN.

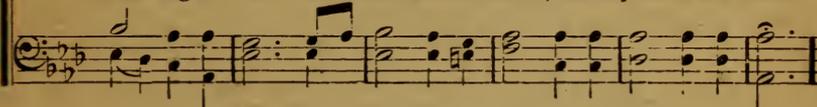
Mrs. KATIE BAKER.



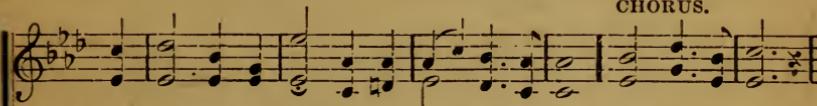
1. Oh, what wilt thou do when the night cometh on, When daylight is fading and
2. Oh, what wilt thou do when the tide riseth high, When life is departing and
3. Oh, what wilt thou do in the great judgment-day, When heaven and earth shall have
4. Oh, fly to the refuge, while still there is time, While God offers pardon and



hope nearly gone? When fears shall oppress thee, and dark billows roll,
death draweth nigh? The vain things of earth have no power to console:
all passed away, When thy doom is sealed, and the death-knell shall toll,
heal- ing di- vine: There, safe in that shelter, sweet peace shall control:



CHORUS.



- 1, 2, 3 v. Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul? What wilt thou do?
- 4 v. Then for - evermore 'twill be well with thy soul. Haste, while there's time!



what wilt thou do? Oh, tell me, what then wilt thou do with thy soul?
haste, while there's time! Then for- ev - ermore 'twill be well with thy soul.



Marching in the Light.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Onward, re-joicing, Marching in the light, Singing of our Saviour,
 2. Onward, re-joicing In the golden morn; In the sky above us
 3. Onward, re-joicing, Marching in the light; But a brighter glo-ry

Of his roy- al might; Following the Master Where his footsteps shine,
 Blooms the rose of dawn; Speed the gospel message, Speed salvation's day!
 Waits our raptured sight; When we join our Saviour In the Land serene,

CHORUS.

We shall share the glo-ry Of his life di- vine. Marching in the light,
 Till the light shall gladden Nations far a- way.
 When we see his beauty, Not a shade between.

Marching in the light, For his great salvation banishes the night; Marching

in the light, Marching in the light, Jesus brings the morning, peaceful, calm and bright.

Keep Close to Jesus.

179

J. L.

JOHN LANE.

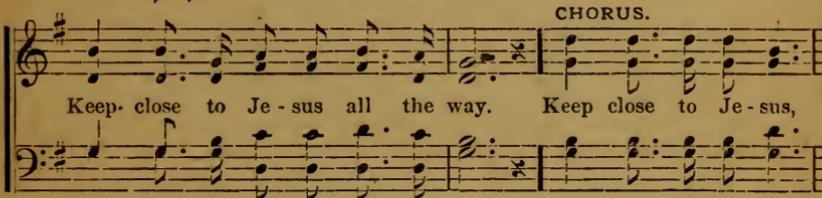


1. When you start for the land of heaven ly rest, Keep close to
2. Never mind the storms or trials as you go, Keep close to
3. To be safe from the darts of the e - vil one, Keep close to
4. We shall reach our home in heaven by and bye, Keep close to

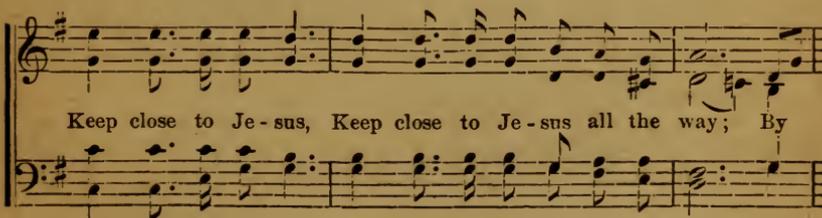


Jesus all the way; For he is the Guide, and he knows the way best,
Jesus all the way; 'Tis a com- fort and joy his fa - vor to know,
Jesus all the way; Take the shield of faith till the victo - ry is won,
Jesus all the way; Where to those we love we'll never say good-bye,

CHORUS.



Keep close to Je - sus all the way. Keep close to Je - sus,



Keep close to Je - sus, Keep close to Je - sus all the way; By



day or by night never turn from the right, Keep close to Jesus all the way.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my warfare is accomplished, And the march of life is o'er, When I
 2. When the prophets and the martyrs Praise Jehovah in their song, And the
 3. I have looked, as in a vis- ion, On the cit- y built of gold, And its

step within the portals That my friends have passed before; When my
 angels, with their trumpets, Join the great and mighty throng; When the
 riv- er, gen- tly flowing, In my dreams I oft be- hold; But the

Saviour bids me welcome To a home prepared above, And I know that still he
 four and twenty elders At the Saviour's feet shall fall, And I listen to their
 fulness of its glo- ry I can nev- er understand Till my spirit-eyes are

D.S.—There among the ransomed ones to shout redemption free, . . . Anywhere in
Fine. CHORUS.

loves me With an ev- er - lasting love. Anywhere in heaven will be
 anthem As they crown him Lord of all.
 opened, And I reach the morning land.

heaven will be joy enough for me.

ad lib. *D.S.*
 joy enough for me, Joy enough for me, when my blessed Lord I see;

The Saviour Found Me.

181

THOS. E. ROACH.

H. L. GILMOUR.

1. I was a wayward, wand'ring child, I walked in sin, I was defiled,
 2. I turned and sought forgiving grace, My Saviour showed his lovely face,
 3. No carping cares depress me now, No fear of ill disturbs my brow,
 4. Adieu to sin and vain desire! My soul has caught the heav'nly fire,

Oh, how the world my soul beguiled! How dark the night around me!
 I felt his blood my sins ef-face, He saved me, hal - le - lu - jah!
 No storms affright, tho' loud they blow, Since Je-sus is my Sav-iour.
 And now, with joy, my pow'rs aspire Toward heav'n, my home in glo - ry.

But, while I wandered far a-way, I heard the voice of Je - sus say :—
 My load of sin then rolled a-way, My night was sweetly turned to day,
 Content-ed in his love I rest, I go or stay at his behest;
 Come on, my friends, companions, come, No more in sin an ex - ile roam ;

Fine.
 "Come, fol - low me, I am the way;" Oh, yes! the Saviour found me.
 My feet are in the nar - row way, I've found the land of Beau - lah.
 My days glide on, su - preme-ly blest, While walking in his fa - vor.
 The price is paid, who will may come, Oh, wondrous, wondrous sto - ry!

D. S.—I'll tell the sto - ry where I go, That Je - sus is my Sav - iour.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Oh, he's my Sav - iour, this I know, For he the wit - ness doth bestow ;

Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER. By per.

1. Wonderful story of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
 2. Wonderful story of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
 3. Wonderful story of love: Jesus provides a rest; Wonderful

sto - ry of love: Wake the immor - tal strain! Angels with rapture an -
 sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day; Calling from Calvary's
 sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a -

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, oh! won't you be - lieve it?
 mountain, Do wn from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
 bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous chorus,

CHORUS.

Wonderful story of love. Won - der - ful! won -
 Wonder - ful sto - ry of love: Wonder - ful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
 story of love: Wonderful story of love:

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Blessed words of truth and beauty In the word of God we read,
 2. Words that tell the gos - pel sto - ry Of our Saviour's life and love,
 3. By his power the Lord hath kept them Thro' the a - ges long and dim,

Blessed words! . hallowed words! . How they strengthen us for du - ty,
 Blessed words! . hallowed words! . . Oh, the visions of his glo - ry
 Blessed words! . hallowed words! . Shall we not with joy accept them,

Comfourt us in time of need, Blessed words! . hallowed words! Words of
 In the temple built above! Blessed words! hallowed words! Wondrous
 Let them lead us on to him? Blessed words! . . hallowed words! Till we

ho - - - ly in - spi - ra - tion, Hope and cheer . . and conso - la - tion,
 love . . these words are telling, Love all mor - - tal thought excelling,
 come, . . redeemed, forgiv - en, Ev'ry earth - - ly fetter riv - en,
 Words of ho - ly

Tidings of a free sal - va - tion, Blessed words! hallowed words!
 Praise within . . . our souls is swelling, Blessed words! hallowed words!
 Happy en - - - trance in - to heav - en, Blessed words! hallowed words!

Stop, Sinner, Stop.

J. B. MACKAY.

Mrs. Rev. J. G. WILSON.



1. Stop, sinner, stop, you have wandered astray, Some e- vil lies hidden each
2. Stop, sinner, stop, take a moment to think, The chasm is yawning, you're
3. Stop, sinner, stop in your downward career, Its end is destruction, oh,
4. Stop, sinner, stop, turn to Je - sus and live, The master you're serving no



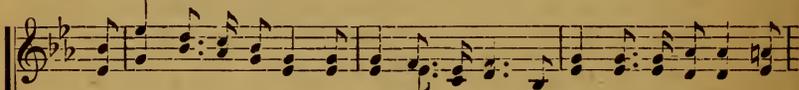
step of your way; Where others have perished you thoughtlessly tread, Don't
nearing its brink; Oh, think of the loved ones, whose hearts for you yearn, They're
why per - severe? The Saviour is call - ing, how can you de - lay? In
respite will give; There's safety in turn - ing, oh, why do you wait? To -



CHORUS.



follow that pathway, there's danger ahead. Stop, sinner, stop, turn back or be lost,
watching and praying for you to return.
mercy he warns you, oh, heed him to-day,
morrow it may be for - ev - er too late.



The gulf just before you can never be crossed; Your soul is in danger, oh,



sin - ner, beware, Turn back, leave the pathway of sin and despair.*



Where is Thy Soul?

185

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oft hast thou heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low,
2. Oft hast thou heard a warning voice, That urged thee to fly from sin,
3. Oft hast thou heard a tender voice, When troubled and care-oppressed,
4. Oft hast thou heard a grieved, sad voice, Entreating thee o'er and o'er;



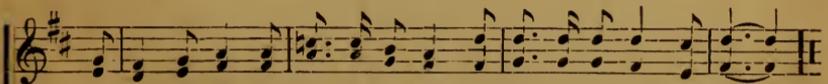
Thy Saviour has loved and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight him so?
To open the door you long have closed, And welcome the Saviour in.
And then, like a weary child, hast sighed In Je-sus to find a rest.
And if thou refuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.



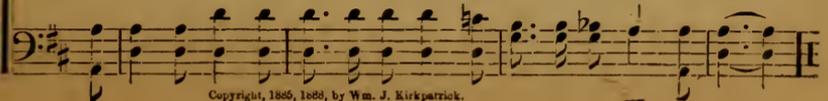
CHORUS.



Where is thy soul? where is thy soul? Where is thy soul to - night?
4th v.-Yield to him now, yield to him now, Give him thy soul to - night;



That voice pleads on, pleads patiently on, Oh, where is thy soul to - night?
- That voice pleads on, pleads patiently on, Oh, give him thy soul to - night.



Precious the Message.

FANNY. J. CROSBY.

MAY D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Weary in spir-it, when'er I stand Watching the winds that sweep,
 2. Weary in spir-it, when'er I stand Wishing the storm would cease;
 3. Weary in spir-it, I oft have stood Waiting my Lord's command;
 4. Jesus, my Saviour, oh, help thy child Weary no more to be;

Wild as the clouds that, swiftly borne, Are drifting along the deep,
 When I have longed in tranquil rest To en-ter the port of peace,
 Still at the oar till, faint and weak, It fell from my trembling hand.
 Teach me to lean my trust-ing heart In perfect re - pose on thee.

CHORUS.

Precious the message that comes to me O'er the dark waves of a storm-tossed sea!

Banish thy fear, thy Saviour is near, Cloudless thy day-dawn will be.

Jesus Leads.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice."—John x: 4.

JOHN R. CLEMENTS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. Like a shepherd, tender, 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 war-ings 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 re-cedes, . .
 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,

Oh, He's a Wonderful Saviour!

J. B. MACKAY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My Saviour has purchased redemption for me, Oh, he's a won-derful
 2. My sins, which were many, he's taken a-way, Oh, he's a won-derful
 3. 'Twas Jesus who found me with burdens opprest, Oh, he's a won-derful
 4. I nev-er can tell all his goodness to me, Oh, he's a won-derful
 5. My Je-sus is yours if you'll on-ly believe, Oh, he's a won-derful

Sav-iour! His blood paid my ransom, and I was set free, Oh, he's a
 Sav-iour! And now he is blessing my soul ev-'ry day, Oh, he's a
 Sav-iour! He took all my burdens, and gave me sweet rest, Oh, he's a
 Sav-iour! But this I can tell, I was blind, now I see, Oh, he's a
 Sav-iour! He's patient-ly waiting your heart to receive, Oh, he's a

CHORUS.

wonder-ful Sav-iour! Wonder-ful! wonder-ful! praise to his name,

Glo-ry to Je-sus, for-ev-er the same; Won-der-ful!

wonder-ful! praise to his name; Oh, he's a wonder-ful Sav-iour!

He Healeth all my Diseases.

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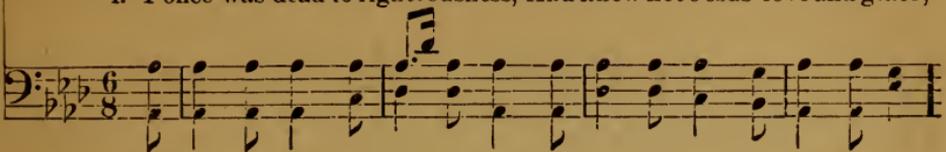
Rev. J. H. BATTEN.

Ps. ciii : 3.

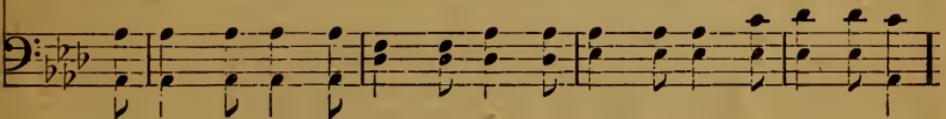
H. L. GILMOUR.



1. I once was blind, but now I see, 'Twas Jesus wrought this cure in me;
2. I once was deaf, and not a sound 'The least response within me found,
3. I once was sick, and cover'd o'er With leprous sin, a hideous sore;
4. I once was dead to righteousness, And knew not Jesus' love and grace;



He dawn'd upon my soul's dark night, And sweetly said, "Let there be light."
Till Jesus spoke—"Be of good cheer," And faith in him unstopped my ear.
But Christ, the Healer, to me came, And by his touch removed my shame.
But since he pass'd my way, I've been "A- live to Christ, and dead to sin."



CHORUS.



"He healeth all my diseas - es," My life of its burdens he eas - es;



He saveth my soul, he maketh me whole, I'll praise and give glory to Jesus.



Come and No Longer Delay.

JOHN O. FOSTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come while the Saviour invites you, Spurn not his calling a - way;
 2. Room for the millions is read - y, Fitted with wonderful care;
 3. Answer the call of your Sav - iour, Come while he offers you rest;

Come to the fountain of mer - cy, Come and no longer de - lay:
 Mansions of glo - ri - ous beau - ty, Je - sus has gone to pre - pare:
 Run while his arms are ex - tend - ed, Come where his loved ones are blest:

Come, for the feast is a - wait - ing, Robes for the righteous to wear,
 Harp-strings attuned to the measures Ringing for - ev - er a - bove;
 There in his ho - ly pro - tec - tion Peacefully, sweetly a - bide,

Crowns for the blessed a - dorn - ing, Kingdoms for mortals to share.
 Palms for the victors are giv - en, All from his in - fi - nite love.
 Heirs of the kingdom e - ter - nal, Sheltered at home by his side.

CHORUS.

Come, come, Come and no longer de - lay;
 Come, sinner, come, come, sinner, come,

Come and No Longer, etc.—CONCLUDED. 191

Come while the Saviour invites you, Come and no longer de - lay. . . .
no longer de-lay.

Living in Canaan.

H. L. GILMOUR.

Num. xiii : 30.

H. RUSSELL.

Adapt. and arr. by H. L. G.

1. Let us go and possess the land, Old faith-ful Ca-leb cried, We're
2. I'm living where clusters hang, By Eschol's sun-lit rills. Where
3. How bles-ed as I ex-plore The lan-d I have pos-sessed, And
4. And still there's another land, Where temptation cometh not, Where

CHO.—I'm o-ver in Canaan now, The crossing was made by faith ; I'm

Fine.

able to o'ercome ; The Lord is on our side, We fear no giants great, Nor
corn and wine with oil And honey sweet distills, No yoke of bondage dread, For
reach another peak Of trusting, constant rest ; I'm walking thro' the Land Where
foes and wall'd defence Are evermore forgot ; But where the conq'ror's song, Floats
trusting Jesus' blood, His arms are underneath.

D. C. Chorus.

grim old walls affright, The order "go" inspires us so, They'll fall before we fight.
ev'ry chain is riv'n, Christ givethiseasy yoke instead, And makes us heirs of heav'n.
Jesus safely leads, In pastures green he's always seen, And hidden manna feeds.
out o'er all the plains, And seraph's anthems ever blend With alleluia strains.

1. Our Lamb is slain, the Paschal Lamb, Of which the old is but a
 2. Come, climb to Calv'ry's mournful site, And see the streaming wounds of
 3. I'll ne'er for-get when first, by faith, I saw my Saviour, bleeding,
 4. There's sweet re- pose beneath the cross, And safe- ty when the blood doth
 5. The blood's the bridge that spans the gulf, And brings us near to God, and

token; Tho' shadowed in the midnight past, There's not a word has
 Jesus; The spot- less vic- tim yields his life, And from the sword of
 dying; And there a- gain, for Per- fect Love, I plunged in- to the
 cov- er; For God has spok- en in his word, "When I see the blood, I
 Heaven; It flows for you, it flows for me, O sin- ner, come, 'tis

CHORUS.

e'er been brok - en. I'm un- der the blood, the pass - o- ver blood,
 jus - tice frees us.
 fountain, cry - ing,
 will pass o - ver."
 free - ly giv - en.

The Lamb was "slain from the foun- da- tion;" It points to the

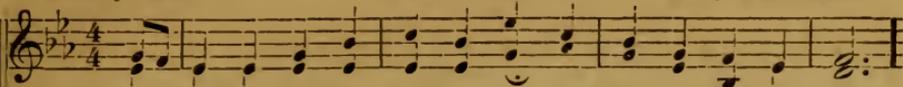
side of Je - sus, who died, And purchased for us sal - va - tion.

Our Loving Friend.

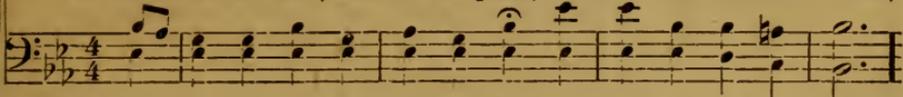
FANNY J. CROSBY.

C. M. Double.

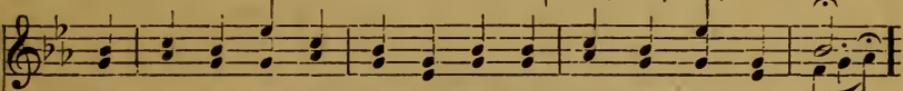
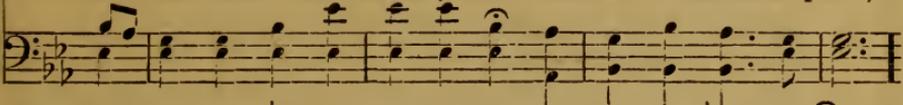
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



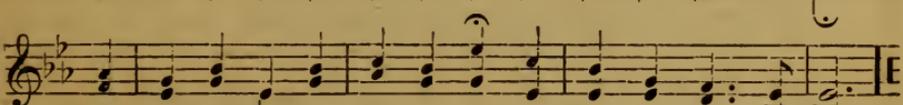
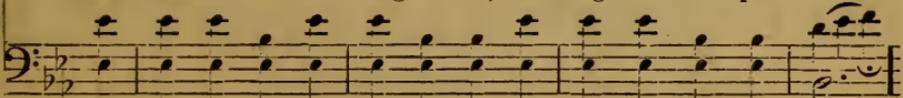
1. There is a bond of u-nion sweet, Not death it-self can break,
 2. There is a song of joy be-yond, And o'er a waveless stream,
 3. There is a time, there is a place, Where toil and strife shall cease,



For he who formed its sa-cred links His own will ne'er for-sake;
 It comes to us on ser-aph wings, Like mu-sic in a dream;
 Where rest-less wind and storm-y wave Shall all be hushed to peace;



There is a Friend, a loving Friend, Who knows our ev-'ry care,
 It comes from him, our loving Friend, Whose name we breathe in prayer,
 And we shall see our loving Friend, And sing his triumph there,



Who bore the cross, with all its pain, That we the crown might wear.



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194 On Jordan's stormy Banks I stand.

Tune above.

ON Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
 And cast a wishful eye
 To Canaan's fair and happy land,
 Where my possessions lie.
 O the transporting, rapturous scene
 That rises to my sight!
 Sweet fields arrayed in living green,
 And rivers of delight.
 2 O'er all these wide-extended plains
 Shines one eternal day;
 There God the Son forever reigns,
 And scatters night away.

No chilling winds, or poisonous breath,
 Can reach that healthful shore;
 Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,
 Are felt and feared no more.
 3 When shall I reach that happy place,
 And be forever blest?
 When shall I see my Father's face,
 And in his bosom rest?
 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
 Would here no longer stay:
 Though Jordan's waves around me roll,
 Fearless I'd launch away.

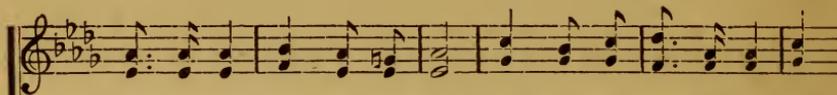
Living Like Christ.

E. E. H. suggested by Rev. C. ROADS.

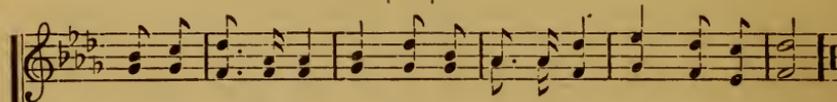
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Liv - ing to save the lost, Liv - ing like Christ ; Helping the
2. Be this my blessed aim, Liv - ing like Christ ; Bearing his
3. Liv - ing, his face to see, Liv - ing like Christ ; Pure, like him-



tempest-toss'd, Liv - ing like Christ. Oh, may his grace be mine, His
precious name, Liv - ing like Christ ; Counting the world but dross, All
self to be, Liv - ing like Christ. Wearing his robe of white, Walk-



love within me shine, Strengthened by power divine, Living like Christ.
oth - er gain but loss, T.iking the hallowed cross, Living like Christ.
ing the way of light, Till faith is ful - ly sight, Liv - ing like Christ.



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I Love Thee. Hs.

Arranged by W. J. K.



1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord ; I love thee, my
2. I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, oh, wondrous account ! My joys are im-
3. O Je - sus, my Saviour ! with thee I am blest ! My life and sal-
4. Oh, who's like my Saviour ! he's Salem's bright King ! He smiles, and he



I Love Thee.--CONCLUDED.

Saviour, I love thee, my God; I love thee, I love thee, and
 mor-tal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure, and
 va-tion, my joy and my rest! Thy name be my theme, and thy
 loves me, and makes me to sing; I'll praise him, I'll praise him, with

that thou dost know, But how much I love thee I nev-er can show.
 long to be there With Je-sus and an-gels, my kindred so dear.
 love be my song, Thy grace shall inspire both my heart and my tongue.
 notes loud and shrill, While riv-ers of pleasure my spir-it doth fill.

197

Just as I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(For Male Voices.)

WM. G. FISCHER.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am, tho' tossed 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!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come!
 Fightings with-in, and fears without, O Lamb of God, I come!
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O Lamb of God, I come!

Copyright, 1903, by Wm. G. Fischer.

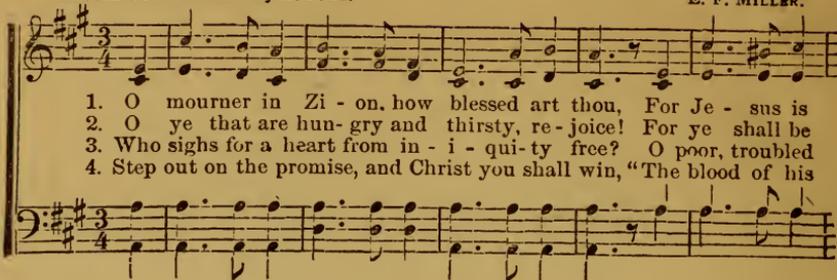
5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon cleanse relieve;
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come!

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!

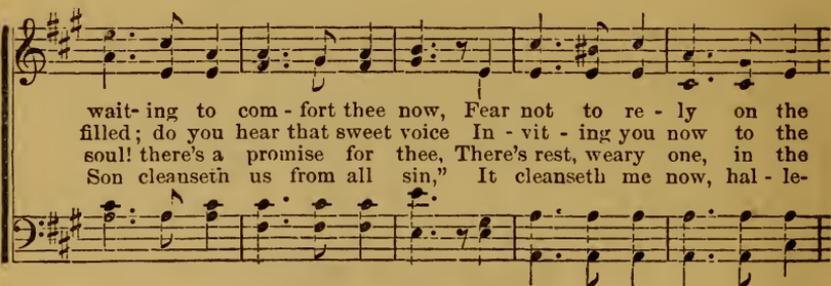
Step Out on the Promise.

MAGGIE POTTER. Arr. by E. F. M.

E. F. MILLER.



1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is
 2. O ye that are hun - gry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be
 3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui - ty free? O poor, troubled
 4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of his



wait - ing to com - fort thee now, Fear not to re - ly on the
 filled; do you hear that sweet voice In - vit - ing you now to the
 soul! there's a promise for thee, There's rest, weary one, in the
 Son cleanseth us from all sin," It cleanseth me now, hal - le -



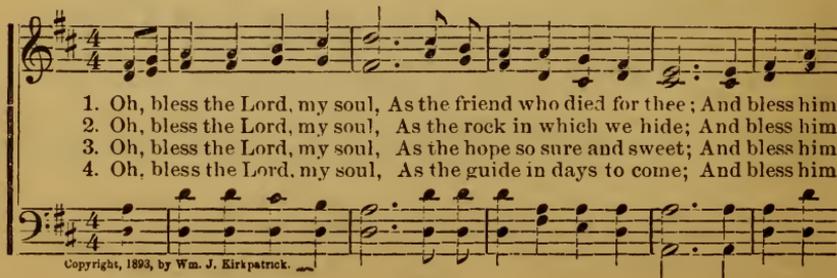
word of thy God; Step out on the promise, — get under the b'ood.
 ban - quet of God? Step out on the promise, — get under the blood.
 bos - om of God; Step out on the promise, — get under the blood.
 lu - jah to God! I rest on his promise, — I'm under the blood.

From "The Shout of Victory," by POW

Bless the Lord, my Soul.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the friend who died for thee; And bless him
 2. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the rock in which we hide; And bless him
 3. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the hope so sure and sweet; And bless him
 4. Oh, bless the Lord, my soul, As the guide in days to come; And bless him

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Bless the Lord, my Soul.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

for the saving grace, That is so full and free. Bless the Lord, my soul,
for the sense of peace, Amid the surging tide.
for the lov - ing call To worship at his feet.
for the crown of life In thy e - ternal home. Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord, my soul; And all that is within me, Bless his ho - ly name.
Bless the Lord,

200

My Consecration. C. M.

Rev. H. J. ZELLEY.

Wm J. KIRKPATRICK.

Fine.

1. { My bod - y, mind, and spir - it, Lord, I con - se - crate to thee; }
{ Oh, come, as promised in thy word, And cleanse and perfect me. }
2. { A tem - ple of the Ho - ly Ghost, O Lord, my bod - y make; }
{ Come, as thou didst at Pen - te - cost, And nev - er - more forsake. }

D. S.—all my guilt and sin a - way, And keep me fr om this hour.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Come, Ho - ly Ghost, oh, come to - day, In soul - transform - ing pow'r; Take

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3 Come, fill my mind with thoughts of
With motives pure and right; [thee,
And help me, Lord, to ever be
A bright and shining light.

4 My spirit, to thy loving care,
I gladly now resign;
Oh, come in answer to my prayer,
And seal me ever thine.

In the Lord is our Hope.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the Lord is our hope, On his word we are stayed, With its truth our de-
 2. In the Lord is our trust, And his name we a-dore, For his kingdom shall
 3. In the Lord is our strength, And we dread not our foes; We shall conquer thro'
 4. In the Lord is our rest; Oh, the joy we shall see When his welcome we

CHORUS.

fense We shall not be dismayed. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Oh, ex-
 stand When the world is no more.
 grace, Though a host may oppose.
 hear, And from toil we are free.

alt him a-gain! Hal-le-lu-jah in the highest, Halle-lu-jah, a-men.

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Choose the Saviour.

H. L. G.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."—Josh. xxiv : 17.

H. L. GILMOUR

1. Come to Je-sus, wand'rer, come, Still he waits to welcome home;
 2. Come to Je-sus as you are, Break from Satan's ev-'ry snare.
 3. Come to Je-sus, why decline Love's fond pleadings, heart of thine?
 4. Come to Je-sus, now re-lent, Come, be-liev-ing-ly re-pent;
 * 5. Hal-le-lu-jah, Je-sus saves! Sing it loud, ye ransomed slaves;

Copyright, 1893, by H. L. Gilmour.

* If sung as a Solo the 5th verse to be sung by Choir and Congregation.

Choose the Saviour.—CONCLUDED.

From your life of sin and loss, Weep your way be-neath the cross;
He en-lists, but to en-slave; Je-sus woos, and woos to save;
Calv'ry, tinged with sacred blood, Now in-vides to heaven and God;
Come, submis-sive to his sway, Come, our Cap-tain wins to-day;
Calv'ry's vic-tim ev-er wins, Death and hell in mal-ice grins,

Choose the Saviour, hear his voice, Come, repent, believe, re-joice.
Fly in-to his pierced embrace; Be a sin-ner saved by grace.
Hear the in-vi-ta-tion sweet, Come, sur-ren-der at his feet.
Sin a cap-tive has been led, Christ has bruised the serpent's head.
For a brand is snatched away From sin's night to end-less day.

203

Whate'er it Be.

ELTA M. LEWIS.

"Thy will be done."

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I take my portion from thy hand, And do not seek to understand;
2. When darkness doth thy face obscure, And many sorrows I endure,
3. When tender joys to me are known, I render thanks to thee a-lone;
4. Thus calmly do I face my lot, Accept it, Lord, and doubt thee not;

CHO.—Whate'er it be! whate'er it be! I do not fear, whate'er it be;

D. C. Chorus.

For I am blind, while thou dost see, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I think of Christ's Gethsema-ne; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
I know my cup is filled by thee; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.
Lo! all things work for good to me; Thy will is mine, whate'er it be.

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Thy love divine sustaineth me, Thy will is mine, whate'er it be,

204 Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Tune, WATCHMAN. 7s, d.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are ;
 2. Watchman, tell us of the night ; Higher yet that star ascends.
 3. Watchman, tell us of the night, For the morning seems to dawn ;

Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo - ry - beaming star !
 Traveler, bless - edness and light, Peace and truth its course portends !
 Traveler, darkness takes its flight ; Doubt and ter - ror are withdrawn.

Watchman, does its beautiful ray Aught of hope or joy fore - tell ?
 Watchman, will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Watchman, let thy wandering cease ; Hie thee to thy qui - et home !

Traveler, yes ; it brings the day, Promised day of Is - ra - el.
 Traveler, a - ges are its own, See, it bursts o'er all the earth !
 Traveler, lo ! the Prince of Peace, Lo ! the Son of God is come !

205

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Tune above.

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O receive my soul at last !
 ♯ 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 Plenteous grace with thee is found
 Grace to cover all my sin :
 Let the healing streams abound :
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee.
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

Creation. L. M. D.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN.

206 The heavens declare his glory.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an almighty hand.

2 Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

3 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid the radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON.

207 Jehovah's sovereignty.

1 FATHER of all, whose powerful voice
Called forth this universal frame!
Whose mercies over all rejoice,
Through endless ages still the same;
Thou by thy word upholdest all;
Thy bounteous love to all is showed;
Thou hear'st thy every creature's call,
And fillest every mouth with good.

2 In heaven thou reign'st enthroned in
light,
Nature's expanse before thee spread;
Earth, air, and sea, before thy sight,
And hell's deep gloom, are open laid:
Wisdom, and might, and love are thine;
Prostrate before thy face we fall,
Confess thine attributes divine,
And hail thee sovereign Lord of all.

3 Blessings and honor, praise and love,
Co-equal, co-eternal Three,
In earth below, in heaven above,
By all thy works, be paid to thee.
Let all who owe to thee their birth,
In praises every hour employ;
Jehovah reigns! be glad, O earth.
And shout, ye morning stars, for joy!

JOHN WESLEY.

When we all Get Home.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When we all get home, oh, happy, happy day! And our sorrows here are past;
 2. When the morn shall break, oh, happy, happy morn! When its glories fill theskies,
 3. When we all get home, oh, welcome, welcome hour! When the promis'd crown is won
 4. Let us watch and pray, and journey, journey on, All our burdens meekly bear,

Fine.

When we cross the sea, the narrow, narrow sea, And are gathered safe at last.
 When we meet to rest for- ev- er, ever more, What a shout of joy will rise.
 We shall hear a voice, a gentle, gentle voice, That will say to us well done.
 Till we reach the land, the sunny, sunny land, Where the many mansions are.

D.S. - song we'll sing our blessed, blessed King, Sing it on the golden shore.

CHORUS.

D.S.

When we all get home, o'er the billow's foam, And the weary night is o'er, What a

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Saviour, take Me now.

HETTIE I. WILDE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saviour, hear my pleading, All thy mercy needing, To thy pastures leading,
 2. Where the fount is flowing, Where bright beams are glowing,
 Life and peace bestowing.
 3. Let thy peace enfold me, And thy arms uphold me, Half has not been told me,
 4. When my heart grows weary, 'Mid the shadows dreary, Let thy comfort cheer me,
 5. When my earthly story Lies complete before thee, To thy home of glory,

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Saviour, take Me now.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Saviour take me now, Take me, take me, Saviour, take me now. Take me now, my

Saviour, To thy love and favor, Keep me thus forever, Saviour, take me now.

210

Saviour, how I need Thee.

MARtha J. LANKTON.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saviour, how I need thee, Need thy constant care; To the cross I'm
2. While in earnest pleading At thy throne I bow Thro' thy Ho-ly
3. Only thou canst hide me From the tempter's power; Thou alone canst
4. Je - sus, blessed refuge, Where my soul would be, Thro' my toilsome

CHORUS.

clinging, All my hope is there. All is dark without thee, Yet, when
Spir - it Come and bless me now.
keep me In the try - ing hour.
jour - ney Let me cling to thee.

thou art near, Brightly beams the sunshine, Skies are calm and clear.

Saviour, to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Here, while we gather now, Lord, in thy name, Light in our waiting hearts
 2. Look on thy children, Lord, Grant us thy grace; Show to our longing souls
 3. Come to the doubting ones, Heal the oppressed; Come to the troubled hearts,
 4. Send us refresh- ing dew, Lord, from above; Come in thy mighty power,

D.S.—Draw us by faith to thee,*Fine.* CHORUS.*D.S.*

Love's sa- cred flame. Here, while on bended knee, May our petition be,
 Thy smil- ing face.
 Oh, give them rest.
 Thy tender love.

Saviour, to thee.

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212 Do what You Can for Jesus.

IDA L. REED.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Do what you can for Je - sus, Humbl tho' it may be, Each little
 2. Do what you can for Je - sus, Small tho' the task may seem, It may t
 3. Do what you can for Je- sus, Do it with pray'r and song, Serve him with

loving service Blessing may bring to thee. Some little deed of kindness
 him be precious, Dearer than you may dream. All that you do be knowth,
 joy and gladness, Thus in his love grow strong. Do what you can for Jesus,

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Do what You Can, etc.—CONCLUDED.

Daily you each may do, Ever his will obeying, Much he hath done for you.
 Each act of faith and love Done for his sake, in mercy, He will record above.
 Leave unto him the rest, Trust and obey him ever, Then will your toil be blest.

213 **Within thy Courts, O Lord.**

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Within thy courts, O Lord, We come a gain-to-day ; We come to meet thy
2. Within thy courts, O Lord, Unite our hearts to thee ; And manifest thy
3. Within thy courts, O Lord, We worship at thy feet ; And may we all be

CHO.—Within thy courts, O Lord, 'Tis sweet to praise and pray ; Within thy courts, O

Fine.

people here, Who love to praise and pray. We seek thy blessing, Lord, Here
 love to all, Thy love divine and free. Forgive the er-rors, Lord, In
 taught of thee, In words divine and sweet. We sing thy praises, Lord, In
 blessed Lord, We meet again to-day.

D. C. Chorus.

in this holy place ; We ask of thee, for one and all, Renewals of thy grace.
 which we often fall ; And may the spirit of thy grace Abide with one and all.
 notes of joy and love ; And may we come to praise again, In higher courts above.

On the Way.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, bless the Lord, what joy is mine! What perfect peace thro' grace divine!
 2. Oh, bless the Lord, he dwells with me, The voice I hear, the hand I see
 3. Oh, bless the Lord for what I know Of heavenly bliss while here below!
 4. Oh, bless the Lord 'twill not be long Till I shall join the holy throng,

F
 And now to realms of endless day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.
 Renew my strength from day to day While home to him I'm on the way.
 My trusting heart thro' faith can say, To mansions bright I'm on the way.
 And shout and sing thro' endless day, Where ev-'ry tear is wiped a-way.
Fine.

D.S.—crown to wear in end-less day, Oh, bless the Lord, I'm on the way.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I'm on the way, I'm on the way, In vain the world would bid me stay: A

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Follow All the Way.

GEO. W. COLLINS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I have heard my Saviour calling, I have heard my Saviour calling,
 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,

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CHO.—Where he leads me I will follow. Where he leads me I will follow,

Follow All the Way.—CONCLUDED.

I have heard my Saviour calling, "Take thy cross and follow, follow me."
 Tho' he leads me thro' the valley, 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.

Where he leads me I will follow. I'll go with him, with him all the way.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 4 : Tho' the path be dark and dreary, :
I'll go with him, with him all the way. | 7 : I will follow on to know him, :
He's my Saviour, Saviour, Brother,
Friend. |
| 5 : Tho' he leads me to the conflict, :
I'll go with him, with him all the way. | 8 : He will give me grace and glory, :
He will keep me, keep me all the way. |
| 6 : Tho' he leads through fiery trials, :
I'll go with him, with him all the way. | 9 : O 'tis sweet to follow Jesus, :
And be with him, with him all the way. |

216

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night"

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
 2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
 3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.
 But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
 How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

Copyright, 1876, by John J. Hood.

4 When the shadows fall,
 And the vesper call
 Is sobbing its low refrain,
 'Tis a garland sweet
 To the toil-dent feet,
 And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
 Shall be shut no more:
 Life's tears shall be wiped away,
 As the pearl gates swing,
 And the gold harps ring,
 And the sun unsheathes for aye.

The Palace o' the King.

WILLIAM MITCHELL.

Mrs. Rev. J. G. WILSON.

1. { It's a bonnie, bonnie warl' that we're liv-in' in the noe' An'
 D. C.—For tho' bonnie are the snawflakes, an' the down on winter's wing, It's

1 Fine.

sunny is the lan' that noo we aften traiv'll throo;
 beauty is as naething to the palace o' the King.
 fine to ken it daurna touch the palace o' the King.

We like the gild-ed sim-mer, wi' its mer-ry, mer-ry tread,

D. C.

We sigh when hoar-y win-ter lays its beauties wi' the dead;

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2 Then again I've just been thinkin' that when a' thing here's sae bricht,
 The sun in a' its grandeur, an' the mune wi' quiverin' licht,
 The ocean i' the simmer; or the woodland i' the spring,
 What maun it be up yonner, in the palace o' the King.
 It's here we hae oor trials, an' its here that he prepares
 His chosen for the raiment which the ransomed sinner wears.
 An' it's here that he wad hear us 'mid oor tribulations sing.
 "We'll trust oor God wha' reigneth in the palace o' the King."

The Palace o' the King. -- CONCLUDED.

3 O its honor heaped on honor that his courtiers should be ta'en
 Frae the wand'rin anes he died for in this warl' o' sin and pain,
 An' its fu'est love an' service that the Christian aye should bring
 To the feet o' him wha reigneth in the palace o' the King.
 The time for sawin' seed, it is wearin, wearin dune;
 An' the time for winnin' souls will be ower very sune.
 Then let us a' be active, if a fruitfu' sheaf we'd bring
 To adorn the royal table in the palace o' the King.

4 Nae nicht shall be in heaven, and nae desolatin' sea,
 And nae tyrant hoofs shall trample in the city o' the free;
 There's an everlastin' daylight, and a never fadin' spring,
 Where the Lamb is a' the glory in the palace o' the King.
 We see oor friends await us ower yonner at his gate;
 Then let us a' be ready, for ye ken its gettin' late;
 Let oor lamps be brichtly burnin'; let us raise oor voice and sing,
 For sune we'll meet, to pairt nae mair, in the palace o' the King.

218 The Heaven-bound Mariner.

Words arranged.

Arr by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. What ves - sel are you sailing in? Pray tell to me its name. Our
2. And what's the port your sailing to? Declare to me straight way. The
3. Our compass is the Sacred Word, Our anchor, blooming Hope, The
4. And are you not afraid some storm Your bark will o- verwhelm? We



Cho. { Then hoist your sail to catch the gale, Each sail- or ply his oar, The
 We soon shall reach the shore, We soon shall reach the shore, The

D. C. Chorus.



ves - sel is the Ark of God, And Christ our Captain's name.
 new Je - ru - salem's the Port, In realms of end - less day.
 love of God the main top - sail, And faith our ca - ble rope.
 do not fear, the Lord is here, Our Fath - er's at the helm.



From "Songs of Joy and Gladness."

night be - gins to wear a - way, We soon shall reach the shore.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 Heave out your boat, I too will go,
 If you can find me room.
 There's room for you, and all who will,
 Make no delay to come. [storm</p> <p>6 We've looked astern, through many a
 The Lord has brought us through;
 We're looking now ahead, and lo!
 The land appears in view.</p> | <p>7 The sun is up, the clouds are gone,
 The heavens above are clear,
 A city bright appears in sight,
 We soon shall round the pier.</p> <p>8 And when we all are landed safe,
 On that celestial plain,
 Our song shall be "Worthy the Lamb
 That was for sinners slain."</p> |
|--|--|

The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY.
Ch. by H. L. G.

"Come, for all things are ready."
Luke xiv; 16.

H. L. GILMOUR. By per.

1. Come, sinners, to the gos-pel feast; It is for you, it is for me;
2. Ye need not one be left behind, It is for you, it is for me;

Fine.
Let ev-'ry soul be Je-sus' guest; It is for you, it is for me.
For God hath bidden all mankind, It is for you, it is for me.

D.S.—O wea-ry wand'rer, come and see, It is for you, it is for me.
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Sal-vation full, sal-vation free, The price was paid on Cal-va-ry;

Copyright, 1899, by H. L. Gilmour.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all;</p> <p>4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.</p> <p>5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;</p> <p>6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.</p> | <p>7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live;</p> <p>8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.</p> <p>9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice;</p> <p>10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.</p> |
|---|---|

220

Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY.

Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M.

1. Awake, my soul to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru-ined in the fall, Yet loved me not- withstanding all;

Awake, My Soul.—CONCLUDED.

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e-state, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

<p>3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p>	<p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!</p>
---	--

221

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

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

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

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

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Are you hap- py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you
2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your
3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you

trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,
hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace within,
find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,

Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy reveal, Tell it
Are you try- ing still to win Constant victory o- ver sin, Tell it
Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it

CHORUS.

out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it

out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world . . . the joy you
world the joy you feel, tell the

Tell it Out with Gladness.—CONCLUDED.

feel, Tell it out, tell it out with glad-ness.
world the joy you feel,

223

Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.

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;

Fine.

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 renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm coming home.

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

CHORUS.

D.S.

Coming home, coming home, Nev-er more to roam;

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

224 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; Cleansed from all pas - sion, self - seeking, and pride,
 loves to be - stow; Dai - ly refreshed by the heav - en - ly dews,
 Spir - it a - glow; Filled with the love that is true and sin - cere,
 knowledge to grow; Grow - ing like him who my pat - tern shall be,

CHORUS.

Washed in the fountain of Cal - va - ry's tide. O for a heart
 Read - y for ser - vice whene'er he shall choose.
 Love that is a - ble to ban - ish all fear.
 Till in his beau - ty my King I shall see.

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

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

Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri - ous and bright Than
 2. There's mu - sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And
 3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The
 4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For

REFRAIN.

glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's
 Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can - not sing.
 dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
 blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments
 sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul,

roll ; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
 happy moments roll ;

226 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



1. What a fel- lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim 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,



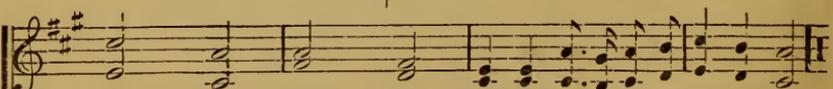
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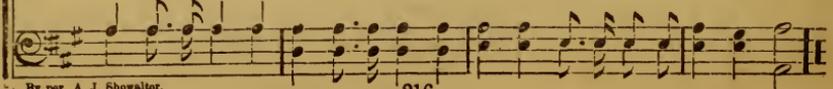
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,



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



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



Glory, He Saves!

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves e - ven me! All my guilt
 2. Wand'ring he found me a - far from the fold, Per - ish - ing
 3. Safe - ly and sweet - ly he keeps me each day, Gent - ly, so
 4. Bless - ed com - pan - ion - ship! cheer - ing 'me so! Sweet - er and

nail - ing to Cal - va - ry's tree; Paid is the debt and my
 there in the dark - ness and cold; Half of his good - ness can
 gent - ly he leads all the way; An - swers of peace sends he
 sweet - er each day shall it grow, Till to be like him I

soul is set free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
 nev - er be told, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
 down when I pray, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
 joy - ful - ly go, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Saves a poor sinner like me;

Glo - ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Glory to Je - sus, he saves!

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

E. D. MUND.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. xl. 17.

E. S. LORRENZ.

1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

Fine.
 One thought remains supreme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D. S.—What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.

CHORUS. *D. S.*
 Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me;

By permission.

229

Brother, Come.

F. S. S.

F. S. SHEPARD.

1. Brother, the Saviour calls, Calls so loving - ly; Hear his gentle voice,
 2. Brother, the Saviour seeks, Seeks so graciously; Come, he saves the lost,
 3. Brother, the Saviour waits, Waits so patient - ly; Come, do not re - ject,
 4. Brother, the Saviour pleads, Pleads so earnestly; Yield to him just now,

Brother, Come.—CONCLUDED.

Say - ing ten - der - ly. Come, come, come un - to me, Come un - to
 Saves them will - ing - ly.
 Turn not scorn - ful - ly.
 Un - re - sist - ing - ly.

rit.

me and rest; Come, come, come unto me, Come unto me and rest.

230

Jesus will Meet You There.

W. L. K.

W. LEWIS KANE.

1. { Come to Calv'ry's mount to - day, Je - sus will meet you there; }
 { Look and live without de - lay, Je - sus will meet you there. }

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, Don't stay away, my friend; Come to Jesus, Dont stay away.

Copyright, 1868, by Jas. R. Sweeney.

- 2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross,
 Jesus will meet you there;
 Saving mercy gained for loss,
 Jesus will meet you there.
- 3 Come and join his faithful band,
 Jesus will meet you there;
 Take his mighty, helping hand,
 Jesus will meet you there.

- 4 At the blessed mercy seat,
 Jesus will meet you there;
 Come with this assurance sweet,
 Jesus will meet you there.
- 5 You'll find rest in heaven at last,
 Jesus will meet you there;
 And be happy with the blest,
 Jesus will meet you there.

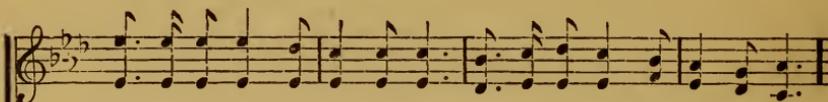
More about Jesus.

E. E. HEWITT.

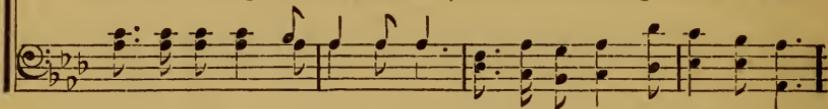
JNO. R. SWENNY.



1. More about Je-sus would I know, More of his grace to oth-ers show ;
2. More about Je-sus let me learn, More of his ho - ly will discern ;
3. More about Je-sus ; in his word, Holding communion with my Lord ;
4. More about Je-sus ; on his throne, Riches in glo - ry all his own ;



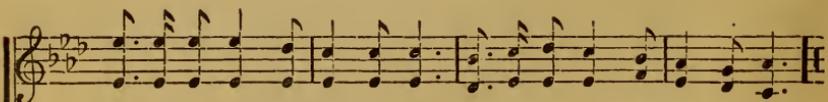
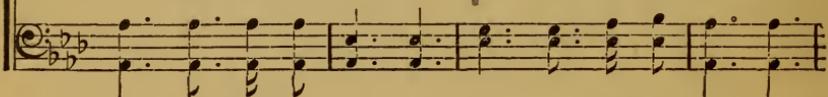
More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.
 Spir - it of God, my teacher be, Showing the things of Christ to me.
 Hearing his voice in ev - 'ry line, Making each faithful say - ing mine.
 More of his kingdom's sure increase ; More of his coming, Prince of Peace.



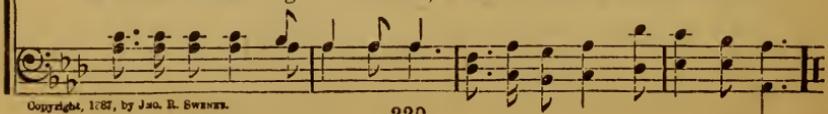
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More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus ;



More of his sav-ing ful-ness see, More of his love who died for me.



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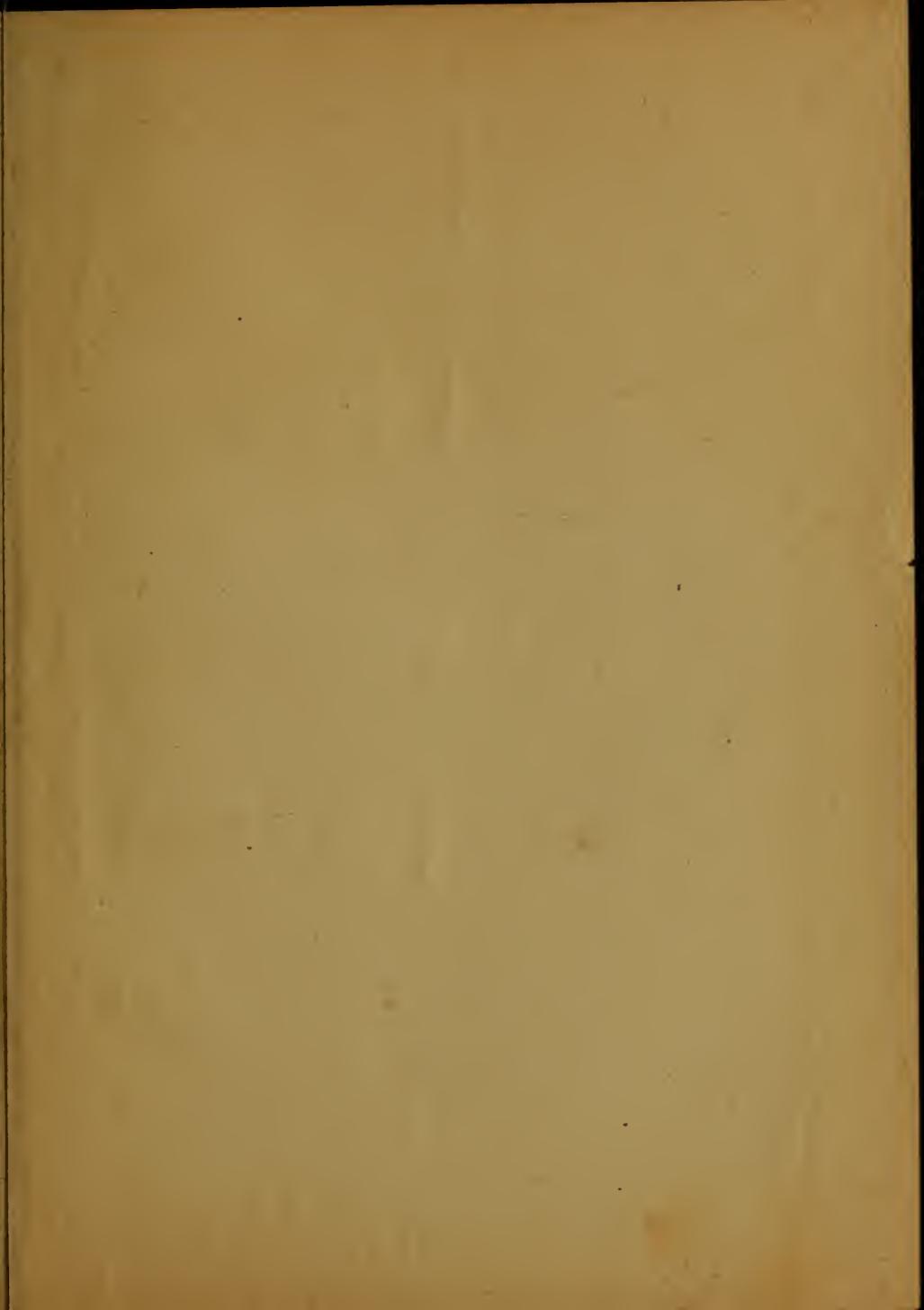
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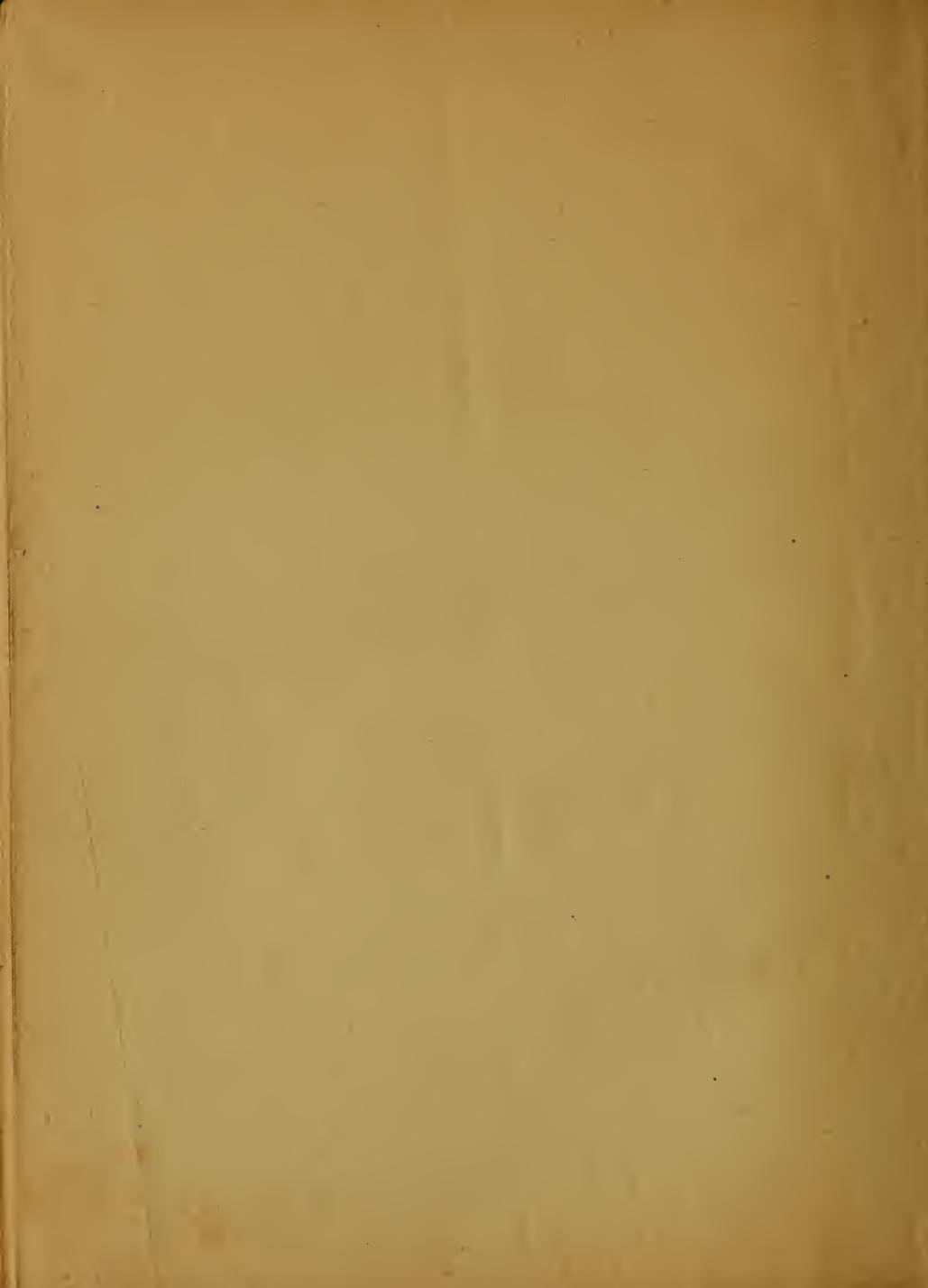
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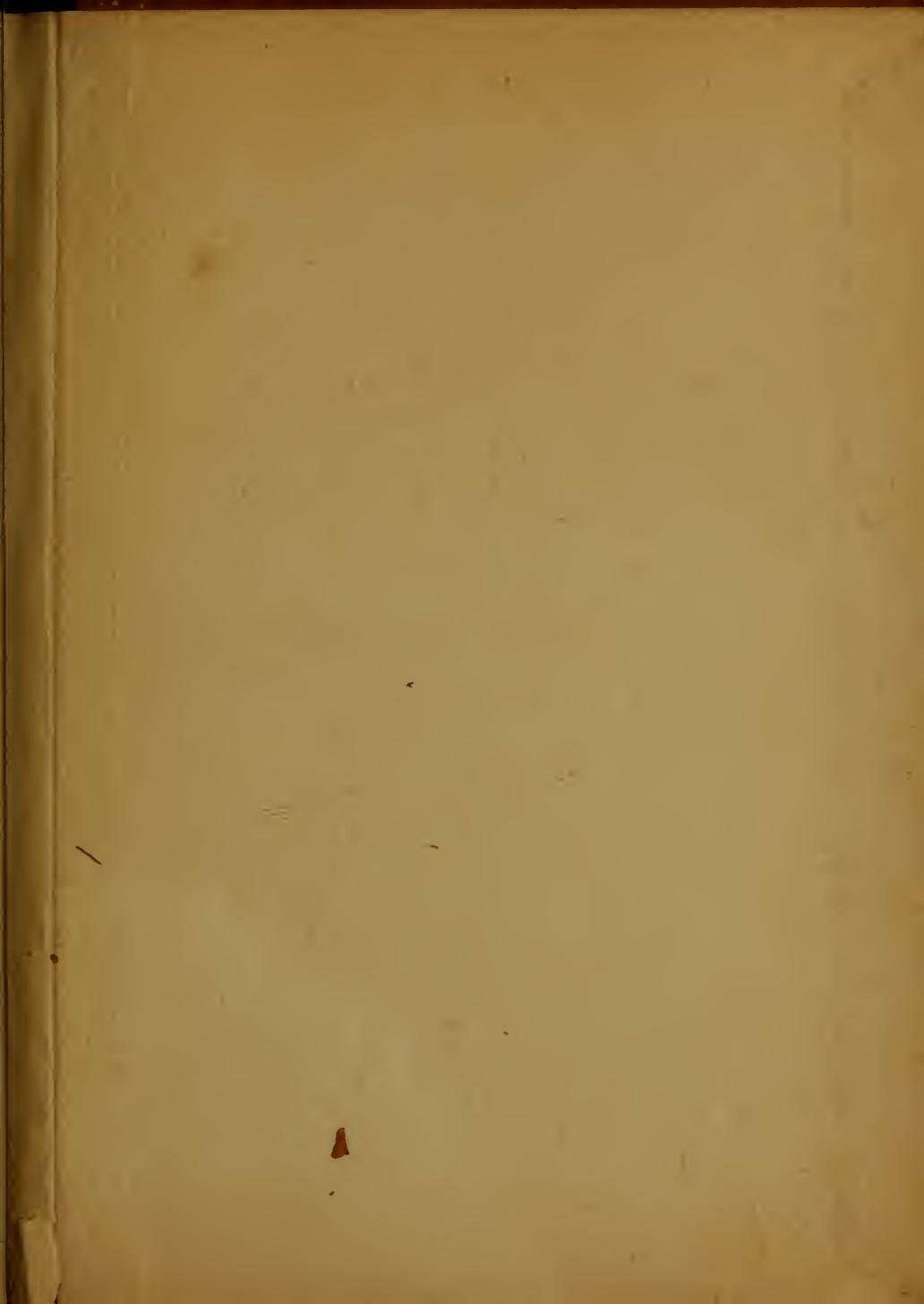
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