

SALVATION

ECHOES.

BY

R. E. HUDSON.

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

FOR SABBATH SCHOOL, GOSPEL, PRAYER
AND PRAISE MEETINGS.

ALLIANCE, O.:

PUBLISHED BY R. E. HUDSON, 107 Arch St.

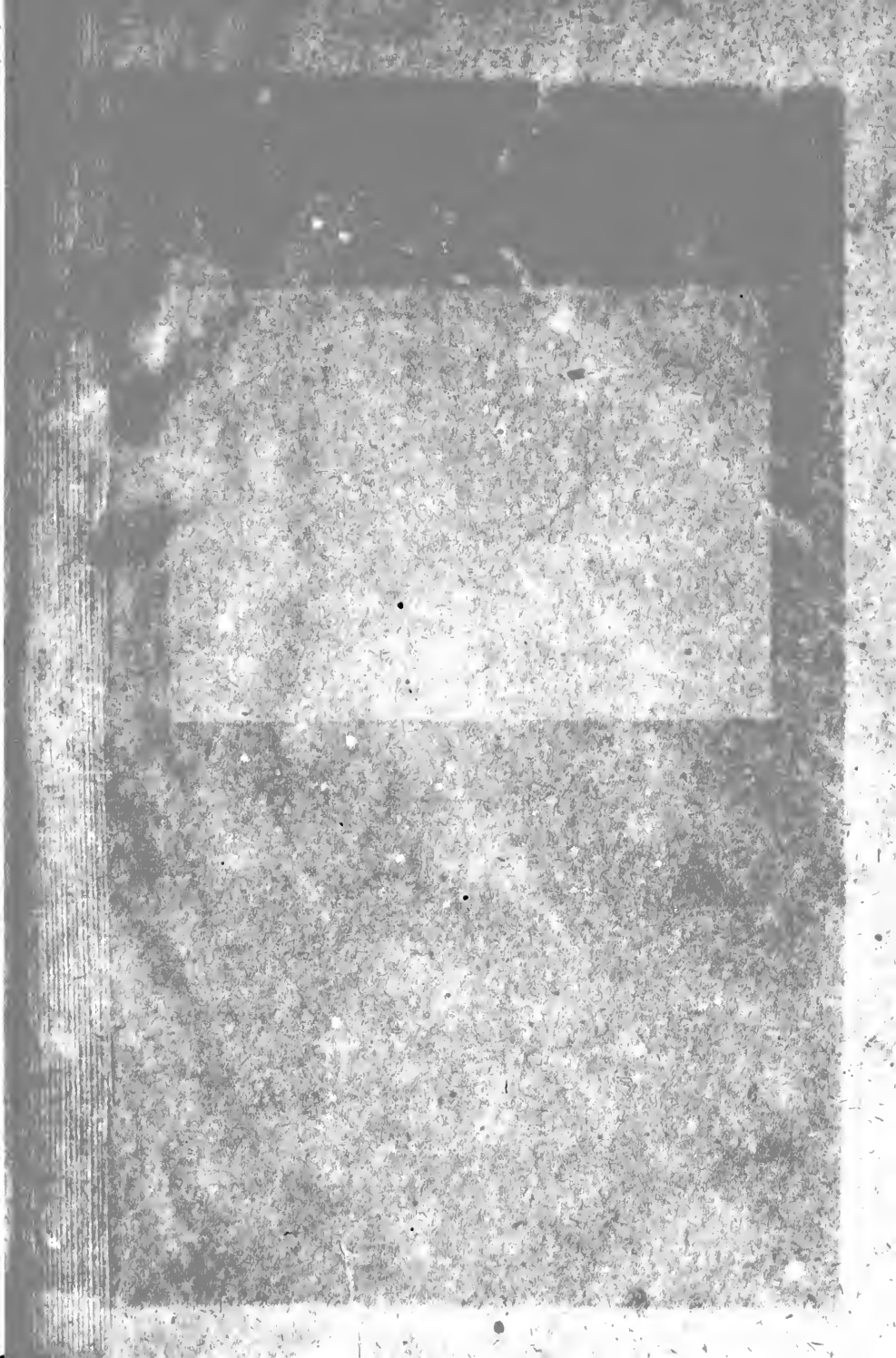
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Clóth, 35c.	“ “	\$3.60.	“ \$25

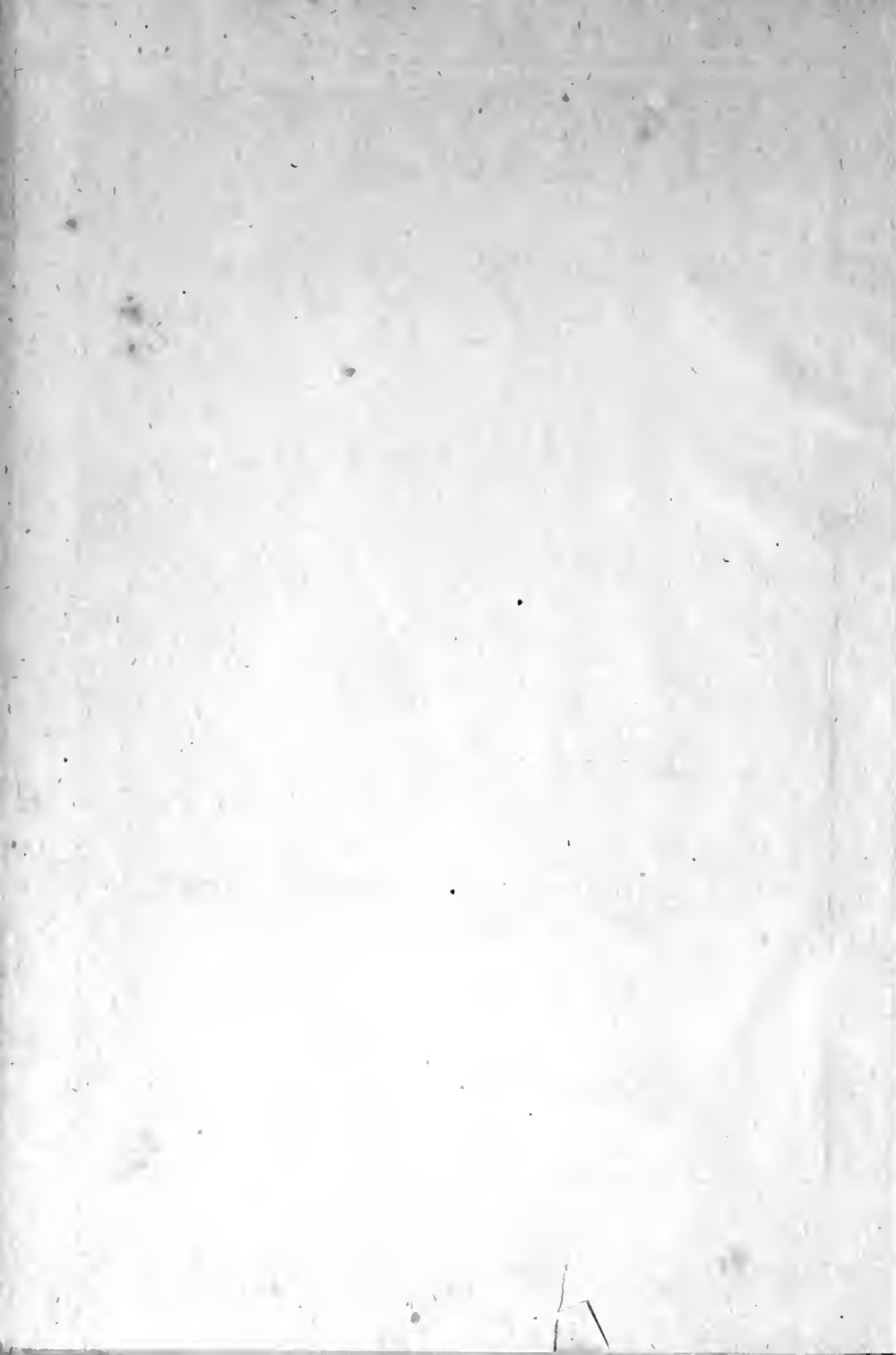
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INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE.		PAGE.
Alas, and did my Saviour bleed.....	7	My life, my love, I give to Thee.....	62
A sinner once came to the Master.....	11	More love to Thee, oh Christ.....	17
A soft, sweet voice from Eden stealing.....	20	Mary to the Saviour's tomb.....	28
All my life long I had panted.....	27	My Father is rich in houses and lands.....	30
Am I soldier of the cross.....	44	My home is in the heavenly land.....	33
A father is praying.....	47	My God, my life, my love.....	42
Are you ready for the bridegroom.....	67	My faith looks up to Thee.....	53
All hail the power of Jesus' name.....	68	Many at the cross are kneeling.....	52
A beautiful land by faith I see.....	74	My soul, be on thy guard.....	74
Arise, my soul, arise.....	75	My latest sun is sinking fast.....	77
Awake, my soul, in joyful lays.....	76	Nothing but leaves, the spirit grieves.....	26
A charge to keep I have.....	77	Now crucified with Christ I am.....	48
And can I yet delay.....	77	Nearer, my God, to Thee.....	69
As I rumaged through the attic.....	80	O, for a heart to praise my God.....	3
A drunkard reached his cheerless home.....	80	O, for a thousand tongues to sing.....	3
Broken in spirit.....	36	One look at the cross on Calvary's mount.....	5
Behold a stranger at the door.....	39	O Saviour, welcome to my heart.....	7
Blow ye the trumpet, blow.....	53	O, when shall I sweep through the gates.....	10
Blessed Jesus, thou art mine.....	53	O, when shall we sweetly remove.....	10
Brother, brother, give up your heart to God.....	67	O, that my load of sin were gone.....	17
Blest be the tie that binds.....	76	Oh, the joy that fills my heart.....	22
Come ye sinners, poor and needy.....	23	Oh, blessed fellowship divine.....	32
Come weary sinner, to the cross.....	67	Oh, tell the Story o'er and o'er.....	63
Come Holy Spirit, heavenly dove.....	68	O Jesus, hear my cry.....	42
Children of the Heavenly King.....	75	O, come and dwell in me.....	43
Come, thou fount of every blessing.....	27	Of Him who did salvation bring.....	51
Do you see that happy pilgrim.....	18	O, love surpassing knowledge.....	57
Do you know the wondrous story.....	31	O, now I see the crimson wave.....	54
Depths of mercy, can it be.....	37	O, for a gleam of heavenly day.....	57
Down at the cross where my Saviour died.....	52	O, turn, ye, O turn, ye, for why will ye die.....	66
Delay not, delay not, oh sinner, draw near.....	56	Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep.....	66
Down in the valley among the green grasses.....	73	O, bless the Lord, my soul.....	87
Drink not, ye merry girls and boys.....	78	Oh, touch it not, for deep within.....	72
Each cooing dove and sighing bough.....	64	O, land of rest, for thee I sigh.....	73
Ever blessed Jesus.....	74	O, for a closer walk with God.....	76
Forever here my rest shall be.....	8	Oh, come and join our temperance band.....	79
Five of them were wise.....	21	Plunged in a gulf of dark despair.....	11
Far away in the land of the pure and bright.....	25	Precious Saviour, Thou hast saved me.....	20
Float, on, my bark, o'er the ocean.....	37	Purer in heart, O God.....	9
From Zion's sacred mountains.....	31	Parents, won't you come along.....	74
Glory to the risen Saviour.....	35	Rock of ages, cleft for me.....	59
Grace, 'tis a charming sound.....	42	Rocked in the cradle of the deep.....	80
Give me the wings of faith to rise.....	75	Simply trusting every day.....	20
How tenderly Jesus loves us.....	12	Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive.....	23
How bright the hope that Calvary brings.....	12	Simply a doorkeeper, that and no more.....	24
Hark, hark, son and daughter.....	16	Stand up, stand up for Jesus.....	41
Hark, the herald angels sing.....	43	Salvation, oh the joyful sound.....	53
How tedious and tasteless the hour.....	70	Stay not till to-morrow, O sinner, arise.....	57
Hark, the voice of Jesus calling.....	70	Star of the twilight.....	57
How happy every child of grace.....	31	Sowing in the morning; sowing seeds of kindness.....	73
Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power.....	33	Sowing the seed by the daylight far.....	73
He dies, the friend of sinners dies.....	76	Suffer little children to come unto Me.....	74
How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.....	76	Thy way, not mine, oh Lord.....	4
He leadeth me—oh, blessed thought.....	77	There is a fountain filled with blood.....	21
I have been at the fountain.....	6	To the hall of the feast came the sinful and fair.....	28
I know I love Thee better, Lord.....	11	There is a land of pure delight.....	37
Is Jesus able to redeem.....	19	Thank God for the feast of the Gospel.....	39
In the shadow of His wings.....	29	There's a tale of woe in the sparkling glass.....	53
I have found repose for my weary soul.....	40	The world is overcome.....	55
I love Thy church, oh God.....	43	The mistakes of my life have been many.....	50
I follow the footsteps of Jesus, my Lord.....	50	They come, the war-scarred veterans come.....	60
I would not live always, I ask not to stay.....	67	Though troubles assail and dangers affright.....	65
I want a present, living faith.....	67	Take my life and let it be.....	69
I am dwelling on the mountains.....	67	There is a gate that stands ajar.....	73
I saw a happy pilgrim.....	71	There is a spot more dear to me.....	75
I want to be like Jesus.....	74	There were ninety and nine.....	77
I saw one hanging on the tree.....	74	Up, the narrow, heavenly road.....	45
I stand bewildered with wonder.....	77	White as snow.....	8
I thirst, Thou wounded Lamb of God.....	4	When we meet we always say.....	15
I would be Thine; oh, take my heart.....	17	We shall meet with the saints in the morning.....	24
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger.....	36	Work, for the night is coming.....	26
Jesus! Thine all victorious love.....	19	Where sun ever burns.....	38
Just as I am, without one plea.....	23	We're a happy pilgrim band.....	49
Joy to the world.....	76	We praise Thee, oh God.....	53
Jesus, lover of my soul.....	59	What poor, despised company.....	54
Jesus I my Cross have taken.....	63	We are bound for the land of the pure and holy.....	56
Lord, I am Thine, entirely Thine.....	4	When Jesus left the throne of God.....	61
Love divine, all love excelling.....	8	Who are these arrayed in white.....	62
Lord, I believe a rest remains.....	33	When I can read my title clear.....	53
Lo, a mighty host is rising now.....	46	We are coming to the fountain.....	74
Look, look to the Comforter.....	46	Would you know why I love Jesus.....	75
Lord at Thy Mercy seat.....	48	When I survey the wondrous cross.....	77
Lord of the living harvest.....	69	Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger.....	76

SALVATION ECHOES.

EXHORTATION.

ARRANGED.

1. O! for a heart to praise my God, A heart from sin set free;
 A heart that always feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for
 A heart that al-ways feels thy
 A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, thy
 A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me;.....
 me; A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.
 blood; A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So freely spilt for me.
 free-ly spilt for me,..... So free-ly spilt for me.
 A heart that al-ways feels thy blood, So free-ly spilt for me.

- 2 A heart resign'd, submissive, meek,
 My great Redeemer's throne;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean;
 Which neither life nor death can part,
 From Him that dwells within.

- 4 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
 Come quickly from above;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love.

2.

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

- 3 Jesus! the Name that charms our fears,
 That bids our sorrows cease;
 'Tis music in the sinners ears,
 'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancel'd sin,
 He sets the pris'n'er free;
 His blood can make the foulest clean;
 His blood availed for me.

THY WAY, NOT MINE.

H. BONAR, D. D.

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-ev-er dark it be! Lead me by thine own hand, Choose
 2. Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best, Winding or straight it leads Right
 3. I dare not choose my lot, I would not if I might; Choose thou for me, my God, So
 4. Choose thou for me, my friends, My sickness, or my health; Choose thou my cares for me, My
 5. Not mine, not mine the choice, In things or great or small, Be thou my guide, my strength, My

CHORUS.

out my path for me. Lead me, Lead me, Choose out my path for me, Lead
 on-ward to my rest. shall I walk a - right.
 pov - er - ty or wealth. wisdom and my all. Lead me. Lead me,
 me, Lead me, Lead me, Choose out my path for me.

2.

1. Lord, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine;
With full consent thine I would be
And own thy sov'reign right in me.
2. Thine would I live, thine would I die;
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past, beyond repeal,
And now I set the solemn seal.
3. Here, at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master, now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

3.

1. I thirst, thou wounded Lamb of God,
To wash me in thy cleansing blood;
To dwell within thy wounds; then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.
2. Take my poor heart, and let it be
Forever closed to all but thee:
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love forever there.
3. How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by thee move, and in thee live.

One Look At The Cross.

Words and Music by Rev. W. W. RHODES.

1. One look at the Cross on Calvary's mount, Where Christ the Redeemer suffered and died, Will

Chorus.
sat-is-fy all who look and believe On Jesus the Cru-ci-fied. One look at the

Cross on Cal-va-ry's brow, Will sat-is-fy all
One look at the Cross on Calvary's brow, Will sat-is-fy

who look and believe, One look at the Cross Will sat-is-fy
all who look and believe, One look at the Cross

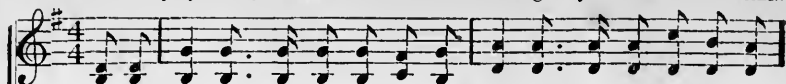
all Who on-ly will look, will look and live.
will sat-is-fy all who on-ly will look,

2. One look at the Cross sufficient will be To save thee from sin, and set thy soul free;
The promise is, Look, and only believe, And mercy thou shalt receive.
3. Then look to the Cross, O burdened of soul!
Where floweth the blood that maketh thee whole;
That one look of faith to Calvary's brow,
Will bring thee salvation now.



I HAVE BEEN AT THE FOUNTAIN.

Words and melody by E. A. HOFFMAN.

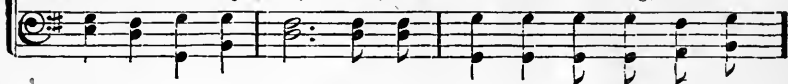

Arranged by IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.



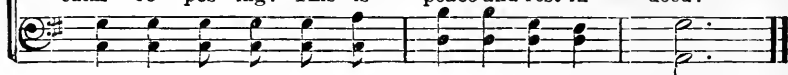
1. I have been at the fountain, at the won-der-ful fountain, Where the
 2. I am saved, hal-le-lu-jah! and my heart is re-joic-ing In the
 3. I am peace-ful-ly rest-ing at the cross of the Sav-ior, Where my
 4. O what joy and what comfort day by day to be drin-king From the
 5. On his faith-ful-ness rest-ing, in his warm love con-fid-ing, I can


streams of bles-ing flow; I have washed my gar-ments in the
 gra-cious One who died, And who made a-tone-ment by the
 soul was cleansed from sin, Where the blood is flow-ing to re-
 depths of love di-vine, And to know that Je-sus, who so
 feel no earth-ly need; Oh, how sweet the trust-ing, and the

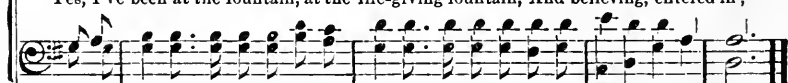

blood of cleans-ing, And am made as white as snow.
 blood, so pre-cious, Flow-ing from his wound-ed side.
 deem and save us, And where all may en-ter in.
 ful-ly saves me, Is for-ev-er whol-ly mine!
 calm re-pos-ing! This is peace and rest in-deed!



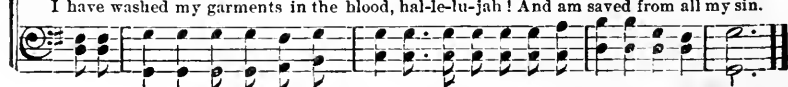
CHORUS.



Yes, I've been at the fountain, at the life-giving fountain, And believing, entered in;

I have washed my garments in the blood, hal-le-lu-jah! And am saved from all my sin.



THIS LOVE SO FREE.

7

M. M. J.

MARK M. JONES.

1. How ten-der-ly Je - sus loves us, With love so pure and free,
 2. His love so free - ly giv - en, Was purchas'd with the blood,
 3. Be - neath that pur - ple foun - tain, That flows from Jesus' side,
 4. And now the Sa - vior begs us, This precious blood re-ceive,

Down from his throne a-bove us, It comes to you and me.
 That from his dear side riv - en, Pours forth a sav - ing flood.
 Down o - ver Calvary's mountain, We safe - ly may a - bide.
 And all that it will cost us, Is sim - ply to be - lieve.

CHORUS.

Oh, who can *con-ceive* it, Oh, who can *be - lieve* it,

Oh, who will *re-ceive* it, This love so free?...

2

- 1 O Savior, welcome to my heart
 Possess thy humble throne;
 Bid every rival, Lord, depart,
 And reign, O Christ, alone.
- 2 The world and Satan I forsake;
 To thee I all resign;
 My longing heart, O Savior, take,
 And fill with love divine.
- 3 O may I never turn aside,
 Nor from thy bosom flee;
 Let nothing here my heart divide,
 I give it all to thee.

3

- 1 Alas! and did my Savior bleed?
 And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that saered head
 For such a worm as I?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I have done,
 He groaned upon the tree?
 Amazing pity! grace unknown?
 And love beyond degree!
- 3 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe;
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,
 'Tis all that I can do.

WHITE AS SNOW.

By author of "TELL ME THE OLD OLD STORY."

WILLIAM JOHNSON.

1. "White as snow!" Oh, what a promise, For the hea-vy - la - den breast,
 2. "Red, like crim-son," deep as scarlet, Scar-let of the deep-est dye,
 3. God a-lone can count the number, God, a-lone can look with-in,
 4. Hea - vy - la - den, worn and weary, To the promise let me go,

When by faith the soul re-ceive it, Wea-ri-ness is changed to rest.
 Are the ma - ni - fold transgressions, Which upon my conscience lie.
 O the sin - ful - ness of sinning, O the guilt of ev - ery sin.
 "Though your sins may be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow."

CHORUS. *Repeat pp.*

Je - sus wash me, Je - sus wash me, Je - sus wash me white as snow.

2.

1. Love divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion—
 Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Visit us with thy salvation;
 Enter every trembling heart.
2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our bent to sinning;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

3.

1. Forever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Savior died!
2. My dying Savior, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse, and keep me clean.
3. Wash me, and make me thus thine own;
 Wash me, and mine thou art
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
4. The' atonement of thy blood apply.
 Till faith to sight improve;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

SAFETY.

Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Rock of a - - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide..... my-self in

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my -

thee ; Let the wa - - ter and the blood, From thy

self in thee ; Let the wa - ter and the blood,

wound - - ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the

From thy wound - ed side which flow'd, Be of sin the

dou - ble cure, - Save from wrath and make me pure. Be of

dou - ble cure, - Save from wrath and make me pure.

sin..... the double cure, - Save from wrath and make me pure

Be of sin the dou-ble cure, - Save from wrath and make me pure.

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

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

WELCOME TO GLORY.

Words by MRS. P. PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. { O, when shall I sweep thro' the gates! The scenes of mor-tal - i - ty o'er, }
 { What then for my spir - it a - waits? Will they sing on the glo - ri-fied shore? }

CHORUS.

Welcome home! welcome home! A wel-come in glo - ry for
 Welcome home! welcome home!

me; Welcome home! welcome home! A wel - come for me!
 Welcome home! welcome home! welcome home!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. When from Calvary's mount I rise,
 And pass through the portals above,
 Will shouts, Welcome home to the skies!
 Resound through the regions of love?</p> <p>3. Yes! loved ones who knew me below,
 Who learned the new song with me here,
 In chorus will hail me, I know,
 And welcome me home with good cheer!</p> | <p>4. The beautiful gates will unfold,
 The home of the blood-washed I'll see;
 The city of saints I'll behold!
 For, O! there's a welcome for me!</p> <p>5. A sinner made whiter than snow,
 I'll join in the mighty acclaim,
 And shout through the gates as I go,
 Salvation to God and the Lamb!</p> |
|---|--|

2.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. O when shall we sweetly remove,
 O when shall we enter our rest,—
 Return to the Zion above,
 The mother of spirits distress'd;—
 That city of God, the great King.
 Where sorrow and death are no more,
 Where saints our Immanuel sing,
 And cherub and seraph adore?</p> <p>2. But angels themselves cannot tell
 The joys of that holiest place,
 Where Jesus is pleased to reveal
 The light of his heavenly face:</p> | <p>When, caught in the rapturous flame,
 The sight beatific they prove;
 And walk in the light of the Lamb,
 Enjoying the beams of His love.</p> <p>3. Thou know'st in the spirit of prayer
 We long thy appearing to see,
 Resign'd to the burden we bear.
 But longing to triumph with thee:
 'Tis good at thy word to be here;
 'Tis better in thee to be gone,
 And see thee in glory appear,
 And rise to a share in thy throne.</p> |
|---|---|

THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD 11

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

1 Cor. 2:9.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. I know I love thee bet-ter, Lord, Than an - y earth - ly joy, For
 2. I know that thou art near - er still Than an - y earthly throng, And
 3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then well may I be glad! With
 4. O Saviour, pre - cious Saviour mine! What will thy presence be If

thou hast giv - en me the peace Which no - thing can de - stroy.
 sweet - er is the thought of thee Than an - y love - ly song.
 out the se - cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
 such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

CHORUS.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
 yet been told,

The half has never yet been told, The blood—it cleanseth me.
 yet been told, cleanseth me

2.

- 1 Plunged in a gulf of dark despair,
 We wretched sinners lay,
 Without one cheering beam of hope,
 Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of peace
 Beheld our helpless grief:
 He saw, and (O amazing love!)
 He flew to our relief.

- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
 With joyful haste he fled;
 Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
 And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for this love, let rocks and hills
 Their lasting silence break;
 And all harmonious human tongues
 The Saviour's praises speak.

I AM GLAD THERE IS CLEANSING.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH, by per,

ALICE HARTSOUGH.

1. How bright the Hope that Calv'ry brings, Where Love di-vine with Mer-cy blends;
 2. 'Tis there! 'tis there the soul may go, And wash its sins and stains a - way;
 3. Speak, speak to Zi - on's bur-den'd ones, Lead, lead them up to Calv'ry's Mount;
 4. Why need we strug-gle on in self, We can-not make one black spot white;
 5. I come! I come! and glad I am That Je-sus calls the lost and vile;

How full the joy that all may find, Where flows the Blood can save and cleanse.
 Who gives up all,— who comes by faith, This cleansing finds without de - lay.
 The want of ach - ing hearts is met, 'Tis cleansing in Re-demp-tion's Fount.
 'Tis Christ's own Blood, and that a - lone Can change and cleanse the heart a-right.
 There thousands have a cleansing found, I'll heed the Sa - vior's welcome smile.

I am glad there is cleansing in the Blood, I am glad there is
 CHORUS
 I am glad there is cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood, I am glad there is

cleansing in the Blood, Tell the world All the
 cleansing, there is cleansing in the Blood, Tell the world there is cleansing, All the

world,
 world there is cleansing, There is cleansing in the Sa - vior's Blood.

I REST UPON HIS PROMISE.

13

CHARLES WESLEY.

Heb. 4: 9.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Lord, I be-lieve a rest re-mains To all thy peo-ple known, A
2. A rest where all our soul's de-sire, Is fix'd on things a-bove; Where
3. Oh! that I now the rest might know, Be-lieve, and en-ter in; Now,
4. Re-move this hardness from my heart, This un-be-lief, remove, To

rest where pure en-joy-ment reigns, And Thou art loved a-lone.
fear, and sin and grief ex-pire, Cast out by per-fect love.
Sa-viour, now the power be-stow, And let me cease from sin-
me the rest of faith im-part—The Sab-bath of Thy love.

CHORUS.

I rest up-on his promise, sure; I come, I wait to prove The

cleansing of my heart from sin, The full-ness of His love.

COMPASSION OF JESUS.

Words and Music by W. J.

1. A sin-ner once came to the Master. A lep-er po-lut-ed and weak, Crying
 2. A man with the pal-sy was dy-ing, His lov-ing friends brought him with care To
 3. A wid-ow with heart torn and bleeding Was taking her son to the tomb, No

out, "If thou wilt thou canst save me;" "O Saviour, the heal-ing word speak!" The
 the house where so many were trying, To come near the Lord who was there; So
 help-er was near to her plead-ing, No com-fort, no light in her gloom; But

Lord saw the poor leper kneel-ing, O then, His compassion was seen! His
 down thro' the tiling they low' red him, In the midst at the dear Master's feet; He
 Je-sus, the Lord of com-pas-sion, Was coming, Al-mighty to save; His

hand gave the sweet touch of heal-ing, He answered, "I will be thou clean!"
 saw their strong faith and re-stored him, And gave him His blessing so sweet.
 hand stopped the weeping pro-ces-sion, He gave back the son from the grave.

CHORUS.

O, the lov-ing com-pas-sion of Je-sus, 'Tis the same, O sin-ner, al-way: Come

kneel at the feet of your Sav - iour, He'll save you, He'll save you to - day.

2 WHATS THE NEWS?

Words and Music arranged by W. J.

Fine.

1 {Where'er we meet, you al-ways say, Whats the news? Whats the news?
Pray whats the or-der of the day? Whats the news? Whats the news?

D.C. And triumphed ov-er death and hell, Thats the news! Thats the news!

O, I have got good news to tell, My Sav-ior hath done all things well,

D.C.

2. His work's reviving all around,
That's the news! that's the news!
His saints are making songs resound,
That's the news! that's the news!
Poor sinners doomed in sin and woe,
Are now rejoicing as they go;
And shouting glory here below,
That's the news! that's the news!

3 He took my sorrows all away,
That's the news! that's the news!
He turned my darkness into day,
That's the news! that's the news!
Yes, Jesus saves me now I know,
His blood has washed me white as snow;
And now I'm glad His love to show,
That's the news! that's the news!

4. And Christ, the Lord, can save you now,
That's the news! that's the news!
Your sinful heart He can renew,
That's the news! that's the news!
This moment if for sins you grieve,
This moment if you now believe,
A full acquittal you'll receive,
That's the news! that's the news!

5. And now if any one should say,
Whats the news? whats the news?
Oh, tell them you've began to pray,
That's the news! that's the news!
That you have joined the conquering band,
And now with joy at God's comand,
You're marching to the better land,
That's the news! that's the news!

REWARDED.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Hark, hark! son and daughter; Hear Jesus, He speaketh; Go work in the vineyard while
 2. Think not of the conflict, For Je - sus will lead you; The bar - vest is white, and the
 3. Go speak to thy broth - er, And tell him of Je - sus; Go raise up the fall - en, and
 4. Toil on, happy pilgrim; Soon thy work will be ended; Bring the heavens thou hast gather'd, and

yet it is day; The night soon will come, Your la - bor be ended; Go
 work must be done, Oh, heed the call quick - ly, And go to the vineyard, For
 tell of His love; Cheer up the faint - heart - ed, And point to the mansions Pre -
 lay at His feet; Then hear Him say, welcome! Well done, faith - ful ser - vant! Come

CHORUS.

work for the Mas - ter, and toil while you may. Here I'm rewarded,
 soon He will call you, come home, child, come home!
 pared for the faith - ful in heav - en a - bove.
 sit on my throne, let thy joys be re - plete.

there I'm rewarded, Here, and up yonder, as we gath - er round the throne;

On - ly rewarded, on - ly rewarded, I'll be re - ward - ed for what I have done.

MORE LOVE TO THEE, O CHRIST. 17

Arr. by Wm. JOHNSON.

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

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

CHORUS.

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee!

2.

1. I would be thine; O take my heart,
 And fill it with thy love;
 Thy sacred image, Lord, impart,
 And seal it from above.
2. I would be thine; but while I strive
 To give myself away,
 I feel rebellion still alive,
 And wander while I pray.
3. I would be thine; but, Lord, I feel
 Evil still lurks within:—
 Do thou thy majesty reveal,
 And overcome my sin.

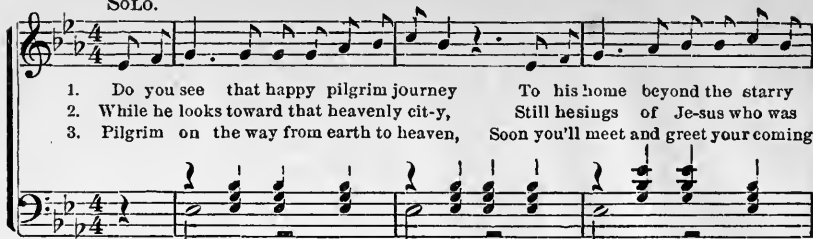
3

1. O that my load of sin were gone;
 O that I could at last submit
 At Jesus' feet to lay it down—
 To lay my soul at Jesus' feet.
2. Rest for my soul I long to find;
 Savior of all, if mine thou art,
 Give me thy meek and lowly mind,
 And stamp thine image on my heart.
3. Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
 And fully set my spirit free;
 I cannot rest till pure within,—
 Till I am wholly lost in thee.

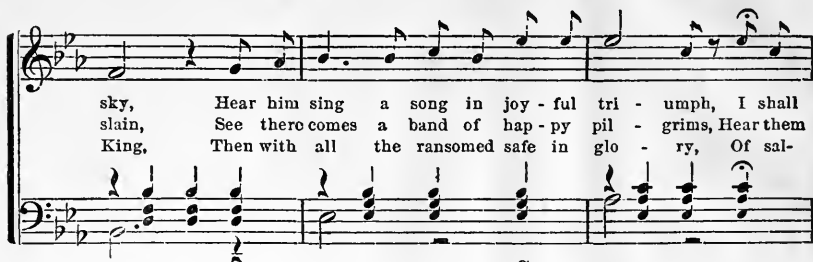
ARE YOU WATCHING, WAITING.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON,

Solo.



1. Do you see that happy pilgrim journey To his home beyond the starry
2. While he looks toward that heavenly cit-y, Still hesings of Je-sus who was
3. Pilgrim on the way from earth to heaven, Soon you'll meet and greet your coming

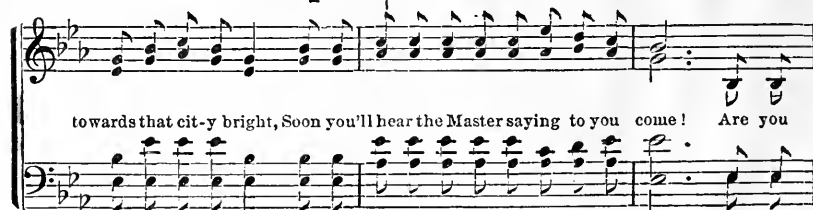


sky, Hear him sing a song in joy-ful tri-umph, I shall
slain, See thro comes a band of hap-py pil-grims, Hear them
King, Then with all the ransomed safe in glo-ry, Of sal-

CHORUS.



see Him, greet Him, by and by. Are you-wait-ing, look-ing
join him in his glad re-frain.
va-tion we shall ev-er sing.



towards that cit-y bright, Soon you'll hear the Master saying to you come! Are you



rob'd and ready now to join the lov'd ones. While the angels sing a happy welcome home.

IS JESUS ABLE TO REDEEM ?

19

MRS. A. R. COUSIN.

WM. JOHNSON.

1. Is Je - sus a - ble to re - deem A sin - ner lost like me ? like me ?
 2. Is Je - sus will - ing to for - give A reb - el child like me ? like me ?
 3. Is Je - sus wait - ing to re - lieve A wan - der - er like me ? like me ?
 4. Is Je - sus read - y now to save A guil - ty one like me ? like me ?

Repeat first line three times and use only first half of music for Hymn 2.

My sins so great, so ma - ny seem ! O sin - ner "come and see."
 Who would not in His fav - or live ? O reb - el, "come and see."
 Who chose the Fa - ther's house to leave ? O wand'rer, "come and see."
 Who brought Him to the cross and grave ? Come, guil - ty one, and see.

CHORUS.

The blood that Je - sus shed of old, Was shed for you and me ;

And there is room with - in the fold— O "come to Him and see."

35.

- Jesus, Thine all victorious love
 Shed in my heart abroad :
 Then shall my feet no longer rove,
 Rooted and fixed in God.

CHORUS:

- We're waiting at the mercy seat,
 We're waiting at the mercy seat,
 We're waiting at the mercy seat,
 Where God will answer prayer.
- O that in me the sacred fire
 Might now begin to glow ;

Burn up the dross of base desire,
 And make the mountains flow.

- O, that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume :
 Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call ;
 Spirit of burning, come.

- Refining fire, go through my heart :
 Illuminate my soul :
 Scatter Thy life through every part,
 And sanctify the whole.

THE SONG OF HOPE.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. A soft sweet voice from E - den steal - ing, — Such as
but to an - gels known, Hope's cheer - ing song is ev - er
thrilling, "It is bet - ter far - ther on, It is bet - ter far - ther on."

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2. I hear hope singing, sweetly singing,
Softly in an under tone;
And singing as if God had taught it,
 : "It is better farther on." : </p> <p>3. By night and day it sings the same song —
Sings it while I sit alone:
And sings it so the heart may hear it,
 : "It is better farther on." : </p> | <p>4. It sits upon the grave and sings it —
Sings it when the heart would groan;
And sings it when the shadows darken,
 : "It is better farther on." : </p> <p>5. Still farther on! O how much farther?
Count the mile stones one by one;
No! no! no counting—only trusting,
 : "It is better farther on." : </p> |
|--|---|

2.

1. Simply trusting every day:
Trusting, tho' a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

CHORUS.

Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past—
Till within the jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

2. Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads, I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
3. Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting him, whate'er befall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

3.

1. Precious Savior, thou hast saved me:
Thine, and only thine I am:
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh! the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb.

2. Long my yearning heart was trying
To enjoy this perfect rest;
But I gave all trying over:
Simply trusting, I was blest.
3. Trusting, trusting every moment
Feeling now the blood applied;
Lying at the cleansing fountain;
Dwelling in my Savior's side.

THE TEN VIRGINS.

21

R. E. HUDSON,

1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were wise when the

Bridegroom came, And trusting, oh! trusting, yes, trusting when the Bridegroom came.

- 2 Five of them were foolish when the Bridegroom came, And doubting, &c.
- 3 The wise took their oil when the Bridegroom came, And singing, &c.
- 4 The foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom came, And weeping, &c.

- 5 The righteous were accepted when the Bridegroom came, And shouting, &c.
- 6 The foolish were rejected when the Bridegroom came, And wailing, &c.
- 7 Will you all be ready when the Bridegroom comes, And waiting, &c.

2. FLY TO THE FOUNTAIN.

1. From Zion's sacred mountain, See the living waters glide;
Fly to that fountain, fly with me, And *Omit*..... plunge beneath it's tide.

1st. 2nd.

- 2 'Twill cleanse the heart from every sin, And purify the soul;
Yes, Jesus' blood will keep it clean,
And make the sinner whole.—*Cho.*

- 3 "Ho! every one," the prophet cries,
For every one there's room;
"Ho! every one," my soul replies,
"Now to the fountain come."—*Cho.*

CHORUS.

Fly to the fountain, fly to the fountain, fly to the fountain, Flowing for you and me.

- 1 There is a fountain filled with blood, 3. Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Loose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;

- 3 And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
'Till all the ransomed Church of God,
Are saved to sin no more.

LOST BUT FOUND.

F. J. C.

From "SACRED ECHOES," by per.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

1. Oh, the joy that fills my heart! Oh, the grate-ful tears that start, When I
2. Lost but found, oh, wondrous thought! To his fold in mer-cy brought; Saved by

think of Je-sus' love! How he came that he might bear All my
When I think Jesus' love!
grace, his grace di-vine; Heir with him of bliss untold, Soon his
saved by grace. grace divine;

weight of sin and care, How he came from heav'n a-bove.
glo-ry I'll be-hold, What a bless-ed hope is mine!
What a blessed hope is mine, What a blessed hope is mine.

CHORUS.
Endless praise, endless praise To the Lord my soul shall raise;
Endless praise, endless praise, To the Lord, my soul shall raise!

Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now I live a-gain.
Lost but found, O happy strain! Dead but now I live, but now I live again, live again.

3. Lost but found! I now can sing
Vict'ry through my Savior King,
||: Vict'ry ev'ry day and hour; :||
Vict'ry still will be my song
When I join the ransom'd throng.
||: Vict'ry o'er the tempter's power. :||

4. O that all the world would prove
How a pard'ning God can love,
||: How he waits for all who come! :||
O that all the world might see
What his grace hath done for me!
||: How he welcomes wand'ers home. :||

WHY DON'T YOU COME TO JESUS.

23

C. R. DUNBAR, by per,

1. { Come, ye sinners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;.....
Je - sus read-y stands to save you, *Omit*

2. { Now, ye need-y, come and wel - come, God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;.....
True be-lief and true re-pen - tance, *Omit*

2. Full of pit - y, love and power.
Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him!

4 Come ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all;

CHORUS. *p* *m* *f*

Why don't you come to Je - sus? He's wait - ing to receive you, Why

1. don't you come to Je - sus and be saved?... saved?
2.

- 2.
- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 - 2 Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 - 3 Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!
 - 4 Just as I am—thy love, unknown,
Has broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

- 3.
- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord forgive!
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?
 - 2 My crimes are great, but can't surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy Pardoning love be found.
 - 3 Oh wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offenses pain mine eyes.
 - 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope still hov'ring round thy word
Would light on some sweet promise there
Some sure support against despair.

THERE'LL BE JOY IN THE MORNING.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. We shall meet with the saints in the morning, On the shore of the bright crystal
 2. We shall meet with the pure of all a - ges, And from sin and from death shall be
 3. Oh, the joy of that meeting and greeting, And the smile of our Sa - vior to

sea, With the lov'd ones who long have been waiting, What a meeting that will be.
 free, We shall join in the song with the an - gels, What a meeting that will be.
 see, To sing un - to him who has lov'd us, What a meeting that will be.

CHORUS.

There'll be joy in the morning, There'll be joy in the morning, When we

all ar - rive at home, There'll be joy in the morning, There'll be
 When we all ar - rive at home,

joy, in the morning When we hear the Sa - vior say - ing come, ye blessed, come.

THE SHINING ONES.

KNOWLES SHAW.

By permission of S. Brainard's Sons.

J. M. KIEFFER.

1. Far a-way in the land of the pure and bright, is the Cit-y of God, with its
 2. That beau-ti-ful land we are near-ing now, Where crowns of bright glory en-
 3. With palms and bright crowns, and our robes of white, We may roam the fair fields with e

gold-en light; Oh! there is our home, and we ev-er shall stand, 'Mid the cir-
 cle the brow, Where the Tree of Life grows, on that beau-ti-ful shore, Where the
 ter-nal de-light, We may join in the songs of the pu-ri-fied band, 'Mid the

CHORUS.

O, beau-ti-ful
 shi-ning ones of the bet-ter land.
 flow'rs shall fresh-en to fade no more. O, beau-ti-ful home! O,
 shi-ning ones of the bet-ter land.

home..... O beau-ti-ful home How I
 beau-ti-ful home! Where beau-ti-ful saints sur-round the throne; How I

long to be there, How I long to be there.
 long to be there, and forever stand, 'Mid the shining ones of the better, better Land.
 ev-er stand,

NOTHING BUT LEAVES.

W. S. C.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Nothing but leaves, the spir-it grieves O - ver a wast - ed life; O'er
2. Nothing but leaves, no gathered sheaves, Of life's fair ripening grain; We

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promis - es unkept, And
sow our seeds, lo! tares and weeds, Words, *idle* words for earnest deeds, We

reaps from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!
reap with toil and pain,— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3. Nothing but leaves, sad memory weaves;
No vail to hide the past,
And as we trace our weary way,
Counting each lost and misspent day
Sadly we find at last—
 : Nothing but leaves! : </p> | <p>4. Ah! who shall thus the Master meet,
Bearing but withered leaves?
Ah! who shall at the Savior's feet,
Before the awful judgment seat
Lay down, for golden sheaves
 : Nothing but leaves! : </p> |
|--|--|

2.

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

SATISFIED.

27

MISS CLARA TEARL,

Psalms 36 : 8.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. All my life long. I had pant-ed For a draught from some cool
 2. Feed-ing on the husks around me, Till my strength was almost
 3. Poor I was, and sought for rich-es, Something that would satis-
 4. Well of wa-ter, ev-er springing, Bread of life so rich and

spring, That I hoped would quench the burning Of the thirst I felt with-in.
 gone, Longed my soul for something better, Only still to hun-ger on.
 fy, But the dust I gathered round me Only mocked my soul's sad cry.
 free, Untold wealth that never faileth, My Redeem-er is to me.

CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! I have found it—What my soul so long has

craved! Je-sus sat- isfies my longings; Thro' his blood I now am saved.

1 Come, thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace:
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wand'ring from the fold of God;
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

2. 2 O! to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my loving heart to thee.
 Prone to love thee, Lord, I feel it—
 Prone to trust the God I love;
 Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
 Seal it for thy courts above.

MARY MAGDALEN.

ENGLISH.

1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair; She heard in the cit-y that
2. The frown and the murmer went round thro' them all, That one so unhallow'd should

Je - sus was there; Unheed-ing the splendor that blaz'd on the board, She si - lent-ly
tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be objects more meet, As the wealth of her

knelt at the feet of the Lord, She si - lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.
per-fumesheshower'd on his feet, As the wealth of her perfume she shower'd on his feet.

3 She heard but the Savior; she spoke but with sighs;
She dare not look up to the heaven of his eyes;
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,
As her lips to his sandals were throbbingly pressed.

4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"
And Mary went forth in the beauty of heaven.

2.

1 Mary to the Savior's tomb
Hasted at the early dawn;
Spice she brought, and sweet perfume,
But the Lord she loved had gone.
For awhile she lingering stood,
Filled with sorrow and surprise,
Trembling, while a crystal flood
Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
When she heard his welcome voice:
Christ had risen from the dead;
Now he bids her heart rejoice.
What a change his word can make,
Turning darkness into day!
Ye who weep for Jesus' sake,
He will wipe your tears away.

IN THE SHADOW OF HIS WINGS.

29

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

E. O. EXCELL. by per.

1. In the shadow of his wings, There is rest, sweet rest; There is rest from care and
 2. In the shadow of his wings, There is peace, sweet peace, Peace that passeth under-
 3. In the shadow of his wings, There is joy, glad joy, There is joy to tell the

la - bor, There is rest for friend and neighbor, In the shadow of his wings
 standing, Peace, sweet peace that knows no ending, In the shadow of his wings
 sto - ry—Joy ex-ceed-ing, full of glo - ry: In the shadow of his wings

There is rest, sweet rest, In the shadow of his wings, There is rest, *sweet rest.*
 There is peace, sweet peace, In the shadow of his wings, There is peace, *sweet peace.*
 There is joy, glad joy, In the shadow of his wings, There is joy, *glad joy.*

CHORUS.

There is rest, there is peace, There is joy In the shadow of his wings;
 sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy

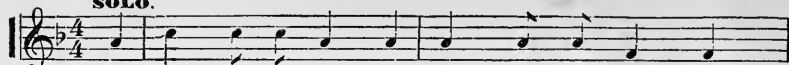
There is rest, there is peace, There is joy, In the shadow of his wings.
 sweet rest, sweet peace, glad joy

THE CHILD OF A KING.

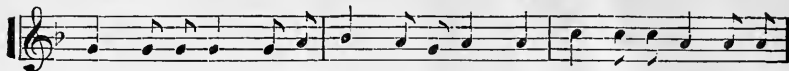
Words by KATTIE BUELL.

Music by JOHN SUMMER.

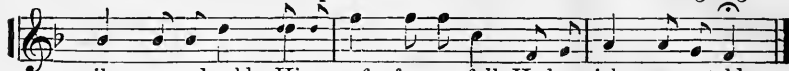
SOLO.



1. My Fa - ther is rich in hous - es and lands, He
 2. My Fa - ther's own Son, the Sa - viour of men! Once



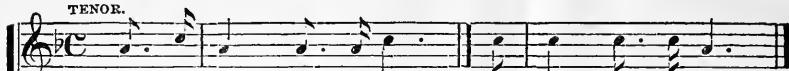
hold-eth the wealth of the world in his hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of
 wandered o'er earth as the poor - est of men! But now He is reigning for-



sil - ver and gold: His cof - fers are full, He has rich - es un-told.
 ev - er on High, And will give us a home in the sweet by-and-by.

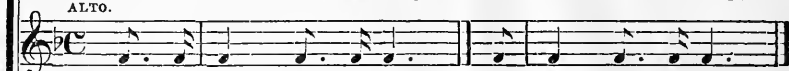
CHORUS.

TENOR.

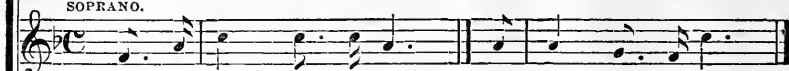


I'm the child of a King, The child of a King;

ALTO.

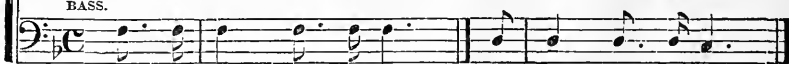


SOPRANO.

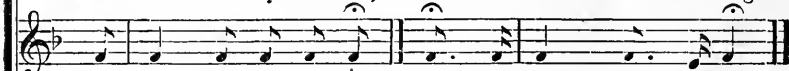


I'm the child of a King, The child of a King;

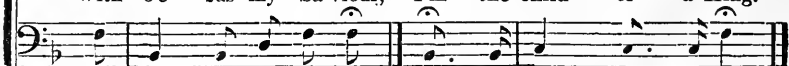
BASS.



With Je - sus my Sa-viour, I'm the child of a King.



With Je - sus my Sa-viour, I'm the child of a King.



3
 I once was an outcast, stranger on earth,
 A sinner by choice, an "alien" by birth!
 But I've been "adopted" my name's written down:
 An heir to a mansion, a robe and a crown.

4
 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
 They're building a palace for me over there!
 Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing.
 All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

DO YOU KNOW THE WONDROUS STORY? 31

J. E. HALL.

J. E. HALL.

1. Do you know the won - drous sto - ry? Have you ev - er
2. Have you heard how much He suf - fered? Hang - ing on the
3. Is it true that you have heard it? Have the tid - ings

heard it told? How that Je - sus came from heav - en,
cru - el tree? That we all might have sal - va - tion,
reached your ear? Then why not just now be - lieve it,

CHORUS.

Seek - ing lost ones from the fold?
And might live e - ter - nal - ly. Do you know the
And find com - fort, hope and cheer.

won - drous sto - ry? Have you ev - er heard it told?

Do you know the wondrous sto - ry? That with telling ne'er grows old?

COMPANIONSHIP WITH JESUS.

Mrs. MARY D. JAMES.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, by per.

1. Oh, bles-sed fel-low-ship divine! Oh, joy supremely sweet! Com-
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je-sus' side,--So close that I can hear The

pan-ion-ship with Je-sus here, Makes life with bliss re-plete. In
soft-est whispers of his love, In fel-lowship so dear. And

u-nion with the pur-est one I find my heav'n on earth begun.
feel his great al-migh-ty hand Pro-jects me in this hos-tile land.

CHORUS.

Oh, wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime, I've Jesus with me all the time, Oh,

wondrous bliss, oh, joy sublime, I've Je-sus with me all the time.

3 I'm leaning on his loving breast
Along life's weary way;
My path, illumined by his smiles,
Grows brighter every day.
No foes, no woes my heart can fear,
With my almighty friend so near.

4 I know his sheltering wings of love
Are always o'er me spread,
And tho' the storms may fiercely rage,
All calm and free from dread,
My peaceful spirit ever sings
"I'll trust the covert of thy wings."

MY HEAVENLY HOME.

J. B. FERGUSON, by per.

1. { My home is in the heav'nly land, Where an-gels bright and
And while I la - bor to se - cure A bliss-ful home a -

2. { Oft while I jour - ney here be - low, A - mid the bu - sy
For, with my pray'r, the soft re - refrain In ho - ly sweet-ness

fair Be-fore the throne of glo - ry stand, And crowns of vict'-ry wear.
bove, I have a trea - sure rich and sure, 'Tis found in Je - sus' love.
throng, I hear a voice, and seem to know The sing - er and the song.
blends, And, while I list - en to the strain, A bliss-ful calm descends.

CHORUS.

O home, sweet home,..... so bright and fair!..... I long to

O home, sweet home, so bright and fair!

see..... my lov'd ones there,... With them my joy..... shall be com-

I long to see them o-ver there, With them my joy

plete,..... While rest-ing at the Sa - vior's feet.

shall be complete,

SIMPLY A DOORKEEPER.

J. E. HALL.
SOLO.

J. E. HALL. by per.

1. Sim-ply a door-keep-er, that and no more, Wait - ing to help some to
 2. Sim-ply a door-keep-er, trust-ing, I stay Close by the door and there
 3. Sim-ply a door-keep-er, hum-ble it is, I am all weak-ness and

ORGAN.

en - ter the door, Wait - ing with pa-tience some weak ones to aid,
 pointing the way, May be some trav'-ler o'erburdened with sin,
 strength is all His, Yet per-haps Je - sus will use ev - en me,

CHORUS.

Waiting to tell them the price has been paid.
 Heeding my beck'ning will gladly step in. Wait-ing just out-side the door
 To bring some lost one at last home with me.

Beck' - ning both to rich and poor, Pa-tient - ly I wait;

Standing by the gate, Hop-ing I may thus win someone, ere it be too late.

HE IS MINE.

Words and Music by E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Glo - ry to the ris - en Sa - vior, He is mine, he is mine! }
 Oh! 'tis heav'n to have his fa - vor, Joy di - vine, joy di - vine! }

2. Come re - proach or self - de - ni - al, Why should I then re - pine? }
 What care I for pain or tri - al? I am his, he is mine! }

3. Once my ma - ny sins enslaved me, Grief was mine, grief was mine! }
 By his wondrous grace he saved me, Oh, what love, love di - vine! }

{ Ve - ry pre - cious was the hour, When he first re - vealed his pow'r; }
 { Glad and hap - py was the day, When he took my sins a - way. }

{ On his ten - der, lov - ing breast, I can sweet - ly, safe - ly rest, }
 { Rest till all life's storms are o'er, Rest in peace for - ev - er - more. }

{ Washed and in his blood made white, I am walk - ing in the light; }
 { Of his per - fect love possessed, I have per - fect peace and rest. }

Refrain.

Naught from him my soul can se - ver, I am kept by pow'r di - vine; Rest - ing

in his love for - ev - er, I am his,..... he is mine!

BROKEN IN SPIRIT.

Words arranged by W. J.

WM. JOHNSON.

1. Bro-ken in spir - it, And lad - en with care, Sweet is thy
 2. Art thou af - flict - ed And sigh - ing to know, Why the dear
 3. Art thou re - call - ing The years that have fled? Weep - ing in
 4. Bear thy af - flic - tion, Whatev - er it be; Je - sus, thy

CHORUS.

re - fuge—Find it in prayer. Tell it to Je - sus Tell it to
 Fath - er Should chasten thee so?
 sor - row, Mourning the dead?
 Sa - vior, Bore it for thee.

Rit.

Je - sus; Tell it to Je - sus; He will give peace.

2. I'M A PILGRIM. Chorus.

*Rather fast.**Fine.*

1. I'M a pil - grim, and I'm a stran - ger! I can tar - ry, I can tar - ry but a night!
 2. There the sun - beams are ev - er shin - ing: I am long - ing, I am long - ing for the sight!
 3. O'er the coun - try to which I'm go - ing, My Redeemer, my Re - deem - er is the light.

D.C.

Do not de - tain me, for I am go - ing To where the streamlets are ey - er flow - ing.
 Within a coun - try un - known and drea - ry, I have been wan - dering, for - lorn and wea - ry.
 There is no sor - row, nor a - ny sigh - ing, Nor a - ny sin - ning, nor a - ny dy - ing.

PEACE ON THE OTHER SIDE.

37

Duett.
Andantino.

CHAS. B. HOLMES, by per,

1. Float on, my bark, o'er the o - cean, Tho' the wild waves dash fearfully high,
2. Float on, my bark, o'er the o - cean, For - get-ting the danger we've pass'd,
3. Float on, my bark, o'er the o - cean, We'll soon reach that blest, peaceful shore,

And heed not the fearful com-mo - tion, There's one who forever is nigh.....
With steadfast, unswerving devo - tion, We'll reach the fair haven at last.....
Where waiteth a glo - ri - ous por - tion, A rest from our toils ev - er - more.....

CHORUS.

Friends who embark'd in life's morn-ing, The lone sea may be their sad tomb,
Voic - es of loved ones de - part - ed, Come floating a-cross the blue wave,
Float while the sun - light is beam - ing, A - way to the Isles of the blest,

Yet there cometh a glorious dawn-ing, A radiance dispelling the gloom.
They are singing of one the true-hearted, Who is a - ble and willing to save.
Then vanish'd all sor-row and dreaming, And welcome, oh, welcome sweet rest.

2.

- 1 There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers:
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green.
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.

3.

- 1 Depth of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
- 2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face;
Would not hearken to his calls:
Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 Now incline me to repent!
Let me now my fall lament!
Now my foul revolt deplore!
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

THE SHADOW OF THE ROCK.

"The shadow of a great Rock in a weary land,"

REV. J. A. HOUGH.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Where sun ev-er burns, and the wind ev-er blows, The great Rock its
 2. That Rock was once bruised by the spear and the nail, Till life-streams flowed
 3. No shel-ter be-side it will God ev-er rear, From storms that are

shad-ow for wea-ri-ness throws, And all on life's des-ert with
 from it that nev-er can fail; They cleanse and they cheer ev-ry
 com-ing and storms that are here; Se-secure it will stand in that

bur-dens oppress'd, May come to the Rock for re-fresh-ment and rest.
 sin-ful sad breast That turns to the Rock, in its shad-ow to rest.
 ter-ri-ble day, When rolled as a scroll, heaven pass-es a-way.

CHORUS.

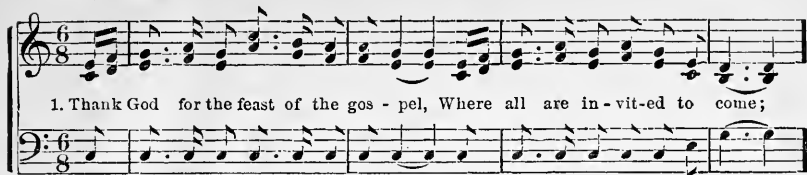
Rock of a-ges, let the blessing Of thy shad-ows o'er us fall; To thy
 Rock of a-ges, let the blessing Of thy shadows o'er us fall;

shel-ter we are pressing Rock of a-ges, cleft for all.
 To thy shel-ter we are pressing, Rock of a-ges, cleft for all.

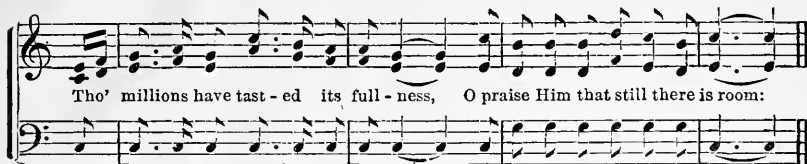
STILL THERE IS ROOM.

Mrs. VANALETYNE,

S. J. VAIL, by per.

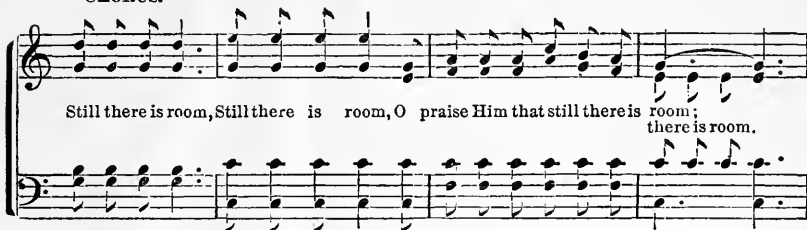


1. Thank God for the feast of the gos - pel, Where all are in - vit-ed to come;



Tho' millions have tast - ed its full - ness, O praise Him that still there is room:

CHORUS.



Still there is room, Still there is room, O praise Him that still there is room;
there is room.



Still there is room, still there is room; O praise Him that still there is room, is room.

2 Come, ye that are hungry and thirsty,
The feast is provided for you;
O come without money and purchase
The bread that your souls will renew.

3 The pleasures of earth are but fleeting,
Like blossoms they soon will decay;
O come to the feast of the gospel,
Thro' Jesus, the Life and the Way.

2.

1 Behold a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart, and loaded hands,
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

CHORUS.

Oh, let the dear Savior come in,
He'll cleanse the heart from sin!
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Savior come in.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The friend of sinners—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

Trusting In The Promise.

H. B. H.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have found re- pose for my wea- ry soul, Trusting in the promise of the
 2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the
 3. Oh, the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the

Savior; And a harbor safe when the billows roll, Trusting in the promise of the
 Savior; And rejoice in hope, while I live or die, Trusting in the promise of the
 Savior; Oh, the strength and grace only God can give, Trusting in the promise of the

Sav - ior. I will fear no foe in the deadly strife, Trusting in the promise of the
 I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the promise of the
 Sav - ior. I can smile at grief, and abide in pain, Trusting in the promise of the
 And the loss of all shall be highest gain, Trusting in the promise of the
 Sav - ior. Who-so-ever will may be saved to-day, Trusting in the promise of the
 And begin to walk in the holy way, Trusting in the promise of the

1. | 2. *Refrain.*

Sav - ior, Savior. Resting on His mighty arm forever, Never from his loving heart to

sev - er, I will rest by grace In his strong embrace, Trusting in the promise of the Savior.

NO COMPROMISE WITH WRONG.

41

Mrs. M. A. COLLINS

From "TIDAL WAVES."

W. H. DOANE.

With vigor.

1. Lo! a mighty host is rising now, See! their banner is unfurled!
 2. See the mighty host advancing now! Look! the proud oppressors flee!
 3. Weary watchers, cease your vigils now, For the morning surely comes;
 4. Sing, O Zi-on! no more desolate, Lift thine eyes, the brightness see!

Its fair legend, Truth and Righteousness; Spread the tidings thro' the world.
 So our country breaks its fetters off, And her captive sons are free.
 Night is fleeing, joy is dawning now On your hearts and on your homes.
 Thy Redeemer makes thee glo-ri-ous, Thine oppressors bend to thee.

CHORUS.

No com-prom-ise! no compromise! No more yielding to the

foe; No compromise! no compromise! No, no, no, no, no, NO!

2.

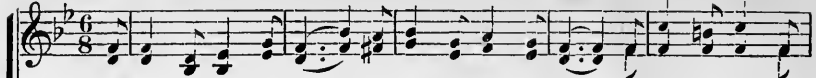
1 Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
 Ye soldiers of the cross;
 Lift high his royal banner,
 It must not suffer loss;
 From victory unto victory
 His army shall be led,
 Till every foe is vanquished,
 And Christ is Lord indeed.

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

I FALL BEFORE THE CROSS.

Rev. A. J. HOUGH.

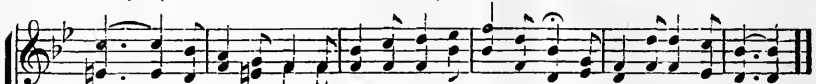
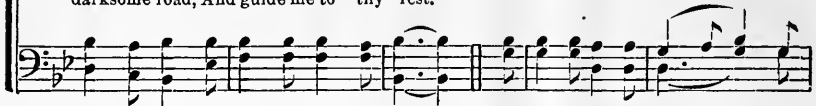
By per. J. E. HALL.



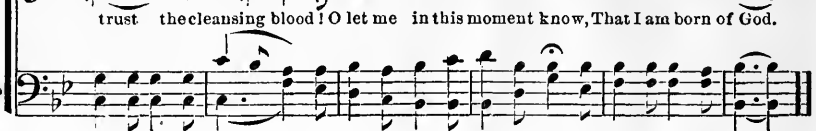
1. O Je - sus, hear my cry, A poor, lost child of thine, In an - swer to my
 2. Long years this heavy weight Of sins I've sad - ly borne, But now heart-broken,
 3. O Je - sus! let me in, To thy sweet rest of love, And I no more will
 4. I can - not bear this load: I faint, by guilt oppressed; Shine out upon the



- prayer draw nigh, And take this heart of mine.
 des - o - late, I to my feet re - turn. I fall be - fore the cross, I
 stoop to sin, But rise to joys a - bove.
 darksome road, And guide me to thy rest.



trust the cleansing blood! O let me in this moment know, That I am born of God.



2.

- 1 My God, my life, my love,
 To thee, to thee I call:
 I cannot live, if thou remove,
 For thou art all in all.
 2 Thy shining grace can cheer
 This dungeon where I dwell:
 'Tis paradise when thou art here,
 If thou depart, 'tis hell.
 3 The smilings of thy face,
 How amiable they are!
 'Tis heaven to rest in thine embrace,
 And nowhere else but there.

3.

- 1 Oh, come, and dwell in me,
 Spirit of power within,
 And bring the glorious liberty
 From sorrow, fear and sin!
 2 The seed of sin's disease,
 Spirit of health, remove,—
 Spirit of finished holiness,
 Spirit of perfect love.
 3 Hasten the joyful day
 Which shall my sins consume;
 When old things shall be done away,
 And all things new become.

4.

- 1 Grace! 'tis a charming sound;
 Harmonious to the ear;
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,
 And all the earth shall hear.
 2 Grace first contrived the way
 To save rebellious man;
 And all the steps that grace displays,
 Which drew the wondrous plan.
 3 Grace led my roving feet
 To tread the heavenly road;
 And new supplies each hour I meet,
 While pressing on to God.
 4 Grace all the work shall crown,
 Through everlasting days;
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
 And well deserves the praise.

HAIL HIM KING.

By R. E. HUDSON. 43

1. Hark! the herald angels sing Glory to the newborn King; Peace on earth and
 2. Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd, Christ, the everlasting Lord; Veil'd in flesh the
 3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail the Sun of righteousness! Light and life to

mer-cy mild; God and sin-ners re-con-ciled. Joy-ful all ye na-tions
 Godhead see; Hail in-car-nate De-i-ty! Come and worship humbly
 all he brings; Risen with healing in his wings. Wonder-ful in coun-sel,

rise and sing, Join the triumphs of your King, With an-gel-ic hosts a-
 at his feet; Yield to him the hom-age meet; From the manger raise Him
 come and see, Christ th' incarnate De-i-ty; Sire of the a-ges,

CHORUS.—Hail Him King,

loud proclaim, Christ is born in Beth-le-hem. Hail Him King, Hail Him King,
 to the throne, Homage due to God a-lone.
 ne'er to cease; King of kings, and Prince of peace.

Hail Him King.

Hail Him King, Hail Him King.
 Crown Him Lord o'er earth and sky, and Hail Him King.

ANTICIPATION.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, A follow'r of the Lamb, And shall I fear to own his cause

Or blush to speak his name? Must I be carried to the skies On flow'ry beds of ease, While

others fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' bloody seas? **CHORUS.** Com-ing by and by,

Coming by and by, A better day is dawning, The morning draweth nigh, Coming by and by,

Coming by and by, A bet-ter day is dawning, For He is coming by and by.

2 Are there no foes for me to face?
Must I not stem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?
Sure I must fight if I would reign:
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll hear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
With faith's discerning eye.
When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thine armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

TRUST A LITTLE LONGER.

45

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Matt. 10 : 22.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Up the nar - row heavenly road Climb a lit - tle long - er ;
 2. With a fierce and bit - ter foe Press the strug - gle long - er ;
 3. 'Mid the dark - ness of earth's night, Walk a lit - tle long - er ;

As you onward bear your load, Christ will make you stronger. Tho' your courage
 To the conflict you must go By his grace made stronger ; Vic - to - ry was
 In the absence of the light, Let your faith grow stronger ; When the day dawns

wane and fail When the skies look dreary, Though the flesh be weak and frail,
 won by Christ When on Calv'ry dy - ing ; Go and conquer ev - ery sin,
 shall appear, Through the shadows peering, You shall find that he is near,

CHORUS.

Work, and never wea - ry.
 On his pow'r rely - ing. } In the love of Christ abide ; Let your faith grow
 Comforting and cheering. }

strong - er ; Cast away all doubt and fear ; Trust a lit - tle long - er.

LOOK TO THE COMFORTER.

SACRED SONG AND QUARTETTE.

Words and Music by WILL L. THOMPSON, by per.

1. Look, look to the com - fort-er. Ye who are troubled in mind,....
 2. Look, look to the com - fort-er, On the dear Savior be - lieve,....
 3. Look, look to the com - fort-er, He has promised sweet rest,....

Come, come with your ache - ing hearts, Sweetest re - pose thou'lt find,.....
 Come, while He in - vites you now, He is ready to save,.....
 Far, far from these earth - ly cares, Far in the realms of the blest,.....

Ye who are weary and ready to weep, Cheer thy sad hearts a - gain,.....
 Ask for his pardon, He will for-give, List to his ear - nest call,.....
 He has prepared us a beautiful home, Waiting for you and me,.....

Sva

Cast thy cares at the Sa - vior's feet, He will thy burdens sus-tain,.....
 Oh be - lieve and thou shalt live, Pardon is free to all,.....
 Oh accept of his prom - ise now, Mercy is bounteous and free,.....

Sva.....

rit. pp

QUARTETTE.

*m a tempo.**dim.**m**dim.*

Come, ye who are ready to weep,.. Come, kneel at the Sa - vior's feet,....

Ye who are weary and ready to weep,

Cast all thy cares at the Sa - vior's feet,

LOOK TO THE COMFORTER.—Concluded.

m cres p dim.

Come ye who are weary in mind, Sweetest re - pose thou'lt find,

Re - pose thou'lt

pp dim. ppp dim.

Sweetest re - pose thou'lt find, Sweetest re - pose thou'lt find,

find, Re - pose thou'lt find, Re - pose thou'lt find, Re - pose thou'lt find,

ONLY ASLEEP.

R. E. HUDSON,

Andante.

1. A fath - er is pray - ing The Sa - vior to hear, For his daugh - ter is dy - ing, With
2. "My dear lit - tle daugh - ter, I fear she will die! Thou mer - ci - ful Sa - vior, At -
3. And Je - sus went with him; But soon it was said To the heart - stricken father, "Thy

no help - er near, Be - seech - ing him great - ly, He falls at his feet; And his
tend to my cry; If Thou wilt but touch her, She sure - ly will live—Then to
daugh - ter is dead! Why trou - ble the Mas - ter thy woes to re - lieve?" But the

4 They came to the house, And the mourners were
there,
And with weeping and wailing, Were rending
the air;
sto - ry of sorrow, O hear him repeat. But Jesus reprovd' them; 'Why do ye thus weep
thee all the glo - ry, O Jesus, I'll give. For the maid is not dead, She is only asleep.'
kind Savi - or whispered, 'Now only believe.' 5 O, see! with a touch How the maiden awakes,
When the mighty Physi - cian Her hand gen - tly
takes!
And see! from her features Pale death quickly
flies,
At the voice of the Savi - or, 'O damsel, arise!'

SINKING OUT OF SELF.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS. From "WELCOME TIDINGS, by per

R. LOWRY.

1. Now cru - ci - fied with Christ I am, The self with-in is slain; But
 2. Dead to the world with sin I am, A - live to God a - lone; The
 3. The throne of self with - in my heart The King of saints does fill; My
 4. Here - af - ter, "it is no more I," Nor "sin" that rul - eth me; Reign,

still I live, and yet not I— Christ lives in me a - gain.
 life I have, I live by faith In God's be - lov - ed Son.
 spir - it crowns Him Lord of all, And waits to do His will.
 reign for - ev - er, ble - sed Christ, My all I give to Thee.

CHORUS.

I am sinking out of self, out of self, in-to Christ, Sinking out of self in-to Christ, I am

sinking sinking, sinking out of self, Sinking out of self in - to Christ.

2.

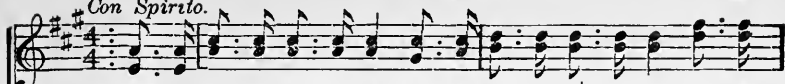
- | | |
|--|--|
| 1 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand. | 3 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise. |
| 2 For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end. | 4 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. |

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SAILING O'ER THE SEA.

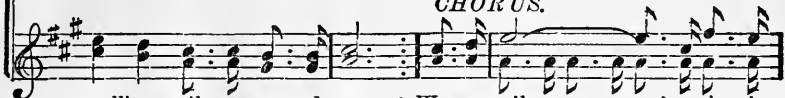
DUET.
Con Spirito.

Music by REV. I. BALTZELL, by per.

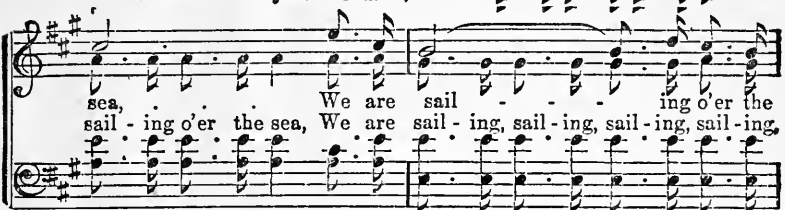


1. { We're a hap-py pilgrim band, Sailing to the goodly land; With a
Though the tempest rages long, There is One among the throng Who will
2. { When the mighty billows swell, With the saved it shall be well, Tho' the
Rolling waves shall not o'erwhelm, For we've Jesus at the helm, And he'll
3. { Tho' for man - y ages past She has braved the stormy blast, She's the
Safe amid the rocks and shoals, She has landed many souls, Safe at
4. { Hol ye sin - ners, hear to-day, There is danger in your way, By the
There is dan - ger under-neath, And above a storm of wrath, And the

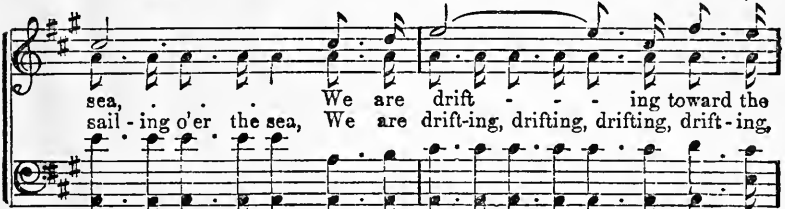
CHORUS.



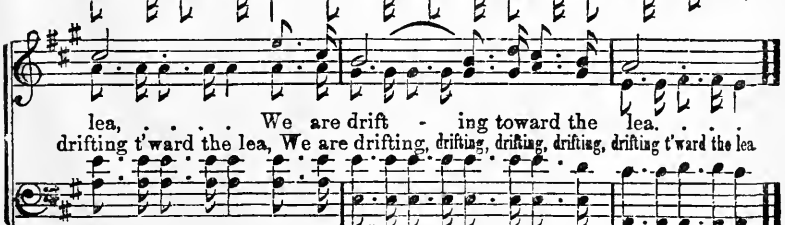
swelling sail we onward sweep; } We are sail - - - ing o'er the
guide the sail-or o'er the deep. }
breakers roar up-on the lea; } We are sailing, sailing, sailing, sailing,
guide us safe-ly o'er the sea. }
old ship of Zion as of yore;
home on Caanan's happy shore.
chart of fol - ly you are led;
rocks of destruction just ahead.



sea, We are sail - ing o'er the sea, We are sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing, sail - ing,



sea, We are drift - ing toward the sea, We are drift-ing, drifting, drifting, drift-ing,



lea, We are drift - ing toward the lea.
drifting t'ward the lea, We are drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting, drifting t'ward the lea.

My Spirit is free.

W. A. S.

REV. W. A. SPENCER, by per.

1. I fol - low the foot - steps of Je - sus, my Lord, His
 2. A lep - er he found me, pol - lut - ed by sin, From
 3. A cap - tive in woe to my pris - on of night The
 4. Pro - claim it, 'tis done, full sal - va - tion is wrought For

Spir - it doth lead me a - long; I walk in the path-way made
 which he a - lone can set free; He spake in His mer - cy, "I
 Mas - ter hath o - pen'd the door; Shout a - loud of deliv'rance, ye
 sin - ners from sor - row and woe; Sing a - loud of His grace who my

plain by His word, And He fills all my soul with this song.
 will, be thou clean," And He in - stant - ly pu - ri - fied me.
 an - gels of light, Praise His name, oh my soul, ev - er - more.
 par - don has bought, "For His blood washes whit - er than snow."

Chorus.

Glo - ry to God! my spir - it is free, Glo - ry to God, He pu - ri - fies me! I'm

walking the thorn - path, but joyful I'll be While following Je - sus my Lord.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

51

FROM "REVIVALIST."

1. Of Him who did sal - va - tion bring, I'm at the fountain drinking,

I could for - ev - er think and sing, My soul is sat - is - fied.

CHORUS.

Glory to God, I'm at the fountain drinking, Glory to God, My soul is satisfied.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2. Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am:
Nothing but sin have I to give,—
Nothing but love shall I receive.</p> | <p>3. Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say,—Behold the way to God.</p> |
|---|--|

2. ENOUGH FOR ME.

E. A. H.

E. A. H. By Per

1. O love surpassing knowledge! O grace so full and free! I know that Jesus saves me, And

know that Je - sus saves me, And

Fine. REFRAIN.

D.S.

that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! And that's enough for me! I

that's enough for me!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. O wonderful salvation!
From sin he makes me free!
I feel the sweet assurance,
And that's enough for me!</p> | <p>3. O blood of Christ so precious,
Poured out on Calvary!
I feel its cleansing power,
And that's enough for me!</p> |
|---|---|

HALLELUJAH, JESUS SAVES.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out."—John 6: 37.
 Rev. A. J. HUGH. Mrs. J. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Ma - ny at the cross are kneeling, Je - sus, Je - sus saves,

By his boundless love re - veal - ing, Je - sus, Je - sus saves.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, light is beaming, Hal - le - lu - jah, blood is streaming,

Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves, Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves.

2 All the lost, and all the lonely,
 Jesus, Jesus saves,
 Oh, come now, believing only
 Jesus, Jesus saves,

3 Hearts are at this moment proving,
 Jesus, Jesus saves,
 Every sinful stain removing,
 Jesus, Jesus saves.

4 Come with tears your sin confessing,
 Jesus, Jesus saves,
 Seek and find the choicest blessing,
 Jesus, Jesus saves.

5 Hallelujah, saints are singing,
 Jesus, Jesus saves,
 Heav'n with joyous song is ringing,
 Jesus, Jesus saves.

2.

1 Down at the cross where the Savior died,
 Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
 There to my heart was the blood applied,
 Glory to his name!

CHORUS.

Glory to his name!
 Glory to his name!
 There to my heart was the blood applied,
 Glory to his name!

2 I am so wondrously saved from sin;
 Jesus so sweetly abides within,
 Saves me each moment, and keeps me clean
 Glory to his name!

3 Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet,
 Humble your soul at the Savior's feet;
 Plunge in today, and be made complete,
 Glory to his name!

1.

There's a tale of woe in the sparkling glass,
That makes me tremble and start;
'Tis the yearly wreck and the blasted hopes
Of a million bleeding hearts;
And the dreadful fate of a mighty host
Too terrible to tell,
'Tis a hundred thousand criminals doom'd
To a loathsome prison cell.

Chorus.

Then dash down the fatal wine-cup, boys,
And let the poison flow;
Crime lurks in the sparkling foam at the top,
And beneath lies a deadly foe.

2 There's a sense of death in the flowing
bowl,

That crowns the firey waves,
Tis the sixty thousand that every year
Go down to drunkard's graves,
And in the wake of that vanish'd throng
Hunger and misery tread,
And from sixty thousand desolate hearths
A cry ascends for bread.

Chorus.

Then dash down the fatal wine-cup, boys,
Death lurks in the wine so red;
There's the wail of woe from the widow's
heart,
And the orphan's cry for bread.

3 There's a marshal'd host of deluded
youths—

Four hundred thousand stroug,
That are yearly dup'd by the siren strains
Of the bacchanalian's song;
They are marching down to the drunkard's
doom,

O, God, stretch forth Thy hand;
No power but Thine can'er save them now,
For Satan is in command.

Chorus:

O stop! young man, dash away that cup,
And let the poison flow,
'Tis better that earth should drink it up,
Than to sink your soul in woe.

2.

- 1 My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary:
Savior divine!
Now hear me while I pray;
Take all my guilt away;
O let me, from this day,
Be wholly thine.
- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart;
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,

O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire.

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

3.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow!
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls, be glad:
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4.

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

5.

- 1 We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy
love,
For Jesus, who died, and is now gone above.
Cho—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hal-
lelujah! amen, etc.
- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of
light,
Who has shown us our Savior, and scat-
tered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise, to the Lamb that
was slain,
Who has borne all our sins and has
cleansed every stain.

THE PILGRIM COMPANY.

Arranged by Rev. W. McDONALD.

1. What poor de-spi-sed com-pa-ny Of trav-el-ers are these,
Chorus.—I had rath-er be the least of them, Who are the Lord's alone,

Who walk in yon-der nar-row way, A-long that rugged maze?
Than wear a roy-al di-a-dem, And sit up-on a throne.

- 2 Ah! these are of a royal line,
All children of a King,
Heirs of immortal crowns divine,
And lo! for joy they sing.
- 3 But some of them seem poor, distressed,
And lacking daily bread; [sess'd,
Ah! they're of boundless wealth pos-
With heavenly manna fed.
- 4 But why keep they the narrow road,
That rugged thorny maze?
Why that's the way their leader trod,
They love and keep his ways.
- 5 What, is there then no other road
'To Salem's happy ground?
Christ is the only way to God,
None other can be found.

2. GLORY TO THE LAMB.

By Rev. B. W. GORHAM. *Fine.* D.C.

1. { The world is o-ver-come By the blood of the Lamb, }
{ The world is o-ver-come By the blood of the Lamb, } Glo-ry to the Lamb.
Glo-ry to the Lamb, Glory to the Lamb.

- 2 My sins are washed away
In the blood of the Lamb.
- 3 I've washed my garments white
In the blood of the Lamb.
- 4 The martyrs overcame
By the blood of the Lamb.
- 5 I soon shall mount the skies
Through the blood of the Lamb.
- 3.
- 1 O, now I see the crimson wave,
The fountain deep and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.
Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and O it cleanseth me:
O, praise the Lord, it cleanseth me!
It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!
- 2 I see the new creation rise,
I hear the speaking blood:
It speaks! polluted nature dies!
Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
- 3 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world and sin,
With heart made pure, and garments white
And Christ enthroned within.

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REPENTANCE.

55

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been
 2. I am low-est of those who love him, I am weakest of those who

more, And I scarce can see for weep-ing, But I'll
 pray; But I come as he has bid-den, And

CHORUS.
 knock at the o - pen door.... I know I am weak and
 he will not say me nay.....

sin-ful, It comes to me more and more; But when the dear

Sa - vior shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door....

3 My mistakes his free grace will cover,
 My sins he will wash away,
 And the feet that shrink and falter
 Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

4 The mistakes of my life have been many,
 And my spirit is sick with sin,
 And I scarce can see for weeping,
 But the Savior will let me in.

EDEN ABOVE.

This piece of music has been sung by Rev. William Taylor in India, Africa and South America.

1. { We're bound for the land of the pure and the ho - ly—The home of the
Ye wand'ers from God in the broad road of fol - ly— O say, will you

CHORUS.

hap - py—the kingdom of love:) Will you go? Will you go? Will you go?
go to the E - den a - bove?)

Will you go? O say, will you go to the E - den a - bove?

2
In that blessed land neither sighing nor anguish
Can breathe in the fields where the glorified rove;
Ye heart-burden'd ones who in misery languish,
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?
Will you go? will you go? &c.
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

3
March on, happy pilgrims, that land is before you,
And soon its ten thousand delights we shall prove;
Yes, soon we shall walk o'er the hills of bright
glory,
And drink the pure joys of the Eden above.
We will go, we will go:
Oh, yes, we will go to the Eden above.

1
Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the savior is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2
Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

4
And yet, guilty sinner, we would not forsake thee;
We halt yet a moment, as onward we move,
Oh, come to thy Lord—in his arms he will take
thee,
And bear thee along to the Eden above:
Will you go? will you go? &c.
Oh, say, will you go to the Eden above?

5
Methinks thou art now, in thy wretchedness say-
ing,
Oh, who can this guilt from my conscience re-
move?
No other but Jesus;— then come to him praying.
Prepare me, O Lord, for the Eden above,
Will you go? will you go?
At last, will you go to the Eden above?

2.
3
Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

4
Delay not, delay not, the hour is at hand,
The earth shall dissolve, and the heavens shall
fade,
The dead, small and great, in the judgment shall
stand:
What power then, O sinner, will lend thee its
aid!

REPENT AND BELIEVE.

57

FANNIE J. CROSBY,

G. P. BENJAMIN, by per.

1 Stay not till to-morrow, oh, sin-ner, a-rise, To seek thy sal-va-tion, Be
2 Stay not till to-morrow, this mo-ment, improve, The Sa-vior invites thee Re-

ac-tive, be wise; The Fa-ther is wait-ing his child to re-ceive, He
ject not his love; The Sa-vior, who languished thy soul to re-trieve, This

CHORUS.

longs to embrace thee, repent and believe. Re-pent and believe, re-
on-ly he asks thee, re-pent and believe.

-pent and be-lieve, Oh, would'st thou be happy, re-pent and believe.

3 Stay not till to-morrow, its light may
behold,
Thy form and thy features all lifeless
and cold;
The Spirit entreating, oh, why wilt thou
grieve?
Be warned of thy danger, repent and
believe.

4 Come, kneel at the cross where the Sa-
vior has died,
Come wash in the fountain that flows
from his side;
Now trust him by faith, and a bless-
ing receive,
He only can save thee, repent and be-
lieve.

1 O for a glance of heavenly day,
To take this stubborn heart away;
And thaw, with beams of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.
2 The rocks can rend; the earth can quake
The seas can roar; the mountains shake:
Of feeling, all things show some sign,
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

2.
3 To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
O Lord, an adamant would melt:
But I can read each moving line,
And nothing moves this heart of mine.
4 But power divine can do the deed;
And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
Thy Spirit can from dross refine.
And melt and change this heart of mine.

BLESSED JESUS, THOU ART MINE.

1 John 2:10.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Blessed Je - sus, thou art mine, All I have is wholly
Blessed Je - sus, thou art mine, All I have is

thine; Thou dost dwell within my heart, Thou dost
whol-ly thine; Thou dost dwell with - in my heart,

reign in ev - ery part; Bless - ed Je - sus, keep me
Thou dost reign in ev - ery part; Blessed Je - sus,

white, Keep me walk - ing in the light, Bless - ed
keep me white, Keep me walk - ing in the light,

Je - sus, keep me white, Keep me walk - ing in the light.
Blessed Je - sus, keep me white, Keep me walking in the light.

2 I am safe within the fold,
All my cares are on thee rolled,
I enjoy the sweetest rest,
For I'm leaning on thy breast;
Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light.

3 Precious Jesus, day by day
Keep me in the holy way;
Keep my mind in perfect peace;
Every day my faith increase;
Blessed Jesus, keep me white,
Keep me walking in the light.

2.

1 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 Savior, hide,
'Til the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last.

All my trust on thee is stayed;
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.

2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee,
Leave, O leave me not alone:
Still support and comfort me;

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.

Hymn No. 2, can be used to music on page 58.

3. PURER IN HEART.

Mrs A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE. by per.

1. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de-
2. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to
3. Pur - er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I thy

vote my life Whol - ly to thee. Watch thou my wayward feet,
do thy will Most lov - ing - ly, Be thou my friend and guide,
ho - ly face One day may see. Keep me from se - cret sin,

Guide me with counsel sweet, Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Let me with thee a - bide, Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.
Reign thou my soul within, Pur - er in heart, Help me to be.

THE SWING OF CONQUEST.

Rev. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

From "QUIVER," by per.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. They come, the war - - - scarr'd vet'rans come, With bu - gle
 2. They come, the war - scarr'd vet' - rans come, they come,
 war - scarr'd Chris - tian host From mountain,
 host, they come. they come,

blast, and beat of drum, With hearts of flame,
 With bu - gle blast, and beat of drum, With heart of flame.
 vale, and stormy coast, With hearts of flame.
 From mountain, vale, and stormy coast, With hearts of flame.

and flash-ing eye Their measured steps go firm-ly by,
 and flash-ing eye, and flash-ing eye, go firm-ly by, go firmly by,
 and flash-ing eye, They throng the path, ways to the sky,
 and flash-ing eye, -ways to the sky, to the sky.

CHORUS.
 While banners float a - bove their heads, And swing of
 While banners float a - bove their heads,

con - - quest marks their tread, While banners float a - bove their
 And swing of conquest marks their tread, marks their tread; While banners float

THE SWING OF CONQUEST—Concluded.

heads,..... The swing of con - quest marks their tread.....
 a-hove their heads, The swing of conquest marks their tread,marks their tread.

3 They come, the children see they come,
 With happy hearts their banners fly,
 Hosanna sing! Hosanna shout!
 We'll meet and greet him by and by.

HOSANNA TO OUR KING.

DUETT.

J. H. TENNEY, by per.

1. When Je - sus left the throne of God, He chose a hum - ble birth; A
 2. Like him may we be found be - low, In wisdom's paths of peace; Like
 3. When Je - sus in - to Sa - lem rode, The children sang a - round; For
 4. Oh, may we learn to love his name, That name di - vine - ly sweet; May

man of griefs, like us he trod, A lone - ly path on earth.
 him in grace and knowledge grow, As years and strength in - crease.
 joy they plucked the palms and strewed Their garments on the ground.
 ev' - ry pulse thro' life pro - claim, And our last breath re - peat!

CHORUS.

Ho - san - na our glad voices raise, Ho - san - na to our Savior
 Ho - san - na our glad voices raise, Ho -

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

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me; Oh,

CHO.—I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be! I'll
may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Sa - vior and my God!

live for Him who died for me, My Sa - vior and my God.

2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live; And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Savior and my God!	3. Oh, thou who died on Calvary To save my soul and make me free, I consecrate my life to thee, My Savior and my God!
---	--

2. WHO ARE THESE ARRAYED IN WHITE?

Dedicated to my sainted mother.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Who are these array'd in white, Brighter than the noon - day sun? Foremost
2. These are they who bore the cross; No-bly for their Master stood; Sufferers

CHO. They have washed their garments white, In the blood of Cal - va - ry's Lamb; Witnessed
of the sons of light, Near - est the e - ter - nal throne?
in his righteous cause; Follow'rs of the dy - ing God.
to his sav - ing power, Through great trib - u - la - tion came.

3 Out of great distress they came; Washed their robes, by faith below, In thy blood, O glorious Lamb! Blood that washes white as snow;	4 Therefore are they near the throne; Serve their Maker day and night; God resides among his own, God doth in his saints delight.
---	--

OH! 'T WAS LOVE.

63

Dedicated to the young people of Mt. Pleasant, O.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh, tell the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of love so full and free; I
 2. He died for me, naught but his love, Could melt this heart of mine; Oh,
 3. His life, his death, his precious love, To you shall all be given; Come

give my-self, my all to Him, Who bled and died for me.
 come and take the pre - cious gift, Of peace and joy di - vine.
 now, ac - cept his off - ered grace, And reign with Him in heav'n.

CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, sweet love, Oh, 'twas love, sweet love, That Jesus died for me; Oh 'twas

love, sweet love, Oh, 'twas love, sweet love, That love so full and free.

2.

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

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

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MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

ROBERT MORRIS. LL. D.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Each cooing dove..... and sigh-ing bough..... That makes the
 2. Each flow'ry glen..... and moss-y dell..... Where hap-py
 3. And when I read..... the thrilling lore..... Of Him who

1. Each cooing dove, and sighing bough,
 2. Each flow'ry glen, and moss-y dell,
 3. And when I read the thrilling lore

Bass.

eye..... so blest to me..... Has something far..... di - vin - er
 birds..... in song a - gree..... Thro' sunny morn..... the prais - es
 walked..... upon the sea..... I long, oh, how..... I long once

That makes the eye so blest to me, Has something far
 Where happy birds in song agree, Thro' sunny morn
 Of Him who walked upon the sea, I long, oh, how

now..... It bears me back..... to Gal - i - lee.....
 tell Of sights and sounds..... in Gal - i - lee.....
 more..... To follow Him..... in Gal - i - lee.....

di - vin - er now, It bears me back to Gal - i - lee.
 the praises tell Of sights and sound in Gal - i - lee.
 I long once more To fol - low Him in Gal - i - lee.

MEMORIES OF GALILEE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Oh, Gal - i - lee, sweet Gal - i - lee, Where Je - sus lov'd so much to be. Oh.

Gal - i - lee, blue Gal - i - lee, Come sing thy song a-gain to me.

REJOICING EVERMORE.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Tho' troubles as - sail, and dan - gers af - fright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us

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

fail and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing se - cures us, whatever be -
learn to trust for our bread, His saints what is fit - ting, shall ne'er bede -

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

tide, The prom - ise as - sures us,—The Lord will pro - vide.
nied, So long as 'tis written,—The Lord will pro - vide.

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

3 When Satan appears to stop up our path,
And fills us with fears, we triumph by faith;
He cannot take from us, (though oft he has tried)
The heart-cheering promise—The Lord will provide.

4 He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain;
The good that we seek we ne'er shall obtain:
But when such suggestions our graces have tried,
This answers all questions,—The Lord will provide.

VICTORY.

Harmonized and arranged R. E. H.

REV. W. O. PIERCE.

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mer-cy is
 2. And now Christ is read-y your souls to receive, O how can you question, if
 3. Why will you be starv'ing, and feed-ing on air? There's mer-cy in Je-sus, e-

com-ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in-vites you, the Spir-it says, "Come," And
 you will be-lieve? If sin is your bur-den, why will you not come? 'Tis
 nough and, to spare; If still you are doubt-ing, make tri-al and see, And

CHORUS.

an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.
 you he bids wel-come; he bids you come home. Oh come, come to Je-sus, oh
 prove that his mer-cy is boundless and free.

come to-day; The Spir-it in-vites you now, oh come without de-lay, A

home and a man-sion is pre-pared for thee, Halle-lu-jah to Je-sus, for the vic-to-ry.

1.

1 Come, weary sinner, to the Cross
The Savior bids you come;
Come trusting in his precious blood;
Wait not—there still is room.

Chorus.

Jesus now is passing by, passing by, passing by,
Jesus now is passing by, I'll go out to meet him.
While he is so very nigh, very nigh, very nigh,
While he is so very nigh, I'll go out to greet him.

2 Oh! why delay your long return?
The Spirit gently pleads:
Come to the Cross whereon for you
The dying Savior bleeds.

3 He waits to fill your soul with joy,
And all your sins forgive;
His love for you no tongue can tell;
Oh! trust his grace and live!

2.

1 I would not live away; I ask not to stay
Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the way;
The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here
Are enough for life's joys, full enough for its cheer
Chorus.

Then sound the loud timbel o'er death's dark sea,
Triumphant in Jesus forever we are free
As we pass over Jordan this our song shall be
Hallelujah to Jesus for the victory,

2 I would not live away; no—welcome the tomb!
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its gloom:
There sweet be my rest till he bid me arise:
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.

3 There saints of all ages in harmony meet,
Their Savior and brethren transported to greet;
While anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.

3.

1 Oh, sometimes the shadows are eep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, how often they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

Cho. O, then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I:
O, then, to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how heavy my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!

3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep
Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

4.

1 Brother, brother, give up your heart to God,
And you shall have a new hiding place that day.

Chorus.

Oh! the rocks and the mountains shall all flee
away,

But you shall have a new hiding place that day.

2 Sister, sister give up your heart to God,
And you shall have a new hiding place that day.

3 Sinner, sinner give up your heart to God,
And you shall have a new hiding place that day.

4 Mourner, mourner give up your heart to God,
And you shall have a new hiding place that day.

5.

1. I want a present living faith,
That I may prove each day, each hour,
Amid the toils and cares of life.
My precious Savior's love and power,
I want amid the petty cares,
That daily weary and annoy,
To live by faith so near my God,
That life shall be a constant joy.

2. I want a firm, unwavering faith,
That bringeth good from seeming ill,
That e'en amid affliction's blast,
Rejoices in the Father's will,
That when long cherished hope's denied;
Still sings "a glad triumphant song,
Knowing that he who reigns on high,
A God of love can do no wrong.

3. I want a faith that falters not,
Let skies be bright or tempest beat,
That 'mid earth's joys and cares and griefs,
Victorious sits at Jesus' feet.
Give me such faith, and then I know,
When I shall pass cold Jordan's wave,
The faith that kept me day by day,
Will be triumphant o'er the grave.

6.

1. Are you ready for the bridegroom
When he comes, when he comes?
Are you ready for the bridegroom
When he comes, when he comes;
Behold! he cometh! Behold! he cometh!
Be robed and ready, for the Bridegroom comes.

Cho. Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes!
Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes!
Behold! he cometh! behold! he cometh!
Be robed and ready for the Bridegroom comes.

2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning
When he comes, when he comes;
Have your lamps trimmed and burning
When he comes, when he comes;
He quickly cometh, he quickly cometh!
O soul! be ready when the Bridegroom comes,

3. We will chant alleluias
When he comes, when he comes;
We will chant alleluias
When he comes, when he comes;
Lo! now he cometh! Lo! now he cometh!
Sing alleluia! for the Bridegroom comes,

7.

1. I am dwelling on the mountain,
Where the golden sunlight gleams;
O'er a land whose wondrous beauty
Far exceeds my fondest dreams;
Where the air is pure ethereal,
Laden with the breath of flowers;
That are blooming by the fountain,
'Neath the amaranthine bowers.

Cho. Is not this the land of Beulah,
Blessed, blessed land of light,
Where the flowers bloom forever,
And the the sunlight fadeeth not?

2. I am drinking at the fountain
Where I ever would abide;
For I've tasted life's pure river;
And my soul is satisfied;
There's no thirsting for life's pleasures:
Nor adorning rich and gay,
For I've found a richer treasure,
One that fadeeth not away.

3. Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear.
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear:
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross
Worldly honors all forsaking:
For the glory of the Cross.

JESUS. MY ALL.

1. { Lord, at thy mer - cy seat, Hum - bly fall; } Now let thy work begin,
Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call;

2. { Tears of re - pent - ent grief Si - lent - ly fall; } Oh, how I pine for thee.
Help thou my un - be - lief, Hear thou my call.

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from ev' - ry sin, Je - sus, my all.
'Tis all my hope, my plea, Je - sus has died for me, Je - sus, my all.

3 Hark! how the words of love
Tenderly fall;
Ere to the realms above
Heard is my call.
Now every doubt has flown,
Broken my heart of stone,
Lord, I am thine alone,
Jesus, my all.

4 Wash me and make me clean—
Pure as thou art;
Each root and seed of sin
Take from my heart;
Make me, in thought and word,
Like unto thee, my Lord;
Then be thy grace adored
For evermore.

2.

- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

3.

- 1 When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all!
- 3 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

4.

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

5.

- 1 O bless the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim;
And all that is within me, join
To bless his holy name.
- 2 He clothes thee with his love,
Upholds thee with his truth;
And like the eagle he renews
The vigor of thy youth.
- 3 Then bless his holy name
Whose grace hath made thee whole:
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days
O bless the Lord, my soul!

HARVEST PRAYER.

Rev. G. F. OLIVER. 69

1. Lord of the liv - ing har - vest That whitens o'er the plain, Where
 2. As la - borers in thy vine - yard, Send us, O Christ, to be Con -
 3. Come down, thou Ho - ly Spir - it! And fill our souls with light, Clothe

an - gels soon shall gath - er Their sheaves of gold - en grain.
 tent to bear the bur - den Of wea - ry days for thee.
 us in spot - less ra - ment, In lin - en clean and white.

CHORUS.

Ac - cept these hands to la - bor, These hearts to trust and love, And

deign with them to hast - en Thy king - dom from a - bove.

2.

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee!
 Nearer to Thee!
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be—
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone;
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—
 Nearer to Thee!

3.

- 1 Take my life and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee;
 Take my hands and let them move
 At the impulse of thy love.

Cho. Wash me in the Savior's precious blood
 Cleanse me in its purifying flood,
 Lord, I give to thee my life and all to be
 Thine, henceforth, eternally.

- 2 Take my love—my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee.

STAR OF THE TWILIGHT.

FROM VON WEBER,

Legato.

1. Star of the twilight, Beau-ti-ful star, Gladly we hail thee, Shining a - far;
2. Ea - ger-ly watching, Wait-ing for thee, Look we at evening, O'er the dark sea;

Rest from your labors, Children of toil, Night closes o'er ye, Rest ye a - while.
Soon as thou shinest Soft on the air, Borne by the light breeze, Floateth our prayer.

Rest ye, rest ye a while.
Floateth, floateth our prayer.

This is our greeting, Signalled afar, Star of the twilight, Beau - ti-ful star.
Watch o'er us kindly, Home from afar; Light thou our pathway, Beautiful, beautiful star.

2.

- 1 How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet
flowers,
Have all lost their sweetness to me;—
The midsummer's sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.
- 2 His Name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice;
I should, were he always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I,—
My summer would last all the year.
- 3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

3.

- 1 Hark! the voice of Jesus calling.—
Who will go and work to-day?
Fields are white, the harvest waiting,
Who will bear the sheaves away?
Loud and long the Master calleth,
Rich reward he offers free;
Who will answer, gladly saying,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."
- 2 If you cannot cross the ocean
And the heathen lands explore,
You can find the heathen nearer,
You can help them at your door;
If you cannot speak like angels,
If you cannot preach like Paul,
You can tell the love of Jesus,
You can say he died for all.
- 3 While the souls of men are dying,
And the Master calls for you,
Let none hear you idly saying,
"There is nothing I can do!"
Gladly take the task he gives you,
Let his work your pleasure be;
Answer quickly when he calleth,
"Here am I, O Lord, send me."

1. I saw a hap-py pil-grim, In shi - ning garments clad,
He had no cares nor bur-dens, He'd laid them at the cross,

And trav'ling up the mountain, His coun - te-nance was glad;
The blood of Christ, his Sa - vior, Had wash'd him from all dross.

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic-to - ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic-to - ry, We shall wear.

2 The summer sun was sinking,
The sweat was on his brow;
His garments worn and dusty,
His step seemed very slow;
But he kept pressing onward,
For he was wending home.
Still shouting as he journeyed,
Deliverance will come.

3 I saw him in midsummer,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing all the day.
He found a store of honey
And wine upon the lees,
And fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.

4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
Had overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosannah!
Deliverance will come.

5 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon the shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!

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

2.

2 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heav'nly pow'rs,
And antedate that day:
We feel the resurrection near,—
Our life in Christ concealed,—
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.

DEATH IS THERE.

By permission of T. C. O'KANE

Rev. T. C. NEAL.

1. Oh, touch it not,..... for deep..... with - in That
 2. That spark - ling glass,..... if you..... par - take, Will
 3. Then pause ere yet the cup..... you drain; The

ru - by tint - ed bowl, that ru - by tint - ed bowl, Lie hid - den
 prove your dead - ly foe, will prove your dead - ly foe, And may ere
 hand that lifts it, stay! the hand that lifts it, stay! Re - solve for -

fiends of guilt,..... and sin, To seize,.... to seize up -
 yet its bub - bles break, Have sealed, have sealed your
 ev er to ab - stain, And cast,.... and cast.... the

CHORUS.

ff
 on your soul. Oh, touch not the wine - cup! The sparkling, tempting, pois'ning
 end - less woe. Oh, touch it not! Oh, touch it not!
 bowl a - way.

Repeat pp.
 Oh, touch not the wine - cup!
 wine - cup! Oh, touch it not! Oh, touch it not! For death, sure death is there, is there.

1

Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve:
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

CHO.—Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, Bringing in the sheaves.

Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Go, then, ever trusting, sowing for the Master,
Tho' the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2

O land of rest, for thee I sigh,
When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by,
And dwell in peace at home?

CHO.—We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
We'll work till Jesus comes,
And we'll be gathered home.

No tranquil joys on earth I know,
No peaceful, sheltering dome;
This world's a wilderness of woe,
This world is not my home.

To Jesus Christ I fled for rest,
He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on his breast,
Till he conduct me home.

I sought at once my Saviour's side,
No more my steps shall roam;
With him I'll brave death's chilling tide,
And reach my heav'nly home.

3

Down in the valley among the sweet grasses,
Walks my Beloved,—his foot-prints I see;
Haste I to follow him, Saviour and Lover,
How the winds whisper thy dear name to me.

Know'st thou I seek thee? O haste to discover
The place of thy shelter'd and fragrant retreat,
Where thou dost rest with thy flocks at the noontide,
By fountains of water, unsearch'd by the heat.

Now I approach thee, O fairest Redeemer!
Lured by thy beauty to dwell in thy love:
Hide not thy face from the heart that adores thee;
Have I not sought thee, and found thee,
my "Dove"!

Gentler thy voice than the whisper of angels,—

Brighter thy smile than the sun in the sky:
Gather me tenderly, close to thy bosom,
Faint with thy loveliness—there let me die.

4

Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,
Sowing the seed by the noontide glare,
Sowing the seed by the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

CHO.—Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
Gathered in time or eternity,
Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be

Sowing the seed by the wayside high,
Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,
Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,
Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,
Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,
Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame:
Oh, what shall the harvest be?
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

5

Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing power?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Are you fully trusting in his grace this hour?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHO.—Are you washed in the blood,
In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are your garments spotless?
Are they white as snow?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are you walking daily by the Saviour's side?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
Do you rest each moment in the Crucified?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white,
Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb?
Will your soul be ready for the mansions bright,
And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?

6

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

CHO.—Oh! depths of mercy, can it be,
That gate stands open wide for me,
Stands open wide, both night and day,
Stands open wide for me?

That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation

Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

1

A beautiful land by faith I see
 A land of rest, from sorrow free;
 The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
 And beautiful ange.'s too are there.

Cho.:—Will you go? will you go,
 Go to that beautiful land with me?
 Will you go? will you go,
 Go to that beautiful land?

That land is called the city of Light;
 It ne'er has known the shades of night;
 The glory of God, the light of day,
 Hath driven the darkness far away.

In vision I see its streets of gold,
 Its gates of pearl, too, I behold;
 The river of life, the crystal sea,
 The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

The ransomed throng, arrayed in white,
 In rapture range the plains of light;
 In one harmonious choir they praise
 Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace

2

Parents, won't you come along?
 Parents, won't you come along?
 Parents, won't you come along
 To the new Jerusalem?

Cho.:—There we'll have a happy time,
 There we'll have a happy time,
 There we'll have a happy time,
 In the new Jerusalem.

[There we'll sit at Jesus' feet,
 In the new Jerusalem.

[There we shall our loved ones meet,
 In the New Jerusalem.

3

We are coming to the fountain,
 We are kneeling at its brink;
 From its pure and living waters,
 Jesus says we too may drink.

REFRAIN.:—We are coming to the Fountain,
 For we know there yet is room,
 Room for every one that thirsteth,
 And the Saviour bids us come.

We are coming to the fountain
 Flowing fresh and clear and free;
 We are coming, blessed Saviour,
 Bringing all we have to thee.

We are coming now to Jesus,
 We have nowhere else to go,
 And we know he will receive us,
 For his word has told us so.

4

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

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

5

Suffer little children to come unto me;
 Let the children come, Let the children come;
 For of such the kingdom of heaven shall be:
 Let the children come;

Cho.:—Blessed words of Jesus, Blessed words
 of Jesus.
 Blessed words of Jesus, Let the little children
 come.

He the lambs will gather and fold in his arms;
 Let the children come, Let the children come;
 Safe from every danger and free from alarms;
 Let the children come.

Whosoever will, now may come unto me;
 Let the children come, Let the children come;
 Mercy's door is open, salvation is free;
 Let the children come.

Cho.:—Blessed words of Jesus, Blessed words
 of Jesus,
 Blessed words of Jesus, "Whosoever will
 may come."

6

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

Cho.:—We're marching to Zion,
 Beautiful, beautiful Zion:
 We're marching upward to Zion,
 The beautiful city of God.

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

Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
 No! lay thine armor down:
 The work of faith will not be done,
 Till thou obtain the crown.

Then persevere till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God;
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath
 To His divine abode.

7

Ever-blessed Jesus,
 Listen unto me,
 Bow thine ear and hear me,
 While I call to thee;
 I am weak and sinful,
 Thou art pure and strong:
 Take my hand, dear Jesus,
 Lead thy child along.

Cho.:—Take my hand, dear Jesus,
 Let me never stray;
 Take my hand and lead me
 In the better way.

Ever-blessed Jesus,
 Bless thy wayward child;
 Keep my feet from straying
 Thro' the desert wild:
 I would never wander
 From thy loving side;
 Ever-blessed Jesus,
 Be my constant guide.

1

I saw one hanging on a tree,
In agony and blood
Who fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near the cross I stood.

CHO:—Oh, the blood, the precious blood!
That Jesus shed for me
Upon the cross in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

Sure, never, till my latest breath,
Can I forget that look:
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

Alas! I knew not what I did,—
But now my tears are vain;
Where shall my trembling soul be hid,
For I the Lord have slain!

A second look he gave, that said,
"I freely all forgive:
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

2

Children of the heavenly King,
As we journey let us sing:
Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

CHO:—Walk, walk in the light,
Walk, walk in the light,
Walk, walk in the light,
The golden light of God.

We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way our fathers trod,
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land:
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.

Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee!

3

There is a spot to me more dear
Than native vale or mountain;
A spot for which affection's tear,
Springs grateful from its fountain:
'Tis not where kindred souls abound,
Though that is almost heaven,
But where I first my Saviour found,
And felt my sins forgiven.

Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was near me,
And cried "Oh! save me, Lord, from death,
Immortal Jesus, hear me."
Then quick as thought I felt him mine,
My Saviour stood before me,
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted "Glory! Glory!"

O sacred hour! O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me,
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee,
And when from earth I rise to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

4

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because my blessed Jesus
From my sins has ransomed me.

CHO:—This is why I love my Jesus,
This is why I love him so:
He atoned for my transgressions,
He has washed me white as snow,

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because the blood of Jesus
Fully saves and cleanses me.

Would you know why I love Jesus?
Why he is so dear to me?
'Tis because, amid temptation,
He supports and strengthens me.

5

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

CHO:—Many are the friends who are wait-
ing to-day,
Happy on the golden strand,
Many are the voices calling us away,
To join their glorious band:
[Calling us away, Calling us away,
Calling to the better land.:]

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

I ask them whence their victory came:
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to His death.

6

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

The father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his son:
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

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

1.

He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around—
 A solemn darkness veils the skies,
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground;
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two
 For him who groaned beneath your load
 He shed a thousand drops for you—
 A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree
 The Lord of glory dies for man!
 But lo! what sudden joys we see:
 Jesus, the dead, revives again.
 The rising God forsakes the tomb;
 (In vain the tomb forbids his rise;
 Cherubic legions guard him home,
 And shout him welcome to the skies.)

Break off your tears, ye saints, and tell
 How high your great Deliverer reigns.
 Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,
 And led the monster death in chains:
 Say, Live forever, wondrous King!
 Born to redeem, and strong to save.
 Then ask the monster, Where's thy sting?
 And, Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

2.

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

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

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

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

3.

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

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

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

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

4.

Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
 And sing my great Redeemer's praise.
 He justly claims a song from me—
 His loving kindness, oh how free!

He saw me ruined by the fall,
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all;
 He saved me from my lost estate—
 His loving kindness, oh how great!

Although I feel my sinful heart,
 Prone from my Saviour to depart,
 And though I have him oft forgot,
 His loving kindness changes not.

Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,
 Soon all my mortal powers must fall.
 Oh! may my last expiring breath
 His loving kindness sing in death.

5.

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

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

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

When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain,
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.

6.

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

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

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

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

7

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear,
 It sooths his sorrow, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

Chor.:—Oh! the Lamb, the loving Lamb,
 The Lamb on Calvary!
 The Lamb that was slain, yet lives again,
 To intercede for me.

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

Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding place:
 My never-failing treasury, fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

1.

A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.

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

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

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

2.

And can I yet delay
My little all to give?
To tear my soul from earth away
For Jesus to receive.

Nay, but I yield, I yield;
I can hold out no more:
I sink, by dying love compelled,
And own thee conqueror.

Though late, I all forsake:
My friends my all, resign.
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine.

Come and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove,
Settle and fix my wav'ring soul
With all thy weight of love.

3.

My latest run is sinking fast,
My race is nearly run.
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.

Cho.—Oh come, angel band,
Come and around me stand,
Oh bear me away on your snowy wings
To my immortal home.

I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks—
The crossing must be near.

I've almost gained my heav'nly home,
My spirit loudly sings
The holy ones, behold, they come—
I hear the noise of wings.

4.

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

R.F.—He leadeth me, He leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me,

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

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

5.

Whither goest thou, pilgrim stranger,
Wand'ring 'thru this gloomy vale?
Knowest thou not tis full of danger,
And will not thy courage fail?

Cho.—No, I'm bound for the kingdom.
Will you go to glory with me.
Halle-lu-jah! Praise ye the Lord!

Pilgrim, thou hast justly call'd me,
Passing through the waste so wide,
But no harm will e'er befall me
While I'm blest with such a guide.

Such a guide! no guide attends thee,
Hence for thee my fears arise;
If some guardian power befriend thee,
'Tis unseen by mortal eyes.

Yes, unseen, but still believe me,
Such a guide my steps attends;
He'll in every strait relieve me,
He will guide me to the end.

6.

There were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold.
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold—
Away on the mountains, wild and bare,
Away from the tender Shepherd's care.

"Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of
mine,
Has wandered away from me;
And although the road be rough and steep,
I go to the desert to find my sheep."

But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord
passed through
Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
Out in the deser he heard its cry—
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

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

7

I stand all bewildered with wonder,
And gaze on the ocean of love;
And over its waves to my spirit
Come peace, like a heavenly dove.

Cho.—The cross now covers my sins,
The past is unde: the blood;
I'm trusting in Jesus for all,
My will is the will of my God.

I struggled and wrestled to win it,
The blessing that setteth me free;
But, when I had ceased from my struggles,
His peace Jesus gave unto me.

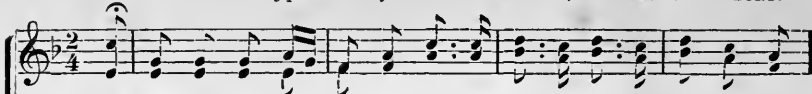
He laid his hand on me, and heal'd me,
And bade me be every whit whole;
I touched bu the hem of his garment,
And glory came thrilling my soul.

DRINK DRINK.

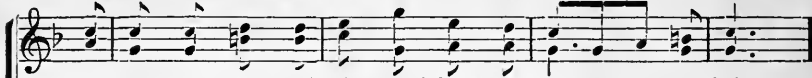
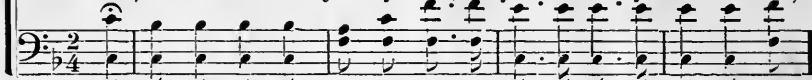
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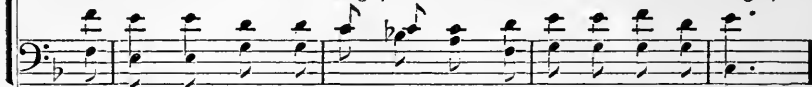
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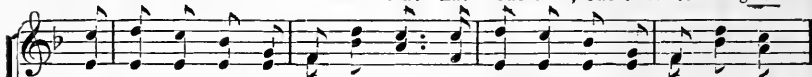
1. Drink not, ye mer - ry girls and boys, Of wine that sparkles, but decoys ;
 2. When Bacchus first the wine-cup brought, 'Twas found with purest grape juice fraught ;
 3. Well, let him shake his jol - ly sides, As years of fol - ly he de-rides,



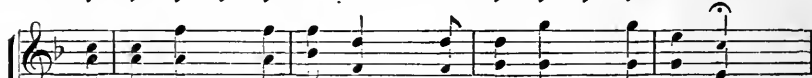
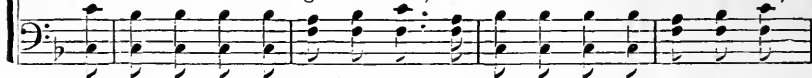
Drink wa - ter, pure and bright, Drink wa - ter pure..... and bright ;
 A jol - ly rogue was he, A jol - ly rogue..... was he.
 'Twill be our time to laugh, Ha! ha! our time..... to laugh ;



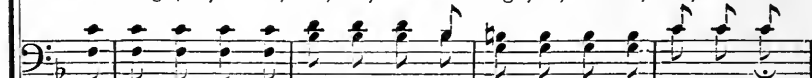
Drink wa - ter, wa - ter pure and bright ;
 A jol - ly, jol - ly rogue was he,
 Ha! ha! our time, our time to laugh!



It bringeth neither care nor pain, But cheereth like the gen - tle rain ;
 For when he saw man freely quaff'd, He drugg'd the bowl, and sly - ly laughed,
 When men re - fuse to "go it blind," And Bacchus can no follow'rs find,



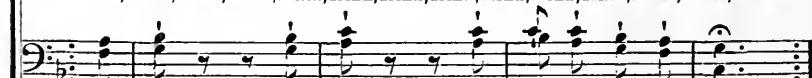
Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.
 We'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha, We'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha!



Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, &c.
 Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!
 We'll laugh, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!



Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink.



DRINK, DRINK.—Concluded.

79

Drink wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Drink wa-ter, water pure and bright, Drink

Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink.

wa - ter, pure wa - ter, Drink wa - ter, pure and bright.

drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, drink, Drink wa - ter pure and bright.

COLD WATER FOR ME.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh, come and join our temp'rance band, For truth and right we'll firm - ly stand, We're
2. Cold wa - ter, pure cold wa - ter bright, Shall be our watchword day and night, We're
3. We'll nev - er drink the poisoned cup, No! we'll not e - ven take a sup Of
4. We'll pray, we'll vote, we'll sing, we'll shout, Until we've put the de - mon out, Then

CHORUS.

joined to-gether hand in hand, Cold wa-ter for me.
 sure to conquer in this fight, Cold wa-ter for me. Cold wa-ter is my mot-to, Cold
 that which ruins, hangs men up, Cold wa-ter for me.
 for the right and truth we'll shout, Cold water for me.

wa-ter, I'm a cold wa-ter boy, Cold wa-ter is my mot-to, Cold wa-ter for me.
 girl,

ROCK'D IN THE CRADLE OF THE DEEP.

p

1. Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, I lay me down in peace to sleep, Se-
 2. And such the trust that still were mine, Tho' stormy winds swept o'er the brine, Or
 cure I rest up-on the wave, . . . For thou, oh! Lord, hast pow'r to save. I
 tho' the tempest's fiery breath Rous'd me from sleep to wreck and death. In
 know thou wilt notsight my call, For thou dost mark the spar-row's fall! And
 o - cean caves still safe with Thee, The germ of im-mor-tal - i - ty; And
 calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep, And
Upper notes, 1st verse. Lower notes, 2d verse.
 calm and peaceful is my sleep, Rock'd in the cra-dle of the deep.

2

As I rummaged through the attic,
 List'ning to the falling rain,
 As it pattered on the shingles,
 And against the window pane,
 Peeping over chests and boxes,
 Which with dust were thickly spread,
 Saw I in the farthest corner
 What was once my trundle bed.

So I drew it from the recess,
 Where it had remained so long,
 Hearing all the while the music
 Of my mother's voice in song,
 As she sung in sweetest accents,
 What I since have often read—
 "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed."

As I listened, recollections
 That I thought had been forgot,
 Came with all the gush of mem'ry,
 Rushing, thronging to the spot.
 And I wandered back to childhood,
 To those merry days of yore,
 When I knelt beside my mother,
 By this bed upon the floor.

Then it was with hands so gently
 Placed upon my infant head,
 That she taught my lips to utter
 Carefully the words she said.
 Never can they be forgotten,
 Deep are they in mem'ry riven—
 "Hallowed be thy name, O, Father!
 Father! Thou who art in heaven."

This she taught me, then she told me
 Of its import, great and deep—
 After which I learned to utter
 "Now I lay me down to sleep;"
 Then it was with hands uplifted,
 And in accents soft and mild,
 That my mother asked, "Our Father!
 Father! do thou bless my child."

Years have pass'd, and that dear mother,
 Long has mouldered 'neath the sod,
 And I trust her sainted spirit
 Revels in the home of God:
 But that scene at summer twilight,
 Never has from mem'ry fled,
 And it comes in all its freshness
 When I see my trundle bed.

3

A drunkard reached his cheerless home,
 The storm without was dark and wild.
 He forced his weeping wife to roam
 A wanderer, friendless with her child.
 As thro' the falling snow she pressed,
 The babe was sleeping on her breast.
 And colder still the winds did blow,
 And dark hours of night came on.
 And deeper grew the drifted snow—
 Her limbs were chilled, her strength was
 O God! she cried, in accents wild, [gone.
 If I must perish, save my child!

She stripped the mantle from her breast,
 And bared her bosom to the storm,
 As round the child she wrapped the vest,
 She smiled to think that it was warm.
 With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,
 The broken-hearted found relief,

At morn her cruel husband passed,
 And saw her on her snowy bed.
 Her tearful eyes were closed at last,
 Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled.
 He raised the mantle from the child,
 The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.

Shall this sad warning plead in vain?
 Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you.
 Now break the tempter's cruel chain,
 No more your dreadful way pursue.
 Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—
 Immortal soul, why will you die?
 Immortal soul, why will you die?







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