

"MAKE HIS PRAISE GLORIOUS"

SHOWERS OF BLESSING

BY

JNO. R. SWENEY

AND

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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JOHN J. HOOD
PHILADELPHIA

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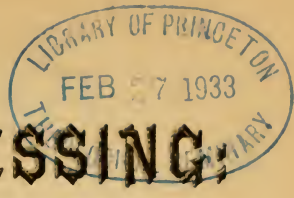
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SHOWERS OF BLESSING;

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS NEW AND OLD.

EDITORS:

JNO. R. SWENEY AND WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

"There shall be showers of blessing."
—Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

PHILADELPHIA :

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PREFACE.

A NEW collection of sacred music to be generally acceptable must present a goodly number of original compositions. SHOWERS OF BLESSING has over one hundred such. But as no good meeting will confine itself to the use of new music neither should a good hymn book omit the old and tried friends. An adequate supply of the hymns in daily use may be found at end of book.

Almost without exception the appropriate music accompanies each hymn. The advantage of this plan will be appreciated by organists and leaders.

To meet the wants of Sunday-schools adopting this work a number of pieces for Anniversary and Special occasions are inserted.

That the heavenly Showers of Blessing may accompany our work as it goes forth to its field of usefulness is the prayer of

THE EDITORS.

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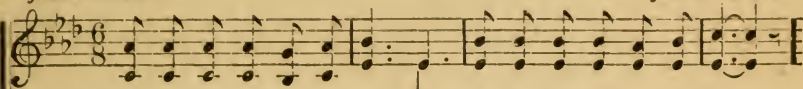
THE PUBLISHER.

SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

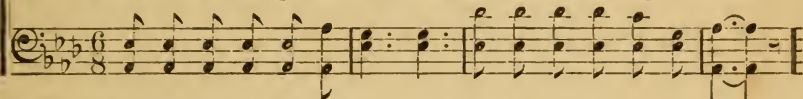
"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT.

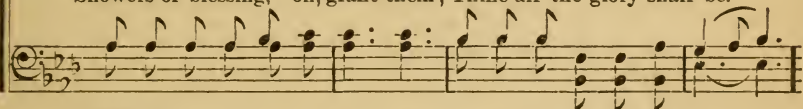
JNO. R. SWENET.



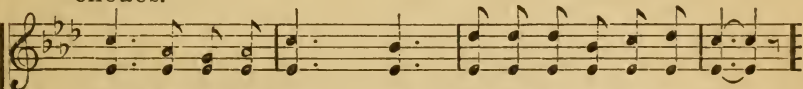
1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of blessing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;



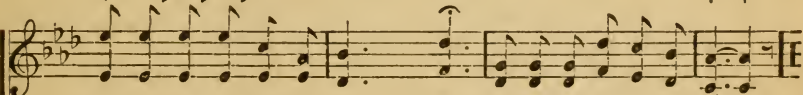
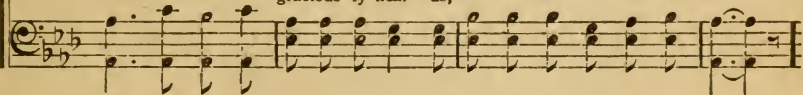
"There shall be showers of blessing" Thou hast declared in thy word.
While at the footstool of mercy Pleading thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt regard our petition; Surely our faith will prevail.
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.



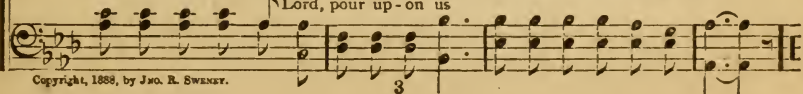
CHORUS.



Oh, gracious-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
gracious-ly hear us,



Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.
Lord, pour up-on us



4 We Come with Thanksgiving.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O Lord, in thy Zi-on praise waiteth for thee; Thy glo-ries are
 2. "The earth is the Lord's;" yea, its ful-ness is thine: The field and the
 3. Ten thousand the dan-gers that lurk in our way, But thou hast been
 4. Thy hand hath been o-pen our needs to sup-ply, Thine ear been at-

seen on the land, on the sea; We come to thy courts with thanks-
 for-est, the wealth of the mine; Thine all the years' boun-ty, its
 with us, our shelt-er and stay; Thine arm hath en-compassed thy
 tent-ive to each hum-ble cry; Thy grace all-a-bound-ing, O

Fine.
 giv-ing to-day, With grateful af-fec-tion our hom-age we pay.
 harvests of gold, Thy kindness hath crowned us with blessings untold.
 peo-ple from ill, For Is-ra-el's God is De-liv-er-er still.
 won-der-ful gift! A-gain with re-joic-ing our souls we up-lift.

D.S.—We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thy name.

CHORUS.

We come with thanksgiving,—O service of joy! Thy goodness and mercy our

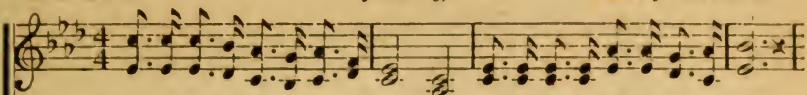
D.S.
 lips shall em-ploy; We come with thanksgiving, thy love to pro-claim,

Him that Cometh unto Me.

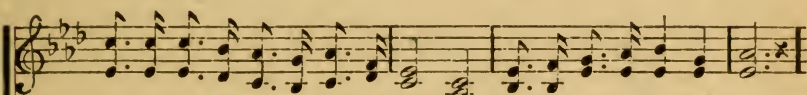
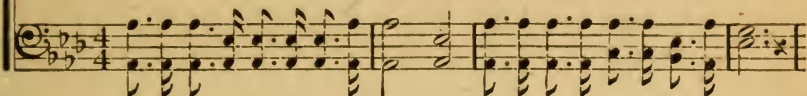
E. E. HEWITT.

John vi. 37.

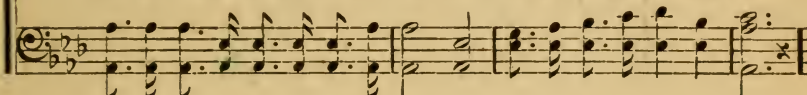
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



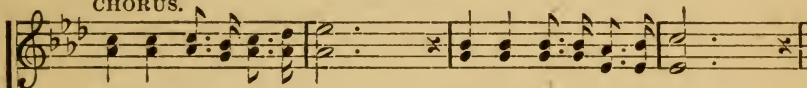
1. Listen to the blessed invitation, Sweeter than the notes of angel-song,
2. Weary toiler, sad and heavy-laden, Joyfully the great salvation see,
3. Come, ye thirsty, to the living waters, Hungry, come and on his bounty feed,



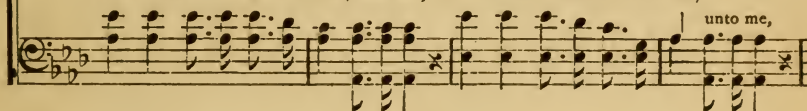
Chiming softly with a heavenly cadence, Calling to the passing throng.
 Close beside thee stands the Burden Bearer, Strong to bear thy load and thee.
 Not thy fitness is the plea to bring him, But thy pressing utmost need.



CHORUS.



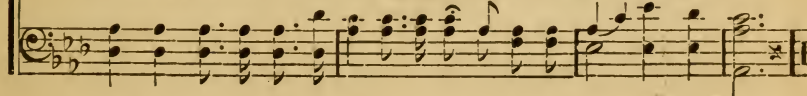
Him that cometh unto me, unto me, Him that cometh unto me,



unto me,



Him that cometh un-to me, un-to me, I will in no wise cast out.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed
 or sinful.
 Cometh for his healing touch divine,
 For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
 Prove anew this gracious line.</p> | <p>5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
 Breathing all the heart to him in
 prayer; [mansions,
 Coming some day to the heavenly
 He will give thee welcome there.</p> |
|--|--|

Sound the Trumpet.

MRS. KATE SUMNER BURR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sound the trumpet loud and long, The temple gates fling wide,
 2. Blow the trumpet's joy-ful blast, Re-turn, ye wanderers, home;
 3. Blow the trumpet, shout and sing, Let all the vales re-joice,

Fine.

Lo! he comes, the Great, the Strong, In Zi-on to a-bide.
 Your op-pres-sor's power is past, The Ju-bi-lee is come:
 Let the hills and mountains ring, And ut-ter forth their voice:

Not as in the former days A man of sorrows he,
 David's Son and Lord shall reign, His throne secure shall be;
 Zion's bulwarks firmly stand, Her walls in beauty shine;

the former days,
 the Lord shall reign,
 they firmly stand,

man of sorrows he,
 secure shall be;
 in beauty shine;

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.

Nations join to give him praise, And bow th' ador-ing knee. . . .
 Speed the news o'er land and main, His peo-ple all are free. . . .
 Strong her great Deliverer's hand, His ma-jes-ty di-vine. . . .

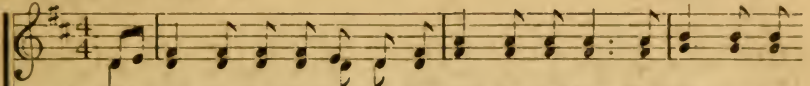
to give him praise,
 o'er land and main,
 Deliverer's hand,

The Lord is my Banner.

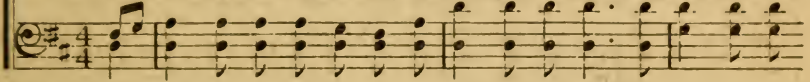
7

Rev. JOHN O. FOSTER, A. M.

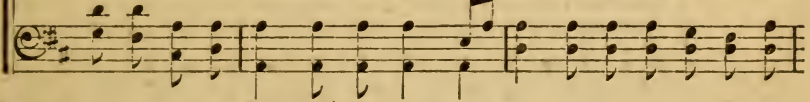
JNO. R. SWENEY.



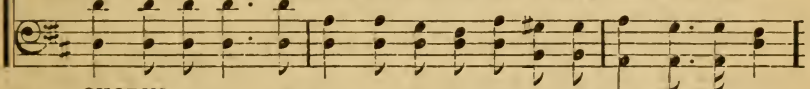
1. The Lord is my banner and the Lord is my King; We'll shout in his
2. The Lord is my Saviour, my Redeem-er from sin, The light of his
3. The Lord is my refuge when temptations a-rise, When clouds of thick
4. From-the Rock that was smitten, "that is higher than I," Come streams of sal-



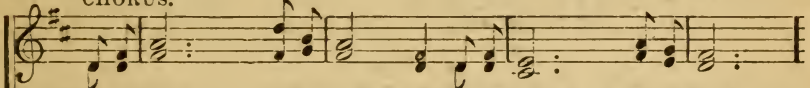
presence and his prais-es we'll sing: My Rock of Sal-va-tion, he is
presence makes me joy-ful with-in; The sun-light of glo-ry has il-
darkness o-ver-sha-dow the skies; When tempests are blowing and the
vation from the throne in the sky: We'll hon-or the Saviour for his



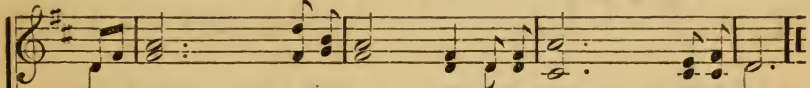
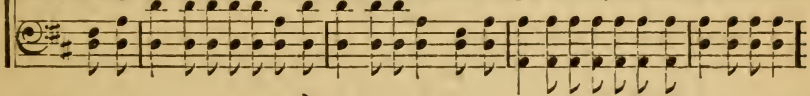
might-y to save From sin and temptation and from death and the grave.
lumined my soul, And-the gift of his Spirit makes me per-fect-ly whole.
dark billows roll; I'm hid-ing in Je-sus, and have peace in my soul.
in-fi-nite love, And work till he calls us to his prais-es a-bove.



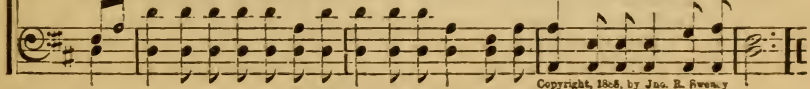
CHORUS.



Then we'll sing of his mer-cy and we'll trust in his word,
Then we'll sing of his mercy and we'll trust in his word, Then we'll sing of his mercy and we'll trust in his word,



And shout hal-le-lu-jah to the praise of the Lord.
And, shout hal-le-lu-jah to the praise of the Lord, to the praise, to the praise of the Lord.



The True Shepherd.

F. W. FABER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I was wan-der-ing and wea-ry When my Saviour came un-to me;
 2. At first I would not hearken, And put off till the morrow;
 3. At last I stopped to list-en, His voice could not deceive me;
 4. He took me on his shoulder, And ten-der-ly he kissed me;

For the ways of sin grew dreary, And the world had ceased to woo me: And I
 But life be-gan to dark-en, And I was sick with sorrow; Still I
 I saw his kind eyes glisten, So anxious to relieve me. I was
 He bade my love be bold-er, And said how he had missed me; Then I

CHORUS.

thought I heard him say, As he came along his way, O wand'ring souls,
 thought I heard him say, As he came along his way, come near me,
 sure I heard him say, As he came along his way,
 heard him sweetly say, As he went along his way,

My sheep should never fear me,
 My sheep should never fear me: I am the Shepherd true.

5 I thought his love would weaken,
 As more and more he knew me;
 But it burneth like a beacon,
 And its light and heat go thro' me.
 And I ever hear him say,
 As he goes along his way,

6 Let us do, then, dearest brothers, [us.
 What will best and longest please
 Follow not the ways of others,
 But trust ourselves to Jesus.
 We shall ever hear him say,
 As he goes along his way,

I am Thine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. Thine for-ev - er, gracious King! Safe I rest beneath thy wing, While I
 2. Thine for-ev - er, gracious King! Now my trusting heart can sing: Thine for-
 3. When the waves like mountains rise, When the clouds o'erspread the skies, Still I
 4. Thine for-ev - er, owned and blest, Sweetly there my faith I rest; Thine for-

CHORUS.
 hear thy voice di-vine Whis-per soft - ly, I am thine. Thine, be-
 ev - er, praise to thee! Thou hast paid the debt for me.
 hear thy voice di-vine Whis-per soft - ly, I am thine.
 ev - er, born of thee, Heir of im - mor - tal - i - ty.

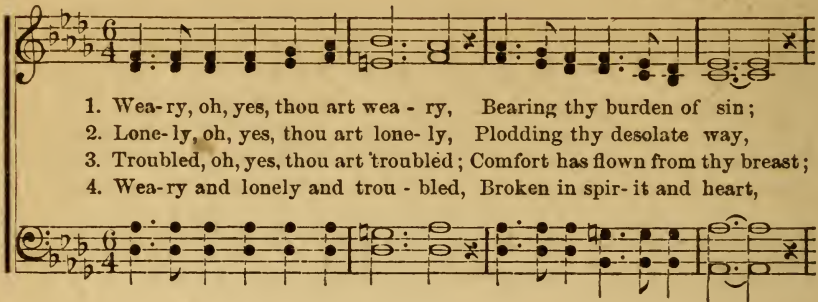
cause thy word has said That for me . . . thy blood was shed;
 Thine, because thy word, thy word has said That for me thy blood, thy blood was shed;

Thine, be- cause to thee I came, Ask-ing mer - cy in thy name.
 Thine, because to thee, to thee I came, Ask-ing mercy in thy name.

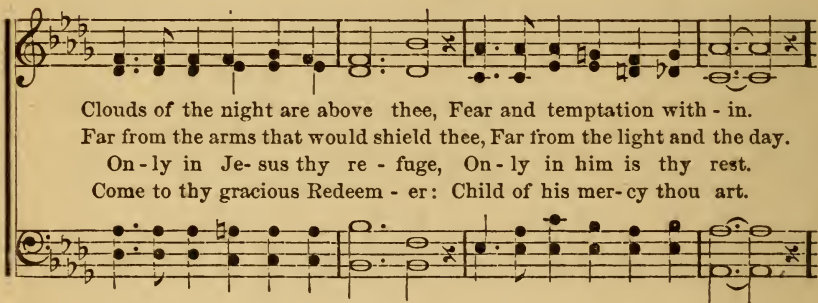
Pleading with Thee.

J. JACKSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

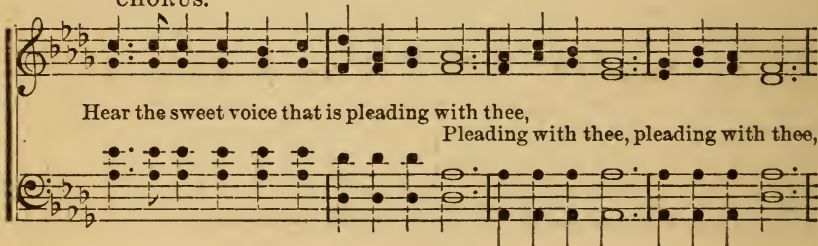


1. Wea-ry, oh, yes, thou art wea - ry, Bearing thy burden of sin ;
 2. Lone-ly, oh, yes, thou art lone-ly, Plodding thy desolate way,
 3. Troubled, oh, yes, thou art 'troubled ; Comfort has flown from thy breast ;
 4. Wea-ry and lonely and trou - bled, Broken in spir - it and heart,

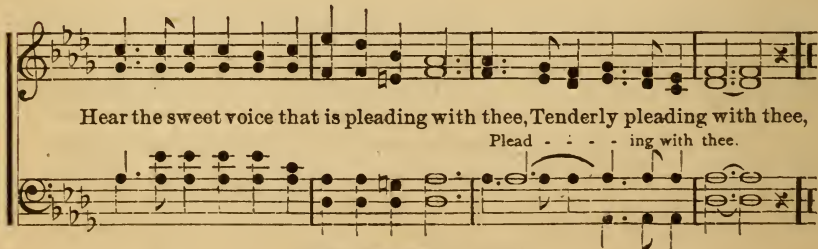


Clouds of the night are above thee, Fear and temptation with - in.
 Far from the arms that would shield thee, Far from the light and the day.
 On - ly in Je - sus thy re - fuge, On - ly in him is thy rest.
 Come to thy gracious Redeem - er: Child of his mer - cy thou art.

CHORUS.



Hear the sweet voice that is pleading with thee,
 Pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

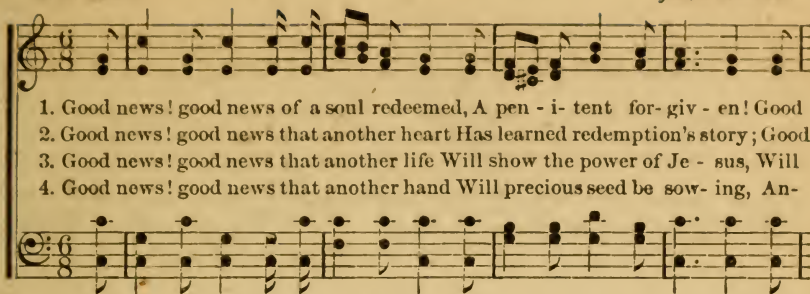


Hear the sweet voice that is pleading with thee, Tenderly pleading with thee,
 Plead - - - ing with thee.

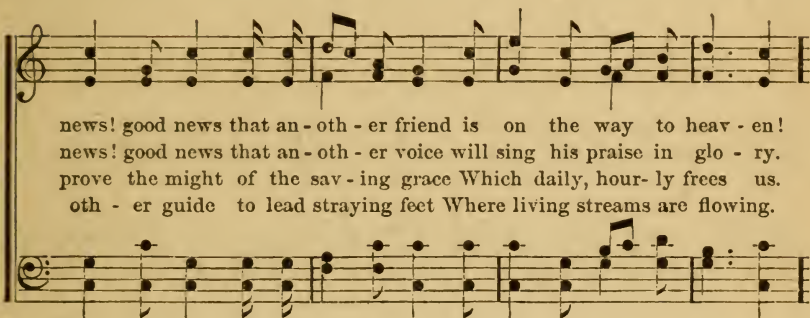
Good News.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

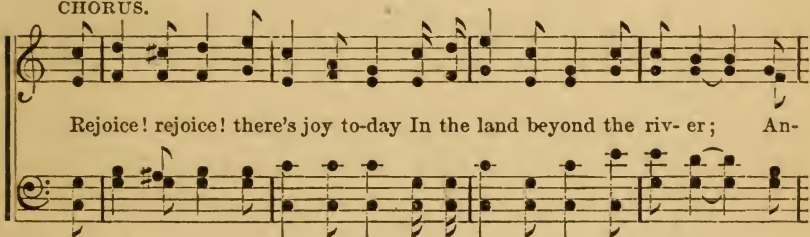


1. Good news! good news of a soul redeemed, A pen - i - tent for - giv - en! Good
2. Good news! good news that another heart Has learned redemption's story; Good
3. Good news! good news that another life Will show the power of Je - sus, Will
4. Good news! good news that another hand Will precious seed be sow - ing, An-

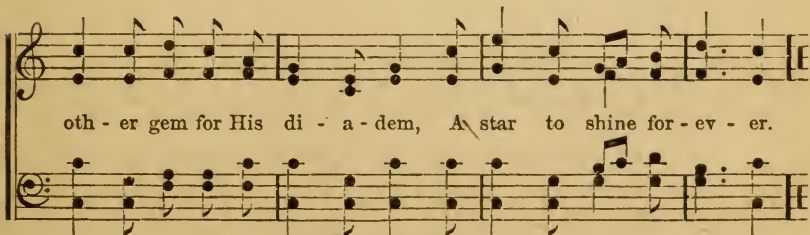


news! good news that an - oth - er friend is on the way to heav - en!
news! good news that an - oth - er voice will sing his praise in glo - ry.
prove the might of the sav - ing grace Which daily, hour - ly frees us.
oth - er guide to lead straying feet Where living streams are flowing.

CHORUS.



Rejoice! rejoice! there's joy to-day In the land beyond the riv - er; An-



oth - er gem for His di - a - dem, A star to shine for - ev - er.

12 Who would not know the Saviour?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have a gracious Master, He helps me ev'ry day, When golden light is
 2. I have a Friend so faithful, So tender and so true: His love to me is
 3. I have a mighty Saviour My utmost need to meet, His blood is perfect

sparkling, When all the sky is gray; His teaching is so pa-tient: He
 boundless, His power is boundless too; He nev - er will forsake me, This
 cleansing, I stand in him complete; O Saviour, Friend almighty, I

tells me what to do, And binds in his glad service My heart to his a-new.
 precious truth I know; His word cannot be broken. And he has told me so.
 long to love thee more, And better, sweeter praises Unceasingly out-pour.

CHORUS.

Who would not know this Sav-our, This Mas - ter and this Friend?

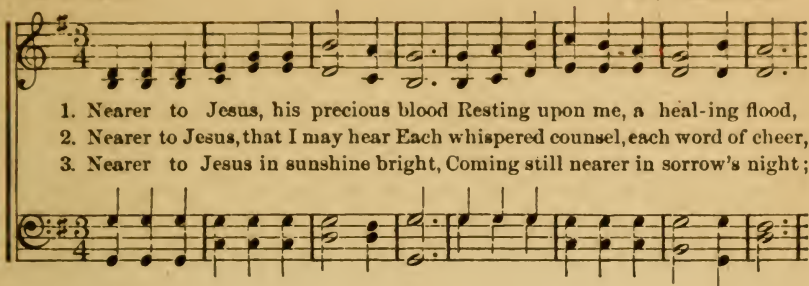
Oh, will you not ac-cept him Whose love can nev - er end?

Nearer to Jesus.

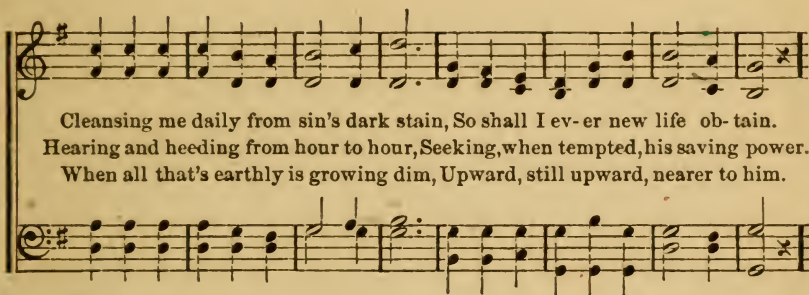
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E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

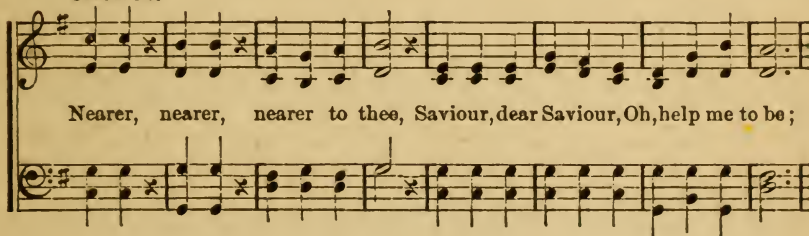


1. Nearer to Jesus, his precious blood Resting upon me, a heal-ing flood,
2. Nearer to Jesus, that I may hear Each whispered counsel, each word of cheer,
3. Nearer to Jesus in sunshine bright, Coming still nearer in sorrow's night;

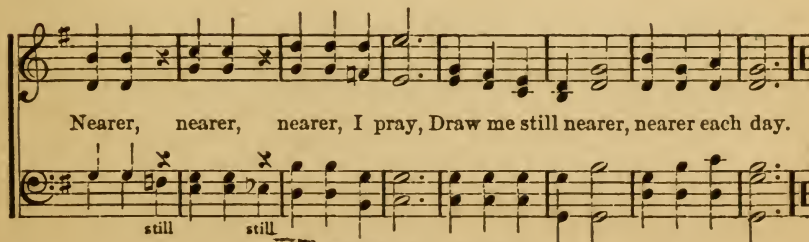


Cleansing me daily from sin's dark stain, So shall I ev-er new life ob-tain.
Hearing and heeding from hour to hour, Seeking, when tempted, his saving power.
When all that's earthly is growing dim, Upward, still upward, nearer to him.

CHORUS.



Nearer, nearer, nearer to thee, Saviour, dear Saviour, Oh, help me to be;



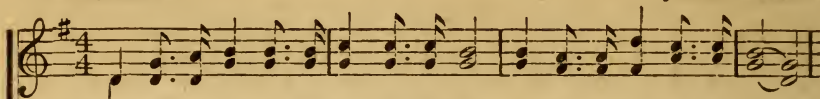
Nearer, nearer, nearer, I pray, Draw me still nearer, nearer each day.

still still

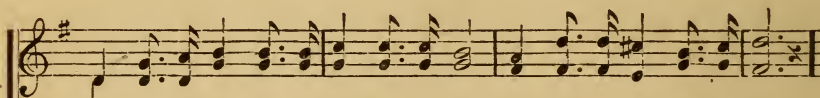
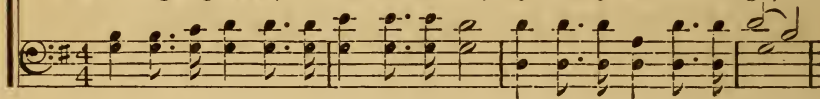
Joyfully Onward.

HENRY J. TAYLOR.

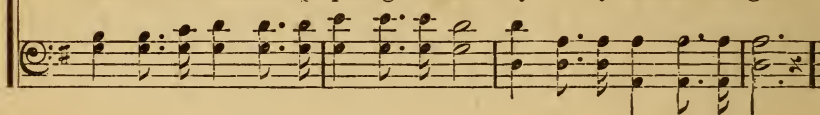
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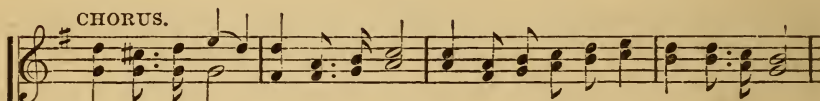
1. Marching togeth-er with banners so bright, Joyful-ly onward we go;
2. Looking to Je-sus, our Saviour and Guide, Joyful-ly onward we go;
3. Nev-er discourag-ed, whatev-er be-fall, Joy-ful-ly onward we go;
4. Marching togeth-er, u-nit-ed in love, Joy-ful-ly onward we go;



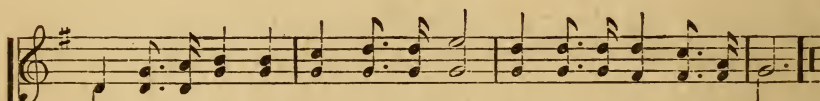
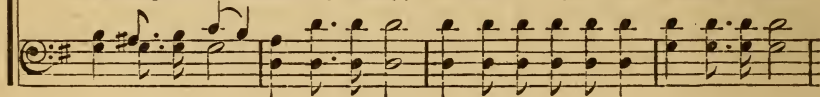
Sing-ing to Je-sus glad songs of delight, Joy-ful-ly onward we go.
 Trusting the promise that he will provide, Joy-ful-ly onward we go.
 Knowing the Saviour will answer our call, Joy-ful-ly onward we go.
 Home to the mansions preparing a-bove Joy-ful-ly onward we go.



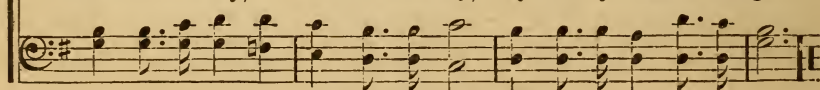
CHORUS.



Marching to-day, marching to-day, Lov-ing-ly, joyful-ly, onward we go;



Beau-ti-ful way, O beau-ti-ful way, Joy-ful-ly onward we go.

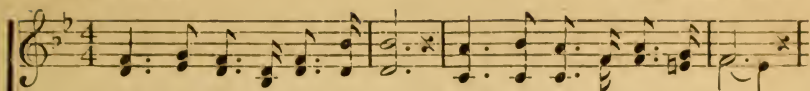


Precious Name of Jesus.

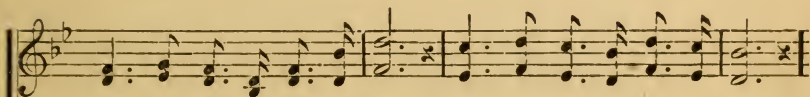
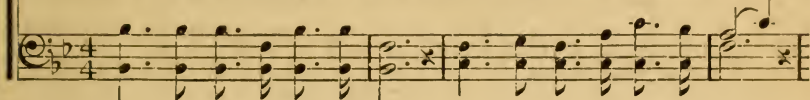
15

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

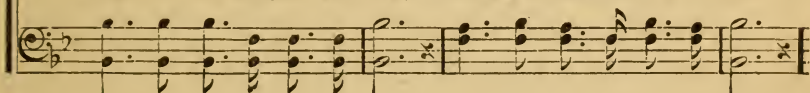
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



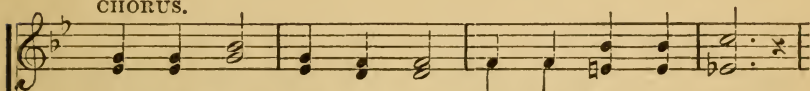
1. Je - sus! dear and hallowed name, Fall - ing sweetly on my ear;
2. Je - sus! Oh, what thrills of hope Lift my soul to no - ble life!
3. Je - sus! wondrous power and might Dwell within that sacred name;



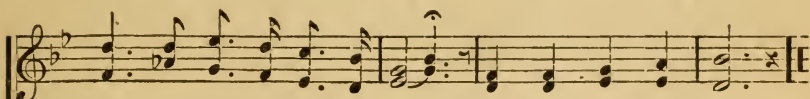
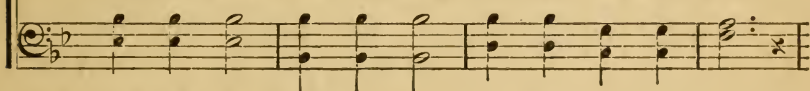
Thee, a - bove all oth - er names, Doth my grateful heart re - vere.
Bless - ed tal - is - man of love With me through all earthly strife.
When I feel tempta - tion near, Then thy strength divine I claim.



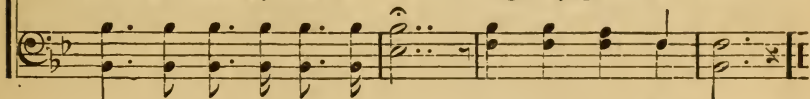
CHORUS.



Pre - cious name! ho - ly name! Glo - ry is thine own;



Life and mer - cy come to me Through thy grace a - lone.



4 Jesus! let me hear that name
In my hour of pain and grief,
Over all my troubled soul
Casting then its sweet relief.

5 Jesus! when I say farewell
To all else I hold most dear,
May that hallowed name of names
Fall upon my listening ear.

I Redeemed Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I redeemed thee, saith the Lord; Oh, that voice of love profound!
 2. I redeemed thee, saith the Lord, Echoed from the prophet's tongue;
 3. I redeemed thee, saith the Lord; Lo! the mighty work is done!
 4. I redeemed thee, saith the Lord; Come and worship at his throne;

An - gel choirs in wonder heard, Listening a - ges caught the sound.
 Man through grace shall be restored, Trusting Faith believed and sung.
 Now fulfilled Je - hovah's word In the gift of Christ his Son.
 Come, proclaim with one ac - cord, We are his and not our own.

CHORUS.

Sweetest words that ever came From the lips of truth di-vine,
 ev - er came of truth divine,

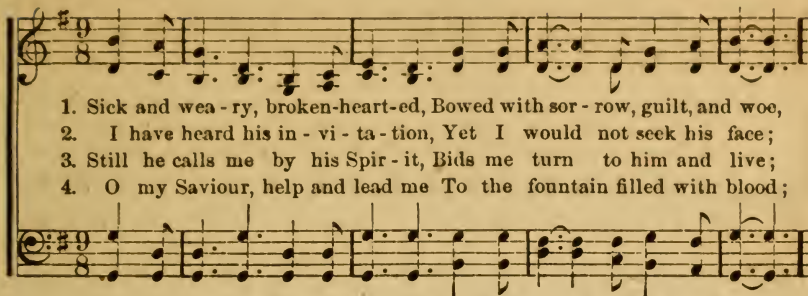
"I have called thee by thy name, I redeemed thee, thou art mine."
 called thee by thy name,

Have Compassion, Lord.

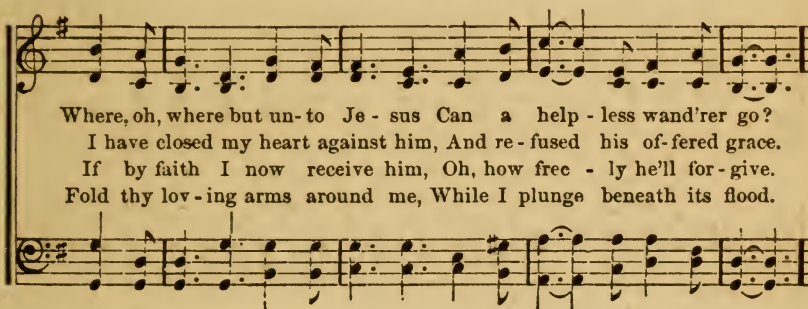
17

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

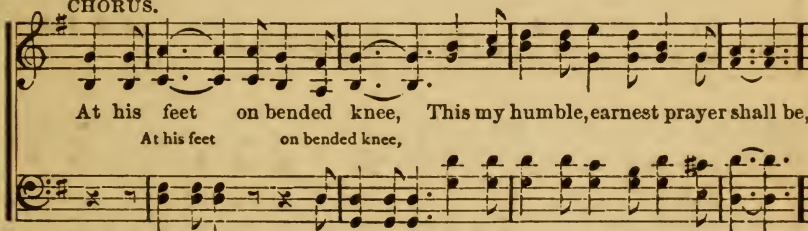


1. Sick and wea - ry, broken-heart-ed, Bowed with sor - row, guilt, and woe,
2. I have heard his in - vi - ta - tion, Yet I would not seek his face;
3. Still he calls me by his Spir - it, Bids me turn to him and live;
4. O my Saviour, help and lead me To the fountain filled with blood;

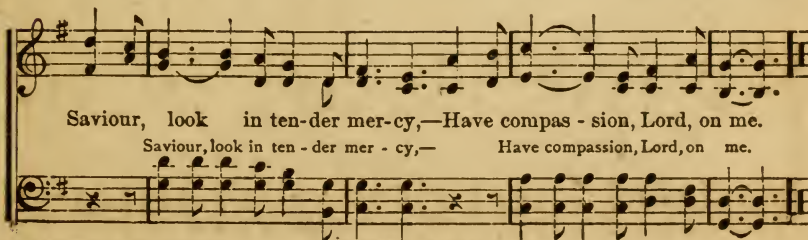


Where, oh, where but un-to Je - sus Can a help - less wand'r'er go?
I have closed my heart against him, And re - fused his of - fered grace.
If by faith I now receive him, Oh, how free - ly he'll for - give.
Fold thy lov - ing arms around me, While I plunge beneath its flood.

CHORUS.



At his feet on bended knee, This my humble, earnest prayer shall be,
At his feet on bended knee,



Saviour, look in ten - der mer - cy, — Have compas - sion, Lord, on me.
Saviour, look in ten - der mer - cy, — Have compassion, Lord, on me.

Waiting for Me.

FRANK HENDRICKS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I came to the fountain that cleanseth from sin, The life-giving fountain, where
 2. He saw me approaching and tender-ly said, To purchase thy ransom my
 3. I flew to his mer-cy, O joy-ful sur-pri-se, For lo, my Redeem-er had
 4. And now in his presence I walk with delight, And feel his protection by

millions have been; I came in my weakness, o'erburdened with care, To
 blood I have shed; And if thou art will-ing just now to be-lieve, The
 opened mine eyes; I flew to the ref-uge no oth-er could give, And
 day and by night; I think of the fountain, so precious and free, Where

CHORUS.

find my Redeemer and Saviour was there. Wait - - ing for me,
 light of my Spirit thy soul shall receive.
 faithfully promised for Jesus to live.
 Jesus my Saviour was waiting for me. Waiting for me, waiting for me,

wait - - ing for me, . . . Je - - sus my Sav - iour is
 waiting for me, waiting for me, Je-sus my Sav-iour is waiting for me,

wait - ing for me; . . . Still . . . at the fount . . . oft . . . would I
 Jesus my Saviour is waiting for me; Still at the fount oft would I be, Still at the fount

be Where Je - - sus my Sav - iour is wait - ing for me.
 oft would I be Where Jesus my Saviour is waiting for me, is waiting, is waiting for me.

O Rest, Sweet Rest.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thank God for a perfect salvation, That makes me to-day what I am,—
2. He lifts me above the temptations That once could allure me to sin,
3. I live in the constant enjoyment of peace that no language can tell,
4. Praise God for a perfect salvation, My faith is unclouded and bright,

A sanc-ti-fied child of his mercy, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb.
 He saves me from all my transgressions, and cleanseth my spirit within.
 Should trials in fu-ture a-wait me, I know with my soul 'twill be well.
 My hope like an anchor is steadfast, My mansion of glory in sight.

CHORUS.

2d time ♩ and rit. ad lib. Fine.

O rest, sweet rest, I rest in the arms of his love. O
 O rest, sweet rest,

Glory to Jesus, He Saves.

P. B.

P. BILHORN.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus who died on the tree, Paid the great price that my
 2. Once in my heart there was sin and despair, Now the dear Saviour him-
 3. Come, then, ye wea-ry, who long to be free, Come to the Saviour, he

soul might be free; Now I can sing hal - le - lu - jah to 'God,
 self dwelleth there, And from his pres - ence comes peace to my soul,
 wait - eth for thee; Then with the ransomed this song you can sing,

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! he saves, he saves. Glo - ry! he saves, glo - ry! he saves,

Saves a poor sin - ner like me; Glo - ry! he saves,

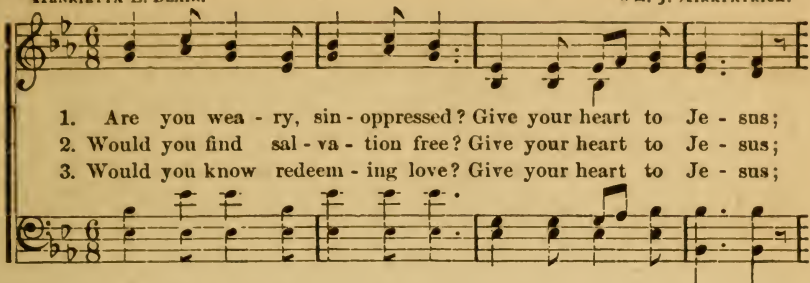
glo - ry! he saves, Saves a poor sin - ner like me. like me.

Give Your Heart to Jesus.

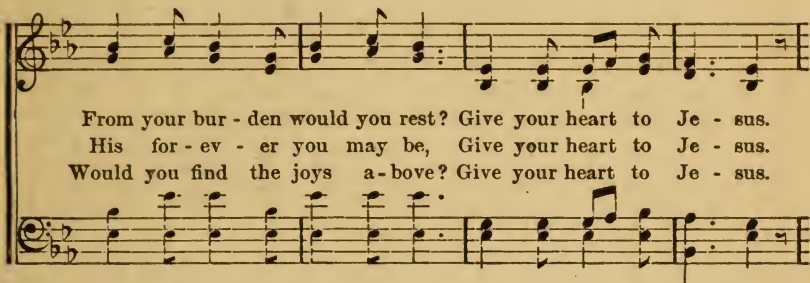
21

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

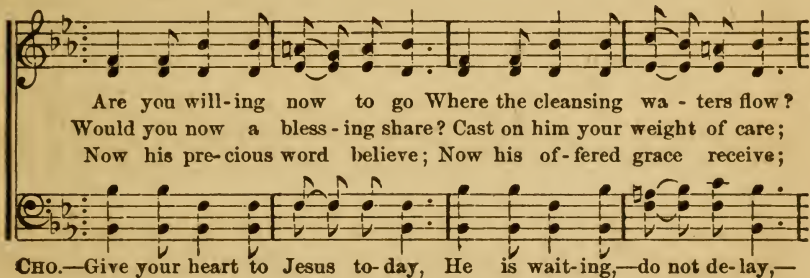
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Are you wea - ry, sin - oppressed? Give your heart to Je - sus;
2. Would you find sal - va - tion free? Give your heart to Je - sus;
3. Would you know redeem - ing love? Give your heart to Je - sus;

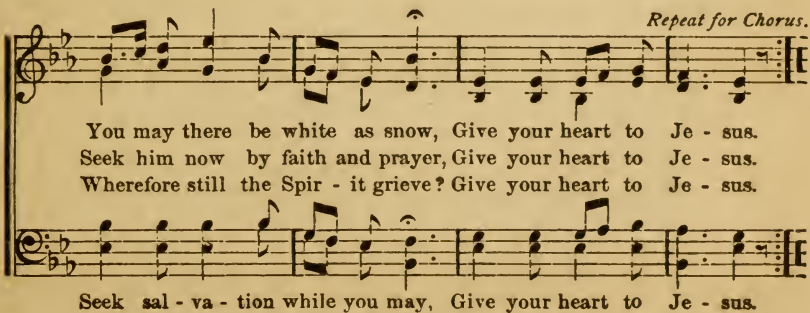


From your bur - den would you rest? Give your heart to Je - sus.
His for - ev - er you may be, Give your heart to Je - sus.
Would you find the joys a - bove? Give your heart to Je - sus.



Are you will - ing now to go Where the cleansing wa - ters flow?
Would you now a bless - ing share? Cast on him your weight of care;
Now his pre - cious word believe; Now his of - fered grace receive;

CHO.—Give your heart to Jesus to - day, He is wait - ing,—do not de - lay,—



Repeat for Chorus.

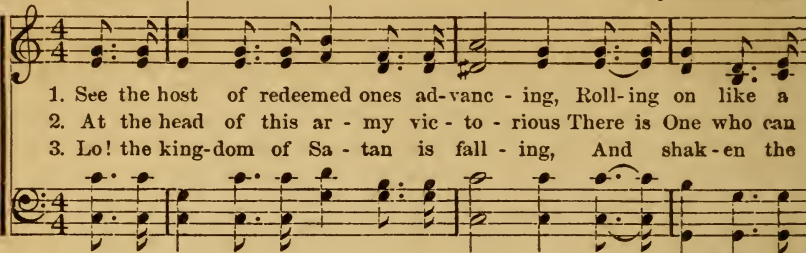
You may there be white as snow, Give your heart to Je - sus.
Seek him now by faith and prayer, Give your heart to Je - sus.
Wherefore still the Spir - it grieve? Give your heart to Je - sus.

Seek sal - va - tion while you may, Give your heart to Je - sus.

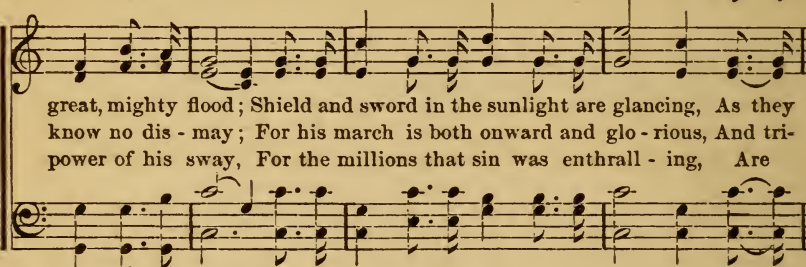
Marching On to the Kingdom.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

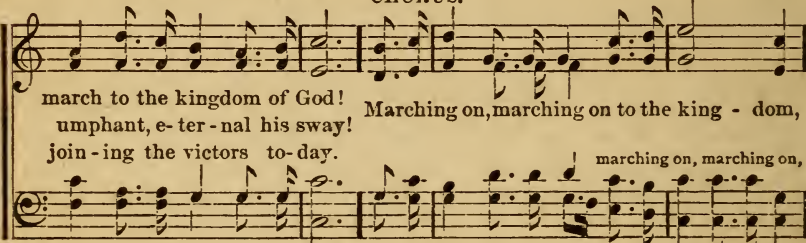


1. See the host of redeemed ones ad-vanc - ing, Roll - ing on like a
 2. At the head of this ar - my vic - to - rious There is One who can
 3. Lo! the king - dom of Sa - tan is fall - ing, And shak - en the

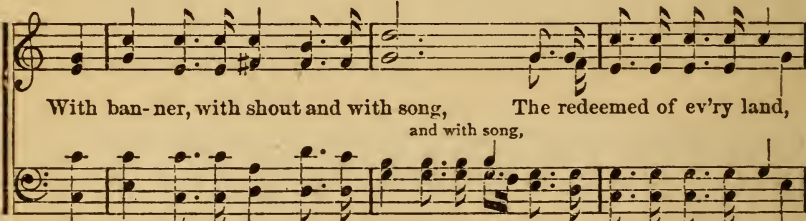


great, mighty flood; Shield and sword in the sunlight are glancing, As they
 know no dis - may; For his march is both onward and glo - rious, And tri -
 power of his sway, For the millions that sin was enthral - ling, Are

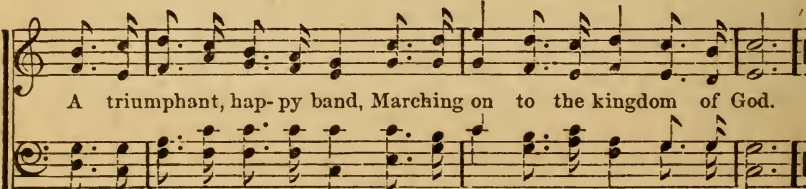
CHORUS.



march to the kingdom of God! Marching on, marching on to the king - dom,
 umphant, e - ter - nal his sway!
 join - ing the victors to - day. marching on, marching on,



With ban - ner, with shout and with song, The redeemed of ev'ry land,
 and with song,



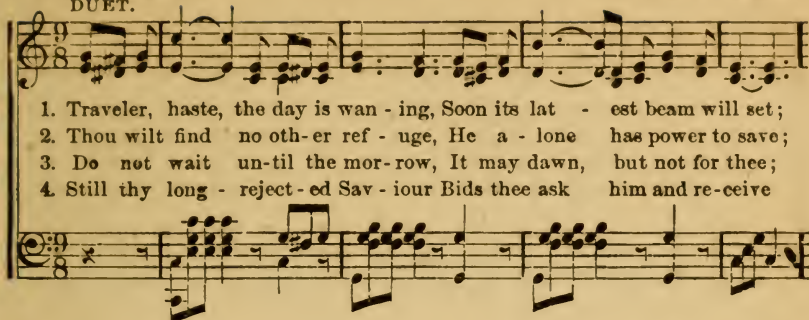
A triumphant, hap - py band, Marching on to the kingdom of God.

Waste Away.

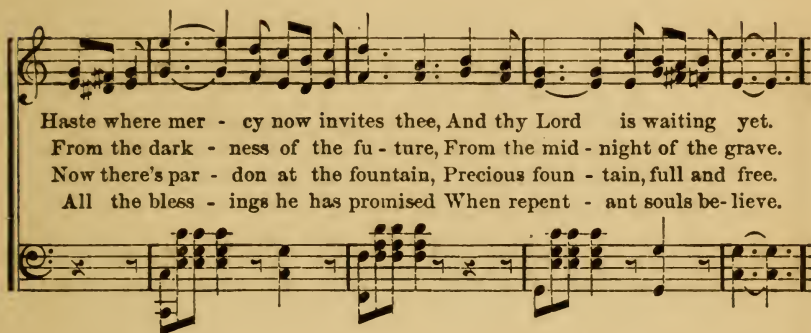
23

FANNY J. CROSBY.
DUET.

JNO. R. SWEENEY.

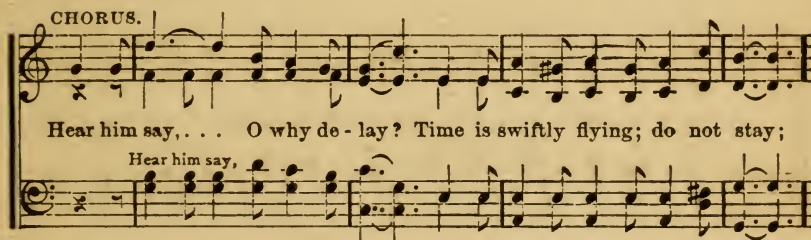


1. Traveler, haste, the day is wan - ing, Soon its lat - est beam will set;
2. Thou wilt find no oth - er ref - uge, He a - lone has power to save;
3. Do not wait un - til the mor - row, It may dawn, but not for thee;
4. Still thy long - reject - ed Sav - iour Bids thee ask him and re - ceive

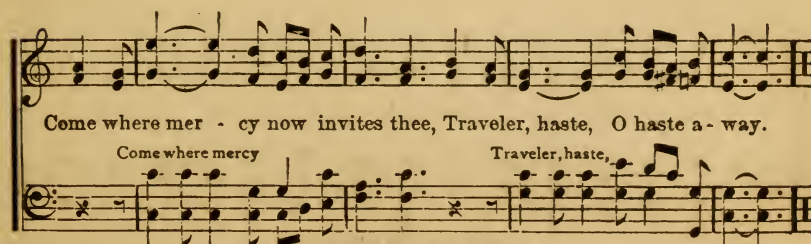


Haste where mer - cy now invites thee, And thy Lord is waiting yet.
From the dark - ness of the fu - ture, From the mid - night of the grave.
Now there's par - don at the fountain, Precious foun - tain, full and free.
All the bless - ings he has promised When repent - ant souls be - lieve.

CHORUS.



Hear him say, . . . O why de - lay? Time is swiftly flying; do not stay;
Hear him say,



Come where mer - cy now invites thee, Traveler, haste, O haste a - way.
Come where mercy Traveler, haste,

Jesus Waits to Help You.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Broth - er, leave the path of sin, Je - sus waits to help you;
 2. Broth - er, be no more a slave, Je - sus waits to help you;
 3. Broth - er, come and join our band, Je - sus waits to help you;
 4. Broth - er, will you still de - lay? Je - sus waits to help you;

He can break the bands with-in, Je - sus waits to help you.
 Per - fect free - dom you may have, Je - sus waits to help you.
 He will lead you by the hand, Je - sus waits to help you.
 Take a stand for right to - day, Je - sus waits to help you.

CHORUS.

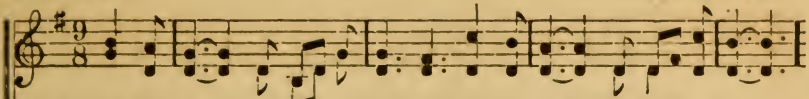
Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! Glorious, glorious vic - to - ry!

Christ will break the tempter's power, Give you vict'ry from this hour.

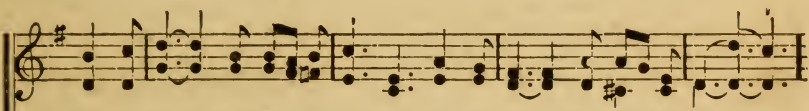
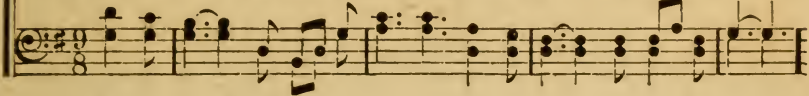
Come and Trust my Saviour.

M. W. MORSE.

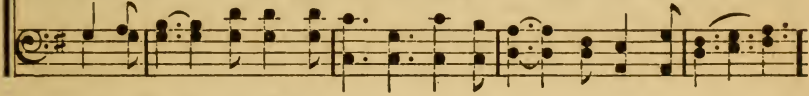
JNO. R. SWENEY.



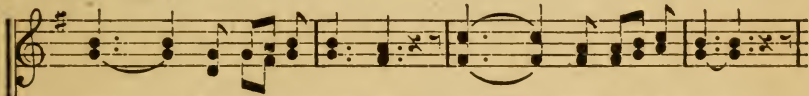
1. List-en to the voice of Je - sus As he calls you by your name;
2. Come then, pilgrim on life's pathway, Come, your soul may find sweet rest;
3. Wondrous love! dear pilgrim, listen; Canst thou yet resist his call?
3. O how bless - ed shall your life be, Trusting in my Saviour, Friend;



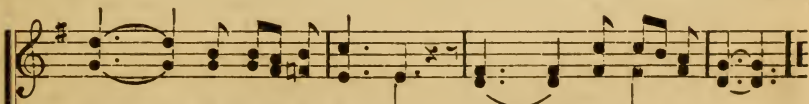
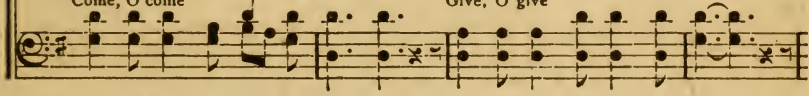
He has prom-ised to redeem you, He for you from heaven came.
 'Tis for you the Saviour calleth, You may nes - tle in - his breast.
 Come and give to him your talents, Give your heart, your life, your all.
 By his Spir - it he will lead you, Angels shall your wants attend.



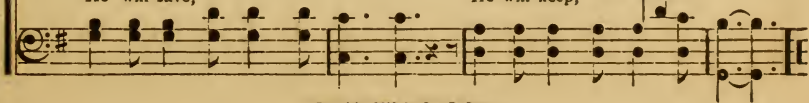
CHORUS.



Come . . and trust my Saviour, Give . . your life to him,
 Come, O come Give, O give



He . . will ful - ly save you, He . . will keep from sin.
 He will save, He will keep,



Walking at His Side.

D. Y. STEPHENS.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. In this sin-ful world I'm walk-ing Jesus is my Strength and Guide,
2. Clouds disperse; the sun shines brightly, Flow'rs along my pathway spring,

And I know there's naught can harm me While I'm walking at his side;
Then my Saviour seems more precious, Prais-es un-to him I sing;

Though oft-times the storm-clouds gath-er, Wild waves beat and tempests roar,
Patient-ly a-while I'll tar-ry Till he calls me to come home,

Je-sus by the hand doth lead me, And I'm safe for-ev-er-more.
There I'll meet with many loved ones, Never more from them to roam.

CHORUS.

Walk-ing, walk-ing, Walk-ing at my Sav-iour's side;

Walking at His Side.—CONCLUDED. 27

Nothing in the world can harm me, While I'm walking at my Saviour's side.

He Feedeth His Flock.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O sweet is the voice of my Shepherd, Who leadeth me day by day,
2. When far from my Shepherd I wandered, Alone on the mountain cold,
3. And tho' I may walk thro' the shadow, No e - vil can harm me there;
4. O sweet is the voice of my Shepherd, No other so kind as he:

Fine.

Who cov-ers my life with his mer-cy, And loving-ly guides my way.
 He carried me home from the darkness To rest in his own dear fold.
 His rod and his staff are my com-fort, He maketh my soul his care.
 The wonderful, wonder-ful Shepherd, Who laid down his life for me!

D.S.—He feedeth his flock by the li - lies, In beau-ti - ful vales that grow.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

He feedeth his flock at the noontide, Where fountains are murmuring low,

Grace is Free.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!
 2. There's on - ly hope in trusting Je - sus, Grace is free, grace is free!
 3. From age to age the theme is tell - ing, Grace is free, grace is free!

CHO.—There's nothing like, etc.

Fine.

Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!
 From sin that doomed he died to free us, Grace is free, grace is free!
 From shore to shore the strains are swelling, Grace is free, grace is free!

It brought them thro' the flood and flame, By it they fought and overcame,
 Who would not tell the sto - ry sweet Of loye so wondrous, so complete,
 And when that time shall cease to be, And faith is crowned with victo - ry,

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.

And now they cry thro' his dear name, Grace is free, grace is free!
 And fall in rap - ture at his feet, Grace is free, grace is free!
 'Twill sound thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Grace is free, grace is free!

The Saviour Precious.

29

JAMES S. APPLER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. { I have found the Saviour precious, And I love him more and more;
I have found the Saviour precious, And I find him precious still;
2. { I have found the Saviour precious, And, wherev - er I may go,
I am read - y, if he calls me, In the bat - tle front to stand;

1st.
He has rolled a - way my bur - den, And my mourning days are o'er;
All my life is con - se - crat - ed To his .
I will bear the roy - al standard, And its col - ors I will show;
I am read - y—yes, and waiting—To ful -

2d CHORUS.
service and his will. I have ta - - - ken up the cross, And will
fil my Lord's command. I have taken up the cross, And will nev - er lay it down, I have

nev - er lay it down Till I see . . . his face in
taken up the cross, And will nev - er lay it down Till I see his face in glo - ry, Till I

glo - - - ry, And re - ceive . . . a star - ry crown
see his face in glo - ry, And re - ceive a star - ry crown, a star - ry crown.

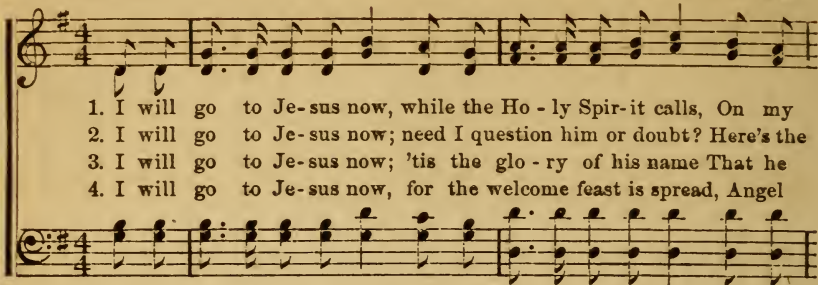
3 I have found the Saviour precious;
Hallelujah! praise his name!
To a mansion in his kingdom
Through his grace the right I claim.

I have found the Saviour precious;
He has proved my dearest Friend;
And my faith can trust his promise
Of protection to the end.

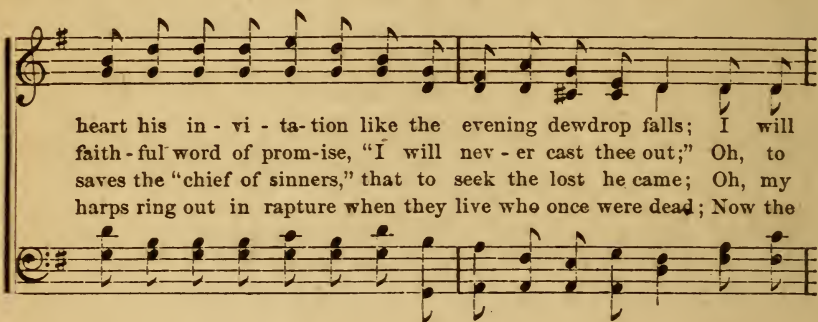
I will Go to Jesus Now.

E. E. HEWITT.

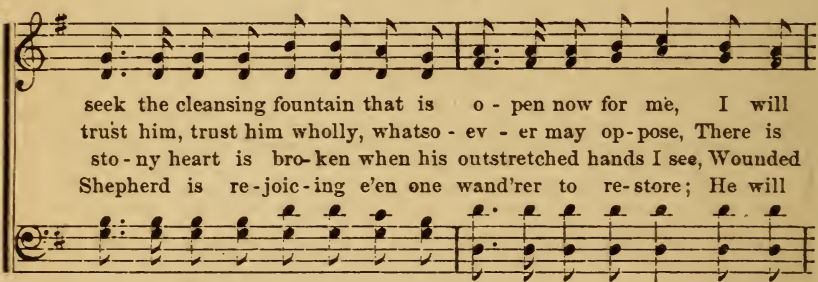
JNO. R. SWENEY.



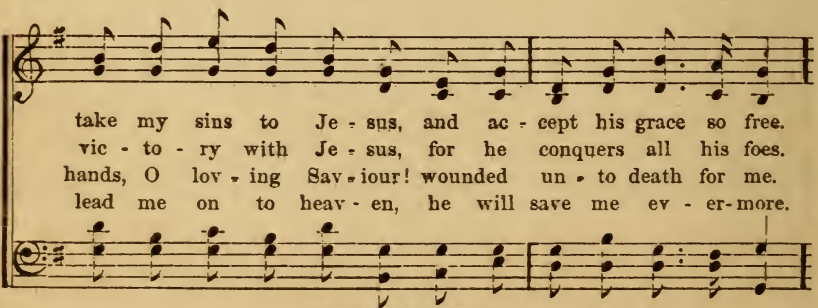
1. I will go to Je-sus now, while the Ho-ly Spir-it calls, On my
 2. I will go to Je-sus now; need I question him or doubt? Here's the
 3. I will go to Je-sus now; 'tis the glo-ry of his name That he
 4. I will go to Je-sus now, for the welcome feast is spread, Angel



heart his in-vi-tation like the evening dewdrop falls; I will
 faith-ful word of prom-ise, "I will nev-er cast thee out;" Oh, to
 saves the "chief of sinners," that to seek the lost he came; Oh, my
 harps ring out in rapture when they live who once were dead; Now the



seek the cleansing fountain that is o-pen now for me, I will
 trust him, trust him wholly, whatso-ev-er may op-pose, There is
 sto-ny heart is bro-ken when his outstretched hands I see, Wounded
 Shepherd is re-joic-ing e'en one wand'rer to re-store; He will



take my sins to Je-sus, and ac-cept his grace so free.
 vic-to-ry with Je-sus, for he conquers all his foes.
 hands, O lov-ing Sav-iour! wounded un-to death for me.
 lead me on to heav-en, he will save me ev-er-more.

I will Go to Jesus Now.—CONCLUDED. 31

CHORUS.

I will go to Je-sus now, he is read-y to for-give; I will

go to Je - sus now, he is wait-ing to re-ceive; Praise the

Lord for free sal - va-tion, where the blood-stained banner waves; Oh, this

great, al-might - y Sav - iour! to the ut - ter - most he saves.

Misc MALONEY.

ADAM GEISER.

1. Just beyond the rolling riv - er, I've a home all fair and bright; Angels
 2. Tho' the pathway lies thro' sorrow, Dangers all along the way; Oh, there
 3. Of - ten sad a - long the journey, Thorns oppress my weary feet; Yet my

[gild the
 guide me safely over, Where they're clothed in robes of light. There bright sunbeams
 is a bright to-morrow, Perfect bliss and endless day; For we'll meet with many
 watchword shall be onward, For my resting-place is sweet. Soon I'll drop this robe of

pathway, Beams of pure eternal love, And sweet flowers bloom immortal, In the
 lov'd ones Who have cross'd the path before, Sing with them the songs immortal. On that
 sadness, Sing no more earth's pilgrim song, Strike a higher note of gladness, Gather'd

CHORUS.

pilgrim's home above. Hark! I hear the angels calling; Yes, they're calling me a-
 glad and happy shore,
 with a holy throng.

way, Far a-way be - yond the riv - er, Where my kindred spirits stay.

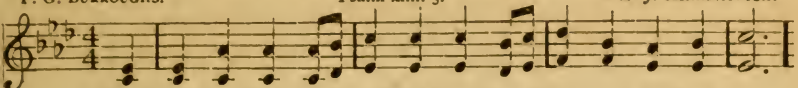
Send Out thy Light and Truth.

"O send out thy light and thy truth: let them lead me."

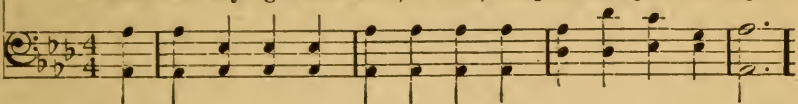
F. G. BURROUGHS.

Psalm xliii. 3.

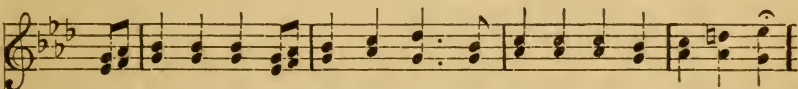
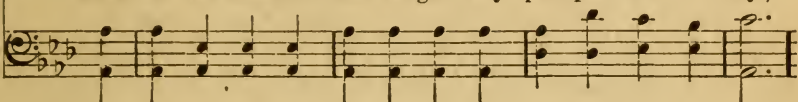
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Send out thy light and truth, O Lord, Let them our leaders be,
2. Send out thy light and truth, O Lord, Where sin's dark shadows fall;
3. Send out thy light and truth, O Lord, The tidings glad to spread,
4. Send out thy light and truth, O Lord, To speed that glorious day



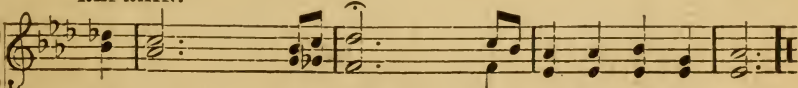
To guide us to thy ho - ly hill, Where we shall worship thee;
A - rouse the soldiers of the cross To heed the trumpet's call;
Till by those sweet e - vangel-tones, All nations shall be led;
When all the ransomed shall delight Thy precepts to o - bey;



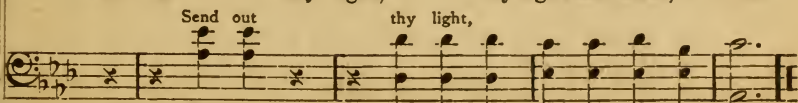
Send out thy light o'er land and sea, Till every heart shall bow to thee.
Send out thy truth where error reigns, And cleanse away its crimson stains.
Send out thy light, O beauteous Star, And beam upon the isles a - far.
Send out thy truth, O Word di - vine, Till every blood-bought soul is thine.



REFRAIN.



Send out thy light, Thy light and truth, O Lord.



Send out thy light,

Showers of Blessing—C

There is Life in the Son.

E. A. BARNES.

"He that hath the Son hath life."—2 John 5: 12.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Finding in Je - sus a pres - ent help; Look - ing to Je - sus while
 2. Cling - ing to Je - sus in faith and love, Hav - ing in Je - sus a
 3. Hav - ing in Je - sus a bless - ed hope, Trust - ing in Je - sus while

pass - ing a - long: Sure - ly, my brothers, we will sing on our way, With
 re - fuge so strong: Surely, my brothers, we will sing and rejoice, With
 pass - ing a - long; Sure - ly, my brothers, we will sing to his name, With

CHORUS.

life for the theme of our song. There is life, life in the Son,
 life for the theme of our song.
 life for the theme of our song.

There is life in the cru - ci - fied One; Sing hal - le - lu - jah! Oh,

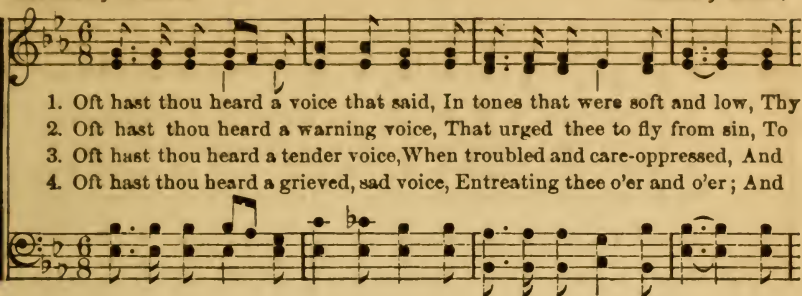
sing hal - le - lu - jah! For there is life in the Son.

Where is Thy Soul?

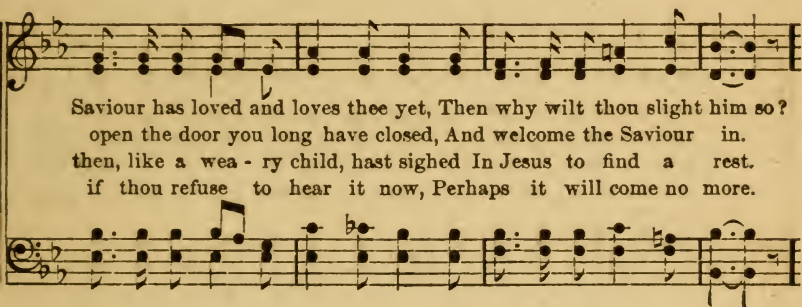
35

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

ARTHUR J. SMITH.

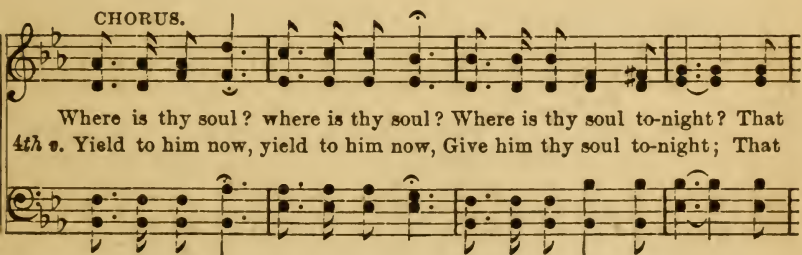


1. Oft hast thou heard a voice that said, In tones that were soft and low, Thy
2. Oft hast thou heard a warning voice, That urged thee to fly from sin, To
3. Oft hast thou heard a tender voice, When troubled and care-oppressed, And
4. Oft hast thou heard a grieved, sad voice, Entreating thee o'er and o'er; And

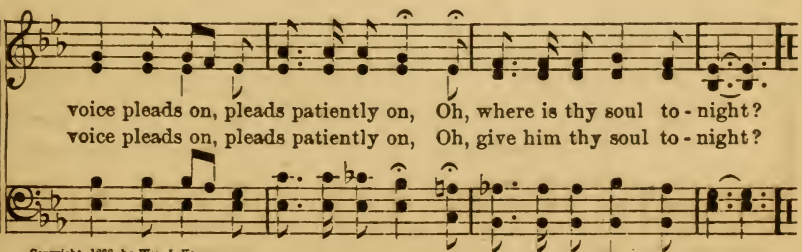


Saviour has loved and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight him so?
open the door you long have closed, And welcome the Saviour in.
then, like a wea - ry child, hast sighed In Jesus to find a rest.
if thou refuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.

CHORUS.



Where is thy soul? where is thy soul? Where is thy soul to-night? That
4/4 e. Yield to him now, yield to him now, Give him thy soul to-night; That

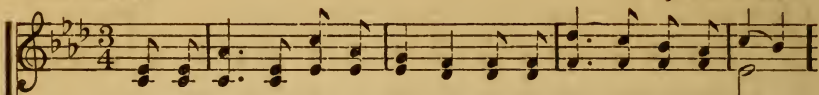


voice pleads on, pleads patiently on, Oh, where is thy soul to - night?
voice pleads on, pleads patiently on, Oh, give him thy soul to - night?

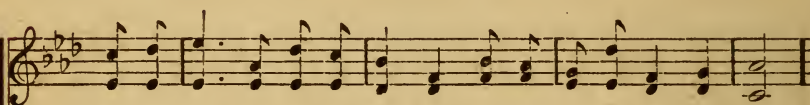
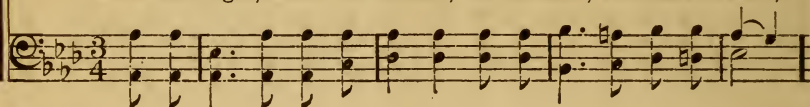
The Lord Reigneth.

E. A. BARNES.

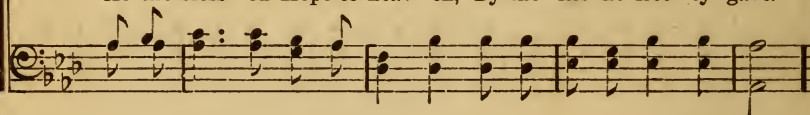
JNO. R. SWENEY.



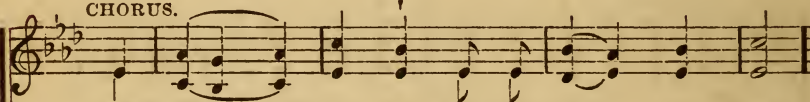
1. Je- sus reigns, in all his glo - ry, 'Mid the shining courts above;
2. Je- sus reigns, the Prince of heaven, And the heir to joys untold;
3. Je- sus reigns, in light e - ter - nal, And a - mid the sainted throng;
4. Je- sus reigns, as our Re- deemer, As the Son, who came to save;



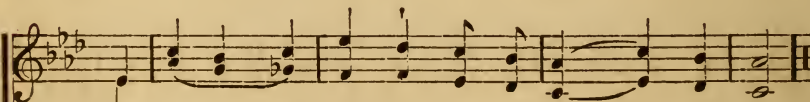
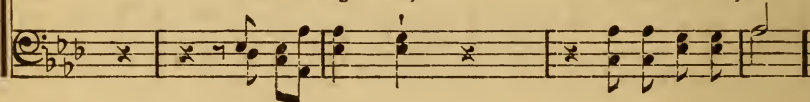
And the scep - tre of his kingdom Is the sceptre of his love.
 And the King in all his beau - ty, As we all may yet be - hold.
 And his name a - bove all oth - ers, Is the glo - ry of their song.
 As the bless - ed Hope of heav - en, By the life he free - ly gave.



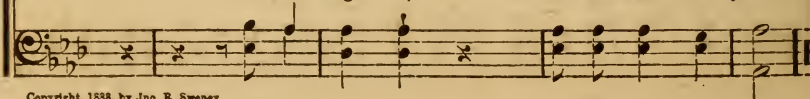
CHORUS.



"The Lord . . . reign - eth, Let the earth re - joice!
 The Lord reign - eth, Let the earth re - joice!



The Lord . . . reign - eth, Let the earth . . . re - joice!"
 The Lord reign - eth, Let the earth re - joice!



Rally for the Right.

37

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sol-diers re-cruiting in the ranks of the Lord, Fall in - to line,
2. There is a bat-tle to be fought in the right, Fall in - to line,
3. Earnest the conflict, needing brave men and strong, Fall in - to line,

fall in - to line; Gird on the ar-mor, both the shield and the sword,
fall in - to line; And we can win it if we strike in our might,
fall in - to line; We will not falt-er though the struggle be long,

CHORUS.

Fall in - to line, fall in - to line. Ral-ly, then; ral-ly, then;

ral-ly for the right; God needs the brave and true;
God needs the true, Then

Ral-ly, then; rally, then; ral-ly in your night; God is call-ing you.

I will Cling to the Cross.

MARTHA J. LANCKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will cling to the cross where I first found rest, And proclaim to the world its
 2. I will cling to the cross, my Redeemer's cross, When the storm and the winds are
 3. I will cling to the cross where my burden fell, And the day-star was bright a-
 4. I will turn to its light in the hour of death, With a faith which will falter

sto - ry; I will cling to the cross, for my hope is there, And its
 sweep - ing; For I know that he looks from the heavenly hills, And a
 bove me, And a sweet, gen - tle voice in my heart I heard, And it
 nev - er; Then at home with the blest, in my Fa - ther's house, Of the

CHORUS.

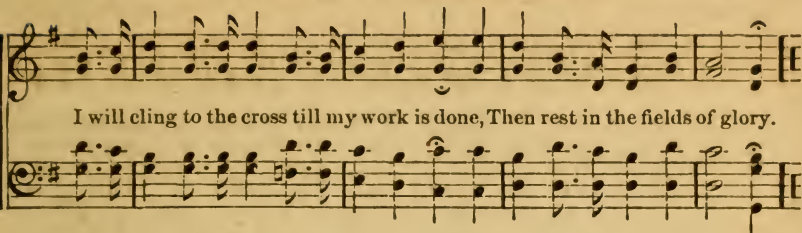
banner shall be my glo - ry. I will cling to the cross till my
 watch o'er my soul is keeping.
 whispered, my child, I love thee.
 cross I will sing for - ev - er.

work is done, I will cling to the cross till the crown is

won; *p* Cling to the cross, cling to the cross,
 is won; Cling, I'll cling to the cross, to the cross, Cling, I'll cling to the cross, to the cross,

Cling, cling, cling to the cross, Cling, cling, cling to the cross,

I will Cling to the Cross.—CONCLUDED. 39

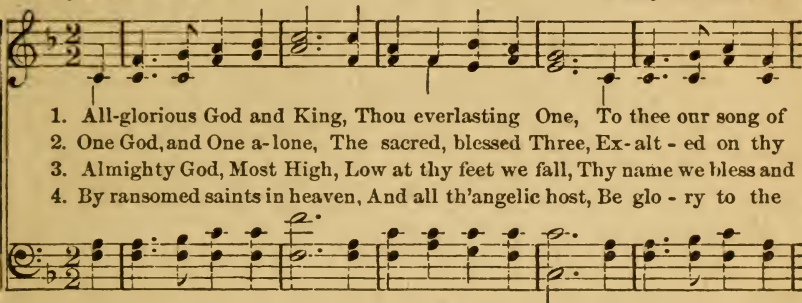


I will cling to the cross till my work is done, Then rest in the fields of glory.

Hymn to the Trinity.

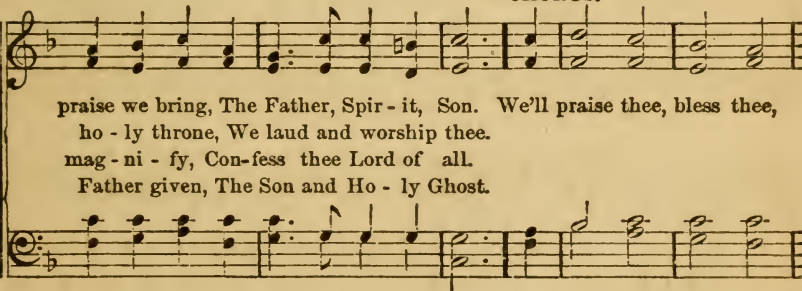
Rev. Jos. H. MARTIN, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

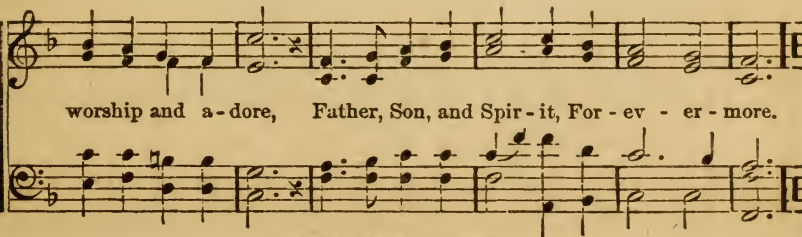


1. All-glorious God and King, Thou everlasting One, To thee our song of
2. One God, and One a-lone, The sacred, blessed Three, Ex-alt-ed on thy
3. Almighty God, Most High, Low at thy feet we fall, Thy name we bless and
4. By ransomed saints in heaven, And all th'angelic host, Be glo-ry to the

CHORUS.



praise we bring, The Father, Spir-it, Son. We'll praise thee, bless thee,
ho-ly throne, We laud and worship thee.
mag-ni-fy, Con-fess thee Lord of all.
Father given, The Son and Ho-ly Ghost.



worship and a-dore, Father, Son, and Spir-it, For-ev-er-more.

The Light of Life.

E. A. BARNES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The light is here, the blessed light, The shadows lift and take their
 2. The light is pure, the light is free, It shines for all, that all may
 3. The light a - bides in him a - lone, As by his word so sweetly
 4. The light is o'er the upward way, It shineth on to per-fect

flight; And thus, to guide our steps a - right, We hear the Saviour
 see; And oh, 'tis sweet beyond de - gree, The voice that still is
 shown; And thus in faith from yonder throne, We hear the Saviour
 day; And we are safe when we o - bey The voice that still is

CHORUS.

say - ing: "He that followeth me, He that followeth
 follow-eth me,

me. . . . Shall not walk in darkness, Shall not walk in darkness,
 followeth me.

But shall have the light of life, The light of life."

Out In the World.

41

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out in the wide world, out in its strife, Out in the whirl of its
 2. Out in the wide world, out in its night, Car-ry the Bi-ble, the
 3. Out in the wide world go in his might, Go with your armor on,

bus - y life, Take this old sto - ry, God's loving call, Won-derful
 book of light; Give them the sunshine, light from above, Take the good
 strong and bright, Follow the Mas-ter where'er you may, Filled with his

CHORUS.

gos-pel! Christ died for all. Souls are per-ishing out in the world,
 tidings, a Sav - iour's love.
 Spir-it, oh, work and pray.

There let the banner of Christ be unfurled, O - ver the wa-ters and

ad lib.
 here at home, Tell them of Je - sus, Oh, bid them come.

Onward.

G. K. THOMPSON.

M. D. KIRKPATRICK.

1. There's a robe and a palm for you: If you work with the day, ere its
 2. There's a prize when the race is run: If you strive with your might for the
 3. There's a crown which the Lord will give: If redeemed you shall stand in the
 4. O be strong in the Lord our King! If you trust in his word, that so

light fades a - way, And are found with the tried and true, There's a
 just and the right, Pressing on till the goal is won, There's a
 midst of the land, Where the souls of the blest shall live, There's a
 oft you have heard, There's a song that you all may sing; O be

CHORUS.

robe and a palm for you. Onward now, onward now, Oh, be read-y,
 prize when the race is run.
 crown which the Lord will give.
 strong in the Lord our King! for you. Onward, onward, onward, onward,

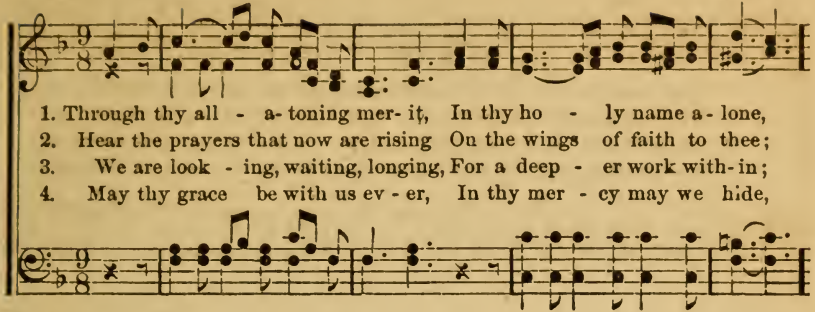
brave and steady! Onward now, Onward now, Onward, soldiers all.
 onward, onward,

Draw and Drink Anew.

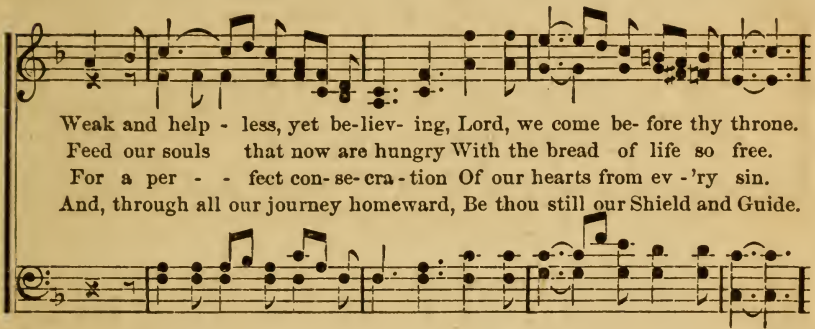
43

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

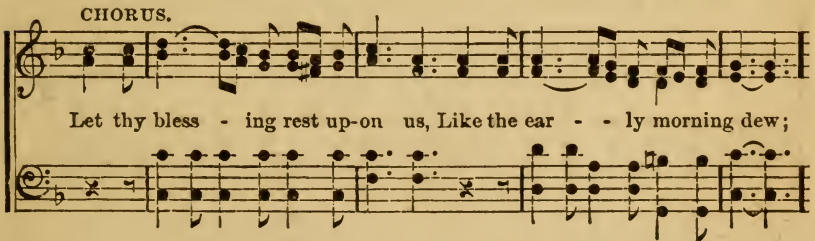


1. Through thy all - a - toning mer - it, In thy ho - ly name a - lone,
2. Hear the prayers that now are rising On the wings of faith to thee;
3. We are look - ing, waiting, longing, For a deep - er work with - in;
4. May thy grace be with us ev - er, In thy mer - cy may we hide,

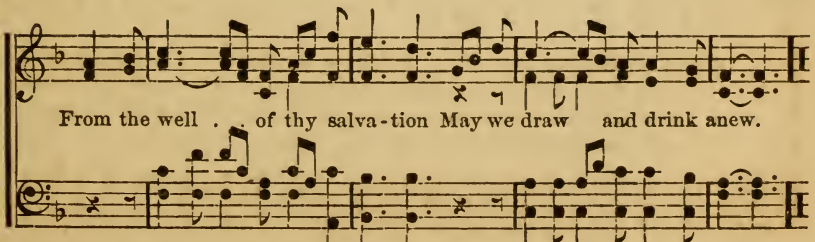


Weak and help - less, yet be - liev - ing, Lord, we come be - fore thy throne.
Feed our souls that now are hungry With the bread of life so free.
For a per -
And, through all our journey homeward, Be thou still our Shield and Guide.

CHORUS.



Let thy bless - ing rest up - on us, Like the ear - - - ly morning dew;



From the well . . . of thy salva - tion May we draw and drink anew.

My Light and Song.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Why should life a weary journey seem? Je-sus is my light and song!
 2. What though foes at ev'ry step I meet? Je-sus is my light and song!
 3. When I come to Jordan's rolling tide Je-sus is my light and song!
 4. When my feet shall press the other shore Je-sus is my light and song!

Why should I my cross a burden deem? Je-sus is my light and song!
 What though snares are ready for my feet? Je-sus is my light and song!
 When the waves like mountains override, Je-sus is my light and song!
 When life's pilgrimage at last is o'er, Je-sus is my light and song!

All my way is marked by love divine; Round my cross the rays of glory shine;
 He was first of all to tread the way, He was first to battle in the fray;
 Thro' the flood his form shall still be near, Thro' the tide his voice shall sweetly cheer;
 Thro' e-ternal years my song shall be Of his love that set the sinner free,

Christ himself compan-ion is of mine,—Je-sus is my light and song!
 Now on him my ev-'ry hope I stay,—Je-sus is my light and song!
 I shall Jordan breast without a fear,—Je-sus is my light and song!
 Love that gained the victo-ry for me; Je-sus is my light and song!

CHORUS.

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light and song,
my light and song,

Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light, Jesus is my light and song.
my light and song.

Eternal Father.

RAY PALMER.

C. C. McCabe's Battle Hymn of Mission. Tune, WIMBORNE.

1. E - ter - nal Father, thou hast said, That Christ all glory shall ob - tain;
2. We wait thy triumph, Saviour King; Long ag - es have prepared thy way;
3. Thy hosts are mustered to the field; "The Cross! the Cross!" the battle-call;
4. On mountain tops the watch-fires glow, Where scattered wide the watchmen stand;

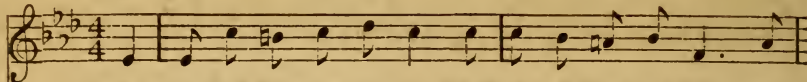
That he who once a suff-'rer bled Shall o'er the world a conqu'ror reign.
Now all abroad thy ban-ner fling, Set time's great battle in ar - ray.
The old grim towers of darkness yield, And soon shall totter to their fall.
Voice echoes voice, and onward flow The joyous shouts from land to land.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 O fill thy Church with faith and power,
Bid her long night of weeping cease;
To groaning nations haste the hour
Of life and freedom, light and peace.</p> | <p>6 Come, Spirit, make thy wonders known,
Fulfil the Father's high decree;
Then earth, the might of hell o'erthrown,
Shall keep her last great jubilee.</p> |
|--|--|

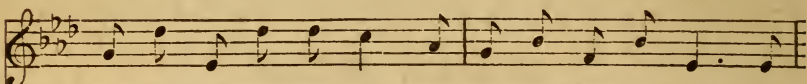
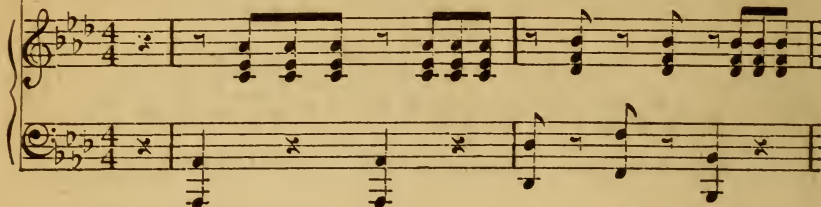
Flow On.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

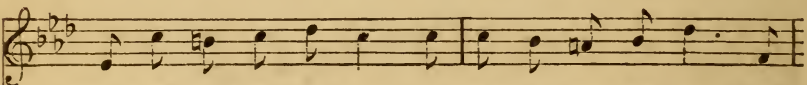
JNO. R. SWENEY.



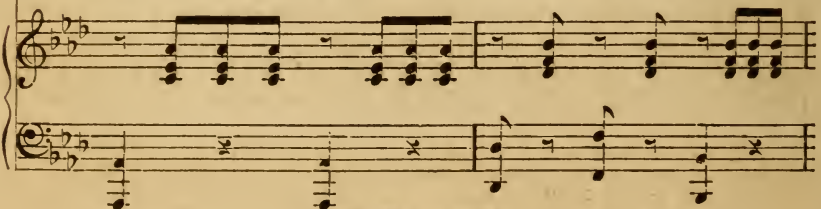
1. Flow on, thou sparkling riv - er, Whose waters glad and free, In
2. Flow on, thou sparkling riv - er, Through summer's endless day; Thy
3. Flow on, thou sparkling riv - er, Where He, our Saviour King, Be-



all their tran- quil beau- ty, Our wait- ing eyes shall see, A-
 fields are clad in ver- dure That nev- er knows de- cay; The
 yond the si- lent val- ley His faith- ful ones will bring; The



mid yon cloud- less re- gion, So love- ly, bright, and fair; Flow
 tree of life bends o'er thee Its fruit- ful branches fair; Flow
 cross laid down for- ev- er, The crown we then shall wear; Flow



on, O spark-ling riv - er, Our hearts and homes are there.
 on, thou spark-ling riv - er, Our trea-sured ones are there.
 on, thou spark-ling riv - er; Through grace we'll soon be there.

CHORUS.

Flow on - - - ward peace - - ful-ly, Onward in thy
 Flow on-ward in thy beau - ty, on-ward in thy beau - ty,

beau - ty ev - er bright: We are com - - - ing
 in thy beau - ty: We are com-ing, we are com-ing,

joy - ful - ly, Com-ing to that land of pure de-light.
 joy - ful we are com-ing,

All for Me, All for Thee.

REV. ALFRED J. HOUGH.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Saviour. I have heard thee pleading, Passionate-ly in-ter-ceding,
 2. Thou didst stoop in thy compassion To be found in human fashion,
 3. Moved by love di-vine and tender, Thou didst joyful-ly sur-ren-der

Seen thy great heart broken, bleeding, All for me, all for me;
 And en-dure thy nameless pas-sion All for me, all for me;
 Pal-ac-es of rest and splendor All for me, all for me;

Lo, I come, the past la-menting, For the wast-ed years repent-ing,
 In thy name I come be-liev-ing, Of thy grace with joy re-ceiving,
 Now my soul to life a-wak-ing Finds her highest joy in breaking

And my life henceforth pre-sent-ing All for thee, all for thee.
 And the world be-hind me leav-ing, All for thee, all for thee.
 Bonds that bound her, and for-sak-ing All for thee, all for thee.

4 'Neath the cross I see thee bending,
 To the place of skulls ascending,
 None attending, none befriending,
 All for me, all for me;
 Now my heart with thy life beating
 To each cross shall give glad greeting,
 While my lips are still repeating
 All for thee, all for thee.

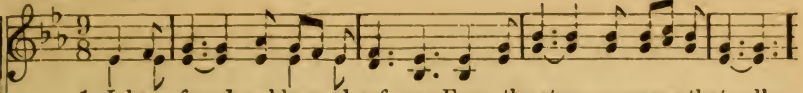
5 In thy Father's glory sharing,
 And the crown of ages wearing,
 Thou art now a home preparing
 All for me, all for me;
 With the souls of thy befriending,
 Saved from sorrow never-ending,
 Shall my song be heard ascending
 All for thee, all for thee.

A Blessed Refuge.

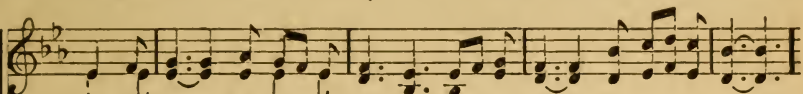
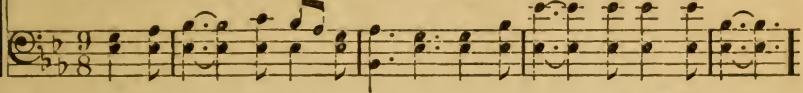
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FANNY J. CROSBY.

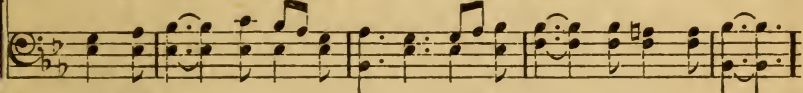
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



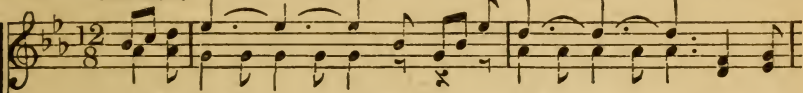
1. I have found a bless-ed ref-uge From the storm-y waves that roll;
2. I have found a lov-ing Saviour At the pre-cious gate of prayer;
3. I have found the crimson waters; They have washed away my sin;
4. In the cross of my Redeem-er Shall my glo-ry ev-er be,



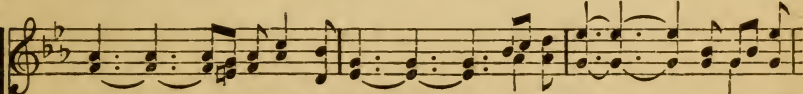
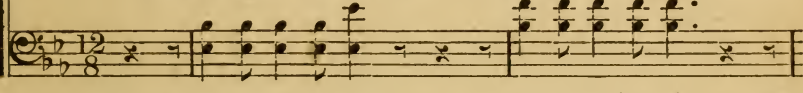
I have found a bless-ed ref-uge, And an an-chor for my soul.
 How he looked and smiled upon me, As he bade me welcome there.
 I have found the ho-ly rap-ture Of a con-stant peace within.
 In the cross of my Redeem-er, Where he shed his blood for me.



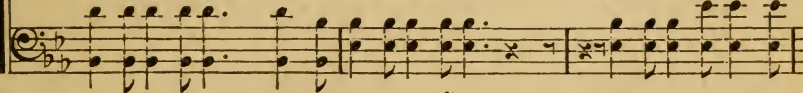
CHORUS.



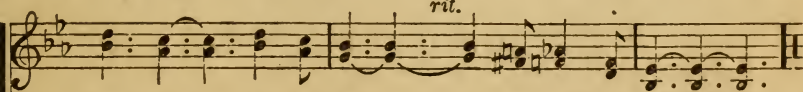
I am hid - - - ing in the Rock That for-
 hid-ing in the Rock, hid-ing in the Rock,



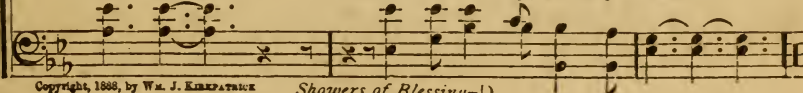
ev - - - ermore shall stand, . . . And I rest . . . beneath its
 hid-ing in the Rock That for- evermore shall stand, And I rest beneath its



rit.



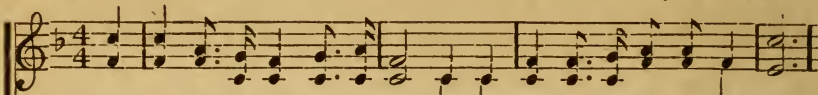
sha - dow, In a wea - - - ry, thirst-y land. . .



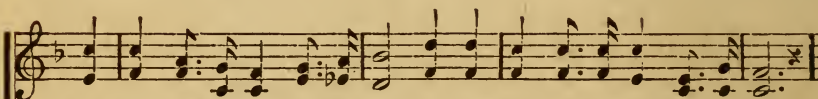
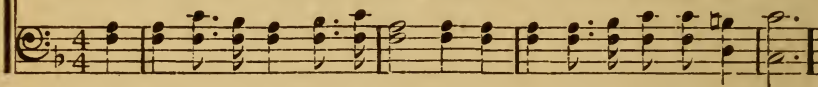
Waiting till He shall Appear.

FRANK GOULD.

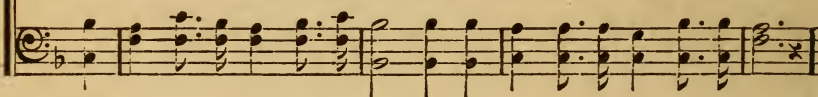
JNO. R. SWENEY.



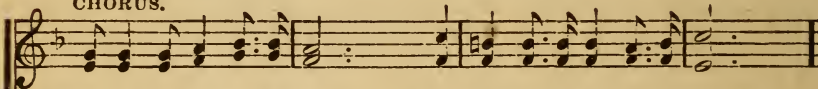
1. The Lord in his word has commanded That faithful I ev - er must be;
2. My lamp must be careful-ly guarded, That Je - sus its lus - tre may see;
3. Perhaps he may come at the midnight, Perhaps at the dawning of day;
4. By grace he shall find me still watching, And clothed in the garment so fair,



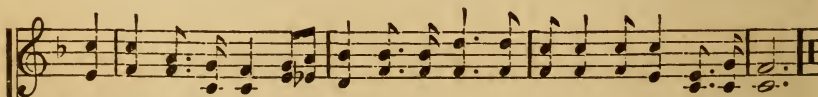
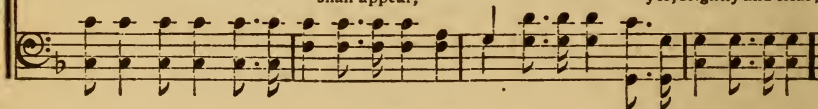
And now I am waiting the Bridegroom, Whenever he call - eth for me.
 For, though I am sure of his com - ing, I know not how soon it will be.
 But I must be read - y to meet him, — His summons admits no delay.
 With - a garment his love has provid - ed For all at the marriage to wear.



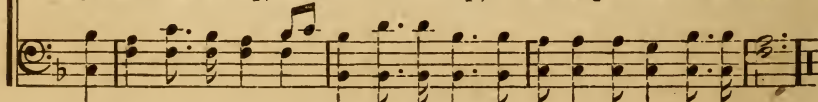
CHORUS.



Waiting till He shall appear, My lamp burning brightly and clear;
 shall appear, yes, brightly and clear;



My watch I will keep, nor slumber nor sleep; I'm waiting till he shall appear.



I'm Waiting for Thee.

51

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, why dost thou linger so long Out-side in the danger and cold?
2. The light streameth out from the door, Behold it and en-ter and live!
3. Who comes to the fold of my care Shall drink from the fountain of joy,
4. Then come without waiting or doubt, Bring all of your burdens to me;

Come home to the shel-ter and warmth, Come home to the joy of the fold.
The ser-vice of love is most sweet; And life ev-erlast-ing I give.
And works of de-vo-tion and love His heart and his hands shall employ.
There's rest in the shelter of home, There's rest and thers's comfort for thee.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, I am calling to-day; Come home, I am waiting for thee;
am waiting for thee;

Come home, come home, to the arms of my love, I am waiting, waiting for thee.
of my love, I am waiting, waiting for thee.

A Pilgrim's Song.

EDW. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { Sorrow here is not a stranger, Care ap - pears with ev'ry day ; }
 And I meet with sin and danger As I walk the pilgrim's way. }
 2. { Storms in life are oft prevailing, And the sha - dows often fall ; }
 Still, with Christian zeal unfail - ing, I would meet and brave them all. }

Saviour, keep thy cross before me, Thus by faith thy presence show ;
 Saviour, be a Rock to hide me, And to me thy grace bestow ;

Saviour, keep its shadow o'er me, While a pil - grim here below :
 Saviour, be a Star to guide me, While a pil - grim here below :

Saviour, keep its shadow o'er me, While a pil - grim, while a
 Saviour, be a Star to guide me, While a pil - grim, while a

3
 Hope and peace in thee possessing,
 By the Word that is divine ;
 And thy holy name confessing,
 Faith is in this song of mine.
 Saviour, help me tell thy story,
 Thus the precious seed to sow ;
 Saviour, help me sing thy glory,
 While a pilgrim here below. :||

The Master is Calling.

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

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. The Master is calling for you, dear friend, The Master is calling for
2. He calls by his Word unto you, dear friend, His Word which has come from a-
3. He calls by his Spir- it to you, dear friend, His Spirit is moving your

you; You have wandered away,—Won't you come back to-day? Come
 bove, Won't you heed it to-day? Won't you come to him, say? Come
 heart; Won't you yield to him now? Won't you here make your vow, For

CHORUS.

back to the good and the true. Come, the dear Master is call - ing,
 back to the heart of his love.
 heaven at once you will start.

Come, the dear Master is call - ing, Call - ing, call - ing, Is
 Calling for you, calling for you,

tender - ly calling for you.
 for you.

- 4 He calls by his providence, too, dear friend,

In ways which have sorrows untold;
 Though your spirit may sigh,
 Let your fond heart reply,
 Dear Lord, I'll return to thy fold.

- 5 The Master is calling you all, dear

The Master is calling us, too; [friends,
 We have wandered away,
 Let us come back to-day,
 Come back to the good and the true.

The Saviour is My All in All.

P. B.

"Wherefore he is able to save them to the uttermost."—Heb. vii. 25. P. BILHORN.

1. The Saviour is my all in all, He is my constant theme!
 2. His Spir - it gives sweet peace within, And bids all care de - part!
 3. And whatso - ev - er I may ask, To glo - ri - fy his name,
 4. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul, rejoice, Give thanks unto thy God!

By sim - ply trust - ing in his word He keeps me pure and clean.
 He fills my soul with righteousness, And pu - ri - fies the heart.
 The Fa - ther free - ly gives to me, Since Christ the Saviour came.
 Who took thee in thy sin - fulness, And cleansed thee by his blood!

CHORUS.

Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! Je - sus hath redeemed me;

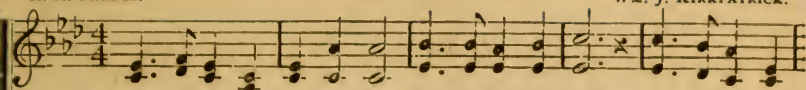
Glo - ry! oh, glo - ry! He washed my sins a - way, a - way!

Work Away.

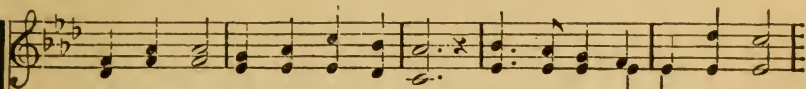
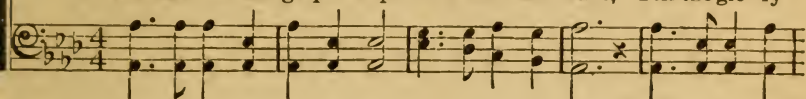
55

E. A. BARNES.

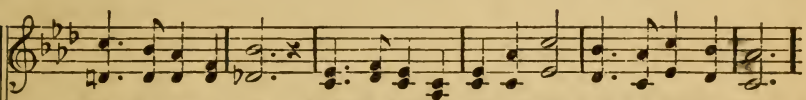
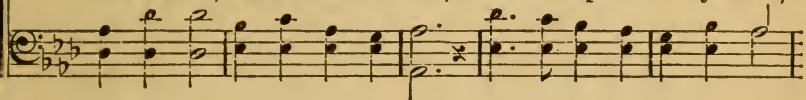
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



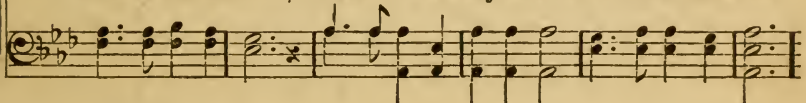
1. Take the word and sow it well In the Master's field, Let your days be
2. Go where all is dark to-day Gospel light to shed, And to all that
3. Take and bear the gospel hope Over land and wave, Tell the glo-ry



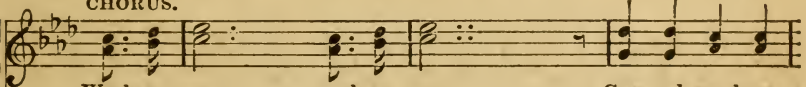
freely spent 'Mid its precious yield; Gladly reap what others sow,
hunger now Take the liv - ing bread; Tell the mission of his life,
of his name, That a - lone can save; Sow and reap with ready hand,



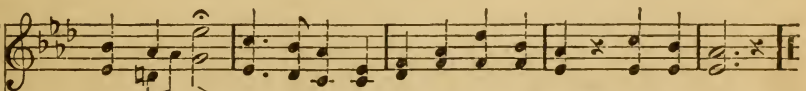
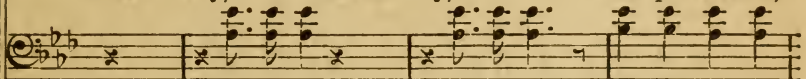
As you pass a - long, And amid your gospel work Lift a prayer and song.
And 'tis sweetly told, Bring the erring and the lost To the Master's fold.
Work in faith and love, Gather in the many sheaves For the Lord above.



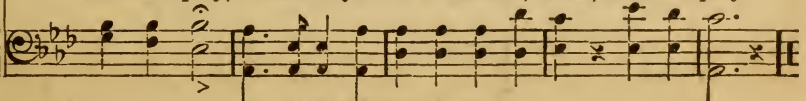
CHORUS.



Work a - way, work a - way, Gos - pel workers,



work and pray, In the vineyard of the Master, Work, work and pray.



To the End.

E. E. HEWITT.

John 13: 1.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Do you think that my Saviour will leave me? His kindness, oh, say, will it fail?
 2. Do you think he is ever discouraged, While bringing his "little flock" home?
 3. Oh, I know that my dear Saviour loves me, Because he has wakened my love,

Do you think that his arm will grow weary? The light of his countenance pale?
 He has promised that never, oh! never, Shall those be cast out who will come.
 So I know he will never forsake me,—His will is to bring me above.

CHORUS.

He will fail me, no, nev - er! I may trust him for - ev - er, Oh,

true and unchanging this in - finite Friend, Jesus loves his own, Who his


grace have known; Jesus loves his own, and he loves to the end.

My Sails are Spread.


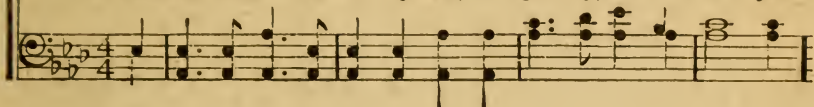
57

HENRIETTA. E. BLAIR.


WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



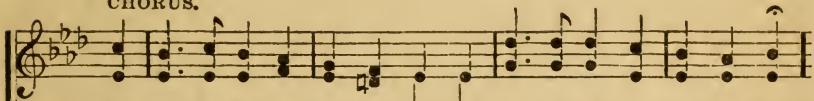
1. My sails are spread to meet the gale, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
2. He stills the waves on ocean's breast, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
3. The towering hills are drawing near, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
4. Farewell, farewell to ev - 'ry care, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



My trus - ty pi - lot will not fail, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
He lulls my troubled thoughts to rest, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
The dis - tant sounds of joy I hear, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!
My home, my home, I'll soon be there! O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



CHORUS.



I hear his voice in sweet command, While at the helm I see him stand;



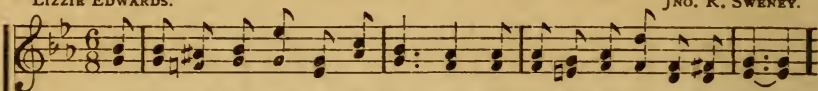
I soon shall reach my fatherland, O glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!



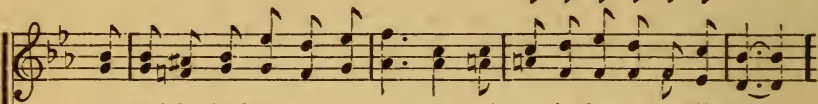
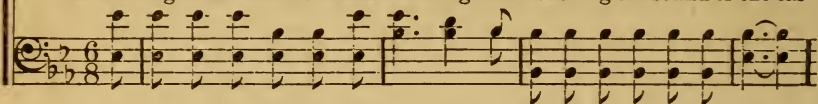
Breaking Forever Away.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

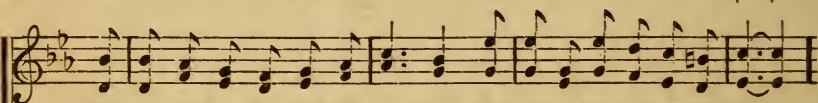
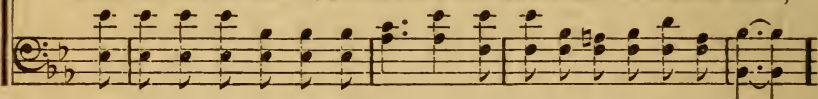
JNO. R. SWENEY.



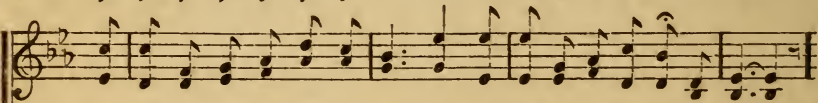
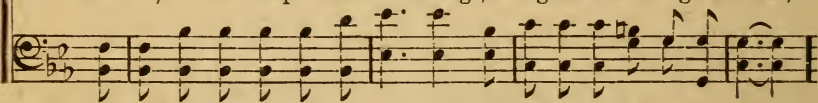
1. We sing of the joys that a-wait us, When victors thro' Jesus we stand
2. We sing of the harps that are swelling The praise of our Saviour above,
3. We sing of the friends that are waiting And watching the sound of the oar



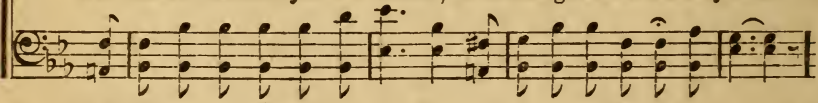
Arrayed in the beau-ti-ful garments Laid up in Immanu-el's land;
And numberless millions in cho-rus Re-peating his wonderful love;
When anchors our boat in the harbor Where sorrow and tears are no more;



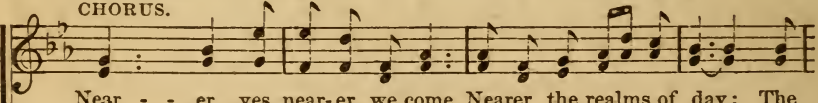
But oh, if our eyes could be o-pened, That land for a moment to see,
But oh, if one chord of their mu-sic Could burst on us here as we roam,
But oh, when we step from our moorings, And gaze on that region so fair,



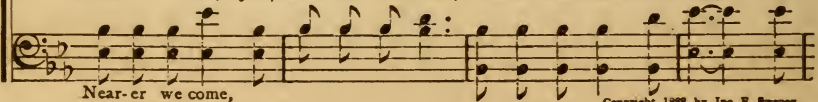
Our souls would be lost in its brightness, And long from this world to be free.
Our souls in the fulness of rapture Would long for the glory of home.
We'll shout "hallelu-jah to Je-sus," Who brought us so tenderly there.



CHORUS.



Near - - er, yes, near-er we come, Nearer the realms of day; The



Near-cr we come,

Breaking Forever Away.—CONCLUDED. 59

clouds that hung darkly around us Are breaking for-ev-er a-way.

Only the Lord can Satisfy.

EDW. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Let the path be bright, with sunny skies, Let joy fade not a-way,
2. Let the earth bestow its wealth and pride, Let fame its laurels bring,
3. Let the sweetest hopes be giv-en here, Let all be one bright day,

Let the home be dear with ten-der ties, And yet, how sweet to say,
 Let the dear-est wish be grat-i-fied, And yet, how sweet to say,
 Let the heart be glad and full of cheer, And yet, how sweet to say,

CHORUS.

'Tis on-ly the Lord, 'tis on-ly the Lord Can sat-is-sy the soul;

'Tis on-ly the Lord, 'tis on-ly the Lord Can sat-is-sy the soul.

Think of the Work to be Done.

EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, think of the work to be done From dawn to the setting of sun;
 2. Oh, think of the work to be done From dawn to the setting of sun;
 3. Oh, think of the time as it flies, From dawn to the setting of sun,

D.S.—think of the work to be done From dawn to the setting of sun;

Fine.

While we loiter and stand, all over the land, Oh, think of the work to be done!
 Can we loiter and stand while over the land We know there is work to be done?
 Of the gifts we might use, the gifts we abuse,—Oh, think of the time as it flies!

Do not loiter and stand while over the land The Master has work to be done.

There are sinners to point to the Saviour, The homeless to tell of a home, And a—
 There are foes in the field right before us, And Satan is leading them on, But
 For the moments return to us nev-er, The gifts will be taken away, And the

rit. *D.S.*

way on the wild, barren mountain Are helpless and weak ones who roam. Then
 if we are faithful and earnest, The conflict shall surely be won. Then
 talents rolled up in a napkin Will crumble and fall to decay. Then

Whatsoever.

61

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. What-so-ev - er bur - den presses on thy heart, Take it to thy Saviour,
 2. What-so-ev - er plea thou bringest in his name, Oh, the precious promise,
 3. What-so-ev - er work thy hand may find to do For our loving Mas - ter,
 4. What-so-ev - er bid - ding find we in his word, Whatsoev - er pre - cept

he will peace impart, What-so-ev - er sor - row, whatso-ev - er fear,
 through all years the same! Whatso-ev - er plea, ac - cording to his will,
 service good and true, Faithful be and earnest; "do it with thy might,"
 of our blessed Lord, He who giveth ev - er strength as needs each day

D.S.—Oh, the love of Je - sus! Oh, his grace divine!

Fine. CHORUS.

Take it to thy Saviour, he will help and cheer. Whoso - ev - er cometh
 Pray, the Father hears thee, and will answer still.
 Work while sunshine lingers, soon will come the night.
 Surely he will make us a - ble to o - bey.

Kingdom, power and glory, Lord, be ev - er thine.

D.S.
 all the power may know Of each "whatsoev - er," and its fulness show.

The Lights of Home.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Question in italics responses in roman type.

1. *Steersman, steersman, the channel's rough and dark, The waves roll high, the*
 2. *Steersman, steersman, the stars are wrapped in mist. The Pol- ar star still*
 3. *Steersman, steersman, how wild the tempest raves! The floods may swell, but*

winds sweep by, Now whither speeds thy bark? Now whither speeds thy bark?
 beams a - far On hills of am - e - thyst, On hills of am - e - thyst.
 all is well, While Jesus walks the waves, While Jesus walks the waves.

Sail - ing, sail - ing, to reach a glorious home, Tho' storms assail we
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a bet - ter land, No wind that blows our
 Sail - ing, sail - ing, to find a happier shore, A pathway bright shines

CHORUS.

dare the gale, For Je - sus bids us come. Sail - - ing o'er the
 hope o'erthrows, While Christ waits on the strand.
 through the night, Where friends have gone before. Sail - ing, sail - ing,

rest - less tide, Sail - - - ing thro' the gale we glide,
 Sail - ing, sail - ing

There, . . . beyond the billows' foam, We see the lights of home.

There, be - yond, beyond

Battling for the Lord.

T. E. PERKINS.

SEMI-CHORUS. CHORUS. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. We've list-ed in a ho - ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter - nal
 2. We've girded on our armor bright, Battling for the Lord! Our Captain's
 3. We'll stand like heroes on the field, Battling for the Lord! And no - bly

CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

life, our guiding star, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Jesus comes,
 word our strength and might, Battling for the Lord!
 fight, but never yield, Battling for the Lord!

We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes, And

then we'll rest at home.

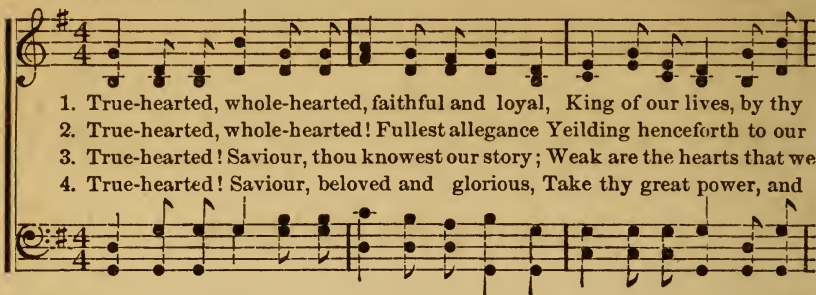
4 Though sin and death our way oppose,
 Battling for the Lord!
 Through grace we'll conquer all our foes,
 Battling for the Lord!

5 And when our glorious war is o'er,
 Battling for the Lord!
 We'll shout salvation evermore,
 Battling for the Lord!

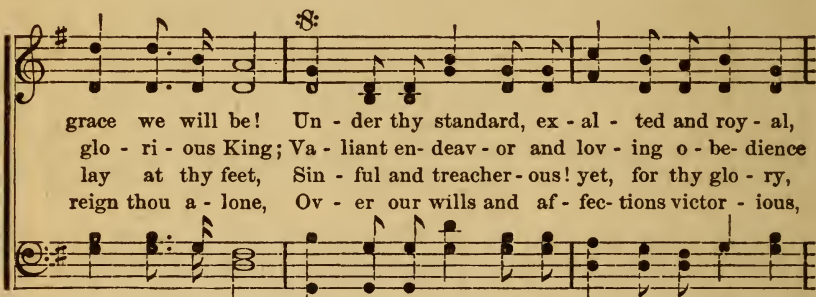
True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



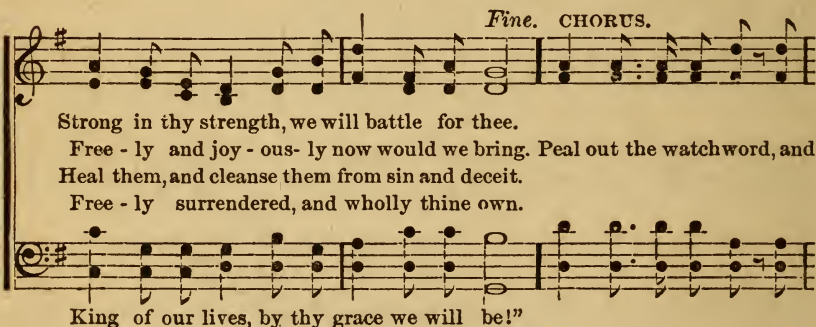
1. True-hearted, whole-hearted, faithful and loyal, King of our lives, by thy
 2. True-hearted, whole-hearted! Fullest allegiance Yeilding henceforth to our
 3. True-hearted! Saviour, thou knowest our story; Weak are the hearts that we
 4. True-hearted! Saviour, beloved and glorious, Take thy great power, and



grace we will be! Un - der thy standard, ex - al - ted and roy - al,
 glo - ri - ous King; Va - liant en - deav - or and lov - ing o - be - dience
 lay at thy feet, Sin - ful and treacher - ous! yet, for thy glo - ry,
 reign thou a - lone, Ov - er our wills and af - fec - tions victor - ious,

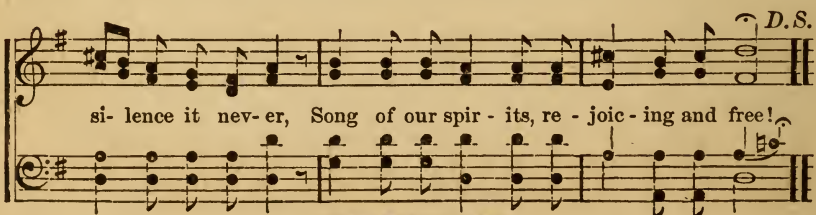
D. S.—True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for - ev - er,

Fine. CHORUS.



Strong in thy strength, we will battle for thee.
 Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring. Peal out the watchword, and
 Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and deceit.
 Free - ly surrendered, and wholly thine own.
 King of our lives, by thy grace we will be!"

D. S.



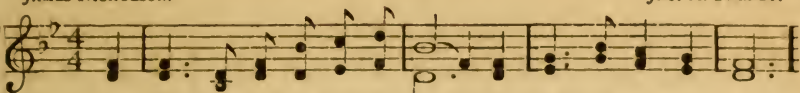
si - lence it nev - er, Song of our spir - its, re - joic - ing and free!

Watching for the Bridegroom.

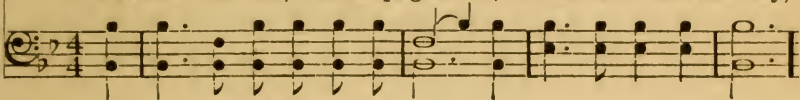
65

JAMES NICHOLSON.

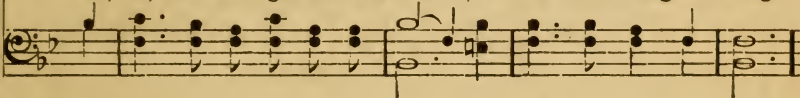
JNO. R. SWENEY.



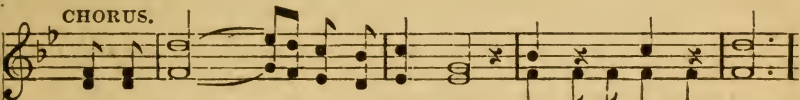
1. Our Je - sus says that he will come To gath - er home his own,
2. That this may be our hap - py lot, Let us be on our guard,
3. The fool - ish ones, with lamps gone out, Too late their oil would buy,



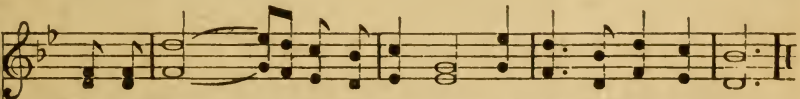
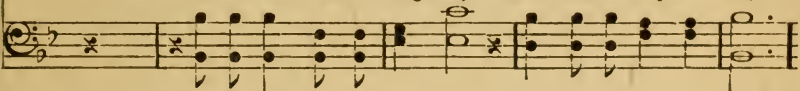
And at the sup - per of the Lamb We shall with him sit down.
 Or else he'll say, "I know you not," When once the door is barred.
 For, lo, at midnight comes the shout, Behold! the Bridegroom's nigh.



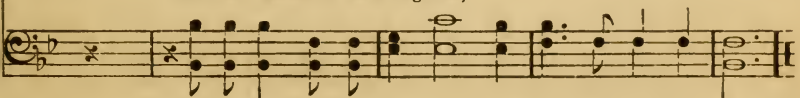
CHORUS.



Then we'll watch . . . for the Bridegroom, Watch, watch, watch,
 Then we'll watch for the Bridegroom, Watch while our lamps we trim;



Then we'll watch for the Bridegroom, And with him enter in.
 Then we'll watch for the Bridegroom,



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>4 Oh, when we hear the Bridegroom's
 At morning or at night, [cry,
 May all our hopes on Christ rely,
 And all our lamps be bright.</p> | <p>5 And when we join the blood-washed
 And sing the song divine, [throng,
 This strain shall burst from every tongue,
 The glory, Lord, be thine.</p> |
|--|--|

There You May Rest.

SALLIE E. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hast-en, ye wea-ry, why do you lin-ger? Wa-ters are flow-ing that
 2. Hast-en, ye wea-ry, green are the pas-tures Where your Redeemer will
 3. Come to the banquet he is prepar-ing, Un-der his ban-ner you

spar-kle for you, Close by the way-side, cool and refresh-ing;
 bid you re-pose; Great are the mer-cies, rich are the blessings,
 hen shall re-cline; There on his bo-som he will en-fold you,

CHORUS.

Come, and your vigor and strength renew. There you may rest, happy and blest,
 Fall-ing in love till your cup o'erflows.
 Causing his light in your soul to shine.

Safe with the Shep-herd kind; He from dan-ger will pro-

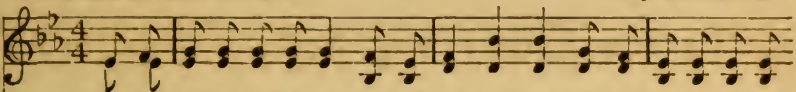
tect you, Rest for-ev-er you there shall find.

Jesus is a Precious Friend.

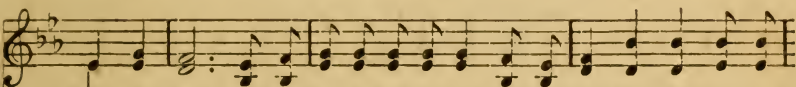
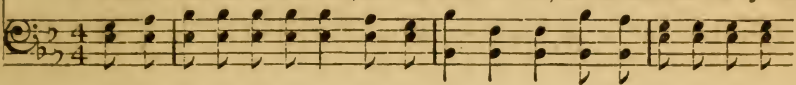
67

Rev. ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.

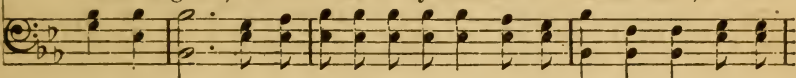
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



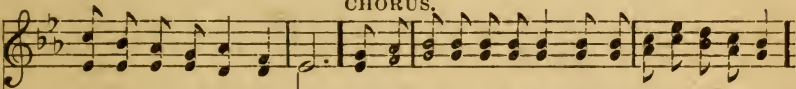
1. Jesus is a precious friend: oh, so kind and true! Full of tenderness and
2. Jesus is my dearest friend, and he walks with me As I journey in the
3. Jesus is the sinner's friend, and he died for me, And redeemed me by his



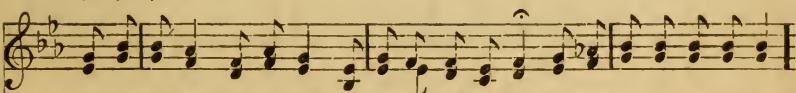
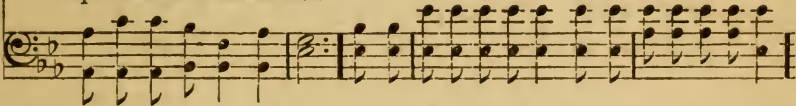
sym- pa - thy; In the time of woe and care he my grief will share, For he nar- row way; He assures me I am his, and bestows his peace, So I'm wondrous grace; And will lead me by the hand to the better land, Where I



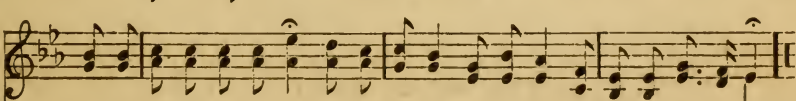
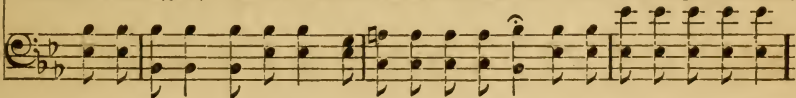
CHORUS.



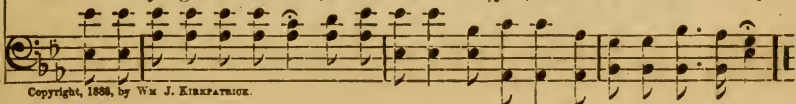
is a loving friend to me. O this precious, precious friend,
happy in his love each day. On whose goodness I depend.
hope to see him face to face.



How he loves me, yes, loves me With love that knows no end! For he died upon the tree,



And in dying ransomed me, And will love me, yes, love me Thro' all eternity.



The Gospel Army.

E. R. LATTA.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark, I hear the gos - pel arm - y, As they grandly move along ;
 2. Hark, I hear the gos - pel arm - y, And their shining armor see ;
 3. Hark, I hear the gos - pel arm - y, With their legions strong and true ;

And the Lord of life and glo - ry, Is the captain of the throng !
 Onward, gainst the hosts of e - vil, They are marching val - iant - ly !
 And the ranks are ev - er swelling, And the banners bright to view !

Not for earthly power or hon - or, They are moving on the foe ;
 Now I hear the shouts of triumph Mingled with the trumpet's sound !
 They will ne'er give up the struggle, Till the vic - to - ry is won !

But to conquer all for Je - sus, Who has loved the sin - ner so.
 Ev - en where the foe is strongest, They will make it holy ground.
 They will take the world for Jesus, — They are grandly marching on !

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! I hear the gos - pel ar - my, Pressing on by land and sea ;

Hark! hark! I hear the gos- pel ar- my, Marching on to vic- to - ry.

By Grace I Will.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { Will you go to Je- sus now, dear friend? He is calling you to-day; }
 { Will you seek the bright and better land, By "the true and living way? }
 2. { Would you know the Saviour's boundless love, And his mercy rich and free? }
 { Will you seek the saving, cleansing blood, That was shed for you and me. }

REFRAIN.

I will, I will! by the grace of God, I will; I will go to Jesus now; I will

heed the gospel call, For the promise is for all; I will go to Je- sus now.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
 To be ever his alone?
 And your loving service freely yield,
 To the King upon his throne.</p> | <p>4 Will you follow where the Master
 Choosing only his renown, [leads,
 Will you daily bear the cross for him,
 Till he bids you wear the crown?</p> |
|--|--|

I Need the Prayers.

"Prayer was made without ceasing of the church unto God for him."

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Acts xii. 5.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. I need the prayers of those I love, I need the sweet, sweet feeling, That
 2. Of those I love the prayers I need, They know my wants and ailings; They
 3. Of those I love I need the prayers, Whene'er God's throne addressing; 'Twill

suit for me is urged above, Whene'er dear friends are kneeling. A-
 know the way to in - tercede For all my faults and fail - ings. On
 keep my feet from sins and snares, 'Twill break in showers of blessing. Who

mid life's cares . . . I need the prayers, . . . I need the prayers . . . of
 Amid life's cares I need the prayers, I need the prayers of
 bend-ed knee . . . remember me; . . . Of those I love . . . the
 On bended knee remember me; Of those I love the
 love me yet, . . . oh, ne'er forget, . . . Of those I love I
 Who love me yet, oh, ne'er forget, Of those I love I

those I love: . . . Amid lifes cares . . . I need the prayers, . . .
 these I love, of those I love, Amid life's cares I need the prayers,
 prayers I need: . . . On bended knee . . . remember me . . .
 prayers I need, the prayers I need: On bended knee remember me;
 need the prayers: . . . Who love me yet, . . . oh, ne'er forget, . . .
 need the prayers, I need the prayers: Who love me yet, oh, ne'er forget,

I need the prayers of those I love.
 I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love.
 Of those I love the prayers I need.
 Of those I love the prayers I need, the prayers I need.
 Of those I love I need the prayers.
 Of those I love I need the prayers, I need the prayers.

I'm With Thee Every Hour.

Mrs. R.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I'm with thee every hour, My word is ever sure; I'll cleanse thee by my
 2. I'm with thee every hour, I am the living bread; If thou but test its
 3. I'm with thee every hour, I living waters give; Flee then, to faith's strong
 4. I'm with thee every hour, My flesh is meat indeed; My blood's all cleansing
 5. I'm with thee every hour, Thou weary, laden, come! A mansion is thy

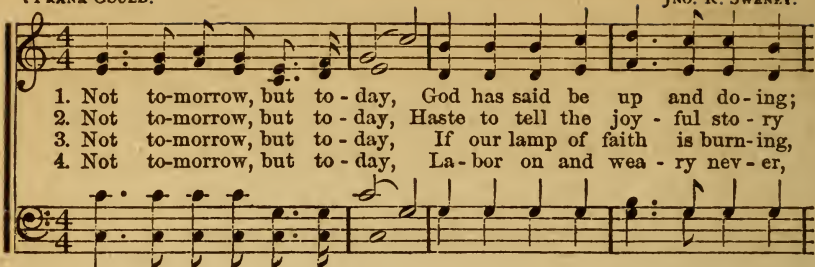
CHORUS.

power, And keep thee always pure. I'm with thee, O, I'm with thee! Thy
 power, Thou art for - ev - er fed.
 tower, Stoop, thou, and drink and live.
 power Is suit - ed to all need.
 dower, My Father's house is home.

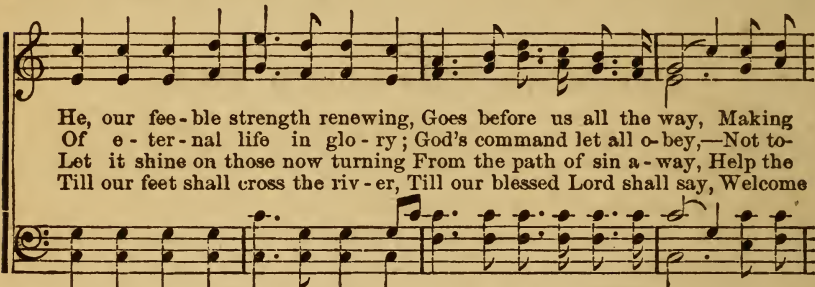
nev - er failing friend; Lo! I am with thee always, Unto the end.

. FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

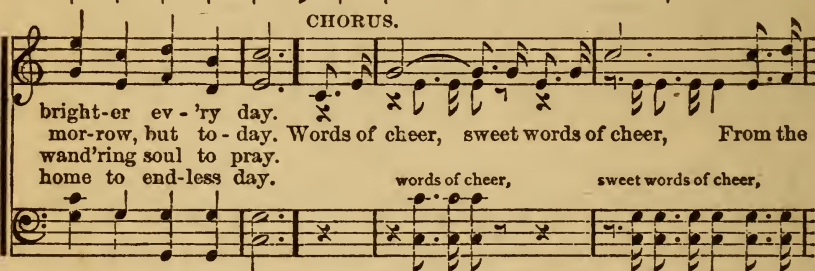


1. Not to-morrow, but to-day, God has said be up and do-ing;
 2. Not to-morrow, but to-day, Haste to tell the joy-ful sto-ry
 3. Not to-morrow, but to-day, If our lamp of faith is burn-ing,
 4. Not to-morrow, but to-day, La-bor on and wea-ry nev-er,

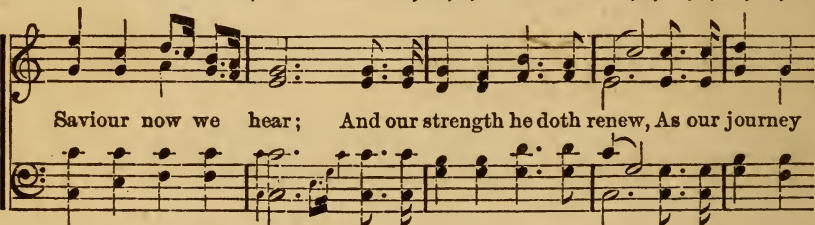


He, our fee-ble strength renewing, Goes before us all the way, Making
 Of e-ter-nal life in glo-ry; God's command let all o-bey,—Not to-
 Let it shine on those now turning From the path of sin a-way, Help the
 Till our feet shall cross the riv-er, Till our blessed Lord shall say, Welcome

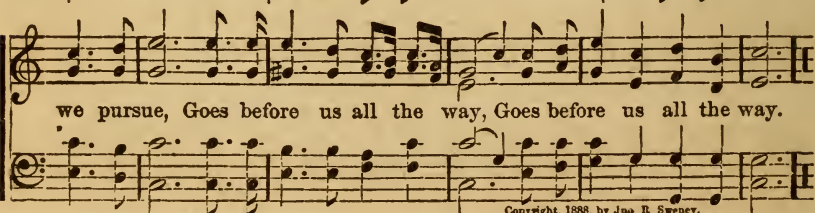
CHORUS.



bright-er ev-'ry day.
 mor-row, but to-day. Words of cheer, sweet words of cheer, From the
 wand'ring soul to pray.
 home to end-less day. words of cheer, sweet words of cheer,



Saviour now we hear; And our strength he doth renew, As our journey



we pursue, Goes before us all the way, Goes before us all the way.

Welcome Bells of Heaven.

73

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

1. Hear the welcome bells of heav-en Call-ing weary wand'ers home,—
 2. Come, ye sad and heav-y lad-en, With the weight of sin oppressed,
 3. Leave your doubts and fears behind you, Whoso-ev-er will may come;
 4. Poor way-far-er, old and lone-ly, Come, 'tis dark and growing late,

Come where peace and joy are giv-en, Come to Je-sus,—all may come.
 At his feet cast down your burden, Christ will give you sweetest rest.
 Leave the darkness and the dang-er, Christ will guide you safely home.
 En-ter now the door of mer-cy, Kindest welcomes for you wait.

CHORUS.

Come to Je-sus, come to Je-sus,—Hark! the
 Hear the bells of heav-en ring-ing, hear the bells of heav-en ring-ing, Call-ing wea-ry

sweet bells call us home; Come to Je-sus,
 wand'ers, call-ing wea-ry wand'ers home; Come where peace and joy are given,

come to Je-sus, Come and wel-come,—all may come.
 come where peace and joy are given, Come and welcome, come and welcome,—all may come.

Repeat pp

5 Little children, too, are welcome:
 "Suffer them to come to me;"
 Blessed Saviour, thou art calling;
 Help us all to come to thee.

6 When in mansions bright we gather,
 In the Palace of the King,
 "Come, ye blessed of my Father,"
 Sweetly shall the joy bells ring.

The Promises of Jesus.

E. A. BARNES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The prom-is-es of Jesus, So precious and so sweet, And all may know the
 2. The way is oft-en rugged, The future dark and drear, While at my feet I
 3. I'm try-ing to be faith-ful, To follow in the way, To serve him well where

comfort they possess; And here is one of ma-ny, With tenderness replete,
 know that perils lie; And yet I have this promise, To strengthen and to cheer,
 sin is ev-er rife; For here's another promise, That makes me glad to-day,

D.S.—The prom-is-es of Je-sus, In token of his love,

Fine. CHORUS.

"Come, wea-ry one, and I will give you rest." Prom-is-es, so sweet!
 "Lo, I will safe-ly guide thee with mine eye."
 "Lo, I will crown thee with a crown of life!"

I will lay them on the al-tar of my heart.

D.S.

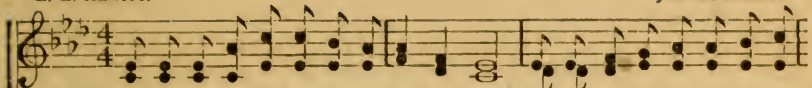
Prom-is-es, so sure! I will lay them on the al-tar of my heart;

Jesus, I will Take Thee.

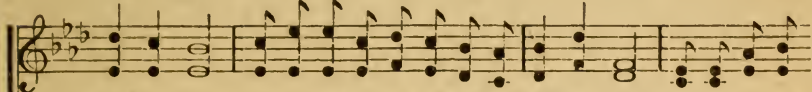
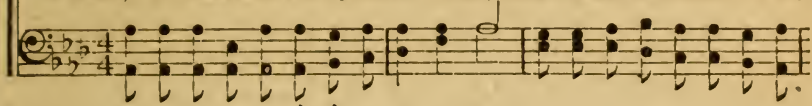
75

E. E. HEWITT.

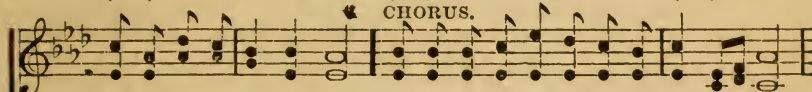
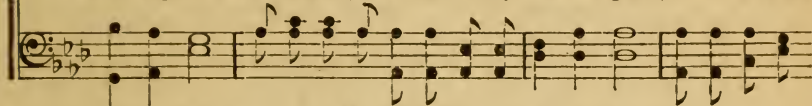
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Jesus, I will take thee, While life's moments roll, And thro' endless ages, Saviour
2. Jesus, I will take thee For my Lord and King, To thy blessed service Glad al-
3. Jesus, I will take thee For my truest Friend; Come to thee for comfort; On thy

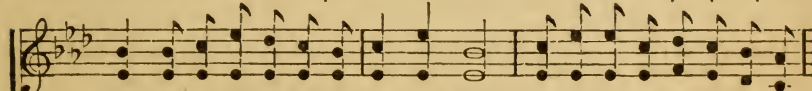
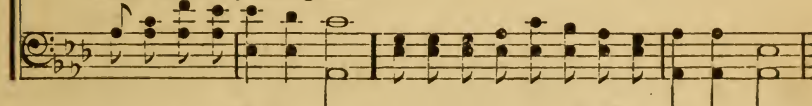


of my soul: Jesus, Saviour, take me, Cleanse me in thy blood, Thro' thy full a-
legiance bring: Jesus, Master, take me, Keep me as thine own; All my life con-
help depend: Jesus, Master, take me To thy heart of grace, Lift on me the

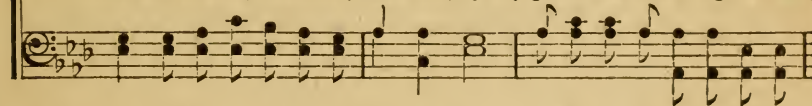


CHORUS.

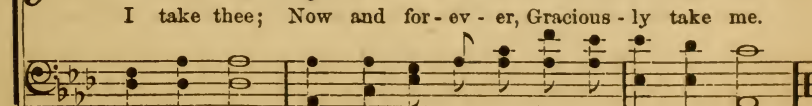
tonement, Draw me nigh to God. By thy power made willing, Saviour, I take thee;
trolling, From thy royal throne.
sunshine Of thy loving face.



Now and forever, Graciously take me; By thy power made willing, Saviour,



I take thee; Now and for - ev - er, Gracious - ly take me.



Come with Rejoicing.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With animation.

1. Sing to the Lord, to God our Father, Speak of his goodness from day to day ;
 2. Sing to the Lord, our great Redeemer, Sing he is risen, with saving might ;
 3. Sing to the Lord, the Ho-ly Spirit, Spir-it of truth, our abiding friend ;
 4. Sing to the Lord, to God our Father, Sing to our Saviour, e - ter-nal Son ;

Make known his glory, tell of his wisdom, Sing how his kindness illumines our way.
 Strong to deliver, praise him forever, Sing his salvation, his kingdom of light,
 Comforter holy, Spirit of guidance, Welcome him truly, let praises ascend.
 Sing to the Spirit, honor and worship, Power and dominion, the Three in One.

CHORUS.

Come with rejoicing, come with rejoicing, Come with rejoicing, praise ye the Lord ;

Sing hallelu - jah, sing hallelu- jah, Sing hallelujah, praise ye the Lord.

Rejoice Evermore.

77

M. E. SERVOS.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Rejoice! rejoice! for Jesus reigns, the Prince of peace and love, To guide the children
 2. Rejoice! rejoice! the Christ has come, The Saviour of mankind, To seek the lost ones
 3. Rejoice! rejoice forevermore, Nor let one soul repine; Tho' friends forget, and

of his grace To heav'n, their home above. And they who seek his loving care Thro'
 of his fold, And heal the halt and blind. O err-ing and repentant soul, Look
 hearts grow cold, A Father's love is thine. And if the world seems dark with frowns, Just

Fine.
 [ways.
 dark and sunny days, Shall know how safely they may walk When God directs their
 up and thou shalt live; The friend of sinners comes to save, To ransom and forgive.
 meet them with a smile; And, with the hope of future bliss, All present ills beguile.

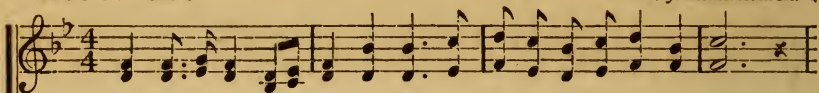
D.S.—must rejoice who surely know That Jesus is their King.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 Rejoice! rejoice for-ev-er-more! Immanuel's praises sing; They

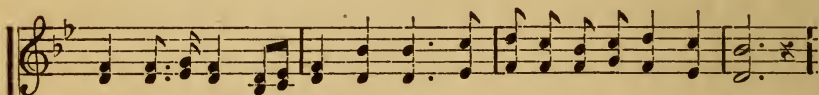
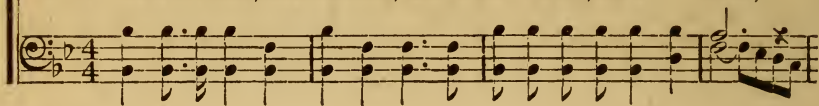
Jesus the Rock.

Mrs. C. N. PICKOP.

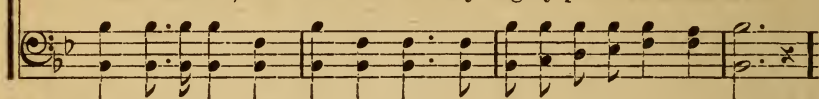
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. ?



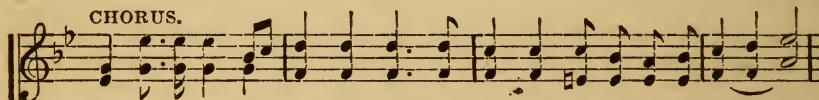
1. Jesus, the rock on which my feet May safely and securely stand,
2. Jesus, the rock on which I build, The sure foundation, true and tried;
3. Jesus the rock stands firm, secure, Unyielding, tho' the storms may beat;
4. Jesus the rock, blest Saviour, thou Art all I want, and all I crave;



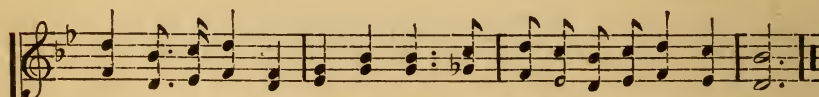
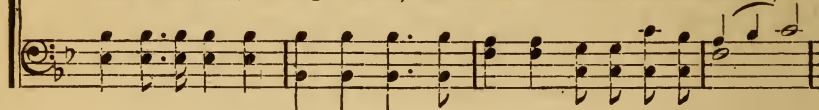
While all around me sinks and falls, And scatters like the crumbling sand.
 Bright star of hope for ruined man, Is Jesus Christ, the cruci - fied!
 In this sure trust I anchor fast, And find a blessed safe re - treat.
 I trust in thee, for well I know Thy mighty power alone can save.



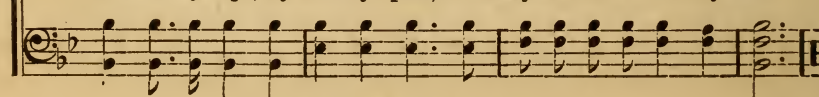
CHORUS.



Jesus the rock, I cling to thee, Tho' waves and billows 'round me roll;



Jesus my hope, my on - ly plea, The stay and comfort of my soul.

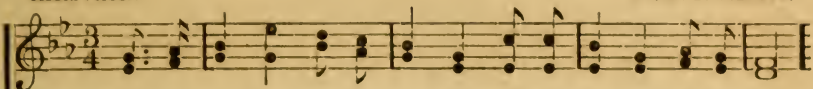


Resting.

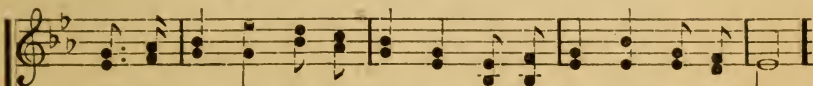
79

ADDIE MILLS.

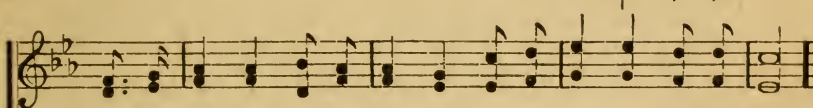
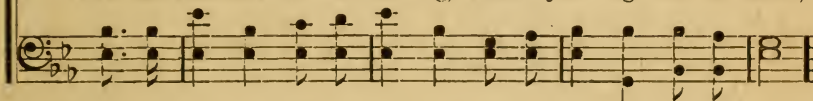
Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



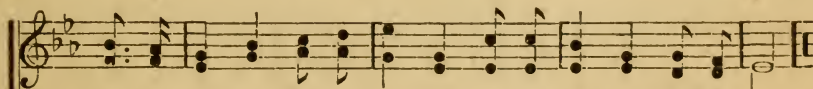
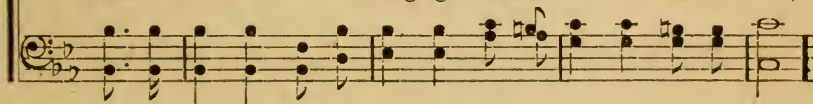
1. Now no more with pain I'm clinging, To the cross on Calva - ry,
2. When the waves are boisterous growing, He doth whisper, "peace, be still;"
3. Yes, I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest - ing, Since I knew 'twas better so,
4. Now I'm glid - ing, homeward gliding, Far from rock - y reef and shore;



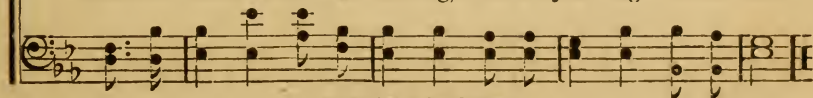
And my hap - py soul is singing Of the rest Christ giveth me;
 And like qui - et rivers flowing Are the dews that soft dis - till;
 And I found 'twas love re - questing Me at once to just let go;
 With the Com - fort - er a - bid - ing, I'm re - joic - ing ev - er - more;



Sweetly resting, ev - er resting, Though on life's tempestuous sea.
 Blessed moments, blessed moments, That re - veal his gracious will;
 Oh, 'tis glo - ry, oh, 'tis glo - ry, Since I trusted this I know,
 Praise to Je - sus ev - er singing For the heaven of rest in store;



And my hap - py soul is singing Of the rest Christ giveth me.
 And like qui - et rivers flowing Are the dews that soft dis - till.
 And I found 'twas love re - questing Me at once to just let go.
 With the Com - fort - er a - bid - ing, I'm re - joic - ing ev - er - more.



Thine Forever.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Thine for-ev-er, thine for-ev-er, My Redeem-er, will I be;
 2. Thine for-ev-er, thine for-ev-er,—Oh, the rapture of my heart!
 3. Where thou leadest I will follow, Where thou bidst me I will go;

On the al-tar lies my offering, Con-se-crated now to thee;
 Thou my refuge and my comfort, Thou my lasting portion art;
 In the ve-ry front of battle Fear-less will I meet the foe;

All my fervent soul's de-vo-tion To thy service, Lord, I give;
 Cast-ing ev-'ry weight behind me, I the christian race will run,
 I shall conquer through thy mercy, I shall triumph through thy might,

For thy honor and thy glo-ry I will la-bor while I live.
 Trust-ing thee and taking courage, Till the race my soul has won.
 I shall see thee in thy kingdom; There will faith be lost in sight.

CHORUS.

Thine forev-er, thine for-ev-er, Saviour, I am resting in thy love;
 in thy love;

Thine forev - er, thine forev- er, Saviour, I am resting sweetly in thy love.

His Yoke is Easy.

Ps. xxiii.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want, He maketh me down to
2. My soul crieth out: "restore me again, And give me the strength to
3. Yea, tho' I should walk in the valley of death, Yet why should I fear from

lie In pastures green, He leadeth me The qui - et wa - ters by.
 take The narrow path of righteousness, E'en for his own name's sake."
 ill? For thou art with me, and thy rod And staff me comfort still.

CHORUS.

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

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

The Everlasting Song.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come, O my soul, my ev-'ry power awak - ing, Look un - to Him whose
 2. Think, O my soul, how patient - ly he sought thee, Far, far a - way up -
 3. Sing, O my soul, and let thy pure de - vot - ion Rise to his throne, — thy
 4. Soon, O my soul, thy earthly house forsaking, Soon shalt thou rise the

goodness crowns thy days; While into song an - gel - ic choirs are breaking,
 on the mountains steep, Then in his arms how tender - ly he brought thee
 Saviour, Friend, and Guide; Sing of his love, that, like a mighty o - cean,
 bet - ter land to see; Then wilt thy harp, a nobler strain a - wak - ing,

CHORUS.

Oh, let thy voice its thankful tri - bute raise. Tell how a - lone the
 Home to his fold, a wea - ry, wand'ring sheep.
 Flows un - to thee, and all the world be - side.
 Praise him who died to purchase life for thee.

path of death he trod; Tell how he lives, thy Ad - vocate with God;

Lift up thy voice, while heaven's triumphant throng
 Swell at his feet the everlasting song.

Come and Ask Jesus to Save You. 83

ABBIE MILLS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { Would you find the way to heaven? Come and ask Jesus to save you; }
 { Would you know your sins forgiven? Come and ask Jesus to save you. }
 2. { Would you treasures have a-bove? Come and ask Jesus to save you; }
 { Would you know the wealth of love? Come and ask Jesus to save you. }

He will light and joy im-part To your dark and wea-ry heart,
 Come, your lov-ing Fa-ther meet; See, he waits his child to greet;

He will bid your sin de-part, Come and ask Je-sus to save you.
 Hast-en on with eag-er feet; Come and ask Je-sus to save you.

CHORUS.

Come to the fountain of mercy to-day, Come and your sins shall be taken away;

Come to the Saviour and earnest-ly pray, Jesus will certainly save you.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Would you from your chains be free?
 Come and ask Jesus to save you;
 Would you cease a slave to be?
 Come and ask Jesus to save you.
 He is every captive's friend;
 If on him you now depend,
 His right arm will you defend,
 Come and ask Jesus to save you.</p> | <p>4 Would you gain yon heavenly shore?
 Come and ask Jesus to save you;
 Would you join those gone before?
 Come and ask Jesus to save you.
 He that lives who once was dead
 Bore the cross; for you he bled;
 He can soothe your dying bed,
 Come and ask Jesus to save you.</p> |
|---|---|

Communion With Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

B. J. HYATT.

1. O Je - sus my Saviour, come near - er to me; I long for a
 2. Since thou, my Redeem - er and Saviour, art mine, The world and its
 3. O what are the pleasures, the joys of a day, To those in thy
 4. O when in thy likeness my spir - it shall stand Among the bright

clos - er com - mun - ion with thee, — To look in the eyes of thy
 pleasures I glad - ly re - sign; And now on the pin - ions of
 kingdom that fade not a - way? Or what are the tri - als and
 mil - lions in E - den's fair land, My great - est and high - est en -

soul - speaking love, And see the dear face of my Fa - ther a - bove.
 faith I would rise Still near - er my mansion, my home in the skies.
 cross - es I bear, When thou art prepar - ing the robe I shall wear?
 joyment will be, Commu - ion for - ev - er, my Saviour, with thee.

CHORUS.

Then near - er to me, come near - er to me; I long for a

clos - er commun - ion with thee; My ear - nest and fer - vent pe -

tition shall be To live in a constant commun- ion with thee.

Moments of Blessing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Rich are the moments of blessing Je- sus my Saviour be- stows;
2. Rich are the moments of blessing, Lovely, and hallowed, and sweet,
3. Why should I ev- er grow weary? Why should I faint by the way?
4. Though by the mist and the shadow Sometimes my sky may be dim,

Pure is the well of sal- vation Fresh from his mercy that flows.
 When from my la- bor at noontide Calm- ly I rest at his feet.
 Has he not promised to give me Strength for the toils of the day?
 Rich are the moments of blessing Spent in communion with him.

Fine.

D.S.—Spreading a beau- ti- ful rainbow O- ver the val- ley of tears.

CHORUS.

Ev - - er he walketh beside me, Bright - ly his sunshine appears,
 Ev-er, yes, ev-er he walk-eth be-side me, Brightly his sunshine, his sunshine appears,

D.S.

In the Comfort of the Spirit.

SARAH E. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am dwelling in the comfort Of the Spir - it day by day ;
 2. In the comfort of the Spir - it What a ho - ly calm is mine !
 3. In the comfort of the Spir - it I shall see the clos - ing day ;

I am walking and communing with my Saviour by the way,
 In the presence of my Saviour There is joy and peace di - vine ;
 In the presence of my Saviour I shall gent - ly pass a - way ;

Till my heart cries out in wonder While his love to me I trace ;
 I am walking in the sunshine That no cloud can ev - er dim,
 Through the gate of life im - mor - tal, To the ci - ty built a - bove,

Oh, the ful - ness of his mer - cy ! Oh, the richness of his grace !
 Nor a shadow veil its glo - ry, While my faith abides in him.
 There for - ev - er and for - ev - er I shall sing re - deem - ing love.

D.S.—Oh, the ful - ness of his mer - cy ! Oh, the richness of his grace !

CHORUS.

Halle - lu - jah ! Halle - lu - jah ! I'm a - biding in the sunshine of the
 Hal - le - lu - jah ! Hal - le - lu - jah !

In the Comfort of the Spirit.—CONCLUDED. 87

D. S.

Saviour's blessed face; Halle - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Now my hap - py heart can say,

Enter into thy Closet.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. En - ter in - to thy clos - et, Steal from the world a - way;
2. En - ter in - to thy clos - et, Hide from all else thy grief,
3. En - ter in - to thy clos - et, Stay till thou find - est rest,

There in the calm and si - lence Un - to thy Fa - ther pray.
He who can see in se - cret Shall give thy heart re - lief.
Then bring thy peace where oth - ers May by its calm be blessed.

CHORUS.

Pour out the woes that oppress thee, On him thy burdens roll;

He who doth know thy sor - rows Will surely refresh thy soul.

The Promises.

L. E. HEWITT.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. The prom - is - es, how precious! The words of God's own book! They
 2. They fall up - on waste plac - es Like gen - tle drops of rain, Re -
 3. Yes, they shall stand forev - er! God's word shall still endure, A -

shine amid our darkness Like stars on some lone brook; Or, like the joy - ous
 fresh - ing and uplifting The soul that's faint with pain. They speak a Father's
 mid time's devas - tations E - ter - nal - ly secure. He's faithful that hath

sunshine. They fill our path with light, The fore - gleams of that glory Where
 blessing, They breathe a Saviour's love; Our comfort in life's sorrows, Our
 promised, I trust his words divine; Oh, show me all their fulness, Blest

CHORUS.

com - eth no more night.
 pledge of joys a - bove. The prom - is - es, how precious! I
 Spir - it, make them mine.

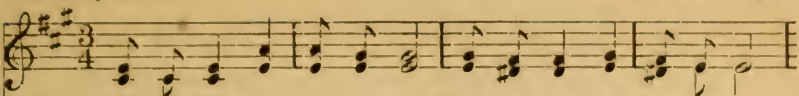
love to call them mine, Sealed by my Saviour's dying blood, In covenant divine.

I Will Go.

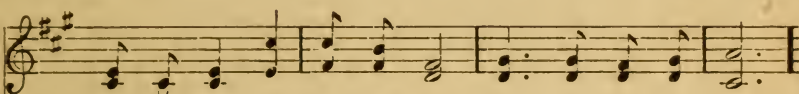
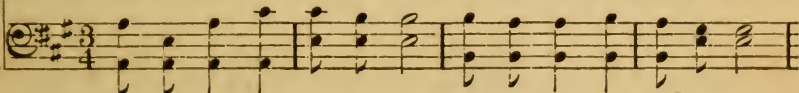
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MARTHA J. LANKTON.

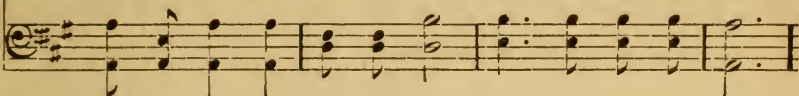
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



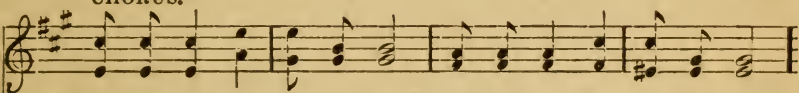
1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way;
2. Though I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain,
3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev - er heal my woe;
4. Something whispers in my soul, Though my sins like mountains roll,
5. I o - bey the Saviour's call, Now to him I yield my all,



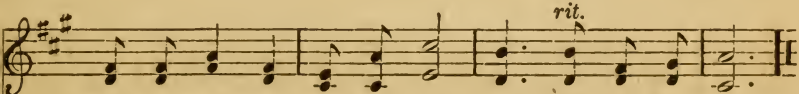
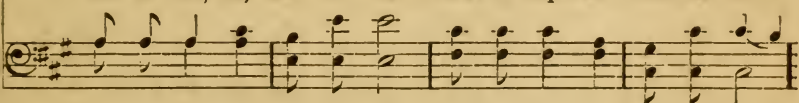
Oh, for strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
Yet to-night I'll try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
I will rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me.
Je - sus' blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
At his feet, where oth - ers fall, There's a place for me.



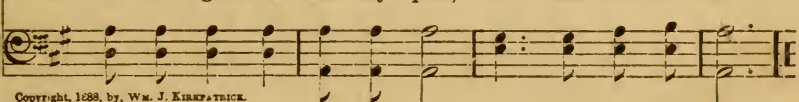
CHORUS.



Can it be, oh, can it be There is hope for one like me?



I will go with this my plea, Je - sus died for me.



Happy in Thee.

SARAH E. JAMES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My soul is re-joicing, and sweet is my song, While onward to Zion I
 2. Thy presence is with me, thy image I bear; Thy banner is o'er me, thy
 3. I walk in thy sunshine, I rest in thy smile, And visions of glo-ry the
 4. I know there's a mansion preparing above, Where soon thou wilt call me to

jour-ney a-long; No thorns in my pathway, no clouds can I see, For
 garment I wear; The world and its pleasures are nothing to me, For
 moments be-guile; Thy peace like a riv-er is flow-ing for me, And
 feast on thy love; Yet here while I tar-ry content will I be, For

CHORUS.

oh, I am happy, dear Saviour, in thee. Hap - - py in thee, . . .
 Happy in thee, happy in thee,

hap - - - py in thee, . . . My soul is re-joicing, my
 Sav-iour, dear Sav-iour, I'm hap-py in thee,

spir-it is free, And oh, I am hap-py, dear Saviour, in thee.

Telling the Story of Jesus.

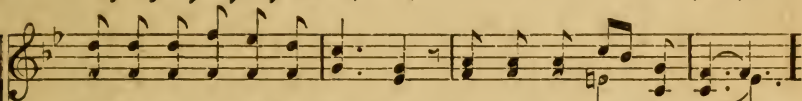
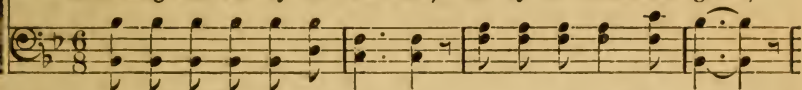
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E. E. HEWITT.

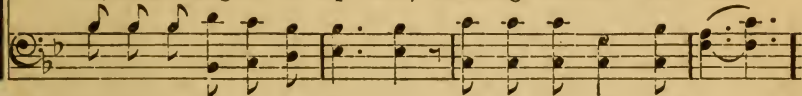
JNO. R. SWENEY.



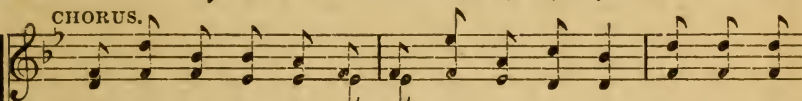
1. Telling the sto-ry of Je - sus, Bright with redemption's ray;
2. Telling the sto-ry of Je - sus, Ask-ing his help in prayer;
3. Telling the sto-ry of Je - sus, Sto-ry of life and love,
4. Telling the sto-ry of Je - sus, Sto-ry of boundless grace;



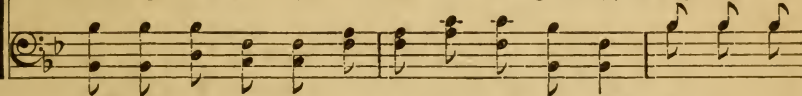
Showing the power of sal - va - tion, Liv - ing it day by day.
Giving the hope of the gos - pel, Tak - ing it ev - 'ry - where.
Singing it ev - er with glad - ness, Learning the song a - bove.
Yes, we will sing it in rap - ture, Standing be - fore his face.



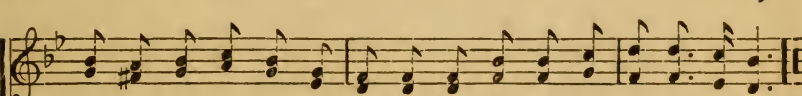
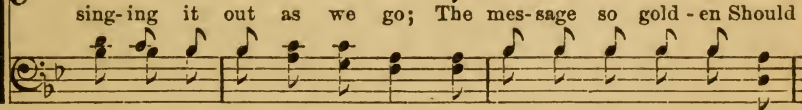
CHORUS.



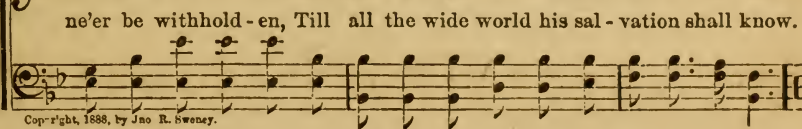
Tell - ing the sto - ry Of in - fi - nite glo - ry, Sing - ing it,



sing - ing it out as we go; The mes - sage so gold - en Should



ne'er be withhold - en, Till all the wide world his sal - vation shall know.



The Exile's Return.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. How restless the soul of the wand'rer from Jesus! No spot in this wide world can
 2. His soul in sad exile now longs for the homestead, And deepening convictions are
 3. New songs of rejoicing now thrill that old homestead, The best robe bro't forth, ring, [and

comfort afford; Unconscious he drifts on the waves of his folly Still
 tossing his breast; He hears as in childhood, those sweet words of Jesus, "Come,
 shoes for his feet; He's clad in the garments his Father pro- vided, Has

farther and farther away from his Lord; Yet still there are moments of
 all ye that labor, and I'll give you rest;" He listens! the Spirit re-
 feasting for famine, and resting complete; Come, ye that are wand'ring, now

fond recollection,
 When bright scenes of childhood come fresh to his view, And chords of "Sweet
 peats the sweet message, And turning from folly, no longer to roam. He ventures in
 haste to the Saviour, He patiently lingers to lavish his love; His arm is out-

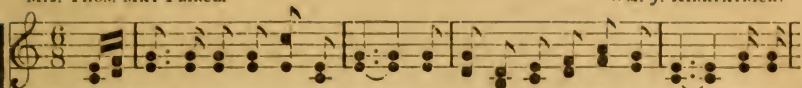
Home," that have long been reposing, By fingers unseen are a - wakened anew.
 weakness, but strength is imparted, And gladly he's welcomed by Father at home.
 stretched to rescue the needy, And bring you to mansions he's promised above.

The City Beyond.

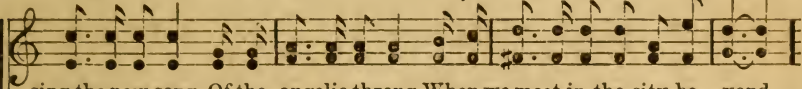
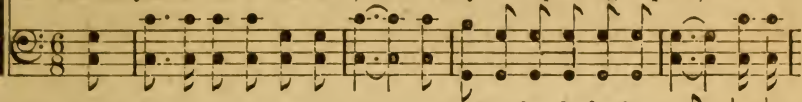
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Mrs. THOS. MAY PRICKE.

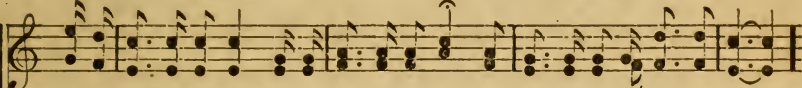
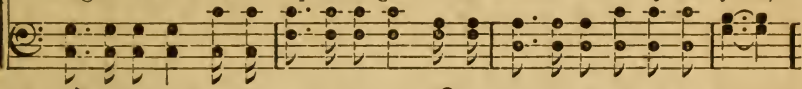
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



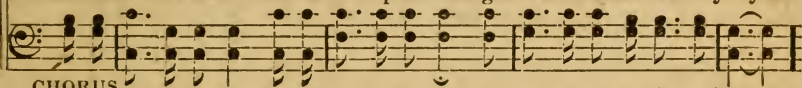
1. We'll sing of the statutes divine, Whilst pilgrims, lest here we despond; But we'll
 2. How blessed as children and heirs To enter that mansion above, Where the
 3. And whether we bear to that land Heart sorrows or memories fond, Shall their
 4. Before they shall call He will hear, And ere they cease speaking respond, While the



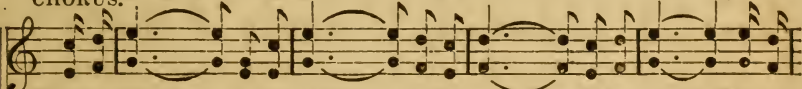
sing the new song Of the angelic throng When we meet in the city be - yond.
 souls of the blest Are forev - er at rest, In the bosom of in - fi - nite love!
 purpose be seen, With no shadow between, When we meet in the city be - yond;
 angels await To throw open the gate That leads to the ci - ty be - yond,



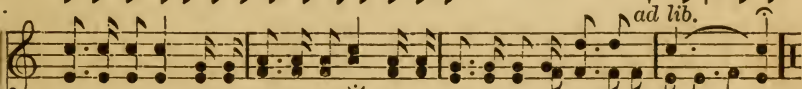
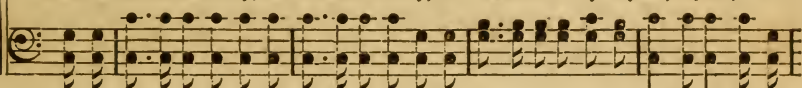
When we both, you and I, Having passed thro' the gate, Shall meet in the city beyond.
 When the ransom'd of earth, Having pass'd thro' the gate, Shall meet in the city above.
 When the children of grace, Having pass'd thro' the gate, Shall meet in the city beyond.
 For the numberless host That shall sweep thro' the gate That leads to the city beyond.



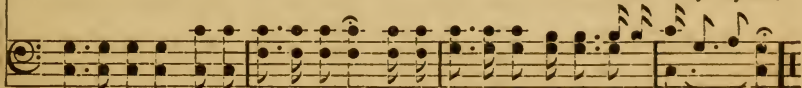
CHORUS.



When we meet in the beau - tiful ci - ty be - yond, We will
 When we meet in the ci - ty, the beautiful ci - ty, the beautiful ci - ty beyond, beyond,



sing the new song Of the angelic throng In the beautiful city be - yond.
 In the ci - ty beyond.



One by One.

Adapted from Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. One by one we cross the riv - er, One by one we're passing o'er ;
 2. One by one we come to Je - sus, As we heed his gentle voice ;
 3. One by one the heavy - la - den Sink be - neath the noontide sun,

One by one the crowns are given On the bright and happy shore.
 One by one his vineyard en - ter, There to la - bor and re - joice.
 And the a - ged pilgrim welcomes Eve - ning shadows as they come ;

Youth and childhood oft are pass - ing O'er the dark and rolling tide,
 One by one sweet flowers we gather In the glorious work of love,—
 One by one, with sins forgiv - en, May we stand upon the shore,

And the blessed Ho - ly Spir - it Is the dy - ing Christian's guide ;
 Garlands for the bless - ed Sav - iour Gather for the realms a - bove ;
 Waiting till the bless - ed Spir - it Takes our hand and guides us o'er ;

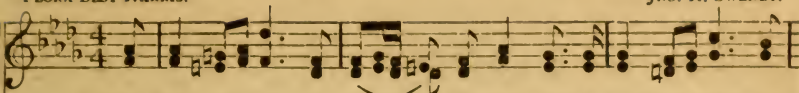
And the loving, gen - tle Spir - it Bears them o'er the rolling tide.
 And the loving, gen - tle Spir - it Bears them to our home of love.
 And the loving, gen - tle Spir - it Leads us to the shining shore.

Let the King of Glory In.

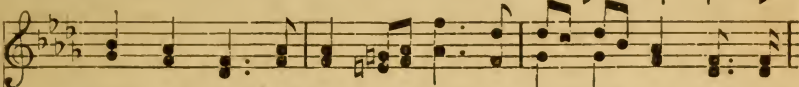
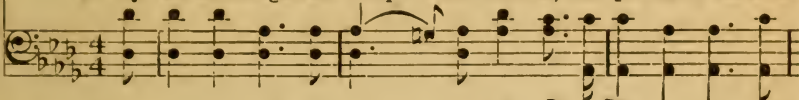
95

FLORA BEST HARRIS.

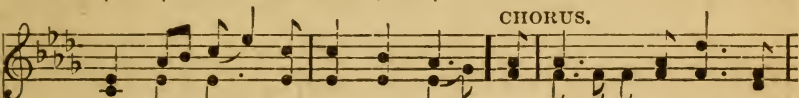
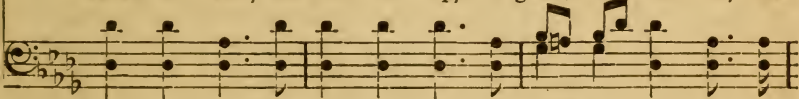
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. The flush of morn is on . . the mountains, To drive away the
2. The flush of morn is on . . the mountains, And onward steals to
3. The des-ert flowers beneath his footstep, And laughing waters
4. By all these signs the Conq - ueror cometh, 'Tho' powers of darkness

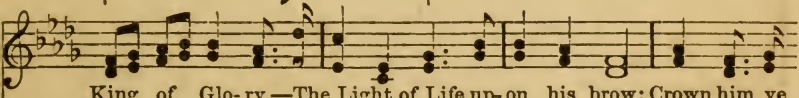
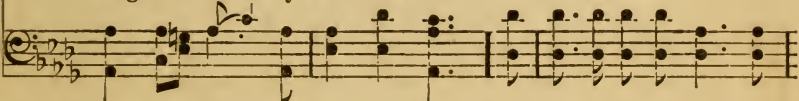


night of sin; Lift up your heads, O hind'ring por - tals, And
far - est plain, While valleys sing a - mid the dawning,—"He
leap to light, The blind who sit in mourning midnight, Re -
strive to win; Be lift - ed up, O gates, be lift - ed,"The

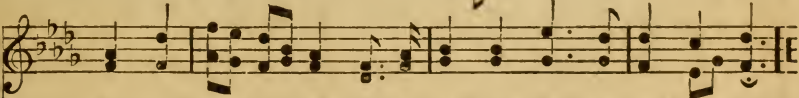
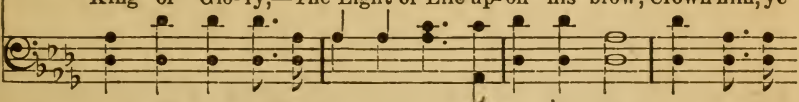


CHORUS.

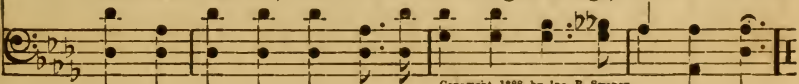
let the King of Glo - ry in! He comes, he comes, the
comes whose right it is to reign!"
ceive from him e - ter - nal sight.
King of Glo - ry shall come in." he comes,



King of Glo - ry,—The Light of Life up - on his brow; Crown him, ye



nations, crown him, crown him! The "King of Kings," behold him now.



Close by the Side of Jesus.

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

A. M. WORTMAN, M D.

1. Close by the side of Je - sus, Filled with his boundless love,
 2. Close by the side of Je - sus, Led by his hand so dear,
 3. Close by the side of Je - sus, Child of his grace so free;
 4. Close by the side of Je - sus, Light is the cross I bear;

Cheered by the streams descend - ing Pure from his throne a - bove.
 Heir to a full sal - va - tion,—What has my soul to fear?
 Learn - ing, and still re - peat - ing, All he has done for me.
 He is a firm foun - da - tion; Safe will I rest me there.

CHORUS.

Close by the side of Je - sus, Drawn by his power di - vine;

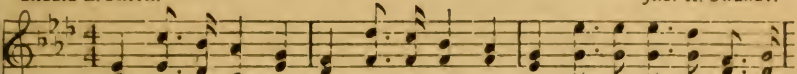
Oh, how my heart re - joic - es! Oh, what a song is mine!

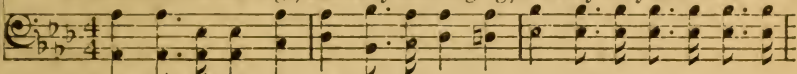
Wonderful Tidings.

97


SALLIE E. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

- 
1. Won-der-ful tid-ings mer- cy is bearing, Sweetly declaiming, while the
 2. Won-der-ful tid-ings joy- fully sounding, Hear them resounding from the
 3. Won-der-ful tid-ings, still they are ringing; Sweetly they tell us of a

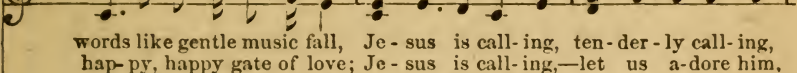


words like gentle music fall, Je- sus is call- ing, ten- der- ly call- ing,
hap- py, happy gate of love; Je- sus is call- ing,—let us a- dore him,
bless- ed Saviour ev- er near, Je- sus is call- ing,—we may believe him;



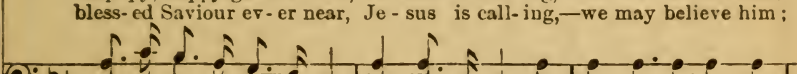
Fine.

Ten- der- ly say- ing, there is room for all; Room for all, yes,
Gath- er be- fore him, and seek his love. He is love and
How can we grieve him, our friend so dear? He is near, our



room for all; Come and welcome still, who- so- ev- er will;
Lord a- bove; Wait- ing now he stands, see his bless- ed hands;
friend so dear, Now his ten- der care all of us may share;

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.



Haste away, no more delay; Come, O come, the Saviour calls to-day!
Hear him say, oh, why de- lay? Come, O come, the Saviour calls to-day!
Haste a- way, no long- er stay, Come, O come, the Saviour calls to-day!

Awake, O Heart of Mine.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Awake, awake, utter a song."—Judges 5: 12.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Awake, a-wake, O heart of mine, Sing praise to God a-bove;
2. Redeemed by him, my Lord and King, Who saves me day by day;
3. O love, unchang-ing and sublime! Not all the hosts above

Take up the song of end-less years, And shout redeem-ing love;
My life and all its ransomed powers Could ne'er his love re-pay;
Can reach the height or sound the depth Of God's e-ter-nal love;

Redeemed by him who bore my sins, When on the cross he died;
And yet his mer-cy condescends My hum-ble gift to own,
This wondrous love enfolds the world, It fills the realms above;

Redeemed and purchased with his blood, Redeemed and sanc-ti-fied.
And thro' the rich-es of his grace, He brings me near his throne.
'Tis boundless as eter-ni-ty. 'Tis God, and God is love.

CHORUS.

Awake, awake, . . . O heart of mine, . . . Sing praise, sing

praise . . . to God above; . . . Take up the song . . . of endless
to God above;

years. . . . And shout re-deem - ing love.
And shout re-deem - ing love.

rit.

Whom am I Seeking?

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Swiftly, so swiftly, the years roll along, Burdened with trials or happy with song;
2. Whom am I seeking of those whom I love Trying to lead them to Jesus above;
3. Jesus the Shepherd is seeking his own; Shall he go after the lost sheep alone?
4. Sweet is the voice of his love in my soul, Sweet is the power of his grace to control;

Fine.

How am I working as time glides away? Whom am I seeking for Jesus to-day?
Watching and praying, wherev-er I may, Whom am I seeking for Jesus to-day?
Oh, in his work to be near him alway; Whom am I seeking for Jesus to-day?
Seeking for others like blessings to share, Whom am I bringing to Jesus in prayer?

D.S.—Whom am I seeking? for whom do I pray? Whom am I seeking for Jesus to-day?

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Seeking so patiently, seeking with care;
Seeking with loving words, seeking with prayer;

Valley of Rest.

ANNA C. STOREY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Val-ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Haven of rest, tranquil and blest,
 2. Val-ley of Eden, the soul's dear home, Bright are thy hills, peaceful thy rills;
 3. Val-ley of E-den, beyond the sea, Lovely thy bowers, fadeless thy flowers;

Anchored forev-er we soon shall be, Gathered with Jesus to rest;
 Hap-py for-ev-er we soon shall roam O-ver thy bright blooming hills;
 Val-ley of E-den, we dream of thee, Dream of thy beau-ti-ful bowers.

Songs of the ransomed are floating in air, Wafted to earth from thy region so fair;
 Thine are the beauties that never decay, Thine is a light of a shadowless day;
 Friends that were parted with rapture shall meet, Casting their crowns at Immanuel's feet:

Angels are tender-ly calling us there, Calling the wea-ry to rest.
 Voices of loved ones are calling a-way, Home to thy bright blooming hills.
 Still the glad voices of angels re-peat, Come to the valley of flowers.

CHORUS. Repeat, Tenor and Soprano changing parts.

Come, come, come, come,
 Come to this val-ley of E-den fair, Wea-ry and sorrow-op-pressed;

poco rit.

Come, come, come, come, Come to this val-ley, this val-ley of rest.
 Angels are tenderly calling us there, Come to this valley of rest. . . .

The Mercy-seat.

H. STOWELL.

Chorus by H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. From ev - 'ry storm-y wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Jesus sheds The oil of gladness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friend holds fellowship with friend;

There is a calm, a sure re-treat: 'Tis found beneath the mer-cy-seat.
 A place than all besides more sweet: It is the blood-bought mer-cy-seat.
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet Around one common mer - cy-seat.

CHORUS.

The mer - cy-seat, the mer - cy-seat, Where weary souls their Saviour meet,

And falling down be-fore his feet, Sal-va-tion flows at the mer-cy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
 When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
 Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
 Had suff'ring saints no mercy-seat?

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

His Banner.

JAMES L. BLACK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I sit at the feet of Je - sus, Nor heed as the time goes by,
 2. I sit at the feet of Je - sus: Was ev - er a joy like mine?
 3. I sit at the feet of Je - sus, In per - fect and calm repose;
 4. Come, sit at the feet of Je - sus, Ye wea - ry and toil-opressed;

His ban - ner of love is o'er me, And hap - py indeed am I.
 I list to the words of comfort That fall from his lips di - vine.
 He crowneth my head with blessings, With rapture my heart o'erflows.
 Come, learn of the meek and lowly, Who giv - eth his children rest.

CHORUS.

Under his ban - - - ner I peacefully dwell, . . . Peacefully
 Under his ban - ner I peaceful - ly dwell, peacefully dwell,

dwell, . . . blissful - ly dwell, . . . And Jesus my King . . .
 peacefully dwell, blissful - ly dwell, And Jesus my

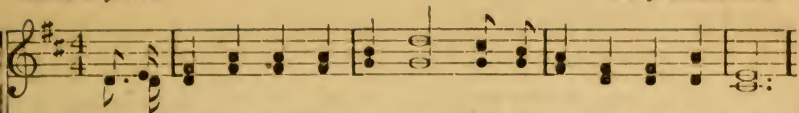
has taught me to sing . . . 'Tis well . . . with me now, 'tis well.
 King has taught me to sing, 'Tis well with me now, 'tis well, 'tis well.

Bless the Lord!

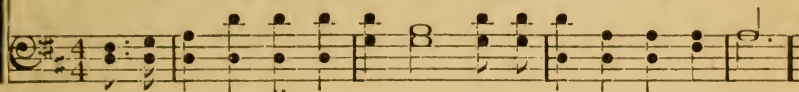
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SARAH E. JAMES.

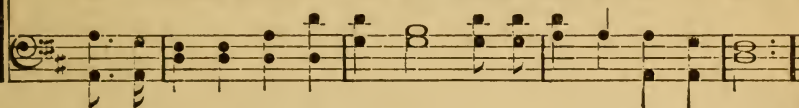
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



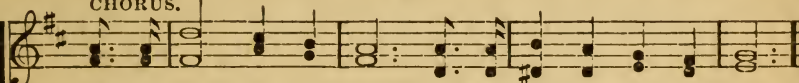
1. Bless the Lord! my soul is hap - py, For I now by faith can say,
2. Bless the Lord! my soul is hap - py, And in grace I'm growing still;
3. Bless the Lord! my soul is hap - py, I can see his glo - ry shine;
4. Bless the Lord! my soul is hap - py, For I know he hears my call,



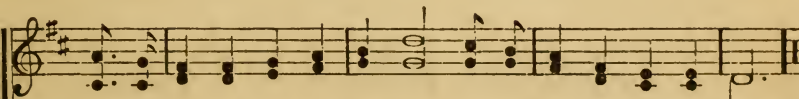
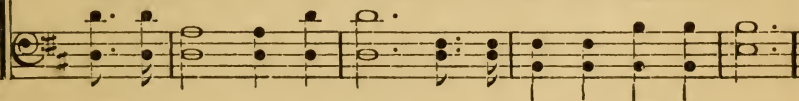
Through the blood of his a - tone - ment, All my sins are washed away.
This joy and sweetest com - fort, Je - sus leads me where he will.
Oh, how dear the blest as - sur - ance, I am his and he is mine!
I will praise him for his mer - cy, Bless the Lord, my all in all!



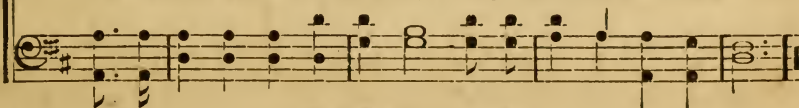
CHORUS.



Bless the Lord, O my soul! Still my joy - ful song shall be;



I have sought and found salvation, Through the blood that cleanseth me.



The City of Gold

Arr. by Rev. J. R. B.

Arr. by J. R. S.

1. There's a ci - ty that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
 2. There the King, our Re - deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the
 3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - 'ry
 4. There we'll tell how he loved and redeemed us from sin, "But the

glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
 faith - ful with rapture be - hold; There the righteous for - ev - er will
 lamb we have brought to the fold, Will be there as bright jewels our
 half e - ven there can't be told." There we'll sing the new song with the

D.S.—eyes of the faith - ful their

Fine. CHORUS.

leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold. There the
 shine like the stars, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
 crowns to a - dorn, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.
 blood-washed at home, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.

Sav - iour be - hold, In that beau - ti - ful ci - ty of gold.

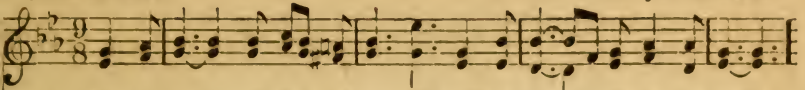
D.S.

sun nev - er sets, and the leaves nev - er fade; There the

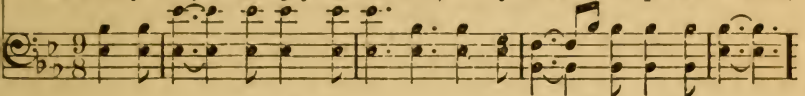
Casting Your Care Upon Him. 105

JAMES L. BLACK.

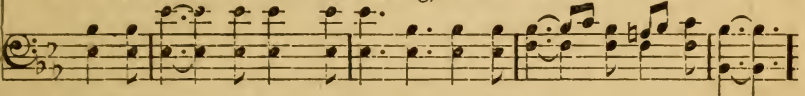
JNO. R. SWENEY.



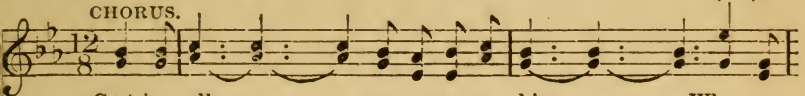
1. Child of God, be not discouraged, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord;
2. O'er the dark and troubled waters, Tho' you oft may stem the tide,
3. Child of God, no power can harm you, Naught of ill your soul molest,
4. Soon your eyes with joy will see him, Soon your feet will press the shore,



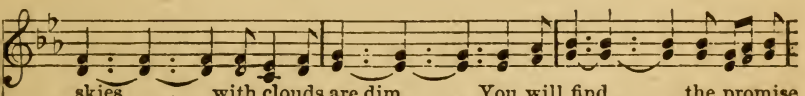
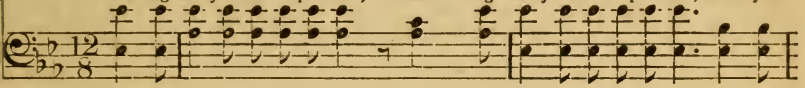
With a cheer - ful, lov - ing spir - it Read and trust his gracious word.
 Not a - lone you brave the temptest,—He is there your Friend and Guide.
 Casting all your care on Je - sus, In his arms you safe - ly rest.
 Where the saints redeemed are waiting, And the storms of life are o'er.



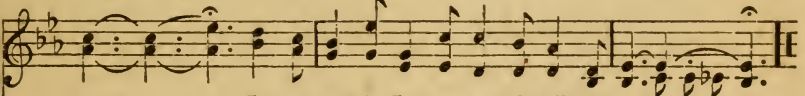
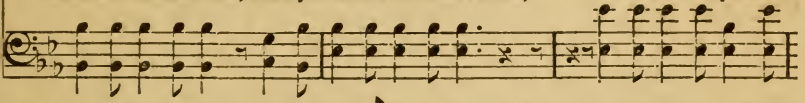
CHORUS.



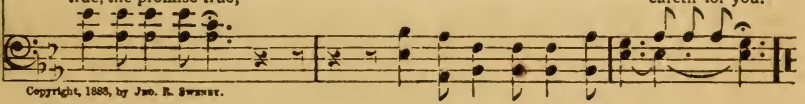
Cast - ing all your care upon him, When your
 Cast - ing all your care upon him, Cast - ing all your care upon him, When your



skies with clouds are dim, You will find the promise
 skies with clouds are dim, When your skies with clouds are dim, You will find the promise



true, Je - sus careth, Je - sus careth still for you.
 true, the promise true, careth for you.



Toiling for Thee.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We have been toil-ing, dear Master, to - day; Now, as the twilight is
 2. We have been seeking, and, lo! we have found Vines that were broken and
 3. We have been try - ing to watch un - to prayer, Try-ing the burdens of
 4. Lord, thou art with us; we know thou art here; Why do we fal - ter, and

fad - ing a - way, Here we have gathered to rest at thy feet, -
 trailed on the ground; Ten - der - ly stooping we bound them a - gain;
 oth - ers to bear; Grant us thy wisdom, thy grace from a - bove;
 what do we fear? If we are faithful, and trust in thy word,

CHORUS.

Come in thy mer - cy thy children to greet. Toil - - - ing for
 Now we are wait - ing the dew and the rain.
 Help us to la - bor in meekness and love.
 Fruit in a - bundance our toil will re - ward. Toil - ing for thee,

thee, Toil - - - - ing for thee,
 toil - ing for thee, toil - ing for thee, toil - ing for thee,

Ear - - - nest-ly toil - - - ing, dear Mas - - - ter, for
 Ear-nest-ly toil-ing, dear Mas-ter, for thee, Ear-nest-ly toil-ing, dear

theo; Toil - - - - ing for thee,
 Mas-ter, for thee; Toil-ing for thee, toil-ing for thee,

toil - - - ing for thee, . . . Rich with thy
 Toil-ing for thee, toil-ing for thee, Rich with thy bless-ing our

bless - ing our har - - - - vest will be.
 har-vest will be, Our har-vest, our har-vest will be.

Dear Saviour, I'm Coming.

REV. ELISHA ALBRIGHT HOFFMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. They tell me that Je-sus is willing to save me, If I am but willing to
 2. They tell me that many a pen - itent sinner Has come to his arms and a
 3. They tell me that he at this moment is ready To save a poor sin-ner re-

trust in his grace, And that he will loving - ly, kind - ly receive me If
 welcome received, Be - cause he came trusting the blood of atonement, And
 pent - ant of sin, And that, if I o - pen my heart to receive him, With

CHORUS.

I will in meekness my footsteps retrace. Dear Saviour, I'm coming, re-
 ful - ly the message from heaven believed.
 par-don and peace he will ent - er therein.

pentant I'm coming, My faith very weak, my heart all defiled; In kindness re-

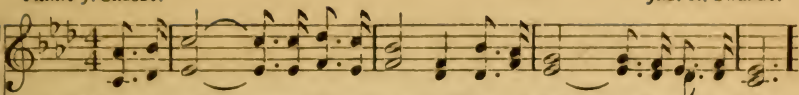
ceive me, and ful - ly forgive me, And make me henceforth thy obedient child.

Our Bible Story.

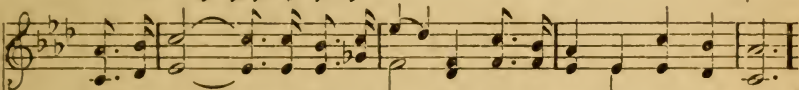
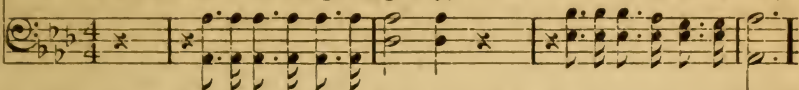
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FANNY J. CROSEY.

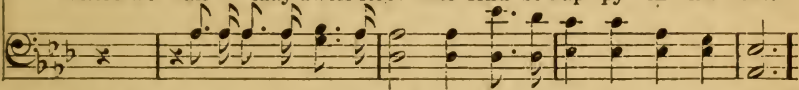
JNO. R. SWENEY.



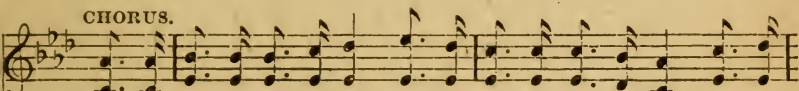
1. There's a pro - cious bi - ble sto - ry, 'Tis the sweet - est ev - er heard,
2. Ver - y poor was our Redeemer When a babe he came on earth,
3. All his life he worked for others, On the cross he bled and died;
4. Now he lives and reigns in glo - ry, On his Fa - ther's throne above,



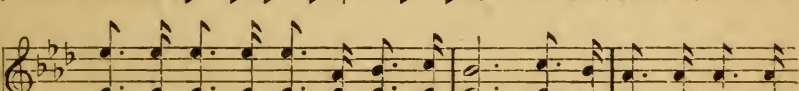
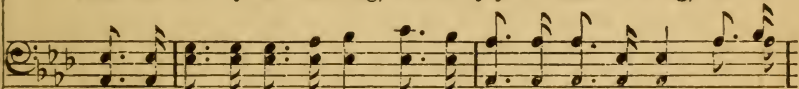
And we hope that all will learn it, And remem - ber ev - 'ry word.
He was cra - dled in a mang - er, But the an - gels sang his birth.
'Twas to pur - chase man's redemption That our Lord was cru - ci - fied.
Where we all may dwell forev - er And be hap - py in his love.



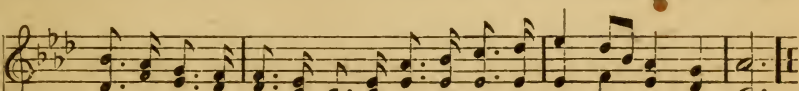
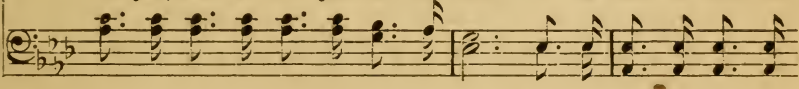
CHORUS.



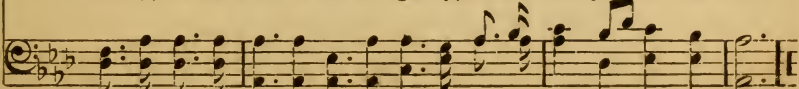
Bless - ed sto - ry of a King, And the joy he came to bring, Hal - le -



lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah to his name! O 'tis such a wondrous



sto - ry, Of the Lord of life and glo - ry, Halle - lu - jah to his name!



Be a Helper.

E. E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Be a helper in life's journey; Let your sympathy In the joys, the ills of
 2. Be a helper in life's journey; If your sight be dim, Ask the Master to di-
 3. Be a helper in life's journey, Tho' in simple ways, Trifles show the loving

others True and heart-felt be; Oh, the word, the look of comfort, For the
 rect you In your work for him; By his side so closely keeping, Walking
 Spirit, Speak the Master's praise; Drawing ever from the fulness Of his

CHORUS.

falling tear; Oh, the ready smile for gladness, How they soothe and cheer. Be a
 not alone, Thou canst give a hand to others When he holds your own.
 heart of love, Giving, to your own enriching, Treasures from above.

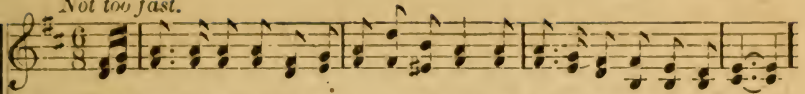
help - er, willing help - er, Be a helper ev'ry day and ev'rywhere;
 Be a help-er, willing helper, ev'rywhere;

Seek God's blessing, seek God's blessing, Then let others in your blessing share.
 Seek God's blessing, seek God's blessing,

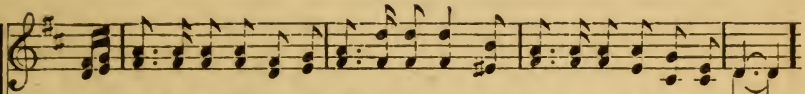
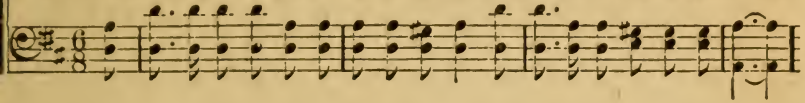
E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

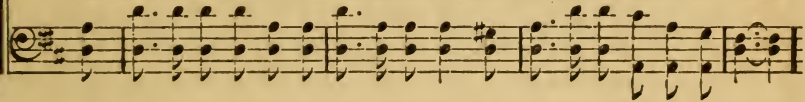
Not too fast.



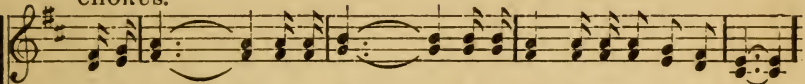
1. The Master is calling for some one to-day To work in his broad harvest-field,
2. The Master is calling for some one to-day To stand in his ranks brave and true,
3. The Master is calling for some one to-day To go with his message of love,
4. The Master is asking of some one to-day The treasure which time cannot dim,



To save for his garner the ripening grain, Asks some one glad service to yield.
 To march to the conflict against mighty foes, And willing allegiance re - new.
 To give to the wand'rer the rescuing hand, To lead to the Saviour a - bove.
 For love's consecration of all its good gifts, All riches and glory for him.



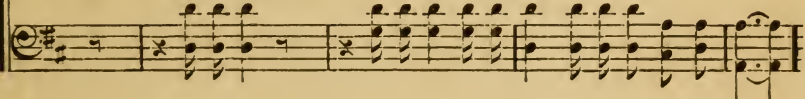
CHORUS.



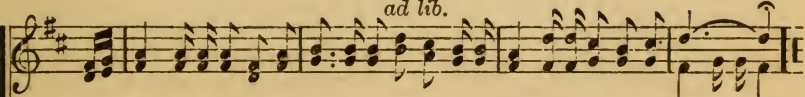
Is it I? . . . Is it I? . . . Is it I? tell me, Lord, is it I?

Is it I?

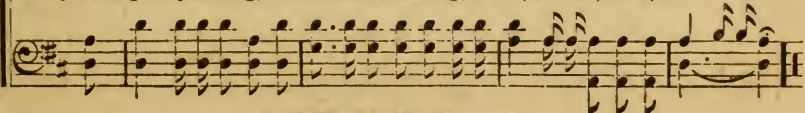
Is it I?



ad lib.



Thy voice gently falling, for someone is calling, Is it I, tell me, Lord, is it I? is it I?



Matt. xi. 28. 1. Come unto me, the Saviour said, Come unto me, the Saviour said ;
 John xiv 6. 2. I am the way, the truth, the life, I am the way, the truth, the life ;
 Mark x. 21. 3. Take up the cross, and follow me, Take up the cross, and follow me ;
 Matt. vii. 7. 4. Ask and it shall be given you, Ask and it shall be given you ;

Come unto me, the Saviour said, And I will give you rest.
 I am the way, the truth, the life, I am the light of the world. John viii. 12.
 Take up the cross, and fol - low me, And thou shalt have treasure in heaven.
 Ask and it shall be giv - en you, Seek and ye shall find.

CHORUS.

Oh, the blessed words of Je - sus! Precious words! hallowed words!

Oh, the blessed words of Je - sus! Words of life to me.

John iii. 36.
 5 He that believeth | on the Son, :||
 Hath everlasting | life.

Is. xlv. 22.
 6 Look unto me, and | be ye saved, :||
 All the ends of the | earth.

Matt. v. 8.
 7 Blessed are the | pure in heart, :||
 For | they shall see | God.

Matt v. 12.
 8 Re- | joice and be ex- | ceeding glad, :||
 For | great is your reward in | heaven.

John xiv. 18.
 9 I | will not leave you | comfortless, ||
 I will come unto | you.

John vii. 37.
 10 If | any man thirst let him | come unto
 And drink of the water of | life. [me. :||

Mark. x. 14.
 11 Suffer little children to | come unto
 me, :|| [heaven.
 For of | such is the kingdom of |

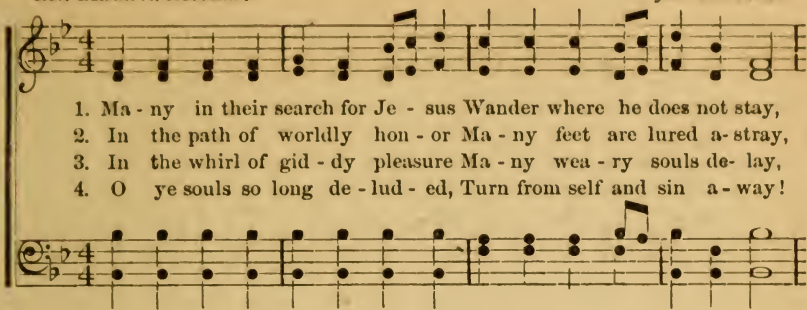
John xiv. 2.
 12 I | go to prepare a | place for you, ||
 In my Fathers' house.

Only in the Narrow Way.

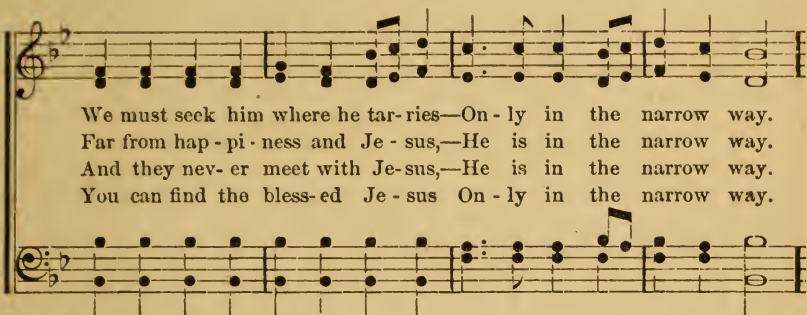
113

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

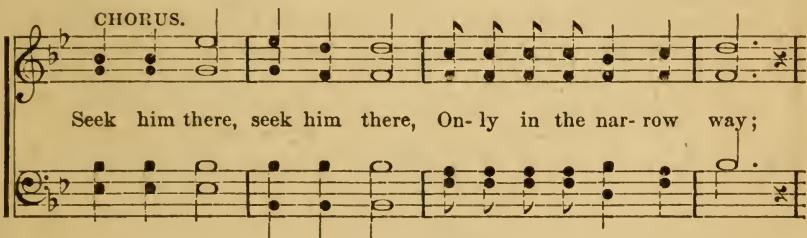


1. Ma - ny in their search for Je - sus Wander where he does not stay,
2. In the path of worldly hon - or Ma - ny feet are lured a - stray,
3. In the whirl of gid - dy pleasure Ma - ny wea - ry souls de - lay,
4. O ye souls so long de - lud - ed, Turn from self and sin a - way!

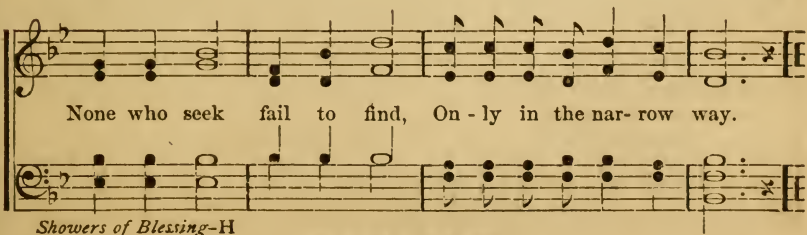


We must seek him where he tar - ries—On - ly in the narrow way.
Far from hap - pi - ness and Je - sus,—He is in the narrow way.
And they nev - er meet with Je - sus,—He is in the narrow way.
You can find the bless - ed Je - sus On - ly in the narrow way.

CHORUS.



Seek him there, seek him there, On - ly in the nar - row way;



None who seek fail to find, On - ly in the nar - row way.

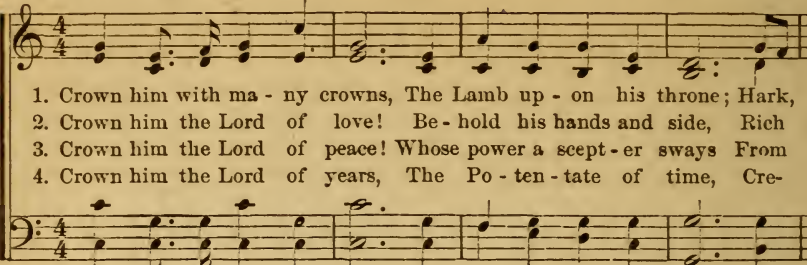
Showers of Blessing—H

Copyright, 1888, by Jno. R. Swenev.

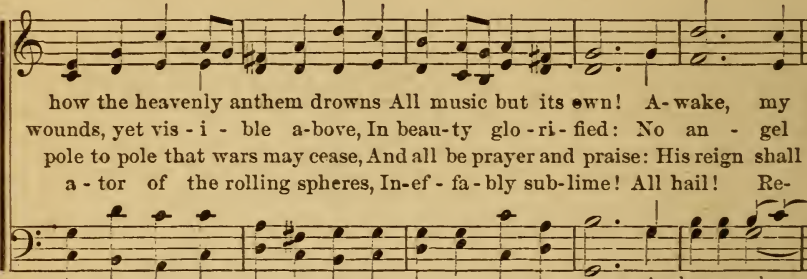
114 Crown Him with Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

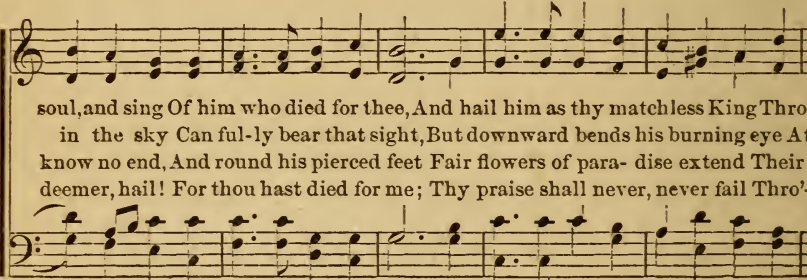


1. Crown him with ma - ny crowns, The Lamb up - on his throne; Hark,
 2. Crown him the Lord of love! Be - hold his hands and side, Rich
 3. Crown him the Lord of peace! Whose power a scep - ter sways From
 4. Crown him the Lord of years, The Po - ten - tate of time, Cre-



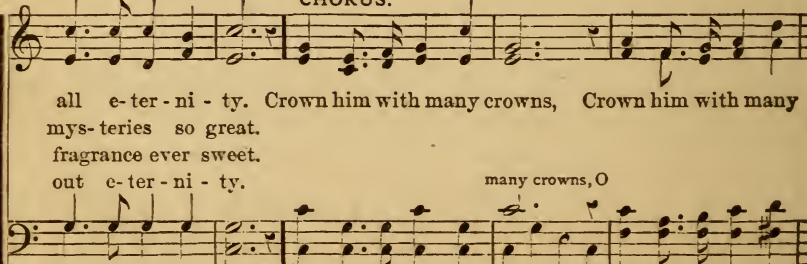
how the heavenly anthem drowns All music but its own! A - wake, my
 wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied: No an - gel
 pole to pole that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise: His reign shall
 a - tor of the rolling spheres, In - ef - fa - bly sub - lime! All hail! Re-

1. Awake, my soul, . . .



soul, and sing Of him who died for thee, And hail him as thy matchless King Thro'
 in the sky Can ful - ly bear that sight, But downward bends his burning eye At
 know no end, And round his pierced feet Fair flowers of para - dise extend Their
 deemer, hail! For thou hast died for me; Thy praise shall never, never fail Thro'-

CHORUS.



all e - ter - ni - ty. Crown him with many crowns, Crown him with many
 mys - teries so great.
 fragrance ever sweet.
 out e - ter - ni - ty. many crowns, O

crowns; He liv-eth again who once was slain, Crown him with many crowns.
many crowns;

The image shows a musical score for the hymn 'Crown Him, etc.'. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff at the top and a bass clef staff at the bottom. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Come while the Saviour Calls.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

(MALE VOICES.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, while the Sav-our calls, Come, while you may; Haste to his
2. Come, while the Sav iour calls, Turn not a-way; Now the ac-
3. Come, while the Sav-our calls, Do not de-lay; Come to a
4. Come, while the Sav-iour calls, Seek him by prayer; Come to the

The image shows the first part of the musical score for 'Come while the Saviour Calls.'. It features two staves: treble and bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are provided for four different verses. The piece ends with a double bar line.

CHORUS.

lov-ing arms; How can you stay? Once he was cru-ci-fied;
cept-ed time, Love pleads to-day.
throne of grace, Seek him to-day.
mer-cy-seat, Je-sus is there.

The image shows the chorus of the musical score. It consists of two staves: treble and bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The chorus concludes with a double bar line.

Once for your sins he died; Come to the cleansing tide Flowing to-day.

The image shows the final line of the musical score. It consists of two staves: treble and bass clef. The music is in 2/4 time and G major. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Why I Love my Jesus.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1-5. Would you know why I love Je - sus? Why he is so dear to me?

'Tis because my bless - ed Je - sus From my sins has ransomed me.
'Tis because the blood of Je - sus Ful - ly saves and cleanses me.
'Tis because, a - mid temp - ta - tion, He supports and strengthens me.
'Tis because in ev - 'ry con - flict Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry.
'Tis because my Friend and Sav - iour He will ev - er, ev - er be.

This is why I love my Je - - - sus, This is
This is why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love him so, This is

why I love him so, He a - toned for my trans -
why I love my Je - sus, This is why I love him so, He has pardoned my transgressions, He has

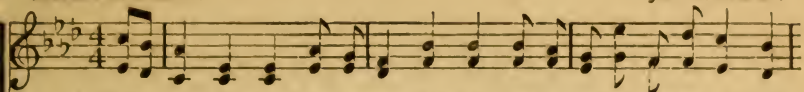
gres - - sions, He has washed me white as snow.
pardoned my transgressions, He has washed me, he has made me white as snow, white as snow.

How Glad I am.

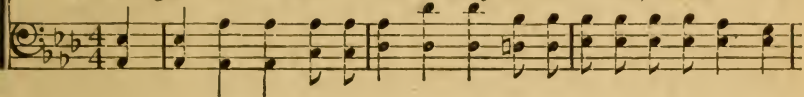
117

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



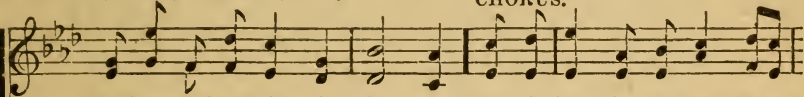
1. How glad I am there is room for me In the blessed, blessed fold of
2. How glad I am there is room for all In the blessed, blessed fold of
3. How glad I am for the love I share In the blessed, blessed fold of
4. How glad I am that I found the way To the blessed, blessed fold of



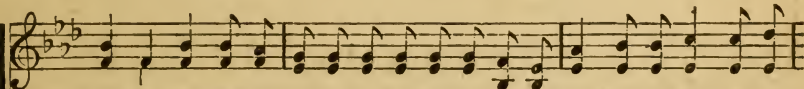
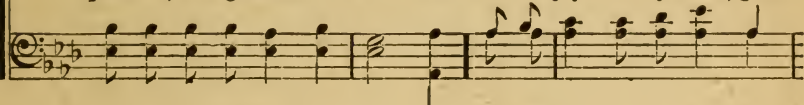
Je - sus! How glad I am that his grace is free! What a
Je - sus! How glad I am that he heard my call; What a
Je - sus! How glad I am that he brought me there; What a
Je - sus! That-I now can feel, and I now can say, What a



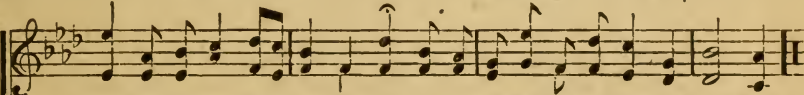
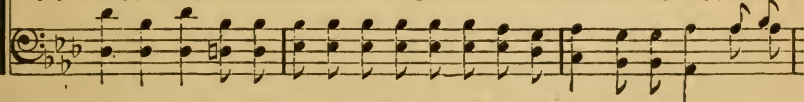
CHORUS.



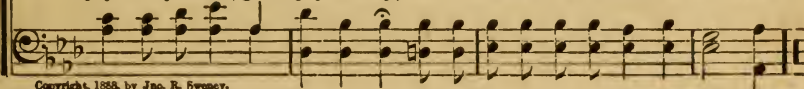
precious, loving Friend is Je - sus! There is joy in my heart, great



joy to-day; I am pressing t'ward the kingdom in the bright, shining way; There is



joy in my heart, great joy to-day, For I soon shall be at home with Jesus.



Abiding in Him.

CHAS. B. J. ROOT.

Melody by D. C. WRIGHT, arranged for this work.

1. A-bid-ing, oh, so wondrous sweet! I'm resting at the Saviour's feet;
 2. He speaks, and by his word is given His peace, a rich foretaste of heaven!
 3. I live; not I; thro' him alone By whom the mighty work is done:—
 4. Now rest, my heart, the work is done, I'm saved thro' the Eter - nal Son!

I trust in him, I'm sat - is - fied, I'm rest - ing in the Cru - ci - fied!
 Not as the world he peace doth give, 'Tis thro' this hope my soul shall live.
 Dead to myself, a - live to him, I count all loss his rest to gain.
 Let all my powers my soul employ, To tell the world my peace and joy.

CHORUS.

A - bid - ing, a - bid - ing, Oh! so wondrous sweet!
 A - bid - ing in him, I'm rest - ing in him, Oh! so wondrous sweet, wondrous sweet!

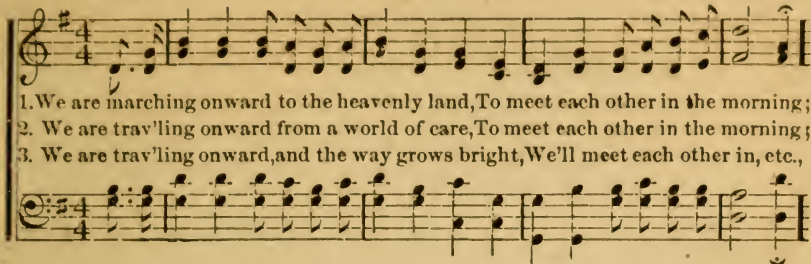
I'm rest - ing, rest - ing At the Saviour's feet.
 I'm rest - ing in him, rest - ing in him, At the Sav - iour's feet, at his feet.

Meet in the Morning.

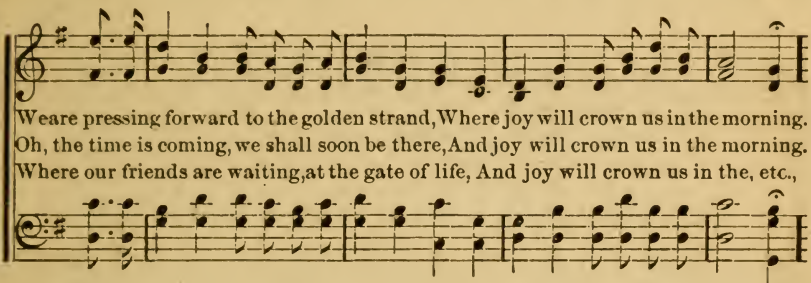
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H. E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

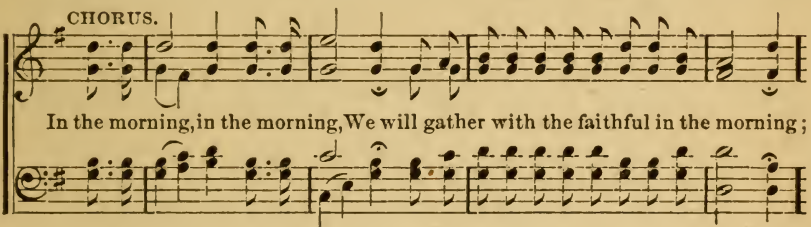


1. We are marching onward to the heavenly land, To meet each other in the morning ;
2. We are trav'ling onward from a world of care, To meet each other in the morning ;
3. We are trav'ling onward, and the way grows bright, We'll meet each other in, etc.,

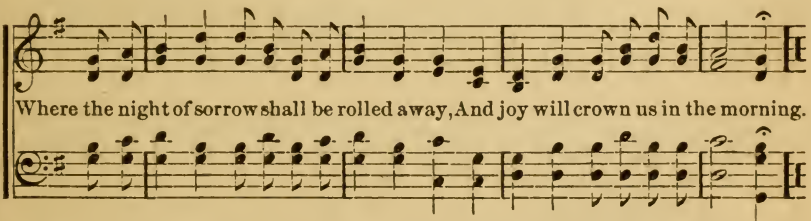


We are pressing forward to the golden strand, Where joy will crown us in the morning.
Oh, the time is coming, we shall soon be there, And joy will crown us in the morning.
Where our friends are waiting, at the gate of life, And joy will crown us in the, etc.,

CHORUS.



In the morning, in the morning, We will gather with the faithful in the morning ;



Where the night of sorrow shall be rolled away, And joy will crown us in the morning.

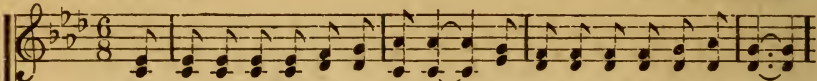
4 Where the hills are blooming on the other shore,
We'll meet each other in the morning !
Where the heart's deep longing will be felt no more,
And joy will crown us in the morning.

5 In the boundless rapture of a Saviour's love
We'll meet each other in the morning ;
Then we'll sing his glory in the realms above,
And joy will crown us in the morning.

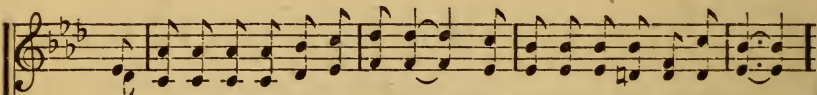
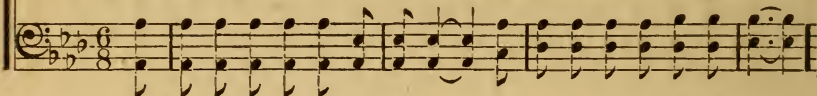
Do Something To-day.

LANTA WILSON SMITH.

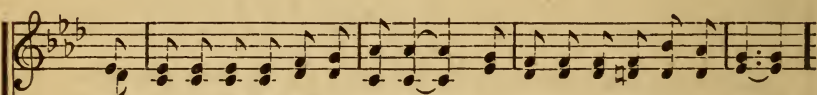
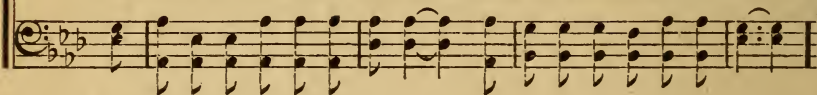
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



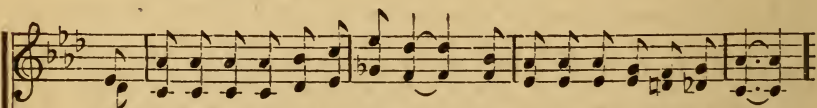
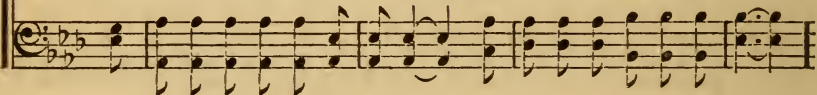
1. You're longing to work for the Master, Yet waiting for something to do ;
2. Go rescue that wandering brother Who sinks 'neath his burden of woe,
3. Gosing happy songs of rejoicing With those who no sorrows have known ;
4. O never, my brother, stand waiting, Be willing to do what you can ;



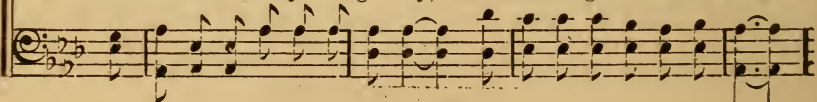
You fancy the future is holding Some wonderful mission for you ;
 A single kind action may save him, If love and compassion you show ;
 Go weep with the heart-broken mourner, Go comfort the sad and the lone ;
 The humblest service is need-ed, To fill out the Father's great plan ;



But while you are waiting the moments Are rapid-ly passing a - way ;
 Don't shrink from the vilest about you, If you can but lead them from sin ;
 From pitfalls and snares of the tempter Go rescue the thoughtless and wild :
 Be earning your stars of rejoic - ing While earth-life is passing a - way ;



O brother, awake from your dreaming, Do something for Jesus to - day.
 For this is the grandest of missions, — Lost souls for the Master to win.
 Go win from pale lips a 'God bless you,' Go brighten the life of a child.
 Win some one to meet you in glo - ry, — Do something for Jesus to - day.



Copyright, 1896, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

CHORUS.

Do something, do something, Do something for Jesus to - day ;
Do something, do something,

O brother, the moments are passing, Do something for Jesus to - day.

Jesus will Meet You There.

W. L. K.

W. LEWIS KANE.

1. { Come to Calv'ry's mount to - day, Je - sus will meet you there ; }
{ Look and live without de - lay, Je - sus will meet you there. }

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, Don't stay away, my friend ; Come to Jesus, Dont stay away.

2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross,
Jesus will meet you there ;
Saving mercy gained for loss,
Jesus will meet you there.

3 Come and join his faithful band,
Jesus will meet you there ;
Take his mighty, helping hand,
Jesus will meet you there.

4 At the blessed mercy seat,
Jesus will meet you there ;
Come with this assurance sweet,
Jesus will meet you there.

5 You'll find rest in heaven at last,
Jesus will meet you there ;
And be happy with the blest,
Jesus will meet you there.

Up to Thy Throne.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Up to thy throne, O Father a - bove, We lift our glad voices in praise;
 2. Over our pathway, gracious and clear, The light of thy blessing has shone;
 3. All has been love, whatever its guise, That led us thy goodness to see;
 4. Up to thy throne, O Father of love, Our hearts and our voices ascend,

Up to the source of in - fi - nite love Our songs of rejoicing we raise.
 Mercies un - fail - ing, joys ever dear, From thy tender care we have known.
 Now we may know, by living made wise, The grace that abideth in thee.
 Bearing our songs triumphant a - bove, And prais - es that never shall end.

CHORUS.

Thus to a - dore thee, Father a - bove, Here in thy presence we meet; Songs to thy

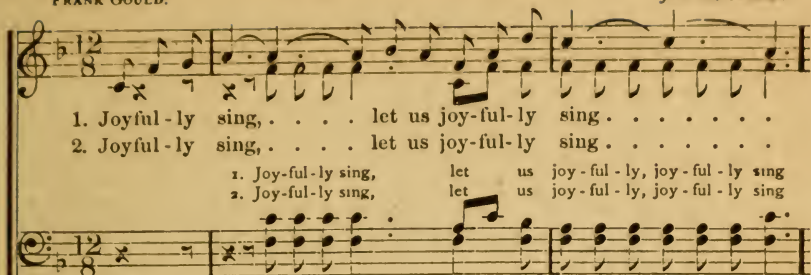
love, thy wonderful love, To - geth - - er we gladly re - peat.
 To - geth - er, togeth - er

Joyfully Sing.

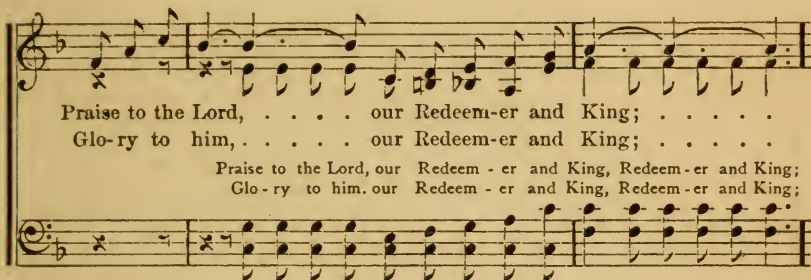
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FRANK GOULD.

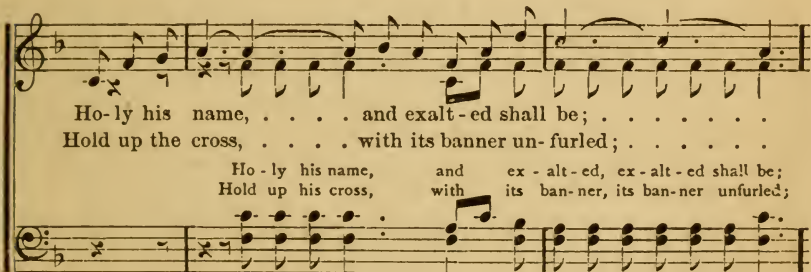
JNO. R. SWENEY.



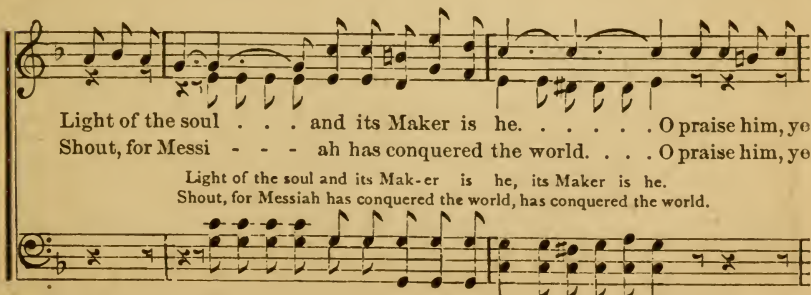
1. Joyful-ly sing, let us joy-ful-ly sing
2. Joyful-ly sing, let us joy-ful-ly sing
1. Joy-ful-ly sing, let us joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly sing
2. Joy-ful-ly sing, let us joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly sing



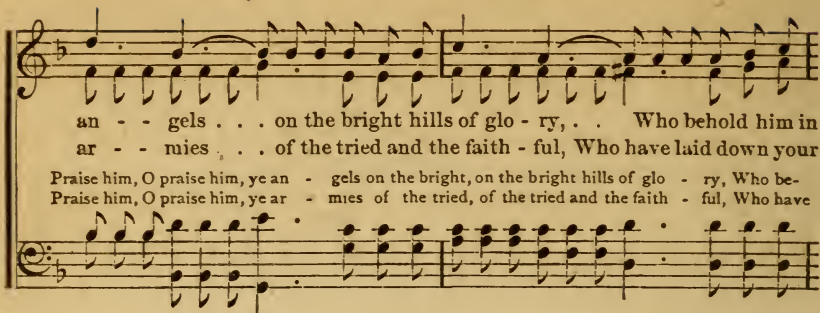
Praise to the Lord, our Redeem-er and King;
Glo-ry to him, our Redeem-er and King;
Praise to the Lord, our Redeem-er and King, Redeem-er and King;
Glo-ry to him, our Redeem-er and King, Redeem-er and King;



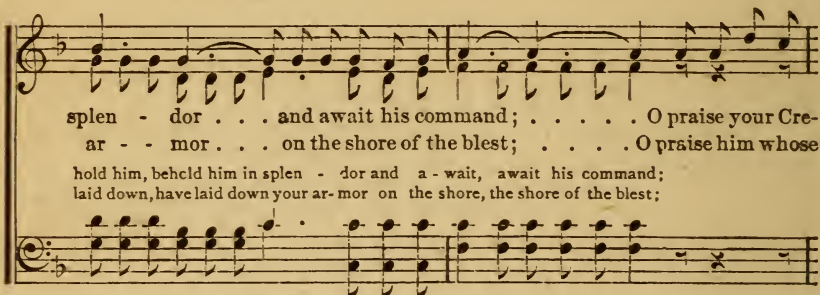
Ho-ly his name, and exalt-ed shall be;
Hold up the cross, with its banner un-furled;
Ho-ly his name, and ex-alt-ed, ex-alt-ed shall be;
Hold up his cross, with its ban-ner, its ban-ner unfurled;



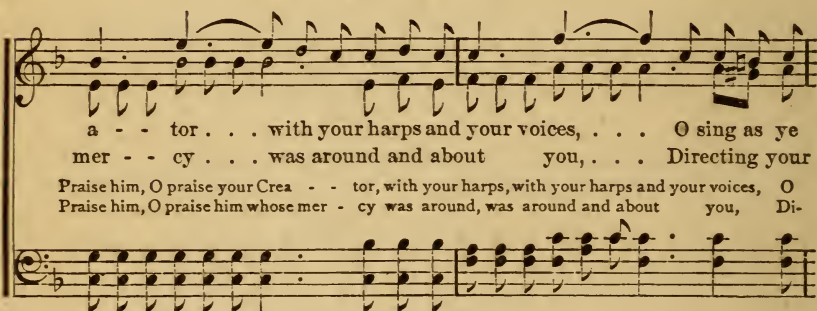
Light of the soul . . . and its Maker is he. O praise him, ye
Shout, for Messi - - - ah has conquered the world. . . . O praise him, ye
Light of the soul and its Mak-er is he, its Maker is he.
Shout, for Messiah has conquered the world, has conquered the world.



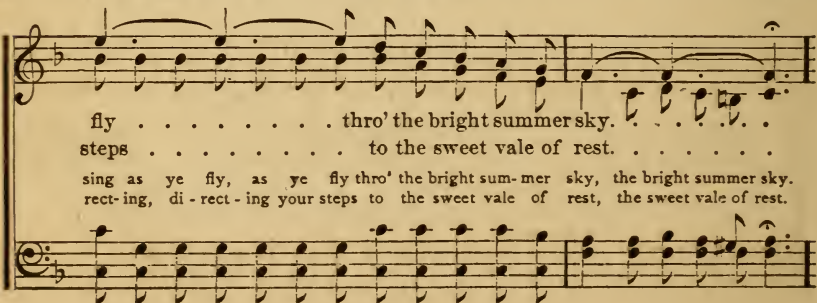
an - - gels . . . on the bright hills of glo - ry, . . . Who behold him in
ar - - mies . . . of the tried and the faith - ful, Who have laid down your
Praise him, O praise him, ye an - gels on the bright, on the bright hills of glo - ry, Who be-
Praise him, O praise him, ye ar - mies of the tried, of the tried and the faith - ful, Who have



splen - dor . . . and await his command; O praise your Cre-
ar - - mor . . . on the shore of the blest; O praise him whose
hold him, beheld him in splen - dor and a - wait, await his command;
laid down, have laid down your ar - mor on the shore, the shore of the blest;



a - - tor . . . with your harps and your voices, O sing as ye
mer - - cy . . . was around and about you, Directing your
Praise him, O praise your Crea - - tor, with your harps, with your harps and your voices, O
Praise him, O praise him whose mer - cy was around, was around and about you, Di-



fly thro' the bright summer sky.
steps to the sweet vale of rest.
sing as ye fly, as ye fly thro' the bright sum-mer sky, the bright summer sky.
rect-ing, di - rect - ing your steps to the sweet vale of rest, the sweet vale of rest.

CHORUS.

Come, let us join the an - gel throng In their beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful
Come, let us join the an - gel throng In their beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful,

song, . . . Let the winds take up the strain, While the echo is wafted along;
beautiful song, Let the winds, let the winds take up the strain,

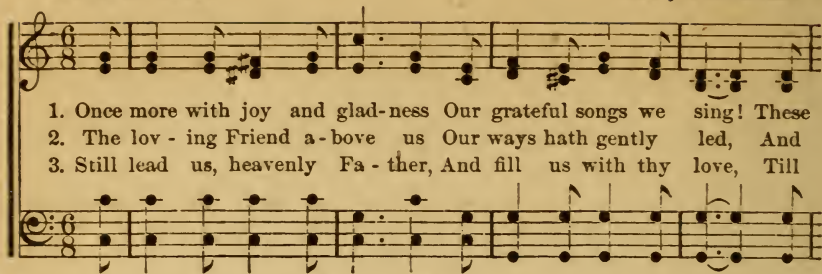
Come, let us join the host a - bove . . . In their beau - ti - ful song of
Come, let us join the host a - bove In their beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful

love; . . . O, sing . . . with a tuneful heart, Praise to our Saviour above.
song of love; O, sing, O, sing with a tune - ful heart,

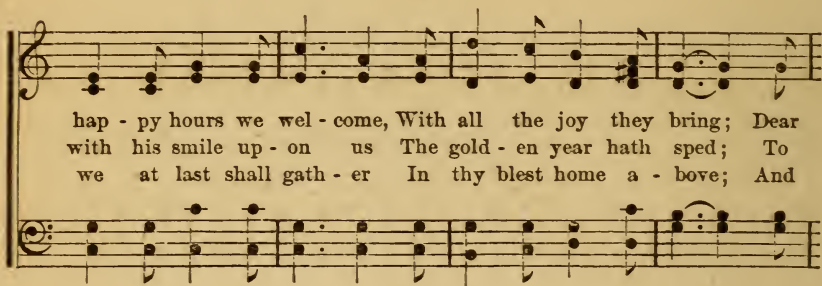
Once More.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

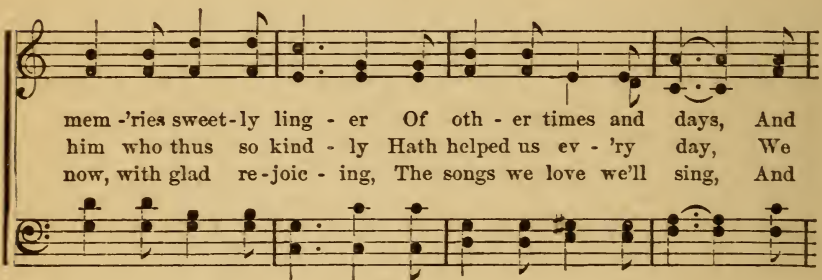
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



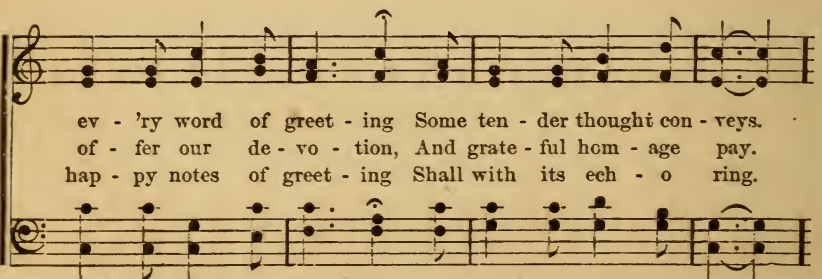
1. Once more with joy and glad-ness Our grateful songs we sing! These
 2. The lov - ing Friend a - bove us Our ways hath gently led, And
 3. Still lead us, heavenly Fa - ther, And fill us with thy love, Till



hap - py hours we wel - come, With all the joy they bring; Dear
 with his smile up - on us The gold - en year hath sped; To
 we at last shall gath - er In thy blest home a - bove; And



mem - ries sweet - ly ling - er Of oth - er times and days, And
 him who thus so kind - ly Hath helped us ev - 'ry day, We
 now, with glad re - joic - ing, The songs we love we'll sing, And



ev - 'ry word of greet - ing Some ten - der thought con - veys.
 of - fer our de - vo - tion, And grate - ful hom - age pay.
 hap - py notes of greet - ing Shall with its ech - o ring.

CHORUS.

We come, we come, Once more we glad - ly meet, We

we come, we come,

come, we come, Our joy - ful songs re - peat; We

we come, we come,

come, we come, With heart, and soul, and voice, To

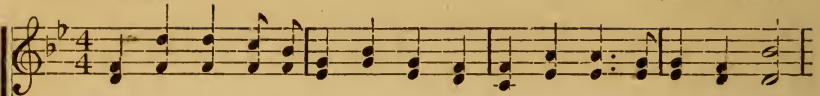
we come, we come,

sing the praise of Christ our King, To wor - ship and re - joice.

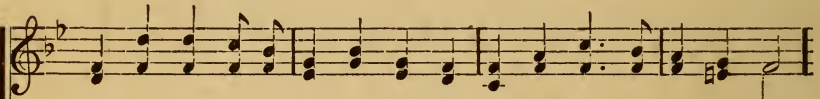
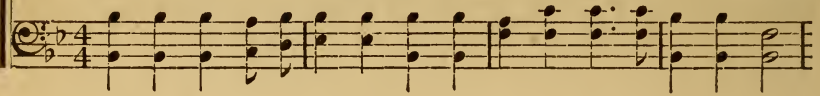
The Only Refuge.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY



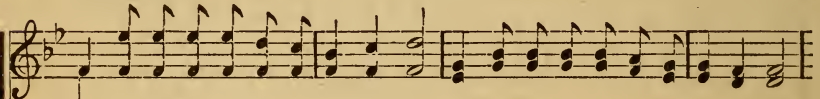
1. Wand'rer, come to the on - ly ref - uge Heaven or earth can give to thee ;
2. Cast thy - self at the feet of Je - sus, Weak and helpless tho' thou art ;
3. Dost thou long for the bliss of par - don? Is thy bur - den hard to bear?
4. Take the yoke of the meek and lowly, Make him now thy welcome guest;



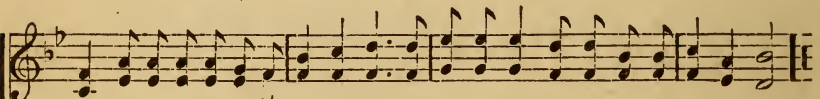
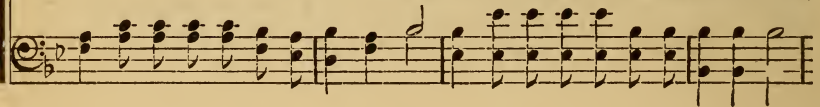
Come, and trust in a lov - ing Sav - iour, Ask of him thy friend to be.
 There is joy for a troubled spir - it, Balm to heal thy brok - en heart.
 Look to him who a - lone can save thee; He will hear and grant thy prayer.
 Thou art wea - ry and heav - y - lad - en,—Come to him and find thy rest.



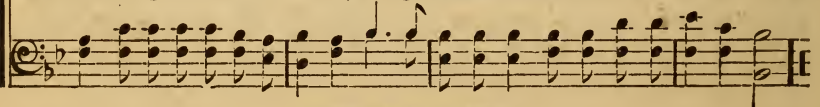
CHORUS.



No other refuge when the wild winds blow,
 No other refuge when the dark waves flow;



No other refuge for the soul but he, Who purchased salvation for the world and thee.



On the Road, Going Home.

129

P. J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are go - ing home to glo - ry, Bright a - bode, bright a - bode!
2. We will call to those faint hearted, "Be of cheer, be of cheer;"
3. We will call to souls in blindness, "Come this way, come this way;"

And will gladly work for Je - sus, On the road, on the road.
And to pilgrims who have started, "Never fear, nev - er fear."
We will tell Christ's loving kindness, Ev - 'ry day, ev - 'ry day.

CHORUS.

For his mercy sought and found us, And his blood to service bound us;

So we'll work for all around us, On the road, go - ing home.

4 May our souls with love be yearning
As we sing, as we sing;
May our lamps be brightly burning,
For the King, for the King.

5 We are waiting till his message
Bids us come, bids us come;
But we'll live and work for Jesus,
Going home, going home.

Showers of Blessing-I

Faithful Unto Death.

SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Tempo march.

1. Up and onward, Christian soldier, Hear thy Lord's divine command;
2. Up and onward, Christian soldier, To the conflict and the strife;
3. Up and onward, be not wea-ry, Do not lay thy armor down;
4. Up and onward, firm and fearless, Like the vet'rans of the past;

Be thou read - y when he calls thee In the foremost ranks to stand.
 God will test thy zeal and cour- age, Ere thou enter in - to life.
 Thou must fight the bat- tle brave- ly, Ere thy soul can wear a crown.
 Then, thro' him whose grace redeems thee, Thou shalt overcome at last.

CHORUS.

Un - to death, O be thou faithful, Strong in Him, thy Strength and Shield;

Go thou forth where du - ty calls thee, Truth's eternal sword to wield.

We hath Borne them All.

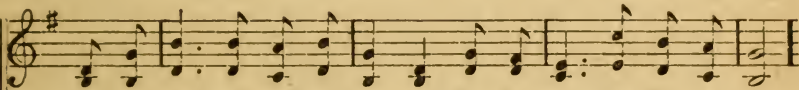
131

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



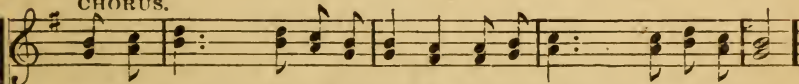
1. O my soul, why art thou troubled, When so dear a friend is thine?
2. Cling to him, thy on - ly ref - uge From the stormy winds that blow;
3. Peace he leaves, his peace he gives thee, He who said, be not a - fraid;
4. Lift thine eyes, there's light before thee! Haste to catch its ear - ly rays;



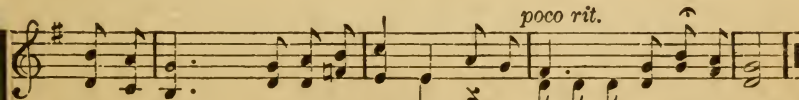
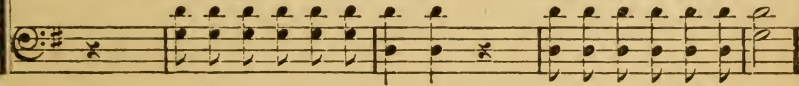
Un - to him without a murmur Wilt thou not thy all re - sign?
Cling to him whose hand hath led thee By a way thou did'st not know.
Bids thee now ful - fil thy missiou, In his robe of strength arrayed.
Let thy harp a - wake the morning With a song of grateful praise.



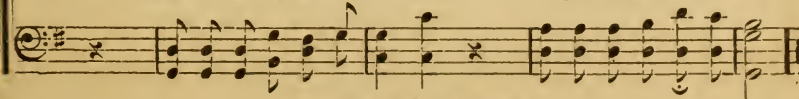
CHORUS.



Think how great his loving kindness, Blessings past with joy recall;
Think how great his loving kindness Blessings past with joy re - call;



Though thy life may have its tri - als, He thy Lord hath borne them all.
Though thy life may have its tri - als, He thy Lord hath borne them all.



1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
 2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
 3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present
 4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
 5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery

a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
 storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
 cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
 ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir - its' sword,
 moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
 Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,

Standing on the promis - es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
 Standing on the promis - es,

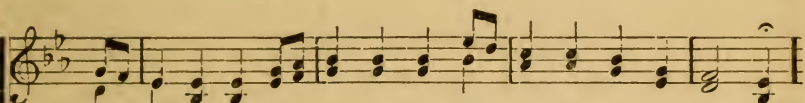
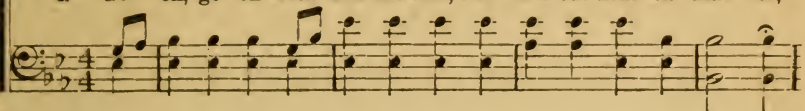
stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis - es of God.
 Standing on the prom - is - es,

GEO. K. THOMPSON.

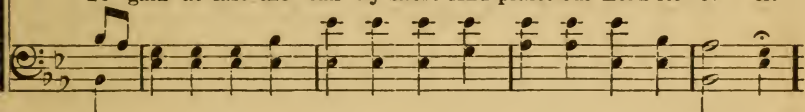
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



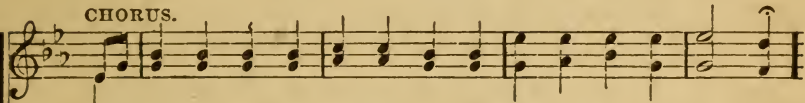
1. Go on, ye soldiers of the cross, With courage bold and dar - ing,
2. Though dangers lie on ev - 'ry side, And coming storms a - larm us,
3. Go on, go on, and trust in him Whose eye is beaming o'er us,
4. Go on, go on with this our aim, And this our firm en - deav - or,



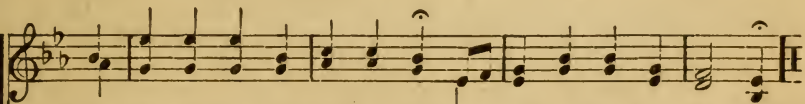
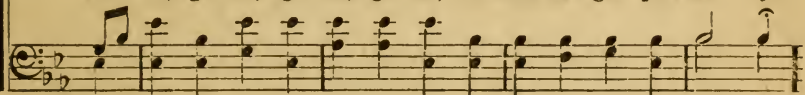
Go on by faith in Je - sus' name, His roy - al standard bear - ing.
 Yet, safe within the Rift - ed Rock, No earthly power can harm us.
 Who gives his ho - ly angels charge To guard the way be - fore us.
 To gain at last the sun - ny shore And praise our Lord for - ev - er.



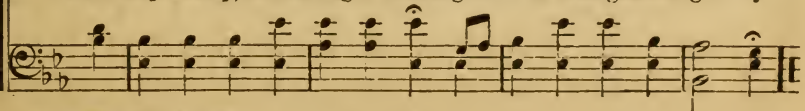
CHORUS.



Go on, go on, go on, go on, Proclaim the gos - pel sto - ry!



From step to step, from strength to strength, Go on from grace to glo - ry.



Not Now, But By and By.

JAMES ELLIOT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I saw the reap-ers one by one Their sheaves in triumph bear;
 2. Dear Lord, I said, thy precious words My waning strength re-new;
 3. No more, no more, dear Lord, I said, Will I im-pa-tient be;

I knew their la-bor at an end, And prayed their joy to share;
 But O, I grieve and mourn to think My harvest shaves are few;
 But through thy grace, I'll do thy work, And leave it all with thee;

Be thou content, and bide thy time, I heard a voice re-ply,
 Toil on, the same sweet voice replied, Thy days are glid-ing by,
 Though gath'ring clouds may sometimes cast Dark shadows o'er the sky,

Thou too shall go where they have gone, Not now, but by and by.
 And thou shalt learn the reapers song, Not now, but by and by.
 My soul shall tread the fields of light, Not now, but by and by.

CHORUS.

Not now, but by and by, I heard a voice re-ply;

There's home, and rest, and joy for thee, Not now, but by and by.

A Bright Home in Glory,

SALLIE MARTIN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have a home in glory, With mansions bright and fair; I know that my Re-
2. I have a home in glory, Where tears are wiped away, And joy, a constant
3. Beyond the vale and shadow, Beyond the swelling flood, I have a robe in
4. I have a crown in glory, Laid up for me above, And there thro' years e-

CHORUS.

deemer Will come and take me there. I have a home, a bright, bright home, A
riv - er, Flows on thro' endless day.
glo - ry, made white in Jesus' blood.
ter - nal I'll sing redeem - ing love.

sweet, sweet home in glory, My Lord is now preparing, And soon I'll enter there.

We Greet You All.

E. A. BARNES.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

Once a-gain, once a-gain, workers of an-oth-er year, We

greet you all this happy day, To grasp the friendly hand. To speak the cheering word:

We greet you all in this dear place,
To sweetly praise the love and goodness of the Lord.

Behold the year with all its labors o'er, As from our sight it fades a-way; Be-

hold the year that is another gift To labor on with happy hearts from day to day.

Coda. *Fine.*

(Omit first time.)
From day to day. For Je - sus is our Master, And we love his service.

♩ May be sung as Solo. *1st.*

{ Tell as we gath - er what progress we have made, Speak of your la - bors,
Here as we list - en, Cheered by your faithful work,

2d. *Last time D.C.*

in deed and word; . . Let all u - nite in praise, —praise to the Lord.

The coming year has work for all, *Re-*
And may the Master keep us ever true and strong;

D.S.

joyce to-day, this happy day, And may the Master bless us as we sing our song; Then

138 No Burdens Allowed to Pass Through.

A London gateway is inscribed, "No burdens allowed to pass through." The same words are inscribed in living light over the gate into the "Highway of Holiness."—Rev. E. I. D. PEPPER.

ABBIE MILLS.

Isaiah xxxv. 1, 2.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Where deserts abundant-ly bloom, And souls full of mu-sic are found,
 2. This ho - ly and beauti-ful way No ravenous beast can pass o'er;
 3. Redeemed ones with garments made clean, In blood that was shed for the lost,
 4. Here songs interwov - en with joy On the heads of the ransomed a-bide,

Who journey along day by day, Tasting fruits that in Canaan a-bound,
 The foot that's unclean is debarred From touching that crystal-paved floor;
 Walk there with a comfort unknown Before they the threshold had crossed;
 While nearing the Zion a - bove, Just floating on love's silv'ry tide.

A way is cast up for our feet By Je - sus the faithful and true,
 But wayfaring men shall not err Who keep on-ly Je - sus in view,
 Cross o - ver! away with your fear! Oh, glory! there's room there for you;
 Be care-ful for nothing, be-loved, For Je - sus still car-eth for you;

Fine.
 And over the gateway is always inscribed, "No burdens allowed to pass thro'."
 And read what is written, so truthful and clear, "No burdens allowed to pass thro'."
 And still at the gateway you ever will hear, "No burdens allowed to pass thro'."
 See! there on the arch, wrote in letters of light, "No burdens allowed to pass thro'."

D. S.—Leave all at the cross, there by Calvary's tree, No burdens allowed to pass thro'.

No Burdens Allowed.—CONCLUDED. 139

CHORUS.

D. S.

No burdens allowed to pass through, No burdens, no burdens with you;

God be With Thee.

F. G. BURROUGHS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God be with thee, God be with thee, When the morn is bright and fair;
2. God be with thee, God be with thee, When the cloudy day is near,
3. God be with thee, God be with thee, When amidst the wintry blast,

When thy heart is filled with gladness; And thou knowest not a care;
thou knowest not a care.
 When thou art by cares surrounded, And thy path seems long and drear;
seems long and drear.
 When the sky is dark and gloomy, And thy strength is failing fast;
is failing fast.

God be with thee, God be with thee, All thy dai-ly joy to share.
 God be with thee, God be with thee, May he keep thy heart from fear.
 God be with thee, God be with thee, Keep thy soul in perfect peace.

Our Jubilant Song.

ELIZA E. HEWITT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The dear lit - tle birds are as glad as can be; The wood-lands are
 2. The beau - ti - ful flowers looking up to the sky, Are giv - ing their
 3. But bet - ter than all, in the Bi - ble we see The love of our
 4. Then come, children, come on this fes - ti - val day, And joy - ful - ly

ringing with sweet mel - o - dy; And this is the mess - age, oh,
 sweetness to each pass - er by, And breathing the les - son so
 Saviour fer you and for me, Because Je - sus came, oh, we
 praise him, and trustful - ly pray; We'll sing the glad sto - ry with

hear it a - new, Our Fa - ther a - bove loves the chil - dren too.
 pre - cious and true, Our Fa - ther a - bove loves the chil - dren too.
 know it is true, Our Fa - ther a - bove loves the chil - dren too.
 joy ev - er new, Our Fa - ther a - bove loves the chil - dren too.

CHORUS.

Oh, sweet is the sto - ry We sing to his glo - ry, We

love him, we love him because it is true; Our ju - bi - lant sto - ry We

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, creating a rhythmic melody.

sing to his glo - ry, Our Father a - bove loves the chil - dren too.

Gentle Words that Sweetly Fall.

JENNIE GARNETT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody with some rests and a steady accompaniment.

1. Gentle words that sweetly fall,—Come, wand'rer, come, 'Tis a lov - ing
2. Turn to him with all thy heart, Come, wand'rer, come; Weak and helpless
3. Thou hast vainly sought for rest,—Come, wand'rer, come; To the Friend that
4. O, there's cleansing in his blood,—Come, wand'rer come; Plunge thy soul be-

CHORUS.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The chorus begins with a melodic phrase followed by a steady accompaniment.

Saviour's call—Come, wand'rer, come. From the cross on Calvary Hear him pleading
 tho' thou art, Come, wand'rer, come.
 loves thee best, Come, wand'rer, come.
 neath its flood, Come, wand'rer, come.

Two staves of musical notation. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (D major) and a 4/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music continues the chorus melody and accompaniment.

ten - der - ly, Reaching out his hand to thee; Come, wand'rer, come.

What's the News.

Words arranged by W. H. G.

Rev. W. H. CRISTWEIT.

1. When'er we meet we always say, "What's the news? Pray what's the
 2. God has pardoned all my sin, That's the news! I feel the
 3. And now if a - ny one should say, What's the news? O tell him
 4. Wea - ry pilgrim, hear the call, Bless - ed news! Christ Je - sus

or - der of the day, What's the news?" His work's re - viv - ing
 wit - ness deep with - in, That's the news! And since he took my
 you've be - gun to pray, That's the news! That you have joined the
 came to save us all, That's the news! He died to set poor

all a - round, And sin - ners hear the gos - pel sound, Re -
 sins a - way, And taught me how to watch and pray, I'm
 conqu'ring band, And now with joy at God's command, You're
 sin - ners free, That we from death might ran - somed be, And

joic - ing in a Saviour found, That's the news! That's the news!
 hap - py now from day to day, That's the news! That's the news!
 marching to the bet - ter land, That's the news! That's the news!
 with him reign e - ter - nal - ly, That's the news! That's the news!

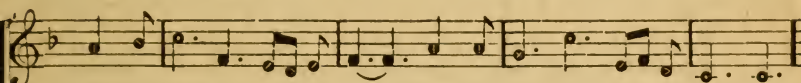
Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

143

JMO. R. SWENEY.



1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul! Let me to thy bo - som fly,
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
 3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin:



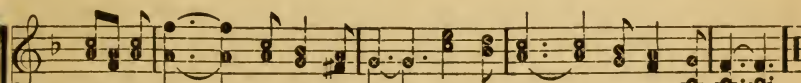
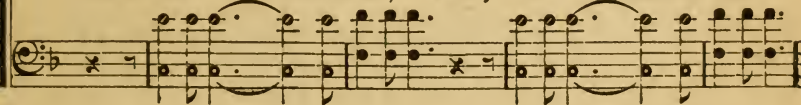
While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high!
 Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still support and com - fort me:
 Let the heal - ing streams abound; Make and keep me pure with - in.



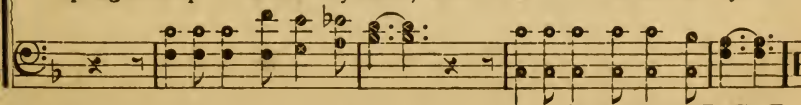
QUARTETTE.



Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
 All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
 Thou of life the fountain art, Freely let me take of thee:

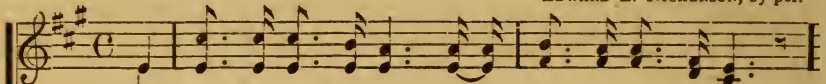


Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 Cov - er my defenceless head With the sha - dow of thy wing!
 Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.


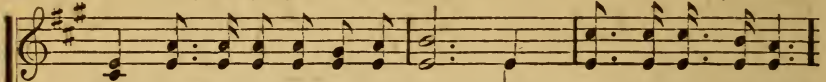


Where the Living Waters Flow.

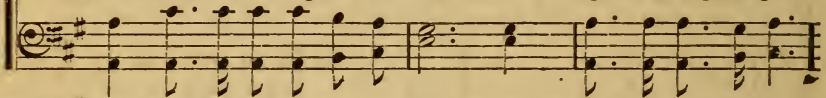
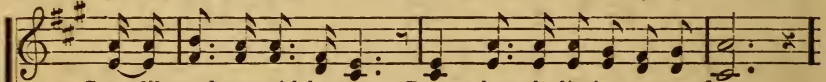
EDWARD E. NICKERSON, by per.



1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is given,
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee These price - less joys were bought,
 3. Come, with the ransomed train, The Sa - viour's prais - es sing,
 4. And soon, be - fore his face, We'll praise in light a - bove,

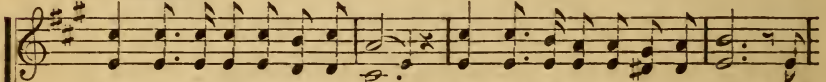
Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Tri - umphant through his grace,

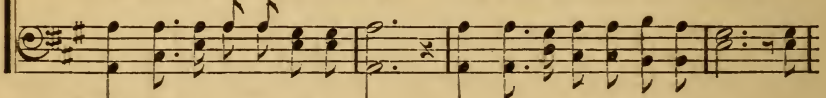
Love fills our heart with heaven, Down where the liv - ing waters flow.
 That Christ to earth has brought, Down where the liv - ing waters flow.
 A - dore! he reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing waters flow.
 Made per - fect by his love, Down where the liv - ing waters flow.



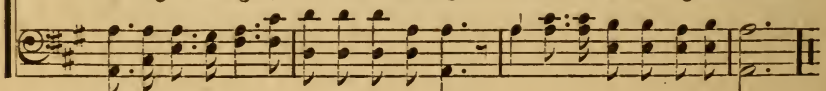
CHORUS.



Down where the living waters flow, Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm



liv - ing in the light, for Je - sus and the right, Down where the living waters flow.



Jesus is Good to Me.

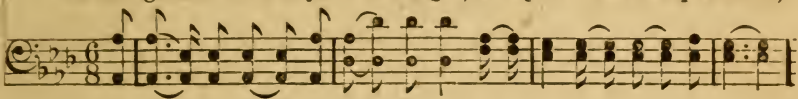
145

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

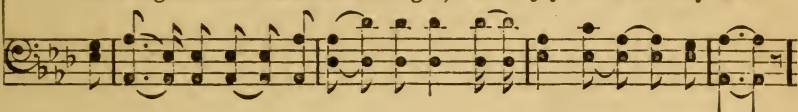
JNO. R. SWENEY.



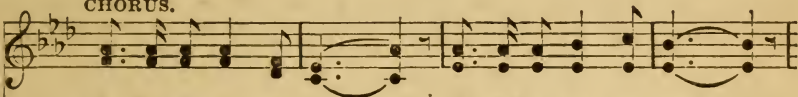
1. I love my Saviour, his heart is good, He has loved me o'er and o'er;
2. He calls, I rise, and he maketh me whole,—How fond his tender embrace!
3. I want to love him with all my heart, Tho' all its powers are small;
4. He's good to me in my sorrow's night, He's good in the tempest's roll;



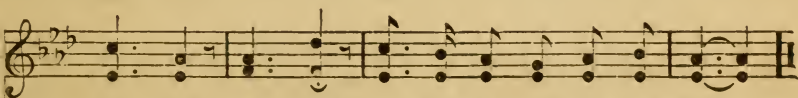
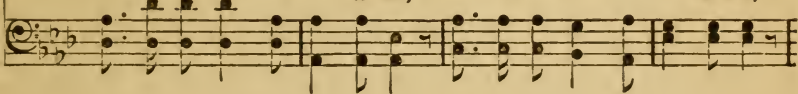
He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his blood, And I love him more and more.
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my soul!—My day the smile of his face.
I will not keep from him any part, For he is worthy of all.
He bringeth from darkness into light,—With joy he filleth my soul.



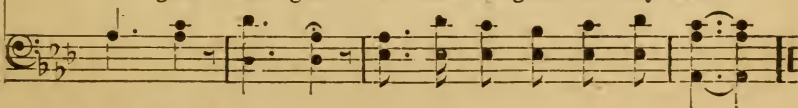
CHORUS.



Je - sus is good to me, . . . Je - sus is good to me; . . .
to me, to me;



So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.



Beulah Land.

EDGAR PAGE.

"He shall give thee the desires of thine heart,"

JNO. R. SWENCK.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich- es free- ly mine;
 2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
 3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev-er - ver- nal trees,
 4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's mel- o - dy,

Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd a - way.
 He gen- tly leads me by his hand, For this is heav- en's border - land.
 And flowers, that never- fad- ing grow Where streams of life for- ev - er flow.
 As angels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re - demption song.

CHORUS.

O Beau- lah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy high- est mount I stand,

I look a - way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre- pared for me,

And view the shin- ing glo- ry shore,—My heav'n, my home, for ev - er- more!

Blessed Assurance.

147

F. J. CROSBY.

"He is faithful that hath promised."—Heb. x. 23.

Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.

1. Blessed as - surance, Jesus is mine! Oh, what a foretaste of
2. Perfect sub-mis-sion, perfect de - light, Visions of rap - ture
3. Perfect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am

glory di - vine! Heir of sal - va - tion, purchase of God, Born of his
burst on my sight, Angels descend - ing, bring from a - bove Echoes of
happy and blest, Watching and waiting, looking a - bove, Filled with his

CHORUS.

Spir - it, washed in his blood. This is my sto - ry, this is my
mer - cy, whispers of love.
goodness, lost in his love.

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

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

My Jesus, I Love Thee.

"London Hymn Book."

"Mine are thine and thine are mine."
John xvii. 10.

A. J. GORDON. By per.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
2. I love thee be - cause thou have first lov - ed me,
3. I will love thee in life, I'll love thee in death,
4. In man - sions of glo - ry and end - less delight,

For thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
And praise thee as long as thou lend - est me breath;
I'll ev - er a - dore thee in heav - en so bright;

My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art thou,
I love thee for wear - ing the thorns on thy brow;
And say, when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Communion. C. M.

1 Alas! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that
Ref.—O, the Lamb, the loving Lamb, The Lamb of Calvary, The Lamb was slain, but

sacred head For such a worm as I?
 lives again, To in-tercede for me.

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

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

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

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

150

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

Let Him In.

E. O. EXCELL.
Fine.

1st. *f* *2d.* *Fine.*

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in, Let the Saviour in, etc.

D.S.

1 There's a stranger at the door,
 Let him in,
 He has been there oft before,
 Let him in;
 Let him in ere he is gone,
 Let him in, the Holy One,
 Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
 Let him in.

2 Open now to him your heart,
 Let him in,
 If you wait he will depart,
 Let him in;
 Let him in, he is your Friend,
 He your soul will sure defend,
 He will keep you to the end,
 Let him in.

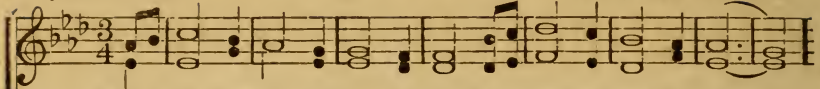
3 Hear you now his loving voice?
 Let him in,
 Now, oh, now make him your choice,
 Let him in,
 He is standing at the door,
 Joy to you he will restore,
 And his name you will adore,
 Let him in.

4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
 Let him in,
 He will make for you a feast,
 Let him in,
 He will speak your sins forgiven,
 And when earth ties all are riven,
 He will take you home to heaven,
 Let him in.

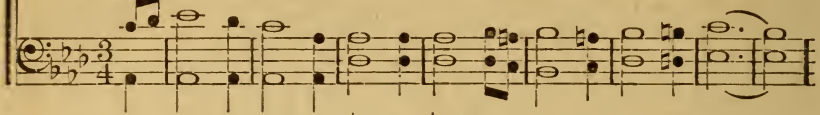
When all Thy Mercies.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

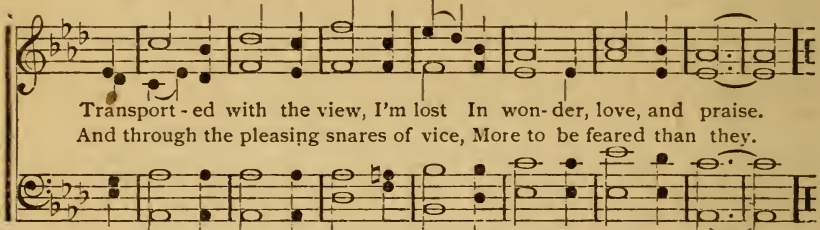
Tune, MANOAH. C. M.



1. When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys,
 2. Through hidden dangers, toils, and deaths, It gently cleared my way;



- Transport-ed with the view, I'm lost In won-der, love, and praise.
 And through the pleasing snares of vice, More to be feared than they.



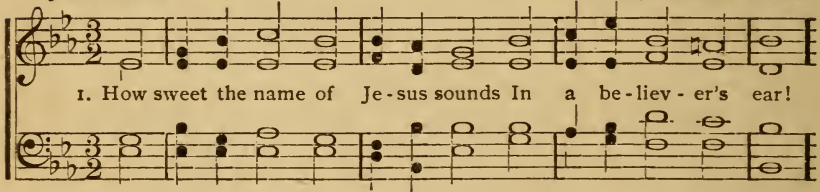
- 3 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The pleasing theme renew.

- 4 Through all eternity to thee
 A grateful song I'll raise;
 But oh, eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

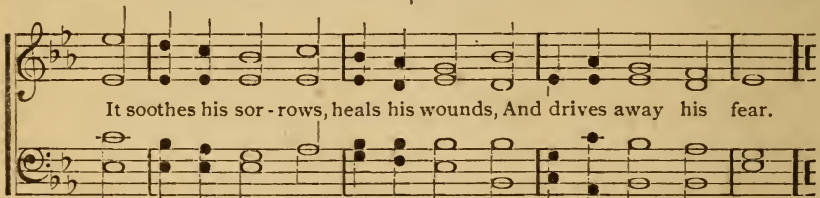
How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON.

Tune, DOWNS. C. M.



1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-liev-er's ear!



- It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.

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

- 3 Dear name! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place;
 My never-failing treasure, filled
 With boundless stores of grace!

- 4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
 Accept the praise I bring!

- 5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
 With every fleeting breath;
 So shall the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

153 Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Tune, WATCHMAN. 78, d.

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are;

Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!

Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy for-tell?

Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;
Higher yet that star ascends.
Traveler, blessedness and light,
Peace and truth, its course portends!
Watchman, will its beams alone
Gild the spot that gave them birth?
Traveler, ages are its own,
See, it bursts o'er all the earth!

3 Watchman, tell us of the night.
For the morning seems to dawn.
Traveler, darkness takes its flight;
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
Watchman, let thy wandering cease;
Hie thee to thy quiet home!
Traveler, lo! the Prince of Peace,
Lo! the Son of God is come!

154

The Lord's my Shepherd.

Tune, DOWNS.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.</p> <p>2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.</p> <p>3 Yea, though I walk through death's
Yet will I fear no ill, [dark vale,</p> | <p>For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.</p> <p>4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.</p> <p>5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.</p> |
|---|--|

Go, Labor On.

H. BONAR.

Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

1. Go, la- bor on; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do the Fa- ther's will;

It is the way the Master went; Should not the servant tread it still?

- 2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?
- 3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

- 4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.
- 5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

P. DODDRIDGE.

Awake, my Soul.

Tune, CHRISTMAS. C. M.

1. A- wake, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve, And press with vigor on; A

heavenly race demands thy zeal, And an immortal crown, And an immortal crown.

- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

- 4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems]
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Eternal Beam of Light.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, LOUVAN. L. M.

1. E - ter - nal Beam of light divine, Fountain of un - exhaust - ed love,
2. Je - sus, the wea - ry wanderer's rest, Give me thy ea - sy yoke to bear;

In whom the Father's glories shine, Thro' earth beneath, and heaven above;
With steadfast patience arm my breast, With spotless love and low - ly fear.

- 3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.
- 4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! [gone,
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.
- 5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.
- 6 O Death! where is thy sting? where
Thy boasted victory, O Grave? [now
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Tune, DENNIS. S. M.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love; The
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our ar - dent prayers; Our

fel - low - ship of kind - red minds Is like to that a - bove.
fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

Jesus Now is Calling.

R. E. H.

R. E. HUDSON. By per.

1. Come, ye weary and oppressed, Je- sus now is calling you; Come to him, he'll
 2. Tho' your sins like mountains rise, Jesus now is calling you; He has made the
 3. Tho' your sins like scarlet be, Jesus now is calling you; From your sins he'll
 4. Come, ye wand'ers from the fold, Jesus now is calling you; Oh, his love can

REFRAIN.

give you rest—Still he bids you come. Jesus now is calling, calling,
 sac- ri- fice—Still he bids you come.
 set you free—Still he bids you come.
 ne'er be told!—Still he bids you come. calling, calling,

call- ing, call- ing, Je- sus now is call- ing you—Calling you to come.

Copyright, 1882, by R. E. HUDSON.

Heavenly Union.

Arr. by J. J. HOOD.

1. Come, saints and sinners, hear me tell The wonders of Immanuel, Who saved me [from a

burning hell, And brought my soul with him to dwell, And gave me heav'nly union.

1. Round Christ, the great incarnate God, My arms of faith and love entwine;
 2. Long sin's disease oppressed my soul,—The world could give no healing balm,—
 3. A joy to unwashed souls unknown His cleansing blood has brought to me,
 4. The vir - tue of my Saviour's blood To guilty souls I will proclaim,

Fine.

His blood, for ev - 'ry sin - ner spilt, Now cleanseth this poor heart of mine.
 But now the wondrous cure I've found, In Christ the sac - ri - fi - cial lamb.
 And on my peaceful spir - it shines The light that beams from Calvary.
 With joy - ful haste I'll spread abroad Je - sus, the great Phy - sician, 's fame.

D.S.—I now have found the healing balm, In Calv'ry's precious, bleeding Lamb.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Oh yes, his blood for sin - ners spilt Now cleanseth me from sin and guilt;

Copyright, 1861, by John J. Hoos.

Heavenly Union.—Concluded.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 When Jesus saw me from on high,
Beheld my soul in ruin lie,
He looked on me with pitying eye,
And said to me, as he passed by,
"With God you have no union."</p> <p>3 Then I began to weep and cry,
And looked this way and that, to fly,
It grieved me so that I must die;
I strove salvation for to buy;
But still I had no union.</p> | <p>4 But when I hated all my sin,
My dear Redeemer took me in,
And with his blood he wash'd me clean;
And oh, what seasons I have seen
Since first I felt this union!</p> <p>5 I praised the Lord both night and day,
And went from house to house to pray,
And if I met one on the way,
I found I'd something still to say
About this heavenly union.</p> |
|---|--|

Must Jesus Bear the Cross.

THOMAS SHEPHERD. Alt.

Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?

No, there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

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

C. WESLEY.

Blow ye the Trumpet.

Tune, LISCHER. H. M.

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:
2. { Jesus, our great High Priest, Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits, rest; Ye mournful souls, be glad: } The year, etc.

Return, ye ransomed sinners, home, Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood
Throughout the world proclaim.

4 Ye slaves of sin and hell,
Your liberty receive,
And safe in Jesus dwell,
And blest in Jesus live.

5 Ye who have sold for naught
Your heritage above,
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love.

6 The gospel trumpet hear,
The news of heavenly grace,
And saved from earth, appear
Before your Saviour's face.

1. O glorious hope of perfect love! It lifts me up to things above: It bears on eagles' wings;

It gives my ravished soul a taste, And makes me for some moments feast With Jesus' [priests and kings.]

2 Rejoicing now in earnest hope,
I stand, and from the mountain top
See all the land below:
Rivers of milk and honey rise,
And all the fruits of paradise
In endless plenty grow.

3 A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favored with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing blest; [ness,
There dwells the Lord our Righteous-
And keeps his own in perfect peace,
And everlasting rest.

4 O that I might at once go up;
No more on this side Jordan stop,
But now the land possess;
This moment end my legal years,
Sorrows and sins, and doubts and fears,
A howling wilderness!

165 Come on, my Partners.

1 Come on, my partners in distress,
My comrades through the wilderness,
Who still your bodies feel;
Awhile forget your griefs and fears,
And look beyond this vale of tears,
To that celestial hill.

2 Beyond the bounds of time and space,
Look forward to that heavenly place,
The saints' secure abode;
On faith's strong eagle pinions rise,
And force your passage to the skies,
And scale the mount of God.

3 Who suffer with our Master here,
We shall before his face appear
And by his side sit down;
To patient faith the prize is sure,
And all that to the end endure
The cross, shall wear the crown.

4 Thrice blessed, bliss-inspiring hope!
It lifts the fainting spirits up,
It brings to life the dead:
Our conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

5 That great mysterious Deity
We soon with open face shall see;
The beatific sight [praise,
Shall fill the heavenly courts with
And wide diffuse the golden blaze
Of everlasting light. —C. WESLEY.

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Welcome, Delightful Morn.

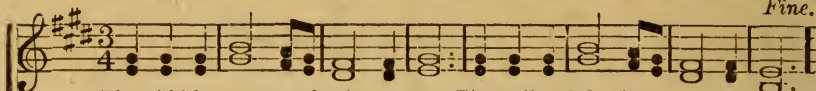
Tune opposite.

1 Welcome, delightful morn,
Thou day of sacred rest,
We hail thy kind return,
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys
We soar to reach immortal joys.

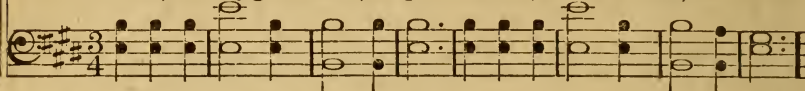
2 Now may the King descend
And fill his throne of grace;

Thy sceptre, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face:
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

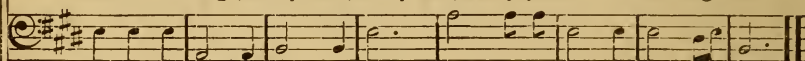
3 Descend, celestial Dove!
With all thy quickening powers,
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred hours;
Then shall our souls new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be bestowed in vain.



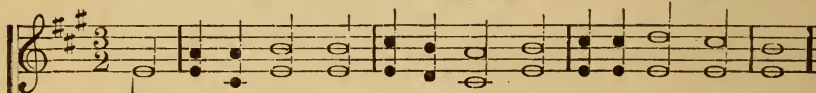
1. Thou hidden source of calm repose, Thou all-suf-fi - cient love di-vine,
D. C.—And lo! from sin, and grief, and shame, I hide me, Je-sus, in thy name.
 2. Thy mighty name sal - va - tion is, And keeps my happy soul a - bove;
D. C.—To me, with thy great name, are given Pardon, and ho - li - ness, and heaven.



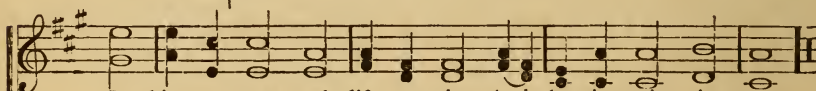
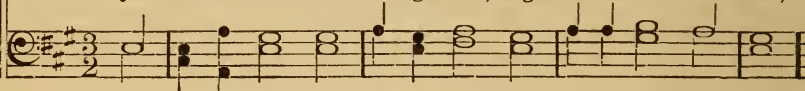
D. C.
 My help and refuge from my foes, Se - cure I am while thou art mine:
 Comfort it brings, and power, and peace, And joy and ever - last - ing love:



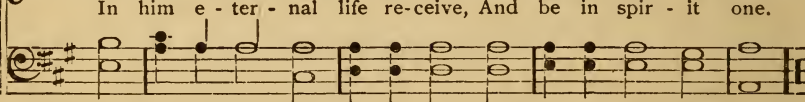
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|---|---|
| <p>3 Jesus, my all in all thou art;
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
 The medicine of my broken heart;
 In war, my peace; in loss, my gain;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown;
 In shame, my glory and my crown:</p> | <p>4 In want, my plentiful supply;
 In weakness, my almighty power;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty;
 My light, in Satan's darkest hour;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable;
 My life in death, my all in all.</p> |
|---|---|



1. Je - sus hath died that I might live, Might live to God a - lone;



In him e - ter - nal life re - ceive, And be in spir - it one.



- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Saviour, I thank thee for the grace,
 The gift unspeakable;
 And wait with arms of faith to embrace,
 And all thy love to feel.</p> <p>3 My soul breaks out in strong desire
 The perfect bliss to prove;
 My longing heart is all on fire
 To be dissolved in love.</p> | <p>4 Give me thyself; from every boast,
 From every wish set free;
 Let all I am in thee be lost,
 But give thyself to me.</p> <p>5 Thy gifts, alas! cannot suffice,
 Unless thyself be given;
 Thy presence makes my paradise,
 And where thou art is heaven.</p> |
|---|--|

1. When Je - sus washed my sins a - way, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. He makes my wounded spir - it whole, Sing hal - le - lu - jah!

My hap - py heart be - gan to say, Praise ye the Lord.
 He sat - is - fies my long - ing soul, Praise ye the Lord.

CHORUS.

Sing hal - lelu - jah! sing hallelujah! Sing hal - lelujah! praise ye the Lord.

- 3 I find him present everywhere,
 Sing hallelujah!
 I cast on him my every care,
 Praise ye the Lord.
- 4 He keeps me safely by his side,
 Sing hallelujah!
 I take him as my guard and guide,
 Praise ye the Lord.

- 5 No other good do I possess,
 Sing hallelujah!
 He is my constant happiness,
 Praise ye the Lord.
- 6 And thus I journey day by day,
 Sing hallelujah!
 Rejoicing on my heavenward way,
 Praise ye the Lord.

The Lord's Prayer.

Reverently.

A - men.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed | be thy | name, || Thy kingdom come,
 thy will be done in | earth, as-it | is in | heaven.
2. Give us this day our | daily | bread, || And forgive us our trespasses, as we for-
 give | them that | trespass a- | gainst us.
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver | us from | evil; || For thine is the
 kingdom, and the power and the | glory for- | ever and | ever. || A - | men.

How do Thy Mercies.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, FEDERAL STREET. L. M.

1. How do thy mercies close me round! Forev-er be thy name a-dored;
2. Inured to pov-er-ty and pain, A suff'ring life my Mas-ter led;

I blush in all things to a-bound; The servant is a-bove his Lord.
The Son of God, the Son of Man, He had not where to lay his head.

3 But lo! a place he hath prepared
For me, whom watchful angels keep;
Yea, he himself becomes my guard;
He smooths my bed, and gives me sleep.

4 Jesus protects; my fears, be gone;
What can the Rock of Ages move?
Safe in thy arms I lay me down,
Thine everlasting arms of love.

5 While thou art intimately nigh,
Who, who shall violate my rest?
Sin, earth, and hell I now defy:
I lean upon my Saviour's breast.

6 I rest beneath the Almighty's shade;
My griefs expire, my troubles cease;
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed,
Wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

C. WESLEY.

Depth of Mercy!

Tune, PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?

Can my God his wrath for-bear,— Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?

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

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

4 Kindled his relentings are;
Me he now delights to spare;
Cries, "How shall I give thee up?"
Lets the lifted thunder drop.

5 There for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds and spreads his
God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

Lo! Round the Throne.

MARY L. DUNCAN.

Tune, PARK STREET. L. M.

1. Lo! round the throne, a glo-rious band, The saints in count-less
myr-iads stand; Of ev-'ry tongue redeemed to God, Arrayed in
garments washed in blood, Arrayed in garments washed in blood.

- 2 Through tribulation great they came;
They bore the cross, despised the shame;
But now from all their labors rest,
In God's eternal glory blest.
- 3 They see the Saviour face to face;
They sing the triumph of his grace;
And day and night, with ceaseless praise,
To him their loud hosannas raise.
- 4 O may we tread the sacred road
That holy saints and martyrs trod;
Wage to the end the glorious strife,
And win, like them, a crown of life!

And thy rich glories from afar
Sparkle in every rolling star.

- 4 Grace! 'tis a sweet, a charming theme,
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus name;
Ye angels, dwell upon the sound,
Ye heavens, reflect it to the ground.
- 5 Oh! may I reach that happy place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

—ISAAC WATTS.

174 Now to the Lord.

- 1 Now to the Lord a noble song:
Awake, my soul, awake, my tongue;
Hosanna to the eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.
- 2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,
The brightest image of his grace;
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.
- 3 The spacious earth and spreading flood
Proclaim the wise and powerful God:

175 Soon may the last glad song.

- 1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Through all the millions of the skies;
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's.
- 2 Let thrones, and powers, and kingdoms
Obedient, r ighty God, to thee; [be
And over land, and stream, and main,
Now wave the scepter of thy reign.
- 3 O let that glorious anthem swell;
Let host to host the triumph tell,
Till not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Saviour reigns.

Hail, Thou Once Despised.

JOHN BAKEWELL.

Tune, AUTUMN. 3, 7, d.

1. Hail, thou once de-spis-ed Je - sus! Hail, thou Gal-i - le - an King!

Thou didst suf - fer to re - lease us; Thou didst free sal - va - tion bring.
D. S.—By thy mer - its we find fa - vor; Life is giv - en thro' thy name.

Hail, thou ag - o - niz - ing Sav - iour, Bearer of our sin and shame!

- 2 Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on thee were laid:
By almighty love annointed,
Thou hast full atonement made.
All thy people are forgiven,
Through the virtue of thy blood;
Opened is the gate of heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.
- 3 Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading;
There thou dost our place prepare:
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.
- 4 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits;
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays;
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise!

177

Love Divine.

- 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 Come, almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy life receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy temples leave:
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve thee as thy hosts above,
Pray, and praise thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy perfect love.
- 3 Finish then thy new creation;
Pure and spotless let us be;
Let us see thy great salvation,
Perfectly restored in thee:
Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

I. Je- sus, I my cross have tak- en, All to leave and fol- low thee;

Fine.
Na- ked, poor, despised, for- sak- en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be:
D. S.—Yet how rich is my con- di- tion, God and heaven are still my own!

D. S.
Per- ish ev- 'ry fond ambition, All I've sought and hoped, and known;

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

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure!
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service, pain is pleasure;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father;"
I have stayed my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee:
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

179 Gently Lead Us.

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

Stay, Sinner, stay!

W. KENNEY.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Stay, sinner, stay! the night comes on, When slighted mercy is withdrawn;
2. Stay, sinner, stay! the Father's call Now bids you come, for- saking all;

The Ho - ly Spir - it strives no more, And Jesus gives his pleadings o'er.
Oh, come, and he will bid you live, Oh, come, and freely he'll for - give.

- 3 Stay, sinner, stay! 'tis Jesus pleads,
For you he weeps, for you he bleeds;
Oh, let his love your heart constrain,
Nor let him weep and bleed in vain.
- 4 Stay, sinner, stay! the Spirit cries,
Awake, and from the dead arise;
Arise and plead for mercy now,
And at the cross repenting bow.
- 5 Come, sinner, come! though guilty now,
At Jesus' feet submissive bow,
And freely all shall be forgiven;—
Oh, come, and taste the joys of heaven.
- 6 See, sinner, see! where loved ones stand,
All saved in heaven—a happy band;
Oh, come, and join them on that shore,
Where death and parting are no more.

181 C. J. B.

A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I-was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,

I wondered if Christ the Redeemer, Could save a poor sinner like me.

- 2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
And the thought filled my heart with sad-
There's no hope for a sinner like me.
- 3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.
- 4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.
- 5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune, HURSLEY. L.M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gently steep,

O may no earthborn cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Of Him who did Salvation.

Tr. by A. W. BOEHM.

Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

1. Of him who did sal- vation bring, I could for- ev - er think and sing;

A - rise, ye need - y, -he'll relieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y, -he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

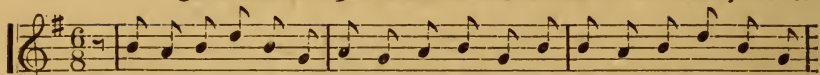
4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

Sound the Loud Timbrel.

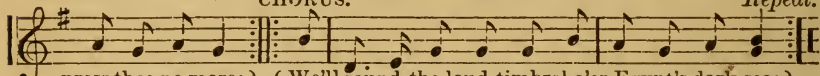
Arr. by R. K. C.



1. { Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness; Awake, for thy foes shall op-
Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness; Arise, for the night of thy

CHORUS.

Repeat.



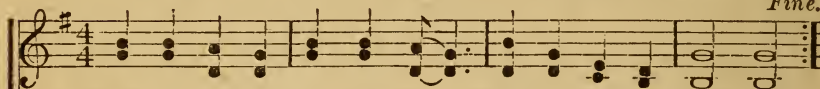
press thee no more; } { We'll sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea; }
sor-row is o'er. } { Je-hovah hath triumphed, His peo-ple are free. }

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
O, vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

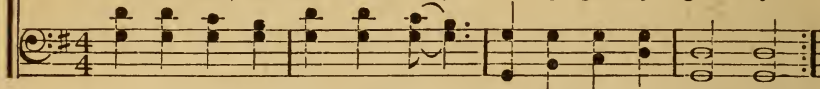
Now I feel the Sacred Fire.

Arranged by R. KELSO CARTER.

Fine.



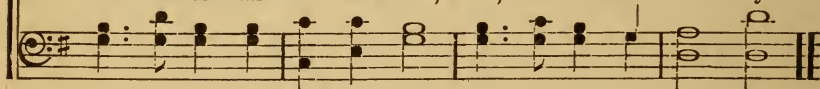
1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kindling, flam-ing, glow-ing, }
High-er still and ris-ing higher, All my soul o'er-flow-ing; }
D. C.— I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!



D. C.



Life immor-tal I re-ceive,— Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!



2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty—
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,
Now I know it's full and free;
Oh, the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us.
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free:
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

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;
 2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
 3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va - ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

D. C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith - ful be, My Saviour and my God!
 And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!
 I con - se - crate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

By permission.

187

O for a Closer Walk.

C. WESLEY.

Tune,
ORTONVILLE.

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to
 2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the

shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
 soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.</p> <p>4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.</p> | <p>5 The dearest idol I have known,
 What'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.</p> <p>6 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.</p> |
|--|---|

Why Don't You Come to Jesus?

For other verses see opposite page.

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, Full of pi - ty, love, and power.

REFRAIN. *p* *m* *f*
Why dont you come to Je - sus? He's waiting to receive you, Why

dont you come to Je - sus and be saved? *1st.* saved? *2d.*

I Will Sprinkle.

Fine.

1. { Ye who know your sins forgiv - en, And are hap - py in the Lord,
Have you read that gracious promise, Which is left up - on record?
D. C.—Sanc - ti - fy and make you holy, I will come and dwell within.

REFRAIN.

D. C.

I will sprinkle you with wa - ter, I will cleanse you from all sin,

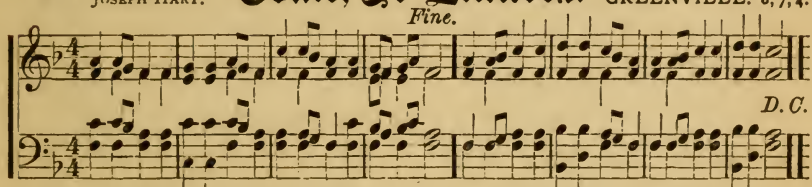
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|---|---|
| <p>2 Tho' you have much peace and comfort,
Greater things you yet may find,—
Freedom from unholy tempers,
Freedom from the carnal mind.</p> <p>3 Be as holy, and as happy,
And as useful here below,
As it is your Father's pleasure;
Jesus, only Jesus know.</p> | <p>4 Spread, O spread the joyful tidings,
Tell, O tell what God has done,
Till the nations are conformed
To the image of his Son.</p> <p>5 O may every soul be filled
With the Holy Ghost to-day;
He is coming, he is coming;
O prepare, prepare the way.</p> |
|---|---|

Come, Holy Spirit. Tune.
ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.


1. Come, Ho - ly Spir - it, heavenly Dove, With all thy quick'ning powers;
Kin - dle a flame of sa - cred love In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

- 4 Father, and shall we ever live
At this poor dying rate,
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

Come, Ye Sinners. Tune.
GREENVILLE. 8, 7, 4.


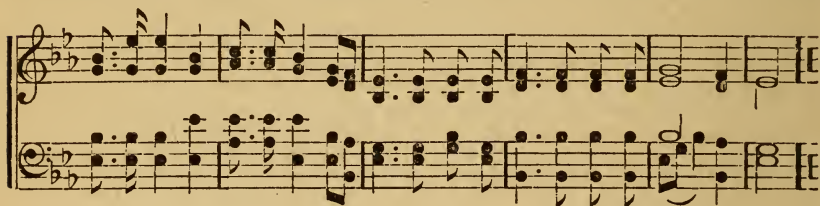
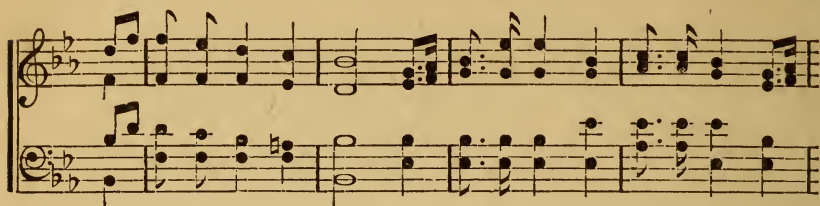
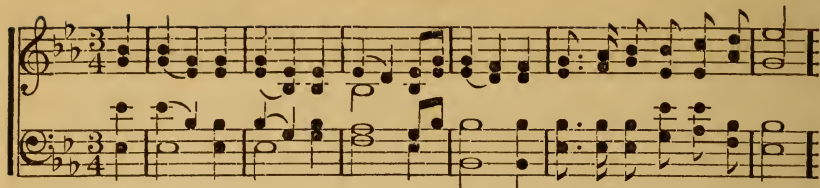
Fine. *D. C.*

- 1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love, and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.
- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

- 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;
Not the righteous—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
Your Redeemer prostrate lies;
On the bloody tree behold him!
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finished!"
Sinners, will not this suffice?
- 6 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

Ariel. C. P. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON.



192 O Love Divine.

- 1 O LOVE divine, how sweet thou art!
When shall I find my willing heart
All taken up by thee?
I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
The greatness of redeeming love,
The love of Christ to me.
- 2 Stronger his love than death or hell;
Its riches are unsearchable;
The first-born sons of light
Desire in vain its depths to see;
They cannot reach the mystery,
The length, the breadth, the height.
- 3 God only knows the love of God;
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine;
This only portion, Lord, be mine;
Be mine this better part.
- 4 O that I could forever sit
With Mary at the Master's feet!
Be this my happy choice;
My only care, delight, and bliss,
My joy, my heaven on earth, be this,
To hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 5 O that I could, with favored John,
Recline my weary head upon
The dear Redeemer's breast!

From care, and sin, and sorrow free,
Give me, O Lord, to find in thee
My everlasting rest.

193 O could I Speak.

- 1 O COULD I speak the matchless worth,
O could I sound the glories forth,
Which in my Saviour shine,
I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,
And vie with Gabriel while he sings
In notes almost divine.
- 2 I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,
My ransom from the dreadful guilt
Of sin, and wrath divine;
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters he bears,
And all the forms of love he wears,
Exalted on his throne;
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,
I would to everlasting days
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me
And I shall see his face; [home,
Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in his grace.

Luther. S. M.

Dr. T. HASTINGS.

Vigorous.

194 I love Thy kingdom.

- 1 I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord,
The house of thine abode,
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.
- 2 I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend:
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

195 Grace!

- 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 a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.
- 3 Grace taught 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 our praise.

196 Stand up, and bless.

- 1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
- 2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud, and magnify?
- 3 O for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our souls inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!
- 4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.
- 5 Stand up, and bless the Lord;
The Lord your God adore;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, forevermore.

197 Purity of heart.

- 1 BLEST are the pure in heart,
For they shall see our God;
The secret of the Lord is theirs;
Their soul is his abode.
- 2 Still to the lowly soul
He doth himself impart,
And for his temple and his throne
Selects the pure in heart.
- 3 Lord, we thy presence seek,
May ours this blessing be;
O give the pure and lowly heart,—
A temple meet for thee.

Doxology. S. M.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
By glory, as it was, is now,
And shall forever be.

Come, Ye Disconsolate.

THOMAS MOORE, alt., and THOS. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish; Come to the mercy-seat, fervently kneel;

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish;
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the stray-
ing,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly say-
ing,
"Earth has no sorrow that heaven can-
not cure."

3 Here see the bread of life; see waters
flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure
from above; [knowing
Come to the feast of love; come, ever
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can
[remove.

199

At the Fountain.

OLD MELODY.

CHORUS.

1 Of him who did salvation bring,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I could forever think and sing,
I'm on my journey home.

CHO.—Glory to God,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Glory to God,
I'm on my journey home.

2 Ask but his grace and lo! 'tis given,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
Ask and he turns your hell to heaven,
I'm on my journey home.

3 Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
I'm at the fountain drinking,

Jesus, thy balm will make me whole,
I'm on my journey home.

4 Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I meet the object of my love,
I'm on my journey home.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly,
I'm at the fountain drinking,
I drink and yet am ever dry,
I'm on my journey home.

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

Alida. C. M. Double.

D. B. THOMPSON.

200 How happy every child.

- 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 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We more than taste the heavenly
And antedate that day; [powers,
We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 3 O would he more of heaven bestow,
And let the vessels break,
And let our ransomed spirits go
To grasp the God we seek;
In rapturous awe on him to gaze,
Who bought the sight for me;
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity!

201 I heard the voice of Jesus.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
Thy head upon my breast!"
I came to Jesus as I was,
Wearied, and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he hath made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in him. [vived,
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise
And all thy day be bright!"
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun;
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

202 Work, for the night is coming.

- 1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon,

- Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

Sweet Land of Rest.

1. Sweet land of rest, for thee I sigh! When will the moment come,
D. C.—And dwell with Christ at home, . . . And dwell with Christ at home;
 2. No tran-quil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, sheltering dome;
D. C.—This world is not my home, . . . This world is not my home;

D. C.

When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home.
 This world's a wil - der-ness of woe, This world is not my home.

3 To Jesus Christ I sought for rest,
 He bade me cease to roam;
 But fly for succor to his breast,
 And he'd conduct me home.

4 Weary of wand'ring round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom,
 I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

Only Trust Him.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; and ye shall find rest unto
 your souls."—Matt. xi. 29.

J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. Stockton. By per.

1. Come, ev'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord, And he will surely
 2. For Jesus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to bestow; Plunge now into the
 3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you into rest; Believe in him with-
 4. Come then, and join this holy band, And on to glory go, To dwell in that ce-

CHORUS.

give you rest, By trusting in his word. On - ly trust him, only trust him,
 crimson flood That washes white as snow. *Second Chorus*—
 out de - lay, And you are ful - ly blest. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus,
 lestial land, Where joys immortal flow.

Only Trust Him. — CONCLUDED.

Only trust him now; He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.
Come to Jesus now;

205

Jesus is Mine!

"My beloved is mine."—S of Sol. ii. 16.

Mrs. CATHARINE J. BONAR.

T. E. PERKINS. By per.

1. Fade, fade, each earth-ly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break, ev - 'ry
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I
3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, e-

ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - derness,
ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,
dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried
ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus alone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!
Left but a dismal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Jesus is mine!

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in 3/4 time. The top staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff begins with a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The music is in common time (C). The score includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *f* (forte). The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

206 Come, ye that love.

- 1 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
And joy to make it known,
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before his throne.
- 2 Behold your Lord, your Master crowned
With glories all divine;
And tell the wondering nations round
How bright those glories shine.
- 3 When, in his earthly courts, we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.
- 4 And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise:
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

207 What glory gilds.

- 1 WHAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic, like the sun,
It gives a light to every age;
It gives, but borrows none.
- 2 The power that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
Its truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.
- 3 Lord, everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.
- 4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

208 The Prince of Peace.

- 1 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him, all the hosts of heaven.
- 2 His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
Forevermore adored;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 3 His power, increasing, still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.
- 4 To us a Child of hope is born,
To us a Son is given;
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The mighty Lord of heaven.

209 The joyful sound.

- 1 SALVATION! O the joyful sound
What pleasure to our ears!
A sovereign 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! O thou bleeding Lamb!
To thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

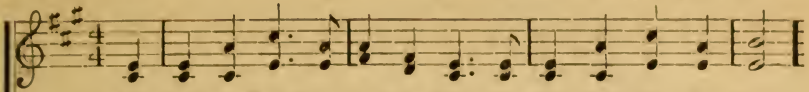
Doxology. C. M.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

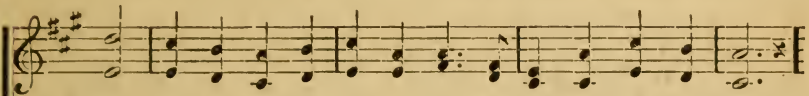
Blessed be the Name.

W. H. CLARK.

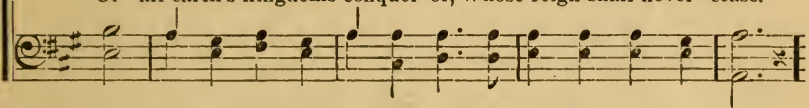
Arranged by Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.



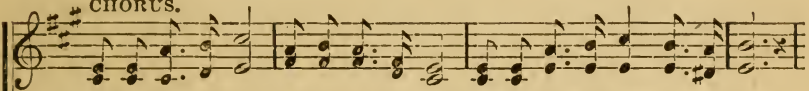
1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma - jes - ty su-preme,
2. His name a-bove all names shall stand, Exalt - ed more and more,
3. Re-deem - er, Saviour, Friend of man Once ru - ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel - lor, The might-y Prince of Peace,



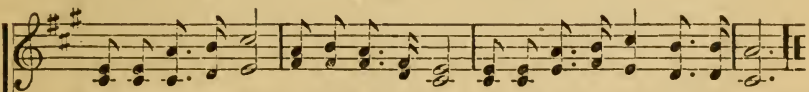
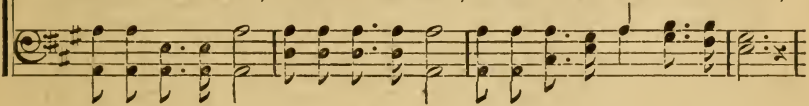
Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re-deem.
 At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel hosts a - dore.
 Thou hast devised sal - vation's plan, For thou hast died for all.
 Of all earth's kingdoms conquer-or, Whose reign shall never cease.



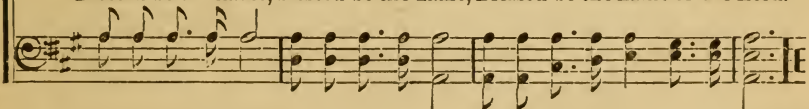
CHORUS.



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;



Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
 Their praise and homage meet;
 With rapturous awe adore their King,
 And worship at his feet.</p> | <p>6 Then shall we know as we are known,
 And in that world above
 Forever sing around the throne
 His everlasting love.</p> |
|--|--|

I am Coming to the Cross.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

John vi. 37.

Wm. G. FISCHER. By per.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has e - vil reigned within;
 3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends, and time, and earthly store;

CHO.— I am trust - ing, Lord, in thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;
 D. C.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me.— "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bo - dy thine to be,— Whol - ly thine for ev - er - more.

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

4 In thy promises I trust,
 Now I feel the blood applied:
 I am prostrate in the dust,
 I with Christ am crucified.

5 Jesus comes! he fills my soul!
 Perfected in him I am;
 I am every whit made whole:
 Glory, glory to the Lamb.

Rest for the Weary.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

Rev. S. Y. HARMER.

1. In the Christian's home in glo - ry There re - mains a land of rest;
 2. Pain or sickness ne'er shall en - ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share;
 3. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn:
 4. Sing, oh, sing, ye heirs of glo - ry; Shout your triumph as you go;

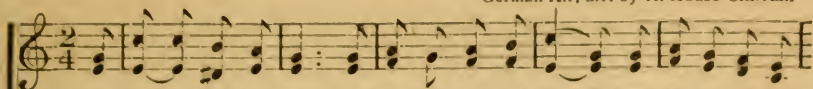
There my Saviour's gone be - fore me, To ful - fil my soul's request.
 But in that ce - les - tial cen - tre, I a crown of life shall wear.
 Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the ris - ing morn.
 Zi - on's gates will o - pen for you, You shall find an entrance through.

CHORUS.

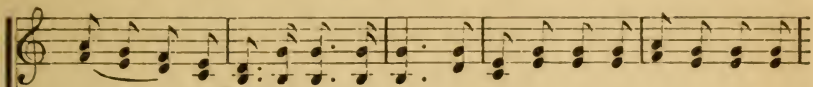
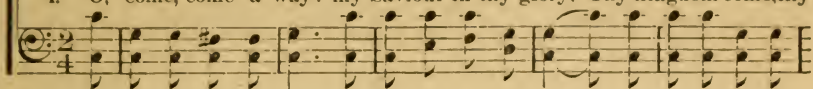
{ There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for the
 On the oth - er side of Jor - dan, In the sweet fields of
 wea - ry, There is rest for the wea - ry, There is rest for you— }
 E - den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you. }

O, Come, Come Away!

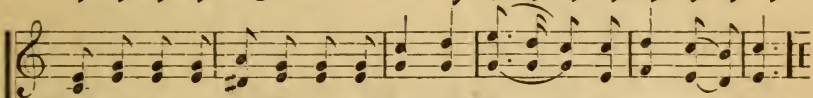
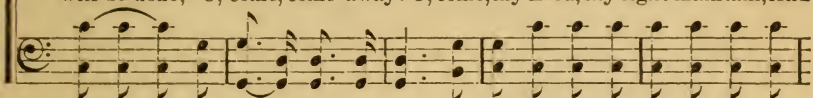
German Air, arr. by R. KELSO CARTER.



1. O, come, come a-way! for time's career is closing, Let worldly care hence-
2. A - wake ye, awake! no time now for reposing, "The Lord is near!" breaks
3. Night soon will be o'er, and endless day appear-ing, Away from home no
4. O, come, come a-way! my Saviour in thy glory, "Thy kingdom come, thy



forth forbear, O, come, come a-way! Come, come our holy joys renew, Where
on the ear, O, come, come away! Come, come where Jesus' love will be, Who
more we'll roam, O, come, come away! And when the trump of God shall sound the
will be done;" O, come, come away! O, come, my Lord, thy right maintain, And



love and heav'nly friendship grew, The Spirit welcomes you! O, come, come away!
says, "I'll meet with two or three," Sweet promise made to thee, O, come, come away!
saints no more by Death are bound: He owns our Jesus crown'd; O, come, come away!
take thy throne and on it reign; Then earth shall bloom again! O, come, come away!



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215

C. WESLEY.

Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Tune above.

- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on his hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,

- They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."
- 4 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.
 - 5 My God is reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

The Lord will provide.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

C. S. HARRINGTON. By par.

1. In some way or oth-er the Lord will provide; It may not be my way,
2. At some time or oth-er the Lord will provide, It may not be my time,

It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "The Lord will provide."
It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "The Lord will provide."

3 Despond then no longer,
The Lord will provide;
And this be the token—
No word he hath spoken
Was ever yet broken,—
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on, then, right boldly;
The sea shall divide;
The pathway made glorious,
With shoutings victorious,
We'll join in the chorus,
"The Lord will provide."

The Altered Motto.

Rev. THEO. MONOD.

J. G. ROBINSON.

1. O the bitter || shame and sorrow, || That a time could || ever be, || When I let the ||
2. Yet he found me, || I beheld him || Bleeding on the ac- || cursed tree || Heard him pray, for ||

Saviour's pity || Plead in || vain, and proudly answer'd, All of self and none of thee.
give them, Father, || And my || wistful heart said faintly, Some of self and some of thee.

3 Day by day his || tender mercy, ||
Healing, helping, || full and free, ||
Sweet, and strong, || and, oh, so patient, ||
Brought me || lower while I whispered,
Less of self and more of thee.

4 Higher than the || highest heaven, ||
Deeper than the || deepest sea. ||
Lord, thy love || at last has conquer'd, ||
Grant me || now my soul's desire,
None of self and all of thee.

He is Calling.

Arr by S. J. VAHL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea : }
 { There's a kindness in his justice Which is more than } li - ber - ty.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing, "Come to me!" Lord, I'll gladly haste to thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good ;
 There is mercy with the Saviour ;
 There is healing in his blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind ;

- And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take him at his word ;
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of our Lord.

219

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night." J. R. S.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours ;
 2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
 3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

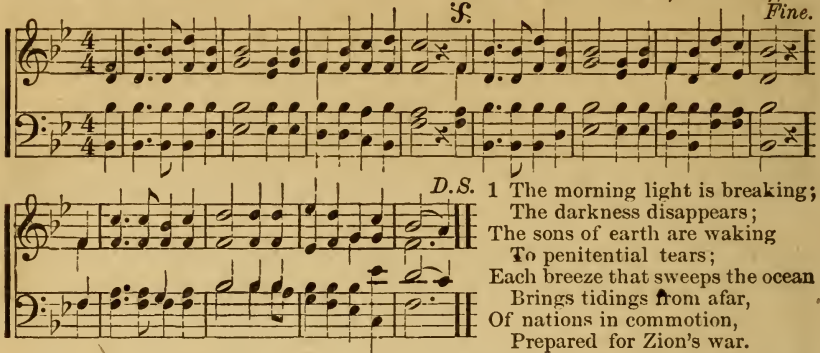
See the incense rise To the star - ry skies, Like per - fume from the flow'rs.
 But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
 How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

- 4 When the shadows fall,
 And the vesper call
 Is sobbing its low refrain,
 'Tis a garland sweet
 To the toil dent feet,
 And an antidote for pain.

- 5 Soon the year's dark door
 Shall be shut no more :
 Life's tears shall be wiped away
 As the pearl gates swing,
 And the gold harps ring,
 And the sun unsheathe for aye.

The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7. 6. *Fine.*


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

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

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

221 GEO. DUFFIELD, JR. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

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

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

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

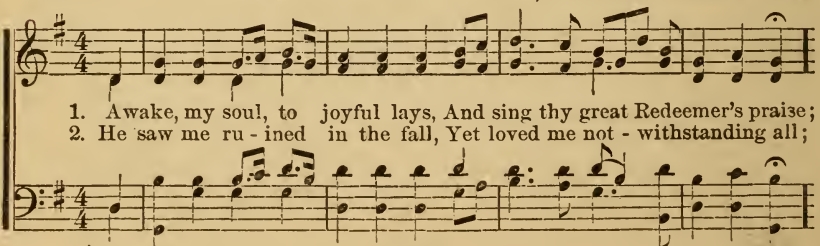
4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

222

Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY.

Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L.M.



1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ruined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;

Awake, My Soul.—CONCLUDED.

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
He saved me from my lost e-state, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Though earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p> | <p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving-kindness, oh, how good!</p> |
|---|--|

223

My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

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

As thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be—
A living fire!

- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.
- 4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Saviour! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove;
Oh, bear me safe above—
A ransomed soul!

1. { Ohappy day, that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God! } Happy
 { Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad. }

Fine. *D. S.*
 day, happy day, { He taught me how to watch and pray,
 When Jesus washed my sins away! } And live rejoicing ev'ry day.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
 To him who merits all my love!
 Let cheerful anthems fill his house,
 While to that sacred shrine I move.</p> <p>3 'Tis done! the great transaction's done!
 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
 He drew me, and I followed on,
 Charmed to confess that voice divine.</p> | <p>4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
 Fixed on this blissful center, rest;
 Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
 With him of every good possessed.</p> <p>5 High heav'n that heard the solemn vow,
 That vow renewed shall daily hear,
 Till in life's latest hour I bow,
 And bless in death a bond so dear.</p> |
|--|---|

225 H E. BLAIR. **He Came to Save Me.** WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { When Jesus laid his crown aside, He came to save me;
 { When on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me. } He came to save me.
 2. { In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
 { Oh, praise his name, I know it well, He came to save me. } He came to save me.

REFRAIN.
 I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,
 He came to save me.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 With gentle hand he leads me still,
 He came to save me;
 And trusting him I fear no ill,
 He came to save me.</p> | <p>4 To him my faith with rapture clings,
 He came to save me;
 To him my heart looks up and sings,
 He came to save me.</p> |
|---|--|

1. We praise thee, O God! for the Son of thy love,
For Jesus who died and is now gone above.

REFRAIN.

Hal-le-lujah! thine the glory; Halle-lujah! a-men! Revive us a-gain.

- 2 We praise thee, O God! for thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

1. { All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my being's ransomed powers:
All my thoughts, and words, and doings, All my days, and all my hours.

2. { Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways—
Let my eyes see Jesus on - ly, Let my lips speak forth his praise,

All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! All my days, and all my hours; hours,
All for Jesus! all for Je - sus! Let my lips speak forth his praise; praise.

- 3 Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus,
I've lost sight of all besides;
So enchained my spirit's vision,
Looking at the Crucified.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Looking at the Crucified.:||
- 4 Oh, what wonder! how amazing!
Jesus, glorious King of kings—
Deigns to call me his beloved,
Lets me rest beneath his wings.
||: All for Jesus! all for Jesus!
Resting now beneath his wings!:||

Antioch. C. M.

228 O for a thousand tongues.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace!
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice;
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

230 Joy to the world!

- 1 Joy to the world! the Lord is come;
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

229 Evils of Intemperance. Tune, BOYLSTON.

- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

231 What Ruin! Tune, EVAN.

- 1 WHAT ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!
- 2 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.
- 3 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.
- 4 The cause of temperance is thine own;
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

At the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER.

From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

1. O Je - sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my con-trite heart;
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleeding side;
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Cho.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart rolled away,

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
 To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 Oh, let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru - ci - fied.
 For - ev - er let thy love enthral, And keep me at the cross.

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy night and day!

Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by E. CASWALL.

Tune, EVAN. C. M.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast;

But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
 The Saviour of mankind.</p> | <p>4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his loved ones know.</p> |
| <p>3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek.
 To those who ask, how kind thou art!
 How good, to those who seek!</p> | <p>5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be;
 In thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity.</p> |

Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP.

CHORUS.

234
1 OH, now I see the cleansing wave!
The fountain deed and wide;
Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save,
Points to his wounded side.

Cho.—The cleansing stream, I see, I see!
I plunge, and oh, it cleanseth me!
Oh, praise the Lord! it cleanseth me;
It cleanseth me—yes, cleanseth me.

2 I rise to walk in heaven's own light,
Above the world of sin, [white,
With heart made pure and garments
And Christ enthroned within.

3 Amazing grace! 'tis heaven below
To feel the blood applied;
And Jesus, only Jesus, know,
My Jesus crucified.

235
1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lispings, stammering
Lies silent in the grave. [tongue

236 J. E. H.

The New Name.

J. E. HALL.

1. We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
2. We'll receive it in a pure white stone, And no one will know the name therein;
3. Don't you wonder what that name will be, Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,

Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
Fine.

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land. A new name, a
Only unto him who hath 'tis known, When we're free from sin. A white stone, a
We will be quite satisfied when we Shall that new name know. I wonder, I

When we meet the bright angelic band, In that sunny land.

The New Name.—CONCLUDED.

D. C.

new name We'll receive up there; A new name, a new name, All who enter there.
white stone We'll receive up there; A white stone, a white stone, All who enter there.
won- der What that name will be, I wonder, I wonder, What he'll give to me.

E. H. STOKES, D.D.

Fill Me Now.

JNO. R. SWENRY.

Fine.

D.S.—Fill me with thy hallowed presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Fill me now, fill me now, Je - sus, come and fill me now,

237

- 1 HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

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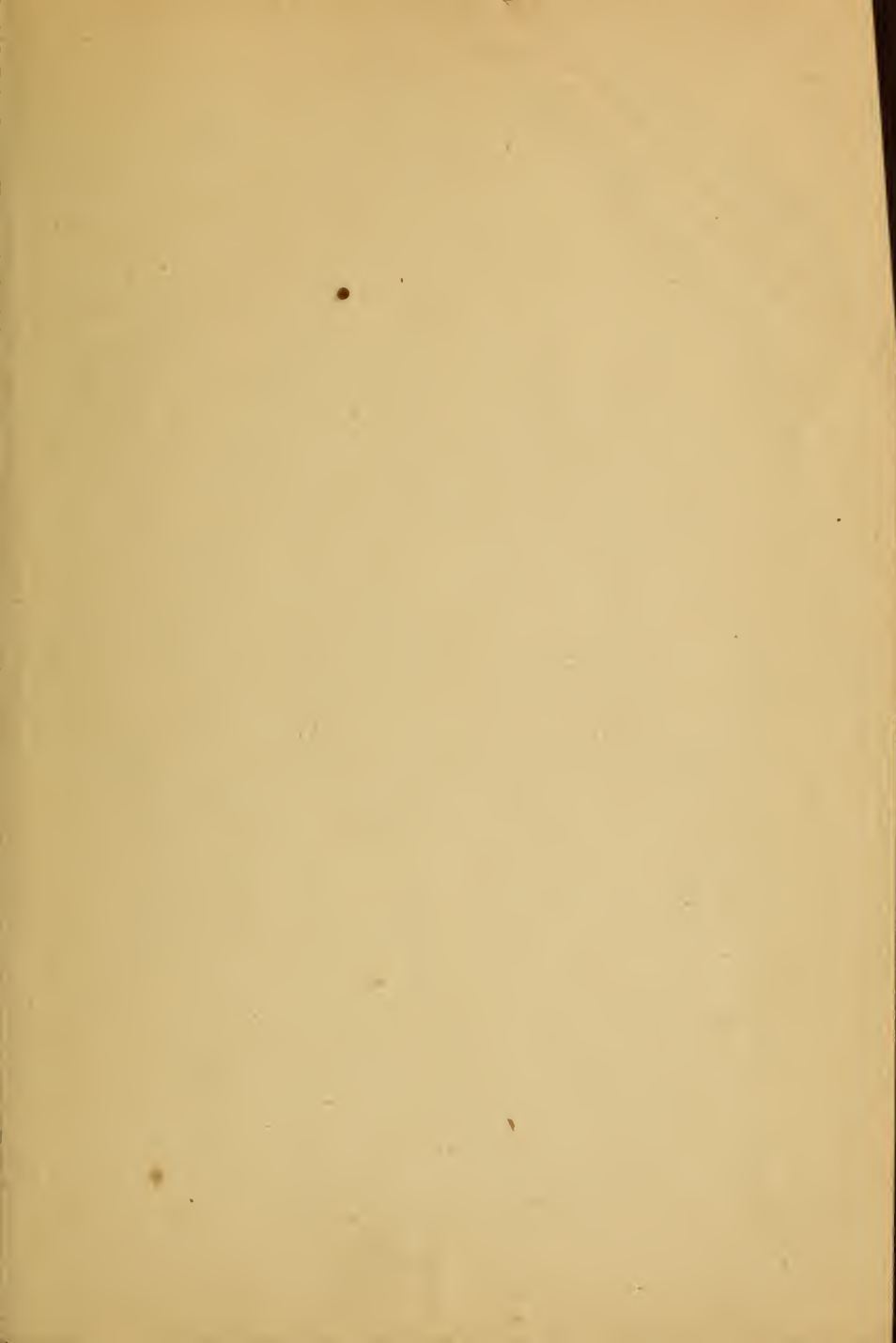
- 1 COME, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!
- 3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home,
- 4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

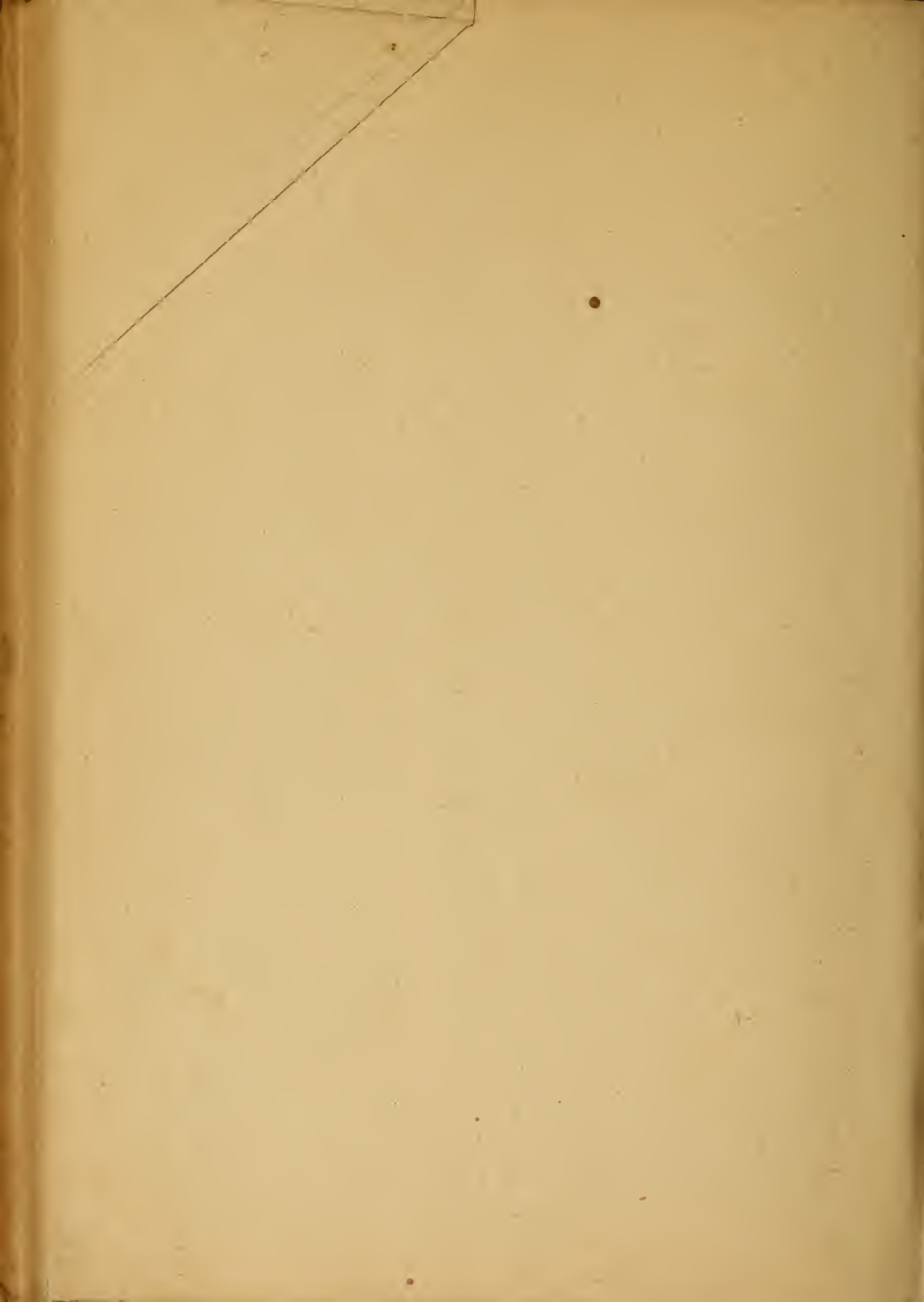
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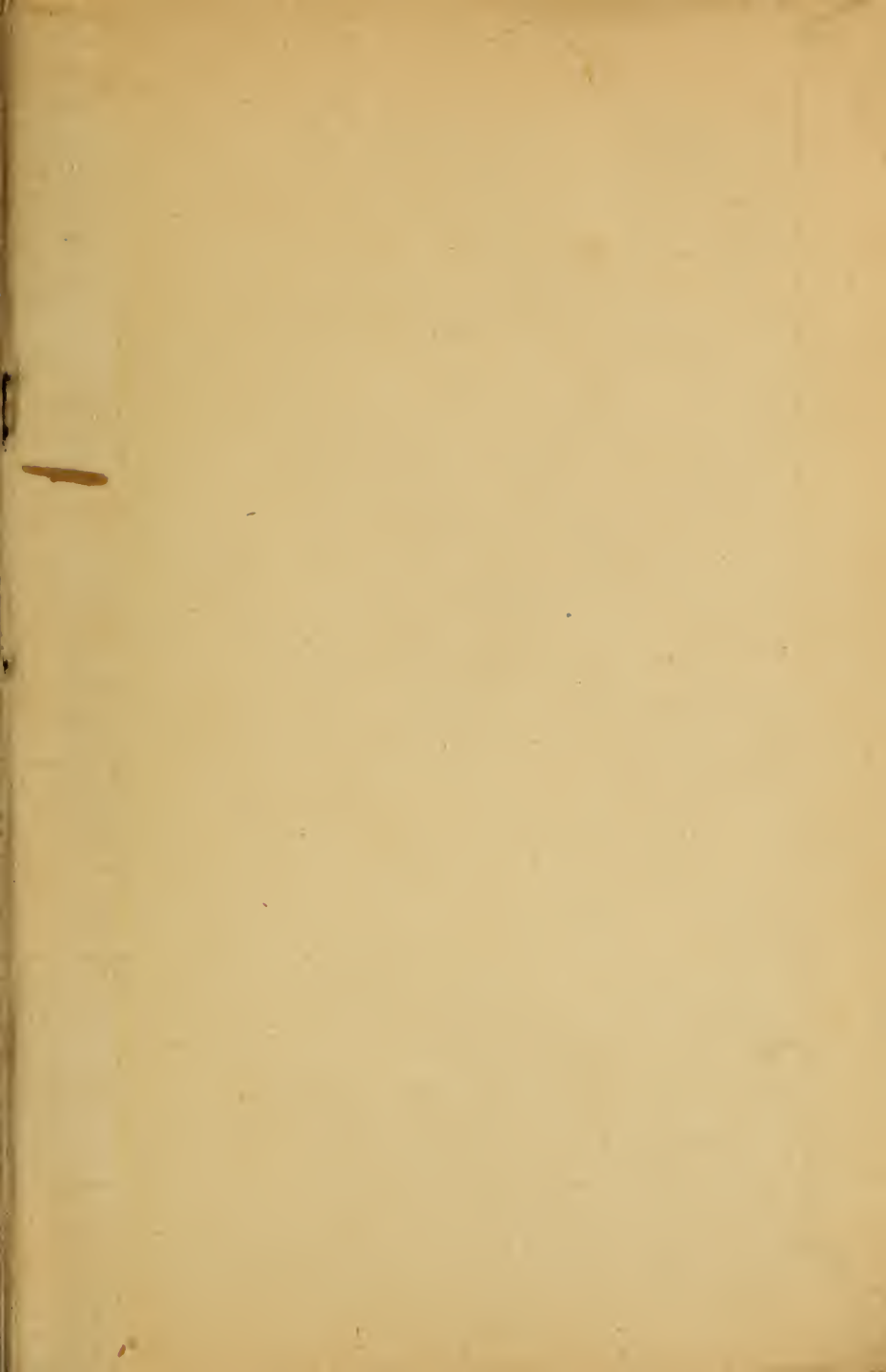
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