

SONG
SERMONS

BY

Philip Phillips

FOR

GENERAL USE & SPECIAL SERVICES

WITH

BIBLE READINGS & SACRED SOLOS.

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THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

JOHN BURNET

✓

INTERNATIONAL SEMINARY

SONG SERMONS

FOR

GENERAL USE AND SPECIAL SERVICES,

BY

✓✓
PHILIP PHILLIPS,

AUTHOR OF

"Singing Pilgrim," "Song Life," "Hallowed Songs," "Song Ministry," etc.

WITH

HYMNS, BIBLE READINGS, AND SACRED SOLOS.

NEW YORK:
INTERNATIONAL MUSIC AND PUBLISHING AGENCY,
805 BROADWAY.



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PREFACE.

THE compiler of this little manual of Sacred Song has sought with great care to include in one volume a sufficient number of the most popular Hymns and Tunes, new and old, to render it suitable for general and special use on all religious occasions, at an exceedingly low price. During a long experience, Mr. Phillips has had ample opportunities for judging of the effects of different styles of music upon large gatherings of people, and in preparing this work it has been his endeavour to combine a ripe experience with a mature judgment for the promotion of the above object.

As a testimony of usefulness, it may be stated that, on his recent tour of song round the world, Mr. Phillips met with many indications of the value of the Song Sermon Services which this little volume contains, both in the readiness with which they were adopted in various parts of the world, and the blessing with which they were uniformly honoured by the Giver of all good; and it is his hope that the same means in the hands of others may be yet more useful in the future.

Either of the Services can be readily conducted by the pastor of a church, or the superintendent of a Sunday school, assisted by a choir, and if thought desirable, can be varied by the introduction of solos, quartetts, prayers, and addresses, **or** familiar hymns, a good collection of which will be found interspersed, and in the latter part of the book. The new pieces should be sung by the choir, the more familiar ones affording an opportunity for hearty congregational singing.

The appropriate blending of religious truth with sacred song has been the means of great good to the Christian Church; and it is hoped that the addition of Scriptural passages, which have been especially arranged for this work, enforcing the vital truths of religion, as found in these Song Sermon Services, will conduce to the end of all Christian services—the glory of God and the salvation of mankind.

To make these *Services of Praise and Bible Reading* profitable, the following suggestions should be heeded:—

FIRST.—Let all be supplied with books, and come to the Service in the spirit of prayer and praise.

SECOND.—All should engage heartily in each concerted Exercise, using their best efforts, however poor they may seem to be.

THIRD.—Feel at home, and sing or read in the natural voice, as though alone, taking breath at each pause when reading.

FOURTH.—Let all sing or read with promptness, speaking the words distinctly and independently of each other.

PUBLISHERS.

TWELVE SONG SERMONS

OF

PRAISE AND BIBLE READINGS

For Monthly or Special Services.

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PRICES :

Either of the above Services are published separately at 5 cents each, *post-paid*, or at \$2 per 100 copies.

The complete Edition, bound in limp cloth, 35 cents each, *post-paid*, or at \$30 per 100 copies.

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SONG SERMON, No. 1.

5

(REDEEMER'S PRAISE.)

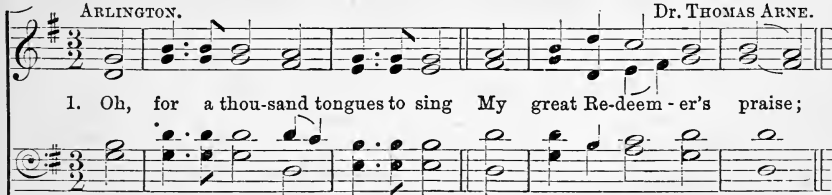
GOLDEN TEXT.

"Thou shalt call His name JESUS, for He shall save
His people from their sins."—MATT. I. 21.

THE NAME THAT CHARMS.

ARLINGTON.

Dr. THOMAS ARNE.



1. Oh, for a thou-sand tongues to sing My great Re-deem-er's praise;



The glo-ries of my God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.

No. 1.

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

C.M.

C. WESLEY.

DIVINITY OF CHRIST,

As testified by God the Father, Jesus himself, Angels, Saints, Men, Women, and even Devils.

"And the angel answered and said unto her * * * that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God."—LUKE I. 35.

"This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased; hear ye Him."—MATT. XVII. 5.

"I am the Son of God: I and my Father are one."—JOHN X. 30—36.

"And I saw, and bear record that this is the Son of God."—JOHN I. 34.

"Of a truth Thou art the Son of God."—MATT. XIV. 33.

"Nathaniel answered and said unto Him, Rabbi, Thou art the Son of God."—JOHN I. 49.

"Truly this was the Son of God."—MARK XV. 39.

"We believe and are sure that Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God."—JOHN VI. 69.

"Thou art Christ, the Son of God."—JOHN XI. 27.

"And unclean spirits, when they saw Him, fell down before Him, and cried, saying, Thou art the Son of God."—MARK III. 11.

PRAYER.

THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.

"And when Jesus heard that, He said unto them, they that be whole need not a Physician."

VAIL AND STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - this - ing
He speaks, the droop - ing heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of

CHORUS.

Je - sus, Sweet - est note in ser - aph song,
Je - sus, Sweet - est name on mor - tal tongue,

rit.
Sweet - est ca - rol e - ver sung, Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus.

No. 2.

2 All glory to the dying Lamb;
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

3 His name dispels my guilt—and fear;
No other name like Jesus.
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.—*Cho.*

WHAT JESUS TAUGHT.

"And He opened His mouth and taught them, saying—

"Blessed are the poor in spirit,
"For their's is the Kingdom of Heaven.
"Blessed are they that mourn,
"For they shall be comforted.
"Blessed are the meek,
"For they shall inherit the earth.
"Blessed are they which do hunger and
thirst after righteousness,
"For they shall be filled.
"Blessed are the merciful,
"For they shall obtain mercy.
"Blessed are the pure in heart,

"For they shall see God.
"Blessed are the peacemakers,
"For they shall be called the children of
God.
"Blessed are they which are persecuted for
righteousness sake,
"For their's is the Kingdom of Heaven.
"Blessed are ye when men shall revile you,
and persecute you, and shall say all manner
of evil against you, falsely, for my sake.
"Rejoice, and be exceeding glad, for great
is your reward in heaven, for so persecuted
they the prophets which were before you."—
MATT. v. 2—12.

No. 3.

"Crown Him Lord of all."

1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransom'd from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;

Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.

4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. PERRONET.

COME UNTO ME.

No. 4.

Come unto Me * * * and I will give you rest."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Come, hea - vy - la - den one, sigh - ing for rest; Come, as a

wea - ry bird flies to her nest. Now—the ac - cep - ted time,
Hark! 'tis thy Sa - viour's voice

Expressive.

now is the day; Come to the mer - cy-seat,—why wilt thou stay?
call - ing to thee, "Come, hea - vy - la - den one, Come un - to Me."

2 Come like the prodigal, He will receive;
He will forgive thee all: only believe.
Joy to the mourning heart He will restore;
Turn from the path of sin, wander no more.

Chorus.

3 Linger not, linger not, come while 'tis day;
Come ere the shades of night close on thy way.
Life is a fleeting dream, soon 'twill be o'er;
Turn from its fading joys, wander no more.

Chorus.

FANNY CROSBY.

WHAT JESUS SAID.

"Jesus began to preach, and to say, Repent : for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."—MATT. IV. 17.

"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God."—JOHN III. 3.

"Enter ye in at the strait gate : for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat."—MATT. VII. 13.

"Because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—MATT. VII. 14.

"Beware of false prophets, which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly they are ravening wolves."—MATT. VII. 15.

"Ye shall know them by their fruits. Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?"—MATT. VII. 16.

"I am the door : by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture."—JOHN X. 9.

"He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber."—JOHN X. 1.

"Ask, and it shall be given you ; seek, and ye shall find ; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—MATT. VII. 7.

"For every one that asketh receiveth ; and he that seeketh findeth ; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."—MATT. VII. 8.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. XI. 28.

"And will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 Cor. vi. 18.

KNOCKING AT THE DOOR

No. 5.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock."

L.M.

1 BEHOLD! a stranger's at the door!
He gently knocks—has knock'd before!
Has waited long—is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh! lovely attitude!—He stands
With melting heart, and laden hands!
Oh! matchless kindness—and He shows
This matchless kindness to His foes.

WATTS.

I CANNOT DO WITHOUT THEE.

"Without Me, ye can do nothing."

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I can - not do with - out Thee, An - y mo - ment of my
life ; I can - not do with - out Thee, Pass - ing thro' this world of strife.

Refrain.

Be near me, Be near me, Oh, my Saviour, be Thou near
me. Ev-er bless and with me stay, Ev-'ry moment day by day.

rit.

No. 6.

2 I cannot do without Thee,
Any moment at my side;
I cannot do without Thee,
Sweetly, Lord, with me abide.—*Cho.*

3 I cannot do without Thee,
Any moment of my way;
I cannot do without Thee,
Lead me on to perfect day.—*Cho.*

WHAT JESUS IS.

"The bread of God is He which cometh down from heaven, and giveth life unto the world."—JOHN VI. 33.

"I am the living bread which came down from heaven: if any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever."—JOHN VI. 51.

"I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys."—CAN. II. 1.

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—JOHN VIII. 12.

"In that day shall the Lord of Hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty."—ISA XXVIII. 5.

"Yea, He is altogether lovely. This is my beloved, and this is my Friend."—CAN. V. 16.

"He only is my rock and my salvation: He is my defence; I shall not be moved."—PSALM LXII. 6.

"For they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ."—1 COR. X. 4.

"I am the good Shepherd: the good Shepherd giveth His life for the sheep."—JOHN X. 11.

"And when the chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away."—1 PETER V. 4.

"For unto us a child is born * * * and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The mighty God, The everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace."—ISA. IX. 6.

"I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, which is, and which was, and which is to come, the Almighty."—REV. I. 8.

PRECIOUS NAME.

"No other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe;

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it then where'er you go,

CHORUS.

Precious name, Oh, how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of

Precious name, Oh, how sweet,

heav'n. Precious name, Oh, how sweet, Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.

Precious name, Oh, how sweet, how sweet.

No. 7.

2 Take the name of Jesus ever
As a shield from every snare ;
If temptations round you gather,
Breathe that holy name in prayer.—*Cho.*

3 At the name of Jesus bowing,
Falling prostrate at His feet,
King of Kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,
When our journey is complete.—*Cho.*
Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

87.

THE CONQUERING LIFE.

11

"Shout, for the Lord hath given you the city."

H. C. CAMP.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. Each system has a vocal line on a treble clef staff and a piano accompaniment on a bass clef staff. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/4. The lyrics are: "1. I'm more than conqueror thro' His blood, Je - sus saves me now; I rest beneath the shield of God, Je - sus saves me now. I go, a king - dom to ob - tain, I shall thro' Him the vict - ry gain, Je - sus saves me now." The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

No. 8.

2 Why should I ask a sign from God?

Jesus saves me now;

Can I not trust the precious blood?

Jesus saves me now.

Strong in His word, I meet the foe;

And shouting, win without a blow,

Jesus saves me now.

3 Should Satan come like whelming waves,

Jesus saves me now;

Ere trials crush, my Father saves,

Jesus saves me now.

He hides me till the storm is past,

For me He tempers every blast,

Jesus saves me now.

P.M.

REV. J. PARKER.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

No. 9.

'Who have fled for refuge.'

7's D.

1 Jesus, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high,
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past:
Safe into the haven guide:
O receive my soul at last.

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

C. WESLEY.

SONG SERMON, No. 2.

(THE GOSPEL IN SONG.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

"The Lord is my strength and my song, and is become my salvation,
therefore with my song will I praise Him."—Ps. CXVIII. 14.

FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

Dr. NETTLETON.

Fine.

1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer-cy ne-ver ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise;
D.C. Praise the mount—I'm fix'd up-on it: Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.

Teach me some me-lo-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues a-bove.

No. 10. 8's & 7's.

2 Oh! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to Thee;

Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

ROBINSON.

WORDS OF PRAISE FROM THE WORD OF GOD.

"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us
exalt His name together."

"I will give Thee thanks in the great con-
gregation; I will praise Thee among much
people."

"How excellent is Thy loving-kindness, O
God! therefore the children of men put their
trust under the shadow of Thy wings."

"Ye that stand in the house of the Lord,
in the courts of the house of our God, praise

the Lord; for the Lord is good; sing praises
unto His name, for it is pleasant."

"So the number of them, *with their brethren*
that were instructed in the songs of the Lord,
was two hundred fourscore and eight."

"And after these things I heard a great
voice of much people in heaven, and as it
were a voice of many waters, and as the voice
of mighty thunderings, saying, Alleluia! for
the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

PRAYER.

I WILL SING FOR JESUS.

13

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord."

SOLO.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing for Je - sus, With His blood He bought me, And
all a - long my pil - grim way His lov - ing hand has brought me.

CHORUS.

Oh, help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry Of
Him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

No. 11.

2 Can there overtake me,
Any dark disaster,
While I sing for Jesus,
My blessed, blessed Master?

3 I will sing for Jesus!
His name alone prevailing,
Shall be my sweetest music,
When heart and flesh are failing.

THE WORD OF GOD.

"Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against Thee."—PSALM CXIX. 11.

"Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."—LUKE XI. 23.

"I will delight myself in Thy statutes: I will not forget Thy word."—PSALM CXIX. 16.

"We ought to give the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard, lest at any time we should let them slip."—HEB. II. 1.

"The law of Thy mouth is better unto me than thousands of gold and silver."—PSALM CXIX. 72.

"More to be desired are they than gold,

yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than the honey and the honey-comb."—Ps. XIX. 10.

"How sweet are Thy words unto my taste! yea, sweeter than honey to my mouth!"—PSALM CXIX. 103.

"I have esteemed the words of His mouth more than my necessary food."—JOB XXIII. 12.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness: that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—2 TIM. III. 16, 17.

WE WONT GIVE UP THE BIBLE.

No. 12.

"And the word was made flesh and dwelt among us."

7's & 6's.

We wont give up the Bible,
 God's holy book divine,
 The book of inspiration
 Where truth and wisdom shine.
 No hand shall wrest it from us,
 No tyrant power we fear ;
 We wont give up the Bible
 Our fathers loved so dear.

We wont give up the Bible,
 That tells a Saviour's love,
 The precious lamp that guides us
 To purer joys above.
 We wont give up the Bible,
 But read it day by day ;
 God helps us by its precepts
 To find the narrow way. F. CROSBY.

No. 13.

THE LAW OF THE LORD.

*In chanting style.**"Thy testimonies are wonderful,"*

I. B. WOODBURY.

The law of the Lord is perfect, con-vert-ing the soul ; Thy testi-mony, Lord, is

sure, mak-ing wise the sim-ple ; Thy stat-utes, Lord, are right, re - joi-cing the

heart ; Thy com - mandment, Lord, is pure, en - light - 'ning the eyes.

Thy word is a lamp un - to my feet, and a light, a light un -
 How sweet are Thy words un - to my taste—yea, sweeter than hon - ey

1st. 2nd.

- to my path!
to my [Omit.] mouth! Give me under-stand-ing, and I shall keep Thy

law, for there-in do I de-light, O Lord, my God. A - men.

SIN AND ITS CURE.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all."—ISA. LIII. 6.

"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN III. 16.

"The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises, and putrifying sores."—ISA. I. 5, 6.

"When Jesus heard it, He said unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick: I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—MARK II. 17.

"Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife,

seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like.

"Of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

"But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.

"And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."—GAL. v. 19—24.

"All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God."—ROM. III. 23.

"For the wages of sin is death; but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord."—ROM. VI. 23.

"And so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned."—ROM. v. 12.

"This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. I. 15.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

No. 14.

"I will heal your backslidings."

SOLO, DUET, OR TRIO.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er ye lan - guish, Come to the

mer - cy - seat, fer - vent - ly kneel, Here bring your wounded hearts, Here tell your

an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that heaven can - not heal. *Repeat pp.*

No. 14.

11's.

- 2 Joy to the desolate, light of the straying,
Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure;—
Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure.
- 3 Here waits the Saviour, gentle and loving,
Ready to meet us, His grace to reveal;
On Him cast thy burden, trustfully coming—
Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot heal.
- 4 Here see the bread of life; see waters flowing
Forth from the throne of God, pure from above;
Come to the feast of love; come, ever knowing
Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

"Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat."

"Yea, come, buy wine and milk, without money and without price."—ISA. LV. 1.

"Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live."

"And I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David."—ISA. LV. 3.

"The Spirit and the Bride say, 'Come,' and let him that heareth say, 'Come.'"

"Let him that is athirst come: and whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."—REV. XXII. 17.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. XI. 28.

"And him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN VI. 37.

"Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you."—LUKE IX. 9.

"Come now and let us reason together, saith the Lord, though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—ISA. I. 18.

"Look unto me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth; for I am God, and there is none else."—ISA. XLV. 22.

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and sup with him, and he with me."—REV. III. 20.

"And I will be a Father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."—2 COR. VI. 8.

NINETY AND NINE.

No. 15.

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep."

- 1 THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay
In the shelter of the fold;
But one was out on the hills away,
Far off from the gates of gold,
Away on the mountain wild and bare,
Away from the Shepherd's tender care.
- 2 "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine;
Are they not enough for Thee?"
But the Shepherd made answer: "This of Mine
Has wandered away from Me;
And although the road be rough and steep
I go to the desert to find my sheep."
- 3 But none of the ransomed ever knew
How deep were the waters crossed;
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through,
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.
Out of the desert He heard its cry—
'Twas helpless and sick, and ready to die.
- 4 And all through the mountains, thunder-riven,
And up from the rocky steep,
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,
"Rejoice! I have found My sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His own."

E. C. CLEPHANE.

COME TO ME.

"Come unto Me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved."

S. J. VAIL.

1. With tear - ful eyes I look around, Life seems a dark and stormy sea;

Yet 'midst the gloom I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."

Refrain.

"Come to me," "Come to me," A heavenly whis - per, "Come to me."

No. 16.

- 2 It tells me of a place of rest—
It tells me where my soul may flee;
O! to the weary, faint, oppressed,
How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
- 3 Come, for all else must fall and die,
Earth is no resting place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
I am thy portion, "Come to me."
- 4 O voice of mercy, voice of love!
In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above!
And gently whisper, "Come to me."

L.M. No. 17.

L.M.

- "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."*
- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 2 Just as I am, Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve:
Because Thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come.
- 3 Just as I am (Thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down);
Now to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

ALMOST PERSUADED.

19

"Almost thou persuadest me."

Words and Music by P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al-most per-suad-ed," now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
 Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spi-rit,
 go thy way, Some more con-ve-nient day On thee I'll call."

No. 18.

2 "Almost persuaded," come, come to-day;
 "Almost persuaded," turn not away.
 Jesus invites you here,
 Angels are ling'ring near,
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear;
 O wand'rer, come!

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!
 "Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!
 "Almost" can not avail;
 "Almost" is but to fail!
 Sad, sad that bitter wail—
 "Almost, but lost!"

HEAVEN.

"For we know that if our earthly house of
 this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a
 building of God, an house not made with
 hands, eternal in the heavens."—2 Cor. v. 1.

"In my Father's house are many mans-
 ions: if it were not so, I would have told you.
 I go to prepare a place for you, that where
 I am, there ye may be also."—JOHN XIV. 2.

"And one of the elders answered, saying
 unto me, What are these which are arrayed
 in white robes? and whence came they?"—
 REV. VII. 13.

"And he said unto me, These are they
 which came out of great tribulation, and have
 washed their robes, and made them white in
 the blood of the Lamb."—REV. VII. 14.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple; and He that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them."—REV. VII. 15.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."—REV. VII. 16.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall lead them unto living fountains of waters: and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."—REV. VII. 17.

"There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever

worketh abomination or maketh lie, but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life."—REV. XXI. 27.

"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it: for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof."—REV. XXI. 23.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy, at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PS. XVI. 11.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things; and I will be his God, and he shall be My son."—REV. XXI. 7.

HOME OF THE SOUL.

"There remaineth a rest to the people of God."

Moderato affettuoso.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The

far a-way home of the soul, Where no storms ev-er

beat on the glit-ter-ing strand, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty

1st time. | 2nd, Fine. *f* *D.S.*

roll, roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

No. 19.

- 2 There the great tree of life in its beauty doth grow,
And the river of life floweth by,
For no death ever enters that city you know,
And nothing that maketh a lie.
- 3 That unchangeable home is for you and for me,
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;
The king of all kingdoms for ever is He;
And He holdeth our crown in His hands.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,
So free from all sorrow and pain!
With songs on our lips, and with harps in our hands,
To meet one another again.—Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

“Now I saw in my Dream that these two men went in at the Gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had Raiment put upon them that shone like Gold. There was also that met them with Harps and Crowns, and gave to them, the Harps to praise withal, and the Crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my Dream that all the Bells in the City rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, *Enter ye into the joy of your Lord*. Now just as the Gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the City shone like the Sun: the Streets were also paved with Gold, and in them walked many men, with Crowns on their heads, Palms in their hands, and Harps to sing praises withal. After that they shut up the Gates, which when I had seen I wished myself among them.”

JOHN BUNYAN.

No. 20.

BRIGHT HOME.—AIR—“Home, Sweet Home.”

“And there shall in no wise enter into it anything that defleth.”

- 1 BRIGHT home of my Saviour, what glories await
The spirits that pass thro' thy bright pearly gate;
What anthems of rapture, unceasing and high,
Compose the loud chorus that gladdens the sky.
Chorus.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home:
Prepare me, dear Saviour, for yonder blest home.
- 2 The home that our Saviour has gone to prepare
No heart can conceive of the blessedness there;
Of raptures unending awaiting the just,
When pure in His likeness they rise from the dust.—*Chorus.*
- 3 We bless Thee, dear Saviour, who call'st us to share
The beautiful home Thou hast gone to prepare;
We trust in Thy mercy, that, washed from our sin,
Through yonder bright gates we may all enter in.—*Chorus.*

SONG SERMON, No. 3.

(PRAISE AND THANKSGIVING.)

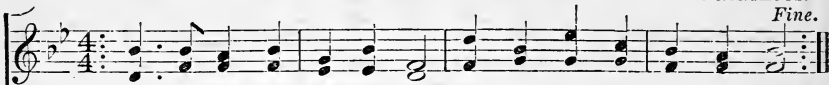
GOLDEN TEXT.

"Because Thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."—PSALM LXIII. 3.

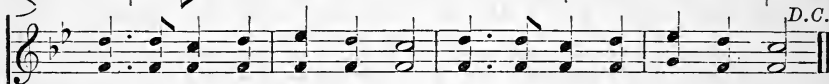
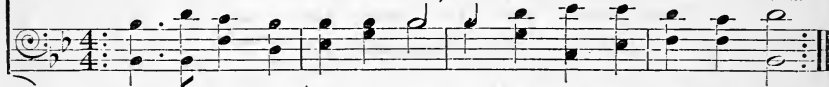
UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

ANONYMOUS.

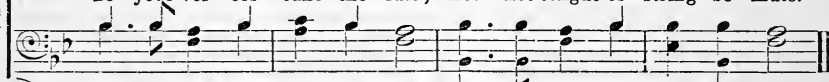
Fine.



1. { Come, O come, with sa-cred lays, Let us sound th' Almighty's praise!
Hi-ther bring, in true con-sent, Heart and voice and in-strument.
Not a crea-ture dumb be found, That hath ei-ther voice or sound.



To your voi-ces tune the lute; Let not tongue or string be mute.



D.C.

No. 21.

2 Come, ye sons of human race,
In this chorus take your place;
All this huge, wide orb we see
Shall one choir, one temple be.

Then of Jesus let us sing,
And to Him our offerings bring;
Heart and voice in sacred lays,
Join to sound th' Almighty's praise.

7's Double.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-SIXTH PSALM.

WITHERS.

PRAISE ye the Lord.

Praise the Lord, O my soul.
While I live will I praise the Lord:
I will sing praises unto my God while I
have any being.
Put not your trust in princes,
Nor in the son of man, in whom there is no
help.
His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his
earth;
In that very day his thoughts perish.
Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for
his help,
Whose hope is in the Lord his God:
Which made heaven, and earth, the sea,
and all that therein is:

Which keepeth truth for ever:
Which executeth judgment for the op-
pressed:
Which giveth food to the hungry.
The Lord looseth the prisoners:
The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind:
The Lord raiseth them that are bowed
down:
The Lord loveth the righteous:
The Lord preserveth the strangers; He
relieveth the fatherless and widow:
But the way of the wicked He turneth
upside down.
The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy
God, O Zion, unto all generations.
Praise ye the Lord.—PSALM CXLVI.

PRAYER.

"Let the people praise Thee, O God, let all the people praise Thee."

SOLO or UNISON.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Yes, let our con-gre-ga-tions sing, And let our earth-ly
 tem-ples ring With hymns of joy from ev-'ry soul; In
 ev-'ry Church from pole to pole, Let all u-ni-ted
 join, and raise This old fa-mil-iar song of praise.

No. 22.

Chorus to 1st verse. C.M. Tune, CORONATION.

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 O rapturous music, how sublime!

With joy I thought the olden time

Of Watts' and Wesley's earnest throng

Had with its flame inspired the song!

O let us sing with one accord,—

Join heart and voice to praise the Lord.

Chorus to 2nd verse. L.M. Tune, OLD 100TH.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,

Praise Him, all creatures here below;

Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,

Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

EXHORTATIONS TO PRAISE.

"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God, for it is pleasant, and praise is comely."—PSALM CXLVII. 1.

"I will praise Thee, O Lord, with my whole heart; I will show forth all Thy marvellous works."—PSALM IX. 1.

"Sing forth the honour of His name; make His praise glorious."—PSALM LXVI. 2.

"I will be glad and rejoice in Thee; I will sing praise to Thy name, O Thou Most High."—PSALM IX. 2.

"Sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving; sing praise upon the harp unto our God."—PSALM CXLVII. 7.

"I will bless the Lord at all times; His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—PSALM XXXIV. 1.

"Sing praises to the Lord, who dwelleth in Zion."—PSALM IX. 11.

"Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth Me."—PSALM XXXIII. 1.

"Bless our God, ye people, and make the voice of His praise to be heard."—PS. LXVI. 8.

"Because Thy lovingkindness is better than life, my lips shall praise Thee."—PS. LXIII. 3.

"Sing unto the Lord, bless His name, show forth His salvation from day to day."—PSALM XCVI. 2.

"Every day will I bless Thee, and I will praise Thy name for ever and ever."—PSALM CXIV. 2.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good, because His mercy endureth for ever."—PSALM CXVIII. 1.

"O that men would praise the Lord for His goodness, and for His wonderful works to the children of men."—PSALM CVII. 31.

"Great is our Lord, and of great power; His understanding is infinite."—Ps. CXLVII. 5.

"Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised; and his greatness is unsearchable."—PSALM CXLV. 3.

THINE THE GLORY.

No. 23.

"Sing forth the honour of His name."

11's

- 1 We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.

Refrain { Hallelujah! Thine the glory. | Hallelujah! Thine the glory:
Hallelujah! Amen. | Revive us again.

- 2 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.—*Chorus.*

- 3 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.—*Chorus.*

PRAISING DAY AND NIGHT.

"Therefore are they before the throne."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Have ye heard of those who jour-neyed To the bright ce - les-tial land,

How the ci - ty they have entered, At the King's di - vine command?

Refrain.

Thro' af - flic - tion deep they passed, In his blood their robes are white,

Ga - thered 'round his throne at last, They are prais - ing day and night.

No. 24.

- 2 Let us follow their example,
Let us tread the path they trod;

Pilgrims, haste we on our journey
To the city of our God.

"I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain for the word of God, and for the testimony which they held, and white robes were given unto every one of them.

"And it was said unto them, that they should rest yet for a little season, until their brethren that should be killed as they were, should be fulfilled."—REV. VI. 9—11.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his

temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat."—REV. VII. 14—16.

"I heard a voice from heaven, as it were of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."—REV. XIV. 2.

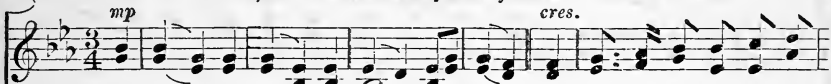
"And they sing the song of Moses the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints."—REV. XV. 3.

O COULD I SPEAK THE MATCHLESS WORTH.

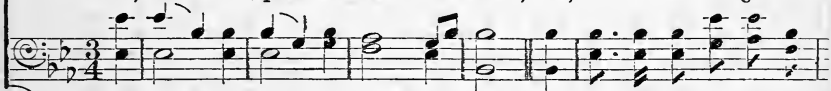
(ARIEL.

C.P.M.) "The unsearchable riches of Christ."

DR. LOWELL MASON.



1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I sound the glo-ries



forth Which in my Sa-viour shine, I'd soar, and touch the
And vie with Ga-briel,



heav'nly strings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
while he sings,



No. 25.

2 Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord will bring me home
And I shall see His face:

Then with my Saviour, Brother, Friend,
A blest eternity I'll spend,
Triumphant in His grace.—MEDLEY.

THANKSGIVING CHANT.

No. 26.

"The Lord is good to all, and His tender mercies are over all His works."

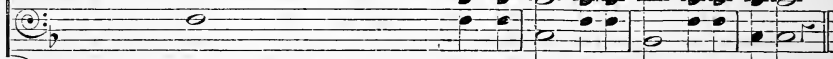
SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.

1ST RESPONSE.

GREGORIAN.



- | | |
|---|--------------------------------------|
| 1. O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is good; | For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for e-ver. |
| 2. To Him that made great lights; | For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for e-ver. |
| 3. Who remembered us in our low estate; | For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for e-ver. |
| 4. Who giveth food to all flesh; | For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for e-ver. |



SOLO, or SEMI-CHORUS.

2ND RESPONSE AND FULL CHORUS.



- | | |
|-------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| O give thanks unto the God of Gods, | For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for e-ver. |
| The sun to rule by day, the moon | |
| and stars to rule by night; | For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for e-ver. |
| And hath redeemed us from our | |
| enemies; | For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for e-ver. |
| O give thanks unto the God of | |
| Heaven; | For His mer-cy en-dur-eth for e-ver. |

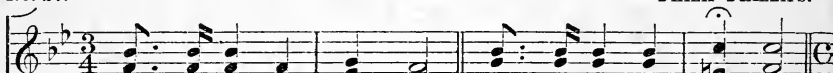


PRAISE THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

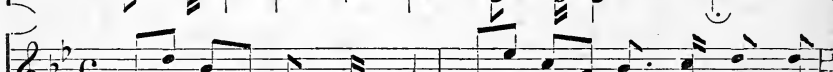
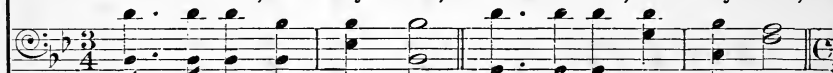
"Young men and maidens, old men and children, praise the Lord."

No. 27.

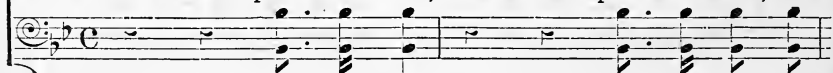
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Praise the Lord, O my soul, Praise the Lord, O my soul;



I will praise the Lord, I will praise the Lord, be -



praise the Lord,

cause His lov - ing kind - ness is bet - ter than life,

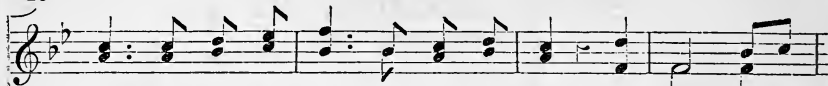
While I live, I will praise the Lord,

I'll praise my Ma - ker while I've breath, I'll praise my

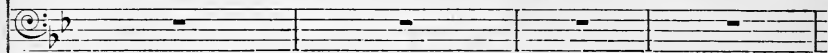
Ma - ker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in

death, And when my voice is lost in death,

Praise shall em - ploy my no - bler pow'rs, My days of praise will ne'er be



past, While life, and breath, and be - ing last, Or im - mor -



lento.

- tal - li - ty en - dures, Praise the Lord, O my soul.

ROCK OF AGES.

"He only is my rock."

7.6.
Dr. THOMAS HASTINGS.

Fine.

No. 28.

1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
Be of sin the per - fect cure, Save me, Lord, and make me pure.

D.C.

Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From Thy wound - ed side which flow'd

2 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

TOPLADY.

PRAISE THE LORD, FOR HE IS KIND.

No. 29.

"His mercy endureth for ever."

7.5

1 LET us with a gladsome mind
Praise the Lord, for He is kind;
He, with all-commanding might,
Filled the new-made world with light.
For His mercies shall endure,
Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 All things living He doth feed,
His full hand supplies their need;
He hath, with a piteous eye,
Looked upon our misery.
Let us then, with gladsome mind,
Praise the Lord, for He is kind.

JOHN MILTON.

SONG SERMON, No. 4.

29

(BETTER THAN WINE.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

"It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor any thing whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."—ROM. XIV. 21.

HOW LONG, O LORD.

Dr. L. MASON.

1. How long, O Lord our God, Shall sin and sor - row reign,
And drunkards love to tread the road That leads to end - less pain.

The musical score is written in 3/2 time. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system also has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal lines.

No. 30.

2 With zeal and pity move
All those who fear Thy name;
So shall they spread the cause of love,
The wayward to reclaim.

3 Come, and strong drink remove,
And bring the better day,
When all men shall Thy precepts love,
And Thy commands obey.

S.M.

GOSPEL TEMPERANCE.

"Moreover if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone: if he shall hear thee, thou hast gained thy brother.

"But if he will not hear thee, then take with thee one or two more, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established.

"And if he shall neglect to hear them, tell it unto the Church, but if he neglect to hear the Church, let him be unto thee as an heathen man and a publican.

"But thou shalt not hate thy brother in

thine heart; if thy brother trespass against thee rebuke him, and if he repent forgive him.

"And the apostles and elders came together for to consider of the matter, and if any man obey not our word by this epistle note that man and have no company with him, that he may be ashamed.

"Then came Peter to him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?

"Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times; but, Until seventy times seven."—MATT. XVIII. 15—17."

PRAYER.

WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.

"Work while 'tis day."

Dr. L. MASON.

1. Work, for the night is coming; Work thro' the morning hours; Work, while the dew is

spark - ling; Work 'mid spring - ing flowers; Work, when the day grows bright - er;

Work in the glowing sun; Work, for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

No. 31.

2 Work, for the night is coming;
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labour;
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.

THE BIBLE DENOUNCING STRONG DRINK.

"Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup."

"At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."—PROV. XXIII. 31, 32.

"Woe unto them that rise up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue until night, till wine inflame them."—ISA. V. 11.

"For while they be folden together as thorns, and while they are drunken as drunkards, they shall be devoured as stubble fully dry."—NAHUM I. 10.

"Woe unto him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth thy bottle to him, and

makest him drunken also, that thou mayest look on their nakedness."—HAB. II. 15.

"Avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it and pass away."—PROV. IV. 15.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?"—PROV. XXIII. 29.

"They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to see mixed wine."—PROV. XXIII. 30.

"Nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor revilers, nor extortioners, shall inherit the Kingdom of God."—1 COR. VI. 10.

WEEP FOR THE FALLEN.

31

"Meekness, temperance—against such there is no law."

Portuguese Hymn.

1. Weep for the fal - len! hang your heads in sor - row, And mourn-ful-ly

sing the re-qui-em sad and slow; Thousands have perished by the fell des-

SOLO. DUET.
- troy - er; Oh, weep for youth and beau - ty, Oh, weep for youth and beau - ty,

FULL CHORUS.
O weep for youth and beau - ty, in the grave laid low.

No. 32.

2 Voices of wailing tell our hopeless anguish,
While sorrowing mothers bid us onward go;
Hark! to their accents, their's, the broken-hearted,
||: Who weep for youth and beauty in the grave laid low! :||

3 Weep for the fallen, but amid your sorrow
Still point to the pledge that freedom can bestow;
Rescue the thousands from the fell destroyer,
||: For why should youth and beauty in the grave lie low? :||

J. HILTON.

"Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy; That they do good, that they be rich in good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate."—1 TIM. VI. 17, 18.

"Let your conversation be without covetousness; and be content with such things as ye have: for He hath said, I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—HEB. XIII. 5.

"But whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?"—1 JOHN III. 17.

"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind: this is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it,

Thou shalt love thy neighbour as Thyself."—MARK XII. 30, 31.

"And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."—EPH. VI. 4.

"Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord."—COL. III. 20.

"Nevertheless let every one of you in particular so love his wife even as himself;

"And the wife see that she reverence her husband."—EPH. V. 33.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another."—ROM. XII. 10.

"Recompense no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men."—ROM. XII. 17.

DO THE RIGHT.

"Provide things honest in the sight of all men."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Courage, bro - ther, do not stum - ble, Tho' thy path be dark as night;

There's a star to guide the hum - ble; "Trust in God, and do the right."

Do the right, do the right, "Trust in God, and do the right."

No. 33. Do the right, do the right,

2 Let the road be rough and dreary,
And its end far out of sight,
Foot it bravely! strong or weary,
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, &c.

3 Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee.
"Trust in God, and do the right."
Do the right, &c.

HELP FROM THE WORD OF LIFE.

"Woe is me! for I am undone."—ISA. VI. 5.
"But in Me is thine help."—HOSEA XIII. 9.
"God be merciful to me a sinner."—
LUKE XVIII. 13.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save
sinners."—1 TIM. I. 15.

"I have gone astray like a lost sheep."—PS.
CXIX. 176.

"The Son of Man is come to seek and to
save that which was lost."—LUKE XIX. 10.

"What must I do to be saved?"—ACTS
XVI. 30.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and
thou shalt be saved."—ACTS XVI. 31.

"Lord, I believe; help Thou mine un-
belief."—MARK IX. 24.

"I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail
not."—LUKE XXII. 32.

"For Thy name's sake, O Lord, pardon
mine iniquity."—PS. XXV. 11.

"Your sins are forgiven you for His name's
sake."—1 JOHN II. 12.

"For our backslidings as many; we have

sinned against Thee."—JER. XIV. 7.

"I will heal their backslidings, I will love
them freely."—HOSEA XIV. 4.

"Behold, I am vile; what shall I answer
Thee?"—JOB XL. 4.

"The blood of Jesus Christ His Son
cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN I. 7.

"Mine iniquities are a heavy burden, and
too heavy for me."—PS. XXXVIII. 4.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are
heavy laden and I will give you rest."—MATT.
XI. 28.

"I acknowledge my transgressions; and
my sin is ever before me."—PS. LI. 3.

"If we confess our sins, he is faithful and
just to forgive our sins, and to cleanse us from
all unrighteousness."—1 JOHN I. 9.

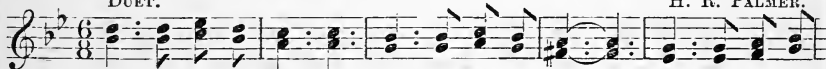
"Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger,
and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away
from you, with all malice."—EPH. IV. 31.

"Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted,
forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's
sake hath forgiven you."—EPH. IV. 32.

DUET.

ASK THE SAVIOUR TO HELP YOU.

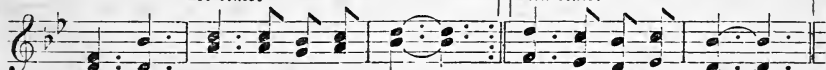
H. R. PALMER.



1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For weakness is sin, .. Each vic-t'ry will
Fight man-ful-ly on-ward, Dark passions sub-due, .. Look e-ver to

1st time.

2nd time.



help us, Some o-ther to win.

He'll car-ry you through.

No. 34. Je-sus,

2 Shun evil companions,
Bad language disdain,
God's name hold in reverence,
Nor take it in vain.

Be thoughtful and earnest,
Kind hearted and true;

Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.—Chorus.

3 To him that o'ercometh,

God giveth a crown;
Through faith we shall conquer,
Though often cast down.

He who is the Saviour,
Our strength will renew;

Look ever to Jesus,
He'll carry you through.—Chorus.

Refrain.

Ask the Sa- viour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you.

Repeat pp ad lib.

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

No. 35.

"Do not drink strong drink."

L.M.

1 Let temperance and her sons rejoice,
And be their praises loud and long;
Let every heart and every voice
Conspire to raise a joyful song.

His children's prayer He deigns to grant,
He stays the progress of the foe,
And temperance, like a cherished plant,
Beneath his fostering care shall grow.

STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.*"Stand, therefore, aving your loins girt about with truth, and having the breastplate of righteousness."*

PHILLIPS & BRADBURY.

1. O Chris - tian, a - wake, for the strife is at hand, With

helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand; To meet the bold tempter, go

fearless-ly, go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

UNISON.

SEMI-CHORUS.

FULL CHORUS.

Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

No. 36.

- 2 Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware,
And turn not thy back, for no armour is there ;
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst o'erthrow,
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.—*Chorus.*
- 3 The cause of thy Master with vigour defend ;
O watch, fight and pray—persevere to the end ;
Wherever He leads thee, go, valiantly go,
And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.—*Chorus.*
- 4 Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near,
With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer ;
His love, like a stream, in the desert will flow,
Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.—*Chorus.*

No. 37.

S.M.

- 1 Give to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears :
God shall lift up thy head. [storms,
Through waves, through clouds, and
He gently clears thy way.
Wait thou His time ; so shall the night
Soon end in joyous day.
- 2 Thou seest our weakness, Lord ;
Our hearts are known to Thee ;
O lift Thou up the sinking hand ;
Confirm the feeble knee.
Let us, in life and death,
Boldly Thy truth declare ;
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love, and guardian care.

GERHARD.

No. 38.

S.M.

- 1 O LORD, Thy work revive
In Zion's gloomy hour,
And let our dying graces live
By Thy restoring power.
Oh, let Thy chosen few
Awake to earnest prayer ;
Their covenant again renew,
And walk in filial fear.
- 2 Thy Spirit then will speak
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,—
Till rebels shall obey.
Now lend Thy gracious ear ;
Now listen to our cry :
Oh, come, and bring salvation near,
Our souls on Thee rely.

BROWNE.

SONG SERMON, No. 5.

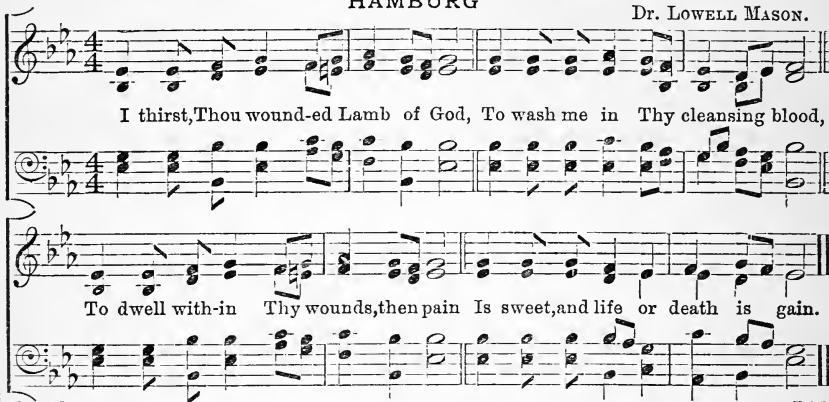
(SWEETEST NOTE OF PRAISE.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Having therefore these promises, dearly beloved, let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in the fear of God."—2 COR. VII. 1.

HAMBURG

Dr. LOWELL MASON.



I thirst, Thou wound-ed Lamb of God, To wash me in Thy cleansing blood,
To dwell with-in Thy wounds, then pain Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

No. 39.

L.M.

2 Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee;
Seal thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there.

2 How blest are they who still abide
Close shelter'd in Thy bleeding side!
Who thence their life and strength derive,
And by Thee move, and in Thee live.

JOHN WESLEY.

"HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD."

"If thou shalt confess with thy mouth the Lord Jesus, and shall believe in thine heart that God hath raised Him from the dead, thou shalt be saved."

"For with the heart man believeth unto righteousness; and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation.—ROM. x. 9, 10.

"If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 JOHN I. 9."

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto

God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world: but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God."—ROM. xii. 1, 2.

"Blessed be the Lord, because He hath heard the voice of my supplications. The Lord is my strength and my shield; my heart trusted in Him, and I am helped: therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth; and with my song will I praise Him."—PS. XXVIII. 6, 7.

PRAYER.

THE REST OF FAITH.

37

"This is my rest for ever; here will I dwell."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. For e - ver here my rest shall be, Close to Thy bleed - ing

side; This all my hope, and all my plea,—For me the Saviour died.

CHORUS.

O glo - ry, glo - ry to Thy Name, For love so pure and free; Thy

blood can wash my sins a - way, Thy blood was shed for me. . .

No. 40.

2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with Thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.—*Chorus.*

Wash me, and make me thus Thine own;
Wash me, and mine Thou art,
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart.—*Chorus.*

JOHN WESLEY.

No. 41.

"Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

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

Chorus.—I am trusting Lord in Thee,
Blessed Lamb of Calvary,

Humbly at Thy cross I bow,
Save me, Jesus, save me now.

3 Here I give my all to Thee,—
Friends, and time, and earthly store ;
Soul and body Thine to be—
Wholly Thine—for evermore.—*Chorus.*

SANCTIFICATION AND REDEMPTION.

"Come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing."—2 COR. VI. 17.

"For this is the will of God, even your sanctification."—1 TIM. IV. 3.

"Forasmuch as ye know ye are not redeemed with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ."—1 PET. I. 18.

"Stand fast therefore in the liberty where-with Christ has made us free, and be not entangled again with the yoke of bondage."—GAL. V. 1.

"And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly ; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 THESS. V. 23.

"But if we walk in the light, as He is the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN I. 7.

"Wherefore Jesus also, that He might sanctify the people with His own blood, suffered without the gate."—HEB. XIII. 12.

"By the which will we are sanctified

through the offering of the body of Jesus Christ once for all."*—HEB. X. 10.*

"For by one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified."—HEB. X. 14.

"But now in Christ Jesus ye who sometimes were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—EPH. II. 13.

"For both He that sanctifieth and they who are sanctified are all of one : for which cause He is not ashamed to call them brethren."—HEB. II. 11.

"Love not the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."—1 JOHN II. 15.

"For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world."—1 JOHN II. 16.

"The world passeth away, and the lust thereof ; but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever."—1 JOHN II. 17.

"Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His father ; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. Amen."—REV. I. 5, 6.

THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

No. 42.

"Are made nigh by the blood of Christ."

S.M.

1 THE cross ! the cross ! the blood-stained cross !

The hallow'd cross I see !
Reminding me of precious blood
That once was shed for me.

Chorus.—Oh, the blood, the precious blood,
That Jesus shed for me,

Upon the cross in crimson flood,
Just now by faith I see.

2 The cross ! the cross ! the heavy cross,
The Saviour bore for me,
Which bowed Him to the earth with grief
On sad Mount Calvary.—*Chorus.*

J. H. STOCKTON.

No. 43.

"It is not possible that the blood of bulls and of goats should take away sins."

S.M.

1 NOT all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain :

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away ;

A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove ;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing His bleeding love.—WATTS.

I CRIED, AND HE HEARD.

39

"Preserve me, O God: for in Thee do I put my trust."—Ps. xvi. 1.

"He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him."—Prov. xxx. 5.

"O keep my soul, and deliver me."—Ps. xxv. 20.

"The Lord is thy keeper. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: He shall preserve thy soul."—Ps. cxxi. 5, 7.

"Teach me Thy way, O Lord, and lead me in a plain path."—Ps. xxvii. 11.

"Thine ears shall hear a word behind thee, saying, This is the way, walk ye in it."—Isa. xxx. 21.

"Unto Thee will I cry, O Lord my rock; be not silent to me."—Ps. xxviii. 1.

"Before they call, I will answer; and while they are yet speaking, I will hear."—Isa. lxv. 24.

"Withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies from me."—Ps. xl. 11.

"No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly."—Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

"Establish Thou the work of our hands."—Ps. xc. 17.

"Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established."—Prov. xvi. 3.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—Ps. cxli. 3.

"I will be with thy mouth, and teach thee what thou shalt say."—Exod. iv. 12.

"Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."—Ps. xxvii. 9.

"I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—HEB. xiii. 5.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE. (Bethany.)

No. 44.

"Draw nigh unto God."

6's & 4's.

1 NEARER, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee;
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me,
Still all my song shall be,
:|Nearer, my God, to Thee;|
Nearer to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,

Yet in my dreams I'd be
:|Nearer, my God, to Thee;|
Nearer to Thee.

3 Or, if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still, all my song shall be,
:|Nearer, my God, to Thee;|
Nearer to Thee.

Mrs. S. F. ADAMS.

MY DAILY WANTS.

"This is the will of God even your sanctification." PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I want the a-dorn-ing di-vine, Thou on-ly, my God, canst be-
-stow; I want in those beau-ti-ful garments to shine, Which dis-

tin-guish Thy household be - low... I want ev - ry moment to
feel . . . That Thy Spi - rit re - sides in my heart— That His
pow'r is present to cleanse and to heal, And newness of life to im - part,

No. 45.

- 2 I want—oh! I want to attain
Some likeness, my Saviour! to Thee,
That longed-for resemblance once more to regain—
Thy comeliness, put upon me!
I want to be mark'd for Thine own,
Thy seal on my forehead to wear;
To receive that "new name" on the mystic white stone,
Which none but Thyself can declare.
- 3 I want, as a traveller, to haste
Straight onward, nor pause on my way;
Nor forethought, nor anxious contrivance to waste
On the tent only pitch'd for a day.
I want—and this sums up my prayer—
To glorify Thee till I die;
Then calmly to yield up my soul to Thy care,
And breath out, in faith, my last sigh.—CHARLOTTE ELLIOT.

PRAYERS AND PROMISES.

"Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me. Cast me not away from Thy presence; and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me."—Ps. LI, 11.

new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh."—EZEK. xxxvi. 26.

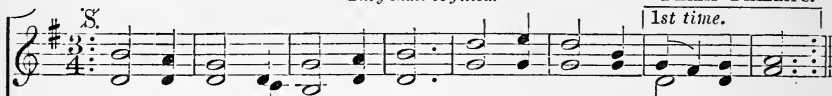
"A new heart also will I give you, and a

BLESS ME, NOW.

7's.

"They shall be filled."

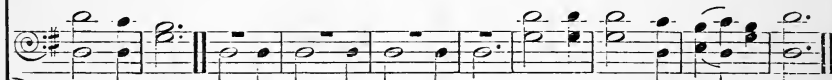
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Heaven-ly Fa-ther, bless me now, At the Cross of Christ I bow;
 Take my guilt and grief a - way Hear and heal me.
 While I rest up - on Thy word, Come and bless me



now I pray. Now, O Lord, this ve - ry hour, Send thy grace, and show thy power;
 now, O Lord.



No. 47.

2 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,
 Lift the clouds, the fetters break;
 While I look, and as I cry.
 Touch and cleanse me, ere I die.
 Never did I so adore
 Jesus Christ, Thy Son, before:
 Now the time! and this the place!
 Gracious Father, show Thy grace.

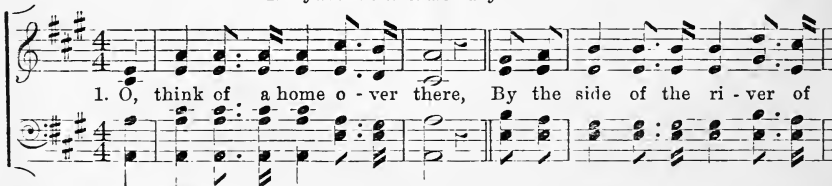
3 Mercy now, O Lord, I plead,
 In this hour of utter need;
 Turn me not away unblest;
 Calm my anguish into rest.
 Oh, Thou loving, blessed One,
 Rising o'er me like the sun,
 Light and life art Thou within—
 Saviour, Thou, from every sin!

REV. DR. A. CLARK.

OVER THERE.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."

T. C. O'KANE.



1. O, think of a home o - ver there, By the side of the ri - ver of

light, Where the saints all im-mor - tal and fair Are

o - ver there,

robed in their garments of white, o - ver there, O - ver there, o - ver

Refrain.

o - ver there,

o - ver there,

there, O, think of a home o - ver there, o - ver there, O - ver

o - ver there,

there, o - ver there, o - ver there, o - ver there, O, think of a home o - ver there.

No. 43.

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

3 I'll soon be at home over there,
 For the end of my journey I see,
 Many dear to my heart over there,
 Are watching and waiting for me.
 Over there, over there,
 I'll soon be home over there.

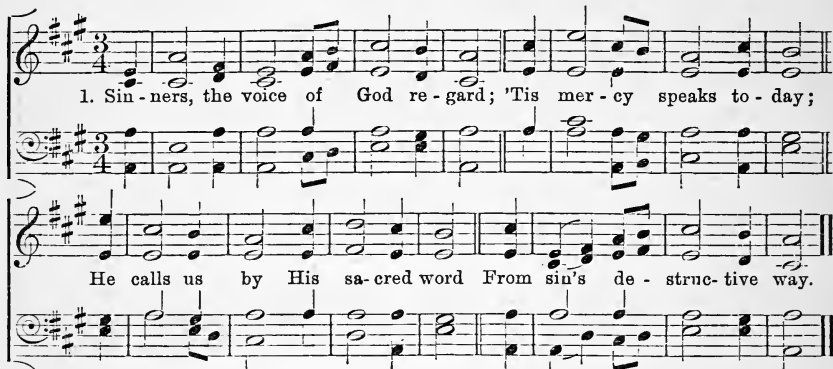
SONG SERMON, No. 6.

(SALVATION'S SONG.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

*What must I do to be saved? Believe on the Lord Jesus
Christ and thou shalt be saved.—ACTS XVI. 30.*

THE VOICE OF GOD REGARD.



1. Sin-ners, the voice of God re-gard; 'Tis mer-cy speaks to-day;
He calls us by His sa-cred word From sin's de-structive way.

No. 49.

C.M.

- 2 Like the rough sea that cannot rest,
You live, devoid of peace;
A thousand stings within your breast
Deprive your souls of ease.
- 3 Your way is dark, and leads to hell;
Why will you persevere?
Can you in endless torments dwell,
Shut up in black despair?

- 4 Why will you in the crooked ways
Of sin and folly go?
In pain you travel all your days,
To reach eternal woe.
- 5 But he that turns to God shall live
Through His abounding grace;
His mercy will the guilt forgive
Of those who seek his face.—WATTS.

THE AWAKENED SINNER'S CRY.

"All we like sheep have gone astray; we
have turned every one to his own way."
ISA. LIII. 6.

"The whole head is sick, and the whole
heart faint, from the sole of the foot, even
unto the head, there is no soundness in us,
but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores."
ISA. I. 56.

"Behold I am vile; what shall I answer

Thee? I have gone astray like a lost sheep.
Our backslidings are many. All have sinned
and come short of the glory of God.—ROM.
III. 23.

"And so death passed upon all men, for
that all have sinned.—ROM. VI. 23.

"Woe is me, for I am undone! What must
I do to be saved?"—ACTS XVI. 30.

PRAYER.

THE WARNING VOICE.

45

No. 50.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation."

7's.

1 MAKE no tarry, frightened soul,
Lo! pursuing billows roll,
Fraught with horror and with scorn,
Haste thee from the wrath to come.

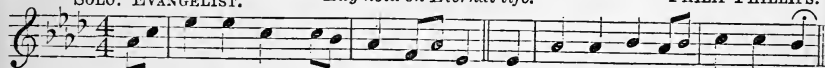
2 By the life that gleams before,
When the struggle shall be o'er,
By the hopes in Christ that bloom,
Haste thee from the wrath to come.

ETERNAL LIFE, MY CRY.

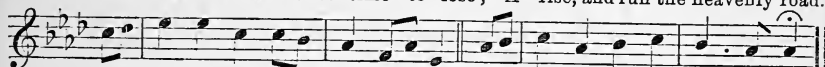
SOLO. EVANGELIST.

"Lay hold on Eternal life."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



Would'st thou be saved? No time to lose; A - rise, and run the heavenly road.



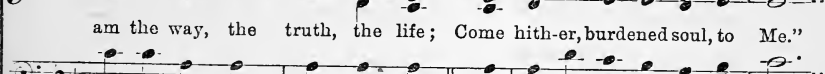
Would'st thou be blest? then, Pil - grim, haste To leave destruction's dread a - bode.



Oh, come! (oh, come!) the Sa - viour calls, "I



am the way, the truth, the life; Come hith - er, burdened soul, to Me."



No. 51.

PILGRIM.

Oh, tell me how! oh, tell me where!
The way I long have sought to know;
But fear the guilt and sin I bear
Will sink me in the depths of woe.—*Cho.*

EVANGELIST.

God's Word will guide thee; dost thou see
A light from yonder distant hill?
On, Pilgrim, on! it shines for thee,
With steady course pursue it still.

PILGRIM.

God's Word will guide me; yes, I see
A light from yonder distant hill;
Oh, tell me, does it shine for me?
Hail, glorious light! I will, I will!—*Cho.*

PILGRIM.

Farewell, a long farewell to those
Who seek to stay me as I fly;
My ears against their call I close,
Life, life, eternal life! my cry.

8's.

THE NEED OF SALVATION.

"I dreamed, and behold I saw a man clothed with rags, a book in his hand, and a great burden upon his back. I looked and saw him open the book and read therein, and as he read he wept and trembled, and not being able longer to contain, he brake out with a lamentable cry, saying, What must I do?"

"But we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousness as filthy rags; and we all do fade as a leaf; and our iniquities, like the wind, have taken us away."—ISA. LXIV. 6.

"I am for certain informed that this our city will be burned with fire from heaven, in which fearful overthrow, both myself, with thee my wife, and you my sweet babes, shall miserably come to ruin, except some way of escape can be found whereby we may be delivered."

"Woe is me, for I am undone, because I am a man of unclean lips."—ISA. VI. 5.

"I saw also that he looked this way and that way, as if he would run, yet he stood still, because as I perceived he could not tell which way to go. I looked then and saw a man named Evangelist coming to him, who asked, Wherefore dost thou cry? He answered Sir, I perceive by the book in my hand that I am condemned to die, and after that to come to judgment."

"And it is appointed unto all men once to die, but after this the judgment."—HEB. IX. 27.

"Then said Evangelist, Why not willing to die, since *his* life is attended with so many evils? The man answered, Because I fear that this burden that is upon my back will sink me lower than the grave, and I shall fall into Tophet."

"For Tophet is ordained of old; for the king it is prepared; he hath made it deep and large: the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the breath of the Lord, like a stream of brimstone, doth kindle it."—ISA. XXX. 33.

"Then said Evangelist, If this be thy condition, why standest thou still? He answered because I know not where to go. Then he gave him a parchment roll, and this was written therein, 'Flee from the wrath to come.'"

"He said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?"—MATT. III. 7.

"The man therefore read it, and looking very carefully, said, Whither must I fly? Then said Evangelist, pointing with his finger over a very wide field, Do you see yonder wicket gate? The man said, No. Then said the other, Do you see yonder shining light? He said, I think I do. Then said Evangelist, Keep that light in your eye, and go up directly thereto."

"Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life, whereunto thou art also called."—1 TIM. VI. 12.

THOU ART THE WAY.

No. 52.

"I am the way, the truth, and the life."

C.M.

- 1 Thou art the Way—to Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek,
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.
- 2 Thou art the Truth—Thy Word alone
True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
And purify the heart.

- 3 Thou art the Life—the rending tomb
Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee,
Nor death nor hell shall harm.
- 4 Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:
Grant us that way to know,
That truth to keep, that life to win,
Whose joys eternal flow.

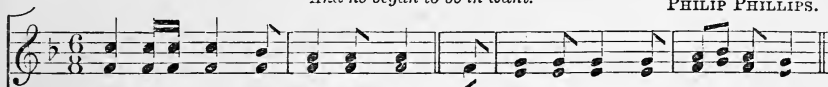
DOANE.

PRODIGAL CHILD, COME HOME.

47

"And he began to be in want."

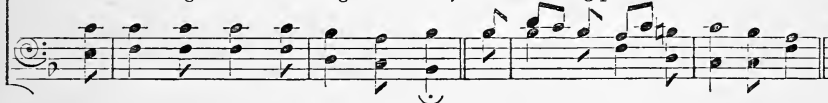
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



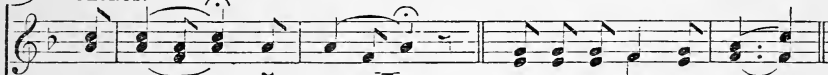
1. Far from home, yes, far from home, In sin and rags I sad-ly roam;
 2. Far from home, and far from God, I feel the chast'ning of His rod,



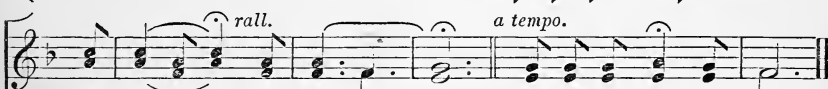
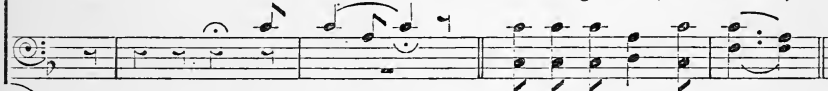
No ten-der love or Fa-ther's care, But filled with sor-row and de-spair.
 In feed-ing here a-mong the swine, Re-fus-ing peace and love di-vine.



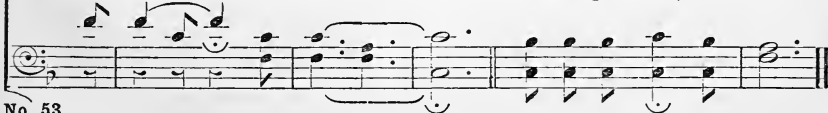
CHORUS.



Come home! . . . come home! . . . Prod-i-gal child, come home;



Come home! . . . come home! . . . Prod-i-gal child, come home.



No. 53.

3 Quick to the banquet house repair,
 Thy Father stands to greet thee there;

Come, now, behold His smiling face,
 He'll kiss thee with His pard'ning grace.
Chorus.

"So, in process of time, Christian got up to the gate. Now, over the gate was written, 'Knock and it shall be opened unto you.' He knocked therefore more than once or twice, saying, Here is a poor burdened sinner: I come from the City of Destruction, but am going to Mount Zion, that I may be delivered from the wrath to come. I would therefore, sir, since I am informed that by this gate is the way thither, know if you are willing to let me in."

"Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened."—MATT. VII. 7, 8.

"I am willing, with all my heart, said he; and with that he opened the gate. So when he was got in, the man of the gate asked him who directed him hither. Evangelist bid me come hither, and knock (as I did); and he said that you, sir, would tell me what I must do. Then said Good-will, We make no objections against any, notwithstanding all they have done before they came hither—"they are

in nowise cast out; and therefore, good Christian, come a little way with me, and I will teach thee about the way thou must go. Look before thee; dost thou see this narrow way? That is the way thou must go. It was cast up by the Patriarchs, Prophets, Christ and His Apostles; and is as strait as a rule can make it."

"Enter ye in at the strait gate: for wide is the gate and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat: because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."—MATT. VII. 13, 14,

"Then Christian asked him, further, if he could not help him off with the burden that was upon his back, for as yet he had not got rid thereof, nor could he by any means get it off without help. He told him as to this burden, be content to bear it until thou comest to a place of deliverance, for there it will fall from thy back of itself."

"Let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus the author and finisher of our faith."—HEB. XII. 1, 2.

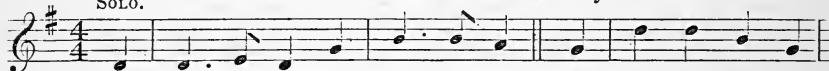
COME TO JESUS; HE WILL SAVE YOU NOW.

"Come unto Me and be ye saved."

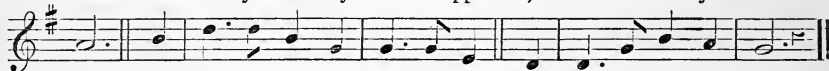
C.M.

Words and Music by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

SOLO.



1. Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mer - cy with the



Lord; And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.

CHORUS.

Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus now!

He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 54.

2 Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the way
That leads you into rest;
Believe in Him without delay,
And you are fully blest.—*Chorus.*

3 Come, then, and join this holy band,
And on to glory go;
To dwell in that celestial land,
Where joys immortal flow.—*Chorus.*

THE JUDGMENT VISION.

“Then he took Christian by the hand, and led him into a chamber, where there was one rising out of bed, and as he put on his raiment he shook and trembled; and he began, and said, This night as I was in my sleep, I dreamed, and behold the heavens grew exceeding black; also it thundered and lightened in most fearful wise, that it put me into an agony. So the heavens racked at an unusual rate, upon which I heard a great sound of a trumpet; and I saw also a man sit upon the cloud, attended with the thousands of heaven; they were all in a flaming fire; also the heavens were in a burning flame. I then heard a voice, saying, Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment.”

“Marvel not at this: for the hour is coming, in which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they

that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.”—*JOHN v. 28, 29.*

“I heard it also proclaimed to them that attended on the man that sat on the cloud, ‘Gather together the tares, the chaff, and stubble, and cast them into a burning lake;’ and with that the bottomless pit opened just about where I stood.”

“Whose fan is in His hand, and He will thoroughly purge His floor, and will gather the wheat into His garner; but the chaff He will burn with fire unquenchable.”—*LUKE III. 17.*

“I thought the day of judgment was come, and that I was not ready for it. But this frightened me most, the angels gathered up several, and left me behind.”

JUDGMENT CHANT.

No. 55.

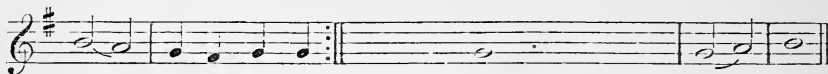
Matt. xxv. 31—40.

TO BE SUNG IN UNISON OR AS A SOLO.

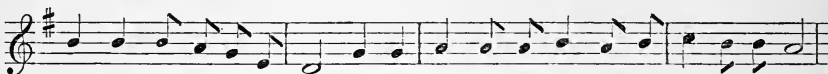
PHILLIPS AND BRADBURY.

1. When the Son of Man shall come in
His glory,
2. And before Him shall be gathered
all nations;

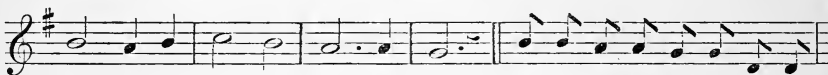
And all the holy angels with Him,
then shall He sit upon the
And He shall separate them, one
from another, as a



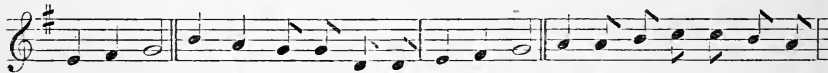
throne of His glo - ry. Then shall the King say unto them on His right hand,
shepherd divideth his sheep }
from the goats.



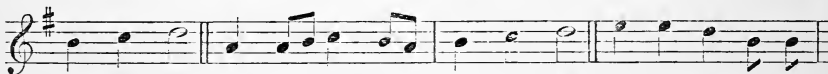
Come, ye bless-ed of my Fa - ther, in - he - rit the kingdom pre - par - ed for you



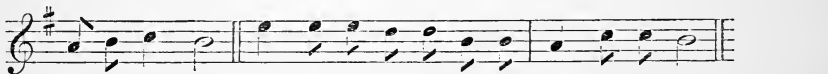
from the foun - da - tion of the world. For I was an hungred, and ye



gave me meat; I was thirs - ty, and ye gave me drink; I was a stranger, and ye

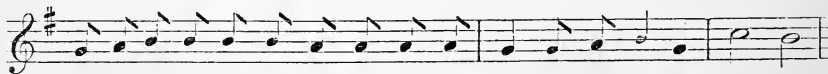


took me in; Na - ked, and ye cloth - ed Me; I was sick, and ye

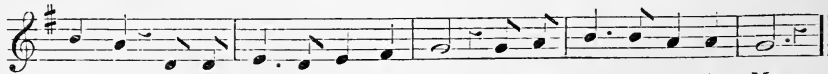


vis - i - ted me; I was in pris - on, and ye came un - to Me.

To be read :—Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungred, and fed Thee? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and clothed Thee? Or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison and come unto Thee? And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you—
MATT. xxv. 37, 38, 39.



In - asmuch as ye have done it un - to one of the least of these my



breth - ren, ye have done it un - to Me, ye have done it un - to Me.

DAY OF WRATH.

51

WINDHAM, L.M.

"Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming."

DANIEL READE.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of two systems of music. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/2. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line.

1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass a - way,

What power shall be the sin-ner's stay? How shall he meet that dread-ful day—

No. 56,

2 When, shriv'ling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
And, louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead!

3 Oh, on that day, that wrathful day,
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay,
Tho' heaven and earth shall pass away.

THE JOYS OF SALVATION.

"Now, I saw in my dream that the highway up which Christian was to go was fenced on either side with a wall, and that wall was called Salvation."

"Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us: this is the Lord; we have waited for Him, we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation."—Isa. xxv. 9.

"Up this way, therefore, did burdened Christian run, but not without great difficulty, because of the load on his back. He ran thus till he came to a place somewhat ascending, and upon that place stood a cross, and a little below in the bottom a sepulchre. So I saw in my dream that just as Christian came up with the cross, his burden loosed from off his shoulders, and fell from his back, and began to tumble, and so continued to do till it came to

the mouth of the sepulchre, where it fell in, and I saw it no more."

"Take away the filthy garments from him. And unto him He said, Behold, I have caused thine iniquity to pass from thee, and I will clothe thee with change of raiment."—ZECH. III. 4.

"Then was Christian glad and lightsome, and said, with a merry heart, He hath given me rest by His sorrow, and life by His death. Then he stood awhile to look and wonder, for it was very surprising to him that the sight of the cross should thus ease him of his burden."

"Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to His cross."—COL. II. 14.

"He looked therefore, and looked again, even till the springs that were in his head sent the water down his cheeks."

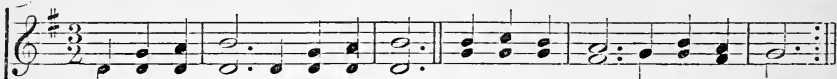
"Now, as he stood looking and weeping, behold, three shining ones came to him, and saluted him with, Peace be to thee. So the first said to him, Thy sins be forgiven thee; the second stripped him of his rags, and clothed him with change of raiment; the third also set a mark in his forehead. Then Christian gave three leaps for joy, and went on singing."

HAPPY DAY.

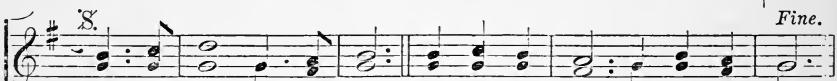
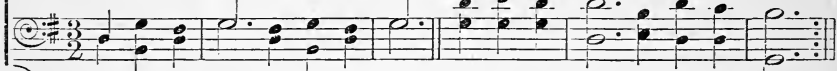
o. 57.

"To you that believe He is precious."

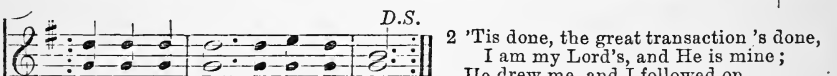
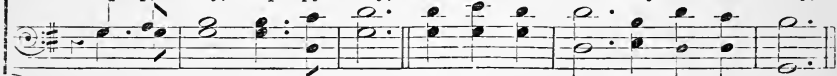
L.M.



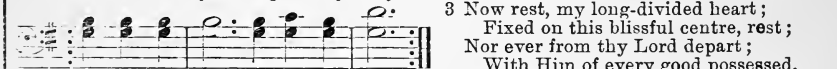
1. Oh, hap-py day, that fix'd my choice On Thee, my Sa-viour and my God!
Well may this glow-ing heart re-joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.



Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;
D.S. Hap-py day, hap-py day, When Je-sus washed my sins a-way;



He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live re-joic-ing ev-ry day.



2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

3 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart;
With Him of every good possessed.

DODDRIDGE.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

"Who Himself bare our sins."

No. 58.

1 I HEAR the Saviour say
Thy strength indeed is small;
Child of weakness, watch and pray,
Find in Me thine all in all.
Chorus.—Jesus paid it all,
All the debt I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.

2 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim;
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.—*Chorus.*

3 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—*Chorus.*

SONG SERMON, No. 7.

53

(MISSIONARY ECHOES.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Go ye therefore, and teach all nations. . . . And, lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."
 MATT. XXVIII. 19, 20.

THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

G. J. WEBB.

1. The morn-ing light is break-ing; The dark-ness dis-ap-pears;

The sons of earth are wa-king To pe-ni-ten-tial tears:
D.S. Of na-tions in com-mo-tion, Pre-pared for Zi-on's war.

Each breeze that sweeps the o-cean Brings ti-dings from a-far, .
D.S.

No. 59.

26 P.M.

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 thy 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!"

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.
 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.
 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.
 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.
 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
 The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.
 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.
 The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and
 even for evermore.

PRAYER.

GO, PREACH MY GOSPEL.

"Behold, I will send My messenger, and he shall prepare the way before Me."

No. 60

L.M.

Go, preach My Gospel, saith the Lord,
 Bid the whole world My grace receive;
 He shall be saved who trusts My word,
 And he condemn'd who won't believe.

Teach all the nations My commands,
 I'm with you till the world shall end;
 All power is trusted in My hands,
 I can destroy, and I defend. WATTS.

"GO, TEACH ALL NATIONS."

No. 61.

"Go thou and preach the kingdom of God."

L.M.

RECITATIVE.—MORE EFFECTIVE AS A SOLO.

ad lib.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

My soul is not at rest; there comes a strange and secret whisper to my spi-rit, like a
 And I will go; I may no longer doubt to give up friends, and . . . i- dols, and every
 And when I come to stretch me for the last, in unattended . . . agony, be-neath the
 dream of night, { and tells me } en- charned ground. Why live I here? The vows of God
 tie that binds my heart to thee, my country, Henceforth it matters not, if storm or sun-
 palm-tree shade, it will be sweet that I have toiled for o- ther worlds than this; and if

are up - on me, and I may not stop to play with sha-dows or pluck
- shine be my lot, bit-ter or sweet my cup; I on - ly pray God
one for whom Satan hath struggled as he hath for me, should e - ver reach that

rall.

earth-ly flow-ers, till I my work have done, and ren-dered up ac -
make me ho - ly, and my spi - rit nerve, for the stern hour of
bless-ed shore, O how this heart will glow with gra - ti - tude and

CHORUS.

count. } The voice of my de - part - ed Lord— "Go, teach all na -
love. }

Very soft.

- tions"—comes on the night air, comes on the night air, and a - wakes mine ear.

"And Jesus came and spake unto them, saying, All power is given unto me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you.

"And, lo! I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen."—MATT. XXVIII. 18, 20.

"Preach the word; be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort with all long-suffering."—2 TIM. IV. 2.

"Ye shall be witnesses unto me both in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost parts of the earth."—ACTS I. 8.

"Go, stand and speak in the temple to the people all the words of this life."—ACTS. V. 20.

"Behold, I give unto you power to tread on serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy; and nothing shall by any means hurt you."—LUKE X. 19.

"Declare his glory among the heathen, his wonders among all people."—PSALM XCVI. 3.

"And the idols he shall utterly abolish. In that day a man shall cast his idols of silver and gold, which they made each one for himself to worship, to the moles and to the bats."—ISA. II. 18, 20.

"Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth; the world also shall be established that it shall not be moved: he shall judge the people righteously."—PSALM XCVI. 10.

"For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised; he is to be feared above all gods."—PSALM XCVI. 4.

"The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."—ISA. LXI. 1.

"A little one shall become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation; I the Lord will hasten it in his time."—ISA. LX. 22.

HOLD THE FORT.

No. 12.

"That which ye have hold fast till I come."

1 Ho! my comrades see the signal
Waving in the sky,
Reinforcements now appearing,
Victory is nigh.

Chorus.—"Hold the fort for I am coming,"
Jesus signals still,
Wave the answer back to heaven,
By Thy grace we will.

2 See the glorious banner waving,
Hear the bugle blow;
In our leader's name we'll triumph
Over every foe.—Chorus.

3 Fierce and long the battle rages
But our help is near,
Onward comes our great commander,
Cheer, my comrades, cheer.—Chorus.

P. P. BLISS.

WAITING HARVEST.

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

SILAS J. VAIL.

1. Say ye not, O Chris-tian reap-er, That the earth no har-vest yields:

Look a-broad! yes, all a-round you, See the wait-ing har-vest fields!

CHORUS.

Look a-broad! yes, all a-round you, See, the wait-ing har-vest fields!

Say ye not; O Chris-tian reap-er, That the earth no har-vest yields.

No. 63.

- 2 Weak in flesh, but strong in spirit,
Wield the trusty sickle's blade;
Have no fear of Satan's reapers,
Though in pomp they be arrayed.—*Cho.*
- 3 Multitudes of youth and children,
Scattered through this world of sin,
Multitudes of men and women,
Christ will give you grace to win.—*Cho.*

- 4 Very soon the autumn cometh,
And the summer will be o'er,
Then among the ripened harvests
You will find your work no more.—*Cho.*
- 5 But if you in faith have laboured,
Gathering all the sheaves of grain,
You in joy will meet the Master,
When at last He comes again!—*Cho.*

JAMES H. KELLOGG.

THE FIELD AND THE LABOURERS.

"The field is the world; the good seed are the children of the kingdom; but the tares are the children of the wicked one; the enemy that soweth them is the devil; the harvest is the end of the world; and the reapers are the angels."—MATT. XIII. 38, 39.

"For so hath the Lord commanded us, saying, I have set thee to be a light of the Gentiles, that thou shouldst be for salvation unto the ends of the earth."—ACTS XIII. 47.

"Say not ye, There are yet four months, and then cometh the harvest? behold, I say unto you, Lift up your eyes, and look on the field; for they are white already to harvest."—JOHN IV. 35.

"Put ye in the sickle, for the harvest is ripe: come, get you down; for the press is full, the fat overflows; for their wickedness is great."—JOEL III. 13.

"Then saith he unto his disciples, The harvest truly is plenteous, but the labourers are few; pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest."—MATT. IX. 37, 38.

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me."—ISA. VI. 8.

"Withal praying also for us, that God would open unto us a door of utterance, to speak the mystery of Christ."—COL. IV. 3.

"For a great door and effectual is open unto me, and there are many adversaries."—1 COR. XVI. 9.

"And a vision appeared to Paul in the night. There stood a man of Macedonia, and

prayed him, saying, Come over into Macedonia, and help us."—ACTS. XVI. 9.

"Praying for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel."—EPH. VI. 19.

"The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough, to make cakes to the queen of heaven, and to pour out drink offerings unto other gods, that they may provoke me to anger."—JER. VII. 18.

"Behold, I send you forth as sheep in the midst of wolves: be ye therefore wise as serpents, and harmless as doves."—MATT. X. 16.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

No. 64.

"The harvest truly is great, but the labourers are few."

- 1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.
- 2 Shall we whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,—
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of light deny?

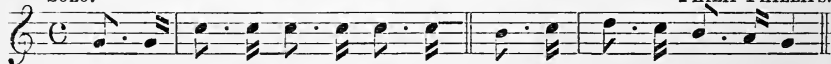
- 3 Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.
- 4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till, o'er our ransomed nature,
The lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.—HEBER.

GOD WITH US.

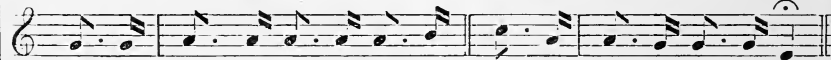
"Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

Solo.

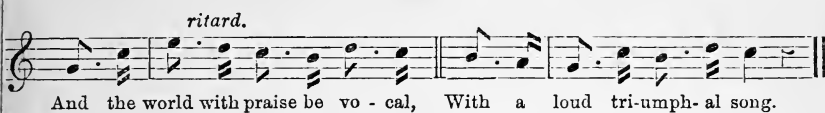
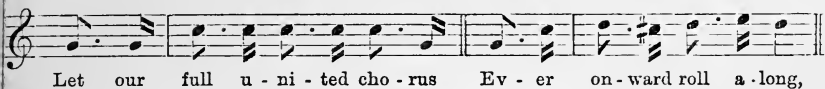
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



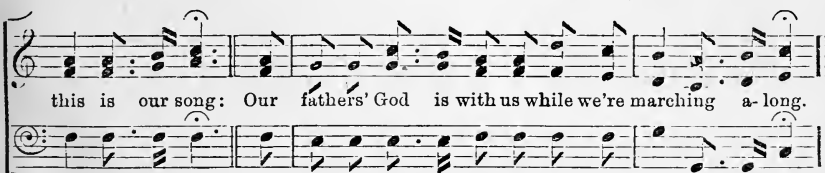
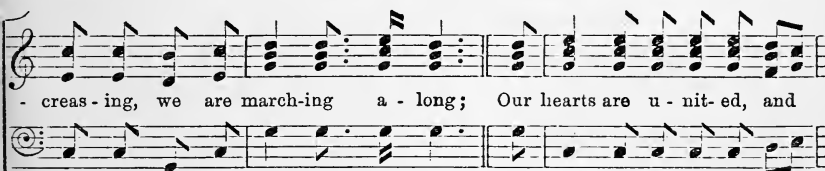
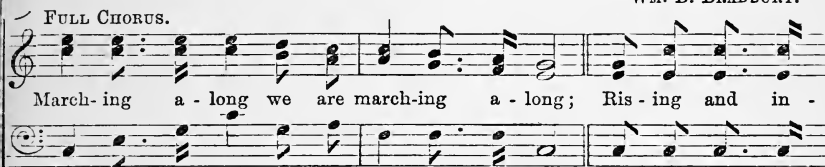
1. Lo! our fa-thers' God is with us, We can trace His migh-ty hand



In our church-es, vast in num-ber, Wide ex-tend-ing o'er the land



WM. B. BRADBURY.



No. 65.

2 Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
Some have laid their armour down;
They have passed the vale of shadow,
Left the cross to wear a crown:
We must bear their glorious standard,
Wield our veteran fathers' sword,
In the army of the faithful
We are battling for the Lord.—*Chorus.*

3 Lo! our fathers' God is with us!
Sing aloud with heart and voice,
Still increasing and progressing,
Brethren, let us all rejoice!
Hallelujah! what a meeting
When we reach the shining shore,
There with saints who've gone before us
We will sing for evermore!—*Chorus.*

"The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God."—ISA. XL. 3.

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion: he will comfort all her waste places: and he will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."—ISA. LI. 3.

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."—HAB. II. 14.

"And it shall come to pass, saith the Lord of hosts, that I will cut off the names of the idols out of the land, and they shall no more be remembered: and also I will cause the

prophets and the unclean spirit to pass out of the land."—ZECH. XIII. 2.

"Violence shall no more be heard in thy land, wasting nor destruction within thy borders; but thou shalt call thy walls Salvation and thy gates Praise."—ISA. LX. 18.

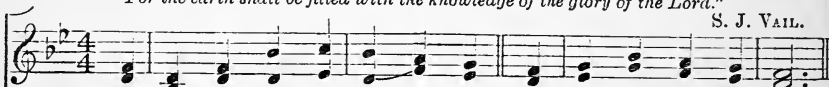
"And I will cut off witchcrafts out of thine hand; and thou shalt have no more soothsayers; thy graven images also will I cut off, and thy standing images out of the midst of thee; and thou shalt no more worship the work of thine hands."—MICAH V. 12, 13.

"And the beast was taken, and with him the false prophet that wrought miracles before him, with which he deceived them, and those that worshipped his image. These both were cast alive into a lake of fire burning with brimstone."—REV. XIX. 20.

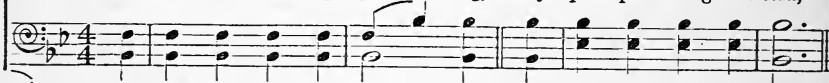
O LONG-EXPECTED DAWNING.

"For the earth shall be filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord."

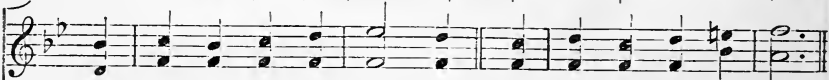
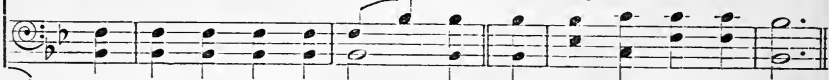
S. J. VAIL.



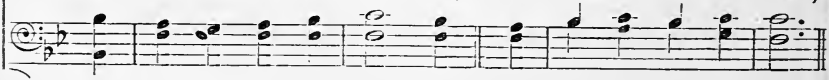
1. And is the time ap - proach - ing, By pro - phets long fore-told,



When all shall dwell to - geth - er, One Shep - herd and one fold?



Shall ev - 'ry i - dol per - ish, To moles and bats be thrown,



And ev - 'ry prayer be of - - fered To God in Christ a - lone?

CHORUS.

O long - ex - pect - ed dawn - ing, Come with thy cheer - ing ray!

When shall the morn - ing brigh - ten, The sha - dows flee a - way?

No. 66.

2 Shall Jew and Gentile, meeting
From many a distant shore,
Around one altar kneeling,
One common Lord adore?
Shall all that now divides us
Remove and pass away,
Like shadows of the morning
Before the blaze of day?

3 Shall all that now unites us
More sweet and lasting prove,
A closer bond of union,
In a blest land of love?
Shall war be learned no longer,
Shall strife and tumult cease,
All earth His blessed Kingdom,
The Lord and Prince of Peace?

FANNY CROSBY

THE GLAD SONG.

"And it shall come to pass."

L.M.

No. 67.

1 Soon may the last glad song arise,
Thro' 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 be
Obedient, mighty God, to Thee;

And over land, and stream, and main
Now wave the sceptre 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.

SONG SERMON, No. 8.

(SONG OF REDEMPTION.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

"For there is one God and one mediator, between God and man, the Man Christ Jesus who gave himself a ransom for all."—
1 TIM. II. 5, 6.

No. 68.

BARTIMEUS.

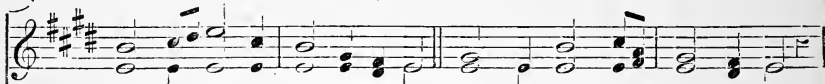
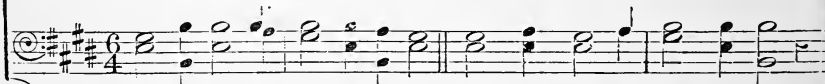
THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

8s & 7s.

DANIEL READ



1. In the Cross of Christ I glo-ry, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;



All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Ga-thers round its head sublime.



- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,

- From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds new lustre to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- BOWRING.

CHRIST THE LORD IN PROPHECY.

"And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed, it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel."—GEN. III. 15.

"Now when the fulness of time was come, God sent forth his Son made of a woman, under the law, that they might receive the adoption of Sons."—GAL. IV. 4, 5.

"But thou, Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth, unto me that is to be ruler in Israel, whose goings forth have been from of old from everlasting."—MICAH V. 2.

"He demandeth of them where Christ should be born, and they said unto him, in Bethlehem of Judea, for thus it is written by the Prophet."—MATT. II. 4.

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—ISA. IX. 6

"Him hath God exalted with his right hand to be a Prince and a Saviour, for to give repentance to Israel and forgiveness of sins."—ACTS V. 31.

PRAYER.

THE WONDROUS CROSS.

No. 69. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross." L.M.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.
- 3 See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

WATTS.

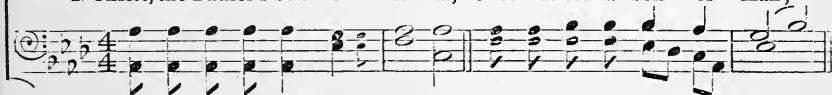
STORY OF THE AGES.

"Now all this was done, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet."

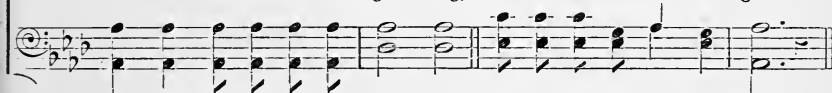
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



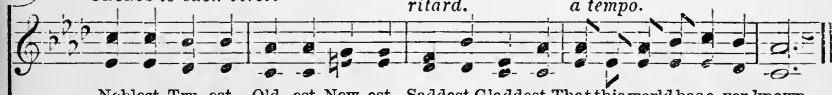
1. Come, and hear the grand old sto-ry, Sto-ry of the a-ges past,
2. Christ, the Father's Son e-ter-nal, Once was born a Son of Man;



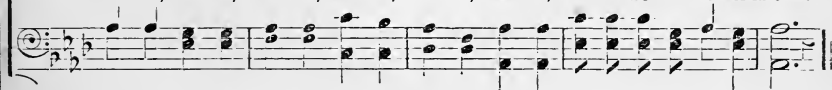
All earth's an-nals far sur-pass-ing, Sto-ry that shall e-ver last.
He Who nev-er knew be-gin-ning, Here on earth a life be-gun.



CHORUS to each verse.

*ritard.**a tempo.*

Noblest, Tru-est, Old-est, New-est, Saddest, Gladdest, That this world has e-ver known.



No. 70.

- 3 Words of truth and deeds of kindness,
Miracles of grace and might,
Scatter fragrance all around Him,
Shine with heaven's most glorious light.
- 4 In Gethsemane behold Him,
In the agony of prayer ;
Kneeling, pleading, groaning, bleeding,
Soul and body prostrate there.
- 5 On to Golgotha He hastens,
Yonder stands His cross of woe :
From the hands, and feet, and forehead,
See the precious life-blood flow.

- 6 It is finished ! see His body
Laid alone in Joseph's tomb ;
'Tis for us He lieth yonder,
Prince of Life, enwrapped in gloom.
- 7 But in vain the grave has bound Him,
Death has barred its gates in vain ;
See for us the Saviour rises,
Lo ! for us He bursts the chain.
- 8 Hear we, then, this grand old story,
And, in listening, learn to love ;
Flowing through it to the guilty
From a pardoning God above.

DR. H. BONAR.

STORY OF THE CROSS.

"Then delivered he him therefore unto them to be crucified. And they took Jesus and led him away."

"And he bearing his cross went forth into a place called the place of a skull, which is called in the Hebrew Golgotha,

"Where they crucified him and two others with him, on either side one, and Jesus in the midst."—JOHN XIX. 16, 17.

"When they were come to the place called Calvary, there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left."—LUKE XXIII. 23.

"And Pilate wrote a title and put it on the cross. And the writing was, 'Jesus of Nazareth, The King of the Jews.'

"This title then read many of the Jews : for the place where Jesus was crucified was nigh to the city : and it was written in Hebrew, and Greek, and Latin.

"Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his

mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene.

"When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son !

"After this, Jesus knowing that all things were now accomplished, that the scripture might be fulfilled, saith, I thirst.

"Now there was set a vessel full of vinegar : and they filled a sponge with vinegar and put it upon hyssop, and put it to his mouth.

"When Jesus therefore had received the vinegar, he said, It is finished : and he bowed his head, and gave up the ghost."—JOHN XIX. 19, 20, 25—30.

"And it was about the sixth hour, and there was a darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour. And the sun was darkened, and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst."—LUKE XXIII. 44, 45.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOUR BLEED.

No. 71.

"He died for all ; that they should live unto Him."

C.M.

- 1 ALAS ! and did my Saviour bleed ?
And did my Sovereign die ?
Would He devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I ?
- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree ?
Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
And love beyond degree !

- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut His glories in,
When Christ, the Mighty Saviour, died
For man, the creature's sin.
- 4 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.—WATTS

THIS I DID FOR THEE.

65

"He was bruised for our iniquities."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I gave my life for thee, My pre - cious blood I shed, That
 thou might'st ransom'd be, And quicken'd, quicken'd from the dead. I gave my life for thee, for
 thee; What hast thou giv'n for Me, for Me? What hast thou done for Me, for Me?

ritard.

No. 72.

- 2 I spent long years for thee,
 In weariness and woe,
 That one eternity
 Of joy thou mightest know.
 I spent long years for thee, for thee;
 ||: Hast thou spent *one* for Me, for Me? :||
- 3 And I have brought to thee,
 Down from My house above,
 Salvation full and free,

- My pardon and My love.
 Great gifts I brought to thee, to thee;
 ||: What hast thou *brought* to Me, to Me? :||
- 4 Oh, let thy life be given,
 Thy years for Me be spent,
 World fetters all be riven,
 And joy with suffering blent.
 Give thou *thyself* to Me, to Me,
 ||: And I will welcome thee, *yes*, thee! :||

THE ATONEMENT OF CHRIST.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."—JOHN XV. 13.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God because he laid down his life for us,"—JOHN III. 14.

"Even the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many."—MATT XX. 28.

"This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 TIM. I. 15.

"He that spared not his own Son but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also give us all things."—ROM. VIII. 32.

"For he hath made him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him."—2 COR. v. 2.

"Christ hath redeemed us from the curse of the law being made a curse for us, for it is written cursed is every one that hangeth on a tree."—GAL. VII. 13.

"For Christ also hath once suffered for sins, the just for the unjust, that he might bring us to God being put to death in the flesh but quickened by the spirit."—1 PET. III. 18.

"God was in Christ reconciling the world unto himself, not imputing their trespasses
No. 73.

"Be filled with the Spirit."

C.M.

1 COME, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Come, Holy Spirit! Heavenly Dove,
With all Thy quickening powers,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.—WATTS.

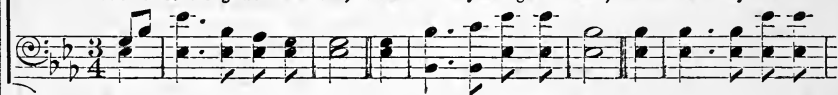
I AM COMING, LORD!

"Who gave Himself up for us."

Words and Music by REV. L. HARTSOUGH.

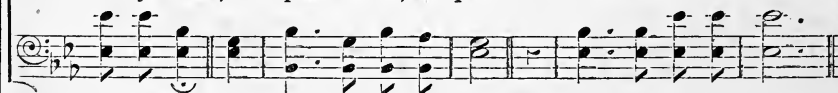


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee; For cleans-ing in Thy
2. Tho' com-ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou dost my vile-ness



CHORUS.

precious Blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry. I am com-ing, Lord!
ful-ly cleanse, Till spot-less all, and pure.



Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the Blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry!

No. 74.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To Perfect Hope, and Peace and Trust,
For earth and heaven above.—*Cho.*

4 All hail! atoning blood!
All hail! redeeming grace!
All hail! the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our strength and righteousness.—*Cho.*

SONG OF SALVATION.

"For God so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I have heard of a Sa-voir's love, And a won-der-ful love it must
2. I have heard how He suf-fer'd and bled, How He languish'd and died on the

be; But did He come down from a - bove, . . . Out of
tree; But then is it, an - y - where said . . . That He

love and compassion for me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me?
languish'd and suffer'd for me, for me, That He languish'd and suffer'd for me?

SCRIPTURE RESPONSE* TO VERSE 1.

It is a faithful saying, } all acceptance, { that Christ Jesus } world to save sinners.
and worthy of }

SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 2.

He was wounded for our transgressions, } our in - i - quities ; the chastisement of our
He was bruised for }

SCRIPTURE RESPONSE TO VERSE 3.

peace was upon him ; and with his stripes we are healed. { In my Father's } many mansions ;
house are }

if it were not so, I would have } place for you ; that where I am there ye may be also.
told you. I go to prepare a }

* The responses may be chanted by a children's choir ; or, if more convenient, read by the Superintendent.

CHORUS—to last verse only.

Yes, yes, yes, for me, for me, Yes, yes, yes, for me; Our

ritard.
Lord from a-bove in His in - fi-nite love On the cross died to save you and me.

No. 75.

3 I've been told of a heaven on high,
Which the children of Jesus shall see;
But is there a place in the sky
Made ready and furnished for me?

Resp.

4 Lord, answer these questions of mine,
To whom shall I go but to thee?
And say by Thy Spirit divine,
There's a Saviour and heaven for me.

Cho.

THE FUTURE OF THOSE WHO ACCEPT CHRIST AND THOSE WHO REJECT HIM.

"For he that soweth to his flesh, shall of his flesh reap corruption."

"But he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."—GAL. VI. 8.

"In flaming fire taking vengeance of them that know not God, and that obey not the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ, who shall be punished with everlasting destruction from the presence of the Lord, and from the glory of his power."—2 THESS. I. 8, 9.

"But the righteous to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away reserved in heaven for you."—1 PET. I. 4.

"He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him."—JOHN III. 36.

"He that hath the Son hath life, and he that hath not the Son of God hath not life."—1 JOHN V. 12.

"They that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation."—JOHN V. 29.

"And these shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous unto life eternal."—MATT. XXV. 46.

"But the fearful, and unbelieving, the abominable and murderers and whoremongers and sorcerers and idolaters and all liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death."—REV. XXI. 8.

"He that overcometh shall inherit all things and I will be his God, and he shall be my son."

"And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away."—REV. XXI. 4.

THE VOICE OF REST.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Largo. *Faster.*

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, Come un - to Me and rest; } I
Lay down, thou wea - ry one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast. } I

came to Je - sus as I was, Wea - ry and worn and sad; I found in

Him a rest - ing - place, And He has made me glad, And He has made me glad.

No. 76.

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

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright.
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In Him my radiant Sun;
So in the Light of light I live,
And glory is begun!—DR. H. BONAR.

C.M.D.

NO SORROW THERE.

No. 77.

"There are pleasures for evermore."

S.M.

1 SHALL I, unworthy I,
To fear and doubting given,
Mount up at last, and happy fly,
On angel's wings to heaven?

Chorus.—There'll be no sorrow there,
There'll be no sorrow there,
In heaven above where all is love,
There'll be no sorrow there.

2 O happy, happy place,
Where saints and angels meet!
There we shall see each other's face,
And all our brethren greet.—*Cho.*

3 With joy we shall behold,
In yonder blest abode,
The patriarchs and prophets old,
And all the saints of God.—*Cho.*

SONG SERMON, No. 9.

71

(MINISTRY OF THE WORD.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear, and that they may learn, and fear the Lord your God, and observe to do all the words of this law."—DEUT. XXXI. 12.

GOD BLESS OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Cheerful.

GIARDINI.

1. God bless our Sun-day school, In-crease our Sun-day school,
 God bless our school! Send down Thy grace di-vine, May ev'-ry
 child be Thine, And love all hearts en-twine! God bless our school!

No. 78. All our dear teachers bless,
 And give them large success
 In winning souls;

May they encouraged be,
 And oft around them see
 Their labours crown'd by Thee;
 God bless our school!

DIVERSITY OF GIFTS.

"And he gave some Apostles, and some Prophets, and some Evangelists, and some Pastors and teachers.

"For the perfection of the Saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ."—EPI. IV. 11, 12.

"Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether pro-

phesy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith;

"Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering; or he that teacheth, on teaching;

"Or he that exhorted, on exhortation: he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity; he that ruleth, with diligence; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness."—ROM. VII. 1-8.

PRAYER.

No. 79.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."

S.M.

- 1 BLESSED is the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers:

- Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear. FAWCETT.

GOD GAVE US EACH A TALENT.

"He that teacheth or teaching."

I. B. WOODBURY.

Fine.

Cheerful.

1. God who gave us each a ta - lent, To im - prove it gave command;
If we hide it in a nap - kin, He will claim it at our hand.

D.C. Though our path be e'er so hum - ble, We have all a work to do.

Refrain.

D.C.

Let us, then, be up and do - ing, Keep - ing still this truth in view, —

No. 80.

- 2 With the heralds of the Gospel,
If we cannot bear a part,
We can drop a word of kindness
That may reach some careless heart.
- Refrain.*

- 3 We may touch a chord of feeling
Guilt and sin have lulled to sleep,
To the blessed fold of Jesus
We may bring some wandering sheep.
- Refrain.*

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

STUDY AND TEACH THE WORD.

"And that ye may teach the children of Israel all the statutes which the Lord hath spoken unto them by the hand of Moses."—
LEVITICUS x. 11.

"Study to shew thyself approved unto God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth."—2 TIM. II. 15.

"Search the Scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life: And they are they which testify of me."—JOHN v. 39.

"Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls."—JAMES I. 21.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according to thy word."—PSALM CXIX. 9.

"That the generation to come might know them, even the children which should be

born; who should arise and declare them to their children: that they might set their hope in God, and not forget the works of God, but keep his commandments."—PSALM LXXXVIII. 6.

THE GOLDEN STORE.

"Behold! a sower went forth to sow.

SOLO OR DUET.

SEMI-CHORUS.

SOLO OR DUET.

P. PHILLIPS.

1. In the fur-rows of thy life, Scat - ter seed! Small may be thy spi - rit-field,
Sun and shower aid thee now, Scat - ter seed! Who can tell where grain may grow?

But a good-ly crop'twill yield; Sow the kind-ly word and deed—Scat-ter, scatter
Winds are blowing to and fro, Dai-ly good thy sim-ple creed—Scat-ter, scatter
D.S.—God will give thee all thy need—Scat-ter, scatter

Fine. FULL CHORUS. *D.S.*

good-ly seed! } O - pen, then, thy gold-en store, Stretch the furrows more and more.
good-ly seed! }
good-ly seed!

No. 81.

Though thy work should seem to fail,
Scatter seed!
Some may fall on stony ground:
Flower and blade are often found
In the clefts we little heed.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—*Chorus.*

Springtime always dawns for thee!
Scatter seed!
Open, then, thy golden store,
Stretch thy furrows more and more;
God will give thee all thy need.
Scatter, scatter goodly seed!—*Chorus.*

PRAY FOR HELP.

"If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."—JAMES I. 5.

"Confess your faults one to another, and pray one for another that ye may be healed. The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much."—JAMES V. 16.

"Whatsoever ye ask the Father in my name, he will give it you; hitherto have ye asked nothing in my name. Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."—JOHN XVI. 23.

"Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the

throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."—HEB. IV. 15.

"Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints."—EPH. VI. 18.

"Likewise the Spirit also helpeth our infirmities: for we know not what we should pray for as we ought: but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us with groanings which cannot be uttered."—ROM. VIII. 26.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

No. 82.

"Pray one for another."

L.M. DOUBLE.

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

2 ||: Sweet hour of prayer! :||
May I thy consolation share,
Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height
I view my home, and take my flight:
This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
To seize the everlasting prize;
||: And shout, while passing thro' the air,
Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :||

TAKE IT TO THE LORD IN PRAYER.

"There's a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

C. C. CONVERSE.

1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;

What a pri - vi - lege to car - ry Ev' - rything to God in prayer!

Oh, what peace we of - ten for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—

All because we do not car - ry Ev' - rything to God in prayer!

No. 83.

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

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge—
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

Dr. H. BONAR.

AUTHENTICITY AND VALUE OF THE WORD.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."—JOHN I. 1.

"Every word of God is pure: he is a shield unto them that put their trust in him."—PROV. XXX. 5.

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness:

"That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."—2 TIM. III. 16, 17.

"Knowing this first, that no prophecy of the scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man:

"But holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—2 PETER I. 20, 21.

"As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets, which have been since the world began."—LUKE I. 70.

"Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein."—REV. I. 3.

"The word of the Lord in thy mouth is truth."—1 KINGS XVII. 24.

"But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves."—JAMES I. 22.

"The Lord recompense thy work, and a full reward be given thee of the Lord God of Israel, under whose wings thou art come to trust."—RUTH II. 12.

"And, behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."—REV. XVIII. 12.

BATTLING FOR THE LORD.

"I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day; the night cometh when no man can work."

T. E. PERKINS.

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS. SOLO.

We've 'list-ed in a ho-ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter-nal life, e -

SEMI-CHORUS. FULL CHORUS.

- ter-nal joy, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll

work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, And then we'll rest at home.

The musical score is written in G major and 6/8 time. It features a solo section for the first line, a semi-chorus for the second line, and a full chorus for the third and fourth lines. The lyrics are: "We've 'list-ed in a ho-ly war, Battling for the Lord! E - ter-nal life, e - ter-nal joy, Battling for the Lord! We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes, And then we'll rest at home."

No. 84

2 Under our Captain, Jesus Christ,
S.-C.—Battling for the Lord!

We've 'listed for this mortal life,
Battling for the Lord!

F. C.—We'll work, &c.

3 We'll fight against the powers of sin,
Battling for the Lord!

In favour of our heavenly King,
Battling for the Lord!

We'll work, &c.

4 And when our warfare here is o'er,
Battling for the Lord!

This strife we'll leave, and war no more,
Battling for the Lord!

We'll work, &c.

5 Our friends and kindred there we'll meet,
On the heavenly shore!

And ground our arms at Jesus' feet,
On the heavenly shore!

We'll work, &c.

PHILLIPS.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL TEACHER'S GROUND OF ENCOURAGEMENT.

"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be ye steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord inasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord."—1 COR. XV. 58.

No. 85.

Air—"Home, sweet Home."

WHAT sweet promises do the Scriptures afford
Each Sabbath-School Teacher that's taught of the Lord;

And oh! how consoling the mind to sustain,
To know that his labour shall not be in vain!

Home, home, sweet Sabbath home!

Prepare me, dear Saviour, to teach not in vain.

Engaged in this honoured employ am I found,
Delighting to tread on such heavenly ground,

And patiently waiting from God to obtain
Some proof that my labour has not been in vain.

Home, home, &c.

Though seed which is sown may not seem to take root,
Yet still I'm encourag'd to look for the fruit;

As husbandmen do when they cast in the grain,
I'll wait, and I know it will not be in vain.

Home, home, &c.

And when I am summon'd to yield up my breath,
And pass through the dark, dreary "valley of death,"

With "Paul the Apostle," to die will be gain,
And prove that my labour has not been in vain.

Home, home, &c.

And oh! should there meet me on Zion's blest shore
A child from my class who arriv'd there before,

Methinks he will cry, when he sees me again,
"Dear Teacher, your labour was not all in vain."

Home, home, &c.

When the great day of judgment shall burst on the world,
And sun, moon, and stars from their orbits be hurl'd,

Exulting I'll shout in a rapturous strain,
My Sabbath-School labour has not been in vain!

Home, home, &c.

J. S. FEATHERSTONE.

SONG SERMON, No. 10.

(CHILDREN'S SERVICE.)

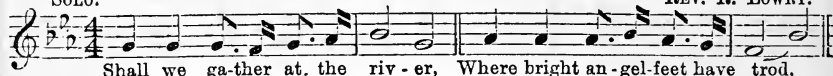
GOLDEN TEXT.

Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and
attend to know understanding.—PROV. IV. 1.

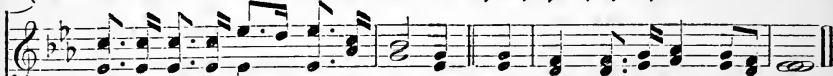
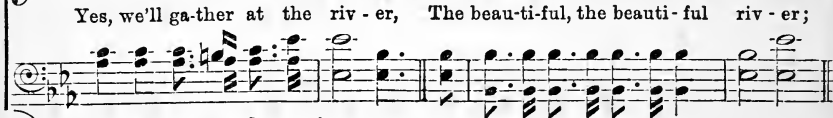
SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER.

SOLO.

REV. R. LOWRY.



CHORUS.



No. 86.

2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy, golden day.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

3 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.
Yes, we'll gather, &c.

CHRIST BLESSES THE CHILDREN.

"Then were there brought unto him little children, that he should put his hands on them, and pray: and the disciples rebuked them.

"But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven. And he laid his hands on them."—MATT. XIX. 13-15.

"Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."—MATT. XVIII. 3.

PRAYER.

COME UNTO ME, LITTLE CHILDREN.

79

"Suffer little children to come unto Me."

1. When mo - thers of Sa - lem their chil - dren brought to Je - sus,
 The stern dis - ci - ples drove them back, and bade them de - part;
 But Je - sus saw them ere they fled, And sweet - ly smiled and
 kind - ly said, "Suf - fer lit - tle chil - dren to come un - to Me!"

No. 87.

2. "For I will receive them, and fold them to My bosom,
 I'll be a Shepherd to these lambs, oh, drive them not away;
 For if their hearts to Me they give,
 They shall with Me in glory live,
 Suffer little children to come unto Me." 3
- How kind was our Saviour to bid those children welcome!
 But there are many thousands who have never heard His name;
 Dear Saviour, hear us when we pray;
 That they may hear Thee to them say,
 "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

COME TO JESUS JUST NOW.

"Forbid them not to come unto Me."

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus, just
now; Just now come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.

No. 88.

2 { Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and
thou shalt be saved.
He will save you, He will save you,
He will save you, just now,
Just now He will save you,
He will save you just now.

3 { WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH in him shall not
perish, but have everlasting life.
O believe Him, O believe Him,
O believe Him, just now,
Just now, O believe Him,
O believe Him just now.

BIBLE WORDS OF INSTRUCTION.

"My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother: brotherly love; in honour preferring one another."—ROM. XII. 10.

"For they shall be an ornament of grace unto thy head, and chains about thy neck. "Be ye all of one mind, having compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful, be courteous."—1 PET. III. 8.

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."—PROV. I. 8-10.

"Wherewithal shall a young man cleanse his way?—by taking heed thereto, according to Thy word. "Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth."—EPH. IV. 29.

"Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves."—PHILIPPIANS II. 3.

"But above all things, swear not, neither by heaven, neither by the earth, neither by any other oath: but let your yea be yea; and your nay, nay."—JAMES V. 12.

"Let us not be desirous of vain glory, provoking one another, envying one another."—GAL. V. 26.

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord: but they that deal truly are his delight."—PROV. XII. 22.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with abomination, or maketh a lie."—REV. XXI. 27.

LET THE CHILDREN COME IN.

"Those that seek Me early shall find Me."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. In the ear - ly spring-time, When your leaves are fair, Lit - tle buds of promise,
2. All the lit - tle chil - dren Glad - ly will we bring To the arms of Je - sus,

Lit - tle blos - soms rare, Hear the words of Je - sus, Pre - cious will they be,
Heav'n's ex - alt - ed King, For the in - vi - ta - tion, Gra - cious, full, and free,

CHORUS.

Bring the lit - tle chil - dren, Let them come to Me. Let them come to Me,
Says to all the chil - dren, Let them come to Me.

Let them come to Me, Bring the lit - tle chil - dren, Let them come to Me.

No. 89.

3 Let them come in welcome
To My bleeding side;
To secure their pardon
I was crucified:
They may be forgiven,
From the law set free;
I, the Lord, have risen,
Let them come to Me.—Chorus.

4 Jesus, we are coming
To Thy loving arms,
Safely there reposing,
Sin no longer harms.
From the wiles of Satan
Thou canst set us free,
Though we're little children,
We will come to Thee.—Chorus.

IMPORTANT QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

Question.—Does Jesus love little children, and desire them to come unto Him?

Answer.—“Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me.”—MATT. XIX. 14.

Q.—What does God promise children in the Bible?

A.—“Those that seek me early shall find me.”—PROV. VIII. 17.

Q.—Should little children like you remember God?

A.—“Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth.”—ECCLES. XII. 1.

Q.—Is God in every place, seeing everything?

A.—“The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.”—PROV. XV. 3.

Q.—*Arc wicked persons happy?*

A.—“There is no peace, saith the Lord, unto the wicked.”—ISA. XLVIII. 22.

Q.—*What is the way of the righteous?*

A.—“Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and her paths are peace.”—PROV. III. 17.

Q.—*Are we all sinners?*

A.—“All have sinned, and come short of the glory of God.”—ROM. III. 23.

Q.—*Whom did Christ come into the world to save?*

A.—“Christ came into the world to save sinners.”—1 TIM. I. 15.

Q.—*How can your soul be saved?*

A.—“Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.”—ACTS XVI. 31.

Q.—*Is Christ the only Saviour?*

A.—“There is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved.”—ACTS IV. 12.

Q.—*Is Jesus able to save all?*

A.—“He is able also to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God by him.”—HEB. VII. 25.

Q.—*Must we all die?*

A.—“It is appointed unto men once to die, but after this the judgment.”—HEB. IX. 27.

Q.—*What does the Bible say of Christians when they die?*

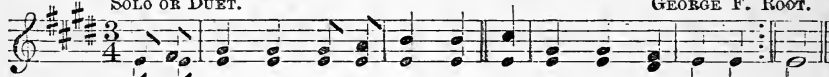
A.—“Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.”—REV. XIV. 13.

PRECIOUS JEWELS.

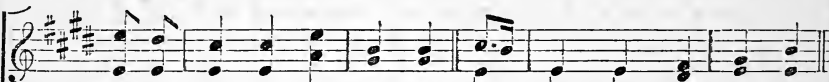
“And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day, when I make up my jewels.”

SOLO OR DUET.

GEORGE F. ROOT.



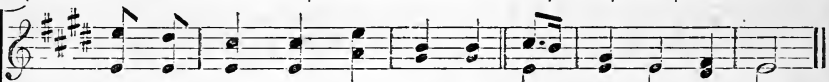
1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els,
All His jew-els, pre-cious jew-els, His loved and His own.
CHORUS.



Like the stars of the morn-ing, His bright crown a - dorn-ing,



They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.



No. 97.

2 He will gather, He will gather,
The gems for His kingdom;
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,
His loved and His own.—Chorus.

3 Little children, little children,
Who love their Redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and His own.—Chorus.
W. O. CUSHING.

JESUS LOVES ME.

83

No. 91.

"I have loved you with an everlasting love."

1 Jesus loves me! this I know,
For the Bible tells me so;
Little ones to Him belong,
They are weak, but He is strong.

Cho.—Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me,
Yes, Jesus loves me—
The Bible tells me so!

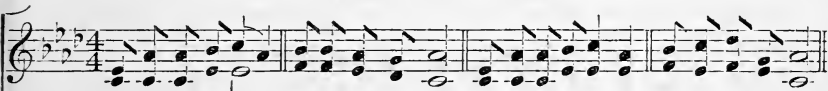
2 Jesus loves me! He who died,
Heaven's gate to open wide;
He will wash away my sin,
Let His little child come in.—*Chorus.*

3 Jesus loves me; He will stay
Close beside me all the way;
If I love Him, when I die,
He will take me home on high.—*Chorus.*

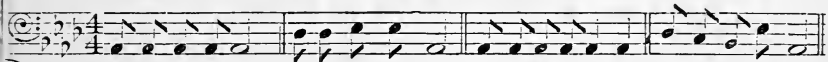
LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.*

"Let your light so shine before men."

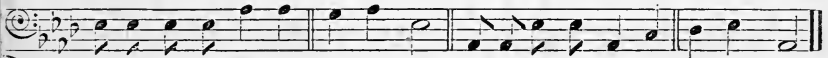
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Je-sus bids us shine With a clear pure light, Like a lit-tle can-dle Burning in the night



In this world of darkness We must shine, You in your small cor-ner, I in mine.



No. 92.

2 Jesus bids us shine
First of all for Him;
Well He sees and knows t
If our light grows dim.
He looks down from heaven,
Sees us shine,
You in your small corner,
I in mine.

3 Jesus bids us shine
Then for all around,
Many kinds of darkness
In this world about—
Sin and want and sorrow.
We must shine,
You in your small corner,
I in mine.

* This tune was first sung, and taught to 3000 children, in the Town Hall at Melbourne, Australia, by P. Phillips, May 15th, 1875.

CLIMBING UP ZION'S HILL.

"They shall mount up with wings as eagles, and they shall walk and faint not."

No. 93.

1 I'm trying to climb up Zion's hill
For the Saviour whispers, "Love me;"
Tho' all beneath is dark as death,
Yet the stars are bright above me.
Then upward still, to Zion's hill,
To the land of joy and beauty,
My path before shines more and more,
As it nears the golden city.

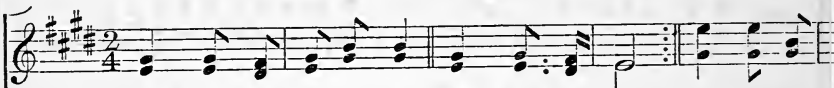
Chorus.—I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
Climbing, climbing,
Climbing up Zion's hill.

2 Then come with me, we'll upward go,
And climb this hill together;
And as we walk we'll sweetly talk,
And sing as we go thither.
Then mount up still God's holy hill,
Till we reach the pearly portals,
Where the raptured tongues proclaim the songs
Of the shining-robed immortals.

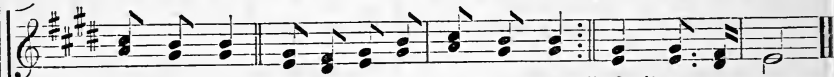
Chorus.—I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
I'm climbing up Zion's hill,
Climbing, climbing,
Climbing up Zion's hill.

THE HAPPY LAND.

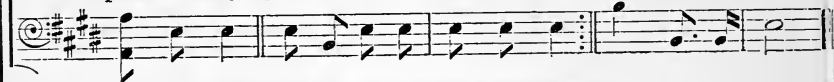
"In Thy presence is fulness of joy."



1. There is a happy land, Far, far a - way, Oh, how they
Where saints in glo-ry stand, Bright, bright as day; Loud let His



sweet-ly sing; "Wor-thy is our Sa-viour King;" Omit.....
prai-ses ring, [Omit.....] Praise ev-er-more.



No. 94.

2 Come to that happy land,
Come, come away.
Why will ye doubting stand?
Why still delay?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free,
Lord, we shall dwell with Thee,
Blest evermore.

3 Bright, in that happy land,
Beams every eye;
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
Oh, then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright, above the sun,
Reign evermore. A. Young.

SONG SERMON, No. II.

85

(SONG PILGRIMAGE.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

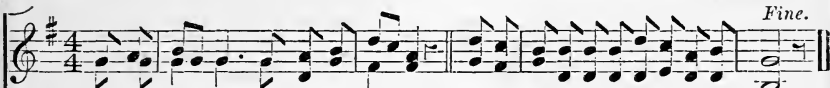
"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

PSALM CXIX. 54.

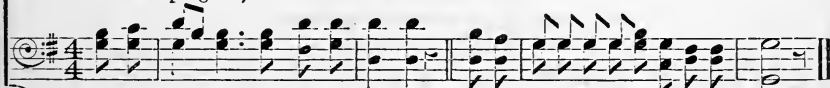
I'M A PILGRIM.

I. B. WOODBURY.

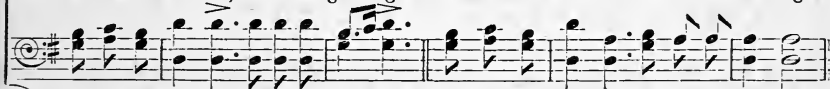
Fine.



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger, I can tarry, I can tarry but a night ;
D.C. I'm a pil-grim,



Do not de-tain me, for I am go - ing To where the fountains are e-ver flow - ing.



No. 95.

2 There the glory is ever shining ;
I am longing, I am longing for the sight ;
Here in this country so dark and dreary,
I have been wand'ring forlorn and weary.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

3 There's the city to which I journey ;
My Redeemer, my Redeemer is its light ;
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,
There is no sin there, nor any dying.
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;
I can tarry, I can tarry but a night.

"SOJOURNERS AND PILGRIMS."

"For we are strangers before thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers: our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding."—1 CHRON. XXIX. 15.

"Now the Lord had said unto Abram, Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred,

and from thy father's house, unto a land that I will shew thee."—GEN. XII. 1.

"Thy shoes shall be iron and brass; and as thy days, so shall thy strength be. The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. XXXIII. 25, 27.

PRAYER.

No. 96.

"The redeemed shall come with singing."—ISA. LI. 11.

7's.

- 1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King
As ye journey, sweetly sing;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in His works and ways.
- 2 We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

- 3 Fear not, brethren; joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismay'd go on.
- 4 Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our leader be,
And we still will follow Thee. CENNICK.

HE LEADS US ON.

"He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His Name's sake."

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. He leads us on by paths we did not know, Up-wards He leads us
though our steps are slow. Though oft we faint and fal-ter by the way.

REFRAIN.

Tho' storms and dark-ness oft obscure the day. But when the clouds are gone,

ff We know He leads us on, He leads us on, He *ritard.*

AT THE END OF THE LAST VERSE.

leads us on. He leads us on, He leads us on, He leads us on.

No. 97.

He leads us on through all the trying years,
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts
and fears,
He guides our steps through all the tangled
maze,
In paths of peace and wisdom's pleasant
ways.—*Refrain.*

3 And He at last, after the weary strife,
Will lead us home to everlasting life.
No parting there, or pain on that bright
shore,
We'll meet dear friends and sing for ever-
more.—*Refrain.*

THE BIBLE LANDS.

"And the Lord said unto Moses, get thee up
unto the top of Pisgah, and lift up thine eyes
westward, and northward, and southward,
and eastward, and behold it with thine eyes.

"I pray thee, let me go over, and see the
good land that is beyond Jordan, that goodly
mountain, and Lebanon."—DEUT. III. 25—27.

"A land that I espied for them, flowing
with milk and honey, which is the glory of all
lands."—EZEK. XX. 6.

"And the Lord said unto him, This is the
land which I swear unto Abraham, unto
Isaac, and unto Jacob, saying, I will give it
unto thy seed: I have caused thee to see it
with thine eyes, but thou shalt not go over
thither."—DEUT. XXXIV. 1—4.

"But charge Joshua, and encourage him,
and strengthen him: for he shall go over before
this people, and he shall cause them to inherit
the land which thou shalt see."—DEUT. III.
8.

"And Moses called unto Joshua, and said
unto him in the sight of all Israel, Be strong
and of a good courage: for thou must go with
this people unto the land which the Lord
sworn unto their fathers to give them;

and thou shalt cause them to inherit it."—
DEUT. XXXI. 3—7.

"For the land, whither thou goest in to
possess it, is not as the land of Egypt, from
whence ye came out, where thou sowedst thy
seed, and wateredst it with thy foot, as a
garden of herbs.

"But the land, whither ye go to possess it,
is a land of hills and valleys, and drinketh
water of the rain of heaven."—DEUT. XI. 10,
12.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a
good land, a land of brooks of water, of
fountains and depths that spring out of valleys
and hills; A land of wheat, and barley, and
vines, and fig trees, and pomegranates; a land
of oil, olive, and honey.

"A land wherein thou shalt eat bread
without scarceness, thou shalt not lack any-
thing in it; a land whose stones are iron, and
out of whose hills thou mayest dig brass."—
DEUT. VIII. 7—9.

"Understand, therefore, that the Lord thy
God giveth thee not this good land to possess
it for thy righteousness; for thou art a stiff-
necked people."—DEUT. IX. 6.

ISRAEL'S SONG OF TRIUMPH.

"Sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Marching time.

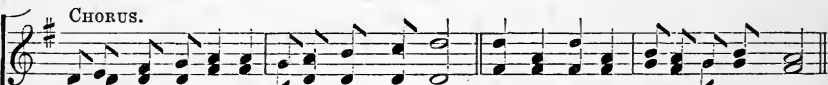
1. Now from op-press-ion Ja-cob's sons, Go forth, a migh-ty throng;
 2. How like a wall on ei-ther side, The part-ed wa-ters stand;
 3. Glo-ry to God! all Is-rael cries, The deep is safe-ly crossed;



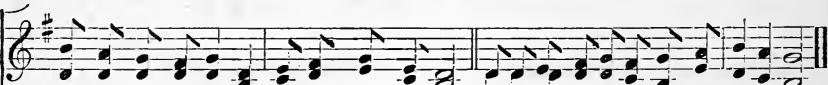
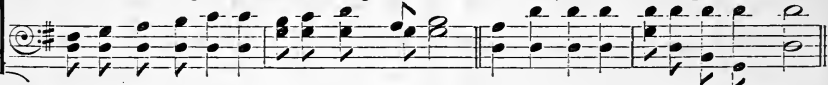
They march with Mo-ses at their head, Six hun-dred thousand strong.
 For-ward they press with fear-less hearts, And march on so-lid land.
 In rush their foes—the waves re-turn, And Pharaoh's hosts are lost.



CHORUS.



We are marching onward at the King's command, Onward, onward to the promised land!



We shall cross the ri-ver, as they cross'd the sea, To a home in glory that from sin is free.



"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—PSALM CXIX. 105.

"Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely, and thy foot shall not stumble."—PROV. III. 23.

"And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him: for they know his voice.

"And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him: for they know not the voice of strangers."—JOHN X. 4, 5.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me: for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

"For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."—MATT. XI. 29, 30.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days: in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand.

"For thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."—ECCLES. XI. 1—6.

"Two women shall be grinding together, the one shall be taken, the other left.

"Two men shall be in the field, the one shall be taken and the other left."—LUKE XVII. 35, 36.

"Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets."—ECCLES. XII. 5.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."—REV. XIV. 13.

"Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."—REV. XXII. 14.

"ENTER INTO REST."

"Enter in through the gates into the city."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. { From this bleak hill of storms, En-ter thy rest; } Where love for e-ver shines,
 { To ycn bright sun-ny heights, En-ter thy rest. }

RECIT.

rit.

En-ter in - to rest; . . En-ter in - to rest, The rest of . . God.

No. 102.

2 From hunger and from thirst,
 Enter thy rest;
 From toil and weariness,
 Enter thy rest.
 From shadows and from dreams,
 Enter into rest;
 Enter into rest,
 The rest of God.

3 From vanity and lies,
 Enter thy rest;
 From mocking and from snares,
 Enter thy rest.
 From disappointed hopes,
 Enter into rest;
 Enter into rest,
 The rest of God. DR. H BONAR.

SAFE WITHIN THE VEIL.

"I pray thee, let me go over and see the goodly land."

J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a - head!" its fruits are wa-ving O'er the hills of fadeless green;

And the liv - ing wa-ters la-ving Shores where heav'n-ly forms are seen.

CHORUS.

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more, When on that e-ter-nal shore.

Drop the an-chor! furl the sail! I am safe with-in the veil.

No. 103.

2 Onward, bark! the cape I'm rounding,
See the blessed wave their hands;
Hear the harps of God resounding
From the bright immortal bands.

3 There, let go the anchor, riding
On this calm and silvery bay;

Seaward fast the tide is gliding,
Shores in sunlight stretch away.

4 Now we're safe from all temptation,
All the storms of life are past;
Praise the rock of our salvation,
We are safely home at last.

SONG SERMON, No. 12.

93

(JUBILEE SERVICE.)

GOLDEN TEXT.

"And they sang together by course in praising and giving thanks unto the Lord; because He is good, for His mercy endureth for ever."—EZRA III. 11.

LENOX, P.M.

J. EDSON.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow! The gladly solemn sound! Let all the nations know,
To earth's re-mot-est bound, The year of ju-bi-lee is come, The
year of ju-bi-lee is come; Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sin-ners, home.

No. 104.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made,
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mournful souls be glad,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in His blood
Through all the world proclaim.
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

WESLEY.

GARMENTS OF PRAISE.

"Awake, awake; put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem.

"Shake thyself from the dust; arise, and sit down, O Jerusalem: loose thyself from the bands of thy neck, O captive daughter of Zion.

"Break forth into joy, sing together, ye waste places of Jerusalem: for the Lord hath comforted his people, he hath redeemed Jerusalem."

"The Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God."—ISA. LII. 1, 2, 9, 10.

PRAYER.

HIS LOVING KINDNESS.

No. 105.

"Thou showest loving-kindness unto thousands."

L.M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 AWAKE! my soul in joyful lays,
And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me!
His loving-kindness, O how free!</p> <p>2 He saw me ruined by the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate:
His loving-kindness, O how great!</p> | <p>3 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale;
Soon all my mortal powers must fail:
O may my last expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death!</p> <p>4 Then let me mount and soar away
To the bright world of endless day;
And sing, with rapture and surprise,
His loving-kindness in the skies! MEDLEY.</p> |
|---|---|

SALEM'S MIGHTY KING.

"Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

PRELUDE AND CHORUS.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Strew the way with palm leaves, To the ho-ly ci-ty; Children in the

tem-ple, Make the ar-ches ring; Strew the way with palm leaves,

Shout aloud Ho-san-na, Bow the knee be-fore Him, Salem's migh-ty King.

FINE.

1. He whose smile re-flecting light, Turn'd to wine the water bright; He who on the
 2. He who touch'd the sa-ble bier, Dried the childless widow's tear; He who then but

stormy deep Hush'd the roll-ing waves to sleep; Cleans'd the le-per by a word,
 gent-ly spoke, And her son to life a-woke; Why re-buke the joy-ous song,

D. C.

Heal'd the sick, the deaf restor'd; He who bless'd the loaves, and fed Hungry souls with living bread.
 Bursting from a grateful throng? Cease to chide the gath'ring crowd, Or the stones will cry a-loud.

No. 106.

PSALM OF THANKSGIVING.

"O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth for ever.

"O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."—Ps. CVII. 1, 31.

"Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

"Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly: thou settlest the furrows thereof: thou makest it soft with showers: thou bleesest the springing thereof.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness: and thy paths drop fatness.

"They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness: and the little hills rejoice on every side.

"The pastures are clothed with flocks; the

valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy, they also sing."—Ps. LV. 9—13.

"The eyes of all wait upon thee; and thou givest them their meat in due season: thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing."—Ps. CXLV. 15, 16.

"That our sons may be as plants grown up in their youth; that our daughters may be as corner stones, polished after the similitude of a palace:

"That our garner may be full, affording all manner of store: that our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten thousands in our streets:

"That our oxen may be strong to labour; that there be no breaking in, nor going out; that there be no complaining in our streets.

"Happy is that people, that is in such a case: yea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."—Ps. CXLIV. 12—15.

THE JOY OF THE HARVEST.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

L. M.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 GREAT God, as seasons disappear,
And changes mark the rolling year,
Thy favour still has crowned our days,
And we would celebrate Thy praise.</p> <p>2 The harvest-song would we repeat:
Thou givest us the finest wheat.
The joys of harvest we have known:
The praise, O Lord, is all Thine own.</p> | <p>3 Another harvest comes apace:
Ripen our spirits by Thy grace,
That we may calmly meet the blow
The sickle gives to lay us low.</p> <p>4 That so, when angel-reapers come
To gather sheaves to Thy blest home,
Our spirits may be borne on high
To Thy safe garner in the sky.</p> |
|---|---|

E. BUTCHER.

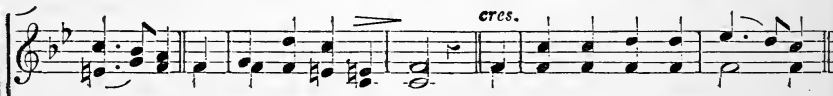
THANKSGIVING HYMN.

"It is good to give thanks unto the Lord."

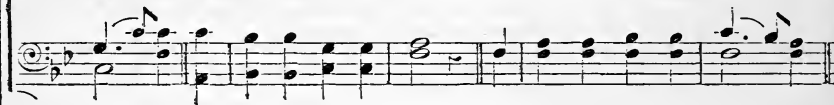
J. A. P. SCHULZE.



1. We plough the fer-tile meadows, And sow the furrow'd land, But yet the waving



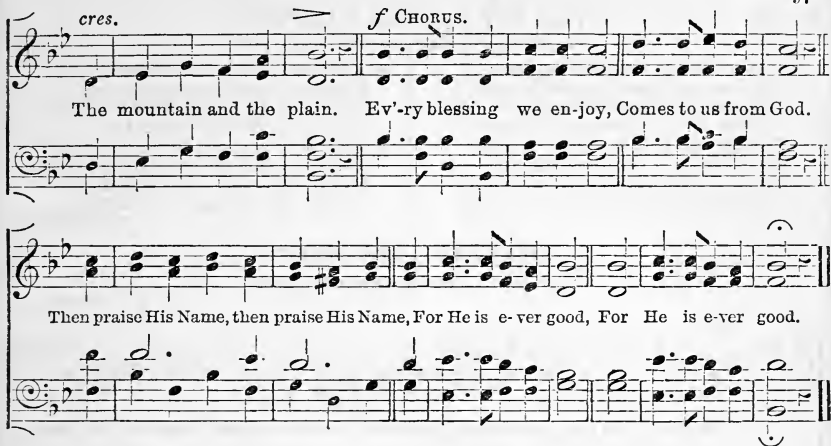
har-vest De-pends on God's own hand; It is His mer-cy gives us



The sun-shine and the rain; That paints in-ver-dant beau-ty



cres. *f* CHORUS.



The mountain and the plain. Ev'ry blessing we en-joy, Comes to us from God.

Then praise His Name, then praise His Name, For He is e-ver good, For He is e-ver good.

No. 108.

2 He makes the glorious sunset,
The moon to sail on high ;
He bids the breezes fan us,
And thund'ring clouds to fly ;

He gives us ev'ry blessing ;
To Him our lives we owe ;
He sent His Son to save us
From sin, and death, and woe.
Ev'ry blessing, &c.

THE OVERTURE OF THE ANGELS.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their stock by night.

"And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them : and they were sore afraid.

"And the angel said unto them, Fear not : for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

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

"And this shall be a sign unto you : Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger.

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying,

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace and good will toward men.

"And it came to pass, as the angels were

gone away from them into heaven, the shepherds said one to another, Let us now go even unto Bethlehem, and see this thing which has come to pass, which the Lord hath made known unto us.

"And they came with haste, and found Mary, and Joseph, and the babe lying in a manger.

"And when they had seen it, they made known abroad the saying which was told them concerning this child.

"And all they that heard it wondered at those things which were told them by the shepherds.

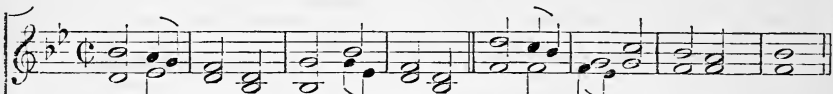
"But Mary kept all these things, and pondered them in her heart.

"And the shepherds returned, glorifying and praising God for all the things that they had heard and seen, as it was told unto them."

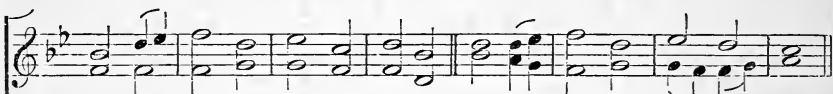
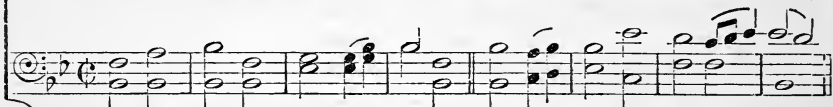
—LUKE II. 8—20.

WORSHIP CHRIST, THE NEW-BORN KING.

"And the shepherds returned glorifying God."



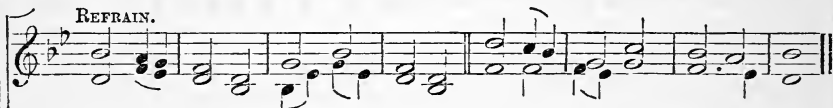
1. An - gels from the realms of glo - ry, Wing your flight o'er all the earth;



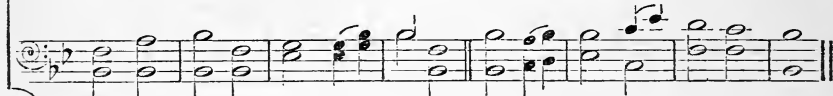
Ye who sang cre - a - tion's sto - ry, Now pro - claim Mes - si - ah's birth.



REFRAIN.



Come and wor - ship, come and worship, Worship Christ, the new-born King.



No. 109.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night;
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light.
Come, &c.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations;
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the Great Desire of nations:
Ye have seen His natal star.
Come, &c.

4 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come, &c.

5 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doom'd for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains.
Come, &c.

"And the shepherds returned glorifying and praising God."

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where the infant Redeemer is laid.</p> | <p>Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine?</p> |
| <p>2 Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and off'rings divine?</p> | <p>3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.</p> |

HEBER.

THE LORD IS COME.

"Tell ye the daughter of Zion, Behold thy king cometh unto thee."

HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth re-ceive her King;
Let ev-ry heart pre-pare Him room, And heaven and na-ture sing, And
And heaven and nature
heaven and na-ture sing, . . . And heaven, and heaven and na-ture sing.
sing, And heaven and na-ture sing, And heaven and na-ture sing.

No. 111.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns;
Let men their songs employ,
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.</p> | <p>He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.</p> |
| <p>3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;</p> | <p>4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness
And wonders of His love.</p> |

HEBER.

WATCH-NIGHT PSALM.

"Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, thou art God.

"Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

"For a thousand years in thy sight are but as yesterday when it is passed, and as a watch in the night.

"Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep: in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

"In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

"For we are consumed by thine anger, and by thy wrath are we troubled.

"Thou hast set our iniquities before thee, our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

"For all our days are passed away in thy wrath: we spend our years as a tale that is told.

"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

"Who knoweth the power of thine anger? even according to thy fear so is thy wrath.

"So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—PSALM xc. 1-12.

WATCH-NIGHT HYMN.

"Could ye not watch with Me one hour?"

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Pray, brethren, pray, The sands are fall-ing, Pray, brethren, pray, God's

voice is call-ing. Yon tur-ret strikes the dy-ing chime; We

kneel up-on the edge of time, E-ter-ni-ty is draw-ing nigh, E-

Ritard.

- ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty, E - ter - ni - ty is draw - ing nigh.

No. 112.

- 2 Praise, brethren, praise,
The skies are rending;
Praise, brethren, praise,
The fight is ending.
Behold! the glory draweth near,
The King Himself will soon appear.
||: Eternity is drawing nigh—Eternity,
Eternity! :||
- 3 Watch, brethren, watch,
The year is dying;
Watch, brethren, watch,
Old Time is flying.

Watch as men watch the starting breath,
Watch as men watch for life or death:
||: Eternity is drawing nigh—Eternity,
Eternity! :||

4 Look, brethren, look,
The day is breaking;
Hark, brethren, hark,
The dead are waking.
With girded loins already stand—
Behold! the Bridegroom is at hand.
||: Eternity is drawing nigh—Eternity,
Eternity! :|| Dr. H. BONAR.

A FEW MORE YEARS SHALL ROLL.

"Thou carriest them away as with a flood."

S.M.

No. 113.

- 1 A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest,
Asleep within the tomb.
- 2 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in Thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

- 3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more.
- 4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more.

Dr. H. BONAR.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord?"

AMERICA.

CAREY.

1. My coun - try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of li - ber - ty,

Of thee I sing; Land where my fa - thers died, Land of the

pil - grim's pride, From ev - 'ry moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.

No. 114.

2 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

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

S. F. SMITH.

NATIONAL PRAISE.

No. 115.

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

2 Jesus, our Lord, arise,
Scatter our enemies,
And make them fall;
Let Thine Almighty aid
Our sure defence be made;
Our souls on Thee be stay'd:
Lord, hear our call.

3 Come, Thou incarnate Word,
Gird on Thy mighty sword,
Our prayer attend;
Come, and Thy people bless,
And give Thy word success:
Spirit of holiness,
On us descend.

4 To the great One in Three
Eternal praises be
Hence, evermore.
His sovereign majesty
May we in glory see,
And to eternity
Love and adore.

6's & 4's.

ROCKINGHAM, L.M.

"And rested the Sabbath-day."

DR. L. MASON.

1. An - o - ther six days' work is done; An - o - ther Sab - bath is be - gun;

Re - turn, my soul, en - joy thy rest; Im - prove the day thy God has blessed.

No. 116. SABBATH MORNING. L.M.

- 2 This heavenly calm within the breast
Is the dear pledge of glorious rest,
Which for the church of God remains,
The end of cares, the end of pains.
- 3 O that our thoughts and thanks may rise,
As grateful incense to the skies;
And draw from heaven that sweet repose
Which none but he that feels it knows.
- 4 In holy duties let the day,
In holy pleasures, pass away.
How blest a Sabbath thus to spend,
In hope of one that ne'er shall end.

STENNETT.

No. 117. JEHOVAH'S PRAISE. L.M.

- 1 BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone,
He can create, and He destroy.
- 2 We'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.
- 3 Wide as the world is Thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

WATTS.

No. 118. SABBATH EVENING. L.M.

- 1 SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earthborn cloud arise,
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.

KEBLE.

No. 119. IN THE SANCTUARY. L.M.

- 1 FAR from my thoughts, vain world, begone,
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would mine eyes my Saviour see;
I wait a visit, Lord, from Thee.
- 2 O warm my heart with holy fire,
And kindle there a pure desire:
Come, sacred Spirit, from above,
And fill my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Blest Saviour, what delicious fare!
How sweet Thine entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above
Redeeming grace and dying love.

WATTS.

RETREAT, L.M.

"My feet shall tread Thy courts."

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS.

1. Glo - ry to Thee Who safe hast kept, And hast re - freshed me while I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake, I may of end - less light par - take.

No. 120. SUNDAY MORNING.

L.M.

- 2 Lord, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 3 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below,
Praise Him above, Angelic host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

No. 121. THE MERCY SEAT.

L.M.

- 1 FROM ev'ry stormy wind that blows,
From ev'ry swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;
'Tis found beneath the mercy seat.
- 2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all besides more sweet,—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.
- 3 There is a scene, where spiri's blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

HUGH STOWELL.

No. 122. SUNDAY EVENING.

L.M.

- 1 THE Sabbath-day has reached its close,
Yet, Saviour, ere I seek repose,
Grant me the peace Thy love bestows;
Smile on my evening hour of praise.
- 2 Let not the Gospel seed remain
Unfruitful, or be sown in vain;
Let heavenly dews descend like rain:
Smile on my evening hour of praise.
- 3 And oh, when time's short course shall end,
And death's dark shades around impend,
My God, my everlasting Friend,
Smile on my evening hour of praise.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

No. 123. HIS RIGHTEOUSNESS.

L.M.

- 1 Jesus, Thy robe of righteousness
My beauty is, my glorious dress;
'Midst flaming worlds, in this arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
Even then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me.
- 3 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its lovely hue;
Its glory is for ever new.

ZINZENDORF.

AZMON, C.M.

"Let there be light in the firmament."

1. New wonders of Thy mighty Hand, Lord, we to-day ad-mire,
 Writ on the fir-ma-ment a-bove In glitt'ring orbs of fire.

No. 124. MONDAY MORNING.

C.M.

No. 126. MONDAY EVENING.

C.M.

- 2 The sun is ruler of the day,
The silver moon of night,
The starry hosts adorn the sky
In ordered ranks of light.
- 3 Still in an everchanging round
The daylight comes and goes;
But Thou art evermore the Same,
No change Thy mercy knows.
- 4 All praise, all glory be ascribed
To God the One in Three,
Who bids us cast our care on Him,
To Him for comfort flee.

- 1 As now the sun's declining rays
At eventide descend,
So life's brief day is sinking down
To its appointed end.
- 2 Lord, on the cross Thine arms were
stretched
To draw Thy people nigh;
Oh grant us then that cross to love,
And in those arms to die.
- 3 All glory to the Father be,
All glory to the Son,
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run.

No. 125. COME, HOLY GHOST.

C.M.

No. 127. CHRISTIAN WARFARE.

C.M.

- 1 COME, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire;
Let us Thine influence prove;
Source of the old prophetic fire,
Fountain of life and love.
- 2 Come, Holy Ghost; for moved by Thee
The prophets wrote and spoke:
Unlock the truth, Thyself the key;
Unseal the sacred Book.
- 3 Expand Thy wings, celestial Dove,
Brood o'er our nature's night;
On our disordered spirits move,
And let there now be light. WESLEY.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb,—
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or blush to speak His name?
- 2 Since I must fight if I would reign,
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.
- 3 Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die:
They see the triumph from afar,—
By faith they bring it nigh. WATTS.

ORTONVILLE, C.M.

"Do all to the glory of God."

DR. THOS. HASTINGS.

1. Come, let us join our cheer-ful songs With an-gels round the throne; Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their joys are one, . . . But all their joys are one. . . .

No. 128. MONDAY MORNING. C.M.

- 2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
 "To be exalted thus:"
 "Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,
 "For He was slain for us."
- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and power divine;
 And blessings more than we can give
 Be, Lord, for ever Thine. WATTS.

No. 129. O WANDERER, RETURN. C.M.

- 1 RETURN, O wanderer, return,
 And seek Thy Father's face;
 These new desires which in thee burn
 Were kindled by His grace,
- 2 Return, O wanderer, return;
 Thy Saviour bids thee live:
 Come to His cross, and, grateful, learn
 How freely He'll forgive. HASTINGS.

No. 130. MONDAY EVENING. C.M.

- 1 O LORD, another day is flown,
 And we, a feeble band,
 Are met once more before Thy throne,
 To bless Thy fostering hand.
- 2 Thy heavenly grace to each impart;
 All evil far remove;
 And shed abroad in every heart
 Thine everlasting love. K. WHITE.

No. 131. PRECIOUS BIBLE. C.M.

- 1 How precious is the Book divine,
 By inspiration given!
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.
- 2 This lamp, through all the tedious night
 Of life, shall guide our way;
 Till we behold the clearer light
 Of an eternal day. FAWCETT.

"Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee."

HEBRON, L.M.

DR. L. MASON.

1. Now that the day-light fills the sky, We lift our hearts to God on high,
That He, in all we do or say, Would keep us free from harm to-day.

No. 132. TUESDAY MORNING.

L.M.

No. 134. TUESDAY EVENING.

L.M.

- 2 O may our inmost hearts be pure,
From thoughts of folly kept secure,
And pride of sinful flesh subdued
Through sparing use of daily food.
- 3 So we, when this day's work is o'er,
And shades of night return once more,
Our path of trial safely trod,
Shall give the glory to our God.
- 4 All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, Eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom with the Spirit we adore
For ever and for evermore.

- 1 Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far His pow'r prolongs my days,
And ev'ry ev'ning shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.
- 2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I perhaps am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.
- 3 I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.
WATTS.

No. 133. REPENTING SINNER.

L.M.

No. 135. OUR OWN DEAR LAND.

L.M.

- 1 SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not Thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in Thee?
- 2 My crimes are great, but don't surpass
The power and glory of Thy grace;
Great God, Thy nature hath no bound—
So let Thy pard'ning love be found.
- 3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here on my heart the burden lies,
And past offences pain mine eyes. WATTS.

- 1 LORD, while for all mankind we pray,
Of every clime and coast,
Oh, hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most.
- 2 Oh, guard our shores from every foe;
With peace our borders bless—
Our cities with prosperity,
Our fields with plenteousness.
- 3 Unite us in the sacred love
Of knowledge, truth, and Thee;
And let our hills and valleys chant
The songs of liberty. WRETFORD.

BALERMA, C.M.

"Lead thou me on."

R. SIMPSON.

1. When all Thy mercies, O my God, My ris - ing soul sur - veys,

Trans - port - ed with the view, I'm lost In won - der, love, . and praise!

No. 136. TUESDAY MORNING.

C.M.

- 2 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ,
Nor is the least, a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 3 Through every period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death, in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
- 4 Through all eternity, to Thee,
A joyful song I'll raise,
For, oh! Eternity's too short,
To utter all Thy praise. ADDISON.

No. 137. INCREASE OUR FAITH.

C.M.

- 1 O FOR a faith that will not shrink,
Tho' press'd by ev'ry foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe.
- 2 That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod.
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God:—
- 3 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home. WESLEY.

No. 138. TUESDAY EVENING.

C.M.

- 1 Now from the altar of our hearts,
Let incense-flames arise.
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Awake! our love, awake! our joy:
Awake! our heart and tongue;
Sleep not when mercies loudly call:
Break forth into a song.
- 3 New time, new favours, and new joys
Do a new song require:
Till we shall praise Thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire. MASON.

No. 139. CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

C.M.

- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed church of God
Be saved to sin no more. COWPER.

EVAN, C.M.

"Every day will I bless thee."

HAVERGAL.

1. Pre-serv'd by Thine Al-migh-ty arm, I pass'd the shades of night,
Se-rene and safe from ev-'ry harm, And see re-turn-ing light.

No. 140. WEDNESDAY MORNING.

C.M.

- 2 While many spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
In undisturbed repose.
- 3 Oh, let the same almighty care
My waking hours attend,
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days,
And let Thy goodness fill my soul,
With gratitude and praise.

STEELE.

No. 141. THE PRICELESS BOOK.

C.M.

- 1 This holy Book I'd rather own
Than all the gold and gems
That e'er in monarchs' coffers shone,
Than all their diadems.
- 2 Nay, were the seas one chrysolite,
The earth one golden ball,
And diamonds all the stars of night,
This Book were worth them all.
- 3 Yes, here a blessed balm appears
To heal the deepest woe,
And those who read this Book in tears,
Their tears shall cease to flow.

No. 142. WEDNESDAY EVENING.

C.M.

- 1 In mercy, Lord, remember me
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of Thy might.
- 2 With cheerful heart I close mine eyes,
Since Thou wilt not remove :
Oh, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in Thy love.
- 3 Or, if this night should prove my last,
And end my transient days,
Lord, take me to Thy promised rest,
Where I may sing Thy praise.

No. 143. ETERNAL PRAISE.

C.M.

- 1 COME, let us join our friends above,
Who have obtained the prize ;
And on the eagle wings of love
To joys celestial rise.
- 2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing,
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.
- 3 One family we dwell in Him,
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream, of death.

WESLEY.

SHIRLAND, S.M.

"He that soweth in t'vrs shall reap in joy."

STANLEY.

1. Sow in the morn thy seed: At eve hold not thy hand: To
 doubt and fear give thou no heed; Broad-cast it.. o'er the land.

No. 144. WEDNESDAY MORNING. S.M.

- 2 Thou know'st not which shall thrive,
The late or early sown;
Grace keeps the precious germ alive,
When and wherever strown.
- 3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.
- 4 Then when the glorious end,
The day of God is come,
The Angel reapers shall descend,
And heaven sing harvest home.

MONTGOMERY.

No. 145. CHRISTIAN GREETING. S.M.

- 1 AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For His redeeming grace.
- 2 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we past!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!
- 3 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by His love;
And still He doth His help afford,
And hides our life above.

WESLEY.

No. 146. WEDNESDAY EVENING. S.M.

- 1 THE day is past and gone;
The evening shades appear;
Oh! may we all remember well,
The night of death draws near.
- 2 We lay our garments by,
Upon our beds to rest;
So death shall soon disrobe us all
Of what we here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.

No. 147. JESUS WEPT. S.M.

- 1 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears
The wond'ring angels see:
Be thou astonished, O my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear:
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BEDOME.

Sr. THOMAS, S.M.

"I am the Good Shepherd."

A. WILLIAMS.

1. A - wake, and sing the song of Mo - ses and the Lamb;

Wake, ev' - ry heart and ev' - ry tongue, To praise the Sa - viour's name.

No. 148. THURSDAY MORNING.

S.M. No. 150. THURSDAY EVENING.

S.M.

- 2 Sing of His dying love ;
Sing of His rising power ;
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims, on the road
To Zion's city, sing ;
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God—
In Christ, the eternal King.
- 4 There shall each raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim ;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb.

W. HAMMOND.

- 1 THE Lord my Shepherd is,
I shall be well supplied ;
Since He is mine, and I am His,
What can I want beside ?
- 2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim ;
And guides me in His own right way,
For His most holy name. WATTS.

No. 149. THE CHURCH OF GOD.

S.M.

No. 151. I LIVE FOR THEE.

S.M.

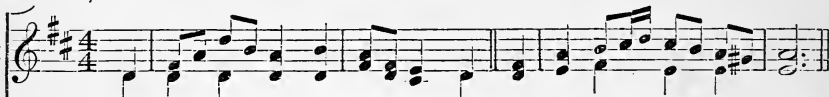
- 1 I LOVE Thy Church, O God !
Her walls before Thee stand,
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,
And graven on Thy hand.
- 2 For her my tears shall fall ;
For her my prayers ascend ;
To her my care and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.
- 3 Sure as Thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven. DWIGHT.

- 1 JESUS, I live to Thee,
Thou loveliest and best ;
My life in Thee, Thy life in me—
In Thy blest love I rest.
- 2 Jesus, I die to Thee,
Whenever death shall come ;
To die to Thee, is life to me,
In my eternal home.
- 3 Whether to live or die,
I know not which is best ;
To live to Thee is bliss to me,
To die is endless rest. H. HARBROUGH.

WARWICK, C.M.

"In prayer and supplication."

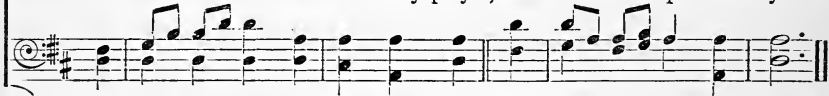
S. MARTIN.



1. Lord, in the morn-ing Thou shalt hear My voice as - cend - ing high :



To Thee will I di - rect my prayer, To Thee lift up mine eye.



No. 152. THURSDAY MORNING. C.M. No. 154. THURSDAY EVENING. C.M.

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone,
To plead for all His saints;
Presenting at the Father's throne,
Our songs and our complaints.

3 Now to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

4 Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight,
And plain before my face. WATTS.

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

'rayer is the simplest form of speech
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

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

MONTGOMERY.

No. 153. THE EARLY CALL. C.M. No. 155. EARLY CONSECRATION. C.M.

1 REMEMBER thy Creator now
In these thy youthful days,
He will accept the earliest vow,
And listen to thy praise.

2 Remember thy Creator now,
And seek Him while He's near;
For evil days will come, when thou
Shalt find no comfort near.

2 Remember thy Creator now;
His willing servant be;
Then, when thy head in death shall bow,
He will remember thee.

1 SEE, Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
With all-engaging charms;
Hark, how He calls the tender lambs,
And folds them in His arms.

2 Permit them to approach, He cries,
Nor scorn their humble name;
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
The Lord of angels came.

3 Invited by the voice Divine,
We bring them, Lord to Thee;
Joyful that we ourselves are Thine:
Thine let our offspring be. DODDRIDGE.

LABAN, S.M.

"Commit thy works unto the Lord."

DR. L. MASON.

1. Be - - gin the day with God; Kneel down to Him in prayer:
Lift . . up thy heart to His a - bode, And seek His love to share.

No. 156. FRIDAY MORNING.

S.M. No. 158.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 2 Open the Book of God,
And read a portion there;
That it may hallow all Thy thoughts,
And sweeten all thy care.
- 3 Go through the day with God,
Whate'er thy work may be;
Where'er thou art—at home, abroad,
He still is near to thee.
- 4 Conclude the day with God;
Thy sins to Him confess:
Trust in the Lord's atoning blood,
And plead His righteousness.

BENNETT.*

- 1 OUR day of praise is done;
The evening shadows fall;
But pass not from us with the sun,
True Light that lightenest all.
- 2 Around the Throne on high,
Where night can never be,
The white-robed harpers of the sky
Bring ceaseless hymns to Thee.
- 3 A little while, and then
Shall come the glorious end;
And songs of Angels and of men
In perfect praise shall blend.

No. 157. THE GLORY LAND.

S.M.

No. 159. WATCH AND FIGHT.

S.M.

- 1 FAR from these scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of joy and pure delight
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Fair land!—could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those regions know,—
Realms ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

STEELE.

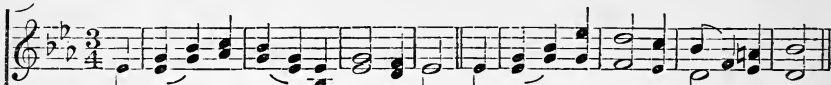
- 1 MY soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armour down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

HEATH.

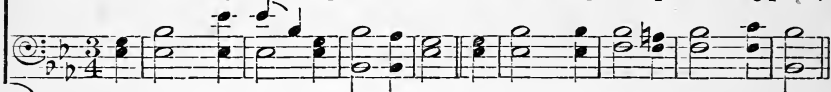
SHEPHERD, L.M.

"When I awake I am still with thee."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. New ev' - ry morn - ing is the love Our wak - ing and up - ris - ing prove,



Through sleep and dark-ness safe-ly brought, Re-stored to life, and power, and thought.



No. 160. FRIDAY MORNING

L.M. No. 162. FRIDAY EVENING.

L.M.

2 New mercies, each returning day,
 Hover around us while we pray,
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

3 The trivial round, the common task,
 Will furnish all we ought to ask,
 Room to deny ourselves; a road
 To bring us daily nearer God.

4 Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
 Fit us for perfect rest above,
 And help us this and every day,
 To live more nearly as we pray. KEBLE.

1 Glory to Thee, my God, this night,
 For all the blessings of the light.
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
 Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

2 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed:
 Teach me to die, that so I may
 Rise glorious at the judgment-day.

3 O may my soul on Thee repose,
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close;—
 Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
 To serve my God when I awake. KEN.

No. 161. CHRISTIAN UNITY.

L.M. No. 163. FULLY CONSECRATED.

L.M.

1 How blest the sacred tie that binds
 In sweet communion kindred minds;
 How sweet the heavenly course they run
 Whose joys, whose faith, whose hopes are
 one.

2 To each the soul of each how dear!
 What tender love and holy fear!
 How does the generous flame within
 Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin.

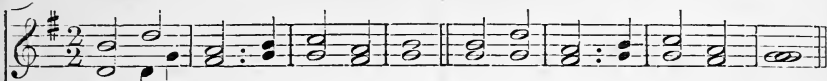
3 Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
 When dimly burns frail nature's fire;
 Then shall they meet in realms above—
 A heaven of joy—a heaven of love!

1 LORD, I am Thine, entirely Thine,
 Purchased and saved by blood divine;
 With full consent Thine I would be,
 And own Thy sov'reign right in me.

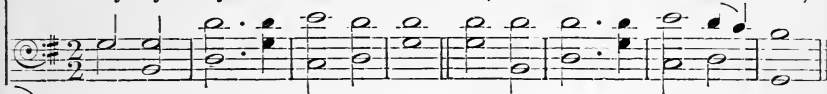
2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
 Among the children of Thy grace;
 A wretched sinner, lost to God,
 But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 But power Divine can do the deed;
 And, Lord, that power I greatly need:
 Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
 And melt and change this heart of mine.

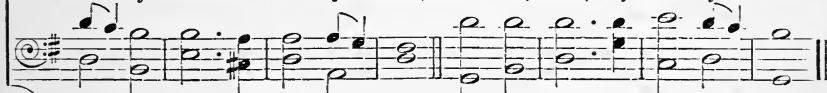
WESLEY.



1. Day by day the man-na fell: Oh, to learn this les-son well,



Still by con-stant mer-cy fed, Give me, Lord, my dai-ly bread.



No. 164. SATURDAY MORNING.

7's. No. 166. SATURDAY EVENING.

7's.

2 Day by day the promise reads,
Daily strength for daily needs:
Cast foreboding fears away,
Take the manna of to-day.

3 Thou my daily task shalt give,
Day by day to Thee I live,
So shall added years fulfil
Not my own, my Father's will.

4 Fond ambition whisper not:
Happy is my humble lot.
Anxious busy cares, away,
I'm provided for to-day.

1 SAFELY through another week,
God hath brought us on our way,
Let us now a blessing seek,
On the approaching Sabbath day.

2 Mercies multiplied each hour,
Gracious God, our praise demands;
Guarded by Thy mighty power,
Nourished by Thy bounteous hand.

3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel Thy presence near:
May Thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in Thy courts appear.

No. 165. CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP.

7's. No. 167. JESUS CALLS YOU.

7's.

1 CHRISTIAN brethren, ere we part,
Every voice and every heart
Join, and to our Father raise
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2 Though we here should meet no more,
Yet there is a brighter shore;
There, released from toil and pain,
There we all may meet again.

3 Now to Thee, thou God of heaven,
Be eternal glory given:
Grateful for Thy love divine,
May our hearts be ever Thine.

WHITE.

1 COME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make My paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary wanderer, hither come!

2 Thou who, homeless and forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.

3 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

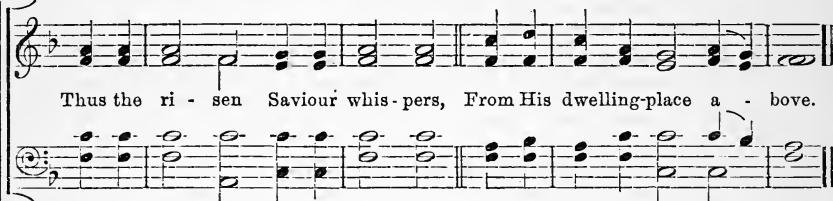
TALMAR, 8's & 7's.

"I am with you always."

I. B. WOODBURY.



1. Al-ways with us, al-ways with us, Words of cheer and words of love;



Thus the ri - sen Saviour whis - pers, From His dwelling-place a - bove.

No. 168. SATURDAY MORNING. 8's & 7's. No. 170. SATURDAY EVENING. 8's & 7's.

- 2 With us when we toil in sadness,
Sowing much and reaping none;
Telling us that in the future,
Golden harvests shall be won.
- 3 With us when the storm is sweeping
O'er our pathway, dark and drear;
Waking hope within our bosoms,
Stilling every anxious fear.
- 4 With us in the lonely valley,
When we cross the chilling stream;
Lighting up the steps to glory,
With salvation's radiant beam.

- 1 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
E'er repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing;
Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel guards from Thee surround us;
We are safe if Thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who, never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be.

EDMISTON.

No. 169. BLESS EVEN ME. 8's & 7's.

- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessings
Thou art scattering full and free;
Showers the thirsty land refreshing,
Let some droppings fall on me.
- 2 Pass me not, O God, my Father,
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather,
Let Thy mercy fall on me.
- 3 Pass me not, O gracious Saviour,
Let me live and cling to Thee:
Fain I'm longing for Thy favour:
Whilst Thou'rt calling, call for me.

No. 171. SPIRIT'S WARNING VOICE. 8's & 7's.

- 1 LISTEN to the gentle promptings
Of the Spirit's warning voice;
Will ye heed His solemn warnings?
Can ye slight His wondrous love?
- 2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price;
Come, and round the altar kneeling,
Oh, receive the offered grace.
- 3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay—the soothing peace;
Press ye, then, to realms of glory,
Run with joy the offered race.

WORDS OF PRAISE FROM THE BIBLE.

"I will praise the Lord with my whole heart: I will sing praises to thy name, O thou Most High."

"Because thy loving kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee. I will sing unto the Lord, because he hath dealt bountifully with me."

"I will declare thy name unto my brethren: in the midst of the congregation will I praise thee."

"The Lord is my strength and my song."

"He also is become my salvation; therefore with my song will I praise him."

"Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

"I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people, I will sing unto thee among the nations: for thy mercy is great unto the heavens, and thy truth unto the clouds."

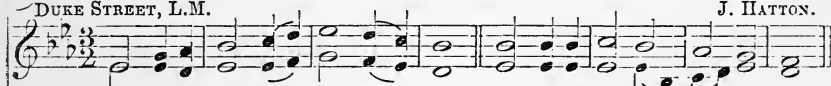
"O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together."

UNIVERSAL PRAISE.

"Praise ye the Lord, for it is good to sing praises unto our God."

DUKE STREET, L.M.

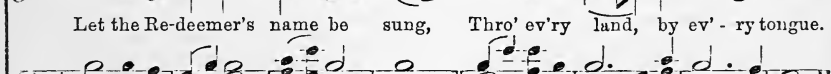
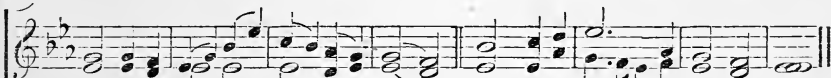
J. HATTON.



1. From all that dwell be - low the skies, Let the Cre - a - tor's praise a - rise,



Let the Re - deemer's name be sung, Thro' ev'ry land, by ev' - ry tongue.



No. 172.

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

2 In every land begin the song—
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

WATTS.

WORDS OF SONG FROM THE WORD OF GOD.

"I will praise thee, O Lord, among the people and I will sing praises unto thee among the nations."

"Now will I sing of my beloved, fairer than the children of men, the chiefest among ten thousands, Yea, he is altogether lovely."

"I will sing of the God of my salvation; neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, and hymns, and spiritual songs."

"Singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."

"And I heard a voice from heaven, as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder: and I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps."

"And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb."

"O that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men."

"Praise God with the psaltery and harp; praise him with stringed instruments and organs; let everything that hath breath praise the Lord."

PRAISE THE LORD, OUR GREAT CREATOR.

ROUSSEAU.

Fine.

1. Praise the Lord, our great Cre - a - tor, Praise His Name with cheer - ful voice;
Let our strains of mu - sic praise Him, While our glow - ing hearts re - joice.
If by hum - ble faith we seek Him, He will bless our souls to - night.



Praise Him for His bound - less mer - cy, In our song let all u - nite;



No. 173.

2 Praise the Lord, our great Redeemer,
Let the vast creation sing;
Young and old with rapture praise Him,
God, our Father, Saviour, King.

Praise the Lord, our great Creator,
May He bless us all to night,
Everything with breath adore Him;
Ocean, wave, and stars of light.

SACRED SOLOS.

TAKEN FROM "SONG MINISTRY."

SINGING FOR JESUS.

"I will sing of the God of my salvation."

Cheerful.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Sing-ing for Je - sus, sing-ing for Je - sus, Try-ing to serve Him wher - e - ver I
go; Pointing the lost to the way of sal - va - tion—This be my mis - sion, a pil - grim be -
- low. When in the strains of my coun - try I min - gle, When to ex -
- alt her my voice I would raise; 'Tis for His glo - ry, whose arm is her
re - fuge, Him would I ho - nour, His name would I praise, His name would I praise.

No. 174.

- 2 Singing for Jesus glad hymns of devotion,
Lifting the soul on her pinions of love;
Dropping a word or a thought by the wayside,
Telling of rest in the mansions above.
Music may soften where language would fail us,
Feelings long buried 'twill often restore,
Tones that were breathed from the lips of departed,
How we revere them when they are no more.
- 3 Singing for Jesus, my blessed Redeemer,
God of the pilgrims, for Thee I will sing;
When o'er the billows of time I am wafted,
Still with Thy praise shall eternity ring.
Glory to God for the prospect before me,
Soon shall my spirit transported ascend;
Singing for Jesus, O blissful employment,
Loud hallelujahs that never will end!

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

"But cleave unto the Lord your God."

Dr. H. BONAR.

Written for Mr. PHILLIPS by S. J. VAIL.

1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing I shall be soon; Be -
 - yond the wa - king and the sleep - ing, Be - yond the sow - ing and the reap - ing, I
Very slow.
 shall be soon. Love, rest, and home, Sweet, sweet home, What
 joy it will be there to meet The dear ones all at home.

No. 175.

2 Beyond the blooming and the fading
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the shining and the shading,
 Beyond the hoping and the dreading,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home,
 Sweet, sweet home,
 What bliss it will be there to meet
 The dear ones all at home.

3 Beyond the rising and the setting
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the calming and the fretting,
 Beyond rememb'ring and forgetting,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home,
 Sweet, sweet home,
 What bliss it will be there to meet
 The dear ones all at home.

4 Beyond the parting and the meeting
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
 Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home,
 Sweet, sweet home,
 What bliss it will be there to meet
 The dear ones all at home.

5 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
 I shall be soon;
 Beyond the rock waste and the river,
 Beyond the ever and the never,
 I shall be soon.
 Love, rest, and home,
 Sweet, sweet home,
 What bliss it will be there to meet
 The dear ones all at home.

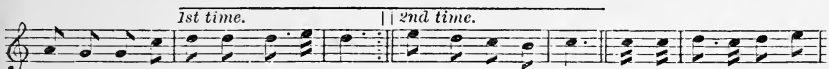
CENTENNIAL SONG.

"A nation whose God is the Lord."

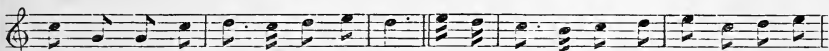
FANNY CROSBY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

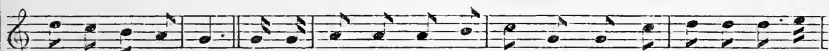
1. Let us look a-long the vis - ta of two hun - dred years or more, When our pil - grim fa - thers
 Let us trace their progress on - ward to the great and glorious day, When they stood, a mi - ht,



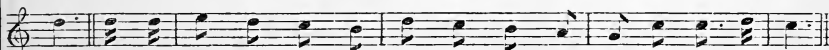
anchor'd on New England's rock-y shore;
na-tion, and re - - nounc'd Bri-tan-nia's sway; Yet they had no railroad



sta-tion, and they saw no roll-ing car Sweeping on to dis-tant cit-ies like the

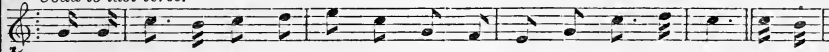


shooting of a star; Then no steamboats, in their gran-deur, cours'd our ri-vers to and



fro, For the mails were borne on horse-back in those days of long a-go.

Coda to last verse.



{ Still ad-van-cing and pro-gress-ing, what a change we now be-hold, What a
{ We can bid the lu-rid light-ning, and it an-swers to our call; But the



wondrous march of sci-ence does this might-y age un-fold! pur-est light of all.
beams of Chris-tian know-ledge shed the

No. 176.

2 Lo! our commerce wide extending, we can traffic where we will,
And our country's starry banner, see it waving proudly still;
And our steamships o'er the ocean bring us all our heart's desire,
And we talk with foreign monarchs by the telegraphic wire.
While from China and Hindostan we have workmen to employ,
We extend the hand of kindness, and we welcome them with joy;
We will tell them of the Bible, by its pure and precious word,
We will teach them how to labour in the vineyard of the Lord.

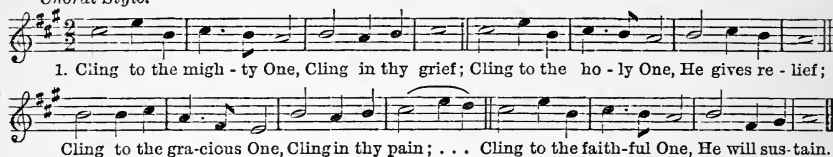
3 To our country's early history now we'll turn our eyes again,
When the people sang together in a quiet, simple strain,
In a church of humble structure, on a sloping hill that stood,
With a grave-yard close beside it, overshadowed by a wood:
Though the seed was sown in weakness, yet its great results we share,
For the blessings which surround us is in answer to their prayer.
Now with all these vast improvements, and our banner wide unfurled,
With a zeal that never falters *let us Christianize the world.*

CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

"But cleave unto the Lord your God."

Choral Style.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Cling to the mighty One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the ho-ly One, He gives re-lief;
Cling to the gra-cious One, Cling in thy pain; . . . Cling to the faith-ful One, He will sus-tain.

No. 177.

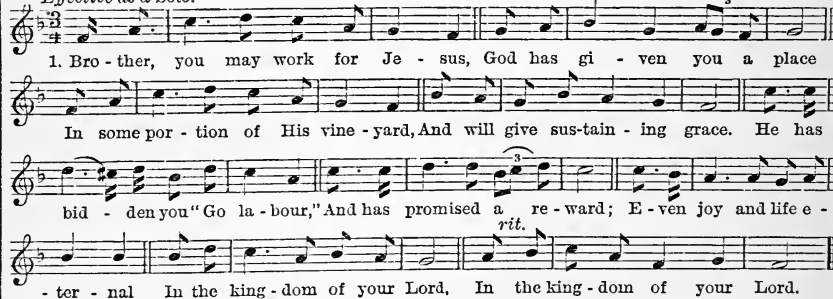
- 2 Cling to the loving One, Cling in thy woe;
Cling to the living One, Through all below;
Cling to the pardoning One, He speaketh peace;
Cling to the healing One, Anguish shall cease.
- 3 Cling to the bleeding One, Cling to His side;
Cling to the risen One, In Him abide
Cling to the coming One, Hope shall arise;
Cling to the reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

THE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

"Lift up your eyes upon the fields."

Written by T. C. O'KANE for Mr. PHILLIPS.

Effective as a Solo.



1. Bro-ther, you may work for Je-sus, God has gi-ven you a place
In some por-tion of His vine-yard, And will give sus-tain-ing grace. He has
bid-den you "Go la-bour," And has promised a re-ward; E-ven joy and life e-
-ter-nal In the king-dom of your Lord, In the king-dom of your Lord.

No. 178.

- 2 Brother, you may pray to Jesus,
In your closet and at home;
In the village, in the city,
Or wherever you may roam.
Pray that God may send the Spirit
Into some dear sinner's heart,
And that in his soul's salvation
You may bear some humble part.
- 3 Brother, you may "sing for Jesus,"
Oh, how precious is His love!
Praise Him for His boundless blessings
Ever coming from above.
- Sing how Jesus died to save you,
How your sins and guilt He bore;
How His blood hath sealed your pardon;
"Sing for Jesus" evermore.
- 4 Brother, you may live for Jesus,
Him who died that you may live;
Oh, then all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to His service give,
Thus for Jesus you may labour,
And for Jesus sing and pray;
Consecrate your life to Jesus;
Love and serve Him every day.

OUR NATIVE LAND.

"Happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Who does not love his na-tive land, The best of all on earth, Its
ru - lers who in jus-tice stand As guard - ians from our birth. Let
those who frown their coun - try down, No right or pres-tige claim, But
all in love and peace a - bound With ho - nour to its name.

CHORUS TO FIRST VERSE.

God bless our na - tive land, Firm may she e - ver stand,
Through storm and night; When the wild tem - pest rave, Ru - ler of
wind and wave, Do Thou our coun - try save By Thy great might.

CHORUS TO SECOND VERSE.

Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Doth his suc - ces - sive jour - nies run; His
king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

No. 179.

2 And while our fatherland we prize,
Its banner true we raise,
For up above the earth and skies,
God and His Christ we'll praise.
He rules the world in righteousness,
Before Him angels fall;
His name we'll praise, His cross we'll raise
High up above them all.

CLING TO THE MIGHTY ONE.

"But cleave unto the Lord your God."

Choral Style.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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No. 177.

- | | |
|--|---|
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| Cling to the living One, Through all below; | Cling to the risen One, In Him abide |
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And that in his soul's salvation
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Oh, how precious is His love!
Praise Him for His boundless blessings
Ever coming from above.

Sing how Jesus died to save you,
How your sins and guilt He bore;
How His blood hath sealed your pardon;
"Sing for Jesus" evermore.

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Him who died that you may live;
Oh, then all your ransomed powers
Cheerful to His service give,
Thus for Jesus you may labour,
And for Jesus sing and pray;
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Love and serve Him every day.

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For up above the earth and skies,
God and His Christ we'll praise.
He rules the world in righteousness,
Before Him angels fall;
His name we'll praise, His cross we'll raise
High up above them all.

DEPART FROM ME.

"Lord, Lord, open unto us."

Music by Miss M. LINDSAY.

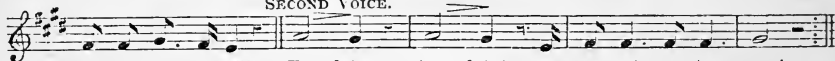
No. 180.

SOLO OR CHORUS.



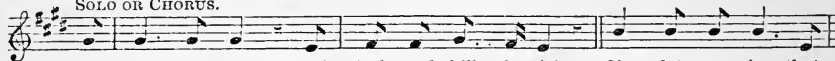
1. Late, late, so late! and dark the night, and chill! Late, late, so late! But
 2. No light had we; for that we do re- pent, And, learn- ing this, The

SECOND VOICE.

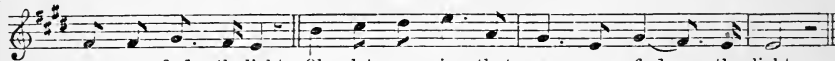


we can en- ter still. Too late, too late! ye can-not en- ter now!
 Bridegroom will re- lent.

SOLO OR CHORUS.



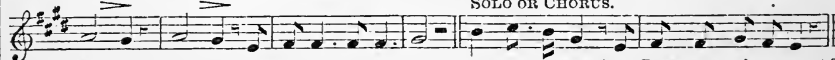
3. No light! so late! and dark and chill the night; Oh, let us in, that



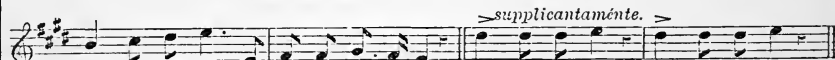
we may find the light, Oh, let us in, that we may find.. the light.

SECOND VOICE.

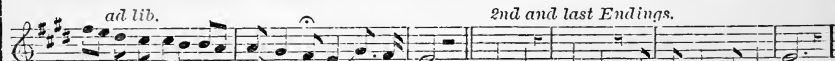
SOLO OR CHORUS.



Too late, too late! ye cannot en- ter now. Have we not heard the Bridegroom is so sweet?



Oh, let us in, that we may kiss His feet! Oh, let us in, Oh, let us in,



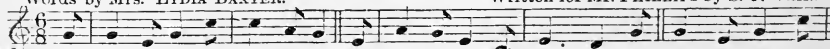
Oh, let us in, tho' late, to kiss His feet! No! no! too late! ye cannot en- ter now.
 Too late! too late! ye cannot en- ter now.

THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

"To him that knocketh it shall be opened."

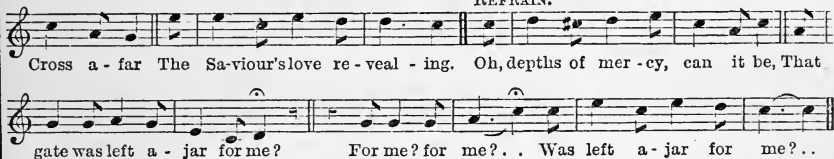
Words by Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

Written for Mr. PHILLIPS by S. J. VAIL.



1. There is a gate that stands a- jar, And thro' its por- tals gleam - ing, A ra- diance from the

REFRAIN.



No. 181.

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;
The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.
Refrain—Oh, depths, &c.

3 Press onward, then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open,
Accept the Cross, and win the Crown,
Love's everlasting token.
Refrain—Oh, depths, &c.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The Cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.
Refrain—Oh, depths, &c.

THE DYING CHILD.

"It is well with the child."

Slow, with great expression.

L. V. H. CROSBY.



No. 182.

2 She'll know me, when I come, mother,
She'll take me by the hand;
We'll always be together there,
In yonder peaceful land.
And, mother, we shall wear bright crowns,
We'll be with Jesus too;
And then, before God's golden throne
We'll stand and wait for you.

3 I like to feel your hand, mother,
So soft upon my brow;
I always loved its gentle touch,
'Tis dearer to me now.

O mother, do not weep for me,
I'm not afraid to die;
Your lip is trembling, and I see
The tears are in your eye.

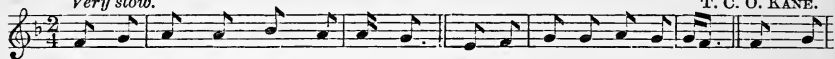
4 Lean closer down your ear, mother
My voice is growing weak;
You're weeping yet, I felt a tear
Just fall upon my cheek.
My eyes grow dim and, oh! I hear
Sweet music from the sky
It is for me, I'm going now;—
Mother, dear mother, Good-bye.

THE CRADLE BED SONG.

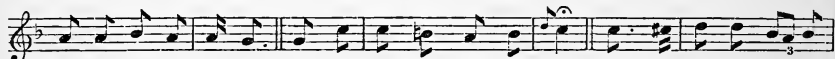
"Train up a child in the way he should go."

Very slow.

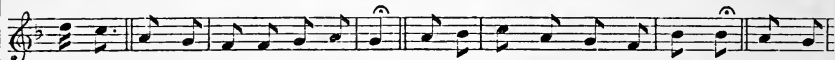
T. C. O. KANE.



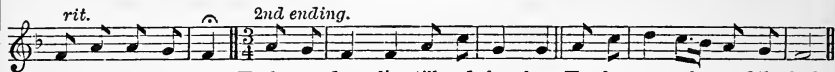
1. As I wan - der'd round the homestead, Many a dear fa - mil - iar spot, Brought with-



- in my re - col - lection, Scenes I'd seem - ing - ly for - got: There the or - chard - meadow



yon - der; Here the deep, old-fashioned well, With its old moss - co - ver'd buck - et, Sent a



thrill no tongue can tell. Hush, my dear, lie still and slum - ber, Ho - ly an - gels guard thy bed.

No. 183.

2 Though the house was held by strangers,

All remained the same within,

Just as when a child I rambled

Up and down, and out and in.

To the garret dark ascending

(Once a source of childish dread),

Peering through the misty cobwebs,

Lo! I saw my cradle-bed.

3 Quick I drew it from the rubbish,

Cover'd o'er with dust so long;

When, behold, I heard in fancy

Strains of one familiar song,

Often sung by my dear mother,

To me in that cradle-bed.

* 'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber

Holy angels guard thy bed."

4 While I listen to the music

Stealing on in gentle strain,

I am carried back to childhood—

I am now a child again;

'Tis the hour for my retiring,

At the dusky eventide;

Near my cradle-bed I'm kneeling,

As in yore, by mother's side.

5 Hands are on my head so loving,

As they were in childhood's days;

I, with weary tones, am trying

To repeat the words she says.

'Tis a prayer in language simple

As a mother's lips can frame;

* "Father, Thou who art in heaven,

Hallow'd ever be Thy name."

6 Prayer is over—to my pillow

With a good-night kiss I creep,

Scarcely waking while I whisper

"Now I lay me down to sleep."

Then my mother o'er me bending,

Prays in earnest words, but mild:

* "Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father,

Bless, oh, bless, my precious child."

7 Yet I am but only dreaming,

Ne'er I'll be a child again,

Many years has that dear mother

In the quiet graveyard lain.

But her blessed angel-spirit

Daily hovers o'er my head,

Calling me from earth to heaven,

Even from my cradle-bed.

* Use the 2nd ending for these two lines.

KEEP ME FROM SINKING DOWN.

"Out of the depths have I cried unto Thee, O Lord."

Arranged by PHILIP PHILLIPS, from Freedman's Melody.

1. O . . . Lord, my Lord, O . . . my good Lord, Keep me from sink - ing
down. When foes op - press on ev - 'ry hand, Keep me from sink - ing
down; While wand'ring thro' this wea - ry land, Keep me from sink - ing down.

No. 184.

2 O Lord, my Lord, O my good Lord,
Keep me from sinking down.
When Satan hurls his fiery darts,
Keep me from sinking down;
Oh, never let Thy help depart,
Keep me from sinking down.

3 O Lord, my Lord, O my good Lord,
Keep me from sinking down.
All thro' my life be Thou my stay,
Keep me from sinking down;
Remove my sins far, far away,
Keep me from sinking down.

4 O Lord, my Lord, O my good Lord,
Keep me from sinking down.
And when the strife with me is o'er,
Keep me from sinking down;
O land me safe on Canaan's shore,
Keep me from sinking down.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

"In the daytime also He led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire."

W. H. MONK.

1. Lead, kind - ly Light, a - mid the en - circ - ling gloom, Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on. . . Keep Thou my
feet; I do not ask to . . . see The distant scene; one step e - nough for me . . .

No. 185.

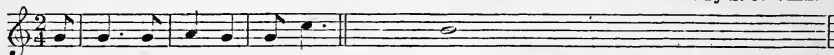
2 I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Should'st lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

3 So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone.
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

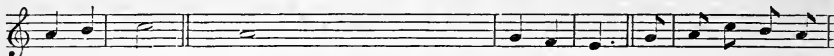
FATHER, TAKE MY HAND.

"Commit thy way unto the Lord."

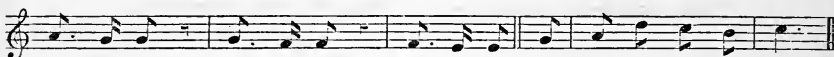
Written for Mr. PHILLIPS by S. J. VAIL.



1. The way is dark, my Fa-ther! { cloud upon cloud is gathering thickly o'er my head, and
loud The thunders



roar a - bove me, { Yet see, I stand like one bewildered! } take my hand, And thro' the gloom lead
Father, }



safe - ly home, safe - ly home, safe - ly home, Lead safe - ly home Thy child.

No. 186.

2 The day declines, my Father! || and the night
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight
Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears of a spectral band
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,

And from the night lead up to light,
Up to light, up to light,
Lead up to light Thy child.

4 The path is rough, my Father || Many a thorn
Has pierced me; and my feet, all torn [mand
And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy com-
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand

Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,
Lead to rest, lead to rest,
O lead to rest Thy child.

3 The way is long, my Father! || and my soul
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ||
While yet I journey through this weary land,
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | [hand,
And in the way to endless day, [hand,
Endless day, endless day,
Lead safely on Thy child.

5 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have borne
It long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my worn
And fainting spirit rise to that bright land
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my |
hand;

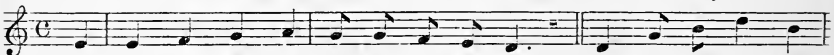
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,
To the crown, to the crown,
Lead to the crown Thy child.

I WILL TAKE THY HAND, MY CHILD.

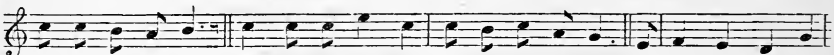
"In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

Rev. L. P. CRAUFORD.

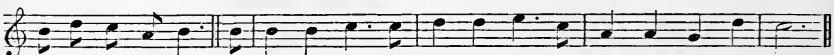
Written for Mr. PHILLIPS by S. J. VAIL.



1. The way is dark, my child, but leads to light; I would not al - ways



have thee walk by sight; My deal-ings now thou canst not un - derstand; I mean it so, but



I will take thy hand, And thro' the gloom Lead safe - ly home, Lead safe - ly home my child.

No. 187.

2 The day goes fast, my child, but is the night
Darker to me than day? In me is light;
Keep close to me, and every spectral band
Of fears shall vanish; I will take thy hand,
And through-the night Lead up to light, my
child.

3 The way is long, my child, but it shall be
Not one step longer than is best for thee;
And thou shalt know at last, when thou shalt
Safe at the goal, how I did take thy hand, [stand
And lead thee straight To heaven's gate, my
child.

4 The path is rough, my child, but, oh! how sweet
Will be the rest for weary pilgrims' feet,
When thou shalt reach the borders of that land
To which I lead thee, as I take thy hand,
And safe and blest With me shall rest, my
child.

6 The cross is heavy, child, yet there was One
Who bore a heavier cross for thee—my Son,
My well-beloved. For Him bear thine, and stand
With Him at last; and from thy Father's hand,
Thy cross laid down, Receive thy crown, my
child.

I AM WAITING FOR THEE.

"There angels do always behold the face of My Father which is in heaven."

Arranged from Air by Mr. MARTIN.

1. I re-mem-ber a voice which once guid-ed my way, When toss'd on the
sea fog-en-shroud-ed I lay; 'Twas the voice of a child as he stood on the
shore, It sound-ed like mu-sic o'er the dark bil-lows' roar. "Come this way, my
fa-ther; steer straight for me; Here, safe on the shore, I am wait-ing for thee."

2ND VOICE.

No. 188.

2 I remember that voice, as it led our lone way,
'Midst rocks and through breakers and high-dashing spray:
How sweet to my heart did it sound from the shore,
As it echoed so clearly o'er the dark billows' roar:
2nd Voice.—"Come this way, my father; steer straight for me;
Here, safe on the shore, I am waiting for thee."

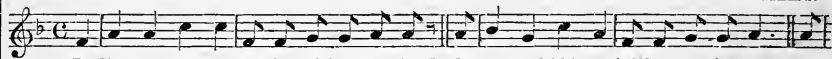
3 That voice is now hushed, which then guided my way;
The form I then pressed is now mingling with clay;
But the tones of my child still sound in my ear,
2nd Voice.—"I am calling you, father, oh! can you not hear
The voice of your darling, as you toss on life's sea?
For on a bright shore I am waiting for thee."

4 I remember that voice in many a lone hour;
It speaks to my heart in fresh beauty and power,
And still echoes far out o'er life's troubled wave,
And sounds from the loved lips that lie in the grave
2nd Voice.—"Come this way, my father; oh! steer straight for me!
Here, safely in heaven, I am waiting for thee."

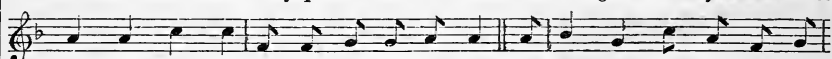
GOD KNOWS IT ALL.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

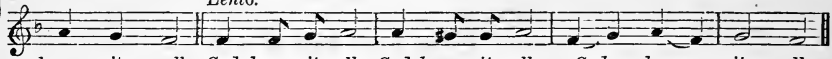


1. In dim re-ces-ses of thy spirit's chamber Is there some hidden grief thou may'st not tell? Let



not thy heart for-sake thee, but re-mem-ber His pity-ing eye who sees and

Lento.



knows it well. *God knows it all, God knows it all, God knows it all.*

No. 189.

2

Art thou oppressed, and poor, and heavy-hearted,
The heavens above thee in thick clouds arrayed,
And well-nigh crushed, no earthly strength im-
parted,

No friendly voice to say "Be not afraid?"

God knows it all!

Dost thou look back upon a life of sinning?

Forward, and tremble for thy future lot;

There's One who sees the end from the beginning;
The penitential tear is unforget.

God knows it all!

3

Art thou a mourner, are thy tear-drops flowing

For one so early lost to earth and thee—

The depth of grief, no human spirit knowing,

Which mourns in secret, like the moaning sea?

God knows it all!

Then go to God, put out your heart before Him;

There is no grief your Father cannot feel;

And let your grateful songs of praise adore Him;

To save, forgive, and every wound to heal.

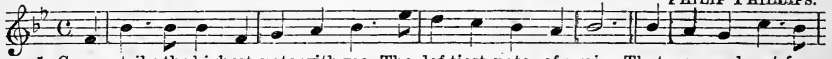
God knows it all

5

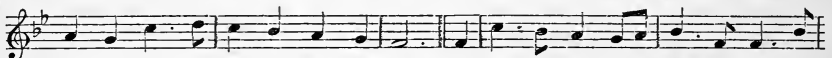
THE LOFTIEST NOTE OF PRAISE.

"There is no other Name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Come, strike the highest note with me, The lof-tiest note of praise That e-ver burst from



mor-tal tongue, Or an-gel harp can raise: 'Tis Je-sus, Je-sus, Lamb of God. That



high-est note shall be; . . . Oh, hal-le-lu-jah to His name, He gave His life to me!

No. 190.

2 Come, strike the highest note again,

'Tis Jesus, Jesus still;

No other Name with such delight

The longing heart can fill.

Yes, I will glory in His cross,

And there by faith I'll cling,

When I forget His wondrous love,

Then let me cease to sing.

3 That highest note, my Saviour dear,

I'll strike with every breath;

I'll shout the triumphs of His grace,

Along the vale of death.

Then in that glorious land of song,

When crowns of joy are given,

I'll sing in tender, sweeter strains,

That highest note in heaven.

REMEMBERED BY WHAT I HAVE DONE.

"Let not thy hands be slack."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Up and a - way like the dew of the morn - ing, Soar - ing from
earth to its home in the sun, Thus would I pass from the
earth and its toil - ing, On - ly re - mem - ber'd by what I have done.

191

- 2 Shall I be missed if another succeed me,
Reaping the fields I in spring-time have sown?
No, for the sower may pass from his labour,
Only remembered by what he has done.
- 3 Only the truth that in life I have spoken,
Only the seed that on earth I have sown;
These shall pass onward when I am forgotten,
Fruits of the harvest and what I have done.
- 4 Oh, when the Saviour shall make up His jewels,
When the bright crowns of rejoicing are won,
Then will His faithful and weary disciples
All be remembered for what they have done.

RENOUNCE THE CUP.

"Nor thieves, nor drunkards, shall inherit the kingdom of God."

Arranged by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

RECITATIVE.

1. A drunk - ard reach'd his cheer - less home, The storm with - out was
dark and wild; He forc'd his weep - ing wife to roam, A
wan-d'r'er, friend-less, with her child; As through the fall - ing snow she press'd, The
babe was sleep - ing on her breast, The babe was sleep - ing on her breast.

192

- 2 And colder still the winds did blow,
And darker hours of night came on,
And deeper grew the drifted snow,
Her limbs were chilled, her strength was gone.
O God! she cried, in accents wild,
If I must perish, save my child.
- 3 She stripped the mantle from her breast,
And bared her bosom to the storm,
As round the child she wrapped the vest,
She smiled to think that it was warm.
With one cold kiss, a tear of grief,
The broken-hearted found relief.
- 4 At morn her cruel husband passed,
And saw her on her snowy bed,
Her tearful eyes were closed at last,
Her cheek was pale, her spirit fled.
He raised the mantle from the child,
The babe looked up and sweetly smiled.
- 5 Shall this sad warning plead in vain?
Poor thoughtless one, it speaks to you;
Now break the tempter's cruel chain,
No more your dreadful way pursue:
Renounce the cup, to Jesus fly—
Immortal soul, why will you die?

SACRED SONG AND CHORUS.

"Both young men and maidens, old men and children, let them praise the Name of the Lord."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Since God, in whom we live and move, By sov'-reign right de-mands our love,
Oh, let our Sab-bath wor - ship rise Like in - cense waft - ed to the skies.

193

2 In social circles, when we meet
Around the Christian's mercy-seat,
Oh, then, with feelings deep and strong,
We join as one the choral song.

3 From happy children, when they meet
In Sabbath school, their dear retreat,
May congregations learn to raise
In tones like these their grateful praise.

CHORUS TO FIRST VERSE.—"Oh, help me sing for Jesus."—(PHILLIPS.)

Oh, help me sing for Je - sus, Help me tell the sto - ry
Of Him who did re - deem us, The Lord of life and glo - ry.

CHORUS TO SECOND VERSE.—"Sweet hour of prayer."—(BRADBURY.) *1st time.* || *2nd time.*

Sweet hour of pray'r! sweet hour of pray'r! That calls me from a world of care:
And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make all my wants and wish - es known.

CHORUS TO THIRD VERSE.—"Yes, we'll gather at the river."—(LOWRY.)

Yes, we'll ga-ther at the ri - ver, The beau - ti - ful, the beau - ti - ful ri - ver;
Ga - ther with the saints at the ri - ver That flows by the throne of God.

SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

"To him that soweth righteousness shall be a sure reward."

Mrs. A. SMITH.

Written for Mr. PHILLIPS by S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us ga - ther up the sun-beams Ly - ing all a - round our path; Let us
keep the wheat and ro - ses, Cast - ing out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest

com-*fort* In the bless-ings of to - day, With a pa-tient hand re - mov-ing All the
 CHORUS.
 bri-ars from the way. Then scat-ter seeds of kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of
 kindness, Then scat-ter seeds of kind-ness, For our reap-ing by - and - by.

- 194
 2 Strange, we never prize the music
 Till the sweet voiced bird has flown!
 Strange, that we should slight the violets
 Till the lovely flowers are gone!
 Strange, that summer skies and sunshine
 Never seem one half so fair,
 As when winter's snowy pinions
 Shake the white down in the air.—*Chorus.*
- 3 If we knew the baby fingers,
 Pressed against the window pane,
 Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—
 Never trouble us again—

- Would the bright eyes of our darling
 Catch the frown upon our brow?
 Would the print of rosy fingers
 Vex us then as they do now?—*Chorus.*
- 4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,
 How they point our memories back
 To the hasty words and actions
 Strewn along our backward track!
 How those little hands remind us,
 As in snowy grace they lie,
 Not to scatter thorns—but roses—
 For our reaping by-and-by!—*Chorus.*

SIGNS OF THE TIMES.

"Ye can discern the face of the sky, can ye not discern the signs of the times?"

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Moderato.

1. Let the na-tions a - wake to the signs of the times, A voice that is migh - ty and strong,
 Like the thun - der of wa - ters, pro-claim to the world, Je - ho - vah is marching a - long.
 CHORUS.
 Then wake, let us stand with our face to the right, And tread 'neath our feet ev' - ry wrong;
 The king - doms of dark-ness are trembling with fear, Je - ho - vah is march-ing a - long.

- 195
 2 Men of business, awake to the signs of the times;
 Be true, and to others be just; [belongs,
 Give your wealth to the Lord, for to Him it
 He lent it to you as a trust.
Chorus.—Then wake, let us stand, &c.
- 3 Let the women awake to the signs of the times;
 God calls you—the cross nobly bear;
 You can light up the heart with the pages of life,
 And triumph with God through your prayer.
Chorus.—Then wake, let us stand, &c.
- 4 Let the young men awake to the signs of the
 God calls you, because ye are strong; [times;
 You can work in the vineyard, with ardour and
 For Him who is marching along. [zeal,
Chorus.—Then wake, let us stand, &c.
- 5 Careless sinner, awake to the signs of the times;
 Give Jesus your heart while you may;
 O be washed in His blood—He will make you His
 And take your transgressions away. [child,
Chorus.—Then wake, let us stand, &c.

I'LL TELL THEM TO BE TRUE.

"And I beheld, and heard an angel flying through the midst of heaven."

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. If I were a voice—a per - sua - sive voice, That could tra - vel the wide world through, I would fly on the beams of the morn - ing light, And speak to men with a gen - tle might, And tell them to be true. I would fly, I would fly o - ver land and sea, Wher - e - ver a hu - man heart might be, Tell - ing a tale, or

CHORUS.

sing - ing a song, In praise of the right, in blame of the wrong. I would fly, . . .

ad lib.

I would fly, I would fly, . . . I would fly, I would fly o - ver land and sea.

No. 196.

- 2 If I were a voice—a consoling voice,
I'd fly on the wings of the air;
The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,
And calm and truthful words I'd speak,
To save them from despair.
I would fly, I would fly o'er the crowded town,
And drop like the happy sunlight, down
Into the hearts of suffering men,
And teach them to look up again.
I would fly, I would fly, &c.
I would fly o'er the crowded town.
- 3 If I were a voice—a convincing voice,
I'd travel with the wind;
And where'er I saw the nations torn
By warfare, jealousy, spite, or scorn,
Or hatred of their kind—

I would fly, I would fly on the thunder crash,
And into their blinded bosoms flash.
Then, with their evil thoughts subdued,
I'd teach them Christian brotherhood.

I would fly, I would fly, &c.
I would fly on the thunder crash.

- 4 If I were a voice—an immortal voice,
I would fly the earth around;
And wherever man to his idols bowed,
I'd publish, in notes both long and loud,
The Gospel's joyful sound.
I would fly, I would fly on the wings of day,
Proclaiming peace on my world-wide way,
Bidding the saddened earth rejoice,
If I were a voice—an immortal voice.
I would fly, I would fly, &c.
I would fly on the wings of day.

LEANING ON THEE.

From *English Sacred Songster*. J. H. MILLER.

1. Lean - ing on Thee, my Guide, my Friend, My gra - cious Sa - viour, I am blest;
rall.

Though wea - ry, Thou dost con - de - scend To be . . my rest, To be . . my rest.

No. 197.

2 Leaning on Thee, my soul retires,
From earthly thoughts and earthly things;
On Thee concentrates her desires,
To Thee she clings.

3 Leaning on Thee, with childlike faith,
To Thee the future I confide;
Each step of life's unrodden path
Thy love shall guide.

4 Leaning on Thee, though faint and weak
Too weak another voice to hear,
Thy heavenly accents comfort speak—
"Be of good cheer."

5 Leaning on Thee, no fears alarm,
Calmly I stand on death's dark brink;
I feel the everlasting arm,
I cannot sink.

LET US TRY TO MAKE LIFE PLEASANT.

"Let every one of us please his neighbour for his good to edification."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.
cres.

Con spirito. *mf* *fz*

1. Let us try to make life pleasant, While the hours are steal-ing by; We can
deces. *mf*
throw a flood of sun-light O'er a dark and cloud-ed sky; And where
cres. *fz*
cru-el thorns are grow-ing, We can scat-ter smiles and flow'rs, If we
f *rall.* CHORUS.
try to make life plea-sant, And im-prove its gold-en hours. Let us
mf
try! Let us try! Let us try to make life plea-sant! 'Tis but
cres. *fz* *rall.*
fleet-ing at the best; And while do-ing good to oth-ers, We our-selves of God are bless'd.

No. 198.

2 Let us try to make life pleasant,
While the days go swiftly past;
And our genial hearts o'erflowing,
Make them happy while they last.
Let our words of Christian kindness
Like the summer dew-drops fall;
Give our hands to works of mercy,
And our loving hearts to all!—*Chorus.*

3 Let us try to make life pleasant
Through the weeks and months that glide,
Like an eagle on its pinions,
Or a vessel o'er the tide.

Though the harp-strings may be silent,
We can wake its gentle strain;
Though its tones may be discordant,
We can make them sweet again.—*Chorus.*

4 Let us try to make life pleasant
While the years roll on apace;
Every worker for the Master,
Has a welcome and a place.
Let us try to make life pleasant,
And be loving, warm, and true;
Make the world around us better
For the good that we can do.—*Chorus.*

PILGRIM ON THE ROAD.

"For we seek a city which hath foundation."

Rev. H. T. M'COOK.

J. M. NORTH.

1. I'm a pil-grim, pil-grim on the road, Hap-py pil-grim on the road. To the ci-ty of our God; I have left the way of sin That I had long wander'd in, And I'm pressing t'ward the land, the land of glo-ry. . On, on, on! I'm trav'ling on! On to glo-ry! on to glo-ry! I have left the way of sin That I long have wan-der'd in, And I'm trav'ling to the land, the land of glo-ry.

No. 199.

2 I was burden'd, burden'd with a load,
 Heavy burden'd with a load,
 When I started on the road;
 'Twas the sin that I had done;
 My own hand had laid it on,
 Ere I started for the land, the land of glory.

3 I was weary, weary of the load,
 Very weary of the load,
 As I totter'd o'er the road;
 But the Saviour took the pack
 From the little pilgrim's back, [glory.
 And I'm travelling on with lightsome heart to

NO NIGHT SHALL BE IN HEAVEN.

"And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. No night shall be in heaven! no gath'ring gloom Shall o'er that glorious landscape e-ver come; No {tears shall fall in sadness} on those flowers That breathe their fragrance thro' ce-
 REFRAIN.
 -les-tial bowers, No night shall be in heaven, The Lamb of God shall be its light.

No. 200.

2 No night shall be in heaven—but endless noon—
 No fast declining sun, no waning moon;
 But there the Lamb shall yield perpetual light
 'Mid pastures green and waters ever bright.

3 No night shall be in heaven, no darkened room,
 No bed of death nor silence of the tomb;

But breezes ever fresh with love and truth
 Shall brace the frame with an immortal youth.

4 No night shall be in heaven; oh, had I faith
 To rest in what the faithful Witness saith,
 That faith shall make these hideous phantoms
 And leave no night henceforth on earth to me.

WAKES TO SLEEP NO MORE AGAIN.

"It is well with the child."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. My wife had left her home to seek The glow, I worshipped, on her cheek ;
 Yet with her stay my sky had paled, A let - ter ev' - ry day I mailed ;
 And oft - en said, in cheer - ful vein, "The ba - by slept all night a - gain."

No. 201.

2 All hallowed by her tears and prayers,
 She left the babe—it lessened cares ;
 And when he calmly slept, I knew
 My dove would slumber sweetly too ;
 And so I wrote her now and then,
 "The baby slept all night again."

3 One morn he languished at my side,
 Death-sick, and with the day he died ;
 I kept my sorrows, tears, my will,
 That she I loved be happy still ;
 So wrote I in my wonted strain,
 "The baby slept all night again."

4 But when, in turn, she fondly wrote
 Her pet names using in her note,
 With artless talk about the bed
 Of him who slept so cold and dead ;
 I sat the bitter truth to pen,
 "He sleeps to wake no more again."

5 When sobbing on my breast she lay,
 And sobbed her precious bloom away,
 And grief met grief, while of the dead
 We thought, within his narrow bed,
 I said, and saw it eased her pain,
 "He wakes to sleep no more again."

SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."

PHOEBE CAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweet - ly so - lemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er ; . . . I'm
 CHORUS.
 near - er home to - day, to - day, Than I . . have been be - fore. Near - er my home,
 Near - er my home. Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I . . have been be - fore.

No. 202.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
 Where many mansions be ;
 Nearer the great white throne to-day,
 Nearer the crystal sea.
 Chorus.—Nearer my home, &c.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
 Where burdens are laid down ;

Nearer to leave the cross to-day,
 And nearer to the crown.
 Chorus.—Nearer my home, &c.

4 Be near me when my feet
 Are slipping o'er the brink ;
 For I am nearer home to-day,
 Perhaps, than now I think.
 Chorus.—Nearer my home, &c.

WE SHALL MEET AND REST.

Rev. Dr. H. BONAR.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Where the fa - ded flow'r shall fresh - en— Fresh - en ne - ver more to fade; Where the
sha - ded sky shall brighten—Brighten ne - ver - more to shade; Where the sun - blaze nev - er
scorch - es; Where the star - beams cease to chill; Where no tem - pest stirs the ec - hoes
Of the wood, or wave, or hill; Where the morn shall wake in glad - ness, And the
noon the joy pro - long; Where the day - light dies in fragrance, 'Mid the burst of ho - ly song :

REFRAIN.

Bro - ther, we shall meet and rest 'Mid the ho - ly and the blest.

No. 203.

2 Where no shadow shall bewilder,
Where life's vain parade is o'er,
Where the sleep of sin is broken,
And the dreamer dreams no more;
Where the bond is never sever'd—
Partings, claspings, sob and moan—
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
Heavy noontide—all are done;
Where the child has found its mother,
Where the mother finds the child,
Where dear families are gathered
That were scattered on the wild.
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

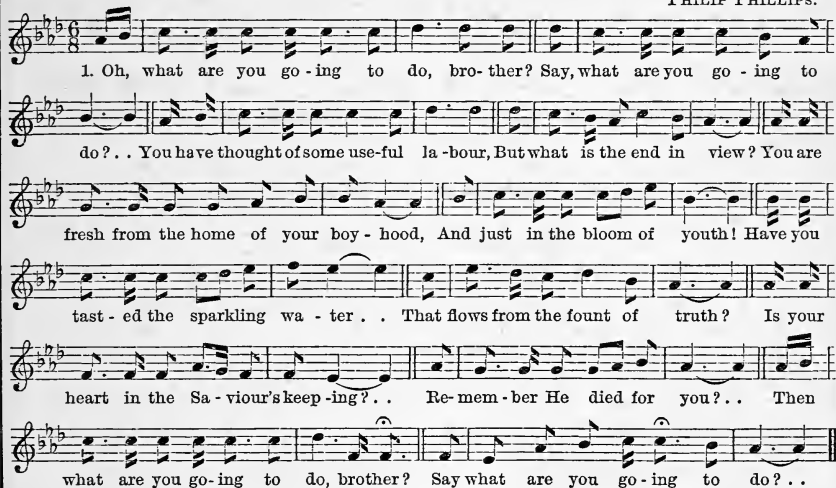
3 Where the hidden wound is healed,
Where the blighted life reblooms,
Where the smitten heart the freshness
Of its buoyant youth resumes;
Where the love that here we lavish
On the withering leaves of time,
Shall have fadeless flowers to fix on
In an ever spring-bright clime;
Where we find the joy of loving
As we never lov'd before—
Loving on, unchill'd, unhinder'd—
Loving once and evermore:
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest

4 Where a blasted world shall brighten
Underneath a bluer sphere,
And a softer, gentler sunshine
Sheds its healing splendour here:
Where earth's barren vales shall blossom
Putting on their robes of green,
And a purer, fairer Eden
Be where only wastes have been;
Where a King in kingly glory,
Such as earth has never known,
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,
Claim and wear the holy crown.
Brother, we shall meet and rest
'Mid the holy and the blest!

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, BROTHER?

"Say not ye, there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest?"

PHILIP PHILLIPS.



1. Oh, what are you go-ing to do, bro-ther? Say, what are you go-ing to do? . . You have thought of some use-ful la-bour, But what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your boy- hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you tast-ed the spark-ling wa-ter . . That flows from the fount of truth? Is your heart in the Sa-viour's keep-ing? . . Re-mem-ber He died for you? . . Then what are you go-ing to do, brother? Say what are you go-ing to do? . .

No. 204.

2 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

The morning of youth is past,
The vigour and strength of manhood
My brother, are yours at last;
You are rising in worldly prospects,
And prospered in worldly things,
A duty to those less favoured,
The smile of your fortune brings.

Chorus.—Go, prove that your heart is grateful—
The Lord has a work for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

3 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

Your sun at its noon is high,
It shines in meridian splendour,
And rides through a cloudless sky;
You are holding a high position,
Of honour, of trust, and fame,
Are you willing to give the glory
And praise to your Saviour's name?

Chorus.—The regions that sit in darkness
Are stretching their hands to you;
Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

4 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

The tempter is near at hand;
Look not on the wine that sparkles—
Remember the great command.
Go not to the midnight revel,
Nor join in the careless song,
Beware of the wine that sparkles,
'Twill lead thee to ruin and wrong.

Chorus.—The eyes of the angels in pity
Are mournfully turning to you
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

5 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?

The twilight approaches now—
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow.
Your talents, your time, your riches
To Jesus, your Master, give;
Then ask if the world around you
Is better because you live.

Chorus.—You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
But still there is work for you;
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

"For I know that my Redeemer liveth."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Slow and full.

1. I know that my Re - deem - er lives, What joy the blest as - sur - ance gives!
He lives, He lives, who once was dead; He lives, my e - ver - last - ing Head!

No. 205.

2 He lives, to bless me with His love;
He lives, to plead for me above;
He lives, my hungry soul to feed;
He lives, to help in time of need.

3 He lives, and grants me daily breath;
He lives, and I shall conquer death;
He lives, my mansion to prepare;
He lives, to bring me safely there.

4 He lives, all glory to His Name;
He lives, my Saviour, still the same;
What joy the blest assurance gives—
I know that my Redeemer lives.

NOT ALMOST, BUT ALTOGETHER PERSUADED.

"I would to God, that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day were both almost and altogether (persuaded)."

Words and Music by PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Slow and expressive.

1. Al - to - ge - ther per - suad - ed the Sa - viour to seek; Al - to - ge - ther per -
Largo.
- suad - ed to fall at His feet. Too long have I grieved Him, no com - fort
have I; Al - to - ge - ther per - suad - ed to live, and not die.

No. 206.

2 Altogether persuaded to trust in His word;
Altogether persuaded, constrained by His love;
He bids me to come, and gain by His loss,
Altogether persuaded to bow at His cross.

3 Altogether persuaded a Christian to be;
Altogether persuaded my Saviour to see;
Almost is a failure, with death it is rife,
Altogether's the way, the truth, and the life.

NO TEARS IN HEAVEN.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."

RECITATIVE.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

I met a child, his } shiver'd with the cold; His { youthful brow was knit } eye his sorrow told. Said
feet were bare, } with care, His flashing }

I, "Poor boy, why weep-est thou?" "My pa-rents are both dead," he said, "I
Soothingly.
 have not where to lay my head; O! I am lone and friendless now." "Not friendless, child, a
up, and bid each
1st ending. | *2nd ending.* *Fine.*
 Friend on high, For you His precious blood has given; Cheer
 tear be dry,
 There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

No. 207

2 I saw a man in life's gay noon,
 Stand weeping o'er his young bride's bier;
 "And must we part," he cried, "so soon!"
 As down his cheek there rolled a tear.
 "Heart-stricken one," said I, "weep not!"
 "Weep not!" in accent wild he cried,
 "But yesterday my loved one died,
 And shall she be so soon forgot?"
 "Forgotten? no! still let her love
 Sustain thy heart, with anguish riven;
 Strive thou to meet thy bride above,
 And dry your tears, your tears in heaven."

3 I saw a gentle mother weep,
 As to her throbbing heart she pressed
 An infant, seemingly asleep
 On its kind mother's sheltering breast.
 "Fair one," said I, "pray weep no more."
 Sobbed she, "The idol of my hope

I now am called to render up;
 My babe has reached death's gloomy shore."
 "Young mother, yield no more to grief,
 Nor be by passion's tempest driven,
 But find in these sweet words relief,
 There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

4 Poor traveller o'er life's troubled wave—
 Cast down by grief, o'erwhelmed by care
 There is an arm above can save,
 Then yield not thou to fell despair.
 Look upward, mourners, look above!
 What though the thunders echo loud,
 The sun shines bright beyond the cloud.
 Then trust to thy Redeemer's love,
 Where'er thy lot in life be cast;
 Whate'er of toil or woe be given,
 Be firm; remember to the last.
 "There are no tears, no tears in heaven."

OUTSIDE THE GATE.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Enter into His gates with thanksgiving."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor way-far-ing child; With-in my heart there beat A
 tempest, loud and wild. A fear oppress'd my soul, That I might be too late; And
 oh! I trem-bled sore, And pray'd out-side the gate, And pray'd out-side the gate.

No. 208.

2 "Mercy!" I loudly cried;
 "Oh, give me rest from sin!"
 "I will," a voice replied;
 And Mercy let me in.
 She bound my bleeding wounds
 And carried all my sin;
 She eased my burdened soul,
 And Jesus let me in.

3 In Mercy's guise I knew
 The Saviour long abused;
 Who often sought my heart,
 And wept when I refused.
 Oh what a blest return
 For ignorance and sin!
 I stood outside the gate,
 And Jesus let me in.

THE PILGRIM'S MISSION.

"Let us not be weary in well-doing."

Rev. W. MORLEY PUNSHON, D.D.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1 Lis - ten! the Mas - ter be - seech - eth, Call - ing each one by his name; His
voice to each lov - ing heart reach - eth, Its cheer - ful - est ser - vice to claim.
Go where the vine - yard de - mand - eth Vine - dress - er's nur - ture and care; Or
rit.
go where the white har - vest stand - eth, The joy of the reap - er to share.

CHORUS.

Then work, bro - thers, work! let us slum - ber no lon - ger, For
God's call to la - bour grows stron - ger and stron - ger; The light of this life shall be
rit.
dark - en'd full soon, But the light of the bet - ter life rest - eth at noon.

No. 209.

2 Seek those of evil behaviour,
Bid them their lives to amend;
Go point the lost world to the Saviour,
And be to the friendless a friend.
Still be the lone heart of anguish
Soothed by the pity of thine;
By waysides, if wounded ones languish,
Go pour in the oil and the wine.
Then work, &c.

3 Work, though the enemies' laughter
Over the valleys may sweep—
For God's patient workers hereafter
Shall laugh when the enemies weep.
Ever on Jesus reliant,
Press on your chivalrous way—
The mightiest Philistine giant
His Davids are chartered to slay.
Then work, &c.

4 Work for the good that is nighest;
Dream not of greatness afar;
That glory is ever the highest
Which shines upon men as they are.
Work, though the world would defeat you
Heed not its slander and scorn;
Nor weary till angels shall greet you
With smiles through the gates of the morn.
Then work, &c.

5 Offer thy life on the altar,
In the high purpose be strong;
And if the tired spirit should falter,
Then sweeten thy labour with song.
What, if the poor heart complaineth,
Soon shall its wailings be o'er,
For there, in the rest that remaineth,
It shall grieve and be weary no more.
Then work, &c.

STILL I AM SINGING.

"He will joy over thee with singing."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Still I am sing-ing, Je-sus, of Thee: Bless-ed Re-deem-er, so pre-cious to me; . . . Toil-ing in weak-ness, try-ing to bring . . . Souls to Thy stan-dard, Je-sus, our King! Tell-ing Thy good-ness, sing-ing Thy love, . . . Plead-ing Thy mer-it and look-ing a-bove; . . . Thee will I hon-our, Thee will I praise, Chief of ten thou-sand, An-cient of days!

No. 210.

2 Still am I singing, Jesus, of Thee:
Simple the tones of the music may be;
Yet may the language comfort impart,
Lifting the spirit, cheering the heart.—*Cho.*

3 Still may our chorus joyfully be,
Blessed Redeemer, Hosanna to Thee:
Grant in Thy kingdom all may unite,
Singing with rapture songs of delight.—*Cho.*

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. In some way or o-ther the Lord will pro-vide; It may not be *my* way, It may not be *thy* way; And yet in His *own* way, "The Lord will pro-vide." Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro-vide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro-vide.

No. 211.

2 At some time or other the Lord will provide;
It may not be *my* time,
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."

SWEEPING THROUGH THE GATES.

"To depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

REV. JOHN PARKER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood; I am
 watch - ing, and I'm long - ing while I wait. Soon on wings of love to fly To my
 home be - yond the sky, To my wel - come as I'm sweep - ing thro' the gates. In the
 blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd from ev' - ry stain I am. Rob'd in
 white - ness, clad in bright - ness, I am sweep - ing thro' the gates.

No 212.

2 Oh! the blessed Lord of light,
 I have lov'd Him with my might;
 Now His arms enfold, and comfort while I wait,
 I am leaning on His breast,
 Oh! the sweetness of His rest,
 And I'm thinking of my sweeping through the gate.

3 I am sweeping towards the gate,
 Where the blessed for me wait;
 Where the weary workers rest for evermore,

Where the strife of earth is done,
 And the crown of life is won,
 Oh! I'm thinking of the city while I soar.

4 Burst are all the prison bars,
 And I soar beyond the stars:
 To my Father's house, the bright and blest estate.
 Lo! the morn eternal breaks,
 And the song immortal wakes,
 Rob'd in whiteness, I'm sweeping through the gates.

No. 213.

THE BETTER LAND.

"Thy right hand, where there are pleasures for evermore."

MRS. HEMANS.

Written by S. J. VAIL for Mr. PHILLIPS.

1. I have heard thee speak of the bet - ter land; Thou call - est its chil - dren a hap - py band; Dear
 2. Is it far a - way in some re - gion old, Where ri - vers are wand'ring o'er sands of gold, Where
 teach - er, where is that ra - diant shore? Oh, may we not seek it and weep no more?
 burn - ing rays of the ru - by shine, And diamonds il - lu - mine its se - cret mine.
 Is it where the flow'r of the o - range blows. And the fire - flies glance thro' the myr - tle boughs?
 Does the pearl gleam forth from its co - ral strand? Is it there, dear teach - er, that bet - ter land?

1ST RESPONSE.

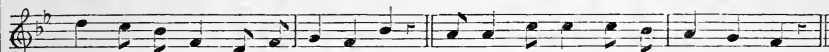


Not there, my child, no, not there, Not there, my child, not there.

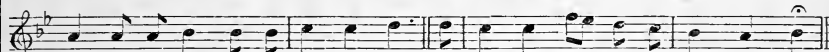
2ND RESPONSE.



Eye hath not seen it, my gen-tle child; Ear hath not heard its sweet songs so mild;

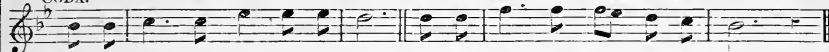


Dreams can-not pic-ture a world so fair; Sor-row and death may not en-ter there;



Time doth not breathe on its fade-less bloom; Be-yond the clouds, and be-yond the tomb,

CODA.



It is there, my child, it is there, It is there, my child, it is there.

THE MASTER IS WAITING.

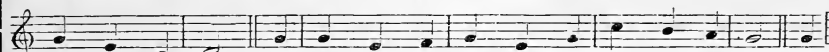
"Look on the fields, they are white already to harvest."

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMEYER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

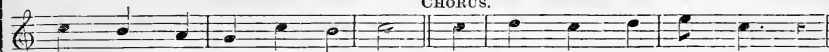


1. My sis-ter, the Mas-ter is call-ing for you, Oh, hear His sweet



voice and o-bey; "The har-vest is white but the la-b'rrers are few, Go,

CHORUS.



work in my vine-yard to-day." The Mas-ter is wait-ing,



wait-ing, wait-ing, The Mas-ter is wait-ing and call-ing for you.

No. 214.

2 He waits where His children are crying for
Where the tempted are ready to fall; (broad,
"I would not that any should perish," He said,
"I come with salvation for all."—*Cho.*

3 He waits in the homes of the poor and oppressed
To lighten the burdens they bear,
And brings to the weary and fainting ones rest—
Go quickly and meet with him there.—*Cho.*

4 My sister, the Master is waiting for you;

He calls for the reapers to-day.

There's work for each one of His children to do;

Oh! haste thee, no longer delay.—*Cho.*

THE GUIDING HAND.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord."

Mrs. SMITH.

With simplicity.

RESPONSE.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Is this the way, my Fa-ther? 'Tis, my child; { Thou must pass through this tangled, dreary wild, if thou would'st reach the

cres. *f* *p* *pp*

ci - ty un - de - filed, Thy peace - ful home a - bove, Thy peace - ful home a - bove.

No. 215.

2 But enemies are round.

Response—Yes, child, I know

That where thou least expect'st thou'lt find [a foe;

But victor shalt thou prove

O'er all below,

∴ Only seek strength above. ∴

3 My Father, it is dark.

Response—Child, take my hand;

Cling close to me, I'll lead thee through the [land;

Trust my all-seeing care,

So shalt thou stand

∴ Midst glory bright above. ∴

4 My footsteps seem to slide.

Response—Child, only raise

Thine eyes to me, then in these slippery ways

I will hold up thy goings;

And thou shalt praise

∴ Me for each step above. ∴

5 O Father, I am weary!

Response—Child, lean thine head

Upon my breast; it was my love that spread

Thy rugged path; hope on,

Till I have said—

∴ Rest, rest, for ever rest. ∴

YOUR MISSION.

"Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit: serving the Lord."

No. 216.

1 If you cannot on the ocean

Sail among the swiftest fleet,

Rocking on the highest billows,

Laughing at the storms you meet;

You can stand among the sailors,

Anchored yet within the bay;

You can lend a hand to help them

As they launch their boat away.

2 If you are too weak to journey

Up the mountain, steep and high,

You can stand within the valley

While the multitudes go by;

You can chant in happy measures

As they slowly pass along;

Though they may forget the singer,

They will not forget the song.

3 If you have not gold and silver

Ever ready to command,

If you cannot t'ward the needy

Reach an ever open hand;

You can visit the afflicted,

O'er the erring you can weep,

You can be a true disciple,

Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

4 If you cannot, in the harvest,

Gather up the richest sheaves,

Many a grain both ripe and golden

Will the careless reapers leave;

Go and glean among the briars

Growing rank against the wall,

For it may be that their shadow

Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

5 If you cannot in the conflict

Prove yourself a soldier true,

If, where fire and smoke are thickest

There's no work for you to do;

When the battle-field is silent

You can go with careful hand,

You can bear away the wounded,

You can cover up the dead.

6 Do not, then, stand idly waiting,

For some greater work to do,

Fortune is a lazy goddess,

She will never come to you.

Go and toil in any vineyard,

Do not fear to do or dare;

If you want a field of labour

You can find it anywhere.

MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

DESCRIPTIVE SONGS

FOR
CHRISTIAN ENTERTAINMENT.

WHEN, WHERE, AND HOW SHALL I DIE ?

"In such an hour as ye think not, the Son of man cometh."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. When, where, and how shall I die? In youth, or in man-hood, or when I shall stand O'er-man-tled with age, with my staff in my hand? At morn, or at midnight, or when shall it be, Thou Spi-rit of truth, dare I hear it from thee? When, where, and how shall I die? My bless-ed Redeem-er, my Saviour, my all, Pre- pare me for death Ere Thy summons shall call.

No. 217.

2 When, where, and how shall I die?
Will strangers attend me, or kindred be near,
And voices that love me fall sweet on my ear?
Or shall I alone through the valley depart,
With none to support me or comfort my heart?
When, where, and how shall I die?
Whén o'er the dark river I pass from the shore,
Go with me, dear Jesus,
I ask for no more.

3 When, where, and how shall I die?
By illness protracted, or hasty decline?
Will pain, or a tranquil departure be mine?
Will reason forsake me or conscience be clear,
Will hope or its angel of mercy be near?
When, where, and how shall I die?
Oh, grant I may pillow my head on Thy breast,
Thou Guide of the faithful,
And God of the blest.

4 When, where, and how shall I die?
Though solemn the question, the time or the place
'Twill matter but little, if God, by His grace,
Will help me to labour, to watch, and to pray,
And wait for His coming: I know not the day
When, where, and how I shall die.
One blessing I crave, 'tis the greatest of all—
Prepare me for death
Ere Thy summons shall call.

GUARD THE TONGUE.

"The tongue is a little member, and boasteth great things."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. Guard the tongue, and guard it wise - ly, Thence a world of e - vil
springs; Though it be a lit - tle mem - ber, Yet it boast - eth wondrous
things. It can whis - per words of com - fort; It can wound and cheer the
heart; It can seal the bonds of u - nion; It can break them all a - part.

CHORUS. *Largo.* *ritard.*
"Set a watch, O Lord, be - fore my mouth, And keep Thou the door of my lips."

No. 218.

2 It can cheer the sad and lonely,
Like a beam of morning light;
O'er a gentle, loving spirit,
It can throw a cruel blight.
We have need to guard it wisely,
And be careful what we say,
Lest we harm an erring brother,
Who may stumble by the way.
Set a watch, &c.

3 With the tongue we blend our voices
In the melody of song;
With the tongue we utter falsely,
And we do each other wrong.
Can a single fountain give us
Sweet and bitter waters too?
Yes! the tongue speaks good and evil,
Though it ought not so to do.
Set a watch, &c.

4 How a spark of angry feeling
It will kindle to a flame;
We can chain the savage lion,
But the tongue can no man tame.
With the tongue we bless our Father,
With the tongue His law profane,
With the tongue we praise our Maker,
And we take His Name in vain.
Coda.—For of every kind of beast, &c.

CODA to last verse.

“For of ev - 'ry kind of beasts, and of birds, and of ser - pents, and things in the
 sea, is tam'd, . . . But the tongue can no man tame . . . There - with we bless God,
 e - ven the Fa - ther; and there - with we curse men in God's i - mage made; Out of the
 same mouth bless - ings and curs - ings. My breth - ren, these things ought not so to be.”

CHORUS.

THE TONGUE.

TUNE—"GUARD THE TONGUE."

The following four beautiful verses were written for Mr. Philip Phillips, by Miss Mary E. Leslie,
 of Calcutta.

No. 219.

- 1 Hush that idle whisper, brother;
 Think the Lord is standing near,
 Listening to each word thou speakest
 Of the souls to Him so dear!
 Tell how firmly walks thy brother;
 All his brave and true deeds tell;
 Speak not of the past's dark errors,
 Tell not that he tripped and fell.
 Set a watch, &c.
- 2 Sister, heed what words thou hearest;
 Think the Lord is standing near,
 Listening to each light word uttered
 Of the souls to Him so dear!
 Speak not, hear not, what the Master
 Would not have thee hear or say;
 Tender is His tearful silence,
 When His loved ones go astray.
 Set a watch, &c.

- 3 If sin should overtake thy brother,
 Think the Lord is standing near;
 Tell *Him* all, but tell *no other*,
 For that soul to Him is dear.
 Then go to thy wandering brother,
 Speak with tears heard in thy voice
 Thou wilt win him, and the Master
 Will, with *thee*, o'er him rejoice.
 Set a watch, &c.
- 4 Loving Master, Holy Jesus,
 Thou art ever standing near;
 Fill us from Thy love's deep fulness,
 Love to all, to Thee so dear.
 Give us kind and tender feeling,
 Loving patience, ever new,
 Oneness with Thyself, O Master,
 Make us to each other true.

Coda and Chorus.

THE POWER OF TRUTH.

"Lying lips are abomination to the Lord."

No. 220.

PHILLIPS and GOUGH.

p Moderato.

The bell had ceas'd, the an - chor weigh'd, And proud-ly on her way, See
yon - der state - ly ves - sel ride, A - mid the dash - ing spray; And faint - er now the
dis - tant view Of spire and lof - ty dome, That leaves to mem - 'ry and the soul, The
last fond look of home, The last fond look of home. But
who that slen - der boy that stands With cheeks so wan and pale, Be - fore the stern re -
rall.
- lent - less mate, And tells his sim - ple tale? Be - neath that keen re - proach - ful glance, His
eye is calm and clear; "You found me in the hold," he said; "My fa - ther left me
there." " 'Tis false, 'tis false," the mate re - plied, and thrust the boy a - way, To
hear his cold and cru - el words For man - y a wea - ry day. But
truth un - daunt - ed bore the test, It would not yield to fear; The boy per - sist - ing
still de - clared, "My fa - ther left me there." - "You shall be conquer'd," cried the mate; "I'll

make you yield at last. Now tell the truth, or hear me, boy, You'll swing from yon-der

mast." He dragg'd him to the crowd-ed deck, And stood with watch in hand. "Two

minutes more; come, come, be quick," He called, with stern com-mand. He crossed the deck, then

paused to hear His help-less vic-tim say, "I told the truth, and on-ly ask One

moment, Sir, to pray, *rit.* One mo-ment, Sir, to pray." *pp* Those lift-ed hands, that

an-gel face, Ah! who unmov'd could see? "Now, dear Father, heav'n-ly Father, come and

take me home to Thee." *f primo tempo.* A-mid con-vul-sive,

pi-tying sobs, That could not be sup-press'd, The mate sprang for-ward, caught the child, And

strain'd him to his breast. "Live, live," he cried, "and may I learn From

thee, my no-ble youth, *f Animated.* To love my God, who taught thy heart The law of sa-cred

truth, To love my God, who taught thy heart The law of sa-cred truth."

THE THREE WARNINGS.

"Awake, thou that sleepest."

I. B. WOODBURY (newly arranged).

Allegretto.

1. O slum - ber - er, rouse thee, de - spise not the truth, But give . . Thy Cre -
 - a - tor the days of thy youth; Why stand - est there i - dle, the day breaketh,
Pleading.
 see, The Lord of the vine - yard is wait - ing for thee. Ho - ly Spi - rit, by Thy
 pow'r, Grant me yet a - no - ther hour; Earth - ly plea - sures I would prove, Earth - ly
ritard.
 joy and earth - ly love; Scarcely yet has dawn'd the day, Ho - ly Spi - rit, wait, I pray.

KNELL, for last verse.

Allegretto.

Hark! borne on the wind is the bell's so - lemn toll, 'Tis mourn - ful - ly peal - ing the
 knell of a soul, The spi - rit's sweet . . plead - ings and striv - ings
 are . . o'er; The Lord of the Vine - yard Stands wait - ing no more.

No. 221.

Sixth and Ninth hours.

2.

O loiterer, speed thee, the morn wears apace,
 Then squander no longer the moments of grace;
 But haste while there's time, with thy Master agree,
 The Lord of the Vineyard stands waiting for thee.

Gentle Spirit, stay, oh stay;
 Brightly beams the early day!
 Let me linger in these bowers,
 God shall have my noontide hours.
 Chide me not for my delay;
 Gentle Spirit, wait, I pray.

Eleventh and last hours.

3.

O sinner, arouse thee, the morning is past,
 Already the shadows are lengthening fast;
 Escape for thy life, from the dark mountains flee,
 The Lord of the Vineyard is waiting for thee.

Spirit, cease thy mournful lay;
 Leave me to myself, I pray.
 Earth hath flung her spell around me:
 Pleasure's silken chain hath bound me.
 When the sun his path hath trod,
 Spirit, then I'll turn to God!—*Knell.*

SELF-DECEIVED.

153

"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."

Mrs. H. E. BROWN for Mr PHILLIPS.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a 6/8 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. The score includes a chorus section and a *Largo* marking.

1. My heart is light and free; . . My step is firm and strong; I
 move a-mid the mul-ti-tude, The hap-piest of the throng. The wine is spark-ling
Largo.
 red, . . Most beau-ti-ful to see; . . They say it glit-ters to de-ceive, But
 CHORUS.
 what is that to me? . . Oh! I am safe, am safe! . . No dan-ger can I
rit.
 see; . . The wine may ru-in you, per-haps, But can-not in-jure me. . .

No. 222.

FIRST DEGREE.

My heart is light and free;
 My step is firm and strong;
 I move amid the multitude,
 The happiest of the throng.
 The wine is sparkling red,
 Most beautiful to see;
 They say it glitters to deceive,
 But what is that to me?

Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see; [me.
 The wine will ruin you, perhaps, but cannot injure

SECOND DEGREE.

I'm older than I was,
 I'm wiser now, to-day,
 Than when last year I danced and sang—
 The happiest of the gay;
 My limbs are lightly weak,
 I tremble some, you see,
 And brandy need to calm my nerves,
 But what is that to me?

Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see; [me.
 The brandy'll ruin you, perhaps, but cannot injure

THIRD DEGREE.

Carnival joys I prize,
 To drive dull care away;
 And often quit life's busy round
 To cheer the long dull day.
 My brain is over-taxed
 With grave perplexity,
 A glass of whisky builds me up,
 But what is that to me?

Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
 The whisky'll ruin you, perhaps, but cannot injure
 me.

FOURTH DEGREE.

Ah, nothing harms me now,
 All liquors tempt my thirst—
 Old ale, and gin, and rum alike
 Are good as wine at first;
 For drinking schools a man,
 Sets him from bondage free;
 I'm not fastidious in my taste,
 But what is that to me?

Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see; [me.
 Strong drink will ruin you, perhaps, but cannot injure

FIFTH DEGREE.

When I am asked to drink
 I never answer No;
 I cannot purchase it myself,
 I daily poorer grow.
 My living all is gone,
 My clothes in rags you see;
 I take whatever I can beg,
 But what is that to me?

Oh, I am safe! am safe! no danger can I see;
 The rags might frighten you, perhaps, but cannot
 [frighten me.

SIXTH DEGREE.

I'm safe! But am I safe?
 Oh! what is that I see!
 A yawning gulf before me lies,
 A drunkard's grave for me.
 For me! for me! Oh, save!
 Brave comrades, hear my call!
 Stretch out a hand to rescue me;
 I tremble! shiver! fall!

Not one, alas, is safe! but all who take the glass,
 And drink the brandy, rum, and gin, shall feel its
 sting at last.

THE MODEL CHURCH.

Set thou here in a good place: and say to the poor, Stand thou there."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Andante.

1. Well, wife, I've found the mo - del church, And wor-shipp'd there to - day; It
made me think of good old times, Be - fore my hair was grey. The
meet - ing-house was fi - ner built Than they were years a - go, But then I found, when
ritard.
I went in, It was not built for show, It was not built for show.

No. 223.

2 The sexton did not sit me down,
Away back by the door;
He knew that I was old and deaf,
And saw that I was poor.
He must have been a Christian man,
He led me boldly through
The long aisle of that crowded church,
To find a pleasant pew.

3 I wish you'd heard the singing, wife,
It had the old-time ring;
The preacher said, with trumpet voice,
Let all the people sing:
"Old Coronation" was the tune,
The music upward rolled,
Till I thought I heard the angel-choir
Strike all their harps of gold.

4 My deafness seemed to melt away,
My spirit caught the fire;
I joined my feeble, trembling voice,
With that melodious choir;
And sang, as in my youthful days,
"Let angels prostrate fall;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
And crown him Lord of all."

5 I tell you, wife, it did me good
To sing that hymn once more;
I felt like some wrecked mariner
Who gets a glimpse of shore.

I almost want to lay aside
This weather-beaten form,
And anchor in the blessed port,
For ever from the storm.

6 'Twas not a flowery sermon, wife,
But simple gospel truth;
It fitted humble men like me;
It suited hopeful youth.
To win immortal souls to Christ,
The earnest preacher tried;
He talked not of himself, or creed,
But Jesus crucified

7 Dear wife, the toil will soon be o'er,
The victory soon be won;
The shining land is just ahead,
Our race is nearly run.
We're nearing Canaan's happy shore,
Our home is bright and fair:
Thank God, we'll never sin again;

There'll be no sor - row there;
In heaven a - bove where all is love,
There'll be no sor - row there.

AN OLD MAN IN A STYLISH CHURCH.

(TUNE—"THE MODEL CHURCH.")

No. 224.

1 WELL, wife, I've been to church to-day;

it was a stylish one;
 And since you cannot go from home,
 I'll tell you what was done.
 You would have been surprised to see

The things I saw to-day;
 The sisters all were dressed so fine,
 They hardly knelt to pray.

2 My clothes were coarse, and so they knew

At once that I was poor;
 They led the old man to a seat,
 Uncushioned, by the door.

A stranger came, a man of wealth,
 In costly robes arrayed;
 Gold rings he wore, and room for him
 Was near the altar made.

3 I could not help but think it wrong

That he should sit so near;
 For he was young, and I was old,
 And very hard to hear.
 But then I thought, in yonder world,
 So pure and free from sin,
 How riches at the gate would beg,
 While poverty goes in.

4 Too far to catch the preacher's voice,

I prayed for those about;
 That God would make them pure within,
 As they were clean without.

'Tis true, I'm old and childish now;
 But then I love to see
 A Christian wear the simple garb
 Of meek humility.

5 Oh, why should man look down on man?

How many a noble breast
 May wake sweet music, though it throb
 Beneath a faded vest.
 Our Saviour loved and blessed the poor;
 And when to Him we rise,
 The rich and poor will share alike
 His temple in the skies.

JOHN H. YATES.

THE RESCUE.

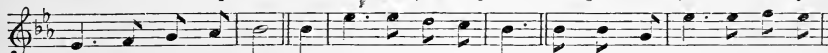
"Some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, and so it came to pass they escaped
 all safe to land."

No. 225.

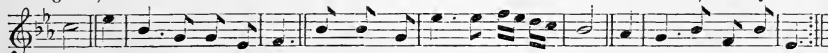
PHILIP PHILLIPS.



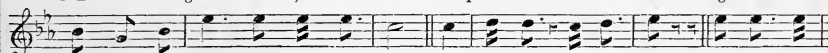
1. A ship was on the high-ty deep, With all her sails un-fur'l'd, Tho' scarce a
 2. Her deck was throng'd with precious souls, The young and old were there, And some with
 3. All drank the cup that Plea-sure had, But gave no thought to Him, Their heav'nly



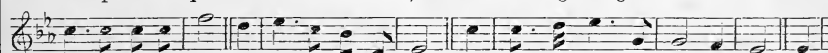
breath, that calm still morn, The crest-ed bil-low curl'd, For many an hour up-on the
 fur-row'd brows that woke Full many a trace of care. They gli-ded on,—a week had
 guide, whose bounteous hand Had fill'd it to the brim. But see far off, where yonder



wave, That state ly ves-sel lay, Then spread her can-vas to the breeze, And proudly sail'd a-way.
 pass'd, The sky was still se-rene; As if a storm e-uld never change The beau-ty of the scene.
 sun Is fad-ing to his rest; That bank of clouds por-tentous rise A-cross the gol-den west!



4. Now peal on peal loud thun-ders roll, And vi-vid light-nings flash! And now a-



-gainst the vessel's side The an-gry billows dash! Wild blows the wind! the night is dark! Huge

rit.

massive rocks are near! They stand aghast, that lonely throng, And cheeks are blanch'd with fear.

5. Quick! quick! let ev'-ry sail be furl'd!—But ere the word is giv'n, The helm is gone! the shroud's on fire! The mast in splinters ri-ven! One burst of an-guish, long and deep, One cry of keen des-pair, From hearts that fa-tal hour had taught Their on-ly hope was pray'r.

6. A light, a voice from yonder tow'r Comes sweeping o'er the wave; Cling to the spars, there's help at hand! The life-boat, the life-boat comes . . . to save! The life-boat, the life-boat comes to save!

Oh, sin-ner, on the voyage of life Thy bark a-while may glide, As tran-quil as that no-ble ship, A-long the o-ccean's tide.

7. But far from God, what canst thou hope? Or where for re-fuge fly, When o'er thy frail and shat-ter'd bark The storm is ra-ging high, The storm is ra-ging high?

Tune—"NAOMI."

Oh give thy heart to Je-sus now, Whose pre-cious word is giv'n;

The Life-boat and the Lamp di-vine, To guide thy soul to heav'n!

THE PARDON.

No. 226. "Let him return unto the Lord . . . He will abundantly pardon."

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

Slow and distinct. *soft.*

1. Cold and bleak the winds were blowing, Faintly toll'd the midnight bell;

Sadly moan'd a wretched captive In his lonely prison cell, Pacing wildly Pacing

wildly Up and down his prison cell. Thought had nerv'd his soul to madness,

Here the clinking of his chain. He would rend its links asunder, But the struggle is in

Largo.

vain. Helpless victim, helpless victim, Crime had forg'd that heavy chain.

Light and staccato.

Home, he starts with fear and trembles, Hides his face with guilt and
Mother, hush! he dare not breathe it! Dare not speak that hallowed

shame; Let his anguish, let his anguish, One bright tear of pity claim.

Sentenced from the bar of Justice, He must meet a convict's doom. Soon for him will dawn the morrow;

Veil'd in clouds of awful gloom, Growing deeper, growing deeper, As he nears the silent tomb.

Now the fa - tal hour approach-es. Hark! the jailer's measured tread; One brief moment,

very slow.
all is rea-dy To the scaffold he is led. They have drawn it, They have drawn it,

lento.
Drawn the black cap o'er his head. "Loose the pri-soner!" All is si-lent.

With his head e-rect and proud Comes a foam-ing steed all breathless
And his ri-der, and his ri-der

Dashing thro' the wond'ring crowd,
Waves his hands and cries a-loud: "Loose the pri-soner! Loose him quick-ly!

Largo. *rit.*
He is par-don'd, free as air; I have hast-en'd with the mes-sage,

CODA. Largo.
Look! his pardon now I bear!" Thus in mer-cy, thus in mer-cy, God the sin-ner
Mer-cy plead-ing, mer-cy plead-ing, Shines a sunbeam

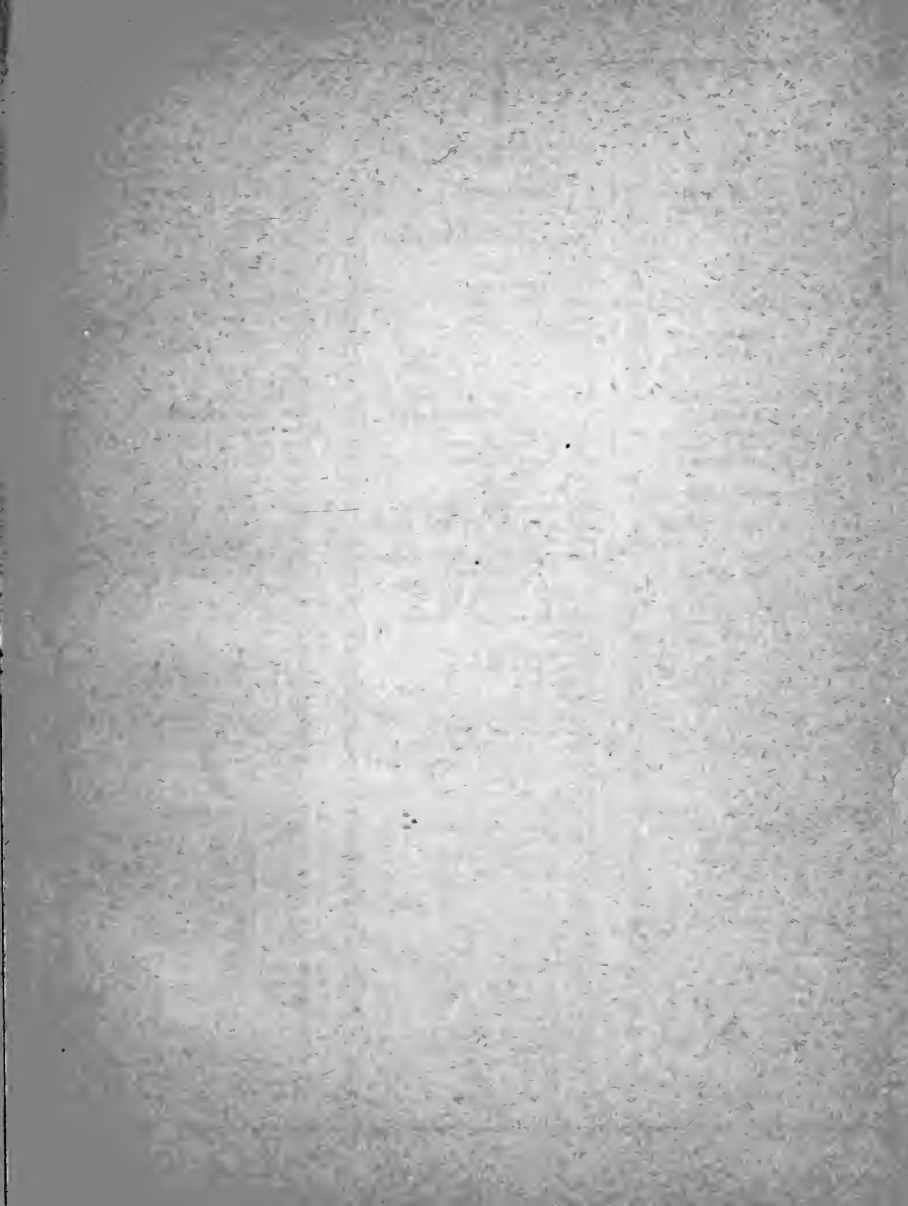
deigns to spare, When a-gainst His laws re-bel-ling, Jus-tice seals his fear-ful doom;
o'er the gloom; Love, e-ter-nal love en-folds him, Je-sus brings a sweet re-prieve,

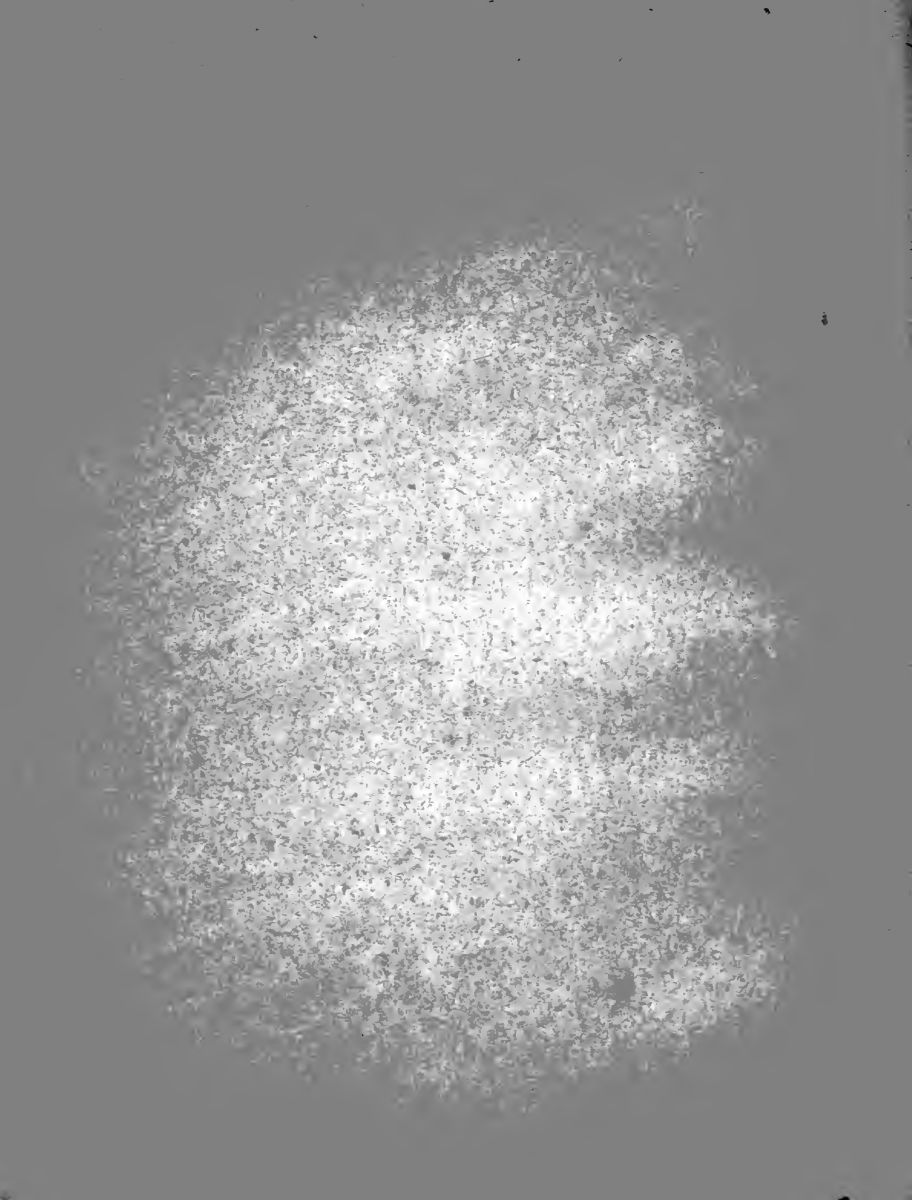
Shuts from him the light of glo-ry; Brings him al-most to the tomb.
Pre-cious par-don, free and bound-less, All who ask it may re-ceive.

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