

THE
IRIS:
SONGS OF JESUS,
FOR
SUNDAY-SCHOOLS AND DEVOTIONAL MEETINGS,
BY
H. H. HAWLEY.



PUBLISHED BY
C. SWIFT & COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
1881.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

In olden time, the first fruits of harvest and vintage, and the first born of every creature, were deemed sacred to the Lord. With kindred reverence we have desired that this little volume, our first born child of song, be set apart to the service of God. That it may contribute to inspire the services of Sabbath Schools and the devotions of prayer circles, is our earnest desire. Were we not assured in our own minds that it will add in some measure to the treasures of sacred song, we should not place it before the public.

In price, we have aimed to bring it within the reach of all. For 20 cents we present nearly as many pages of music as are usually offered for 35 cents. The paper is of best quality; the mechanical execution is not excelled by that of costlier books. The binding will be found substantial and durable.

"While the Days are Going By," (p. 92), let us "Wait upon the Lord," (p. 3), "Clinging to Jesus," (p. 18), our "Matchless Saviour," and we "Shall be Satisfied," (p. 4.)

C. SWIFT & CO

CHICAGO, Dec. 10th, 1880.

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THE

IRIS:

SONGS OF JESUS,

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BY

H. H. HAWLEY.

WITHDRAWN



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TO BE READ, NOT SUNG.

For years past, I have thought of publishing a Singing Book. Have written music because I *must* write. Finding some fugitive gem of Sacred poetry, not set to music, I wished to sing it;—or set to that which I thought but poorly expressed its sentiment. I wished to improve it,—and so I gave them song-form as best I could; frequently, however, with no thought that any but my own circle of friends would ever listen to the strain.

In this way “material” has accumulated, till *my* friends, like some of John Bunyan’s, said, “print it,” and none said “not so.”

So I launch my little bark on the ever rushing flood of Singing Books, and “commit it to Providence.”

Friends, please sing the music *more than once*; it is said to improve on acquaintance. But “why not select gems from other books, instead of printing so much from my own pen?” Because my main object is not to “*get up a book*,” but to place *this* music within reach of the public, if peradventure it may do some good. And, Secondly, Most of the gems are covered by copy-right and held at so high prices, that their use to any extent, would make my book *cost too much*; and my aim is to furnish a good and durable book *at a low price*.

If “THE IRIS” shall in any degree contribute to promote the coming of the Kingdom of Christ, and the salvation of souls, my prayer will be granted.

H. H. HAWLEY.

DARLINGTON, Wis. }
November, 1880. }

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THE IRIS.

Wait Upon the Lord.

H. H. HAWLEY.

H. H. HAWLEY.

1. My soul shall wait up - on the Lord, Shall trust his ev - er - last - ing word,
2. I know I am a worthless thing, Yet he has pledged his word to bring
3. Se - cure in his un - chang - ing love I'll rest, till the bright scenes a - bove,

And in his love con - fide; Tho' dark - ness may my path sur - round,
Me home to his right hand; And tho' the earth and heav'n's may burn,
Burst on my raptured sight; Then join the glad tri - umph - ant strain,

And ev - 'ry step be dang'rous ground, The Lord shall be my guide.
Sun, moon and stars to dark - ness turn, His word shall ev - er stand.
"Re - deem - ing love," the grand re - frain That fills the realms of light.

I Shall Be Satisfied.

"Echoes from Home."

H. H. H.

1. There is a land where ev - 'ry pulse is thrill - ing With
 2. Far out of sight, while yet the flesh en - folds us, Lies
 3. Shall they be sat - is - fied? the soul's vague long - ing. The
 4. Thith - er our weak and wea - ry steps are tend - ing, Sav -

rap - ture, earth's so - jour - ners may not know; Where heaven's repose, the
 the fair coun - try where our hearts a - bide; And of its bliss, is
 ach - ing void, which nothing earth - ly fills; O, what de - sires, up -
 iour, we pray thee, still with us a - bide; Guide us toward home, where

wear - y heart is still - ing, And peace - ful - ly life's time - tossed currents flow,
 nought more wondrous told us Than these few words, "I shall be sat - is - fied."
 on our souls are throng - ing, As we look up - ward to the heavenly hills!
 all our wand'ring ending, We thee shall see, and then be sat - is - fied.

Christ's voice to the afflicted. 11s & 10s.

1. Come unto me, when shadows darkly gather,
 When the sad heart is weary and distrest,
 Seeking for comfort from your heavenly Father,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.
2. Ye who have mourned when the spring flowers were taken,
 When the ripe fruit fell richly to the ground,
 When slept the loved, in brighter homes to waken,
 Where their pale brows with spirit-wreathes are crowned.
3. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwelling,
 Glad are the homes that sorrows never dim,
 Sweet are the harps in holy music swelling,
 Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
4. There, like an Eden blossoming in gladness,
 Bloom the fair flowers the earth too rudely prest;
 Come unto me, all ye who droop in sadness,
 Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

My Heart is Bounding Onward.

5

"Words of Truth."

H. H. H.

1. My heart is bounding on-ward, Home to the land I love, Its
 2. No growth of na-ture's e - vil, No touch of sin-ful hand, Shall
 3. All light, while brightest beaming, Shall own him as its sum; All

distant vales and fountains, My wistful passions move; Fain would my fainting
 e'er presume to enter, That bright and happy land. The charms that spread be-
 music sweetly breathing, Shall bear his name along. No change, no pause, its

spir-it, Its liv-ing freshness breathe, And lay me down in sweet rest. Its
 fore us, Shall be as pure, as fair, And strains ce-les-tial o'er us, Shall
 pleasures Shall ever seek to know; The draught that slakes our thirsting, Shall

Chorus.

hallowed shade beneath. Oh my heart is bounding onward, onward, onward, onward,
 tell of Je - sus there. Oh my heart, etc. home-ward, home-ward,
 wake our thirst a-new. Oh my heart, etc. onward, onward, onward, onward

Repeat very softly.

onward, My heart is bounding on-ward, home to the land I love.

Sinner, Come.

H. H. H.

1. God, the Father, calls, Wand'ring sinner, come, In the dry and
 2. Je - sus gent-ly calls, Burdened sinner, come, With thy wea-ry,
 3. Wea - ry sinner, come, Come to Je-sus' breast; And within his

thirst - y land, Think of thy dear Father's home. There he waits for
 heav - y load. Turn thee to my heav'nly home: I am read - y
 lov - ing arms, For your soul find sweet-est rest. 'Tis the Ho - ly

thy re - turn - ing, O'er thee still his love is yearning, He would
 to re - ceive thee, From thy bur - den would relieve thee. And would
 Spir - it call - ing, On thine ear his ac - cents fall - ing Woo thee

bid thee welcome home. God the Father, calls, Wand'ring sinner, come.
 bring thee to my home. Je sus gently calls. Burdened sinner, come.
 to e - ter - nal rest. Wea - ry sinner, come, Come to Je-sus' breast.

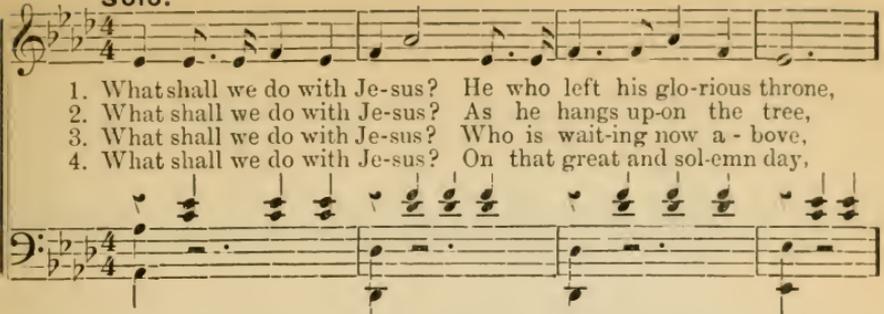
What shall We Do with Jesus?

7

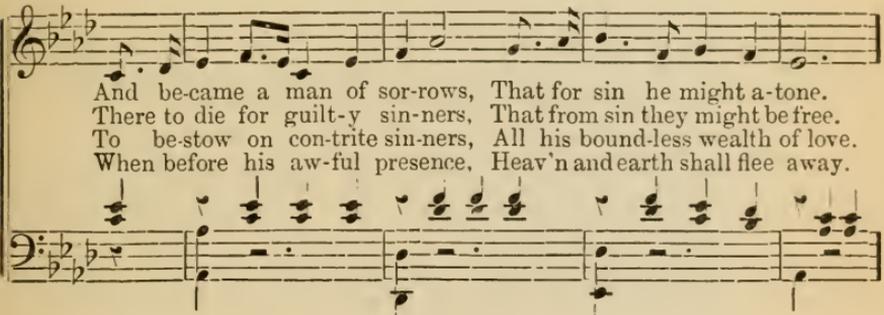
H. H. H.

H. H. H.

Solo.

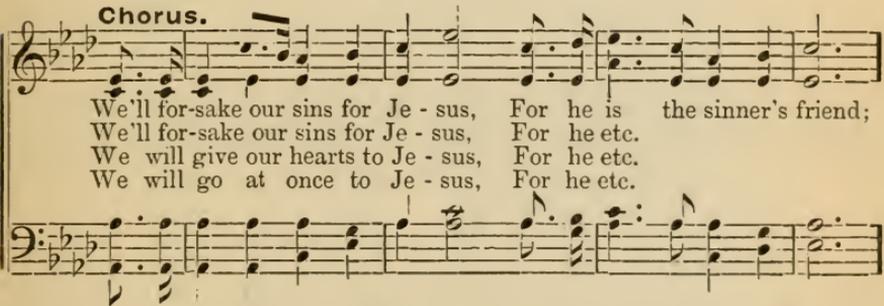


1. What shall we do with Je-sus? He who left his glo-ri-ous throne,
2. What shall we do with Je-sus? As he hangs up-on the tree,
3. What shall we do with Je-sus? Who is wait-ing now a - bove,
4. What shall we do with Je-sus? On that great and sol-ern day,

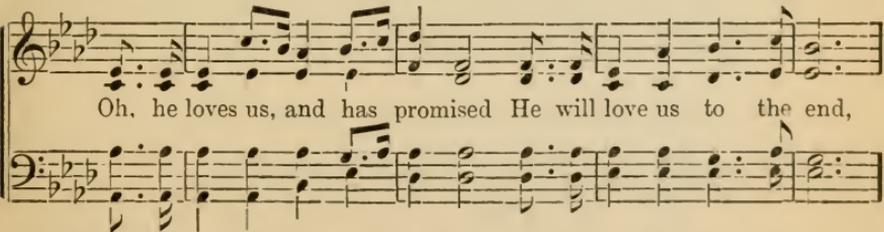


And be-came a man of sor-rows, That for sin he might a-tone.
There to die for guilt-y sin-ners, That from sin they might be free.
To be-stow on con-trite sin-ners, All his bound-less wealth of love.
When before his aw-ful presence, Heav'n and earth shall flee away.

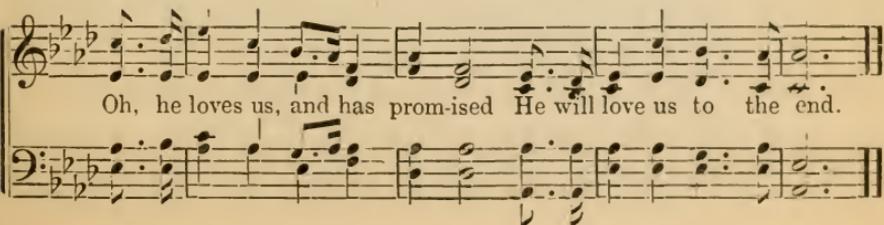
Chorus.



We'll for-sake our sins for Je - sus, For he is the sinner's friend;
We'll for-sake our sins for Je - sus, For he etc.
We will give our hearts to Je - sus, For he etc.
We will go at once to Je - sus, For he etc.



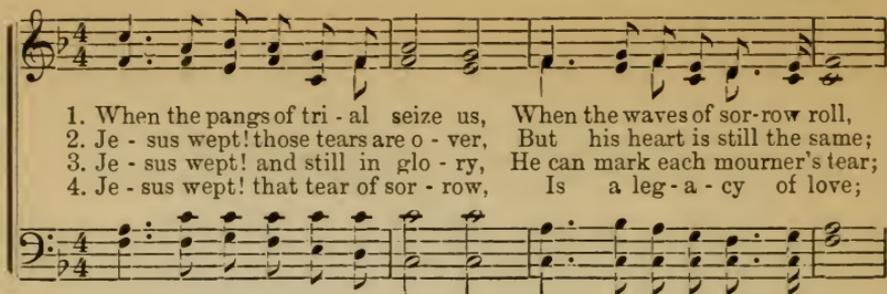
Oh, he loves us, and has promised He will love us to the end,



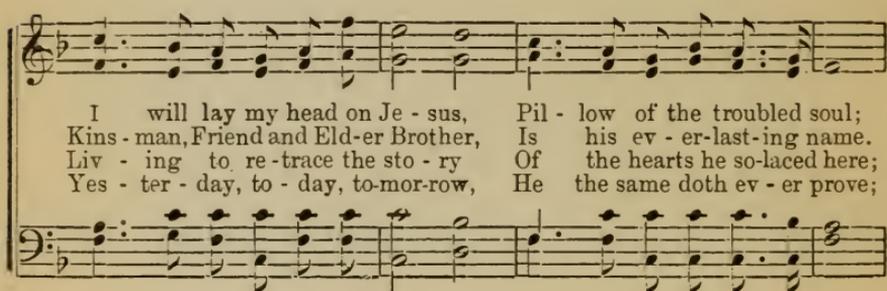
Oh, he loves us, and has prom-ised He will love us to the end.

Weeping One of Bethany.

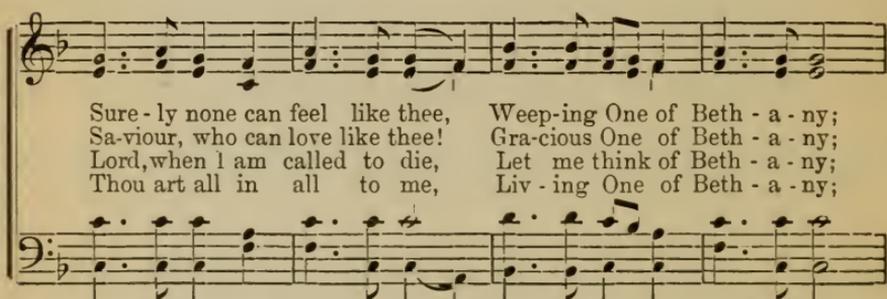
H. H. H.



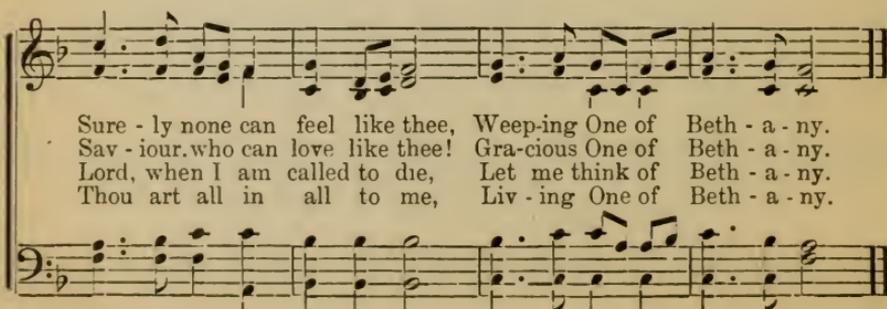
1. When the pangs of tri - al seize us, When the waves of sor - row roll,
 2. Je - sus wept! those tears are o - ver, But his heart is still the same;
 3. Je - sus wept! and still in glo - ry, He can mark each mourner's tear;
 4. Je - sus wept! that tear of sor - row, Is a leg - a - cy of love;



I will lay my head on Je - sus, Pil - low of the troubled soul;
 Kins - man, Friend and Eld - er Brother, Is his ev - er - last - ing name.
 Liv - ing to re - trace the sto - ry Of the hearts he so - laced here;
 Yes - ter - day, to - day, to - mor - row, He the same doth ev - er prove;



Sure - ly none can feel like thee, Weep - ing One of Beth - a - ny;
 Sa - viour, who can love like thee! Gra - cious One of Beth - a - ny;
 Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny;
 Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny;



Sure - ly none can feel like thee, Weep - ing One of Beth - a - ny.
 Sav - iour, who can love like thee! Gra - cious One of Beth - a - ny.
 Lord, when I am called to die, Let me think of Beth - a - ny.
 Thou art all in all to me, Liv - ing One of Beth - a - ny.

Love One Another.

9

H. H. H.

1. Be - neath the shadow of the cross As earth - ly scenes remove,
2. Oh, word from heaven, pure and sweet, Spir - it like that a - bove,
3. Then Je - sus, be thy spir - it ours, And swift our feet shall move

His new com - mand - ment, Je - sus gives, His bless - ed word of love.
No sin can dwell with - in our hearts When they are filled with love.
In paths which thy dear feet have trod, Im - pelled by thy dear love.

Chorus.

Let us love one an - oth - er, Love God, and love our brother, This com -

mand includes all other, For God is love. Let us all love one another, Love

God, and love our brother, This command includes all other, For God is love.

The Angels' Song.

S. H SEARS.

H. H. H.

1. It came up - on the midnight air, The glo-rious song of old,
 2. Still thro' the clo-ven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled,
 3. For lo! the days are hast'ning on, By proph-et bards fore-told;

From an - gels bend-ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
 And still their heav'nly mu - sic floats O'er all the wea - ry world;
 When with the ev - er - cir-cling years, Comes round the age of gold;

'Twas, "Peace on earth, good will to men, From heav'n's all gracious King;"
 A - bove its sad and lone-ly plains They bend on heav'nly wing,
 When peace shall o - ver all the earth, Its an-cient splen-dors fling;

The world in sol - emn still-ness lay To hear the an-gels sing,
 And ev - er o'er its Ba - bel sounds, The bless - ed an-gels sing,
 And all the world send back the song, The bless - ed an-gels sing.

"Peace on earth, good will to men, from heav'n's all gracious King;
 "Peace on earth, good will to men,

Peace on earth, good will to men," The song the angels sing.
Peace on earth, good will to men."

The musical score consists of two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with a steady accompaniment in the bass.

Thoughts of Jesus.

BERNARD of Clairvaux, 1153. Tr. by E. CASWELL, 1849.

H. H. H.

1. Je-sus the ver-y thought of thee With gladness fills my breast,
2. Oh, hope of ev-'ry con-trite heart! Oh, joy of all the meek!

The first system of the musical score for 'Thoughts of Jesus' features two staves in G major and 4/4 time. The melody is gentle and contemplative, with a simple harmonic accompaniment.

But dear-er far thy face to see, And in thy pres-ence rest.
To those who fall, how kind thou art. How good to those who seek;

The second system continues the musical score with two staves. The melody and accompaniment maintain the same style as the first system.

Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
And those who find thee, find a bliss, Nor tongue nor pen can show;

The third system of the musical score continues with two staves. The melody and accompaniment remain consistent with the previous systems.

A sweet-er sound than thy blest name, Oh, Sav-iour of man-kind.
The love of Je-sus, what it is, None but his loved ones know.

The final system of the musical score consists of two staves. The melody and accompaniment conclude the piece.

Jerusalem the Golden.

BERNARD of Cluny, 11th century. Tr. by DR. NEALE.

H. H. H.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon-ey blest,
 2. There stand those halls of Zi - on, Con - ju - bi - lant with song
 3. There is the throne of Da - vid, And there, from care released,

Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice oppressed.
 And bright with many an an - gel And all the mar - tyr throng;
 The song of them that tri - umph, The shout of them that feast;

I know not, oh, I know not, What so - cial joys are there,
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The day - light is se - rene;
 And they who with their Lead - er Have conquered in the fight,

What ra - dian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.
 The pas - tures of the bless - ed Are decked in glo - rious sheen.
 For - ev - er and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.

Je - ru - sa - lem the gold - en, With milk and hon-ey blest,

Be-neath thy con - tem - pla - tion Sink heart and voice op-pressed.

A Day's March.

MONTGOMERY

H. H. H.

1. My Fa-ther's house on high! Home of my soul, how near
 2. I hear at morn. at even, At noon, and mid-night hour,
 3. Oh, then my spir - it faints To reach the land I love,

At times, to faith's foreseeing eye, Thy gold - en gates ap-pear.
 The cho - ral har - mon - ies of heaven, Se - iaph - ic mu - sic pour.
 The bright in - her - it - ance of saints, My glo - rious home a - bove.

I'm a day's march nearer home, I'm a day's march near - er home.
nearer home nearer home

And I nightly pitch my mov - ing tent, A day's march nearer home.

His Wonderful Love.

H. H. H.

H. H. H.

1. I love at the dawn of the Sabbath day, When night her dark curtain has
 2. I love in the Sunday school class to meet, And with them to bow at the
 3. I love with the people of God to sing The praise of our glo-ri-ous
 4. And still as the Sabbath draws near its end, I love at the mer-cy seat

rolled a - way, To my Fath-er in heav-en, de-vout-ly to pray,
 Sav-iour's feet, While we learn from the bible, the sto-ry so sweet,
 Sav-iour, King, U - nit - ed - ly to him, our of - fer-ings bring,
 humb-ly to bend; Com - mun-ion to hold with my Fa-ther and Friend

Chorus.

And think of his won-der-ful love. His won-der-ful love we shall
 That tells of his won-der-ful love. His won-der-ful love etc.
 In songs of his won-der-ful love. His won-der-ful love etc.
 Who loves with such won-der-ful love. His won-der-ful love etc.

not un-der-stand, 'Till we meet in the light of the heav-en-ly land, And

join in the song of the glorified band That stands round the throne of the Lamb,

Lord, Thou art Mine.

BONAR.

H. H. H.

1. Lord, thou art mine. Send help to me; Christ, I am thine, De - liv - er
2. Mer - cies are thine, Re - mem - ber me! Sad sins are mine Oh, par - don
3. Good - ness is thine, Lord, pit - y me; E - vil is mine For - sake not
4. All light is thine, Oh, shine on me! Darkness is mine, En - light - en
5. True life is thine, Breathe it on me; All death is mine, Oh, quick - en

Chorus.

me. Then shall I praise, shall praise and sing, My soul, bless
 me. Then shall I praise, etc.
 me. Then shall I praise, etc.
 me. Then shall I praise, etc.
 me. Then shall I praise, etc.

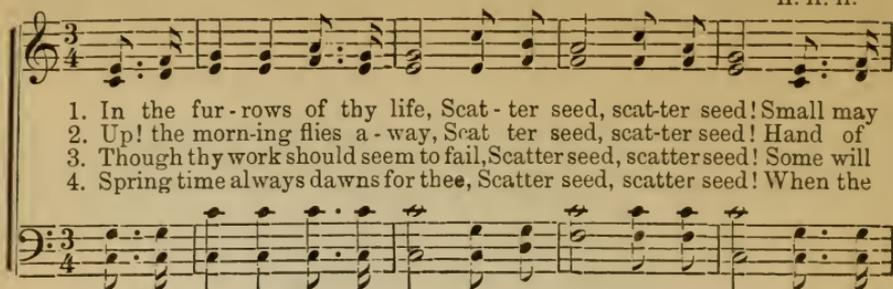
thou, bless thou thy God and King, My soul, bless thou thy God and King.

My soul, bless thou, bless thou thy God and King.

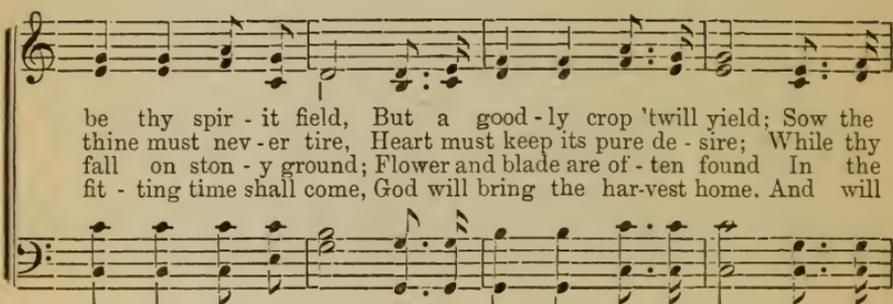
Scatter Seed.

"In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—ECCLES. xi. 6.

H. H. H.



1. In the fur - rows of thy life, Scat - ter seed, scat - ter seed! Small may
 2. Up! the morn - ing flies a - way, Scat - ter seed, scat - ter seed! Hand of
 3. Though thy work should seem to fail, Scatter seed, scatter seed! Some will
 4. Spring time always dawns for thee, Scatter seed, scatter seed! When the

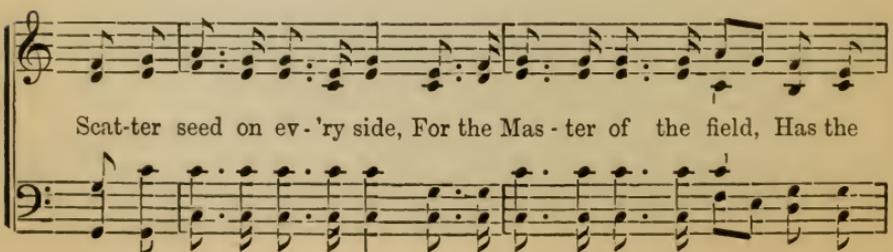


be thy spir - it field, But a good - ly crop 'twill yield; Sow the
 thine must nev - er tire, Heart must keep its pure de - sire; While thy
 fall on ston - y ground; Flower and blade are of - ten found In the
 fit - ting time shall come, God will bring the har - vest home. And will

Chorus.



kind - ly word and deed, Scatter seed, scatter seed! Then scatter far and wide
 brothers faint and bleed, Scatter seed, scatter seed! Then scatter, etc.
 clefts we lit - tle heed, Scatter seed, scatter seed! Then scatter, etc.
 give thee all thy need, Scatter seed, scatter seed! Then scatter, etc.



Scat - ter seed on ev - 'ry side, For the Mas - ter of the field, Has the

power to make it yield; And his prom-ise to the sow-er, With his

precious blood is sealed, Scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed, scat-ter seed.

Come to Me.

MISS C. ELLIOTT.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. With tearful eyes I look around; Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee;
3. "Come, for all else must fail and die; Earth is no resting place for thee;
4. O voice of mer-cy! voice of love! In conflict, grief, and agony,

Yet, 'mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heavenly whisper, "Come to me."
 Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."
 To heav'n direct thy weeping eye, I am thy portion, "Come to me."
 Sup-port me, cheer me from above, And gently whisper, "Come to me."

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

H. H. H.

1. O Ho - ly Sa - vour! Friend un - seen, Since on thine arm thou bid'st me
 2. Blest with this fel - low - ship di - vine, Take what thou wilt, I'll not re -
 3. Tho' far from home, fatigued, op - pressed, Here have I found a place of
 4. What tho' the world de - ceit - ful prove, And earthly friends and hopes re -
 5. Tho' oft I seem to tread a - lone Life's dreary waste, with thorns o'er

lean, Help me through - out life's chang - ing scene, By
 pine; For, as the branch - es to the vine. My
 rest; An ex - ile still, yet not un - blest, Be -
 move: With pa - tient, un - com - plain - ing love, Still
 grown, Thy voice of love with gen - tle tone Still

faith to cling to thee, By faith to cling to thee.
 soul would cling to thee, My soul would cling to thee.
 cause I cling to thee, Be - cause I cling to thee.
 would I cling to thee, Still would I cling to thee.
 whis - pers, "Cling to me!" Still whis - pers, "Cling to me!"

"Thy will be done."

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1. My God, my Father, while I stray
 Far from thy home, on life's rough
 way,
 Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
 "Thy will, my God, be done!"</p> | <p>3. If thou should'st call me to resign
 What most I prize,—it ne'er was
 mine;
 I only yield thee what was thine;
 "Thy will, my God, be done!"</p> |
| <p>2. What though in lonely grief I sigh
 For friends beloved, no longer nigh;
 Submissive still would I reply.
 "Thy will, my God, be done!"</p> | <p>4. If but my fainting heart be blest
 With thy sweet spirit for its guest,
 My God, to thee I leave the rest:
 "Thy will, my God, be done."</p> |

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

I will Love Thee.

19

JOHANN ANGELUS.

H. H. H.

1. I will love thee, all my treas-ure, I will love thee, all my strength,
 2. Be my heart more warmly glowing, Sweet and calm the tears I shed;
 3. I will love in joy or sor-row, While I in this bod - y dwell;

I will love thee with-out meas-ure, And with-out a stain at length;
 And its love, its ar-dor, show-ing, Let my spir - it on-ward tread;
 I will love, to-day, to - mor-row, With a love no words can tell:

Ritard.
 I will love thee, Light di-vine, Till I die, and find thee mine.
 Near to thee, and near-er still, Draw this heart, this mind, this will.
 I will love thee, Light di-vine, Till I die, and find thee mine.

Coronation of the King of kings. 8s, 7s & 4s.

1. Look, ye saints the sight is glorious;
 See the Man of sorrows now,
 From the fight returned victorious;
 Every knee to him shall bow:
 Crown him, crown him, crown him,
 crown him!
 Crowns become the victor's brow.

2. Crown the Saviour! angels, crown him!
 Rich the trophies Jesus brings:
 In the seat of power enthrone him,
 While the vault of heaven rings:

Crown him, crown him, crown him,
 crown him!
 Crown the Saviour King of kings.

3. Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
 Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
 Jesus takes the highest station:
 Oh, what joy the sight affords!
 Crown him, crown him, crown him,
 crown him!
 King of kings, and Lord of lords.

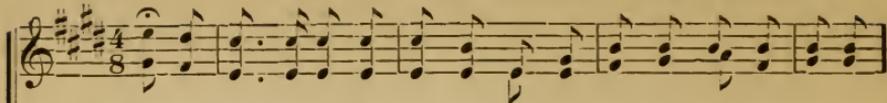
KELLY.

Our Pleasant Sabbath School.

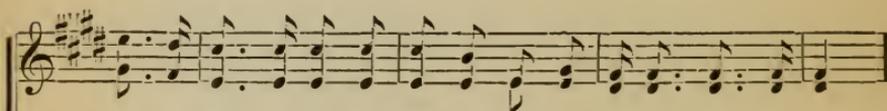
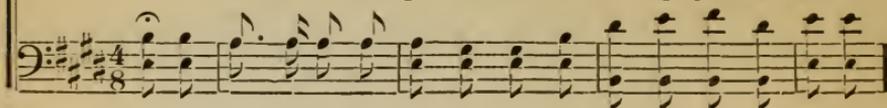
H. H. H.

(Music "The Old Granite State.")

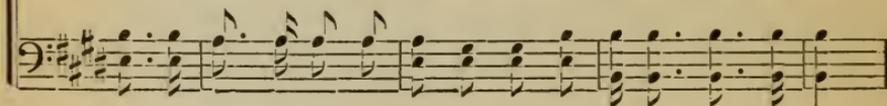
JOHN W. HUTCHINSON.



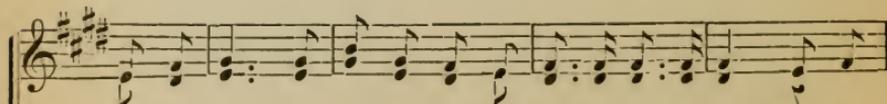
1. We have come from hill and valley, And from street, and lane, and alley,
2. Now the Sup'rintendent leading, Let us all join in the reading,
3. All the schol-ars in their plac-es, Soon will dis-ap-pear all trac-es



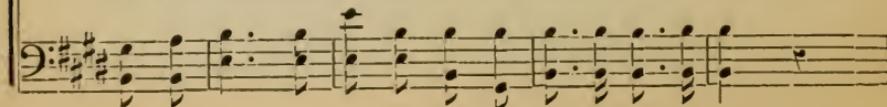
Like an ar - my we will ral - ly To our pleasant Sab-bath school;
 All the blest instruction heeding, Of the pleasant Sab-bath school;
 Of dis-pleas-ure from their fac-es, When they come to Sabbath school;



All our books and papers bringing, We are read - y for the sing-ing,
 And when comes the solemn prayer, We'll remember God is there,
 All our sis-ters and our brothers, And our fa-ters and our moth-ers,



When the bell has ceased its ring-ing, For the Sabbath school. For the
 Per - fect si - lence ev - 'ry - where, In the Sabbath school. Bow our
 With the neigh-bors, and all oth - ers Come to Sabbath school. So we



Our Pleasant Sabbath School—Concluded. 21

mu - sic is the sweet - est,
 Heads in sweet sub - mis - sion,
 all turn out to - geth - er,

mu - sic is the sweetest,
 heads in sweet submission,
 all turn out to - geth - er,

Books and papers are the neat - est
 And our hearts in deep con - tri - tion,
 Nev - er mind the weath - er, All we

And the mo - ments are the fleet - est, In the Sabbath school.
 While we join in the pe - ti - tion Of the Sabbath school.
 care to know is wheth - er We can get to Sabbath school.

Here is my Heart.

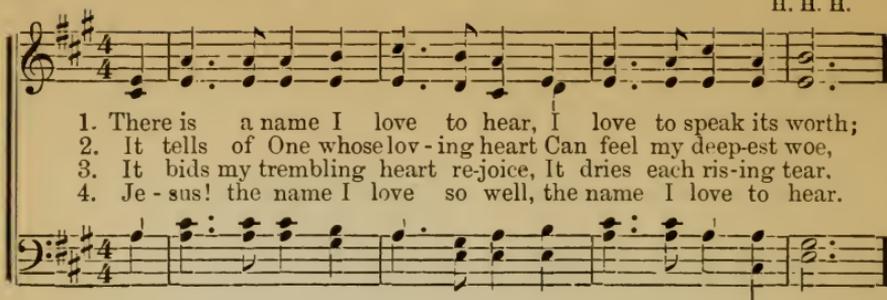
H. H. H.

1. Here is my heart! my God I give it thee. I heard thee call and
 2. Here is my heart! Oh, Ho - ly Spir - it, come, Its na - ture to re -
 3. Here is my heart! It trem - bles to draw near The glo - ry of thy
 4. Here is my heart! O Friend of friends, be near, To make each tempter

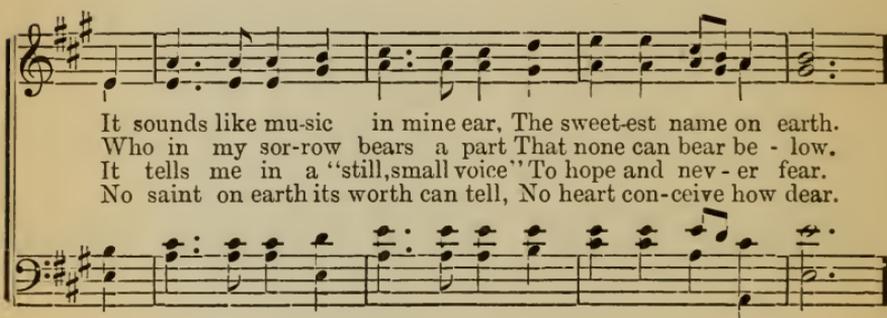
say, "Not to the world, my child, but unto me;" I heard, and will o - bey.
 new, And con - se - crate it wholly as thy home, A tem - ple fair and true.
 throne. Give it the shining robes thy servants wear. Of righteousness thine own.
 fly; And when my latest foe, I wait with fear, Give me the vic - to - ry.

The Sweetest Name.

H. H. H.

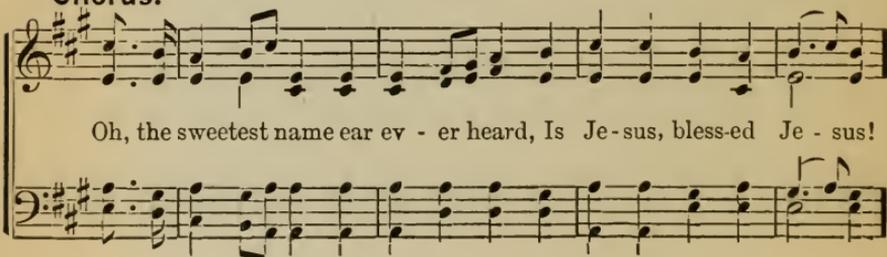


1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to speak its worth;
 2. It tells of One whose lov - ing heart Can feel my deep - est woe,
 3. It bids my trembling heart re - joice, It dries each ris - ing tear.
 4. Je - sus! the name I love so well, the name I love to hear.

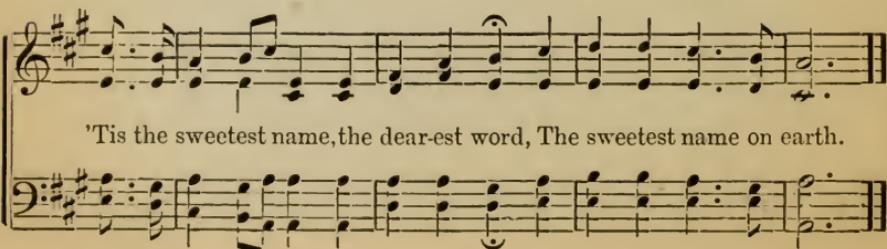


It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth.
 Who in my sor - row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
 It tells me in a "still, small voice" To hope and nev - er fear.
 No saint on earth its worth can tell, No heart con - ceive how dear.

Chorus.



Oh, the sweetest name ear ev - er heard, Is Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus!



'Tis the sweetest name, the dear - est word, The sweetest name on earth.

Love Divine.

23

C. WESLEY.

H.H.H.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
 2. Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spir-it In-to ev-'ry troubled breast;
 3. Car-ry on thy new cre-a-tion; Pure and ho-ly may we be;

Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown:
 Let us all, thy grace in-her-it; Let us find thy promised rest:
 Let us see our whole sal-va-tion Per-fect-ly se-cured by thee;

Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion; Pure, unbounded love thou art;
 Take a-way the love of sin-ning; Take our load of guilt a-way;
 Change from glory in-to glo-ry, Till in heaven we take our place,

Vis-it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-'ry trembling heart.
 End the work of thy be-gin-ning; Bring us to e-ter-nal day.
 Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

Comfort in the Death of the Christian. 8s & 7s.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. Cease, ye mourners, cease to lan-guish
 O'er the grave of those you love;
 Pain, and death, and night, and an-
 Enter not the world above. [gush,</p> <p>2. While our silent steps are straying,
 Lonely, through night's deepen-
 ing shade,
 Glory's brightest beams are playing
 Round the happy Christian's head.</p> | <p>3. Light and peace at once deriving
 From the hand of God most high,
 In his glorious presence living,
 They shall never, never die.</p> <p>4. Endless pleasure, pain excluding,
 Sickness, there, no more can come;
 There, no fear of woe, intruding,
 Sheds o'er heaven a moment's
 gloom.</p> |
|---|--|

COLLYER.

1. Those ma - ny man - sions of the blest, Be - yond the star - ry sky,
 2. Is there a gold - en harp for me, To swell the har - mo - ny?
 3. Ye hap - py an - gels, blood - bought saints, A - mid your com - pa - ny,
 4. O nev - er! these are laid a - side, With life's de - part - ing sigh;

Oh, tell me, is there room in these, For such a one as I?
 Is there an ev - er - last - ing song, For such a one as I?
 Claim ye the ties of broth - er - hood With such a one as I?
 There is no room for these in heaven, Though room for such as I.

Those spot - less robes so pure and white, Those crowns of vic - tor - y,
 Shall I be - hold that cit - y fair, Where none shall weep or die?
 Shall earth - ly sor - rows, sins and cares, That wake the homesick cry,
 Christ came to seek and save the lost; For these he came to die;

Are these pre - pared by God's own hand, For such a one as I?
 Is God my Sav - iour wait - ing there, For such a one as I?
 Ne'er reach the Father's house a - bove, With such a one as I?
 For sin - ners of the deep - est stain—For such a one as I.

O Lamb of God, I Come!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

"Just as I am."

H. H. H.

1. Just as I am, with - out one plea, But that thy blood was
 2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of
 3. Just as I am, though tossed a - bout With many a con - flict,
 4. Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind; Sight, rich - es, heal - ing
 5. Just as I am—thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt wel - come, par - don,
 6. Just as I am—thy love un - known Hath brok - en ev - 'ry

shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, O
 one dark blot, To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O
 many a doubt, Fight - ings with - in, and fears with - out, O
 of the mind, Yea, all I need, in thee to find, O
 cleanse, re - lieve; Be - cause thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O
 bar - rier down; Now, to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O

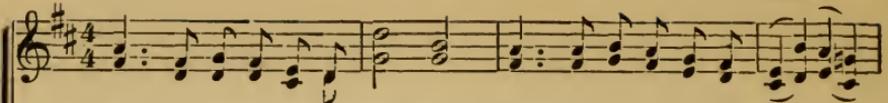
Chorus.

Lamb of God, I come!	O Lamb of God, I
Lamb of God, I come!	O Lamb, etc.
Lamb of God, I come!	O Lamb, etc.
Lamb of God, I come!	O Lamb, etc.
Lamb of God, I come!	O Lamb, etc.
Lamb of God, I come!	O Lamb, etc.

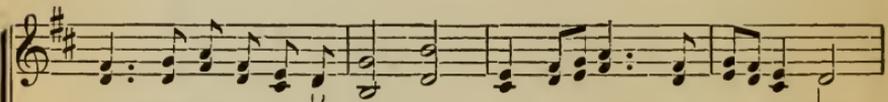
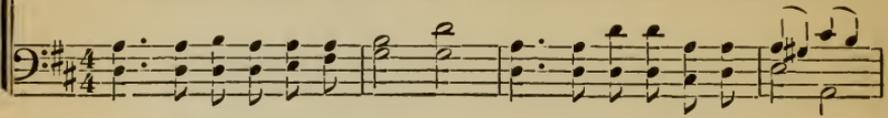
come, to thee I come! Just as I am, O Lamb of God, I come.

BONAR.

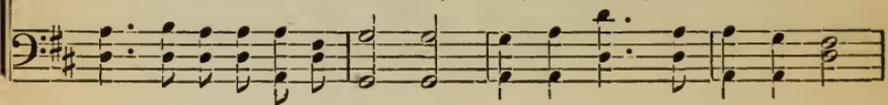
H. H. HAWLEY.



1. An - gel voic-es sweetly sing - ing, Echoes thro' the blue dome ring-ing
2. On the jas-per threshold stand-ing, Like a pil-grim safely land-ing,
3. Soft - est voic-es, sil-ver peal - ing, Fresh-est fragrance, spirit heal-ing,
4. Not a tear drop ev-er fall - eth, Not a pleas-ure ev-er pall-eth,
5. Christ him-self, the living splendor, Christ the sun-light, mild and tender;



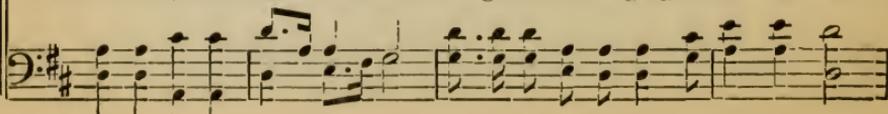
- News of wondrous gladness bringing, Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last.
 See the strange, bright scene expanding, Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last.
 Hap - py hymns around us steal - ing, Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last.
 Song to song, for - ev - er call - eth, Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last.
 Prais - es to the Lamb we ren - der, Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last.

**Chorus. Allegro.**

Heav'n! heav'n! heav'n at last! An-gel voices singing 'tis heav'n at last!



Ah, 'tis heav'n, 'tis heav'n at last! wondrous gladness bringing, 'tis heav'n at last!



Heav'n at last!

Heav'n at last!..... Heav'n! heav'n! heav'n at last!

Heav'n at last!

Heav'n at last!

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the first part of the hymn. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The lyrics are placed between the staves, with some words underlined. The score concludes with a double bar line.

Night is Over.

H. H. H.

1. Night is o-ver; light is streaming, Thro' my window pane 'tis gleaming,
 2. Night is o-ver, some poor children Have been homeless, sleepless, ill;
 3. Night is o-ver, heav'nly Fa-ther, I would bend my knees and pray;

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second hymn. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/8. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/8. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The score concludes with a double bar line.

And the sun's bright rays are beaming On my own dear hap-py home.
 God has let me rest most sweetly In my chamber, warm and still.
 Help my weakness, guide me safe-ly, Watch and keep me all the day.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the second part of the hymn. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/8. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/8. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The score concludes with a double bar line.

God has watched me thro' the night; God it is who sends the light.
 Lord, I thank thee for thy love, Raise my morning tho'ts a-bove.
 Take a-way my love of sin, Let thy Spir-it rule with-in.

Detailed description: This block contains the musical score for the third part of the hymn. It features a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/8. The melody is written in a simple, hymn-like style. Below the treble staff is a bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 4/8. The lyrics are placed between the staves. The score concludes with a double bar line.

ELIZABETH MILLS, 1829.

H. H. H.

1. We speak of the realm of the blest, That country so bright and so fair,
 2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From sorrow, temptation, and care,
 3. We speak of its ser-vice of love, The robes which the glorified wear,
 4. O Lord, in this val-ley of woe, Our spir-its for heav-en pre-pare,

And oft are its glo-ries con-fessed, But what must it be to be there!
 From tri-als without and with-in, — But what must it be to be there!
 The church of the first-born a-bove — But what must it be to be there!
 And short-ly we all shall know And feel what it is to be there.

Chorus.

Sweet realm of the blest, Where the wea - ry find rest, My

spir - it is long-ing for thee, Where the day is all bright, And there
 thee for thee, thee for thee,

com - eth no night, And Je - sus for - ev - er I

see I see.
see.....
see I see.

I Long to be There.

EDWARD H. NEVINS.

H. H. H.

1. I have read of the world of beau-ty, Where there is no gloom-y night;
2. I have read of the flow-ing riv - er That bursts from beneath the throne,
3. I have read of the sanc-ti-fied throng, That passed from the earth to heaven,
4. Oh, I long for that world of light, To breathe its balm - y air.

Where love is the main-spring of du-ty, And God is the fountain of light;
And the beautiful trees that ev - er Are found on its banks a - lone.
And u - nite in the rap-tur-ous song Of praise for their sins for-giv-en;
And to walk with the an-gels in white, And sing the new song with them there.

Chorus.

And I long, how I long! Oh, I long to be there.
And I long, etc.
And I long, etc.
Oh, I long, etc.

Something, My God, for Thee!

H. H. H.

1. Something, my God, for thee! something for thee! That each day's setting
 2. Something, my God, for thee! some-thing for thee! That to thy gra-cious
 3. Something, my God, for thee! some-thing for thee! For the great love that

sun may bring Some pen - i - ten - tial of - fer - ing; In
 throne may rise Sweet in-cense from some sac - ri - fice; Up-
 thou hast given; For the great hope of thee, and heaven, My

thy dear name some kind-ness done, To thy dear love some
 lift - ed eyes un-dimmed by tears; Up - lift - ed faith un-
 soul her first al - le-giance brings, And up - ward plumes her

wand'rer won; Some tri-al meek-ly borne for thee, Dear Lord, for thee.
 stained by fears; Hailing each joy, as light from thee. Dear Lord, from thee.
 heav'nward wings, Nearer my God! nearer to thee! Dear Lord, to thee.

Universal Gratitude to the Creator.

31

HEBER.

H. H. H.

1. When Spring un-locks the flow - ers to paint the laugh-ing soil,
 2. The birds that wake the morn-ing, and those that love the shade;
 3. Shall man the lord of na - ture, ex-pect - ant of the sky,
 4. The flow'rs of Spring may with-er, the hope of Sum-mer fade;

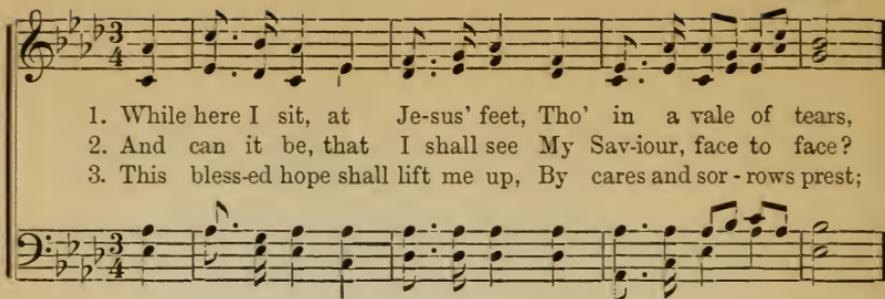
When Sum-mer's balm-y show - ers re - fresh the mow-ers' toil;
 The winds that sweep the moun-tain or lull the crow-sy glade;
 Shall man, a - lone un-thank - ful, his grate - ful praise de - ny?
 The Au - tumn droop in Win - ter, the birds for-sake the shade;

When Win-ter binds in frosty chains the fal - low and the flood,
 The sun that from his amber bower re - joic - eth on his way,
 No,—should the years for-sake their course, and sea-sons cease to be,
 The winds be lulled,—the sun and moon for - sake their old de - cree,

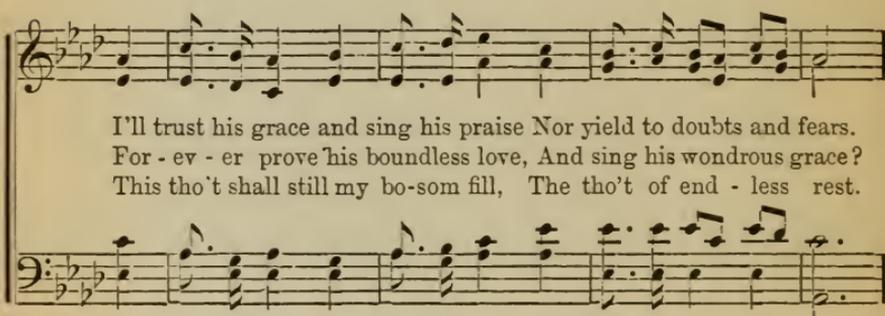
In God the earth re - joic-eth still, and owns her Mak-er good.
 The moon and stars, their Maker's name in si - lent pomp dis-play.
 Thee, Father, we must ev - er love—Cre - a - tor, hon - or thee.
 But we, in na - ture's lat-est hour, O Lord, will cling to thee.

Trusting Jesus.

H. H. H.

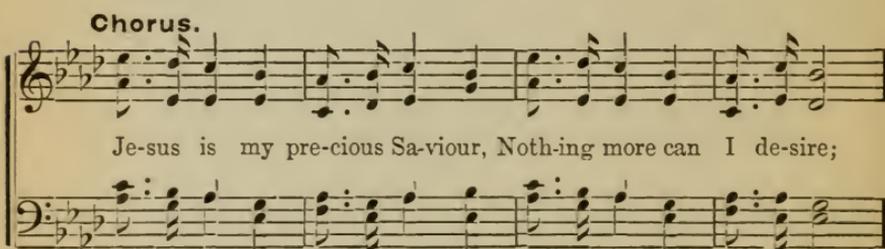


1. While here I sit, at Je-sus' feet, Tho' in a vale of tears,
 2. And can it be, that I shall see My Sav-iour, face to face?
 3. This bless-ed hope shall lift me up, By cares and sor-rows prest;

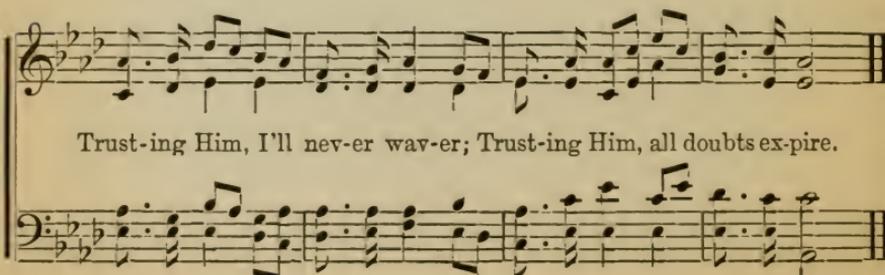


I'll trust his grace and sing his praise Nor yield to doubts and fears.
 For - ev - er prove his boundless love, And sing his wondrous grace?
 This tho't shall still my bo-som fill, The tho't of end - less rest.

Chorus.



Je-sus is my pre-cious Sa-viour, Noth-ing more can I de-sire;



Trust-ing Him, I'll nev-er wav-er; Trust-ing Him, all doubts ex-pire.

The Sprinkled Blood.

33

British Herald.

H. H. H.

1. The sprin-kled blood is speak - ing Be - fore the Fa - ther's throne,
 2. The sprin-kled blood is speak - ing For-give-ness full and free,
 3. The sprin-kled blood is plead - ing Its vir-tue as my own,
 4. The sprin-kled blood is shed - ding Its fra-grance all a - round,

The Spir - it's power is seek - ing To make its vir-tues known;
 Its won-drous power is break - ing Each bond of guilt for me.
 And there my soul is read - ing Her ti - tle to thy throne.
 It gilds the path we're tread-ing, It makes our joys a - bound.

The sprin-kled blood is tell - ing, Je - ho-vah's love to man,
 The sprin-kled blood's re - veal - ing A Fa - ther's smil-ing face,
 The sprin-kled blood is own - ing The weak one's fee-blest plea:
 The sprin-kled blood is form - ing Those mansions bright and fair,

While heav'nly harps are swell - ing Sweet notes to mer-cy's plan.
 While Je - sus' love is seal - ing Each mon - u-ment of grace.
 'Mid sighs, and tears, and groan - ing, It pleads O Lord with Thee.
 Where saints in heav'n a - dor - ing, Shall serve our Je - sus there.

Cast thy burden on the Lord.

1. I lay my sins on Jesus,
 The spotless Lamb of God;
 He bears them all, and frees us
 From the accursed load.
 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a spot remains.

2. I lay my wants on Jesus,
 All fullness dwells in him;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

BONAR.

1. Ev - er, dear Lord, with thee, Ev - er with thee. Oh, bless - ed
 2. No more the darkness comes With chill - ing blight; Thy pres - ence
 3. In all my earth - ly toil, Be with me still; In all, to
 4. Soon I shall see thy face, My King, my Lord; For - ev - er

faith to know Thou art with me; And this is all my plea,
 fills my soul With heav'nly light. Oh, free - dom of the free,
 know and do Thy bless - ed will: Here by thy side to be,
 shall thy smile Be my re - ward. This is my ju - bi - lee,

This all my joy, to be Ev - er, dear Lord, with thee,
 Oh, what a heav'n, to be Ev - er, dear Lord, with thee,
 Here sweet - ly clasp - ing me Ev - er, dear Lord, with thee,
 In earth or heav'n to be Ev - er, dear Lord, with thee,

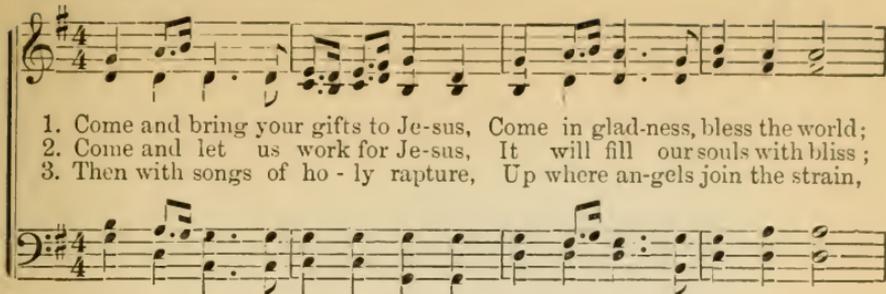
Ev - er with thee. Ev - er, dear Lord, with thee, Ev - er with thee.

Gifts for Jesus.

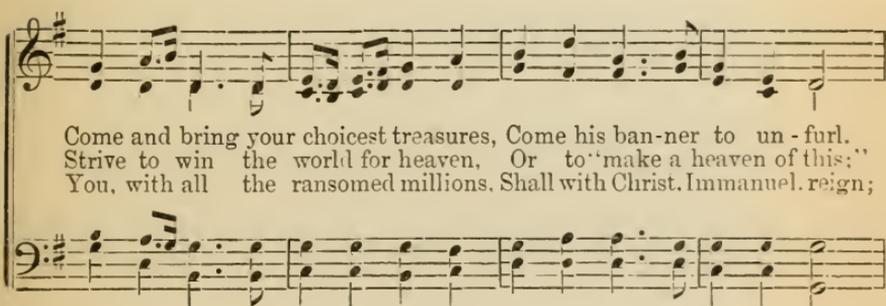
35

J. R. Osgood, Indianapolis.

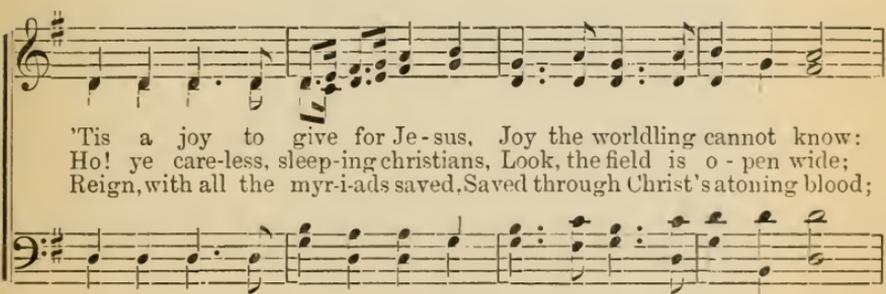
H. H. H.



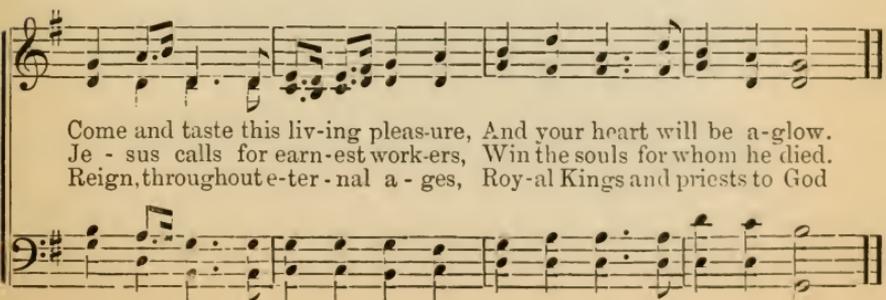
1. Come and bring your gifts to Je-sus, Come in glad-ness, bless the world;
2. Come and let us work for Je-sus, It will fill our souls with bliss;
3. Then with songs of ho-ly rapture, Up where an-gels join the strain,



Come and bring your choicest treasures, Come his ban-ner to un-furl.
Strive to win the world for heaven, Or to 'make a heaven of this;'
You, with all the ransomed millions, Shall with Christ, Immanuel, reign;



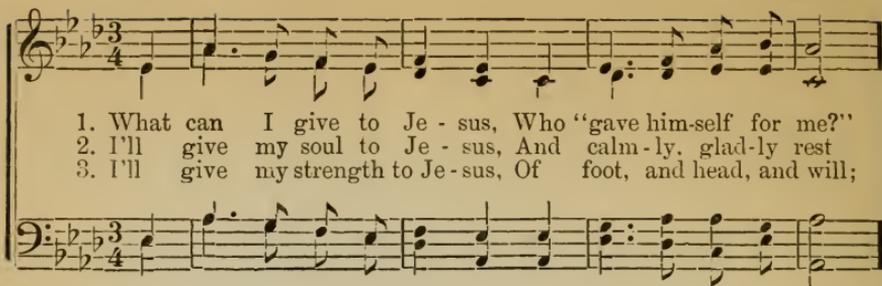
'Tis a joy to give for Je-sus, Joy the worldling cannot know:
Ho! ye care-less, sleep-ing christians, Look, the field is o-pen wide;
Reign, with all the myr-i-ads saved, Saved through Christ's atoning blood;



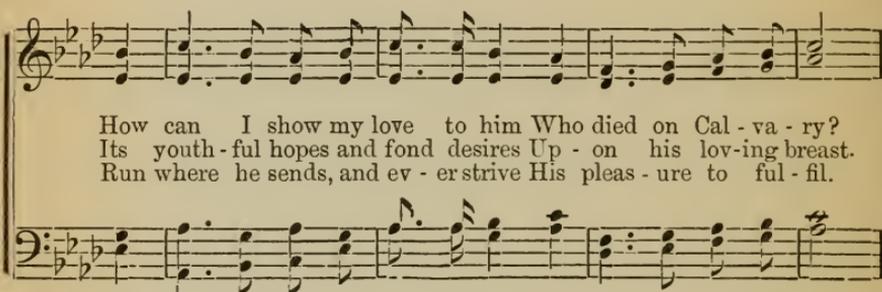
Come and taste this liv-ing pleas-ure, And your heart will be a-glow.
Je-sus calls for earn-est work-ers, Win the souls for whom he died.
Reign, throughout e-ter-nal a-ges, Roy-al Kings and priests to God

My All to Jesus.

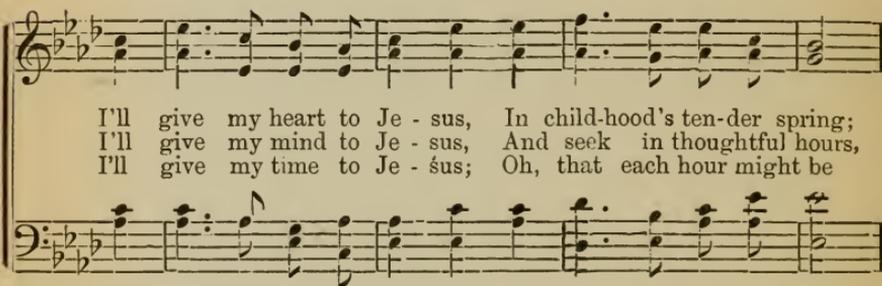
H. H. H.



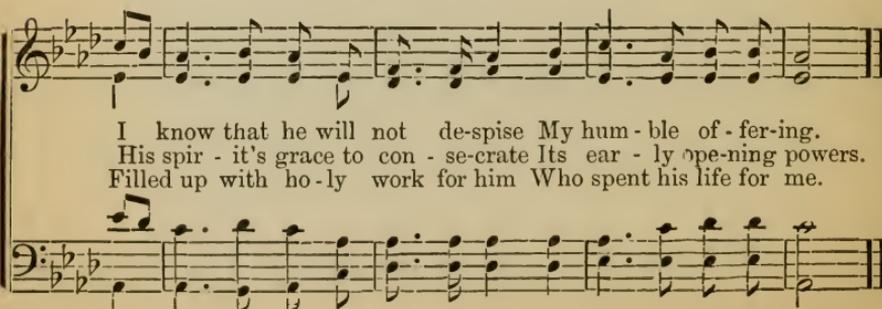
1. What can I give to Je - sus, Who "gave him-self for me?"
 2. I'll give my soul to Je - sus, And calm-ly, glad-ly rest
 3. I'll give my strength to Je - sus, Of foot, and head, and will;



How can I show my love to him Who died on Cal - va - ry?
 Its youth - ful hopes and fond desires Up - on his lov - ing breast.
 Run where he sends, and ev - er strive His pleas - ure to ful - fil.



I'll give my heart to Je - sus, In child-hood's ten - der spring;
 I'll give my mind to Je - sus, And seek in thoughtful hours,
 I'll give my time to Je - sus; Oh, that each hour might be



I know that he will not de - spise My hum - ble of - fer - ing.
 His spir - it's grace to con - se - crate Its ear - ly open - ing powers.
 Filled up with ho - ly work for him Who spent his life for me.

Praise to the Redeemer.

37

"Spiritual Songs."

H. H. H.

1. Cre - a - tor, Pre - serv - er, Re - deem - er of men, Di - vine In - ter - ces - sor a -
 2. And do I not love thee, O Sav - iour di - vine? The Chief of ten thousand to
 3. Thine, thine is the king - dom, the wisdom, the power, The glory and honor su -

bove; Oh, where shall the song of thy prais - es be - gin, Or
 me! Yes, in - fi - nite beau - ty and glo - ry are thine, Whose
 preme; For - ev - er and ev - er my soul would a - dore, And

how shall I speak of thy love? Heav - en is tell - ing and
 brightness no mor - tal can see. An - gels shall bless thee, and
 dwell on the rap - tur - ous theme. Ev - er, and ev - er O

earth is re - veal - ing, What wor - ders thy mer - cy can show.
 men shall con - fess thee; All worlds shall acknowl - edge thy sway.
 glo - ri - ous Sav - iour, I'll sing of the worth of thy name.

1. Take us, Fa-ther, by the hand, Lead us to the bet-ter land;
 2. Tho' we of - ten stray and fall, And for-get on thee to call;
 3. In the dark and cheerless night, Give to us thy heav'nly light;

Pil-grims we, with trav-el worn, Soiled our feet, our robes are torn;
 Tho' we fal-ter in the road, Toil-ing up to thine a-bode;
 Fath-er, wea-ri-ly we roam, Gent-ly lead us, wand'ers, home;

Let thy brood-ing wings of love, Both our shield and ban-ner prove;
 Oh, for-get, for-sake us not, Till we give thee ev-'ry tho't;
 Thy dear Son hath gone be-fore, Loads of sin, for us he bore;

Lead us, O thou lov-ing one, Where the liv-ing wa-ters run.
 All in vain, we upward strive. If no help thy spir-it give.
 In his steps our feet are pressed, Fath-er, guide us to his rest.

1. Lord, we come before thee now—
 At thy feet we humbly bow:
 Oh, do not our suit disdain!
 Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?
 Lord, on thee our souls depend;
 In compassion now descend;
 Fill our hearts with thy rich grace.
 Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

2. In thine own appointed way.
 Now we seek thee, here we stay;
 Lord, we know not how to go,
 Till a blessing thou bestow.
 Send some message from thy word,
 That may peace and joy afford;
 Let thy spirit now impart
 Full salvation to each heart.

Pray Always.

39

"Edinburg Literary Review."

Old Melody, arr. for this work.

1. Go when the morn-ing shin-eth, Go when the noon is bright,
 2. Re - mem - ber all who love thee, All who are loved by thee;
 3. Or, if 'tis e'er de-nied thee In sol - i - tude to pray,
 4. O, not a joy or bless-ing With this can we compare—

Go when the eve de-clin-eth, Go in the hush of night.
 Pray, too, for those who hate thee. If an - y such there be;
 Should ho - ly tho'ts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way,
 The grace our Fa - ther gave us To pour our souls in prayer:

Go with pure mind and feel-ing, Fling earth-ly thoughts a-way;
 Then for thy-self, in meekness, A bless-ing hum-bly claim,
 E'en then the si - lent breathing, Thy spir - it raised a - bove,
 When-e'er thou pin'st in sad-ness, Be - fore his foot-stool fall;

And in thy clos - et kneel-ing, Do thou in se - cret pray.
 And blend with each pe - ti - tion Thy great Re-deem-er's name.
 Will reach his throne of glo - ry, Where dwells e - ter - nal love.
 Re - mem - ber, in thy glad-ness, His love who gave thee all.

E. H. SEARS.

H. H. HAWLEY.

1. Calm, on the list-'ning ear of night, Come heav'ns melodious strains,
 2. Ce - les-tial choirs, from courts a-bove, Shed sa - cred glo - ries there,
 3. The joy - ous hills of Pal - es - tine, Send back the glad re - ply,
 4. O'er the blue depths of Gal - i - lee, There comes a ho - lier calm,
 5. "Glo - ry to God!" the sounding skies A - loud with an - thems ring;

Where wild Ju - de - a stretch - es far Her sil - ver man - tled plains.
 And an - gels, with their sparkling lyres Make mu - sic on the air.
 And greet from all their ho - ly heights, The dayspring from on high.
 And Sha - ron waves, in solemn praise, Her si - lent groves of palm.
 With "Peace on earth, good-will to men. From heav'n's eternal King!"

Chorus.

Glo - ry be to God,

Glo - ry, glo - ry, Glo - ry to God, Glo - ry to God,
 Glo - ry, Glo - ry Glo - ry be to God,

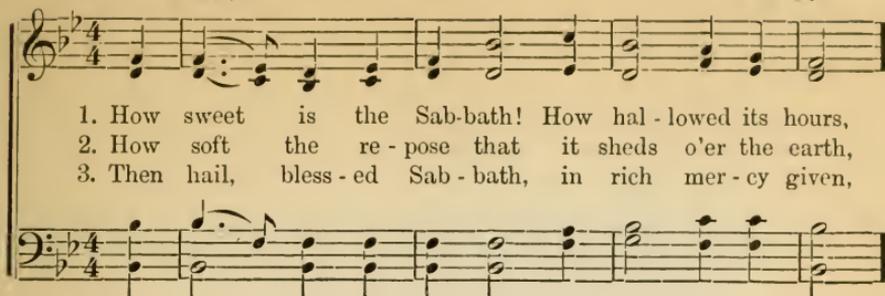
"Peace on earth, good will to men, from heaven's e - ter - nal King!"

How Sweet is the Sabbath.

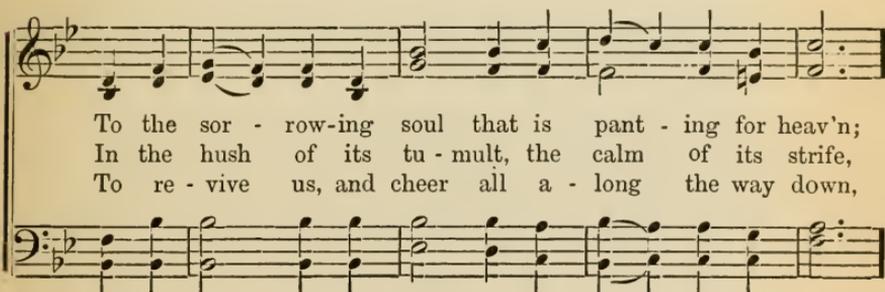
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Rev. L. B. ALLEN, D. D.

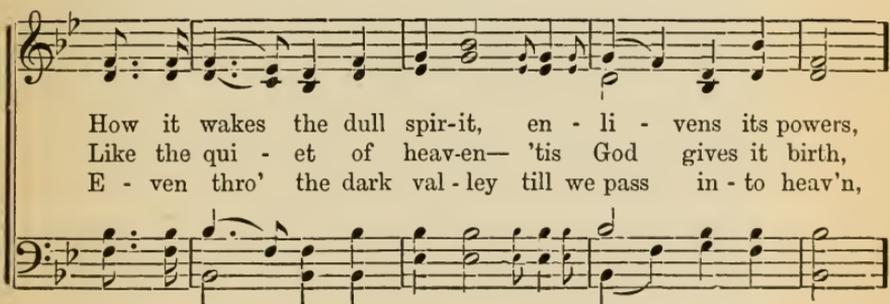
H. H. H.



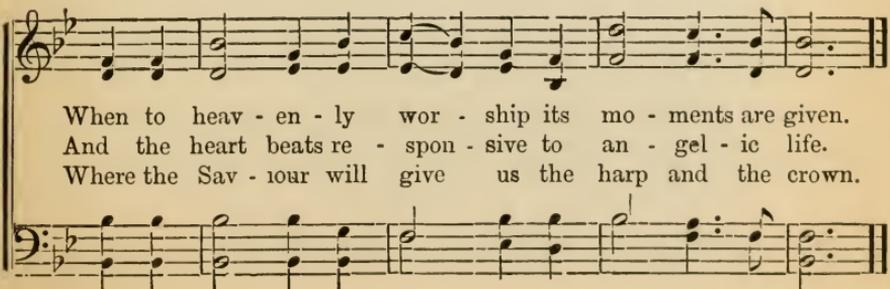
1. How sweet is the Sab-bath! How hal - lowed its hours,
2. How soft the re - pose that it sheds o'er the earth,
3. Then hail, bless - ed Sab - bath, in rich mer - cy given,



To the sor - row - ing soul that is pant - ing for heav'n;
In the hush of its tu - mult, the calm of its strife,
To re - vive us, and cheer all a - long the way down,



How it wakes the dull spir - it, en - li - vens its powers,
Like the qui - et of heav - en—'tis God gives it birth,
E - ven thro' the dark val - ley till we pass in - to heav'n,



When to heav - en - ly wor - ship its mo - ments are given.
And the heart beats re - spon - sive to an - gel - ic life.
Where the Sav - iour will give us the harp and the crown.

Oh, City, Golden Bright.

H. H. H.

1. Oh, cit - y, gold - en bright, Trans - par - ent as the day,
 2. There dwell the ran - somed host So safe, so sat - is - fied;
 3. Sweet home of peace and love, By faith thy light I see;
 4. The blood - bought sons of God, Shall walk those streets of gold,

How soft - ly shines thy dis - tant light To pil - grims far a - way;
 And thith - er shall the Ho - ly Ghost Lead home the chosen bride.
 Dif - fus - ing from the realms a - bove, Ce - les - tial ra - dian - cy.
 Re - joic - ing ev - er with their Lord, In ec - sta - sies un - told.

Thy joy se - rene and pure, E'en now per - vades my breast,
 No more a care or fear, No more earth's wail - ing cry;
 Oh, sun, that rules the day, Stand still and hear the tale,
 I, too, when toil is o'er, Those bliss - ful courts shall gain,

On God's foun - da - tions built se - cure, Thy jas - per bulwarks rest.
 For God shall wipe each bit - ter tear, And hush each heav - ing sigh.
 To add one sin - gle glo - ry - ray, Thy brightest beams would fail.
 Where praise resoundeth ev - er - more, And love su - preme shall reign.

Chorus.

Oh, cit - y, gold-en bright, By faith my eyes be-hold,
gold-en bright, my eyes be-hold,

The Lamb, thine ev-er - last-ing light, Thy streets of pur-est gold.

Sun of My Soul.

KEBLE.

MENDELSSOHN.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if thou be near,
2. When the soft dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eyelids gently steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I cannot live:
4. Come near and bless me when I wake, Ere thro' the world my way I take

Oh may no earth-born cloud a - rise To hide thee from my waking eyes.
Be my last tho't, how sweet to rest For - ev - er on my Saviour's breast.
A - bide with me when death is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
Till in the o - cean of thy love, I lose myself in heaven above.

"Rest for Your Souls."

MONTGOMERY.

MATT. xi. 28-30.

H. H. H.

1. Oh, come all ye wea-ry and ye heav - y la-den;
 2. How eas - y his yoke is!— how light is his bur-den! But
 3. Oh, then sing ho-san - na with ju - bi - lant voic-es, And

Lend a glad ear to your Sav-iour's call: Fearing, or grieving, yet
 what were his suff' rings, no mortal can tell; His grief in the gar-den, to
 fol - low his train with will-ing ac-cord; Like him, meek and lowly, in

humb-ly believing. Rest, rest for your souls, he offers to all.
 pur-chase our pardon, His pangs on the cross, to save us from hell.
 heart and life ho-ly, Own Christ as your Saviour, your Master and Lord.

Chorus.

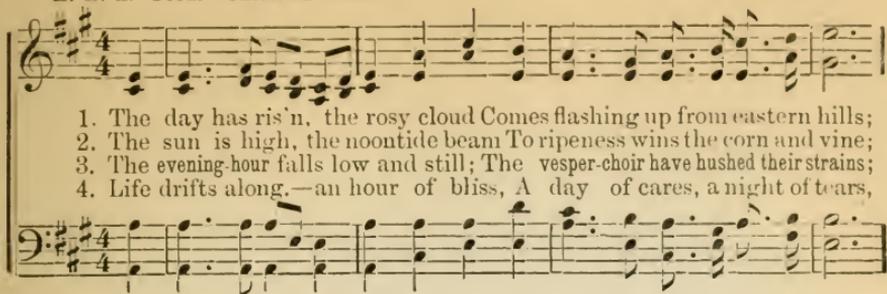
Rest, rest, rest for your souls. Rest, rest, rest for your souls, he offers to all.

Christ all Joy to Me

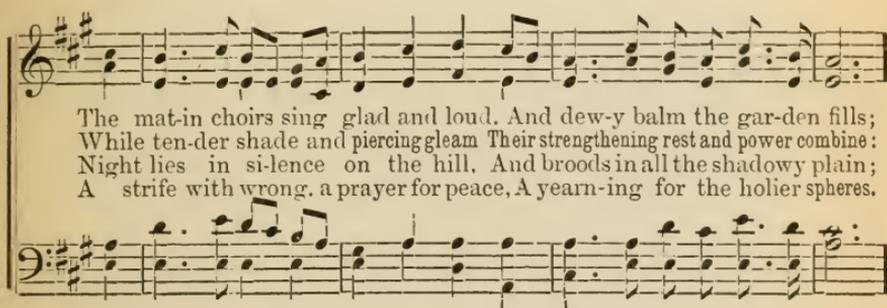
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E. E. L. From "Christian Banner."

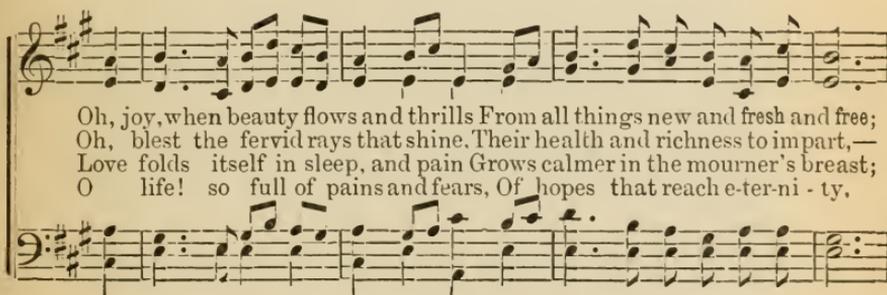
H. H. H.



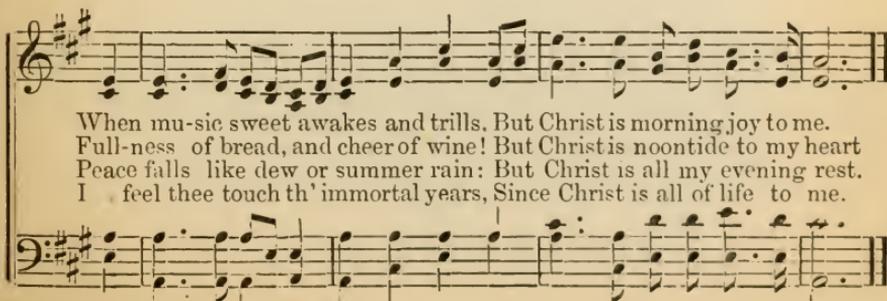
1. The day has ris'n, the rosy cloud Comes flashing up from eastern hills;
2. The sun is high, the noontide beam To ripeness wins the corn and vine;
3. The evening-hour falls low and still; The vesper-choir have hushed their strains;
4. Life drifts along,—an hour of bliss, A day of cares, a night of tears,



The mat-in choirs sing glad and loud, And dew-y balm the gar-den fills;
While ten-der shade and piercing gleam Their strengthening rest and power combine:
Night lies in si-lence on the hill, And broods in all the shadowy plain;
A strife with wrong, a prayer for peace, A yearn-ing for the holier spheres.



Oh, joy, when beauty flows and thrills From all things new and fresh and free;
Oh, blest the fervid rays that shine, Their health and richness to impart,—
Love folds itself in sleep, and pain Grows calmer in the mourner's breast;
O life! so full of pains and fears, Of hopes that reach e-ter-ni-ty,



When mu-sic sweet awakes and trills, But Christ is morning joy to me.
Full-ness of bread, and cheer of wine! But Christ is noontide to my heart
Peace falls like dew or summer rain: But Christ is all my evening rest.
I feel thee touch th' immortal years, Since Christ is all of life to me.

Rev. C. SWIFT.

Luke ii. 13, 14.

H. H. H.

1. When Je - sus came down from the re - gions on high, For
 2. When Je - sus in Beth - le-hem's man - ger was laid, God's
 3. While shep-herds yet lingered, in - tent to be-hold The

per - ish-ing sin - ners, to suf - fer and die, The vig - i - lant shepherds on
 in - fant E - van - gel, by mir - a - cle made, To whom worship and treasures by
 in - fant Mes - si - ah whom prophets foretold, The ech - o - ing hillsides pro -

Bethlehem's plain, Heard whispers of angels, a - gain and a - gain,
 Ma - gi were given, A mul - ti - tude came from the tem - ples of heav'n,
 longed the re - refrain Of the ju - bi - lant host that en - cir - cled the plain

Chorus.

Sing - ing Glo - ry to God, Singing Peace be on earth, Singing Good will to men, men....

..... Peace be on earth, Good will to men.

Glo-ry to God. Peace be on earth, Good will to men, Good will to men.

Saviour, Hear Us.

"Spiritual Songs."

H. H. H.

1. Sav-iour, hear us, thro' thy mer - it, Low-ly bend - ing at thy feet;
 2. Wretched, sin-ful, and un-wor-thy, Sick, and poor, and deaf, and blind,
 3. For the joys of thy sal-va-tion. Still we raise our cries to thee;
 4. Oh, how pre-cious is the fa - vor Of tor-give-ness thro' thy blood;

We are pray-ing for thy spir - it, Pros-trate at thy mer-cy seat.
 Humb-ly still we wait be-fore thee, Trust-ing here re-lief to find.
 Hear the voice of sup-pli-ca - tion, From our bur - den set us free.
 Thou, our gra-cious, ris-en Sav-iour, Be our ad - vo-cate with God.

Sav-iour, hear us, Saviour, hear us, Pros-trate at thy mer-cy seat.
 Sav-iour, hear us, Saviour, hear us, Trust-ing here re-lief to find.
 Sav-iour, hear us, Saviour, hear us, From our bur - den set us free.
 Sav-iour, hear us, Saviour, hear us, Be our ad - vo-cate with God.

48 Have I Learned to Love My Neighbor?

Mrs. M. L. RAYNE.

H. H. H.

1. Have I learned to love my neigh-bor As my Sav-iour taught,
 2. Have I met some wrong a-gainst me, With for-give-ness true;
 3. Fa - ther, help me meet these questions In a fit - ting tone.

Or the cup of cool-ing wa - ter To the suff'ring brought?
 Knowing well I stand a sup-pliant For such mer-cy too?
 Send me strength that shall sus-tain me Bet - ter than my own;

Have I, out of life's com-plete-ness Scat-tered gen'-rous store;
 Have I helped the heav-y bur - den As I passed a - long,
 Send me cross - es that shall bright-en In - to crowns of light,

Light-ed up some household al - tar, That was dark be - fore?
 Or as - sist - ed trem-bling foot - steps Jos - tled in the throng?
 Mak-ing clear the drear-y pas - sage, Thro' death's transient night.

Storm the Fort.

49

H. H. HAWLEY. 1877.

H. H. HAWLEY.

1. See that glo-ri-ous sig - nal fly-ing, 'Tis of grand im-port;
 2. Sin - im-pris-oned souls are dy-ing, Hear the sad re - port
 3. Long has Sa-tan held the for-tress, But his time is short,
 4. Je - sus is our great Com-mander, And with his sup - port,
 5. Who is watch-ing for the sig-nal Of the grand im - port?

'Tis the call for in - stant ac - tion, We must storm the fort.
 Of their cries and calls for suc - cor, We must storm the fort.
 Je - sus sends a-broad the sig - nal, We must storm the fort.
 We shall con-quer Sa - tan's le - gions, We must storm the fort.
 Who is read-y for the on - set, Who will storm the fort?

Chorus.

Storm the fort! for that's the sig - nal, Wav - ing o'er the land;

Ev - 'ry sol - dier to the on - set! 'Tis our Lord's command,

I Cast My Soul on Thee.

BONAR.

H. H. H.

1. A - mid the shadows and the fears That o-vercloud this home of tears,
 2. To Thee I come: ah, only thou Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow;
 3. On thee I rest; thy love and grace Are my sole rock and resting-place:
 4. 'Tis earth, not heav'n; 'tis night, not noon. The sorrowless is coming soon,

A - mid my pov-er - ty and sin, The tempest and the war within,
 Thou, on-ly thou canst make me whole, And soothe the fever of my soul.
 In Thee, my thirst and hunger sore. Lord, let me quench for-ev-er-more.
 But till the morn of love appears, Which end the travail and the tears,

Chorus.

I cast my soul on Thee, Migh-ty to save e - ven me,
 I cast

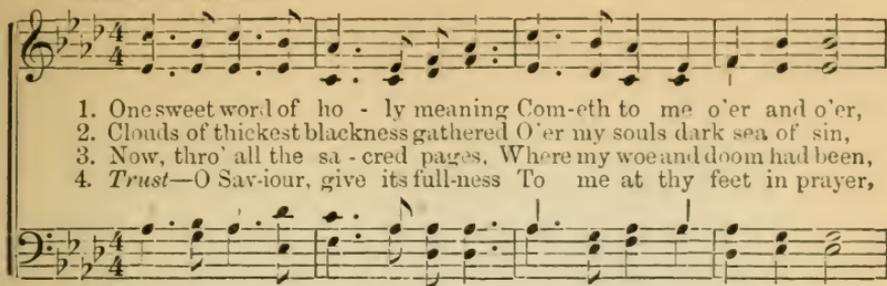
I cast my soul on Thee, Je - sus, thou Son of God.

Trust.

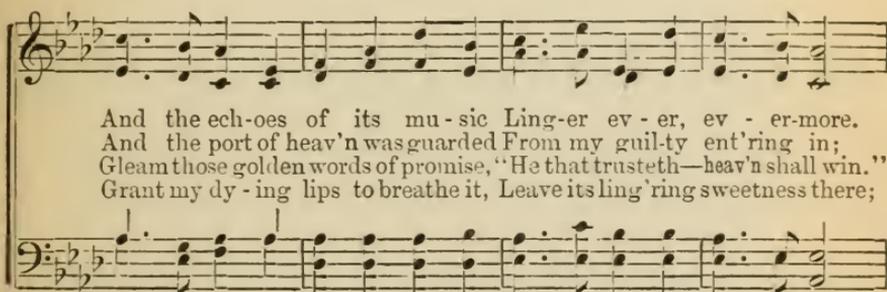
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HERBERT NEWBERRY.

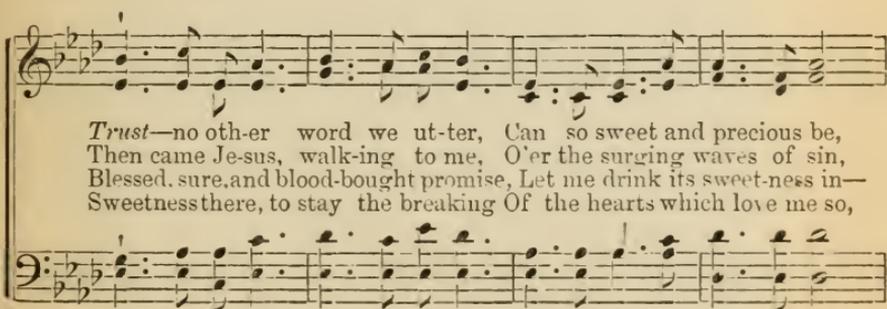
H. H. H.



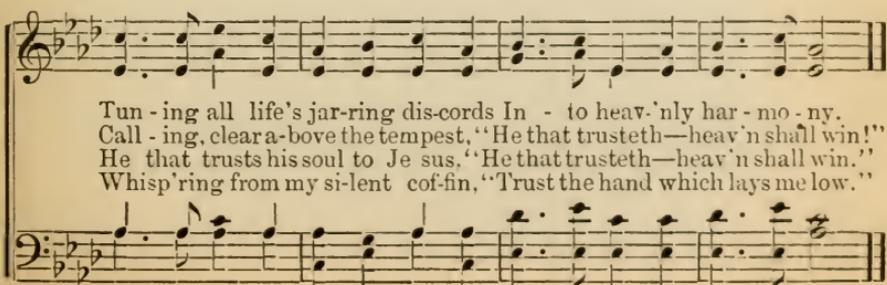
1. One sweet world of ho - ly meaning Com - eth to me o'er and o'er,
 2. Clouds of thickest blackness gathered O'er my souls dark sea of sin,
 3. Now, thro' all the sa - cred pages, Where my woe and doom had been,
 4. *Trust*—O Sav-iour, give its full-ness To me at thy feet in prayer,



And the ech-oes of its mu - sic Ling - er ev - er, ev - er - more.
 And the port of heav'n was guarded From my guilty ent'ring in;
 Gleam those golden words of promise, "He that trusteth—heav'n shall win."
 Grant my dy - ing lips to breathe it, Leave its ling'ring sweetness there;



Trust—no oth - er word we ut - ter, Can so sweet and precious be,
 Then came Je - sus, walk - ing to me, O'er the surging waves of sin,
 Blessed, sure, and blood - bought promise, Let me drink its sweet - ness in—
 Sweetness there, to stay the breaking Of the hearts which love me so,



Tun - ing all life's jar - ring dis - cords In - to heav'nly har - mo - ny.
 Call - ing, clear a - bove the tempest, "He that trusteth—heav'n shall win!"
 He that trusts his soul to Je - sus, "He that trusteth—heav'n shall win."
 Whisp'ring from my si - lent cof - fin, "Trust the hand which lays me low."

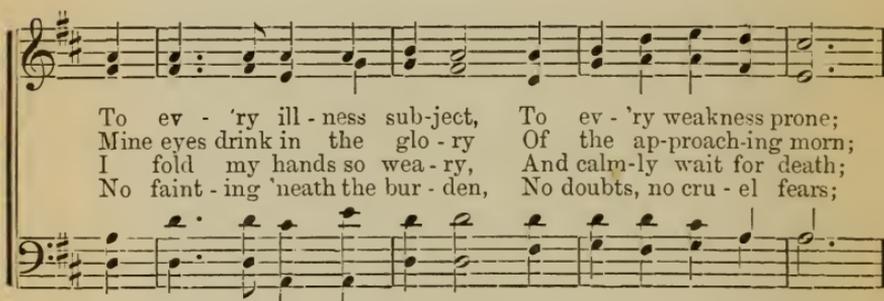
Waiting Jesus' Coming.

"Echoes from Home."

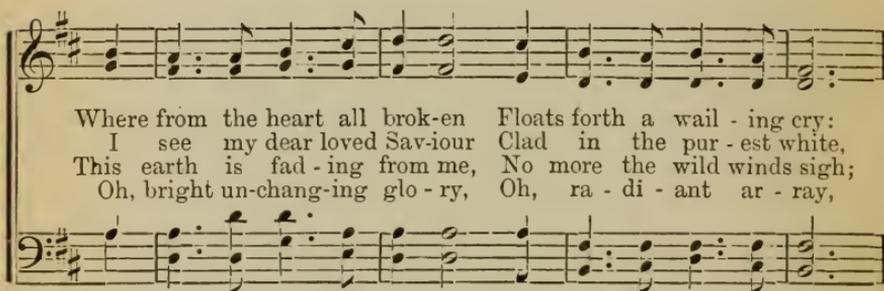
H. H. H.



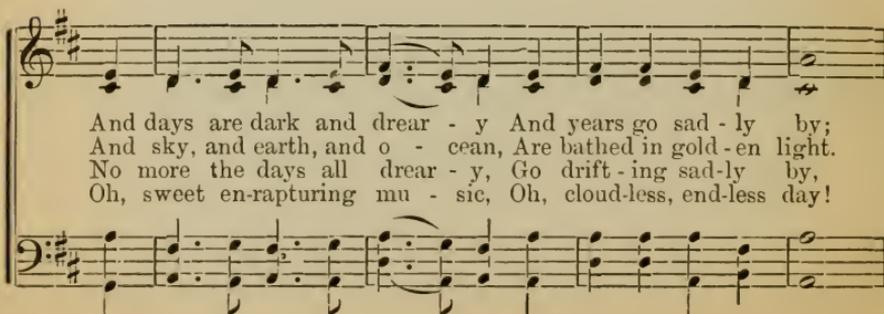
1. Long in this wild, wild coun-try, I've wan-dered poor and lone;
 2. Now stand-ing on the headlands, I greet the com-ing dawn;
 3. So wait-ing Je-sus' com-ing. With lov-ing trust-ing faith,
 4. Oh, bless-ed, hap-py coun-try! No pains nor bit-ter tears;



To ev-'ry ill-ness sub-ject, To ev-'ry weak-ness prone;
 Mine eyes drink in the glo-ry Of the ap-proach-ing morn;
 I fold my hands so wea-ry, And calm-ly wait for death;
 No faint-ing 'neath the bur-den, No doubts, no cru-el fears;



Where from the heart all brok-en Floats forth a wail-ing cry:
 I see my dear loved Sav-iour Clad in the pur-est white,
 This earth is fad-ing from me, No more the wild winds sigh;
 Oh, bright un-chang-ing glo-ry, Oh, ra-di-ant ar-ray,



And days are dark and drear-y And years go sad-ly by;
 And sky, and earth, and o-cean, Are bathed in gold-en light.
 No more the days all drear-y, Go drift-ing sad-ly by,
 Oh, sweet en-rapturing mu-sic, Oh, cloud-less, end-less day!

Sad - ly by, sad - ly by, And years go sad - ly by.
 Gold - en light, gold - en light, Are bathed in gold - en light.
 Sad - ly by, sad - ly by, Go drift - ing sad - ly by.
 End - less day, end - less day, Oh, cloud - less, end - less day.

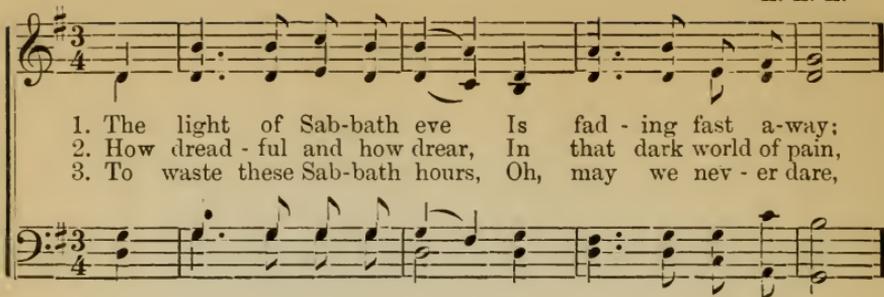
River of Life.

Arr. from "Spiritual Songs."

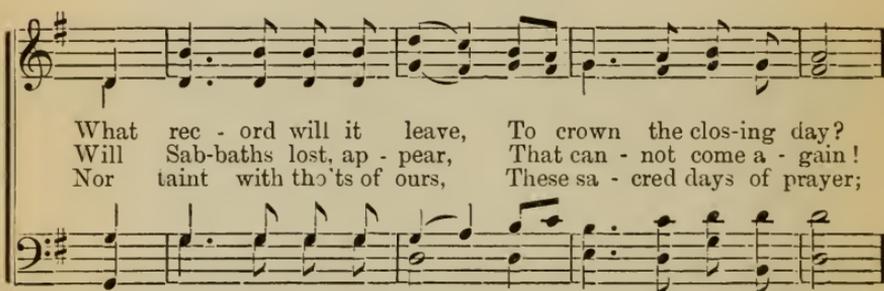
1. Rich from the riv - er of life, flow the streams of sal - va - tion;
2. Mer - cy is read - y its man - tle of love to spread o'er you;
3. Oh, then, ye wand'ers! re - pent and be - lieve in the Sav - iour;

Free as the beams of the sun is the wide in - vi - ta - tion,
 Grace hath to-day laid the feast of the gos - pel be - fore you;
 Glad - ly ac - cept the rich of - fers of kind - ness and fa - vor;

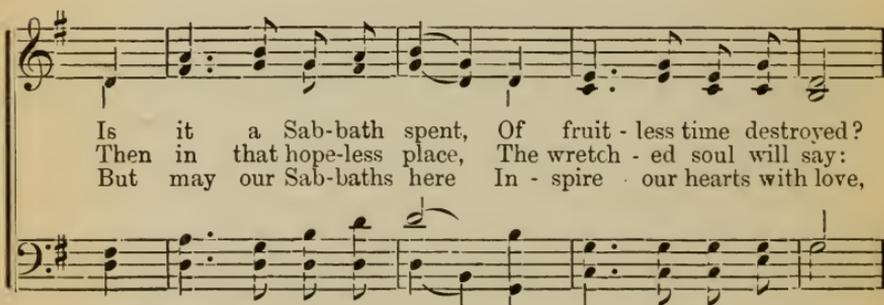
Who - so will come shall re - ceive Joys that no mor - tal can give.
 God keeps your life from the grave, Waiting your spir - it to save.
 Who will the Spir - it o - bey? Who will seek Je - sus to - day?



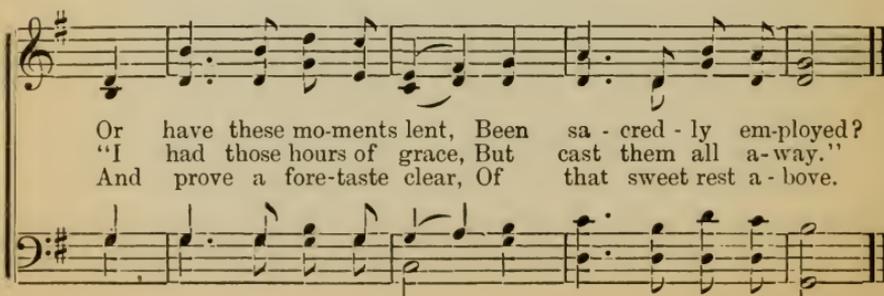
1. The light of Sab-bath eve Is fad - ing fast a-way;
 2. How dread - ful and how drear, In that dark world of pain,
 3. To waste these Sab-bath hours, Oh, may we nev - er dare,



What rec - ord will it leave, To crown the clos - ing day?
 Will Sab - baths lost, ap - pear, That can - not come a - gain!
 Nor taint with tho'ts of ours, These sa - cred days of prayer;



Is it a Sab - bath spent, Of fruit - less time destroyed?
 Then in that hope - less place, The wretch - ed soul will say:
 But may our Sab - baths here In - spire our hearts with love,



Or have these mo - ments lent, Been sa - cred - ly em - ployed?
 "I had those hours of grace, But cast them all a - way."
 And prove a fore - taste clear, Of that sweet rest a - bove.

Cast Your Care on Him.

55

H. H. H.

1. There's an eas - ier way of go - ing, There's a light - er load to bear,
2. There's a voice for - ev - er sound - ing In the wear - y pil - grim's ear,

Than the grievous, grievous burden That so ma - ny of us wear.
Voice of ten - der - est compassion, Framing sweetest words of cheer.

Chorus.

Cast on me your heav - y bur - dens, Cast on me your load of care;

I in - vite you, I en - treat you, All your bur - dens I will bear;

rit.
I in - vite you, I en - treat you, All your bur - dens I will bear.

It is Better Farther On.

H. H. H.

1. A soft sweet voice from Eden stealing, Such as but to angels known;
 2. I hear hope singing, sweetly singing Softly, in an un-der tone,
 3. By night and day, it sings the same song, Sings it while I sit a-lone,
 4. It sits upon the grave and sings it, Sings it when the heart would groan,
 5. Still farther on! Oh, how much farther? Count the mile-stones one by one;

Hope's cheering song is ev-er thril-ling, It is bet-ter far-ther on.
 And sing-ing as if God had taught it, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
 And sings it so the heart may hear it, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
 And sings it when the shadows darken, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."
 No! no! no counting—only trusting, "It is bet-ter far-ther on."

Chorus.

It is bet-ter..... It is bet-ter..... It is
 It is bet-ter far-ther on, It is bet-ter far-ther on, It is

bet-ter far-ther on, It is bet-ter farther on, It is
 bet-ter far-ther on, far-ther on, It is bet-ter..... It is

bet - ter far - ther on, It is bet-ter far - ther on.
bet - ter..... It is bet-ter far - ther on.

Notes of Joy.

Reed's Collection.

H. H. H.

1. Hark! Hark! the notes of joy Roll o'er the heav'n-ly plains,
2. Hark! Hark! the sound draws nigh; The joy - ful hosts de-scend;
3. Bear, bear the tid-ings round; Let ev - 'ry mor-tal know
4. Strike, strike the harps a - gain To great Im-man-uel's name;

And ser-aphs find em - ploy For their sub-lim-est strains; Some
The Lord for-sakes the sky; To earth his foot-steps bend: He
What love in God is found, What pit - y he can show: Ye
A - rise, ye sons of men, And all his grace pro-claim: An-

new delight in heav'n is known. Loud sound the harps around the throne.
comes to bless our fall - en race, He comes with mes-sa-ges of grace.
winds that blow, ye waves that roll, Convey the news from pole to pole.
gels and men, wake ev'ry string, 'Tis God the Saviour's praise we sing.

One who is My Saviour.

H. H. H.

1. I am not skilled to understand What God hath willed, What God hath planned,
 2. I take God at his word and deed; Christ died to save me—this I read,
 3. And O that he fulfilled, may see The travail of his soul in me,

I on - ly know, at his right hand, Stands one who is my Sav - iour.
 And in my heart, I find a need Of him to be my Sav - iour.
 And with his work, con - tent - ed be, As I with my dear Sav - iour.

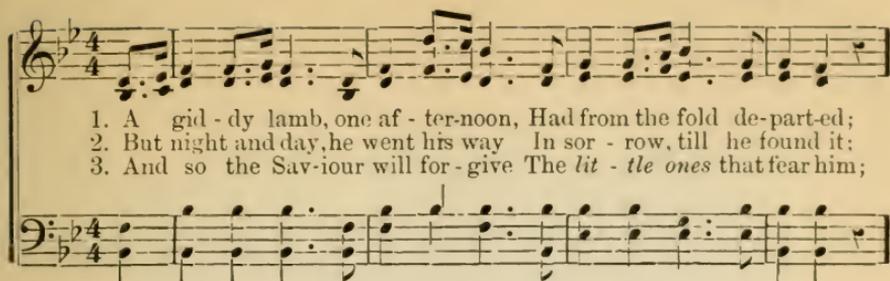
My Sav - iour, my Sav - iour, Stands one who is my Sav - iour:
 My Sav - iour, my Sav - iour, Of him to be my Sav - iour;
 My Sav - iour, my Sav - iour, As I with my dear Sav - iour;

I on - ly know, at his right hand, Stands one who is my Sav - iour.
 And in my heart, I find a need Of him to be my Sav - iour.
 And with his work, con - tent - ed be, As I with my dear Sav - iour.

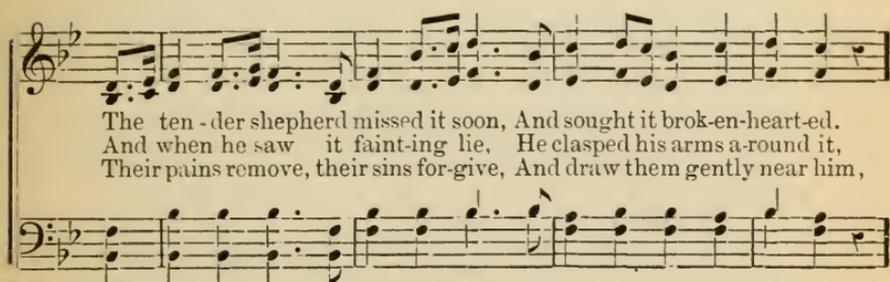
The Strayed Lamb.

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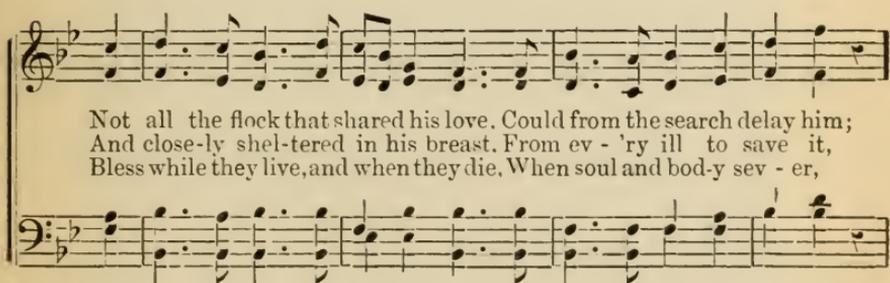
H. H. H.



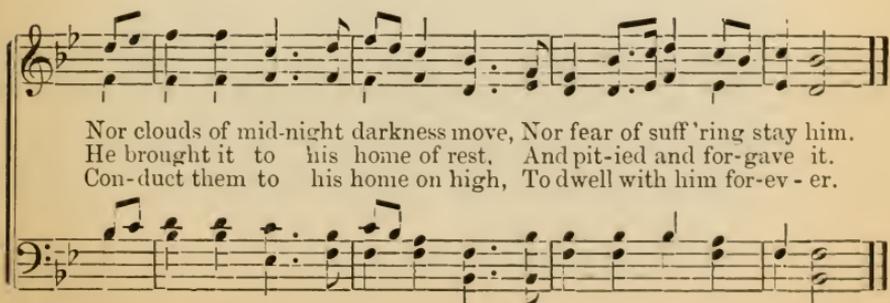
1. A gid - dy lamb, one af - ter-noon, Had from the fold de-part-ed;
2. But night and day, he went his way In sor - row, till he found it;
3. And so the Sav-iour will for-give The lit - tle ones that fear him;



The ten - der shepherd missed it soon, And sought it brok-en-heart-ed.
And when he saw it faint-ing lie, He clasped his arms a-round it,
Their pains remove, their sins for-give, And draw them gently near him,



Not all the flock that shared his love. Could from the search delay him;
And close-ly shel-tered in his breast. From ev - 'ry ill to save it,
Bless while they live, and when they die, When soul and bod-y sev - er,



Nor clouds of mid-night darkness move, Nor fear of suff 'ring stay him.
He brought it to his home of rest, And pit-ied and for-gave it.
Con-duct them to his home on high, To dwell with him for-ev - er.

Will You Go?

H. H. H.

1. We're trav'-ling home to heav'n above, Will you go? Will you
 2. We're going to walk the plains of light, Will you go? Will you
 3. The way to heav'n is straight and plain, Will you go? Will you

Will you go?

go? To sing a Sav-our's dy - ing love, Will you
 go? Where per - fect day ex - cludes the night, Will you
 go? Re - pent, be - lieve, be born a - gain, Will you
 Will you go?

go? Will you go? Our sun will there no more go down, Our
 go? Will you go? The crown of life we there shall wear. The
 go? Will you go? The Sav-our cries a - loud to thee, "Take
 Will you go? Will you go?

moon no more, will be with-drawn, Our days of mourning past and gone,
 palm of vic - t'ry ev - er bear, And all the joys of heav-en share,
 up thy cross and fol-low me; You then shall my sal - va - tion see."

Will you go? Will you go? Will you go? Will you go?
 Will you go? Will you go? Will you go? Will you go?

Notes of Praise.

DODDRIDGE.

FRANK SLYE.

1. God of my life, thro' all my days I'll tune the grate-ful notes of praise;
 2. When anxious care would break my rest, And grief would tear my thro-bing breast,
 3. When death o'er nature shall pre-vail, And all the powers of lan-guage fail.
 4. But oh! when the last con-flict's o'er, And I am chained to earth no more,

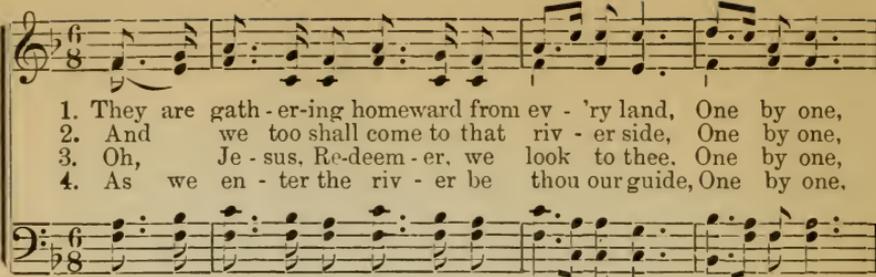
The song shall wake with opening light, And war-ble to the si-lent night.
 The notes of praise ascending high, Shall check the murmur and the sigh.
 Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break, And mean the thanks I cannot speak.
 With what glad accents shall I rise, To join the mu-sic of the skies!

The Love of Jesus. L. M.

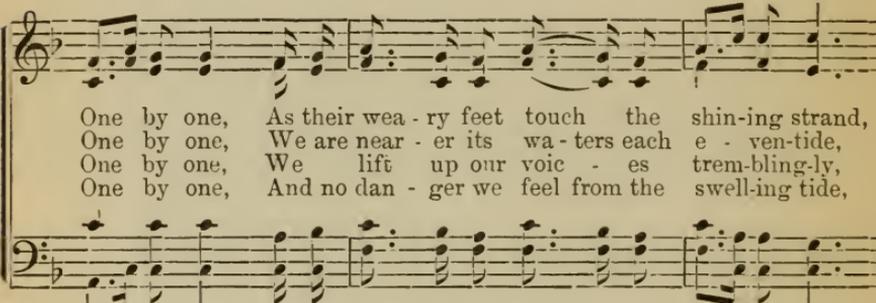
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|--|---|
| <p>1. See how he loved! exclaimed the Jews,
 As tender tears from Jesus fell;
 My grateful heart the theme pursues,
 And on his love delights to dwell.</p> | <p>3. See how he loved! who, firm yet mild,
 With patience bore the scoffing tongue;
 Though oft provoked, he ne'er re-
 viled,
 Nor did his enemies a wrong.</p> |
| <p>2. See how he loved! who traveled on,
 Teaching the doctrine from the skies;
 He bade disease and pain begone,
 And called the sleeping dead to rise.</p> | <p>4. See how he loved! who never shrank
 From toil or danger, pain or death;
 He all the cup of sorrow drank,
 And meekly yielded up his breath.</p> |

"One by One."

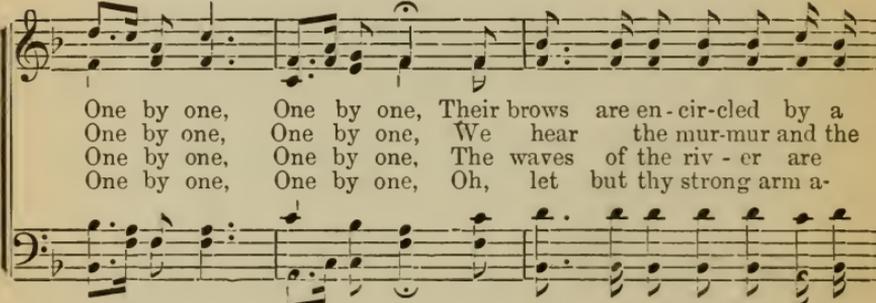
H. H. H.



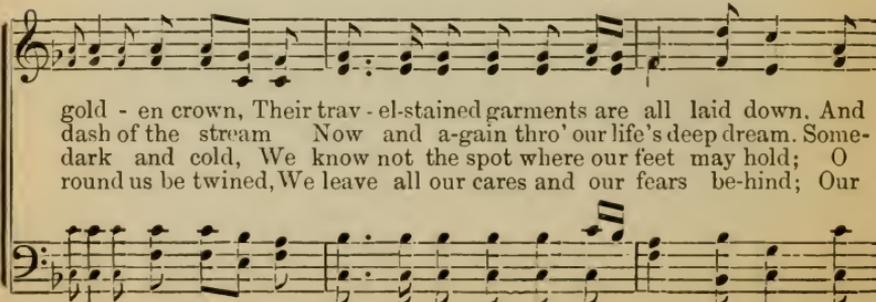
1. They are gath - er - ing homeward from ev - 'ry land, One by one,
 2. And we too shall come to that riv - er side, One by one,
 3. Oh, Je - sus, Re - deem - er, we look to thee, One by one,
 4. As we en - ter the riv - er be thou our guide, One by one.



One by one, As their wea - ry feet touch the shin - ing strand,
 One by one, We are near - er its wa - ters each e - ven - tide,
 One by one, We lift up our voic - es trem - bling - ly,
 One by one, And no dan - ger we feel from the swell - ing tide,



One by one, One by one, Their brows are en - cir - cled by a
 One by one, One by one, We hear the mur - mur and the
 One by one, One by one, The waves of the riv - er are
 One by one, One by one, Oh, let but thy strong arm a -



gold - en crown, Their trav - el - stained garments are all laid down. And
 dash of the stream Now and a - gain thro' our life's deep dream. Some -
 dark and cold, We know not the spot where our feet may hold; O
 round us be twined, We leave all our cares and our fears be - hind; Our

clothed in white raiment, they rest on the mead Where the lamb lov-eth his
times like a del-uge its wa-ters o'er-flow, Sometimes in rip-ples the
Thou who did'st pass thro' in deep midnight, Strengthen us, send us thy
Sav - iour, Re-deem-er, if thou art in view, Smil - ing-ly, glad-some-ly.

chil-dren to lead,	One	by	one.	One	by	one.
gen - tle waves go,	One	by	one,	One	by	one.
staff and thy light,	One	by	one,	One	by	one.
shall we pass through,	One	by	one,	One	by	one.

Jesus, Saviour.

BONAR..

Arr. from W. V. WALLACE.

1. Je - sus, Sav-iour, Son of God, Bear - er of the sin-ner's load;
2. For our sin thy flesh was torn, Thou the pen - al - ty hast borne
3. Sav-iour, Sure-ty, Lamb of God, Thou hast bought us with thy blood;
4. I to thee will look and live, And in look-ing, prais-es give;

Thou the sin-ner's death hast died, Thou for us wast cru - ci - fied.
Of our guilt, up - on the tree, Which the Fa-ther laid on thee.
Thou hast wiped the debt a - way, Noth - ing left for us to pay.
Ev - er look-ing, let me be, At the blood-besprinkled tree.

The Goodness of God.

H. S. WASHBURN.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Let ev-'ry heart re-joyce and sing; Let cho-ral an-thems rise;
 For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways;
 2. He bids the sun to rise and set; In heav'n his power is known;
 For he is good, the Lord is good, And kind are all his ways;

Ye rev-'rend men and chil-dren, bring To God, your sac - ri - fice; }
 With songs and honors sound-ing loud, The Lord Je-ho-vah praise. }
 And earth sub-dued to him, shall yet Bow low be-fore his throne. }
 With songs and honors sound-ing loud, The Lord Je-ho-vah praise. }

While the rocks and the rills. While the vales and the hills, A glo-rious an-them

raise; Let each prolong the grateful song, And the God of our fa-thers praise.

Jesus is Mine.

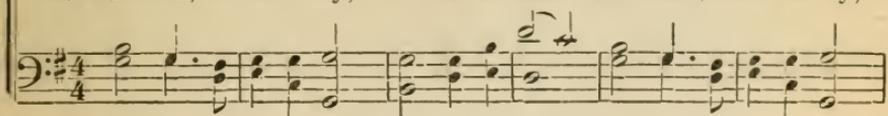
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BONAR.

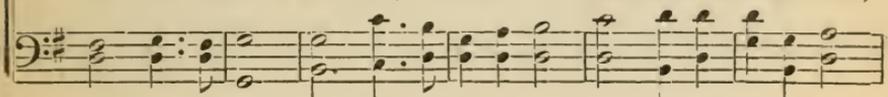
H. H. H. .



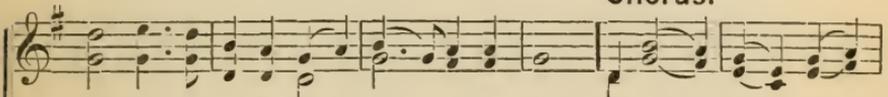
1. Fade, fade each earthly joy; Je - sus is mine: Break ev-'ry ten-der tie;
2. Tempt not my soul a - way; Je - sus is mine: Here would I ev-er stay;
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine: Lost in this dawning bright,
4. Fare-well, mor-tal-i - ty; Je - sus is mine: Wel-come, e-ter - ni - ty;



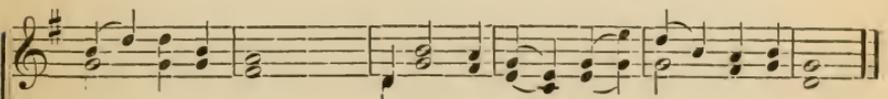
Je - sus is mine: Dark is the wilderness; Earth has no resting-place;
 Je - sus is mine: Per-ish-ing things of clay Born but for one brief day;
 Je - sus is mine: All that my soul has tried Left but a dis-mal void:
 Je - sus is mine: Welcome, O loved and blest! Welcome sweet scenes of rest,



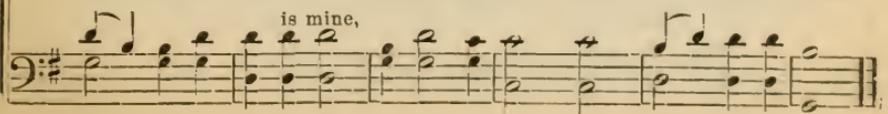
Chorus.



Je - sus a-lone can bless, Je - sus is mine. Je - sus, Je - sus,
 Pass from my heart a-way; Je - sus is mine, Je - sus, etc.
 Je - sus has sat-is-fied: Je - sus is mine. Je - sus, etc.
 Welcome, my Saviour's breast; Je - sus is mine. Je - sus, etc.



Je - sus is mine, Je - sus my Sav - iour, Je - sus is mine.
 is mine,



Work, Brother, Work!

H. H. H.

1. Work, brother, work! the day is de-part-ing, The shadows steal over the
 2. Work, brother, work! the field is be-fore thee. The harvest waves over the
 3. Work, brother, work! but not for the riches That gathered may prove but a
 4. Work, brother, work! and nev-er re-pin-ing At trials which compass thee

hill, The night's com-ing on! the night of the grave. When
 plain, And each pass-ing hour the work is de-layed Brings
 rod, But work for the truth— the sav-ing of men, The
 now; Bear meek-ly the cross, and pa-tient-ly wait, The

Chorus.

heart and when hand shall be still— Then work for the Master while the
 loss of the rip-en-ing grain. Then work, etc.
 wealth of the king-dom of God. Then work, etc.
 crown shall en-cir-cle thy brow. Then work, etc.

hours are bright; They are pass-ing swift-ly a-way; What our

hands find to do, Let us do with our might, While yet it is called, To-day.

Sing of Jesus.

KELLY.

Arr. from the German.

1. Sing of Je - sus, sing for - ev - er Of the
 2. With his blood the Lord hath bought them, Whenthey
 3. Through the des - ert Je - sus leads them, With the
 4. There they see the Lord who bought them, Him who

love that chang-eth nev - er; Who or what from him can
 knew him not, he sought them, And from all their wand'ings
 bread of heav'n he feeds them, And thro' all their way he
 came from heav'n and sought them, Him who by his Spir - it

sev - er Those he makes his own? Those he makes his own?
 brought them; His the praise a - lone. His the praise a - lone.
 speeds them, To their home a - bove. To their home a - bove.
 taught them, Him they serve and love, Him they serve and love.

Life for Death.

RIDDLE.

Old Melody arranged for this work.

1. Ho! ev - 'ry faint and thirst-ing soul, On earth's vast des-ert drear;
2. 'Tis God for you pro-vides this life, Come, haste, nor doubt, nor fear,

Sweet sounds of bub - bling wa-ters break With mu-sic on mine ear.
'Tis Je - sus' hand ex-tends the cup; His voice in-vites you near.

Lo! come, be-hold a foun-tain pure, No need from thirst to die;
Ho! ev-'ry - one that thirsts, give ear, Come to this fount and live;

Come, rest thy wea-ried limbs a-while, And drink a sweet sup-ply.
No price thou need'st with-in thy hand, Thou hast no price to give.

My Matchless Saviour.

69

MEDLEY.

H. H. H.

1. Oh, could I speak the match-less worth, Oh, could I
 2. I'd sing the pre-cious blood he spilt, My ran-som
 3. I'd sing the char-ac-ters he bears, And all the
 4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my dear

sound the glo-ries forth, Which in my Sav-our shine; I'd
 from the dread-ful guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine: I'd
 forms of love he wears, Ex-alt-ed on his throne: In
 Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face: Then

soar and touch the heav'nly strings, And vie with Gabriel when he
 sing his glo-rious right-eous-ness, In which all per-fect, heav'n-ly
 loft-iest songs of sweet-est praise I would to ev-er-last-ing
 with my Sav-our, Broth-er, Friend, A blest e-ter-ni-ty I'll

sings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes al-most di-vine.
 dress My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev-er shine.
 days Make all his glories known, Make all his glo-ries known.
 spend, Tri-umph-ant in his grace, Tri-umph-ant in his grace.

The Temperance Banner.

D. MARLOW.

H. H. H.

1. Fling out to the winds our ban - ner bright, in the
 2. It is not to kill, but re-store to life, It is
 3. Then un-furl our flag to the glo - rious breeze, Its

free blue air let it wave, let it wave, For wher-
 not to de-destroy, but re - build, but re - build, A
 folds let the sun - beams kiss, sun-beams kiss, For the

ev - er is seen its spot - less white, It gleams with a power to
 hus-band to give to the widowed wife, A sire to the or - phan
 sun in its long, long jour - ney sees No glad - som - er sight than

save; Let the winds sweep on from the south and the north, Let them
 child; To spread with plen - ty a wast - ed land, The
 this, As it floats where the slave in bond - age pines, The

The Temperance Banner—Concluded. 71

come from the east and the west, and the west, They
quenched hearth - fire to re - light, to re - light, For
cow - ard - ly ty - rants flee, ty - rants flee, And the

toss no ban-ner that mar-shalls forth A host to a war-fare so blest.
this, march-es on the Temp'rance band, For this high cause they fight.
day with new - born lus - tre shines On a host of the ransomed free.

Chorus.

Then up with the Tem - per - ance ban - ner, And

long..... may it wave, may it wave; 'Tis the
long may it wave,

ban-ner of hope for the na - tion, And it gleams with a power to save.

Rejoicing in Hope.

REV. CARLOS SWIFT.

H. H. HAWLEY.

1. In that far distant land where the an-gels of light, Are resplendent with
2. In that far distant home where the an-gels of peace, Are u - ni - ted in

glo - ry no mor - tal hath known, Where the praise of the Lord is their
love, and where har - mo - ny reigns, Where the Fa - ther of all, in his

ho - ly de - light, As with mel - o - dies sweet, they en - cir - cle his throne,
in - fin - ite grace Sweetly smiles on the children his bounty sus - tains;

I've a Saviour whose glo - ry out - shines all be - side, From whose bosom the
I've a man - sion of bliss which my Saviour has given, Who with blood sealed my

full - ness of love over flows; Who once vis - it - ed earth and in
par - don and made me his own, To par - take of his full - ness of

bit-ter-ness died, To re-deem my dark soul from its sin and its woes.
 glo-ry in heav'n, And to sit at his side on his beau-ti-ful throne.

Sweet the Moments.

ALLEN.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in bless-ing, Which be-fore the cross I spend;
 2. Here it is I find my heav-en, While up-on the cross I gaze;
 3. Love and grief my heart di-vid-ing, With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
 4. Here, in ten-der, grateful sor-row, With my Sav-iour will I stay;

Life, and health and peace pos-sess-ing, From the sin-ner's dy-ing Friend.
 Love I much! I've much for-giv-en; I'm a mir-a-cle of grace.
 Con-stant still, in faith a-bid-ing, Life de-riv-ing from his death.
 Here, new hope and strength will bor-row; Here will love my fears a-way.

Prayer to Jesus.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1. Jesus, hear me, and forgive me,
 Teach me to be meek and mild;
 Thou art good, grant me thy good-
 Let me be thy holy child. [ness,</p> | <p>3. Blessed Jesus, thou hast heard me,
 Thou dost give me heavenly food;
 In thy smiles, O I am joyous.
 In thy goodness I am good.</p> |
| <p>2. Jesus, lead me in thy pathway,
 Fill me with thy heavenly grace;
 Take my heart, and let me love thee,
 Let me see thy smiling face.</p> | <p>4. Jesus, let me never leave thee,
 By thy side my place shall be;
 I will praise thee, I will praise thee,
 Now and in eternity.</p> |

The Grand Old Story.

BONAR.

H. H. HAWLEY.

1. Come and hear the grand old sto - ry, Sto - ry of the
 2. Christ, the Fath - er's Son e - ter - nal, Once was born a
 3. Words of truth, and deeds of kind-ness; Mir - a - cles of
 4. Hear we then, the grand old sto - ry, And in list - 'ning

a - ges past, All earth's an - nals far sur - pass - ing,
 Son of man, He, who nev - er knew be - gin - ning,
 grace and might, Scat - ter fra - grance all a - round him;
 learn the love, Flow - ing thro' it to the guilt - y,

Chorus.

Sto - ry that shall ev - er last; Noblest, tru - est, Old - est, new - est
 Here on earth a life be - gan. Noblest, etc.
 Shine with heav'n's most glo - rious light. Noblest, etc.
 From our pard'ning God a - bove. Noblest, etc.

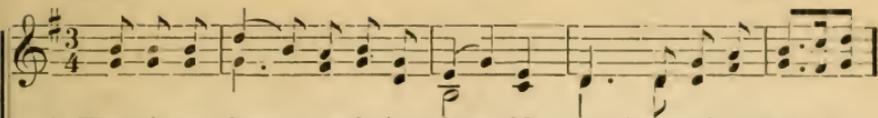
Fair - est, rar - est, Sad - dest, glad - dest, That this earth has ev - er known.

The Hope, the Star, the Voice.

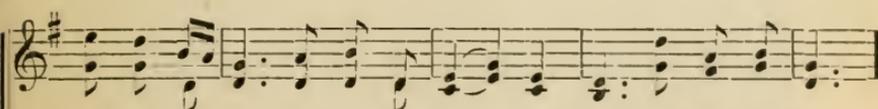
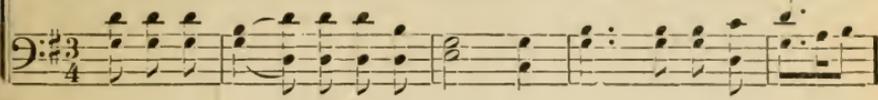
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H. H. H.

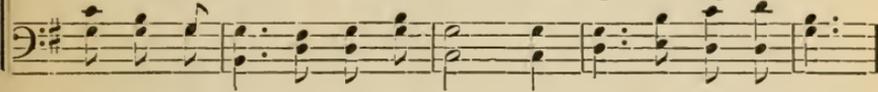
H. H. H.



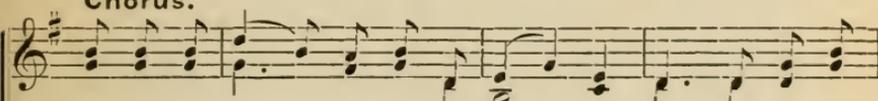
1. There is a hope, a glorious hope, More precious and more bright
2. There is a star, a love-ly star, That lights the dark-est gloom,
3. There is a voice, a cheering voice, That lifts the soul a - bove,
4. That voice, a - loud from Calvary's height, Pro-claims the soul for - given;



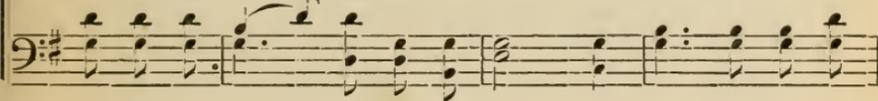
Than all the joy - less mock - er - y The world es - teems de - light.
 And sheds a peace - ful ra - dian - ce o'er The pros - pects of the tomb.
 Dis - pels the pain - ful anx - ious doubt, And whis - pers, "God is love."
 That star is rev - el - a - tion's light; That hope, the hope of heav'n.



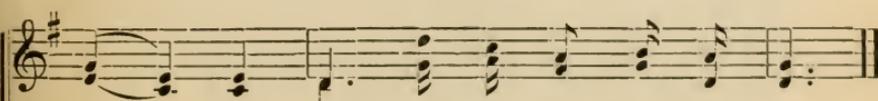
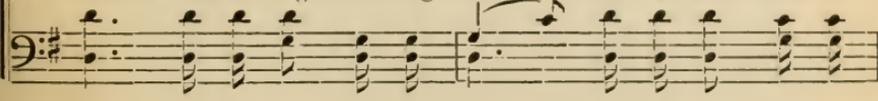
Chorus.



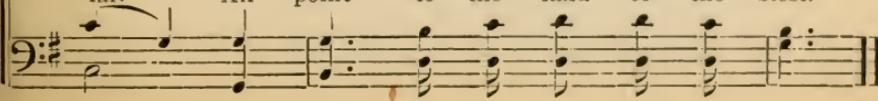
That hope, that hope, that pre - cious hope, Of ev - er - last - ing



rest... With the bright beaming star. And the voice from a -



far. All point to the land of the blest.



Homeward Bound.

Mrs. SARAH SOCWELL.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Homeward bound! the sky is cloud - less, Ev'ry heart with joy beats high,
 2. Now the heav - ens low - er dark - ly, An - gry waves are roll - ing high,
 3. Stead - i - ly our bark is sail - ing Toward the glo - rious Port of Peace;

Glancing sun - light crests the bil - lows, Perfumed gales are float - ing by;
 Not one bea - con cheers the dark - ness, Not one star il - lumes the sky.
 Soon we'll drop the faith - ful an - chor. Soon from care we'll find re - lease.

Clust' ring round us rise bright is - lets With ce - les - tial beauty crowned.
 On - ward we are mad - ly plung - ing, Thro' the depths of gloom profound,
 Ad - verse winds may check our progress, An - gry storms may howl around,

Sweet - est mu - sic chains our sens - es— But a - dieu! we're homeward bound.
 But one tho't re - vives our spir - its— Courage! we are homeward bound!
 But our Pi - lot's strong and faith - ful, And our ship is homeward bound!

Chorus.

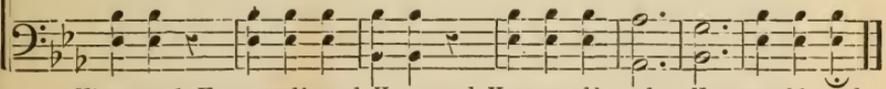
Homeward bound, what'er be - tide us We have Je - sus for our friend.



Homeward bound, he'll safe-ly guide us Till the voyage of life shall end.



Home-ward bound, Home-ward bound, Home-ward bound.



Home-ward, Homeward bound, Homeward, Homeward bound, Homeward bound.

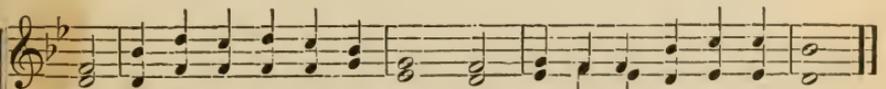
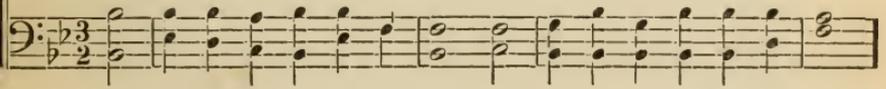
The New Song.

BONAR.

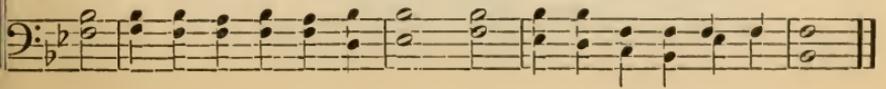
H. H. H.



1. Be-yond the hills where suns go down, And brightly beckon as they go,
2. A - bove the dis-son-ance of time, And dis-cord of its an-gry words,
3. I bid it welcome; and my haste To join it, can-not brook delay:—
4. Oh, song of light, and dawn, and bliss, Sound over earth, and fill the skies;



I see the land of fair re-nown, The land which I so soon shall know.
 I hear the ev-er-last-ing chime, The mu-sic of un-jarr-ing chords.
 Oh, song of morning, come at last, And ye who sing it, come a-way!
 Nor ev-er, ev-er, ev-er cease Thy soul en-tranc-ing mel-o-dies.



Let Us Draw Near.

BONAR.

V. C. TAYLOR.

1. Why stand I lin-ger-ing without, In fear, and wea-ri-ness, and
 2. I know the mer-cy seat is there, On which thou sit'st to an-swer
 3. With-out, the cloud and gloom ap-pear, The per-il and the storm are

doubt, When all is light with-in? O Thou, the new and
 prayer; I know the blood is shed; The ev-er-last-ing
 near, The foe is rag-ing round; Then let me bold-ly

liv-ing way, The trem-ber's Guide, the sin-ner's stay, My
 Cov-nant sealed, The ev-er-last-ing grace re-vealed, And
 en-ter in, There end my dan-ger, fear, and sin, And

High Priest, lead me in, My High Priest, lead me in.
 life has reached the dead, And life has reached the dead.
 rest on ho-ly ground, And rest on ho-ly ground.

No! No! It is Not Dying.

79

From the German, by Gerhardt.

H. H. H.

1. No! no! it is not dy - ing To Je - sus' self to go;
2. No! no! it is not dy - ing To leave this world of strife,

The gloom of earth for - sak - ing, In our pure home a - wak - ing,
And walk be - side the riv - er, Where Christ shall lead for - ev - er.

Should give no pang of woe. No! no! it is not dy - ing,
His sheep 'neath trees of life. No! no! it is not dy - ing,

In heav'n at last to dwell, In the e - ter - nal glo - ry
With lord - ly glo - ry crowned, To join in the thanks - giv - ing

Of crown, and harp, and sto - ry, Our earth - ly fears to quell.
To Him the ev - er - liv - ing, With which the heav'ns resound.

Who Can Shelter Me ?

Mrs. ELLEN L. BLAKELY.

Mrs. ELLEN L. BLAKELY. Arr. by H. H. H.

Solo.

1. Who can shel-ter me from the wave On life's tem-pest-u-ous sea?
 2. Who can shel-ter me from the world's Cold, heartless, chilling frown?
 3. Thou wilt shel-ter me; Thou, whose heart Sheds love on all a-round,

No earth-ly arm hath power to save! Ah, whith - er shall I flee?
 Who can sus - tain my wea-ry heart From sink - ing sure-ly down?
 Thy name sweet com-fort can im-part, Dear to my soul the sound;

My wea-ry soul cries out for rest From storms that beat up-on my breast,
 When grief's remorseless wings have spread Their gloomy shad-ows o'er my head,
 In thy pro-TECT-ing arms I lie, And calmly watch the storm pass by,

And none can comfort me, None can shel-ter me, Je-sus of
 And none can comfort me, None can shel-ter me, Je-sus of
 And none can comfort me, None can shel-ter me, Je-sus of

rit.

Naz - ar-eth, but Thee, Je - sus of Naz - ar-eth, but Thee.
 Naz - ar-eth, but Thee, Je - sus of Naz - ar-eth, but Thee.
 Naz - ar-eth, but Thee, Je - sus of Naz - ar-eth, but Thee.

Chorus.

None can com-fort me, None can shel-ter me, Je - sus of

Repeat softly.

Naz - ar-eth, but Thee, Je - sus of Naz - ar - eth, but thee.

Child's Morning Prayer.

H. H. H.

1. Hear the sim-ple prayer I of - fer, Help me to be good to-day;
 May I call right tho'ts about me, While I drive the bad a- (omit) way.

2. When I feel the sel- fish wish- es Creeping in my lit - tle heart,
 May I then, my heav' nly Father, Think how kind and good thou (omit) art.

3. For thy love, Oh, let me bless thee; For my own glad happy heart;
 On - ly when I'm good and lov- ing, Can I know how good thou (omit) art.

Rev. P. STRYKER.

H. H. H.

1. I heard a voice, the sweetest voice That mor-tal ev-er heard;
 2. I saw his face, the fair-est face That mor-tal ev-er saw;
 3. I felt his love, the strongest love That mor-tal ev-er felt;

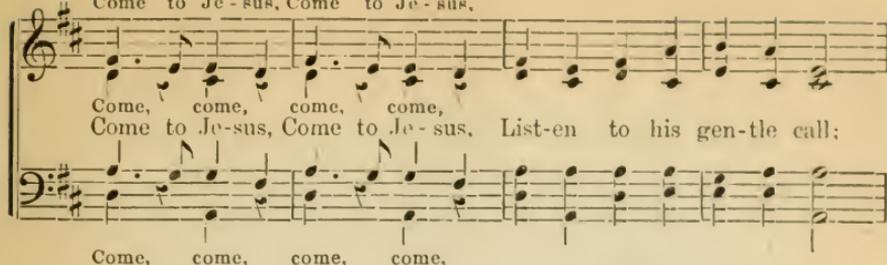
Oh, how it made my heart re-joice, And ev-'ry feel-ing stirred;
 I longed the Sav-iour to embrace, From him new life to draw;
 Oh, how it drew my soul a-bove, And made my hard heart melt;

'Twas Je-sus spoke to me, a child, He called me to his side
 "Suf-fer the child to come," he said, "Of such my king-dom is;"
 My bur-den at his feet I laid, And knew the joy of heav'n,

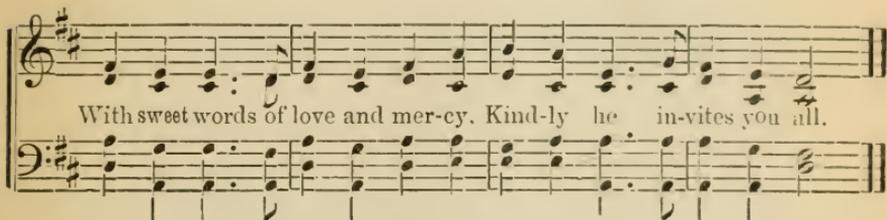
And said, al-tho' with heart de-filed, I might in him con-fide.
 The ran-som price I ful-ly paid And he shall taste my bliss.
 As in my wil-ling ear he said, The bless-ed word, "forgiven."

Chorus.

Come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus,



Come, come, come, come,
Come to Je-sus, Come to Je-sus, List-en to his gen-tle call;



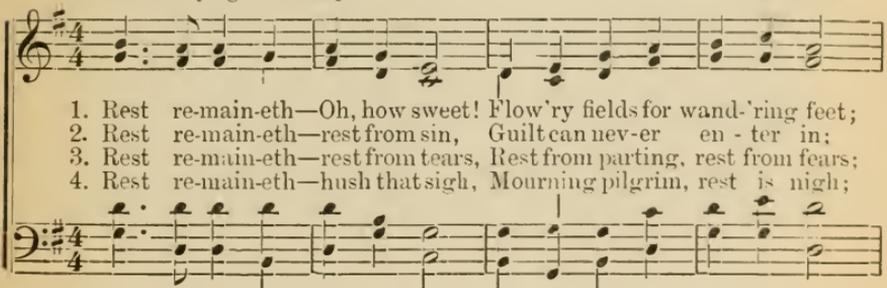
With sweet words of love and mer-cy. Kind-ly he in-vites you all.

Rest Remaineth.

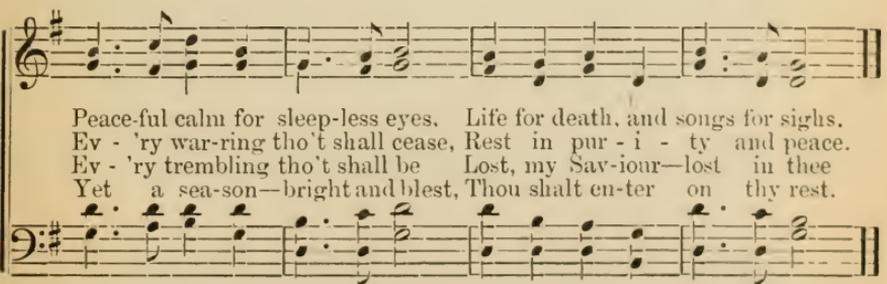
"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."

From "Dark Sayings on a Harp."

H. H. H.



1. Rest re-main-eth—Oh, how sweet! Flow'ry fields for wand'ring feet;
2. Rest re-main-eth—rest from sin, Guilt can nev-er en-ter in;
3. Rest re-main-eth—rest from tears, Rest from parting, rest from fears;
4. Rest re-main-eth—hush that sigh, Mourning pilgrim, rest is nigh;



Peace-ful calm for sleep-less eyes. Life for death, and songs for sighs.
Ev - 'ry war-ring tho't shall cease, Rest in pur - i - ty and peace.
Ev - 'ry trembling tho't shall be Lost, my Sav-iour—lost in thee
Yet a sea-son—bright and blest, Thou shalt en-ter on thy rest.

"God is present everywhere."

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1. They who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in ev'ry place;
If we live a life of prayer,
God is present everywhere.</p> | <p>'Tis the time for earnest prayer;
God is present everywhere.</p> |
| <p>2. When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,</p> | <p>3. Then, my soul in every strait,
To thy Father come, and wait;
He will answer every prayer;
God is present everywhere.</p> |

RIDDLE

H. H. H.

1. Hail, Sab-bath morn! blest dawn of rest, Rest to the fainting heart;
2. Thy sil-ver cur-tains fringed with gold, Than noon-day's garb more grand,

With joy we greet thy precious light, Which bids the dark-ness part.
In maj-es-ty dis-play the pow'r Of God's al-might y hand;

pp
How soft and sweet thy balm-y breath That fans earth's bosom fair,
These speak to us of rich-er light, Of pur-er at-mos-phere,

And sweeps from off the anx-ious brow, Each shade of pain and care.
Of heav'n, a land be-yond our sight, Where sky is ev-er clear.

Chorus.

Then hail, sweet Sab-bath morn! The
Then hail, then hail, sweet Sab-bath morn! The

beau-ti-ful Sab - bath morn! For the Sav-iour rose tri-
 beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Sab - bath morn!

umph - ant o'er his foes, On a beau - ti - ful Sab - bath morn.

“The Lord is My Shepherd.”

Arr. from “Spiritual Songs.”

1. The Lord is my Shep-herd; he makes me re - pose Where the
 2. He strength-ens my spir - it, he shows me the path Where the

pas-tures in beau-ty are grow - ing; He leads me a - far from the
 arms of his love shall en-fold me; And when I walk thro' the dark

world and its woes, Where in peace the still wa-ters are flow - ing.
 val-ley of death, Still his rod and his staff will up-hold me.

Looking to Jesus.

H. H. H.

1. Eyes that are weep-ing, and hearts that are sore, Look un-to
 2. Look-ing to Je - sus, dis - pels ev-'ry fear, When troubles and
 3. Look - ing to Je - sus, the wea - ry find rest, The hearts that are
 4. Look - ing to Je - sus, then let us be found, When Jordan's dark

Je - sus and sor - row no more; The light of his coun-ten-ance
 dan-gers are gath-er - ing near; Tho' clouds and thick darkness a-
 burdened, the spir - its dis-tres't; The tem-pest of life all a-
 wa-ters en-com-pass us round; With songs of glad tri-umph we'll

shin-eth so bright, That on earth, as in heav-en, there need be no
 round us may fall, He will guide us, pro-ject us, and save from them
 bout them may roar, But look-ing to Je - sus, they trem-ble no
 pass thro' the wave, Ev - er look-ing to Je - sus, the migh-ty to

light, That on earth, as in heav-en, there need be no light.
 all, He will guide us, pro-ject us, and save from them all.
 more, But look-ing to Je - sus, they trem-ble no more.
 save, Ev - er look-ing to Je - sus the migh-ty to save.

"Peace! It is I."

87

ST. ANATOLIUS.

H. H. H.

1. Fierce was the wild bil-low, Dark was the night;
 2. Ridge of the mount-ain wave, Low - er thy crest;
 3. Je - sus, De - liv - er - er! Come thou to me,

Oars la - bored heav - i - ly, Foam glim-ered white;
 Wail of Eu - roc - ly - don, Be thou at rest;
 Soothe thou my voy - ag - ing, O - ver life's sea;

Trem-bled the mar-in-ers, Per - il was high, Then said the God of Gods,
 Sor - row can nev - er be, Darkness must fly, Where saith the Light of Light,
 Then when the storm of death Roars sweeping by, Whisper, O Truth of Truth,

Slow.

"Peace! it is I," Then said the God, of Gods, "Peace! it is I."
 "Peace! it is I," Where saith the Light of Light, "Peace! it is I."
 "Peace! it is I," Whis - per, O Truth of Truth, "Peace! it is I."

H. H. H.

H. H. H.

1. Once more to thy tem-ple, O Lord, we re - pair, To
 2. We come, O dear Sav-iour, with sor - row op - prest, With
 3. No price can we of - fer, for sin to a - tone, But

of - fer our trib-ute of praise and prayer; But vain the ob-la-tion we
 sin heav-y la - den, and long-ing for rest, Hast thou not in-vit-ed the
 trust in the mer-it of Je - sus a-lone; Our load of trans-gres-sions on

bring to thee now, Un - less in the "spir - it and
 hearts that are sore, To rest in thy pres - ence, and
 him has been laid; The price of our ran - som, by

Ret.
 truth" we can bow, Un-less in the "spir - it and truth" we can bow.
 sor - row no more, To rest in thy pres-ence and sor-row no more.
 him has been paid, The price of our ran-som by him has been paid.

Chorus.

Ho - ly Fa-ther, low-ly bending, Hum-ble sup-pliant at thy feet,

May thy Spir - it now de-scend-ing, Here our con - trite spir-its meet,

We are weakness, but in meekness, We ap-proach thy mer-cy seat.

Come, Mighty Spirit.

BONAR.

H. H. H.

1. Come, mighty Spir - it, pen - e - trate This heart and soul of mine;
2. As this clear air surrounds the earth, Thy grace a-round me roll;
3. As from these clouds, drops down in love, The pre-cious Sum-mer rain,
4. Thus life with - in our life-less hearts, Shall make its glad a - bode;

And my whole be-ing, with thy grace Per-vade. O Life di - vine!
 As the fresh light pervades the air, So pierce and fill my soul.
 So, from thy-self pour down the flood That fresh-ens all a - gain.
 And we shall shine in beauteous light, Filled with the light of God.

The Love of God.

BONAR.

H. H. H.

1. Oh, love of God, how strong and true! E - ter - nal and yet ev - er new;
 D. c. Oh, wide embracing wondrous love, We read thee in the sky a - bove.
 2. We read thee best in Him who came To bear for us, the cross of shame;
 D. c. We read thy power to bless and save, E'en in the darkness of the grave.

Fine.

Un - com - pre - hend - ed and unbought, Beyond all knowledge and all tho't.
 We read thee in the earth below, In seas that swell, and streams that flow;
 Sent from the Father from on high, Our life to live, our death to die.
 Still more in res - ur - rec - tion light, We read the fullness of thy might.

Duet.

Oh, heav'nly love, how precious still, In days of wea - ri - ness and ill;
 We read thee, in the tears once shed O - ver doomed Salem's guilt - y head.

D. C.

In nights of pain and help - less - ness, To heal, to com - fort, and to bless.
 In the cold tomb of Beth - a - ny, And blood - drops of Geth - sem - a - ne.

The Love that Passeth Knowledge. 91

BONAR.

English.

1. Girt with the love of God on ev-'ry side; Breathing that
 2. 'Tis what I know of thee, my Lord and God, That fills my
 3. Thy name is Love! I hear it from the cross; Thy name is
 4. More of thy-self, Oh, show me ev-'ry hour, More of thy

love, as heav'n's own healing air; I work, or wait, still
 soul with peace, my lips with song; Thou art my health, my
 Love! I read it in yon tomb; All mean-er love is
 glo-ry, O my God and Lord; More of thy-self in

fol-lowing my guide, Brav-ing each foe, es-cap-ing ev-'ry snare.
 joy, my staff and rod, Lean-ing on thee, in weakness, I am strong.
 per-ish-a-ble dross, But this shall light me thro' the thickest gloom.
 all thy grace and pow'r, More of thy love and truth, in-car-nate Word.

A Little Word.

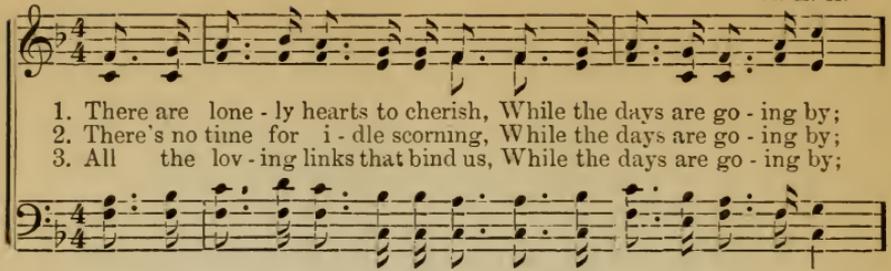
D. C. COLESWORTHY.

H. H. H.

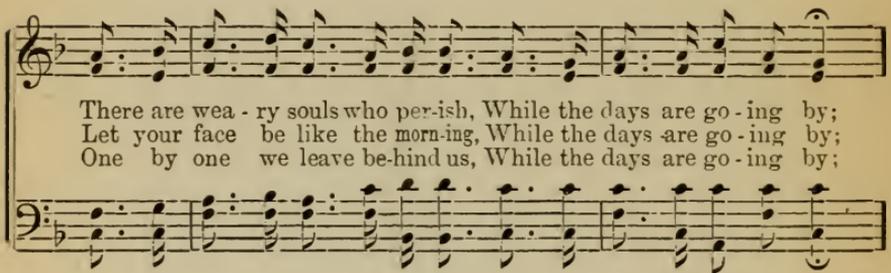
1. A lit-tle word in kindness spok-en, A motion, or a tear,
 Has often healed the heart that's broken, And made a (omit) friend sincere.
 2. A word, a look, has crushed to earth Full many a budding flower,
 Which had a smile but owned its birth, Would bless life's (omit) darkest hour.
 3. Then deem it not an i-dle thing, A pleasant word to speak,
 The face you wear, the tho'ts may bring, A heart to (omit) heal, or break.

While the Days are Going By.

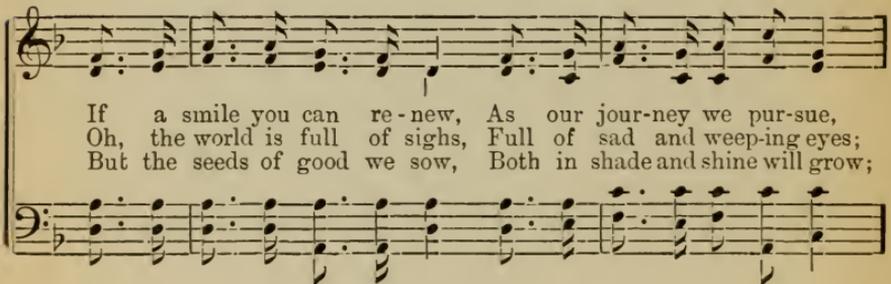
H. H. H.



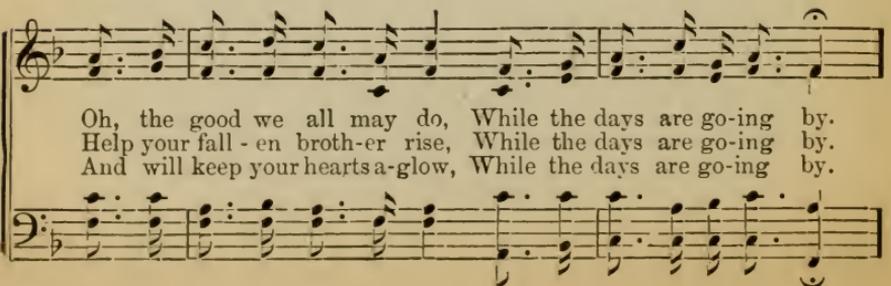
1. There are lone - ly hearts to cherish, While the days are go - ing by;
 2. There's no time for i - dle scorning, While the days are go - ing by;
 3. All the lov - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by;



There are wea - ry souls who per-ish, While the days are go - ing by;
 Let your face be like the morn-ing, While the days are go - ing by;
 One by one we leave be-hind us, While the days are go - ing by;



If a smile you can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
 Oh, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes;
 But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow;



Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
 Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days are go - ing by.
 And will keep your hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

While the Days are Going By—Concluded. 93

While the days are go-ing by, While the days are go-ing by,
 While the days are go-ing by, While the days are go-ing by,
 While the days are go-ing by, While the days are go-ing by,

Oh, the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by,
 Help your fall - en broth - er rise, While the days, etc.
 And will keep your hearts a-glow, While the days, etc.

Go - ing by.....
 Go - ing by.....
 Go - ing by.....
 Go - ing by

Child's Evening Hymn.

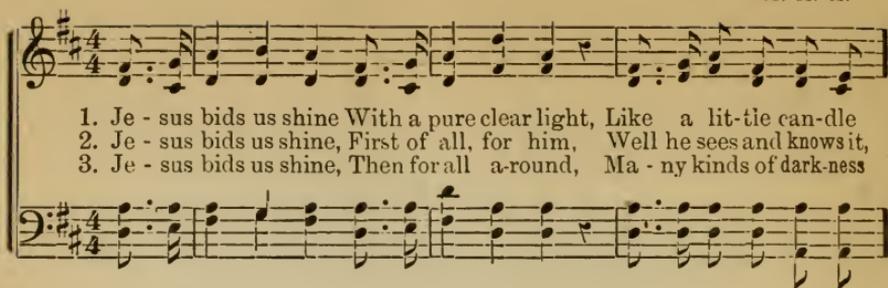
EVANGELIST.

H. H. H.

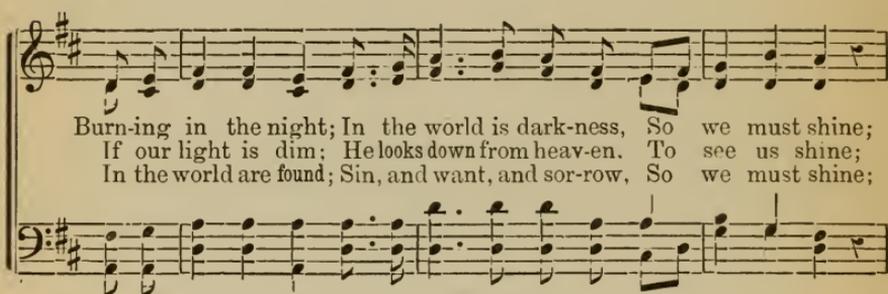
1. Lord be-fore thy throne I bow, Wilt thou list-en to me now,
 While to thee my voice I raise, In a hymn of prayer (*omit*) and praise.
2. Lord, I would be wholly thine; Cleanse this sin-ful heart of mine;
 All my wicked deeds forgive, May I serve thee while (*omit*) I live.
3. Now protect me thro' the night, Let me see the morn-ing light;
 Then a-gain, my voice I'll raise Un - to thee, in prayer (*omit*) and praise.

Jesus Bids Us Shine.

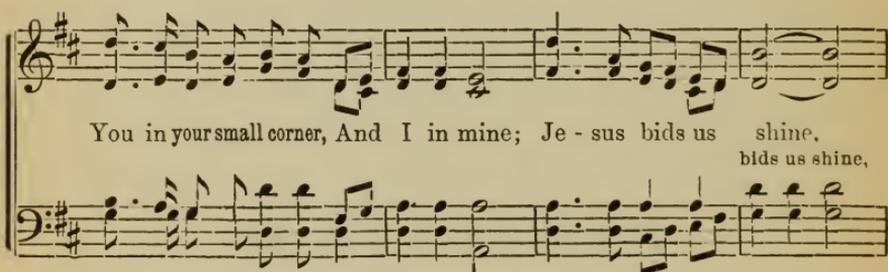
H. H. H.



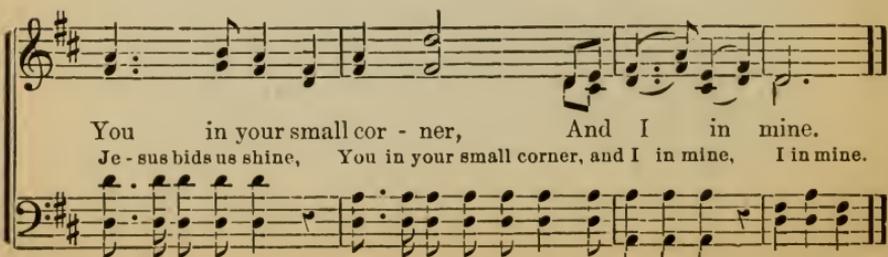
1. Je - sus bids us shine With a pure clear light, Like a lit-tle can-dle
 2. Je - sus bids us shine, First of all, for him, Well he sees and knows it,
 3. Je - sus bids us shine, Then for all a-round, Ma - ny kinds of dark-ness



Burn-ing in the night; In the world is dark-ness, So we must shine;
 If our light is dim; He looks down from heav-en, To see us shine;
 In the world are found; Sin, and want, and sor-row, So we must shine;



You in your small corner, And I in mine; Je - sus bids us shine,
 bids us shine,



You in your small cor - ner, And I in mine.
 Je - sus bids us shine, You in your small corner, and I in mine, I in mine.

"He Careth for You."

"Sunshine."

H. H. H.

1. Yes, leave it with Him; The lil - ies all do, And they grow, Sweetly grow. They
 2. The grass-es are clothed The rav-ens are fed From his store, Ample store; But
 3. Yes, leave it with Him; You're more dear to his heart, You may know, Ever know, Than

grow in the rain. And they grow in the dew; Yes, they grow, Sweetly grow; They
 you, who are loved, And are guarded and led, How much more. How much more Will he
 lilies that bloom. Or than flowers that start Neath the snow, Neath the snow, What-

grow in the darkness, all hid in the night, They grow in the sunshine re-
 clothe you, and feed you, and give you his care; Then leave it with him, for he
 ev - er you need, you may seek it in prayer, And leave it with Him, you are

vealed by the light; Yes, they grow, Still they grow, Still they grow, Sweetly grow.
 has ev-'rywhere, Am-ple store, Ev-'ry-where, Ev-'ry-where Am-ple store.
 ev - er his care; This you know, Ev-er know, This you know, Ev-er know.

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