



SUNDAY-

SCHOOL

SONGS.

CLEVELAND, O.

Publishing House of the Evangelical Association,

214-220 WOODLAND AVENUE.



Division

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2867

SUNDAY SCHOOL SONGS.

A

TREASURY

OF

Devotional Hymns and Tunes

FOR

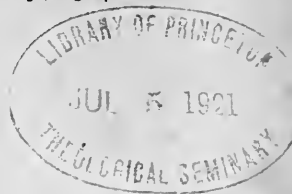
THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

[E. A. Norman]

CLEVELAND, O.

PUBLISHING HOUSE OF THE EVANGELICAL ASSOCIATION,

214-220 WOODLAND AVENUE.



TO THE FRIENDS OF SONG.

With gratitude "*unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood,*" and with an earnest desire to magnify His name who is worthy "*to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing,*" we offer this volume to the Sunday-School Workers and Sunday-School Children of our land, cherishing the fond hope that its songs may bring fresh inspiration into many schools, and cheer many hearts. We accompany this humble tribute of our love and service to the Master with the fervent prayer that, through its use, many trophies may be won for Christ.

May all who join in its songs share the joy of participating in the "New Song" which the redeemed shall sing in the kingdom of the Father.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

LAUER & YOST, PUBLISHERS.

Sunday-School Songs.



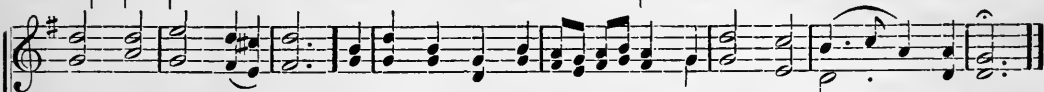
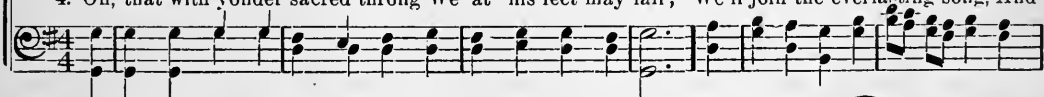
Coronation. C. M.

REV. E. PERRONET.

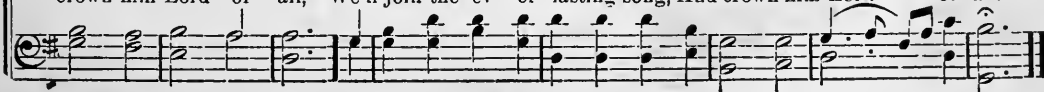
O. HOLDEN.



1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate fall; Bring forth the royal di - adem, And
2. Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget The wormwood and the gall; Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And
3. Let ev - 'ry kindred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - restrial ball; To him all majes - ty ascribe, And
4. Oh, that with yonder sacred throng We at his feet may fall; We'll join the everlasting song, And



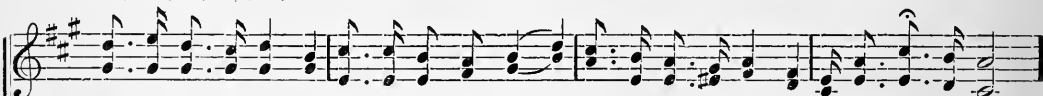
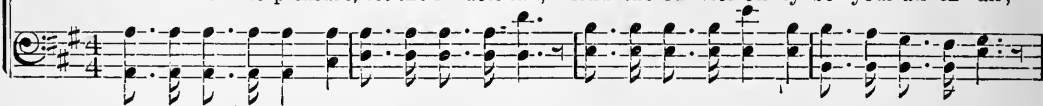
crown him Lord of all, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, Go, spread your trophies at his feet, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, To him all ma - jes - ty ascribe, And crown him Lord of all.
crown him Lord of all, We'll join the ev - er - lasting song, And crown him Lord of all.



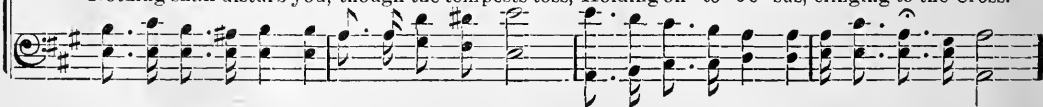
Holding On To Jesus.



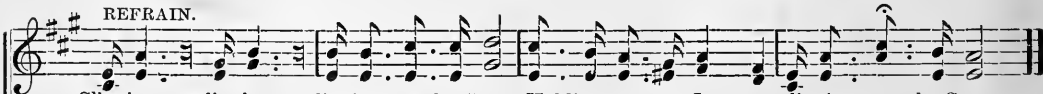
1. Holding on to Jesus, with the crown in sight; Holding on to Je- sus, in the dark and light;
2. If I hold to Je- sus, Jesus holds to me, And each path of du- ty plainly I can see;
3. Ere you can unshak- en to the Savior hold, Earth must be forsaken, self and love of gold;
4. Bid farewell to pleasure, let the i- dols fall, And the Sa- vior on- ly be your all in all;



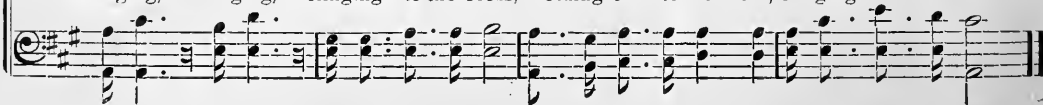
Though the world may tempt me with its luring dross, Holding on to Jesus, clinging to the Cross.
 O - ver all I triumph, and secure-ly stand, Holding on to Je- sus by his mighty hand.
 Glad- ly you must suffer ev - ery earthly loss, Holding on to Je- sus, clinging to the Cross.
 Nothing shall disturb you, though the tempests toss, Holding on to Je- sus, clinging to the Cross.



REFRAIN.



Clinging, clinging, clinging to the Cross, Holding on to Je- sus, clinging to the Cross.



Calm.

DR. H. BONAR.

J. A. MUNK, M. D.

1. I stand up - on the mount of God With sunlight in my soul; I hear the storms in
 2. But I am calm with thee, my God, Beneath these glorious skies, And to the height on
 3. Oh, this is life! Oh, this is joy! My God, to find thee so; Thy face to see, thy

CHORUS.

vales beneath, I hear the thunders roll.
 which I stand, No storms, nor clouds, can rise. } Oh, this is joy! Oh, this is peace! To
 voice to hear, And all thy love to know. }

be so sweet - ly blest! To lean up - on thy heart, O God, This, this is per - fect rest!

On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

REV. SAMUEL STENNETT.

"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—ISA. 33: 17.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where
 2. O'er all those wide-extended plains Shines one eternal day; There God the Son forever reigns, And
 3. When shall I reach that happy place And be forever blest? When shall I see my Father's face And
 4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay; Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll, Fear-

CHORUS.

my pos-ses-sions lie. }
 scatters night away. } We will rest in the fair and happy land, Just across on the evergreen
 in His bo-som rest? } by and by,
 less I'd launch away. }

shore, Sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Jesus ev-er-more.
 evergreen shore,

Remember Jesus Leads.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, *by per.*

1. { Ye followers of Christ, go forth, Your Master's call obey ; } Go, seek the souls that erring stray, For them a Savior
 2. { Stay not till all the tribes of earth Shall own his sov'reign sway ; } A fallen world in darkness lies, Each to the rescue
 3. { His faithful ones, who ever strive His righteous cause to win, }
 { Shall see their Master's work revive, His vict'ry over sin. } Oh, tell his love, that cannot fail, Make known his
 3. { Go up against sin's fortress walls, Go in the strength of grace ; } Oh, tell his love, that cannot fail, Make known his
 { And if a standard-bearer falls, Then you must take his place. } [glorious]

CHORUS.

pleads, And while you keep the narrow way, Remember Jesus leads. } Remember, remember, Re-
 speeds ; Though foes on every side a - rise, Remember Jesus leads. } Remember Jesus leads, remember Jesus leads, Re-
 deeds, And tho' you walk thro' death's dark vale, Remember Jesus leads. }

member Jesus leads ; Who trust in him are blest, He leads to perfect rest ; Oh, remember Jesus leads !
 member, oh, remember Jesus leads, Jesus leads ; oh, remember Jesus leads, Jesus leads !

Toil for Jesus.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. If a - long life's wea - ry jour - ney You have soothed an aching head; If you've watched be-side the
 2. All a - round are wea - ry travelers Walk - ing through life's pass - ing years, Gathering thorns in - stead of
 3. Ma - ny pal - lid lips are parch - ing For the wa - ter you might bring; Ma - ny now who moan in

dy - ing, If you've wept a - bove the dead; If from out one bleed - ing bo - som You have
 ro - ses, Sow - ing pain and reap - ing tears. If you find a fall - en broth - er, And you
 sor - row, You might teach with joy to sing; Ma - ny seeds that you could scat - ter Would pro -

soothed a - way the pain, You shall find re - ward in heav - en, And your work is not in vain.
 lift him up a - gain, You shall find re - ward in heav - en, And your work is not in vain.
 duce a - bun - dant grain. You would find re - ward in heav - en, And you would not work in vain.

CHORUS.

Toil on, toil on, To work for God is gain; Toil on, toil on, Your work is not in vain.
 Toil on, toil on, my brother, To work for God is gain; Toil on, toil on, my brother, Your work is not in vain.

Homeward.

KATE SUMNER BURE.

E. A. HOFFMAN, *by per.*

1. Homeward ev - er we are sailing Toward the port of endless rest, Toward the har-mo - nies of heaven,
2. Homeward ev - er we are sailing From a realm of death and tears, Toward a land of life and beau - ty,
3. Homeward sailing o'er life's billows, We shall an - chor safe at last, Sin and pain and death behind us,
4. Homeward! Exiled thou no long - er From the saint's dear Fath - er - land, Pil - grim days for - ev - er end - ed,

And the mansions of the blest; Earthly shadows stretch behind us, Clouds and darkness flee away,
And the long e - ter - nal years; O'er the waves a glo - ry shineth From that sunny land afar;
Earth's brief day for - ev - er past; Bright upon our vis - ion breaking Soon the heavenly land will rise,
Safe at home our feet shall stand; This the crowning joy of heav - en, Far surpass - ing aught beside,

As up - on our hap - py vision Ri - ses the e - ter - nal day; Yonder, yonder, Ri - ses the e - ter - nal day.
Safe from thief and moth and rusting, There our choicest treasures are; Yonder, yonder, There our choicest treasures are.
Golden street and crystal river, Tree of life and cloudless skies; Yonder, yonder, Soon the heavenly land will rise.
We shall hail the world's Redeemer, See him and be satisfied; See him, see him, See him and be satisfied.

Rit.

The Summons.

MRS. LENA E. STEWART.

JOSEPH DISE.

1. My summons may come in the morn-ing, Or the deep peaceful slumber of night; It may come with a lin-ger-ing
2. It may come when my life, full of sweetness, Would fain have it tar - ry a-while; It may come when my sorrow's com-

warning, Or as quick as a flash of the light; It may come while I'm thinking of heav - en; It may
pleteness, Makes me welcome the call with a smile: Though it fall in the gen - tlest of whis - pers, Or

come while my thoughts are astray; While I'm sitting a - lone in my dwelling, Or greeting some friend on the way;
sounds with a deep, startling kneel, I pray on - ly that I may be read-y, To answer, "Dear Lord, it is well!"

D.S.—And I pray, at the call of the Master, I may an-swer, "I'm rea dy to go!"

CHORUS.

D.S.

But the day when the bid - ding Comes to me, I ne'er can know,
But the day or the hour when the bidding Comes to me, Comes to me, I ne'er can know,

The Paradise of God.

11

MARY E. C. WYETH.

"The land that is very far off."—ISA. 33: 17.

J. H. TALBOT.

1. { O land of life and beau - ty! O land su - pre - m - ly fair! My heart leaps up to
Thy mountain heights are gleaming, With glo - ry all un - told, Where bright, with radiance

CHORUS.

greet thee In ec - sta - cy of prayer. } My spir - it longs for thee, Beau - ti - ful
streaming, Thy dis - tant shores un - fold.

Par - a - dise of love! When shall I share thy joy With the redeemed in Heaven a - bove?

2. O land of endless pleasure!
O land of deathless balms!
Would God that I were kneeling
Beneath thy waving palms!
My nights are filled with sighing;
In tears I wake and pray
For all thy beauty lying
So far, so far away.

3. O land, sweet land, I love thee,
O land, divinely fair!
Though far off be thy glory
My longing heart is there.
In prayers and tears and anguish
I seek thee night and day—
For thee in bonds I languish,
O land, so far away.

4. O land, fair land of beauty!
O paradise of God!
O fadeless fields of glory
By angel footsteps trod!
O mountain heights supernal!
O realms of endless day!
I hail your joy eternal,
No longer far away.

Living for Jesus.

Alto Solo.

Soprano Solo.

1. Liv - ing for Je - sus, yes, living for Je - sus, Letting our ser - vice our faithfulness prove ;
2. Liv - ing for Je - sus, yes, living for Je - sus, Freely sub - mit - ting ourselves to his will ;
3. Liv - ing for Je - sus, yes, living for Je - sus, Hardness en - dur - ing, not counting the cost ;
4. Liv - ing for Je - sus, yes, living for Je - sus, Doing his bid - ding till life shall be passed ;

Alto.

Soprano.

Lightly es - teem - ing earth's riches and pleasures, Laying up treasures in heaven a - bove.
 Bearing af - flic - tion with meekness and patience, Willing to fol - low thro' good and thro' ill.
 Telling to sin - ners his goodness and mercy, Showing them ev - er the way to the Cross.
 Hoping to con - quer thro' grace he hath promised, And to be - hold him in glo - ry at last.

CHORUS.

UNISON.

Liv - ing for Je - sus, yes, living for Je - sus, Shunning the pathway that sinners pur - sue,

Living for Jesus, yes, living for Je - sus, Shunning the pathway that sinners pur - sue,

Duet.

CHORUS.

Fixing our vi - sion by faith on our Lead - er, Keeping his foot - steps by faith in our view.

The Shadow Of The Rock.

13

RAY PALMER.

"As the shadow of a great Rock in a weary land."—Is. 32: 2.

E. MANFORD CLARK.

Not too fast.

1. In the shadow of the rock Let me rest,
2. On the parched and desert way, Where I tread,

Let me rest, Let me rest,
Where I tread, Where I tread,

When I feel the tem - pest's shock Thrill my breast; All in vain the
With the scorch - ing noon - tide ray O'er my head; Let me find the

storm shall sweep, While I hide, And my tran - quil sta - tion keep By thy side.
welcome shade, Cool and still, And my wea - ry steps be stayed Where I will.

3. I in peace will rest me there Till I see
That the skies again are fair Over me;
That the burning heats are past, And the day
Bids the weary one at last Go his way.

4. Then my pilgrim staff I'll take, And once more
I'll my onward journey make, As before;
And with joyous heart and strong I will raise
Unto thee, O Rock, a song Glad with praise.

He Knows Best.

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Let Je - sus lead thee: surely he knows best Which way is saf - est for thy eager soul; Walk where he leads, and
 2. Let Jesus help thee: surely he knows best What is thy strength, and what thy toil and need; Do what thou caust, and
 3. Let Jesus teach thee: surely he knows best What lessons thou dost need to make thee wise; Receive what he makes
 4. Let Jesus keep thee: surely he knows best What hidden dangers lie along thy way; Go, watch and fight and

CHORUS.

trust him for the rest, And he will bring thee to the highest goal.
 leave to him the rest, And he will make thy trust thy noblest deed.
 plain and leave the rest, Till thou shalt see him with immortal eyes.
 pray, and leave the rest To him who is thy ev - er - last - ing stay.

Let Jesus save thee: surely he knows best

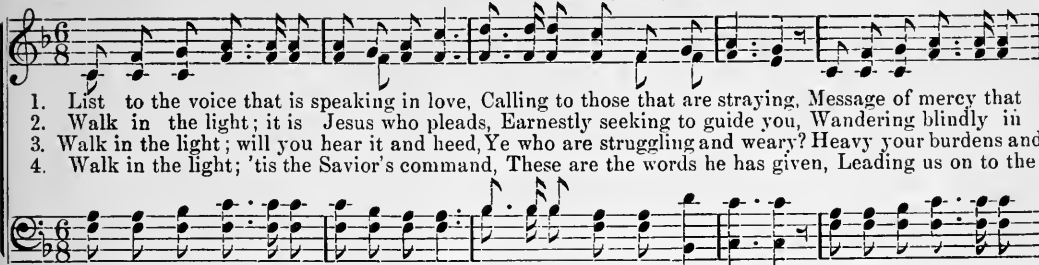
How great the curse, how deep the woe of sin; Believe, obey, and he will do the rest, And so thy faith eternal life shall win.

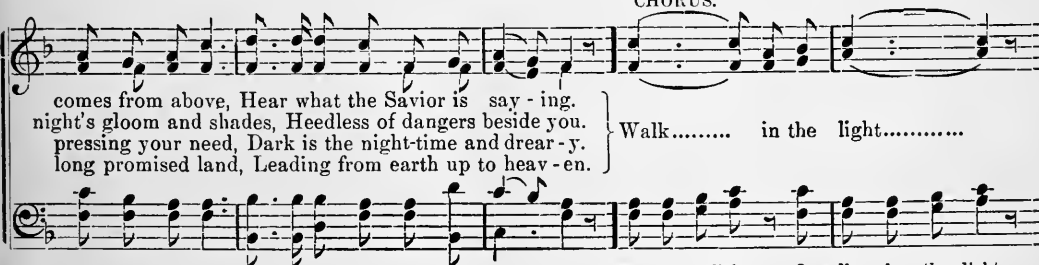
Walk In the Light.

W. A. C.

From the International Lesson Hymnal, 1879.

WILBUR A. CHRISTY.

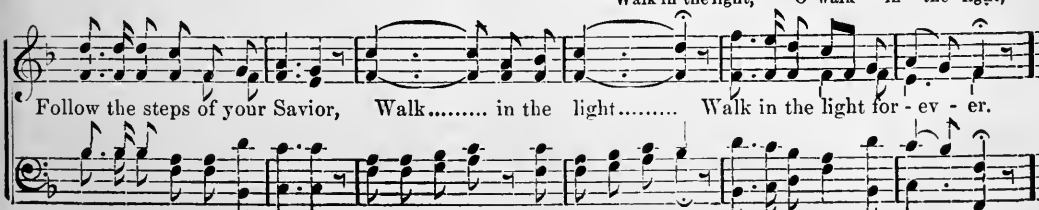
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1. List to the voice that is speaking in love, Calling to those that are straying, Message of mercy that
 2. Walk in the light; it is Jesus who pleads, Earnestly seeking to guide you, Wandering blindly in
 3. Walk in the light; will you hear it and heed, Ye who are struggling and weary? Heavy your burdens and
 4. Walk in the light; 'tis the Savior's command, These are the words he has given, Leading us on to the

CHORUS.

comes from above, Hear what the Savior is say - ing.
night's gloom and shades, Heedless of dangers beside you.
pressing your need, Dark is the night-time and drear - y.
long promised land, Leading from earth up to heav - en.

Walk..... in the light.....

Walk in the light, O walk in the light,



Follow the steps of your Savior, Walk..... in the light..... Walk in the light for - ev - er.

Walk in the light, O walk in the light,

Only Jesus.

J. LAWSON.

E. P. ANDREWS.

1. Worldly pleasures on - ly mock us, Nev - er give us last - ing peace; Christ alone can
 2. If we would find re - al com - fort We must go to God in prayer; He'll dis - pel the
 3. Vain it is to look for comfort 'Mid earth's tempting, gilded toys; These can nev - er
 4. Have you sought and found this comfort? Has your soul with peace been blest? Are you now through

CHORUS,

give us com - fort, Comfort that will nev - er cease.
 clouds of darkness, He will make our pathway clear.
 sat - is - fy us, Nev - er give sub - stan - tial joy.
 Christ for - giv - en? Sweetly there for - ev - er rest. } On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus

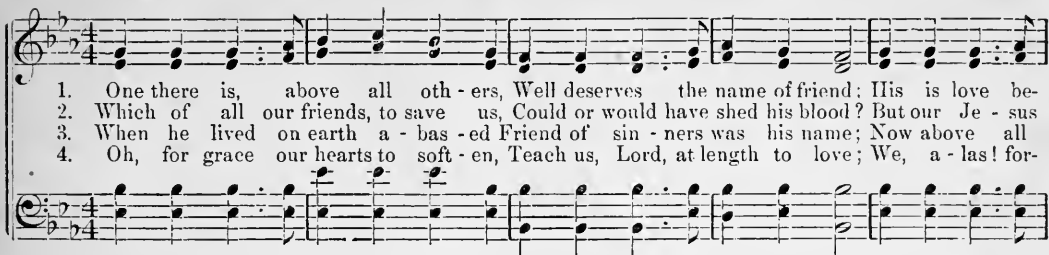
Can to sinners comfort bring; On - ly Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus Can to sinners comfort bring.

Jesus Our Friend.

17

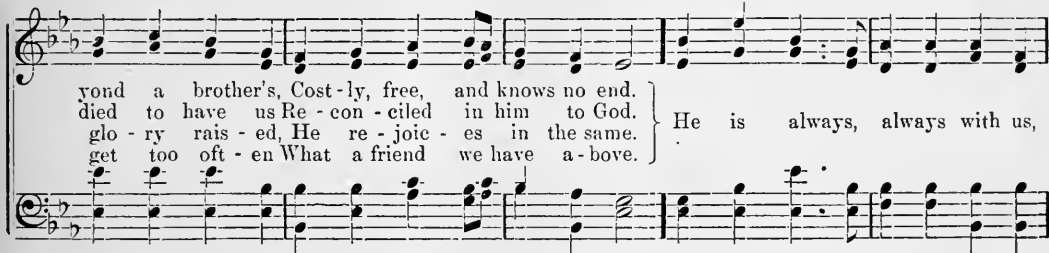
REV. JOHN NEWTON.

E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. One there is, above all oth - ers, Well deserves the name of friend; His is love be-
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood? But our Je - sus
3. When he lived on earth a - bas - ed Friend of sin - ners was his name; Now above all
4. Oh, for grace our hearts to soft - en, Teach us, Lord, at length to love; We, a - las! for-

CHORUS.



yond a brother's, Cost - ly, free, and knows no end.
died to have us Re - con - ciled in him to God. } He is always, always with us,
glo - ry rais - ed, He re - joic - es in the same.
get too oft - en What a friend we have a - bove. }



What a faithful, changeless friend! His is love beyond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end.

The Land Which No Mortal May Know.

Moderato, cres. and dim.

A. J. ABBEY, by per.

1. Though earth has full many a beau - ti - ful spot, As the po - et, or paint - er may show ;
 2. The crys - talline stream bursting forth from the throne, Flows on and for - ev - er will flow ;
 3. And there on its margin, with leaves ev - er green, With its fruits heal - ing sick - ness and woe,
 4. There, too, are the lost, whom we loved on this earth, With whose mem'ries our bo - soms yet glow,

Yet more love - ly and beau - ti - ful, ho - ly and bright, To the hopes of the heart and the spirit's glad sight, Is that
 Its waves as they roll are with mel - o - dy rife, Its wa - ters are sparkling with beauty and life, In that
 The fair tree of life in its beau - ty and pride, Is fed by the deep in - ex - haust - a - ble tide, In that
 The rel - ics we gave to the place of the dead, But their glo - ri - fied spir - its be - fore us have fled, To the

land which no mor - tal may know, That land which no mor - tal may know.
 land which no mor - tal may know, That land which no mor - tal may know.
 land which no mor - tal may know, That land which no mor - tal may know.
 land which no mor - tal may know, That land which no mor - tal may know.

CHORUS.

Will you go, will you go, To the land, that bright land, That land which no mortal may know ?
 Will you go, will you go to that land, That land which no mortal may know, That land which no mortal may know ?

rit.

Why Not Come to Jesus, Sinner?

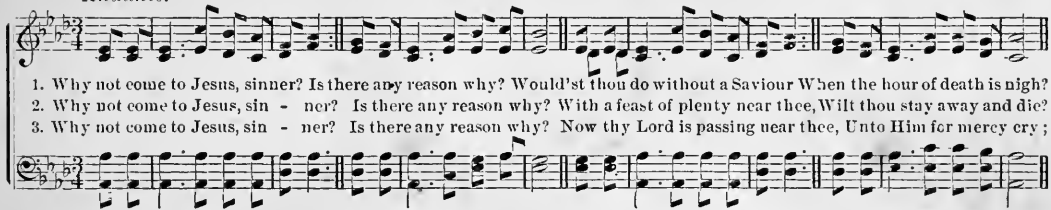
19

"Whosoever, therefore, shall confess me before men, him will I confess also before my Father which is in Heaven."—MATT. 10,32.

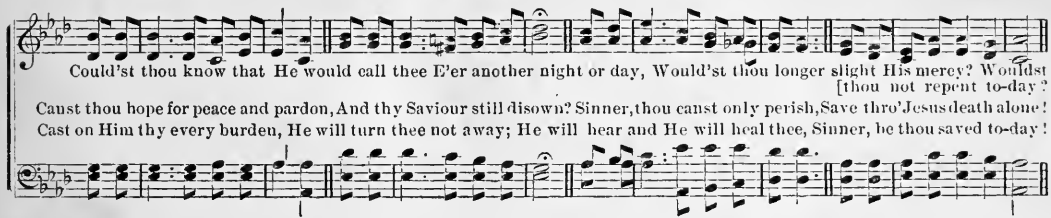
E. R. LATTA.

A. J. ABBEY, *by per.*

Andante.



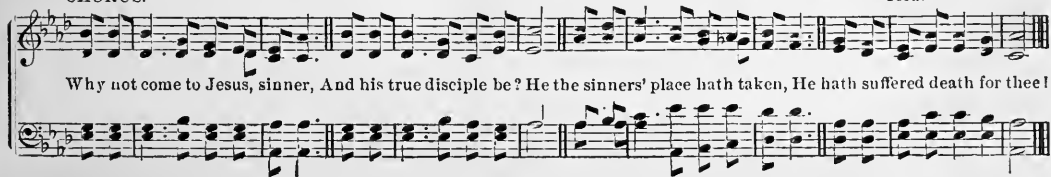
1. Why not come to Jesus, sinner? Is there any reason why? Would'st thou do without a Saviour When the hour of death is nigh?
2. Why not come to Jesus, sin - ner? Is there any reason why? With a feast of plenty near thee, Wilt thou stay away and die?
3. Why not come to Jesus, sin - ner? Is there any reason why? Now thy Lord is passing near thee, Unto Him for mercy cry;



Could'st thou know that He would call thee E'er another night or day, Would'st thou longer slight His mercy? Wouldst
[thou not repent to-day?
Caust thou hope for peace and pardon, And thy Saviour still disown? Sinner, thou canst only perish, Save thro' Jesus death alone!
Cast on Him thy every burden, He will turn thee not away; He will hear and He will heal thee, Sinner, be thou saved to-day!

CHORUS.

Mod.



Why not come to Jesus, sinner, And his true disciple be? He the sinners' place hath taken, He hath suffered death for thee!

Why Should I Fear?

W. S. W.

E. P. ANDREWS.

1. Fear not, Fear not! Fear not! Fear not! Why should I fear? Fear not! Fear not! Fear not! My Fear not! Fear not!

D.C. O no, (O no,) O no, (O no,) I will not fear; O no, (O no,) O no, (O no,) My Savior's always near.

1. Dark clouds may hide him from my sight, But faith can pierce the
 2. My life, my hope, my joy down here, A shar - er in my
 3. I know the pow - er of his blood; I know the per - fect

Savior's always near.

cres. *f* *dim.* *rit. pp* *D.C.*

darkest night; The waves may rise, the winds blow chill, But faith can hear his, "Peace, be still!"
 ev - ery care; My help and shield in storm or blast, Himself my great re - ward at last.
 love of God; I know the work is ful - ly done; I know I stand in Christ a - lone.

Draw Me Closer to Thee.

21

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Closer to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine embrace; Closer within thine arms enfold me, I
2. Closer to thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more; Sighing to feel thine arms around me, And
3. Closer by thy sweet Spirit draw me, Till I am wholly thine; Quicken, refine, and wash and cleanse me, Till

CHORUS.

seek a resting place. Clos - - - er with the cords of love, Draw me
all my wand'rings o'er. Clos - er, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thy-
pure my soul shall shine.

to thyself above; Clos - - - er draw me To thyself a - - - bove.
self above; Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above, Draw me to thyself above.

From "Spiritual Songs."

Even as Josiah.

E. R. LATTA.

(2nd. CHRON. 34: 1-3.)

J. H. LESLIE, *by per.**Sprightly.*

1. Ev - en as Jo - si - ah, In his ear - ly youth, Gave his heart to wisdom, And the ways of truth,
 2. Ev - en as Jo - si - ah Early sought his God, And in paths of vir - tue Always firmly trod,
 3. Ev - en as Jo - si - ah, In his ear - ly reign, Banished heathen idols From his wide domain,

So may lit - tle children Serve Je ho - vah now; He will own their service, He will hear their vow.
 So may little children Seek and serve Him still; He will bless and save them If they do His will.
 We should quickly banish, Every i - dol sin, Making room for Je - sus Now to en - ter in.

CHORUS.

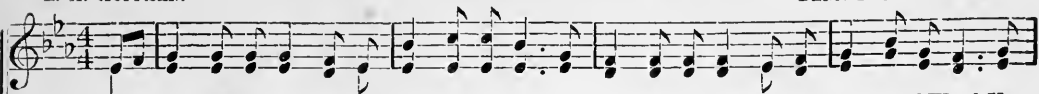
Neither to the right Nor the left we'll stray, Walking like Jo - si - ah In the nar - row way.

Mercy is Free.

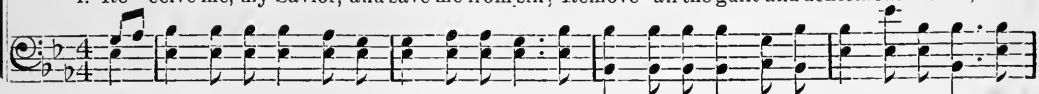
E. A. HOFFMAN.

"The Lord is very pitiful and of tender mercy."—JAMES 5, 11.

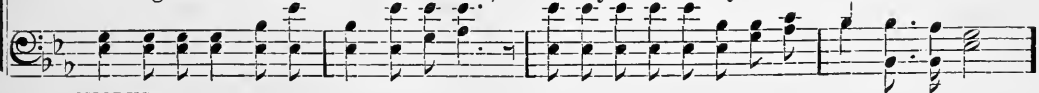
BENJ. F. NYSEWANDER.



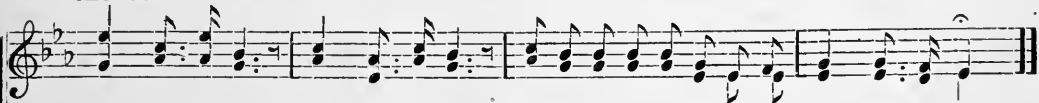
1. Tho' far I have strayed from the fold of the Lord, Tho' oft I have slighted his Spirit and Word, Yet
2. Tho' deep - ly my soul is pol - lat - ed by sin, Tho' I am depraved and unho - ly within, Yet
3. O Lord! I am weakest of all that may come, But yet in thy bosom of love there is room; I
4. Re - ceive me, my Savior, and save me from sin; Remove all the guilt and defilement within; I'm



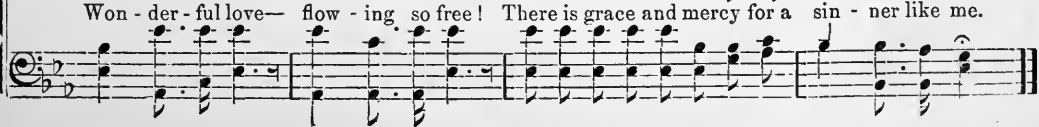
humbled, repent - ant, to Je - sus I flee, Knowing that his wondrous grace can save even me.
trusting for mer - cy I come, Lord, to thee, Knowing that thy blood has pow'r to save e - ven me.
know thou wilt welcome a sin - ner to thee, Thou hast fully purchased peace and pardon for me.
trusting a - lone for sal - va - tion in thee, Let thy tender mercy fall this mo - ment on me.



CHORUS.



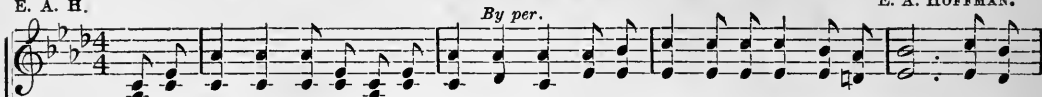
Won - der - ful love - flow - ing so free! There is grace and mercy for a sin - ner like me.



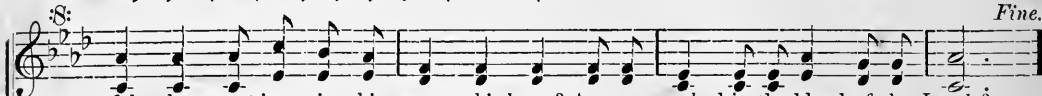
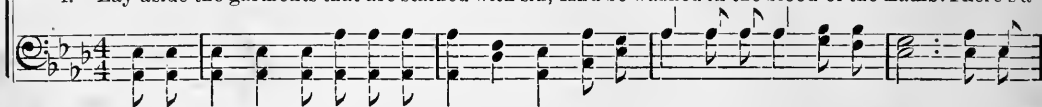
Are You Washed In The Blood?

E. A. H.

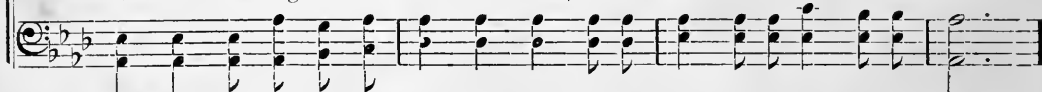
E. A. HOFFMAN.



1. Have you been to Jesus for the cleansing pow'r? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
2. Are you walking daily by the Savior's side? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your
4. Lay aside the garments that are stained with sin, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a

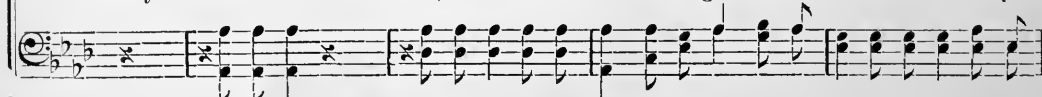
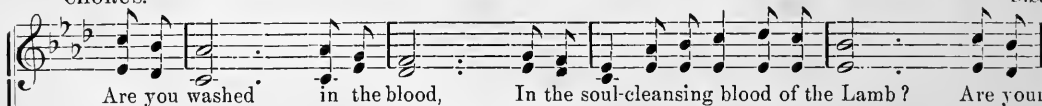


ful - ly trust - ing in his grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 rest each moment in the Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 soul be read - y for the mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
 foun - tain flow - ing for the soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb?



D. C. Cho. garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

CHORUS.

D. S.

Abundantly Able to Save.

25

"Able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."—EPH. 3, 20.

E. A. H.

P. P. BLISS.

1. Who-ev-er re- ceiv- eth the Cru- ci- fied One, Who- ev- er be- liev- eth on God's on- ly
2. Who- ev- er re- ceiv- eth the message of God, And trusts in the pow'r of the soul- cleansing
3. Who- ev- er re- pents and forsakes ev- ery sin, And o- pens his heart for the Lord to come

Son, A free and a per- fect salvation shall have, For he is a- bun- dant- ly a- ble to save.
blood, A full and e- ter- nal redemption shall have, For he is both a- ble and willing to save.
in, A present and per- fect salvation shall have, For Je- sus is read- y this moment to save.

CHORUS.

• My brother! the Mas- ter is calling for thee; His grace and his mer- cy are wondrously free; His blood as a
Brother, the Master is come and is calling for thee, Brother, his grace and his mercy are wondrously free,

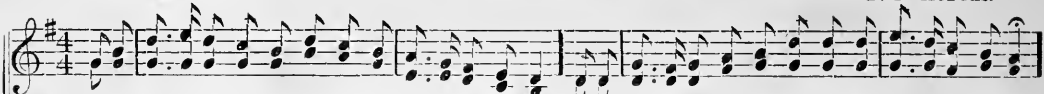
ran- - som for sinners he gave, And he is a- buu- - - dant- ly a- ble to save.
Brother, his blood as a ransom for sinners he gave, And he is a- bun- dant- ly a- ble to save.

From "Spiritual Songs."

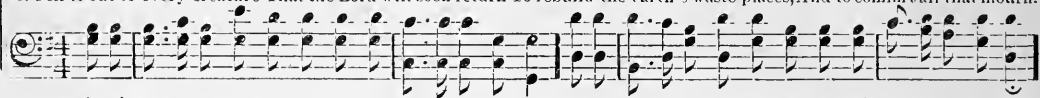
Tell It Out Among the People.

CAROLINE M. NOEL.

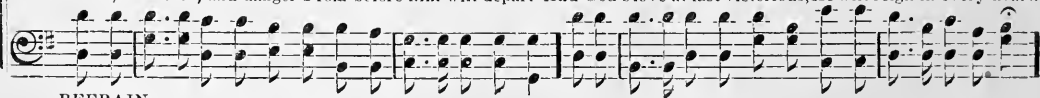
D. F. HODGES.



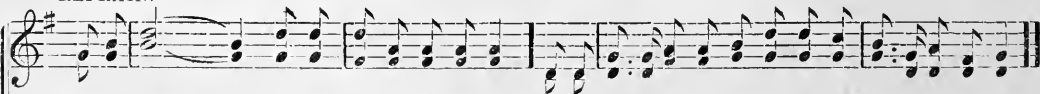
1. Tell it out among the people That the Savior is the King; With unceasing alle-lu-jahs, Let the new creation ring.
2. Tell it out among the people That the Father sent the Son To bring back to him repentant Many souls by sin undone.
3. Tell it out among the people That the Savior seeks the lost, And has given as their ransom, His own life-blood as the cost.
4. Tell it out among the people That the Spirit has come down, And he still abides among us, The Redeemer's work to crown.
5. Tell it out to every creature That the Lord will soon return To rebuild the earth's waste places, And to comfort all that mourn.



Let a tide of intercession For the Spirit's quickening breath, Overflow the barren regions Still in darkness and in death.
 To illuminate their darkness With the day-spring from above, And to teach man's inmost spirit That the Father's name is love.
 He, with ceaseless supplications, Intercedes for us above, And has bid his Church bear record That the Savior's name is love.
 He renews us, heals us, helps us, Altho' weak and slow we prove, And each contrite heart can witness That the Spirit's name is love.
 That disease, and death, and danger From before him will depart And God's love at last victorious, He will reign in every heart.



REFRAIN.



Tell it out And the Savior's praises sing; With un-ces-sing-al-le-lu-jahs Let the whole cre-ation ring.
 Tell it out,



I Am Saved Eternally.

27

REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

"For he shall save his people from their sins."—MATT. 1, 21.

W. A. GALPIN.

1. I was lost in woe and blind - ness, In the wea - ry wilds of
2. Long a - go he came to save me, And to bring me to his
3. Je - sus is my joy and glo - ry; He is all in all to

sin, And with ev - er - last - ing kind - ness, My Re - deem - er took me in.
fold; All he had he free - ly gave me—Blood and life and love un - told.
me, And I long to tell the sto - ry Of his mer - cy full and free.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lujah! Hallelujah! Jesus died and I am free. Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! I am saved eternally.

Lamb of God, the Crucified.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. H. BURGETT.

1. Lamb of God, the Crucified, Hide me in thy riven side! Keep me safe from sin and harm; Shield me from all
 2. Lamb of God, the Crucified, Let me in thy love abide! May my footsteps never stray From the blessed
 3. Lamb of God, the Crucified, In thy arms, O let me hide! Only on thy loving breast Can my soul find
 4. Lamb of God, the Crucified! Be thy precious blood applied To my waiting, longing soul—To renew and

REFRAIN.

rude alarm; Hide my soul securely there, Safe from every evil snare.
 narrow way. Keep my heart-affections pure, Let me to the end endure.
 perfect rest; Out of thee I find no peace; In thy love alone is bliss. } Rock of ages, cleft for me,
 make me whole. Keep me in thy love always, Lord, for this I humbly pray.

Let me hide myself in thee; Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in thee!

Gathering Home.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE.

From "Good News," by per.

R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Up to the boun-ti-ful Giv-er of life,—Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home! Up to the dwelling where
2. Up to the ci-ty where falleth no night,—Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home! Up where the Savior's own
3. Up to the beau-ti-ful mansions a-bove,—Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home! Safe in the arms of his

com-eth no strife, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home. Gath-er-ing home! . . . Gath-er-ing
face is the light, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home. gath-er-ing home!
in-fi-nite love, The dear ones are gath-er-ing home.

CHORUS.

home! gath-er-ing home! Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam, Gath-er-ing
gath-er-ing home! Nev-er to sor-row more, nev-er to roam,

home! Gath-er-ing home! Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home! God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home.
Gath-er-ing home! God's chil-dren are gath-er-ing home.

Peace at Last.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest!"—MATT. 11:28.

EDEN R. LATTA.

By per.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Blest as - sur - ance ev - er* dear, As our trou - bles come so fast, How it
 2. Though by sor - row's dis - mal cloud, Be our path - way o - ver - cast, Through the
 3. We can stand the driv - ing rains, We can bide the cut - ting blast, While the
 4. To the king - dom of the skies, When our pil - grim - age is past, We on

CHORUS.

does the spir - it cheer To be promised peace at last. }
 Sav - ior's precious blood, We are promised peace at last. } Peace at last, peace at
 prom - ise still re - mains, Of un - brok - en peace at last. } Peace at last,
 spir - it wings shall rise, And a - bide in peace at last. } Peace at last,

last, peace at last, When our sor - rows all are past, And 'tis coming, oh, how fast!

Peace at Last.—Concluded.

31

Peace at last, peace at last, 'Tis coming, coming, Peace at last.
Peace at last, peace at last, peace at last,

The Price.

MRS. M. F. BUTTS.

J. H. TENNEY.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. For the joy set be-fore thee—The cross. | For the gain that comes af-ter—The loss. |
| 2. For the white rose of goodness—The thorn. | For the Spir- it's deep wisdom—Men's scorn. |
| 3. For the clear bells of triumph—The knell. | For the sweet kiss of meet-ing—Farewell. |

The cross.
The thorn.
The knell.

The loss.
Men's scorn.
Farewell.

- | | |
|---|---|
| For the morn-ing that smil-eth—The night. | For the peace of the vic-tor—The fight. |
| For the sun-shine of gladness—The rain. | For the fruit of God's pruning—The pain. |
| For the height of the mountain—The steep. | For the wak-ing in heav-en—Death's sleep. |

The night.
The rain.
The steep.

The fight.
The pain.
Death's sleep.

The Happy Soul.

"Happy is that people, whose God is the Lord."—Psa. 144: 15.

Words and music by D. F. HODGES, *by per.*

Joyfully.

1. My heart was late the home of sin, Till Christ, my Savior, en - tered in: He took my load of
 2. My soul is full of joy and song, Which lingers there the whole day long; For Christ is now my
 3. My hopes are as the sunshine bright, My heart is as the e - ther light; I'm al - ways safe in

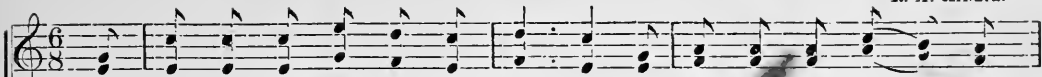
CHORUS.

guilt away, And turned my darkness into day. I'm joyful, and happy, and trusting all the day, For all my care and
 precious friend, And loves and saves me to the end.
 ev - ery place, Because I'm kept by matchless grace.

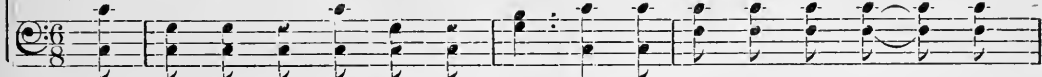
sorrow are ever fled away; My soul is bathed in sunlight, my heart is filled with song, So trusting in my Savior, through life I'll journey on.

For the Savior's Sake.

R. A. KINZIE.



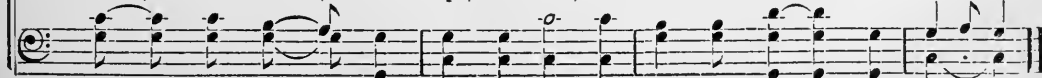
1. Oh, what shall I give to the Sav --- ior For what he hath giv - en for
 2. And what shall I do for the Sav --- ior For what he has done for
 3. And what shall I bear for the Sav --- ior For what he hath borne for
 4. And what shall I be for the Sav --- ior For what he hath been for



me? I'll give him the gift of an earn - - est life, Of a
 me? I'll pray for the sick, and the e - - vil - doer; I'll
 me? Re - mem - b'ring I'm his con - stant care, What -
 me? Long - suff - - - ring, kind, un - - sel - - fish, pure, To



heart that is lov - ing and free from strife, As he hath giv - en for me.
 make my friends a - mong the poor, As he hath done for me.
 e'er he sends me I will bear, As he hath borne for me.
 bear, be - - lieve, to hope, en - dure, As he hath been for me.



for me!

Work and Pray.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. This our constant motto be, Work and pray, work and pray. We can hear the heathen's plea Moaning
 2. We a Savior's love repeat, Work and pray, work and pray. Had we angels' pinions fleet, Swifter
 3. Growing stronger by and by, Work and pray, work and pray : We can lift a torch on high That will
 4. Youthful lips may plead in prayer, Work and pray, work and pray ; Youthful hearts Christ's love may share, Youthful

sadder than the sea : Give with ready hands and free, Work and pray, work and pray.
 bear the tidings sweet ; Yet we move with willing feet—Work and pray, work and pray.
 show a Savior nigh, Kindle all their darkened sky—Work and pray, work and pray.
 hands His cross may bear, Youthful brows His crown shall wear—Work and pray, work and pray.

REFRAIN,

Always work and pray, Always work and pray, Give with ready hands and free, Always work and pray.
 Yet we move with willing feet,
 Kindle all their darkened sky,
 Youthful brows His crown shall wear.

Always work, yes, work and pray, Always work, yes, work and pray, Always work and pray.

Jesus Is The King Of Kings!

35

REV. LEONARD BACON.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Wake the song of ju - bi - lee; Let it ech - o o'er the sea; Now is come the promised hour,
2. All ye nations, join and sing, Praise your Savior, praise your King; Let it sound from shore to shore,
3. Hark, the desert lands rejoice, And the islands join their voice; Joy! the whole creation sings,

Jesus reigns with glorious power; Now is come the promised hour, Jesus reigns with glorious power.
"Jesus reigns for ev - er - more!" Let it sound from shore to shore, "Jesus reigns for ev - er - more!"
"Jesus is the King of kings!" Joy! the whole creation sings, "Jesus is the King of kings!"

CHORUS.

Repeat Chorus.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!
Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

Jesus will Let You in.

Words and music by A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

1. Come to our Father's house, Come, ere the day be gone; Tem - pests are gath'ring fast,
 2. Look at the weary way, Look where thy feet have trod; Find - ing no rest nor peace,
 3. Dark - er thy pathway grows, Soon will the night come down; Fiercely the lightnings flash,
 4. Fly from the fields of sin In - to the nar - row way; Fly to our Father's house,
 5. Here will thy soul find rest, Safe from each an - gry blast; Here find a per - fect peace,—

REFRAIN.

Darkness is coming on.
 Wand'ring away from God.
 Dark - er the tempests frown. } Fly, for the tempest is com - ing, Sweeping the fields of sin;
 Fly for thy life to - day.
 Joys that for - ev - er last. }

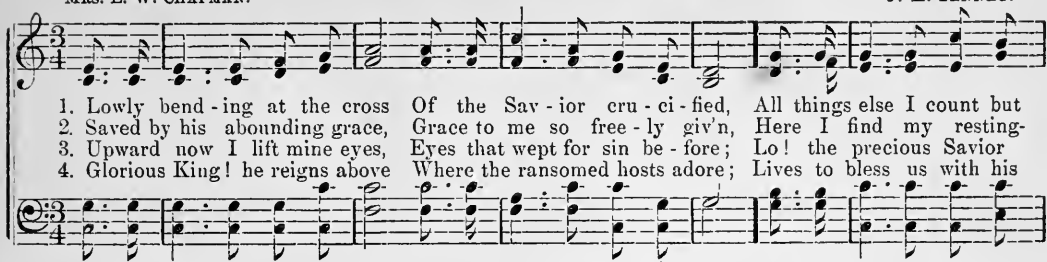
Knock at the por - tals of mer - cy, . . . Je - sus will let you in.

The Cross of Jesus.

37

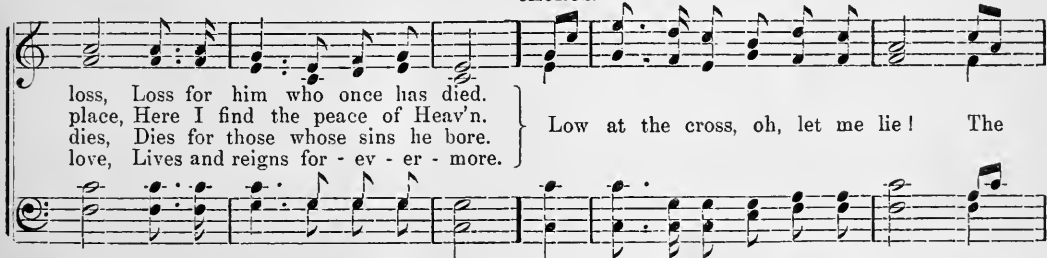
MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

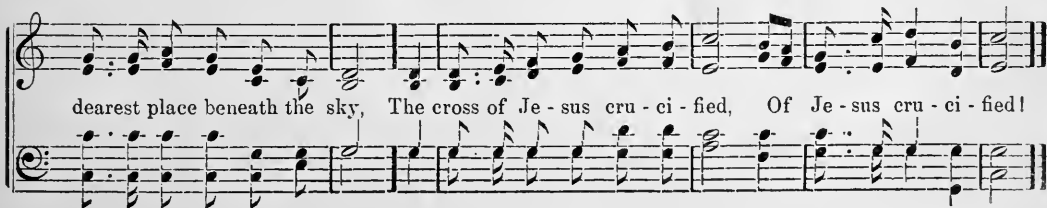


1. Lowly bend - ing at the cross Of the Sav - ior cru - ci - fied, All things else I count but
2. Saved by his abounding grace, Grace to me so free - ly giv'n, Here I find my resting -
3. Upward now I lift mine eyes, Eyes that wept for sin be - fore; Lo! the precious Savior
4. Glorious King! he reigns above Where the ransomed hosts adore; Lives to bless us with his

CHORUS.



loss, Loss for him who once has died.
place, Here I find the peace of Heav'n.
dies, Dies for those whose sins he bore. } Low at the cross, oh, let me lie! The
love, Lives and reigns for - ev - er - more.



dearest place beneath the sky, The cross of Je - sus cru - ci - fied, Of Je - sus cru - ci - fied!

How Happy Are They.

CHARLES WESLEY.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. { Oh, how hap - py are they Who their Sa - vior o - bey, And have laid up their treasures a - bove! }
 { Tongue can never express The sweet comfort and peace Of a soul in its ear - li - est love! }

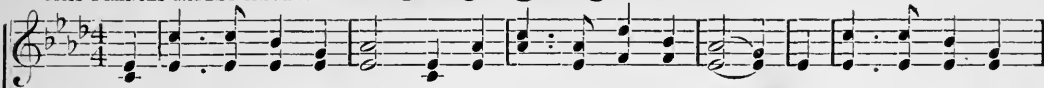
2. { That sweet comfort was mine, When the favor divine I first found in the blood of the Lamb; }
 { When my heart it believed What a joy I received, What a heaven in Je - sus' dear name! }

3. { Oh, the rapt - ur - ous height Of that ho - ly delight Which I felt in the life - giv - ing blood! }
 { Of my Sa - vior possessed, I was per - fect - ly blessed, As if filled with the fullness of God. }

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let his name in heav'n and earth be a - dored!

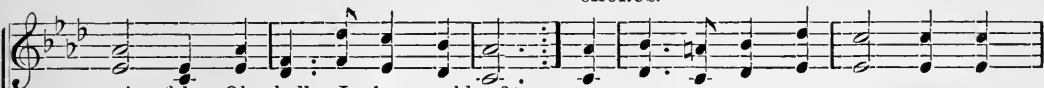
He revealed to me his face, He bestowed on me his grace, All that is within me praise, Praise the Lord!



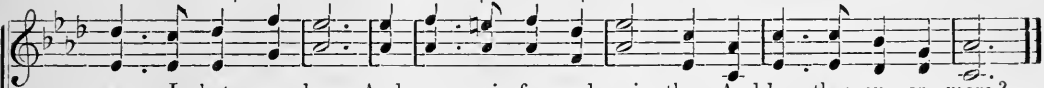
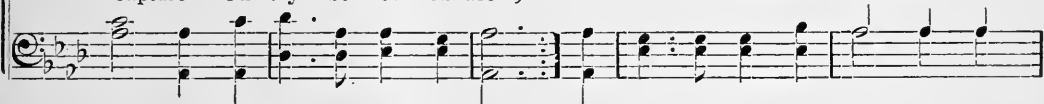
1. { Is it for me, dear Sa - vior, Thy glo - ry and thy rest? For me, so weak and
Is it for me to see thee, In all thy glorious grace, And gaze in endless



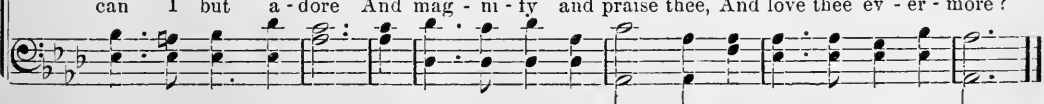
CHORUS.



sin - ful, Oh, shall I be so blest? } O Sa - vior, precious Sa - vior! What
rapture On thy be - lov - ed face? }



can I but a - dore And mag - ni - fy and praise thee, And love thee ev - er - more?



2. Is it for me to listen
To thy beloved voice,
And hear its sweetest music
Bid even me rejoice?
Is it for me, thy welcome,
Thy gracious "Enter in"?
For me, thy "Come, ye blessed"!
For me so full of sin?

3. O Savior, precious Savior,
My heart is at thy feet;
I bless thee and I love thee,
And thee I long to meet;
A thrill of solemn gladness
Has hushed my very heart,
To think that I shall really
Behold thee as thou art.

4. I'll see thee in thy beauty,
Behold thee face to face;
Behold thee in thy glory,
And know thy smile of grace;
And be with thee forever,
And never grieve thee more!
Dear Savior, I must praise thee,
And lovingly adore.

Make Me More Like Thee.

1. Lord! I de-sire to live as one Who bears a blood-bought name; } As one by whom thy
As one who fears but griev-ing thee, And knows no oth-er shame; }

walk below Should never be for-got; ... As one who fain would keep a-part From all thou lov-est not.

CHORUS.

Dear Sav-ior! at thy feet I fall, And con-se-crate to thee my

Dear Sav-ior! at thy feet I fall, And con-se-crate

all; Bestow thy pow'r of grace on me, And make me more and more like thee.

to thee my all; Bestow thy pow'r of grace on me, And make me more and more like thee,
[more like thee.]

Make Me More Like Thee.—Concluded.

2. I want to live as one who knows
 Thy fellowship of love;
 As one whose eyes can pierce beyond
 The pearl-built gates above;
 As one who daily speaks to thee,
 And hears thy voice divine,
 With depth of tenderness declare,
 "Beloved! thou art mine."

3. I want to walk as one who knows
 The foes that lurk within,
 Yet trusts in humble faith that blood
 Which cleanses from all sin;
 To dwell more near my Savior's face,
 Than ever yet before;
 To lean upon his loving breast,
 And own him conqueror.

I Love Thee, My Lord.

FABER.

MRS. A. B. ALSTON.

1. O Je-sus! Je-sus! dear-est Lord! Forgive me if I say For ver - y love thy sa - cred name A
 2. Oh, won - der - ful! that thou shouldst let So vile a heart as mine Love thee with such a love as this, And
 3. For thou to me art all in all,—My hou - or and my wealth, My heart's de-sire, my body's strength, My

CHORUS.

thousand times a day.
 make so free with thine.
 soul's e - ter - nal health.

I love thee, my Lord, Love thee, my Lord, Love thee so I know not how my

transports to control, Love thee, my Lord, Love thee, my Lord, Thy love is like a burning fire with - in my ver - y soul.

Is Your Lamp Burning?

Music by MRS. JOSEPH F. KNAPP, *by per.*

1. Say, is your lamp burning, O Christian? I pray you look quickly and see, For if it were burning, then surely Some
 2. Remember how many around you Will follow wherever you go; The thought that they walked in a shadow Would
 3. There's many a lamp that is lighted, We see them from near and from far, But few in their lustre and beauty Shine
 4. If once all the lamps that are lighted Should steadily blaze in a line, Wide over the land and the ocean A
 5. How all the dark places would brighten! The mists would roll up and away! The earth would laugh out in her gladness To

CHORUS.

beams would fall brightly on me, Some beams would fall brightly on me.
 make your lamp brighter I know, Would make your lamp brighter I know.
 stead-i-ly on like a star, Shine stead-i-ly on like a star.
 gir-dle of glory would shine, A girdle of glory would shine.
 hail the mil-le-ni-al day, To hail the mil-lenni-al day!

Lift your lamp higher, Lift your lamp higher,

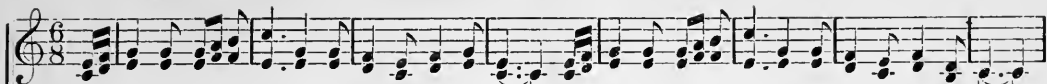
higher, still higher; Then lift your lamp higher, O Christian, Lest I should make fatal de-lay.

Work For Jesus.

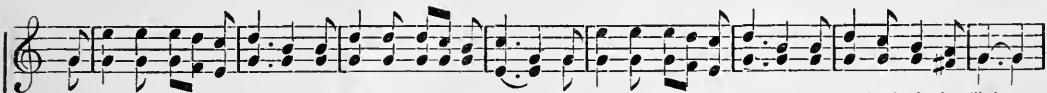
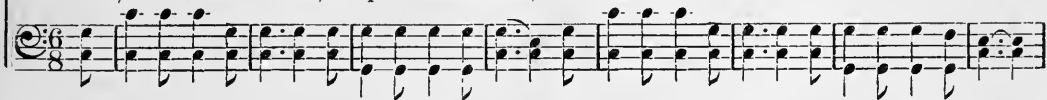
43

E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. W. CHRYSTY.



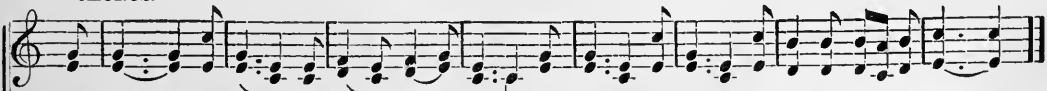
1. Come, let us work for Jesus, He gives sustaining grace, And beams upon the toiler The sunshine of his face.
2. Come, let us work for Jesus, His promises are sure, And he will crown the faithful Who to the end endure.



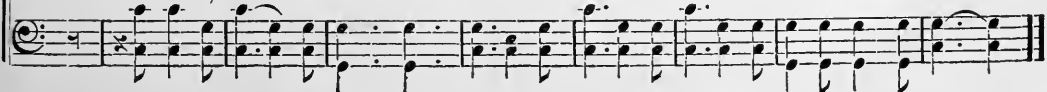
Come, let us work for Jesus, He helps the yoke to bear, And when the toil grows heavy, The burden he will share.
Come, let us work for Jesus, For when the toil is o'er, We'll find a place of resting Upon the other shore.



CHORUS.



Then work, then work, yes work for Jesus, For Je-sus, for Jesus, The blessed Son of God.
Then work,



We Are Singing.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

From the International Lesson Hymnal, 1879.

P. P. BLISS.

1. We are singing, praises bringing, To our Savior to - day, For his kindness in our
 2. He hath led us, kindly fed us With sweet manna di - vine, Gent - ly chiding, ere a -
 3. Care and tri - als, self - de - ni - als, Meet we day af - ter day; But so sweetly and com -
 4. Children, love him, come and prove him Your Redeemer and King, He'll re - ceive you and re -

CHORUS.

blindness, Leading safe - ly al - way.
 bid - ing On our path - way to shine.
 plete - ly Je - sus drives them a - way.
 lieve you, Hal - le - lu - jah then sing. } Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! We are

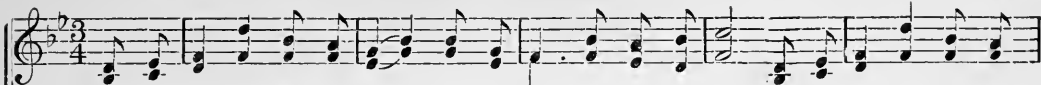
marching a - long; Christ and glo - ry, wondrous sto - ry, Is the theme of our song.

"The Force of Prayer."

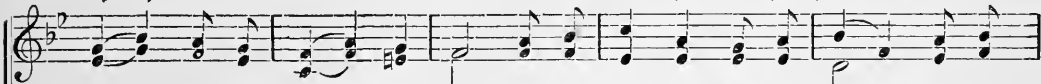
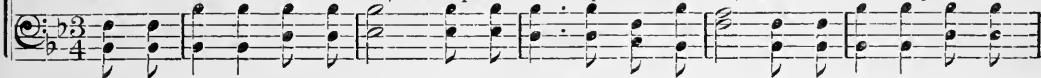
45

REV. S. THODEY.

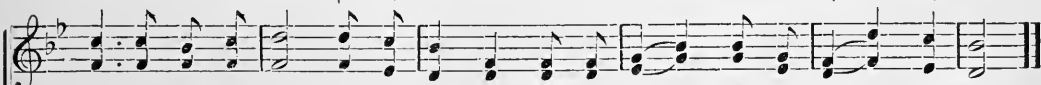
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. Lone - ly wanderer, while you stray, Through the world's uncertain way, In the dark and cloudy
2. Prayer has won the ear of heaven, Prayer the bonds of death has riven, Prayer 'gainst Satan's wiles has
3. Burdened sinner, though you know Sin is bit - terness and woe, And you dread the gulf be -
4. When the cares of life abound, Earthquake shocks prevail around, Kuell to kuell repeats the



day, Cast on God your care: He whose ve - ry name is love, Whom no
 striven, Brok - en many a snare. Prayer has stayed the mid-day sun, Prayer the
 low, Yield not to de - spair. Je - sus pleads be - fore the throne, Once for
 sound, Tears for tears pre - pare. He who walked up - on the sea, Rules the



change can ev - er move, Deigns to bid you from a - bove, *Try the force of prayer.*
 vic - tory oft has won, And the coils of hell un - done, *Try the force of prayer.*
 all He did a - tone, Now he makes your cause his own, *Try the force of prayer.*
 storm for thee and me, Lo! He tells us: Lean on me, *Try the force of prayer.*



When And For Whom To Pray.

NEWTON.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Go when the morning shineth, Go when the moon is bright, Go when the eve declineth, Go in the hush of night ; Go
 2. Remember all who love thee, All who are loved by thee ; Pray, too, for those who hate thee, If any such there be ; Then
 3. Or, if 'tis e'er denied thee In solitude to pray, Should holy thoughts come o'er thee When friends are round thy way, E'en
 4. Oh, not a joy or blessing With this can we compare, The grace our Father gives us, To pour our souls in prayer ; When-

with pure mind and feeling ; Fling earthly thought away, And, in thy closet kneeling, Do thou in secret pray.
 for thyself, in meekness, A blessing humbly claim, And blend with each petition Thy great Redeemer's name.
 then the silent breathing Thy spirit lifts above, Will reach his throne of glory, Where dwells eternal love.
 e'er thou art in sadness, Before his footstool fall ; Remember, too, in gladness, His love who gave thee all.

CHORUS.

Go to the throne of mercy, Take thy petitions there ; The Father's heart is o - pen To every fervent prayer.

Make Me a Worker for Jesus.

47

E. E. REXFORD

From "Always Welcome."

D. E. DORTCH.

1. Make me a worker for Jesus, Steadfast and earnest and true; Willing to do for the
2. Make me a worker for Jesus, Do - ing the work to be done; Cheer - ful - ly, ear - nest - ly,
3. Make me a worker for Jesus, Read - y to go where he needs; Sowing good seed for the
4. Make me a worker for Jesus, Then, at the set of the sun, Say, "Thou wert faithful, my

CHORUS.

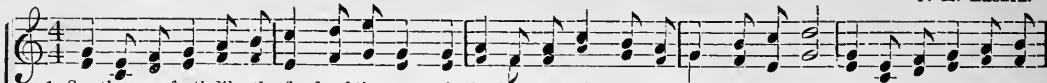
Mas - ter, All he expects me to do.
glad - ly, Lab - ring till set of the sun.
har - vest, Plucking up bri - ars and weeds.
ser - vant, Rest, for thy work is now done." } Make me a worker for Je - sus, A

willing worker for Jesus, Doing my best for the Master, He hath done great things for me.

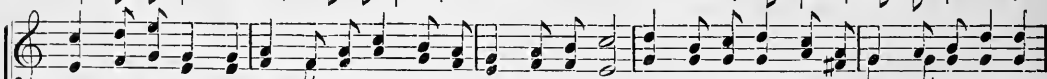
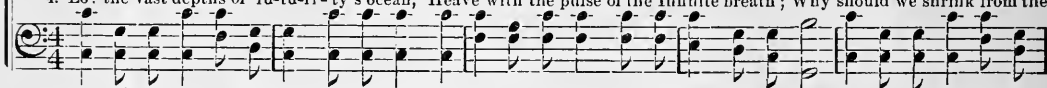
The Dawn of Redemption.

JAS. G. CLARK.

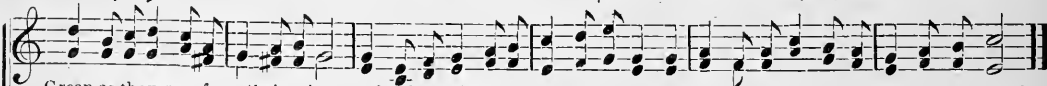
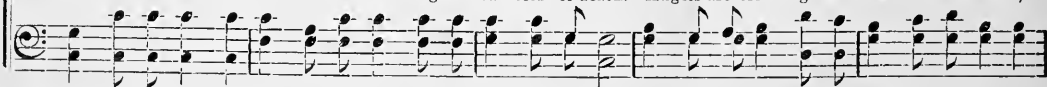
J. H. LESLIE.



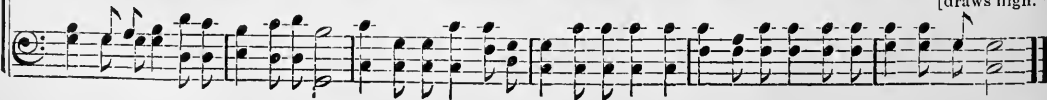
1. See them go forth like the floods of the ocean, Gathering might from each mountain and glen; Wider and deeper the
2. Look on us wanderers, sinful and low - ly, Struggling with grief and temptations below; Thine is the goodness o'er
3. Gray hair and golden youth, matron and maiden, Lovers of mammon and followers of fame, All with the same solemn
4. Lo! the vast depths of fu-tu-ri-ty's ocean, Heave with the pulse of the Infinite breath; Why should we shrink from the



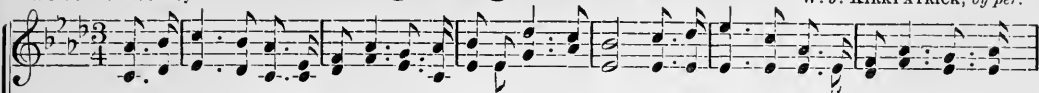
tide of de-vo-tion Rolls up to God from the bosom of men; Hear the great multitude ming-ling in chorus, ev-ery thing ho-ly, Thine is the mer-cy to pit-y our woe; Thine is the pow-er to cleanse and restore us bur-den are la-den, Lifting their souls to that one mighty name; "Wild is the pathway that surges before us, bil-low's commotion? Je-sus is walk-ing the wa-ters of death. Angels are blending their notes in the chorus,



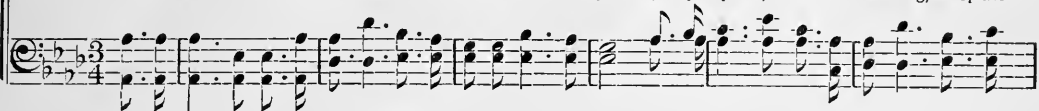
Groan as they gaze from their crimes to the sky, "Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us; When will the dawn of [redemption draw nigh?"
 Spotless and pure as the angels on high; "Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us; When will the dawn of redemption [draw nigh?"
 On the broad waters the black shadows lie; Father, the midnight of death gathers o'er us; When will the dawn of redemption [draw nigh?"
 Rising like incense from earth to the sky: "Father, the billows grow brighter before us; Heaven, with mansions eternal [draws nigh."



More Like Thee.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK, *by per.*

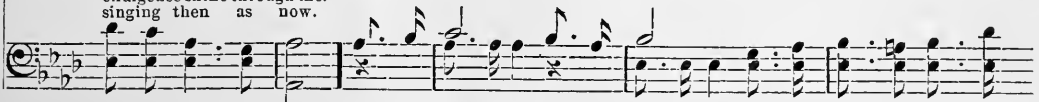
1. Je-sus, Savior, great Example, Pattern of all pu-ri-ty, I would fol-low in thy footsteps, Dai-ly
2. Lest I wander from thy pathway, Or my feet move wearily, Savior, take my hand and lead me, Keep me
3. When temptations fiercely lower, And my shrinking soul would flee, Change each weakness into power, Keep me
4. When around me all is darkness, And thy beanties none may see, May thy beams, O Glorious Brightness! In
5. When death's cold, repulsive finger Leaves its impress on my brow, May thy life, within me swelling, Keep me



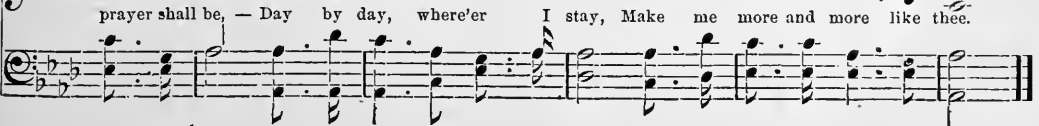
CHORUS,



growing more like thee. More like thee, more like thee. Savior, this my con-stant
 steadfast un - to thee. More like thee, More like thee, More like thee.
 spotless: more like thee.
 effulgence shine through me.
 singing then as now.



prayer shall be, — Day by day, where'er I stay, Make me more and more like thee.



Jesus Is My Friend!

SARAH P. HOWE.

A. B. KAUFMAN.

1. How ver - y glad I am, That Je - sus is my friend! I find, in ev - ery
 2. When oth - er friends de - part, Christ doth with me a - bide; And though the way be
 3. O Sa - vior, prec - ious friend! I would be more like thee, And in my ac - tions
 4. I have but one de - sire, To live for Christ a - lone, Who died up - on the

CHORUS.

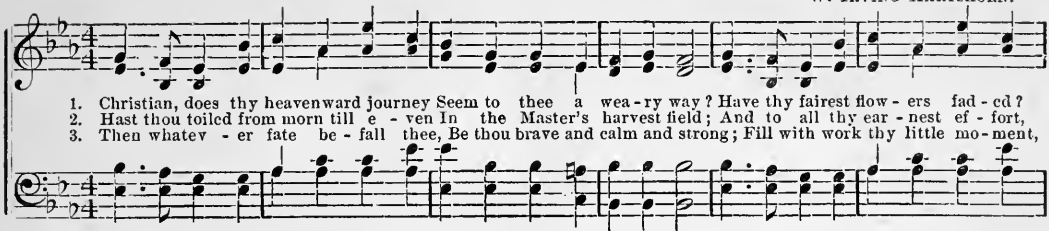
hour, On him I can de - pend.
 dark, He still will be my guide.
 show, That I have learned of thee. } How glad I am, how glad I am That
 cross, For sin - ners to a - tone.

Je - sus is my friend! No oth - er friend could love me so; He'll love me to the end.

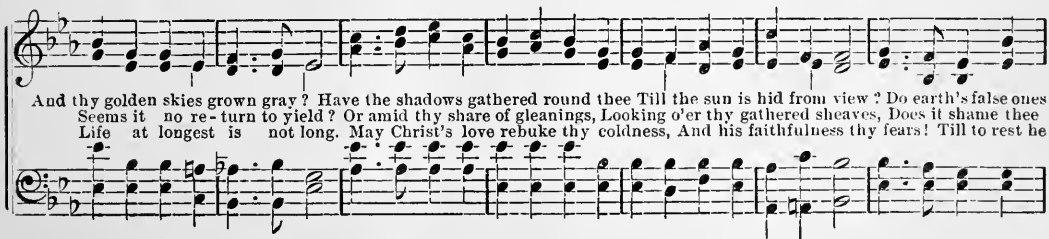
"As Thy Day Thy Strength Shall Be."

51

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

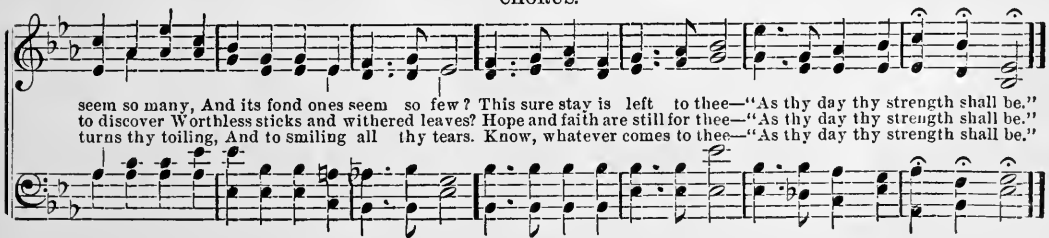


1. Christian, does thy heavenward journey Seem to thee a wea-ry way? Have thy fairest flow-ers fad-ed?
2. Hast thou toiled from morn till e-ven In the Master's harvest field; And to all thy ear-nest ef-fort,
3. Then whatev-er fate be-fall thee, Be thou brave and calm and strong; Fill with work thy little mo-ment,



And thy golden skies grown gray? Have the shadows gathered round thee Till the sun is hid from view? Do earth's false ones
Seem it no re-tur-n to yield? Or amid thy share of gleanings, Looking o'er thy gathered sheaves, Does it shame thee
Life at longest is not long. May Christ's love rebuke thy coldness, And his faithfulness thy fears! Till to rest be

CHORUS.



seem so many, And its fond ones seem so few? This sure stay is left to thee—"As thy day thy strength shall be,"
to discover Worthless sticks and withered leaves? Hope and faith are still for thee—"As thy day thy strength shall be,"
turns thy toiling, And to smiling all thy tears. Know, whatever comes to thee—"As thy day thy strength shall be."

Amazing Grace.

J. F. PARKER.

1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound That saved a
A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound

wretch like me; I once was lost, but now am
That saved a wretch a wretch like me; I once was lost,

found, Was blind, but now I see,
but now am found, Was blind, but now I see, but now I see.

2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved;
How precious did that grace appear
The hour I first believed!

3. Through many toils, through many snares,
I have already come;
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

"'Tis Finished!"

BENJ. F. NYSEWANDER.

With expression.

1. "'Tis finished!"—so the Sa - vior cried, And meek - ly bowed his head and died:
 2. 'Tis finished!—all that heaven foretold By prophets in the days of old;
 3. 'Tis finished!—Son of God, thy power Hath tri - umphed in this aw - ful hour;
 4. 'Tis finished!—let the joy - ful sound Be heard through all the na - tions round.

Rit. CHORUS.

"'Tis finished!"—yes, the race is run, The battle fought, the victory won.
 And truths are opened to our view That kings and prophets never knew. } O can it be he
 And yet our eyes with sorrow see That life to us was death to thee. }
 'Tis finished!—let the triumph rise, And swell the cho - rus of the skies.

died for me, From all my sins to ransom me? O yes, O yes, he died for me On Cal - va - ry.

Shall I Let Him In?

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock! If any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him."—REV. 3:20.

Words and Music by

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart, Shall I let him in? Patient-ly knocking at
 2. Shall I send him the loving word; Shall I let him in? Meekly accept-ing my
 3. Yes, I'll open this proud heart's door; Yes, I'll let him in! Gladly I'll welcome him

my sad heart, Oh! shall I'll let him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin,
 grate-ful Lord, Oh! shall I'll let him in? He can in - fin - ite love im - part,
 ev - er - more, Oh! yes, I'll let him in; Bless - ed Sav - ior, a - bid with me,

Dark and cheerless is all within; Christ is bidding me turn un - to him, Oh, shall I let him in?
 He can pardon this rebel heart; Shall I bid him for - ev - er depart, Oh, shall I let him in?
 Cares and tri - als will lighter be; I am safe, if I'm on - ly with thee, Oh, blessed Lord, come in!

The Heavenly City.

55

E. A. HOFFMAN.

W. T. GIFFE.

1. O cit - y of beauty, O cit - y of light, Thy glory and sunshine are wondrously bright; No glory or sunshine of

CHORUS.

earth can compare With the whiteness And the brightness that shines—I long to be there, I long to be there, The wonderful
[over there.

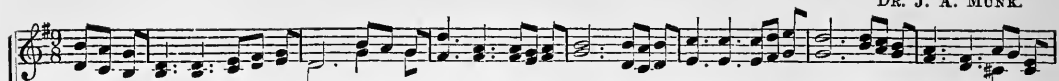
glory and beauty to share; But the purest of all its enjoyments to me, Will be my Redeemer, my Redeemer to see.

2. Thy streets are all golden, and fragrant the air
That breathes from thy gardens, so lovely and fair;
No fragrance of flowers on earth can compare
With the flowers
In the bowers
Of Paradise there.
3. The saints of the Lord are arrayed in pure white,
And dwell in yon city so wondrously bright;
No snow that has fallen on earth can compare

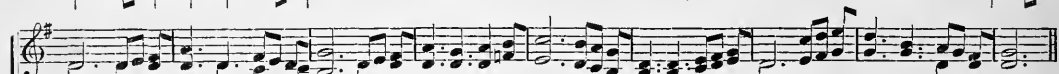
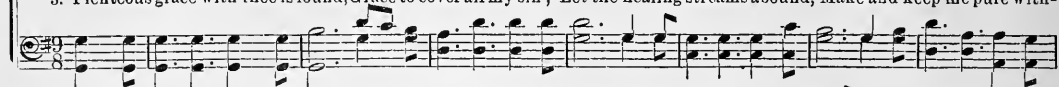
- With the whiteness
And the brightness
Of the robes which they wear.
4. The light of that city is Jesus, the king,
To whom all the angels of Paradise sing;
No joy of the soul can in richness compare
With the sweetness
And completeness
Of the joy over there.

Jesus, Lover Of My Soul.

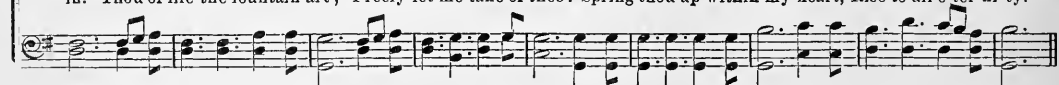
DR. J. A. MUNK.



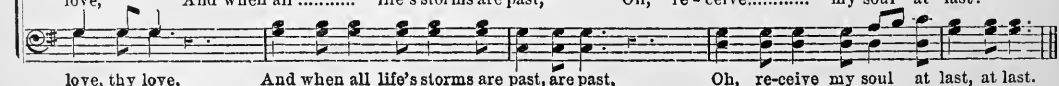
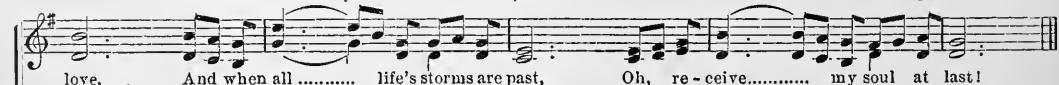
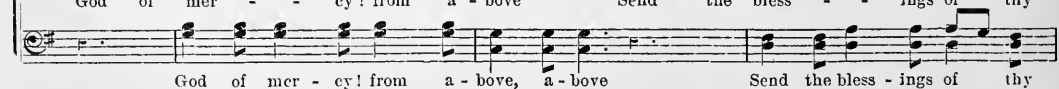
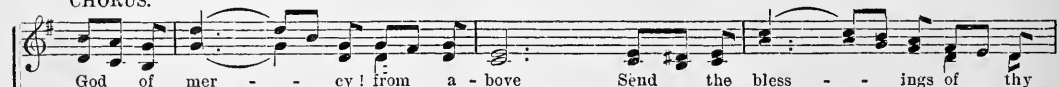
1. Je - sus! lov - er of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly, While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I nouc, Hangs my helpless soul on thee; Leave, ah! leave me not alone; Still support and comfort
3. Plenteous grace with thee is found, Grace to cover all my sin; Let the healing streams abound, Make and keep me pure with-



high; Hide me, O my Savior, hide, Till the storm of life is past; Safe into the haven guide—O receive my soul at last!
me. All my trust on thee is stayed; All my help from thee I bring; Cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing.
in. Thou of life the fountain art; Freely let me take of thee: Spring thou up within my heart, Rise to all e-ter-ni-ty.



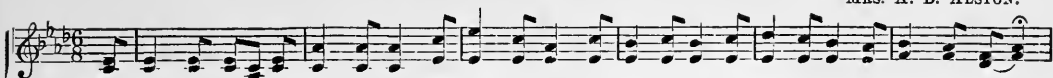
CHORUS.



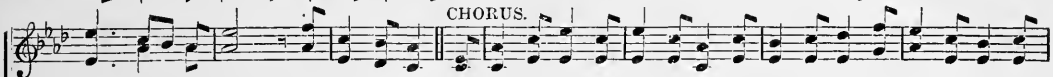
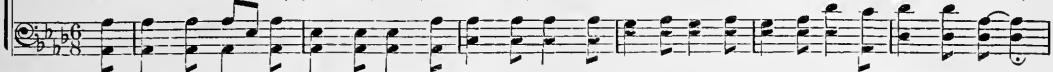
Praise To Jesus.

57

MRS. A. B. ALSTON.

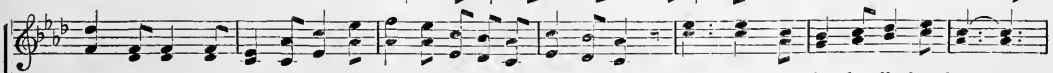


1. Why should Je-ho - vah con - descend To call himself the sinner's friend? And why in words of love proclaim,
2. Dear Sav - ior! in Thy work I see Why God is mer - ci - ful to me; How He can bid the reb - el "Live;"
3. Faith in Thy precious, cleansing blood Averts of wrath the angry flood; Faith in Thy righteousness di - vine,
4. And shall I taste Thy goodness, Lord, And not thy boundless love record? O, let me tell to all a - round,

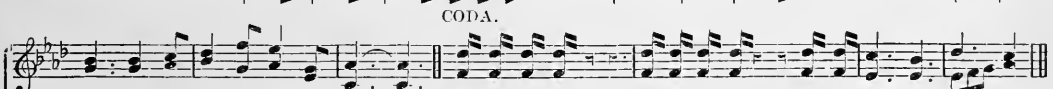
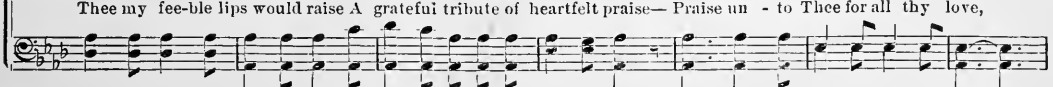


CHORUS.

His Mer - cy in a Father's name?
How He can *all* my sins forgive. O, Thou from whom these blessings spring, Help me an offering to bring, To
Makes all Thy sav - ing merit ae.
What peace, what joy, in Thee a - round!

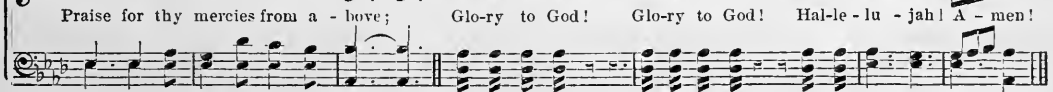


Thee my fee - ble lips would raise A gratefui tribute of heartfelt praise— Praise un - to Thee for all thy love,



CODA.

Praise for thy mercies from a - bove; Glo - ry to God! Glo - ry to God! Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men!

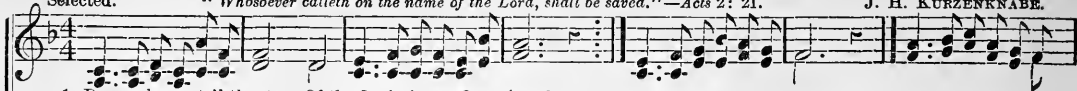


Let Us Tell The Same Old Story.

Selected.

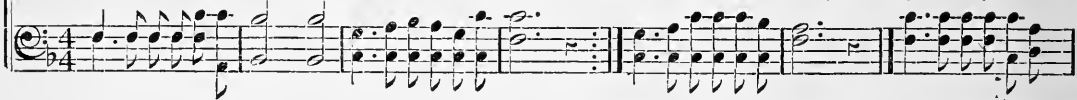
"Whoever calleth on the name of the Lord, shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Do we always tell the story Of the Savior's wondrous love?
 2. Do we always seek his glo-ry
 3. I have often heard the story, Yet 'tis sweeter now to me;
 4. Tell me last of all the story When the light of life grows dim,
- Of the Savior and his glo-ry,

And his boundless mercy prove? Let us kindly tell our
How he helps to bear the load; Tell them of a home e-
Prom-is-ing sal-va-tion free; When my soul is sorely
Tell me last of all of Him; Would you kindly soothe the



Cho. Nettleton.

neighbor Of the thorns that pierced his brow, Of the life he came to save us, Tell them when and where and how.
ter - nal, Of the mansions waiting now; Tell that Jesus has prepared them, Tell them when and where and how. } Let us tell the
temp-ted, When dark shadows cloud my brow, Come and tell me that he suffered, Tell me when and where and how. } Tell of Je-sus
ach - ing Of my fevered throbbing brow? Tell me that he died to save me, Tell me when and where and how.



D.S. Now while mercy's

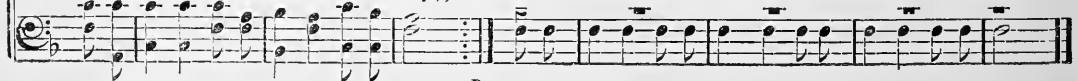


Fine.

D.S.

same old sto-ry, Of sal-va-tion full and free, }
and his glo-ry, Tell of Christ on Cal-va-ry; }

Some may hear it by the way-side, Burdened by the weight of sin;



door is o - pen, They may all be gath-ered in.

By per.

Jesus Blessing Little Children.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Once the Sav-ior took the children, Laid his hand up-on each head, And in words of warm com-pas-sion
 2. Bless-ed Sav-ior, we are com-ing, By the Ho-ly Spir-it led, Com-ing to re-ceive thy bless-ing,
 3. As we come, O kind Re-deem-er, Lay thy hand up-on each head, Bless us as thou didst the chil-dren

CHORUS. (Anthem.)

And of ten-der love he said:
 Com-ing to the Christ who said: Suf-fer lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to me, Suf-fer lit-tle chil-dren to
 When those lov-ing words were said:

come un-to me, Suf-fer lit-tle chil-dren to come un-to me, and for-bid them not, for of such is the King-dom of

heaven; For of such is the King-dom of heaven; The King-dom of heaven; The King-dom of heaven.
 King-dom of heaven.

Yield Not To Temptation.

"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 COR. 10: 13.

Words and Music by

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to tempta - tion, For yielding is sin, Each vict'ry will help you Some other to win;
 2. Shun e - vil compan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in rev'ence, Nor take it in vain;
 3. To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown. Thro' faith we shall couquer, Though often cast down;

Fight manfully on - ward, Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 Be thoughtful and earnest, Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.
 He who is our Sav - ior, Our strength will renew, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll carry you through.

CHORUS.

Ask the Savior to help you, Comfort, strengthen and keep you; He is willing to aid you, He will carry you through.

Storm the Fort.

61

REV. J. B. VINTON, Burmah.

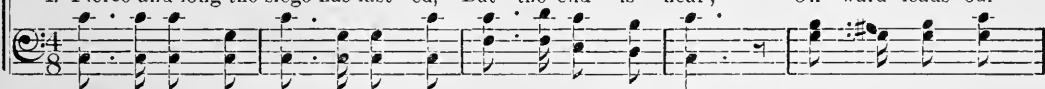
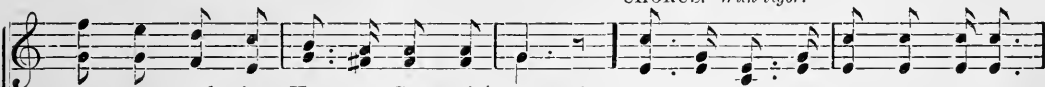
From Gospel Echoes, by per.

R. G. STAPLES.

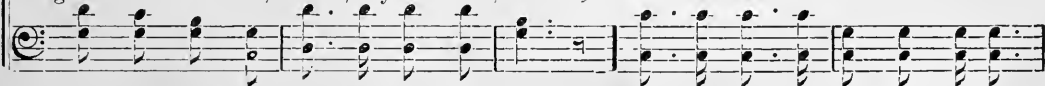
[One of our returned missionaries thinks that the soldiers of Christ should be employed in *storming* instead of *holding* the Fort. and sends the following as a substitute for "HOLD THE FORT." He says, "If I read Jesus' signals aright, there are no times for lurking behind stone-walls, but for storming them. The fort is not yours to hold, but the Devil's (John 14: 30; 12: 31; 16; 11). Holding forts is his work."— *The Watchman*, Boston.]



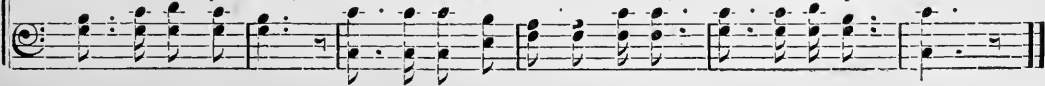
- | | |
|--|-----------------------|
| 1. Ho! my com-rades, see the sig - nal, Je - sus waves on high! | Sa - tan's bat - tle- |
| 2. See! the lof - ty walls are frowning, Held by Sa - tan's pow'r; | Sin enshrouds the |
| 3. See! the proph-ets now are showing How the fort must fall; | There is no such |
| 4. Fierce and long the siege has last - ed, But the end is near; | On - ward leads our |

CHORUS. *With vigor.*

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------------|
| ments are reel - ing, Hear our Cap - tain's cry. | } Storm the fort! for I am leading, |
| world in dark - ness, Now's the storming hour. | |
| thing as fail - ing, Shout, my comrades, all! | |
| great Com - mand - er, Cheer, my comrades, cheer! | |



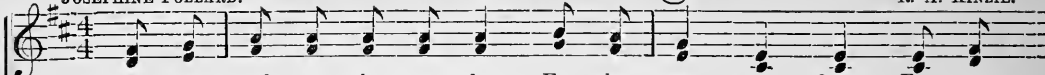
I have shown you how; Shout the answer back to heaven, We are ready— now!




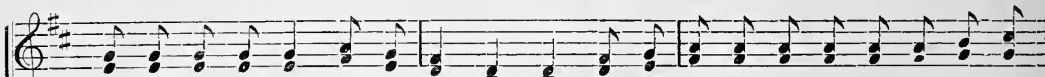
Ere The Sun Goes Down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

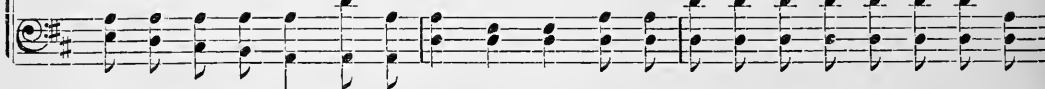
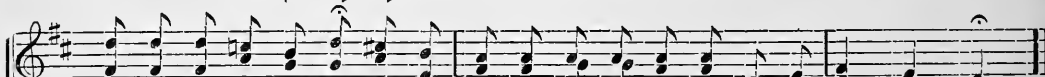
R. A. KINZIE.



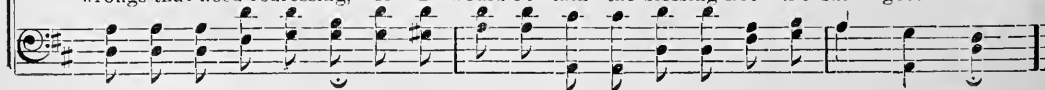
1. I have work enough to do Ere the sun goes down, For my-
 2. I must o - ver - come my wrath Ere the sun goes down; I must
 3. I must speak the lov - ing word Ere the sun goes down; I must
 4. As I jour - ney on my way, Ere the sun goes down, God's com-

self and kindred too, Ere the sun goes down. Ev - ery i - dle whis - per still - ing, With a
 walk the heavenly path Ere the sun goes down; For it may be death's wending Hither
 let my voice be heard Ere the sun goes down; Ev - ery cry of pit - y heed - ing, For the
 mand I must o - bey, Ere the sun goes down. There are sins that need confessing, There are

purpose firm and will - ing All my dai - ly tasks ful - fill - ing Ere the sun goes down.
 with the night de - scend - ing, And my life will have an end - ing Ere the sun goes down.
 injured in - ter - ced - ing, To the light the lost ones leading Ere the sun goes down.
 wrongs that need redressing, If I would ob - tain the blessing Ere the sun goes down.

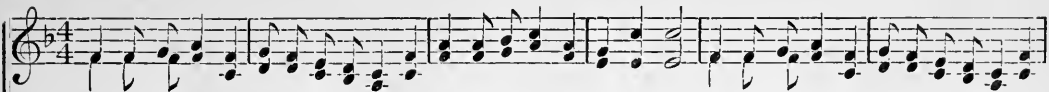


"Such As I Have Give I Thee."

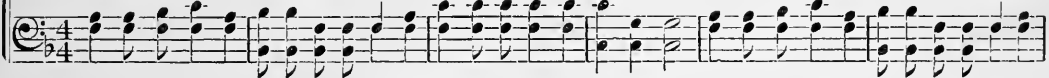


FRANK H. WIGGIN.

ACTS 3: 6.

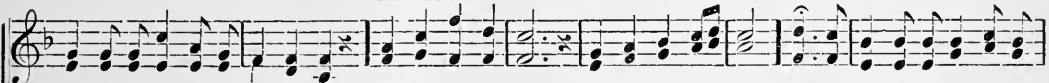


1. Is there beside thy pathway upward leading To heaven's gate, so fair and bright, No needy one with voice or look of pleading
2. If thou canst heal no outward form of weakness, Perhaps with pray'r thou may'st impart Somewhat of the great Captain's ^{[strength and meekness}
3. Such as thou hast, O give, and give it gladly, Outside the temple thousands lie; And some are blind, and some are crippled sadly,



REFRAIN.

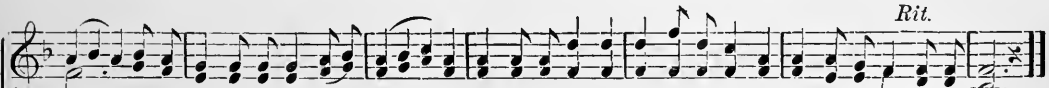
CHORUS.



Whom thou canst lead into Heav'n's pure light?
 To one poor, weary, sin-burdened heart.
 All must be helped or forever die. } To the homes of woe, For the Mas-ter go, Find the suff'ring and waud'ring to-



Rit.



day, Lead them into the narrow way, And Jesus will guide them by his own hand Above to the beautiful land.



What Will You Do Without Him?

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. { I cannot do without thee, O Savior of the lost! Whose precious blood redeemed me At such tremendous cost; Thy righteousness, thy pardon, Thy precious blood must be My only hope and comfort, My glory and my plea.

2. { What will you do without him, When he hath shut the door, And you are left forever, Your sad fate to de - plore? When there is no use knocking, No use to stand and wait, For words of doom still echo—Forevermore, "Too late!"

3. { You cannot do without him! There is no other name By which you can be ransomed, No way, no hope, no claim! Without him, loss eternal Of love, and life, and light! Without him, woe unending And ever-last - ing night.

4. { But with him,—O with Jesus! How nobly I am blest! With Jesus, joy eternal And ever-last - ing rest; With Je - sus, all the fullness Of perfect peace and love; With Jesus, peace and glory And perfect bliss a - bove!

CHORUS.

Why will you do without him? Is he not kind in - deed? Did he not die to save you? Is he not all you need?

Do you not want a Savior? Do you not want a friend? One who will love you truly, And love you to the end?

Breathe On Me Thy Blessing.

65

RAY PALMER.

W. A. GALPIN.

1. Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me; Come, gladden my spirit that waiteth for thee; Thy smile every shadow shall

CHORUS.

chase from my heart, And soothe every sorrow though keen be the—Oh, breathe on my soul, dear Redeemer, thy blessing! I
smart.]

come, all my weakness and coldness confessing; Direct me as on to yon city I'm pressing Till, glad, to thy presence my
[soul shall ascend.

2. Without thee but weakness, with thee I am strong;
By day thou shalt lead me, by night be my song;
Though dangers surround me, I still every fear,
Since thou, the Most Mighty, my Helper art near.
3. Thy love, oh, how faithful! so tender, so pure!
Thy promise, faith's anchor, how steadfast and sure!

That love, like sweet sunshine, my cold heart can warm,
That promise make steady my soul in the storm.

4. Oh, then, blessed Jesus, who once for me died,
Made clean in the fountain that gushed from thy side,
I'll see thy full glory, thy face I'll behold,
And praise thee with raptures for ever untold!

Ever will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray." PSA. 55, 17.

J. H. TENNEY, *by per.*

1. Fa-ther, in the morn-ing Un-to thee I'll pray; Let thy lov-ing
 2. At the bu-sy noontide, Pressed with work and care, Then I'll wait with
 3. When the evening shad-ows Chase a-way the light, Fa-ther, then I'll
 4. Thus in life's glad morning, In its bright noon-day, In its shadowy

CHORUS,

kindness Keep me through this day. I will pray, I will pray, Ev-er
 Je-sus Till he hear my prayer. pray thee Bless thy child to-night.
 eve-ning, Ev-er will I pray. I will pray, I will pray,

will I pray; Morning, noon and evening Un-to thee I'll pray.
 Ev-er will I pray; Un-to thee I'll pray.

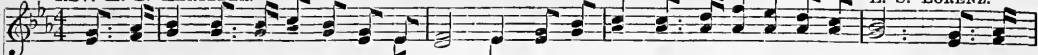
My Precious Bible.


67

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path."—PSALM 119: 105.

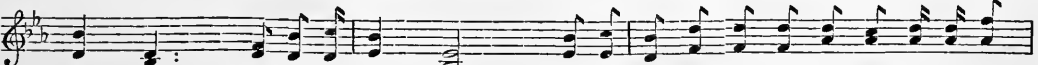
REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

E. S. LORENZ.

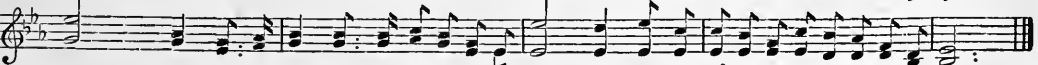
- 
1. Like a star of the morning in its beau - ty, Like a sun is the Bi - ble to my soul, Shin - ing
 2. 'Tis a light in the wil - der - ness of sor - row, And a lamp on the wea - ry pil - grim way, And it
 3. 'Tis the voice of a Friend for - ev - er near me, In the toil and the bat - tle here be - low; In the
 4. It shall staud in its beau - ty and its glo - ry, When the earth and the heavens pass a - way; Ev - er



clear on the way of love and du - ty, As I hast - en on my journey to the goal. Ho - ly
guides to the bright e - ter - nal mor - row, Shining more and more un - to the per - fect day.
gloom of the val - ley it will cheer me, Till the glo - ry of his kingdom I shall know.
tell - ing the blessed, wondrous sto - ry, Of the lov - ing Lamb, the on - ly Liv - ing Way. Ho - ly



Bi - ble! my precious Bi - ble! Gift of God, and lamp of life, my beau - ti - ful
Bi - ble! Ho - ly Bi - ble! precious Bi - ble! book di - vine!



Bi - - ble! I will cling to the dear, old, Holy Bi - ble, As I hasten to the Cit - y of the King.
Bible! thou art mine!

Purity.

W. A. SPATE.

REV. W. W. RHOADS.

1. My Savior, wash me in Thy blood, And cleanse me from all sin; O may the pu - ri - fy - ing flood
 2. Drive from my mind each evil thought, And fill my soul with love, Help me to serve Thee as I ought,
 3. O fill my heart with perfect peace, Which like a stream doth flow, And may I never, never cease

CHORUS.

Now make me pure within.
 And faithful to Thee prove.
 To serve Thee here be - low. } Cleanse me, cleanse me, cleanse me in Thy blood, And make my garments [white;

O may that flowing crimson flood Wash and keep my garments white!

The Child's Prayer.

69

Words and music by CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. God, help a lit - tle child to pray, To hum - bly bow to thee, To
2. God, help a lit - tle child to do The work thou hast assigned, And
3. God, help a lit - tle child to try To win some souls to thee; O
4. God, help a lit - tle child to live A life of truth and love, And

CHORUS.

hon - or and o - bey thy laws, And meek and gentle be.
nev - er, nev - er stray from thee, A Savior true and kind.
Fath - er, help me feel the work Thou hast on earth for me!
when thou call - est me a - way, Take me to heaven a - bove } Oh, hear me now, dear

Father! Be thou my friend and guide, And never let me wander A - way from thy dear side.

The Master's Call.

A. W. WILLIAMS.

1. Up, and be do - ing! thy life - time is brief, And life is as
 2. Har - vest is here, and the vine - yard is wide, And none at their

REFRAIN.
 Work, faith - ful - ly
 frail as the sere au - tumn leaf. Faith - ful - ly work, yes
 ease in the field can a - bide. Work, faith - ful - ly
 work for Christ, Faith - ful - ly work, yes

la - bor for Christ, Ear - nest - ly, faith - ful - ly la - bor for Christ.
 work for Christ,
 la - bor for Christ.

3. Think of the Master, so worn and so faint,
Whose lips never uttered a moan or complaint.
4. Go forth and labor! a bright crown awaits
The faithful believer at Heaven's high gates.

5. Work with thy might, ere the day of thy grace
Is ended, and darkness shall steal on apace.
6. Jesus has given his promise divine,
The winner of souls like the bright stars shall shine.

Jesus, As Thou Wilt.

D. F. HODGES.

1. My feet shall jour - ney, Mas - ter, Where thou dost point the way; Lead
 2. My heart shall suf - fer, Mas - ter, As thou dost deem it best; Be
 3. My will is thine, dear Mas - ter, I choose what thou dost choose; If
 4. But oh! thou bless - ed Mas - ter, Be with thy ten - der child! Smile

thou in - to the dark - ness, Or lead thou in - to day. I
 joy or grief my por - tion, In thee I sweet - ly rest. I
 thou or - dain af - flic - tion, My heart shall not re - fuse. I
 on me ey - ery mo - ment With thy com - pla - cence mild. I

give my - self in - to thy will, My heart is peace - ful there, and still.
 give my - self in - to thy will, My heart is peace - ful there, and still.
 give my - self in - to thy will, My heart is peace - ful there, and still.
 give my - self in - to thy will, My heart is peace - ful there, and still.

Trusting, Sweetly Trusting.

REV. C. I. B. BRANE. "We trust in the living God, who is the Savior of all men." 1 TIM. 4: 10.

I. BALTZELL.

1. I am trusting, blessed Je - sus, In thy cleansing blood; I would plead no other mer - it
 2. I am trusting, Savior, trust - ing In thy promise sweet; Thou wilt lead and help me conquer
 3. I am trusting, blessed Je - sus, In thy matchless grace; It will keep my soul from fainting
 4. I am trusting; dear Re - deem - er, In thy sav - ing love; By and by mine eye shall see thee

CHORUS.

I am trust - - ing, sweet-ly trust - - ing, I am trusting

As I come to God.
 Ev - 'ry foe I meet.
 In the heav'nly race.
 On thy throne above.

I am trusting, I am trusting, sweetly trusting ev'ry day, I am trusting, I am

ev - 'ry day; Draw me clos - - er, draw me clos - - er, Lest I go astray.

trust-ing, sweetly trusting ev - 'ry day; Draw me clos - er, draw me closer, Draw me clos - er to thy side, Lest I go astray.

There Is Coming A Solemn Day.

73

MATTIE PEARSON SMITH.

"Oh, where are the Reapers?"

E. B. SMITH.

1. The Lord's harvest field standeth green and wide, The wheat and the tares growing side by side; His sun and his rain doth he
2. That I have a place in that field so fair, Should fill me with thoughts for the name I bear; Oh, how shall I stand when the
3. Oh, not with the cnaff that the wild winds blow, And not with the tares would I wish to go; I'd only be found with the
4. To that harvest time I must surely come, When I shall be weighed by the deeds I've done; Then take me, O Lord, make my

CHORUS.

give to all, So bounteous and free do his blessings fall.
an - gels come, To gath - er the sheaves for the har - vest home. } But there is coming a sol - emn day, The
use - ful wheat, So val - ued and good, for his storehouse meet.
heart thine own, My har - vest shall be from thy good seed sown.

Lord to his angels then will loudly say: "Go out and gather the golden grain, And burn the tares that have grown in vain."

Whiter Than Snow.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.

JOSEPH GARRISON.


1. "Fear not, lit - tle flock," says the Sav - ior di - vine, The Fath - er has willed that the Kingdom be thine;
 2. Far whit - er than snow, and as fair as the day, For Christ is the foun - tain to wash guilt a - way;
 3. Yon sheep that was lost in the val - ley of sin, Was found by the Shepherd, who gathered him in;
 4. Ride ov - er temp - ta - tions, and cease your a - larms, Your Shepherd is Je - sus, your ref - uge His arms;

Oh! soil not your garments with sin while be - low; My sheep and my lambs must be whit - er than snow.
 Oh! give Him, poor sin - ner, that bur - den of thine, And en - ter the fold with the nine - ty - and - nine.
 With songs of thankgiv - ing the hills did re - sound—"My friends and my neighbors, the lost sheep is found."
 He'll nev - er for - sake you, a Broth - er and friend, But love you, and save you in worlds with - out end.


CHORUS.

Look up, O my broth - er! and be not cast down, While bear - ing the cross you are sight - ing the crown;


Go, wash in the fountain, while wait - ing be - low— Your sins shall, though scarlet, be whit - er than snow.

- 
1. Beyond this land of parting, losing and leaving, Far beyond the losses dark - ening this, And
 2. Beyond this land of toiling, sowing and reaping, Far beyond the shadows darkening this, And
 3. Beyond this land of sinning, fainting and falling, Far beyond the doubtings darkening this, And
 4. Beyond this land of waiting, seeking and sighing, Far beyond the sorrows dark - ening this, And

REFRAIN.



far beyond the taking and the bereaving, Lies the Summer Land of bliss. Land beyond, so fair and
 far beyond the sighing, moaning and weeping, Lies the Summer Land of bliss.
 far beyond the griefs and dangers befalling, Lies the Summer Land of bliss.
 far beyond the pains and sickness and dying, Lies the Summer Land of bliss. Land beyond, so fair and



bright, Land beyond, where is no night! Summer Land, God is its light, Oh, happy Summer Land of bliss.
 bright, Land beyond, where is no night! Summer Land.

The Narrow Way.

MISS H. A. FOSTER.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Stay, pil-grim, stay! This is the nar-row way; Cumbered with self and sin, Thou
 2. Thy foot hath pressed Earth's highways of un-rest, Thy san-dals, worn and vile, May

canst not walk there-in. Thou canst, thou canst, Thou canst not walk there-in.
 not this way de-file. May not, may not, May not this way de-file.

3. Stay, pilgrim, stay,
 Thou need'st not turn away;
 Throw down thy sins and see
 How broad the way for thee.
 How broad, how broad, how broad the way for thee.

4. Art sick? Poor soul!
 Jesus can make thee whole!
 Bathed in yon crimson flow,
 Thou shalt be white as snow!
 Thou shalt, thou shalt, thou shalt be white as snow.

5. The way is free,
 For all mankind—for thee;
 Although thou comest late,
 Yet mercy's at the gate.
 For thee, for thee, yet mercy's at the gate.

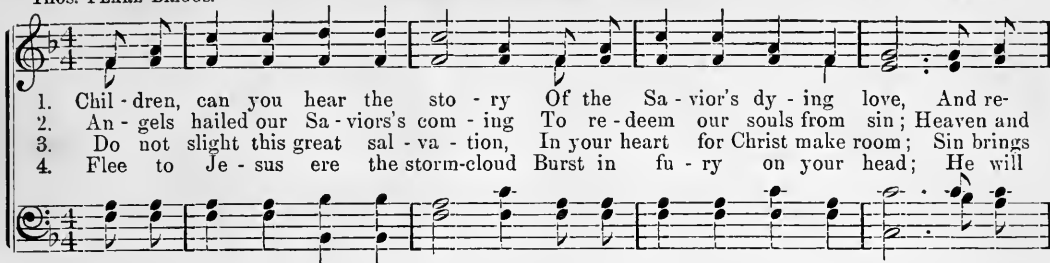
6. Stay, wanderer, stay,
 Christ is the only way;
 Hither he bids thee come,
 His love shall light thee home.
 His love, his love, his love shall light thee home.

Come And Be Forgiven.

77

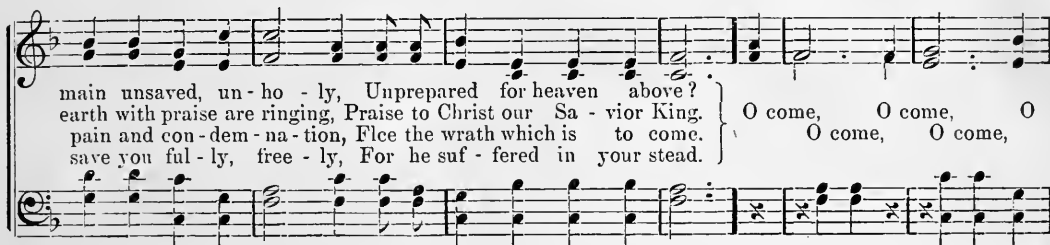
THOS. PEARL BRIGGS.

E. A. HOFFMAN.




1. Chil - dren, can you hear the sto - ry Of the Sa - vior's dy - ing love, And re -
2. An - gels hailed our Sa - vior's com - ing To re - deem our souls from sin; Heaven and
3. Do not slight this great sal - va - tion, In your heart for Christ make room; Sin brings
4. Flee to Je - sus ere the storm - cloud Burst in fu - ry on your head; He will

CHORUS.



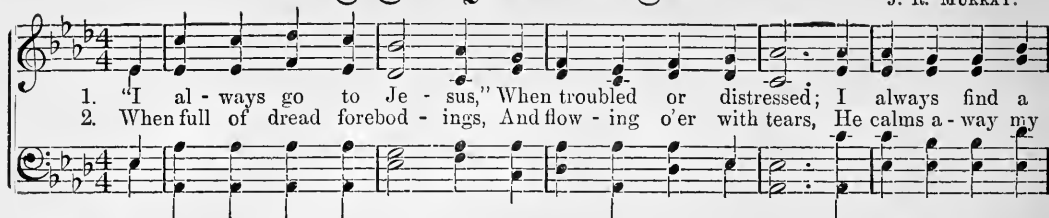
main unsaved, un - ho - ly, Unprepared for heaven above?
earth with praise are ringing, Praise to Christ our Sa - vior King. } O come, O come, O
pain and con - dem - na - tion, Flee the wrath which is to come. } O come, O come,
save you ful - ly, free - ly, For he suf - fered in your stead.



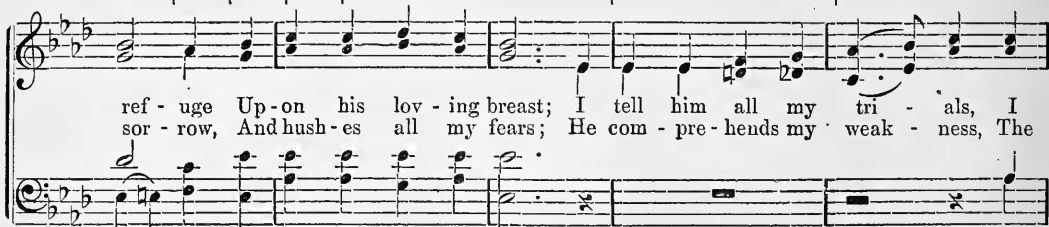
come and be for - giv - en, O come, O come, Be made an heir of heav'n.
O come, O come,

I Always Go To Jesus.

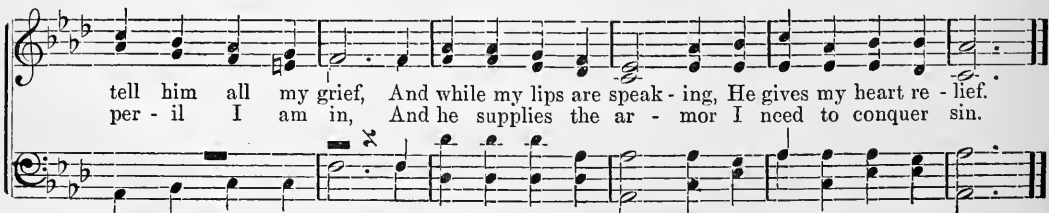
J. R. MURRAY.



1. "I al - ways go to Je - sus," When troubled or distressed; I always find a
2. When full of dread forebod - ings, And flow - ing o'er with tears, He calms a - way my



ref - uge Up - on his lov - ing breast; I tell him all my tri - als, I
sor - row, And hush - es all my fears; He com - pre - hends my weak - ness, The



tell him all my grief, And while my lips are speak - ing, He gives my heart re - lief.
per - il I am in, And he supplies the ar - mor I need to conquer sin.

3. When those are cold and faithless,
Who once were fond and true,
With careless hearts forsaking
The old friends for the new,
I turn to him whose friendship
Knows neither change nor end;
I always find in Jesus
A never failing friend.

4. I always go to Jesus!
No matter when or where,
I seek his gracious presence,
I'm sure to find him there.
In times of joy or sorrow,
Whate'er my need may be,
I always go to Jesus,
And Jesus comes to me.

Thy Father Waits for Thee.

79

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

H. S. PERKINS.

1. Wand'rer from thy Father's home, So full of sin, so far away, Wilt thou any longer roam? Oh, wilt thou not return to-day?
2. He is here! his loving voice hath reached thee, though so far away! He is waiting to rejoice, O wand'ring one, o'er thee to-day.
3. Rise and go! Thy Father waits To welcome and receive and bless; Thou shalt tread his palace gates In royal robe of righteousness.

Wilt thou? Oh, he knows it all, Thy Father sees, he meets thee here! Wilt thou hear his tender call? "Return, return!" while he is near. Waiting, waiting to bestow His perfect pardon, full and free; Waiting, waiting till thou know His wealth of love for thee, for thee! Thine shall be his heart of love, And thine his smile, and thine his home, Thine his joy, all joys above—O wand'ring child, no longer [roam!]

CHORUS.

Hear the Savior's tender voice, Believe, and in his love rejoice; Hear the Savior's tender voice, Believe, and in his love rejoice.

The Heavenly Home.

REV. JOHN SCOTFORD.

"In my Father's house are many mansions." JOHN 14: 2.

C. T. DONDORE.

1. There is a home, a heavenly home, Beyond death's frowning riv - er, To which the pure and
 2. That blissful home will soon be mine, Resplendent in its brightness; With saints and angels
 3. There I shall see my Savior's face, And dwell with him in glo - ry; And saved through his Al-
 4. There I shall meet the ransomed throng, From every land and nation; And join the ev-er-
 5. Then, oh, my soul, press bravely on, Till death at length reprieve thee; Awhile the cross, and

CHORUS.

good will come, And dwell with Christ for - ev - er.
 I shall shine, In robes of pear - ly whiteness.
 mighty grace, I'll tell the victor's sto - ry.
 lasting song, The song of full sal - va - tion.
 then the crown That Jesus waits to give thee.

Oh, precious home, oh, lovely home, Sweet

home beyond the riv - er; We soon shall gain that blissful home, And praise the Lord forev - er.

Little Soldiers.

A. J. ARMSTRONG.

1. Little soldiers of the Cross, Little pilgrims on the earth, Fight ye bravely in the cause, Act ye worthy of your birth.
2. Look ye to your leader—Christ; Be ye faithful unto him; Mark ye well the pearl of price; Never let the path grow dim.
3. Jesus holds to you a crown; See it glitter in the sky; On his face there is no frown—You will meet him by and by.
4. By-and-by we'll meet in heaven All the little soldiers there; Richest blessings will be given, And the crown of life we'll wear.

CHORUS.

On the Savior's strength relying, Sin and ev - ery wrong defying, "Forward" let your watchword be,

Till you gain the vic - to - ry, Till you lay the ar - mor down, And receive a gold - en crown.

6

To the Savior flee.

By per.

Words and music by CHARLES H. GABRIEL.

1. Heav - y burden'd sin - ner! To the Sa - vior flee. In his arms of mercy, There is rest for thee;
 2. Them that ask he heareth, They that seek shall find; Come, O weary sinner, Wretched, poor, and blind!
 3. When your work is ended, And the crown is won, You shall reign with Jesus, Brighter than the sun;

He will ease thy burden, At the cross 'twill fall! He's the on - ly help - er, He is all in all.
 Pa - tient - ly he's waiting, With a heart of love! Come and have a mansion, In the home above.
 There with saints and angels You will happy be, Through the ceaseless ages Of e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.

To the Savior flee, To the Savior flee, Heavy-burdened sinner, To the Sa - vior flee.

Triumph By And By.

83

DR. C. R. BLACKALL.

"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, his words implore us, The eye of God is o'er us, From on high, from on high ; His
2. We'll fol-low where he leadeth, We'll pasture where he feedeth, We'll yield to him who pleadeth, From on high, from on
3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But Jesus dear to love us There on high, there on high ; We'll

loving tones are calling While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing, 'Tis Je-sus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, he is nigh.
naught from him shall sev-er, Our hope shall brighten ev-er, And faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, he is nigh.
give him best en-deav-or, And praise his name for-ev-er, His pre-cious words can nev-er, Nev-er die, nev-er die.

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet him, By and by we shall greet him, And with Jesus reign in glory, By and by, By and by, By and

by we shall meet him, By and by, we shall greet him, And with Je-sus reign in glo-ry, By and by.

Succor of the Tempted.

"For in that He himself hath suffered, being tempted, he is able to succor them that are tempted." HEB. 2: 18.

HELEN F. SHAW.

By per.

J. H. LESLIE.

1. Help - er of the tempt - ed! Hear me when I call; Turn to me in
 2. Give me strength, I pray thee, To re - sist the ill, When my cour - age
 3. In my dark - est tri - als, Be my con - stant friend, Lead - me ev - ery

mer - cy, At thy feet I fall; Help me bear life's cross - es,
 fails me, Be my com - fort still; Thou hast known temp - ta - tion,
 mo - ment, Till my journeys end; When the waves of Jor - dan

All my sins for - give, Like my Lord and Mas - ter, Dai - ly may I live.
 Yet with - out a sin, By thy strength I'll conquer, By thy grace I'll win.
 Fiercely round me roll, In thine arms of mer - cy, Bear my faint - ing soul.

The Weeds Of The Heart.

85

F. O. JONES.

Moderato.

1. The weeds of the heart, how they flour-ish and thrive, In the beau-tl-ful Sum-mer of
 2. Oh, gath-er them ear-ly, dear broth-er, I pray, The buds and the blossoms of
 3. The weeds of the heart may look state-ly and fair, And glow in their em-er-ald
 4. Dig hard, and up-root ev-ery ves-tige of pride Or of sin, in no mat-ter what
 5. When the weeds of the heart are up-root-ed and gone, Let the beau-ti-ful ros-es of

life; How they spread their green banners to catch the bright show'rs, And hide from the
 sin; Don't think it suf-fi-cient to pluck up the shoots, But deep-er and
 sheen, But you'll nev-er mistake them for plants that are rare, If you weed youth's fair
 guise; But while you are ear-nest-ly pull-ing up weeds, Take care that you
 love, Let the i-vy of trust and the lil-lies of truth, Climb a-bout on the

sun-light the sweet spring-ing flow'rs, Till the air with their poi-son is rife.
 deep-er dig hard at the roots That are fastened so firm-ly with-in.
 gar-den with pa-tience and care, And keep all the wind-ling paths clean.
 scat-ter a-broad no vile seeds, A-gain in your gar-den to rise.
 walls of thy strong, stal-wart youth, Till they reach heav-en's gar-den a-bove.

"Lead Me."

THOMAS HASTINGS.

REV. S. HENRY.

1. Je - sus, mer - ci - ful and mild, Lead me as a helpless child: On no oth - er arm but
 2. Thou canst fit me by thy grace For the heavenly dwelling-place; All thy prom - is - es are
 3. Je - sus, Savior all divine, Hast thou made me tru - ly thine? Hast thou bought me by thy

thine Would my wea - ry soul re - cline; Thou art read - y to for - give, Thou canst
 sure, Ev - er shall thy love en - dure; Then what more could I de - sire, How to
 blood? Re - conciled my heart to God? Hearken to my ten - der prayer, Let me

bid the sinner live—Guide the wand'rer, day by day, In the strait and narrow way.
 greater bliss as - pire? All I need, in thee I see, Thou art all in all to me.
 thine own image bear; Let me love thee more and more, Till I reach yon blissful shore.

Who Hath Sorrow?

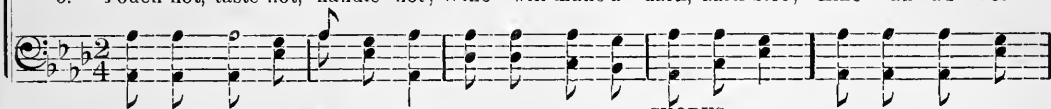
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. REV. J. B. ATCHISON.

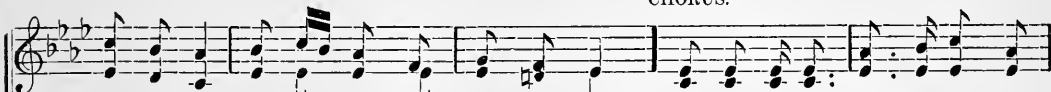
W. S. MARSHALL.



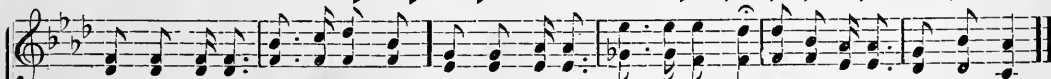
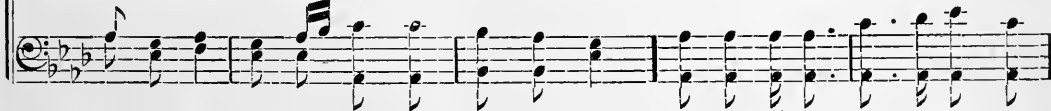
1. Who hath sorrow? who hath woe? They who dare not answer "No!" They whose feet to
2. Who hath babblings? who hath strife? He who leads a drunkard's life; He who scorns the
3. Who hath wounds without a cause? He who breaks God's holy laws; He whose lov'd ones
4. Who hath redness in the eyes? Who bring pov-er - ty and sighs In - to homes al-
5. Touch not, taste not, handle not; Wine will make a dark, dark blot; Like an ad - der



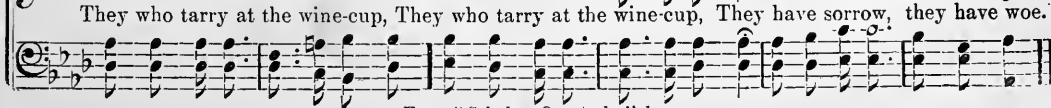
CHORUS.



sin incline; They who tar - ry long at wine.
Lord divine; He who goes to seek mix'd wine.
weep and pine While he tar - ries at the wine. } They who tarry at the wine-cup,
most di-vine? They who tar - ry at the wine.
it will sting, And at last to ru - in bring.



They who tarry at the wine-cup, They who tarry at the wine-cup, They have sorrow, they have woe.



From "Scholars Quarterly" by per.

How Sweet To Trust In Jesus.

E. D. KEEK.

1. How sweet to *trust* in Je - sus! To know no trust be - side; To find in him a refuge, Our
 2. How sweet to *follow* Je - sus! To seek no oth - er road; O - bedient - ly to trust him, And
 3. Ah! then to *learn* of Je - sus! This is a task most sweet; To choose the "better portion," Like

wea - ry souls to hide. To lean on love e - ter - nal, And in that love a - bide.
 walk the path he trod. 'Tis hallowed by his footprints, And nighest un - to God.
 Ma - ry at his feet. With soul and body whol - ly For his blest use made meet.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing, trust - ing, trust - ing all to thee, Trust - ing, trust - ing, through eter - ni - ty.
 Trusting, sweetly trusting, trusting all to thee, Trusting, ever trusting, through eter - ni - ty.

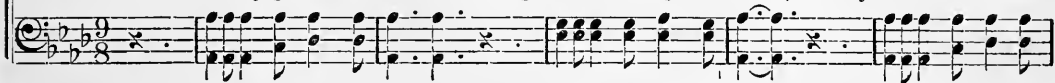
"Create In Me A Clean Heart."

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CHAS. EDEN POLLOCK.



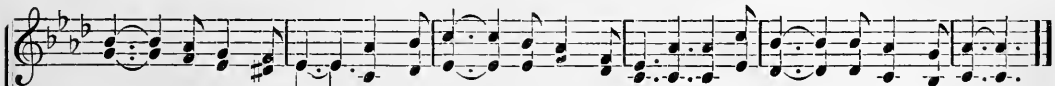
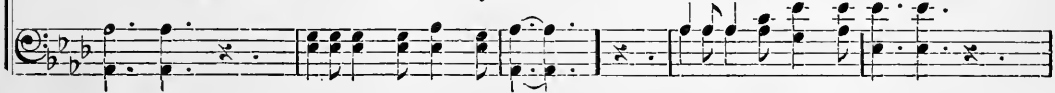
1. Take my heart, O Father! take it; Make and keep it all thine own; Let thy Spir-it melt and
2. Father, make me pure and lowly, Fond of peace and far from strife, Turning from the paths un-
3. Ev - er let thy grace surround me; Strengthen me with power divine, Till thy cords of love have



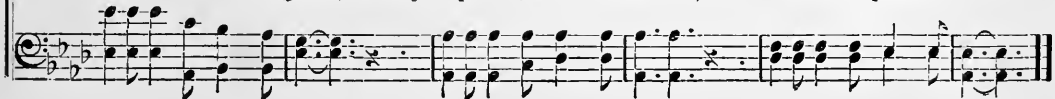
CHORUS.



break it—This proud heart of sin and stone.
 ho - ly Of this vain and sin - ful life. } May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my
 bound me: Make me to be wholly thine. }



sins be all forgiven; Ho - ly Spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me in the path to heaven.



Above The Clouds.

Words by F. E. BELDEN, 1878.

From SONG ANCHOR, by permission.

Music by D. S. HAKES, 1878.

1. A-bove the clouds that veil the blue Of heaven's star-ry dome, There is a bliss-ful summer land Whose
 2. A-bove the clouds, beyond the blue, O par-a-dise of light! On wings of faith to thee we rise, And
 3. A-bove, be-yond, far, far be-yond, Up-on that peace-ful shore, Whose gold-en strand no tempests beat, Where

por-tals ev-er o-pen stand, Where soon earth's wea-ry pil-grim band Shall en-ter to their home.
 view the best, e-ter-nal prize,— The Christian's home be-yond the skis, Those mansions ev-er bright.
 par-ted friends immor-tal meet; *There* rest is found for wea-ry feet, At home for-ev-er-more.

CHORUS.

Sweet home,..... bless-ed home,..... Bright and fair,..... ov-er there;..... Sweet

Bless-ed home, home, sweet home, Bright and fair, ov-er there;

home,..... bless-ed home,..... Christ has gone..... to pre-pare.....

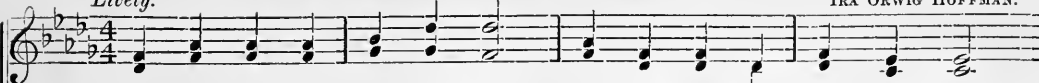
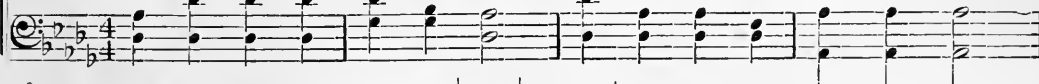
Bless-ed home, bless-ed home, Christ has gone to pre-pare,

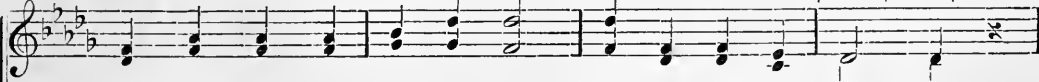
Jesus Died To Save Me.

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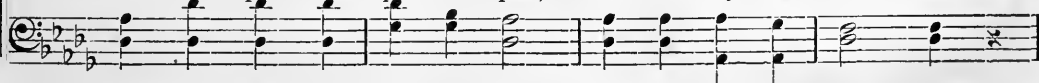
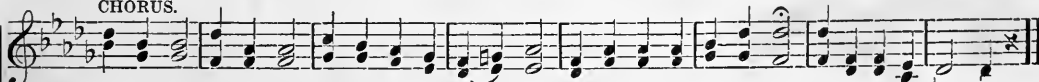
Lively.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.


- 
1. Je - sus died up - on the tree, From my sins to set me free,
 2. He has made an end of sin, And his blood has washed me clean,
 3. Trusting his al - might - y aid, I will nev - er be dis - mayed,
 4. With the saints in heaven a - bove I will sing his dy - ing love,
 5. Oh, let ev - ery ransomed soul Sound his praise from pole to pole,
- 



From my sins to set me free, He is my Re - deem - er.
Yes, his blood has washed me clean, He is my Re - deem - er.
No, I will not be dis - mayed, He is my Re - deem - er.
I will sing his dy - ing love, He is my Re - deem - er.
Sound his praise from pole to pole, He is my Re - deem - er.

**CHORUS.**

Precious love! wondrous love! His own life he gave me; On the Cross of Calvary, Jesus died to save me.



Lights Along the Way.

WILLIAM LUFF.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.

1. Tell me not that life is dreary, Void of joy and beauty; nay, Though the glowing prospect darken,
 2. Lights of promise, brightly beaming, Casting round a cheering ray, Through the midnight sweetly gleaming;
 3. Lights of hope, I see them rising: Shall I linger, shall I stay, When so sweetly beckoned onward
 4. Lights, new lights, appearing ever: "Onward still they seem to say; Onward still I glad - ly fol - low,

CHORUS.

There are lights along, along the way.
 O those lights along, along the way!
 By the lights along, along the way?
 'Neath the lights along, along the way.

Far I cannot see before me, Yet I trust, and still o - bey;

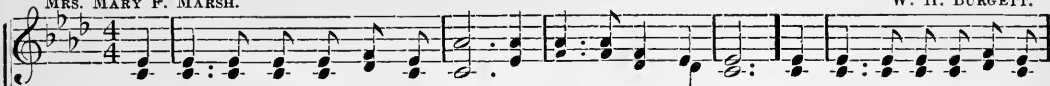
Find - ing, as I journey on - ward, There are lights along the way, Finding, as I journey onward, There are lights a - long the way.

The Friendship of Christ.

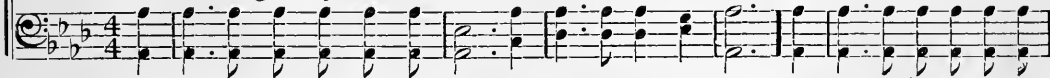
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MRS. MARY F. MARSH.

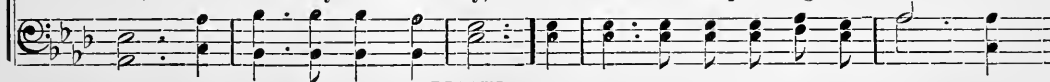
W. H. BURGETT.



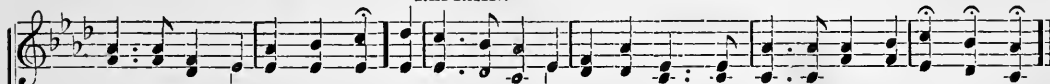
1. I sat in darkness all a-lone, No earthly friend was near, No ray of light upon me
2. I heard, I knew the heavenly voice; I knew that Christ, my King, Had come to bid my heart re-
3. My heavy heart grew strangely light, And swelled with love to him Who turned to day my gloomy
4. Since then no grief my heart has known, But Jesus has been nigh To tell me I am not a-



shone My aching heart to cheer; As thus I sat, I heard one say, "My
joice, And life and peace to bring; Light from the gloom, life from the dead, Were
night Of sor-row, fear and sin; It thrilled my ver-y soul to hear Those
lone, He hears my faintest cry; And when the tempest rag-es wild He



REFRAIN.



blood has washed thy sins away;"
in the gracious words he said:
precious words of holy cheer:
whispers, "Cling to me, my child!" } "Thou art my friend! I claim thee mine, And I am thine, forever thine."



At The Door.

DR. G. MIESSE.

1. O Je - sus, thou art standing Outside the fast closed door, In low - ly patience
 2. O Je - sus, thou art knocking; And lo! that hand is scarred, And thorns thy brow en-
 3. O Je - sus, thou art pleading, In ac - cents meek and low, "I died for you, my

wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er; To make thy home with - in us, Our
 cir - cle, And tears thy face have marred. O love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So
 chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?" O Lord, with shame and sor - row We

sins and griefs to bear, O shame! thrice shame upon us, To keep thee standing there!
 pa - tient - ly to wait! O sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate!
 o - pen now the door; Dear Savior, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more.

Watch, Pray, Praise, Look!

95

HORATIO BONAR, D. D.

REV. W. HOUP.

1. Watch, brethren, watch! The year is dy - ing; Watch, brethren, watch! Old Time is fly - ing.
2. Pray, brethren, pray! The sands are fall - ing; Pray, brethren, pray! God's voice is call - ing.
3. Praise, brethren, praise! The skies are rend - ing; Praise, brethren, praise! The fight is end - ing.
4. Look, brethren, look! The day is break - ing; Hark, brethren, hark! The dead are wak - ing.

REFRAIN.

Watch as men watch the parting breath, Watch as men watch for life or death. E - ter - ni - ty is
Yon turret strikes the dy - ing chime, We kneel upon the edge of time. E - ter - ni - ty is
Be - hold, the glo - ry draweth near, The King himself will soon be here, E - ter - ni - ty is
With girded loins we read - y stand, Behold, the Bridegroom is at hand, E - ter - ni - ty is

drawing nigh, E - ter - ni - ty is drawing nigh! E - ter - ni - ty, e - ter - ni - ty!

The Little Pilgrim.

ALDINE S. KIEFFER.

1. The world looks ver - y pret - ty And beau - ti - ful to me; The sun shines out in
 2. I'm but a lit - tle pilgrim, My journey's just be - gun; And I must meet with
 3. Then like a lit - tle pilgrim, What - ev - er I may meet, I'll take it— joy or
 4. Then tri - als cannot vex me, And pain I need not fear; For when I'm close to

glo - ry On ev - ery - thing I see. I know I shall be hap - py While
 sor - row Be - fore my jour - ney's done; The world is full of tri - als And
 sorrow,—And rest at Je - sus' feet. He'll com - fort me in trou - ble, He'll
 Je - sus Grief can - not come *too* near. Not e - ven death can harm me, When

in the world I stay, For I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.
 suf - fer - ing each day; But I will fol - low Je - sus All the way.
 wipe my tears a - way; With joy I'll fol - low Je - sus All the way.
 death I meet one day; Through death I'll fol - low Je - sus All the way.

Strange, How Strange!

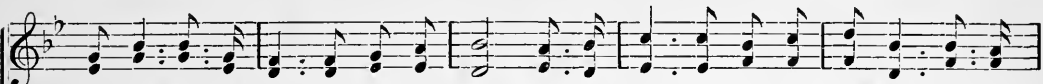
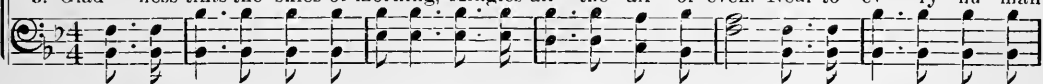
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Words by J. W. BARKER.

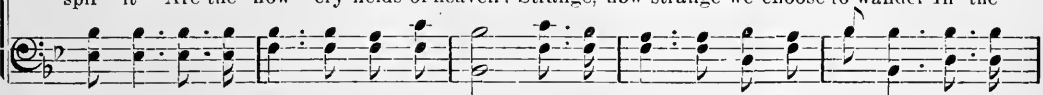
CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



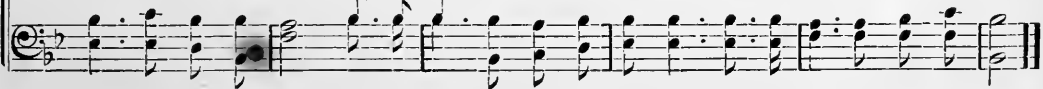
1. Strange, how strange since life is passing, With such wondrous flight away, And the sands of life are
2. When we meet a toil - ing pilgrim, Weary of his heavy load, Sometimes rising, sometimes
3. Glad - ness tints the skies of morning, Mingles all the air of even! Near to ev - 'ry hu - man



drop - ping, Hour by hour and day by day; Since the mo - ments are bright jewels, Though their
fall - ing, Struggling up life's rugged road; From his low es - tate as - pir - ing, Hop - ing,
spir - it Are the flow - ery fields of heaven: Strange, how strange we choose to wander In the



worth we lit - tle know, Jewels flung around our pathway, Strange, how strange we waste them so!
pray - ing for a crown, Strange, how strange, instead of helping We should cast the brother down!
cloud - ed paths of sin! When the pearl - y gates are op - en, Strange we do not en - ter in!



Petition.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

1. Savior, thou knowest the souls that are dreary, Songless and sad as these desolate stones; Hearts that would welcome thee,
2. Come, as the healer of hearts that are broken, Come when our sunshine is wintry and pale; Hearer of pleadings that

yet are too weary, Voices that give thee but sorrowful tones; Thou art the bringer of hope to the cheerless,
never were spoken, Thou art the same, and thy love cannot fail; Enter the chamber that light has for-sak - en,

Thou art the giver of peace after strife; Teach them to cling to thee, trusting and fearless, Lord of their life, Lord of their life!
Bring back the gladness of happier days, Come, and the joy of thy presence shall waken Songs to thy praise, Songs to thy praise.

An Heir Of God.

EBEN E. REXFORD.

W. A. GALPIN.

1. Although so poor I cannot claim An earthly her - i - tage as mine, Yet though un-
2. Let tempests rise a - bout my way, Christ loves me, and my soul is his; In his my

known to rank and fame, I am a prince of roy - al line; An heir of all im - mor - tal
trust - ing hand I lay, And lean up - on his prom - is - es; And he will keep me safe - ly

things, What care I for poor, earthly dross? My happy soul exultant sings, And sees its crown above its cross.
through, Will answer always when I call; It is not much that I can do, But I can trust him with my all.

Nearer Home.

W. J. BOSTWICK. 1880

1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is drawing on, Slow-ly drops the gen-tle twi - light,
 2. "One day nearer," sings the marin - er, As he glides the waters o'er, While the light is soft-ly dy - ing,

For an - oth - er day is gone; Gone for aye its race is ov - er, Soon the darker shades will come,
 On his dis-tant, na-tive shore; Thus the Christian on life's o - cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,

CHORUS.

Still 'tis sweet to know that we are one day nearer home. Nearer home, nearer home, Nearer
 In the evening eries with cap-ture, I am one day nearer home. Nearer home, Nearer home, Nearer

our e - ter - nal home, Nearer home, nearer home, We are one day near-er home, nearer home.
 our e - ter - nal home, sweet home, Nearer home, dear home, nearer home,

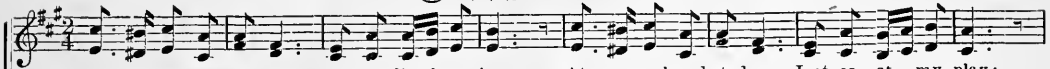
Nearer Home.—Concluded.

3. Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim,
Hails the setting of the sun,
For his goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done;
Thus we feel when o'er life's desert,
Heart and sandal-sore we roam;
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

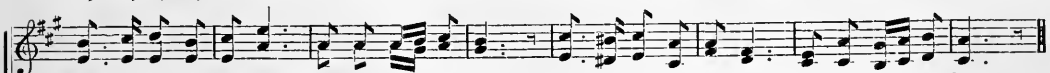
4. Nearer home! yes, one day nearer.
To our Father's house on high—
To the green fields and the fountains,
Of the land beyond the sky;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer,
For we're one day nearer home.

Happy Child.

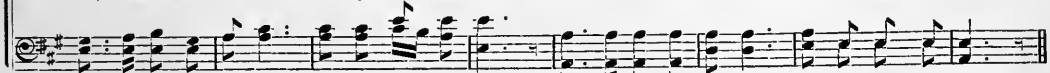
D. E. DORTCH.



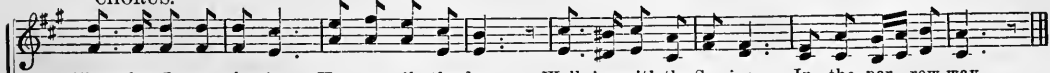
1. I am sing-ing, sing-ing, All the live-long day, At my work and stud-y Just as at my play;
2. Why am I so joy-ous? Would you have me tell? 'Tis because God loves me; Yes, he loves me well:
3. Now a new, right spir-it He has put with-in, That obedi-ence choos-es, Hates and flees from sin;



With my mer-ry schoolmates, Or when all a-lone, Not a queen more happy Could be on her throne.
And, though I am sin-ful, He no stain can see, When the blood of Je-sus Bathes and cleanses me.
Oh, how sweet his serv-ice! Eas-y is his sway! Can I keep from singing, Sing-ing night and day?



CHORUS.



There-fore I am sing-ing, Hap-py all the day, Walk-ing with the Sav-ior In the nar-row way.



The Smitten Rock.

REV. S. Y. HARMER.

From "Always Welcome."

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. Waters from the smitten rock, Flowing, sweetly flowing, To refresh the thirsty flock, Thro' the desert go - ing.
 2. Je - sus calls, "Come unto me, Thirsty souls, come hither, Living waters, flowing free, Drink and live for-ev - er."

See its streams, how high they rise, For the faint and dy - ing, Streaming forth before our eyes, Ev - 'ry want sup - ply - ing."
 Saving mercies now abound, Jesus is the giver, I this pard'ning love have found, Praise his name forever.

CHORUS.

'Tis flow - ing, flow - ing, 'Tis flowing boundless and free; 'Tis flow - ing, flowing, 'Tis flowing now for thee.
 'Tis flowing, sweetly flowing, 'Tis flowing, sweetly flowing,

Repeat pp.

Christ Stilling The Tempest.

1. There was tu - mult on the wa - ter, And a tem - pest rocked the deep, But the Sa - vior on his
 2. Vain - ly did the poor dis - ci - ples Toil and strive to gain the shore, Fiercely, wildly, wind and
 3. Doth he hear? Ah, yes, he ris - es, Bids the rag - ing tu - mult cease; At his voice the tempest

CHORUS.

pill - low Lay in calm' and peaceful sleep.
 tem - pest Beat them backward faint and sore.
 lull - eth, In a mo - ment ail is peace. } Save us, Lord, or we must per - ish! Un - to

thee for help we cry! All in vain our toil and ef - forts, Without thee we can but die!

4. Do the waves of fierce temptation
 Beat upon thy troubled breast?
 Do the storms of tribulation
 Leave thy heart no place of rest?

5. Go to Jesus! He will hear thee,
 Bid the raging tempest cease;
 All in vain our tears and efforts;
 Hark! He speaks, and all is peace.

Rest In Heaven.

WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

A. W. WILLIAMS.

*Alto Solo, or Alto and Tenor Duet.**Quartet.*

1. There is an hour of peaceful rest To mourning wanderers given; There is a joy for

'Tis found a-bove in
souls distressed, A balm for ev - ery wounded breast, 'Tis found a-
'Tis found a-bove in
'Tis found a-

heav'n, 'Tis found above in heav'n, 'Tis found above in heav'n, 'Tis found above in heav'n.
bove in heav'n, 'Tis found above in heav'n, 'Tis found a - bove, 'Tis found above in heav'n.
heav'n, 'Tis found above in heav'n, 'Tis found above in heav'n, 'Tis found above in heav'n.
bove in heav'n, 'Tis found above in heav'n, 'Tis found a - bove, 'Tis found above in heav'n.

2. There faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
 To brighter prospects given,
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene—in heaven.

3. There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

The Kingly One, The Stranger.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 18.

 J. H. LESLIE, *by per-*

1. Listen! Listen! he is there, Knocking, knocking, worn with care: 'Tis the Kingly One, the
 2. Listen! Listen! thee he seeks; Knocking, knocking; yes, he speaks: What! poor soul, dost thou not
 3. Listen! Listen! at the door, Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er: "Sinner, sinner, long I've
 4. Listen! Listen! still the same: Knocking, knocking, 'twas thy name: Hark, his accents, soft and

Stranger, He who came from glory down: Cradled once in Beth'lem's manger, Wearing now of thorns a crown.
 know him? With night dews, his locks are wet: Surely, thou wilt kindness show him; What thou ow'st, dost thou forget?
 sought thee!" This he says to you and me: "On the cross, with blood I've bought thee: Wilt thou not my fellow be?"
 tender! Yes, I will unbar the door: Enter! I make full surrender: Reign within me, evermore.

Ready To Help For Jesus.

W. O. CUSHING.

"Let us not be weary in well doing."—Gal. 6: 9.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. Be read-y to la - bor with heart and will, And ev - er some mis-sion of love to fill;
 2. Be read-y to la - bor some soul to win From snares of the tempter, from paths of sin;
 3. Yes, ten-der-ly, tear-ful-ly seek to guide The sin-ful and err-ing to Je - sus' side,

To strengthen the wea - ry with words of cheer, Like Je - sus, to wipe a - way sor - row's tear.
 And ten-der-ly, tear-ful-ly seek to guide The sin-ful and err-ing to Je - sus' side.
 For these who are rescued, with him shall wear A star-light-ed crown in the world so fair.

CHORUS.

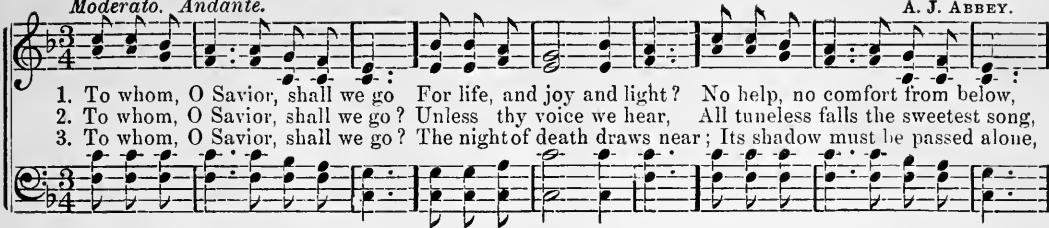
Read-y to help with a strong, good will, Read-y to help for Je - sus; Read-y some mission of
 -love to fill, Ten-der-ly seek-ing to gath - er still Some star for the crown of Je - sus.

By per.

Faith's Question.

Moderato. Andante.

A. J. ABBEY.

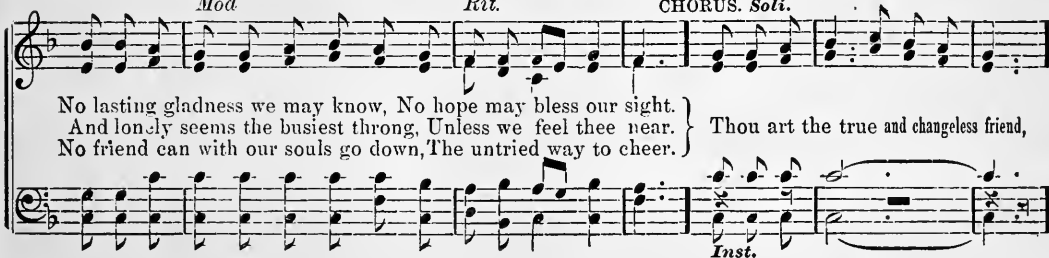


1. To whom, O Savior, shall we go For life, and joy and light? No help, no comfort from below,
2. To whom, O Savior, shall we go? Unless thy voice we hear, All tuneless falls the sweetest song,
3. To whom, O Savior, shall we go? The night of death draws near; Its shadow must be passed alone,

Mod

Rit.

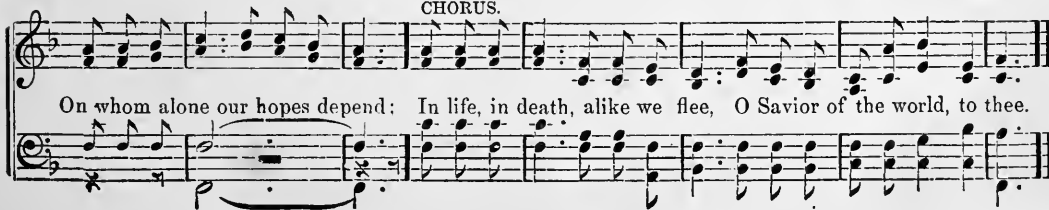
CHORUS. *Soli.*



No lasting gladness we may know, No hope may bless our sight.
And lonely seems the busiest throng, Unless we feel thee near. } Thou art the true and changeless friend,
No friend can with our souls go down, The untried way to cheer. }

Inst.

CHORUS.



On whom alone our hopes depend: In life, in death, alike we flee, O Savior of the world, to thee.

If We Had Our Dear Lord Here.

RUTH ARGYLE.

A. J. ABBEY.

1. If you had the dear Lord here, Close beside you all the day, Oh, how careful you would be Not one naughty word to say,
 2. With what constant care you'd watch Every act the whole day long, Fearful lest his loving Eyes Should see something in [you wrong;

3. Oh, how eas-y to be good With the loving Lord so near; Holy, happy life to live, Who of sin could have a fear?
 4. May each child now feel thee near, Though thy face it cannot see, By the loving thoughts that come To remind us, Lord of thee;

And how earnestly you'd look Up into his loving face, Who for you so long ago Wore the thorn-crown of disgrace.
 Very gently you would speak, Full of love on all would smile, If you saw the blessed Christ Close beside you all the while.
 Listen, Savior, while we pray, That to each dear little one Thou in tender love wouldst make Even now thy presence known.
 Fill these little hearts with love, And with tenderness divine, Type and memory, O Christ, Of that ho-ly love of thine.

CHORUS.

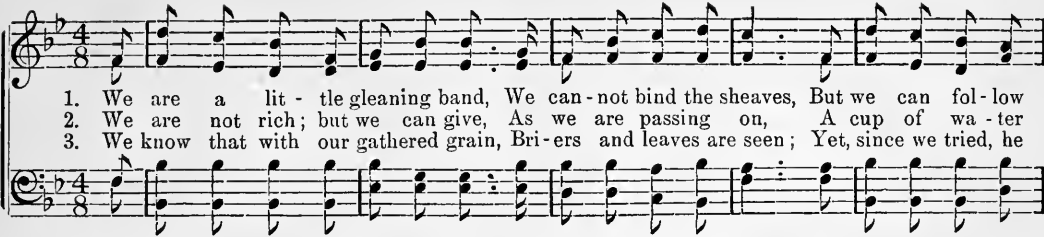
mf

Savior and Redeemer mine, Fill my heart with love divine! Close beside me all the day Walk along the narrow way.

Little Gleaners.

109

J. E. WHITE.



1. We are a lit - tle glean - ing band, We can - not bind the sheaves, But we can fol - low
2. We are not rich; but we can give, As we are pass - ing on, A cup of wa - ter
3. We know that with our gathered grain, Bri - ers and leaves are seen; Yet, since we tried, he

those who reap, And gath - er what each leaves. We are not strong; but Je - sus loves The
in his name To some poor fainting one. We are not wise; but Christ, our Lord, Re -
smiles the same, And takes our of - fer - ing. Dear children, still ho - san - nas sing, As

weak - est of the fold, And in our fee - ble efforts proves His ten - derness un - told.
veiled to babes his will, And we are sure from his dear word He loves his children still.
Christ doth conquering come E'en as he prom - is - es, to bring His ransomed children home.

Watch And Pray.

E. MANFORD CLARK.

Moderato.

1. Je - sus bids us watch and pray, Lest we should be drawn astray ; And in an unguarded hour, Fall be -
 2. Sa - tan oft is roaming near, Seeking by the eye or ear To al - lure, deceive, betray— Therefore
 3. In the world are many snares—Riches, honors, pleasures, cares ; These will turn us from the way, If we

CHORUS,

Aid us, Lord, by grace di - vine, All-suf - fi - cient grace is

neath temp - ta - tion's power. }
 we must watch and pray. } Aid us, Lord, by grace divine, All - suf - fi - cient
 cease to watch and pray. }

thine; Day by day our strength renew, Hold us up, and bear us through.

grace is thine; Day by day our strength renew, Hold us up, and bear us through.

4. In our hearts corruption lies,
 Any moment it may rise,
 Stronger it will grow each day,
 While we fail to watch and pray.

5. When an evil thought creeps in,
 Let us crush that germ of sin,
 Ever with our earnest care
 Joining humble, fervent prayer.

The Four Calls.

111

I. BALTZELL.

1. The Spir - it came in child - hood, And plead - ed, "Let me in!" But ah! the door was bolt - ed By
 2. A - gain he came, and plead - ed, In youth's bright, happy hour; He called, but heard no an - swer: For
 3. A - gain he came in mer - cy, In man-hood's vigorous prime, But still he found no wel - come, The
 4. Once more he called and wait - ed, The man was old and ill; He scarce-ly, heard the whis - per; His

thoughtlessness in sin; "I am too young," the child replied, "I will not yield to - day; There's
 lured by Sa - tan's power, The youth lay dreaming idly then, And say - ing, "Not to - day; Not
 merchant "had no time;" No time for true re - pen - tance; No time to think and pray; And
 heart was cold and chill. "Go, leave me; when I need thee, I'll call for thee," he cried; Then

CHORUS.

time enough to - mor - row!" The Spir - it went his way.
 till I've tried earth's pleas - ures!" The Spir - it turned a - way!
 so, repulsed and sad - dened, The Spir - it turned a - way!
 sink - ing on his pil - low, With - out a hope he died.

Grieve not the Ho - ly Spir - it! Oh,

turn him not a - way! Ac - cept the peace he of - fers: Re - pent, be - lieve, o - bey.

Another for Christ.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

DR. G. MIESSE.

1. An - oth - er called, an - oth - er brought, dear Mas - ter, to thy feet! Oh, where are words to
 2. We prayed so long, with fer - vent hope and pa - tient faith to see, This soul with all its
 3. And now the prayer is turned to praise, and with the an - gel throng, Who ev - en now are

tell the joy so won - der - ful and sweet! Oh, where are words to give thee thanks that thou in - deed hast
 wealth of love de - vote it - self to thee; Well know - ing that our prayer must be an ech - o of thy
 pour - ing forth a new and liv - ing song, Our hearts as - cend, our spir - its blend in deep - est thrill of

CHORUS.

heard, That thou hast prov'd and sealed a - new, the faith - ful prom - ised word.
 will, It - self the ear - nest and the pledge that thou wilt all ful - fill. An - oth - er soul re -
 praise; The hap - pi - est Alle - lu - ia - hymn that hu - man heart can raise.

deem'd from sin, and hum - bled at thy feet! Oh, where are words to tell the joy, so won - der - ful and sweet.

4. So once again we praise thee with thy holy ones above,
 Because another heart has seen thy great and mighty love;
 Another heart will own thee, Lord, and worship thee as King,
 And grateful love and glowing praise and willing service bring.
5. Another voice to tell it out, what great things thou hast done,
 Another life to live for thee, another witness won;
 Another faithful soldier on our Captain's side enrolled,
 Another heart to read aright thy heart of love untold.

Hear My Prayer.

113

RAY R. MITCHELL.

DR. G. MIESSE.

1. O Lord, my God! all-wise, most high! Thou hear'st the ravens when they cry; Thou dwell'st on
 2. I pray for all—for all my kind, That they, dear Lord, sweet peace may find; That all, through
 3. For sins com-mit-ted, good not done, I ask thy par-don through thy Son; For good re-

CHORUS.

earth, in sea and air, And thou wilt hear my soul's deep prayer. Sa-vior,
 Christ, may ran-somed be, And rest for-ev-er safe in Thee. Sa-vior, hear my
 ceived, and bless-ings free, I ren-der grat-i-tude to Thee.

hear my soul's deep prayer, And oh! thy serv-ant, Lord, pre-
 soul's deep prayer, Sav-ior, hear my soul's deep prayer, And oh! thy serv-ant, Lord, prepare, And oh! thy serv-ant

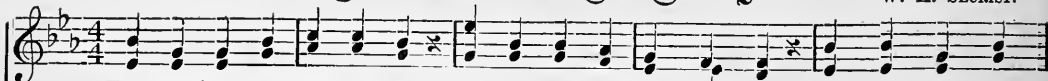
pare, To serve thee faith-ful-ly each day, And ev-er walk the nar-row way.
 Lord, prepare,

4. Thou art so good, so true, so just,
 I come to thee with humble trust;
 And in thy keeping will I rest
 Content to know thy will is best.

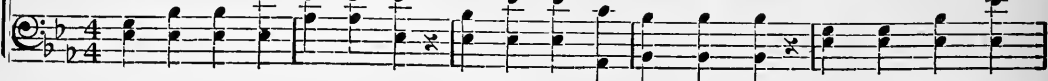
5. And when in death's approaching night
 My soul shall take her silent flight,
 Oh grant, my God, that I may be
 Prepared to dwell in peace with thee.

Look On Us In Mercy.

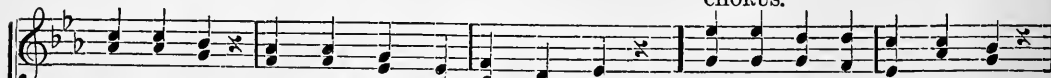
W. H. SECRIST.



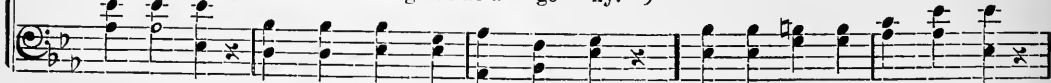
1. Eyes that neath their thorny crown, From the cross looked pitying down, Look on us in
2. Hand that breaks no bruised reed, Heal us who are sore in - deed! Voice that hushed the
3. In temp - tation's dark dis - tress, Lead us through the wil - der - ness, In the way thine
4. Wait - ing, with our sin and loss, In the dust beneath the cross, Bleed - ing heart and
5. O, for - give us, heart of grace, As we come to seek thy face! Let the love that



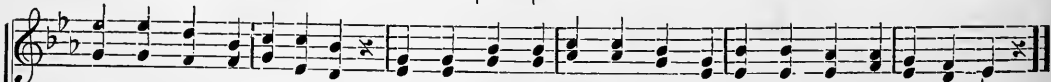
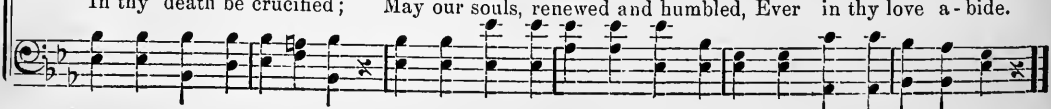
CHORUS.



<p>mer - cy sweet, Wait - ing at thy blood - stained feet. sea to peace, Bid our rest - less striv - ing cease. own feet trod, Bleeding, tempt - ed, up to God. hands and head, All thy blood for us was shed. makes us free, Smile e'en through thine a - go - ny.</p>	}	Let our sin, our shame, our pride,
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In thy death be crucified; May our souls, renewed and humbled, Ever in thy love a - bide.

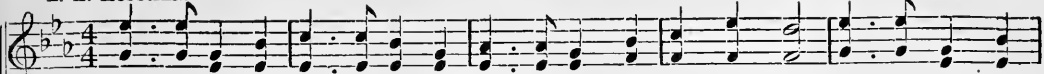



Lord, Have Mercy!


115

E. A. HOFFMAN.

E. P. ANDREWS.

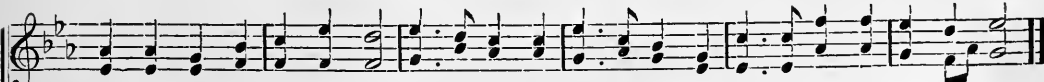
- 
1. I acknowledge my transgression, I have sin - ned griev - ous - ly, But I hum - bly
 2. Cast me not a - way, O Savior! Let me thy sal - va - tion see; Do not leave me,
 3. New-create the heart within me, Fill me with thy per - fect love; Make me pure and
 4. Un - to thee I come, O Father, With a bro - ken, humbled heart; Take me to thy

CHORUS,

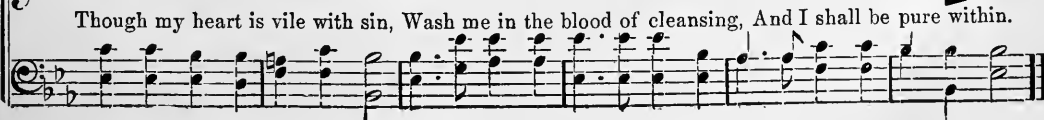


make confession; Lord, in mer - cy par - don me!
but the rather, Let thy mer - cy fall on me.
grant me meetness For the par - a - dise a - bove.
love and fa - vor, Take the trembling sin - ner's part.

Lord, have mercy! Lord, have mercy!



Though my heart is vile with sin, Wash me in the blood of cleansing, And I shall be pure within.



Loving The Savior.

A. B. KAUFMAN.

1. Sa - vior, teach me, day by day, Love's sweet lesson to o - bey; Sweeter les - son
 2. With a child - like heart of love, At thy bid - ding may I move; Prompt to serve and
 3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to fol - low in thy grace; Learning how to
 4. Thus may I re - joi - ce to show That I feel the love I owe; Singing, till thy

CHORUS.

can - not be, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
 fol - low thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
 love from thee, Lov - ing him who first loved me.
 face I see, Of his love who first loved me. } Lead me in the nar - row way,

Help me love thee ev - ery day, Ev - ery day, ev - ery day, Love and serve thee every day.

Lambs Of The Fold.

117

Andante.

Arr. by J. F. DISNEY.

1. We are lambs of the fold, And we nev - er shall fear While the kind, lov - ing
2. We are tin - y and weak, But our Shepherd is strong; He will shield us from
3. As the lambs of his fold, We will list to the voice Of our Shepherd and

CHORUS.

hand of our Shepherd is near.
harm And will save us from wrong. } We will fol - low, we will fol - low, We will
Friend, Make his ser - vice our choice. }

fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, fol - low, We will fol - low the Shepherd to his up - per fold.

Savior, Help Me.

REV. W. F. McMILLAN.

MEADE C. RIGGLE.

1. Is there ref - uge, Lord, in thee For a lit - tle child like me? Can I find a
 2. Wash my heart from ev - ery sin; That I may be pure with - in; May I hear thee
 3. Sa - vior, now the work be - gin; Here's my heart—oh, en - ter in! Make me hum - ble,
 4. Sa - vior, hear my pleading cry; Sa - vior, help me or I die; Save, and let me

REFRAIN.

hid - ing - place In thy ten - der love and grace?
 kind - ly say: "Child, thy sins are washed a - way."
 meek and mild, Thy o - be - dient, lov - ing child. } Sa - vior, help me, bless me now,
 ev - er be Con - se - crat - ed all to thee.

Rit.

As before thy Cross I bow; Hear my humble, pleading cry; Savior, help me, or I die!

Our Mother.—Quartette.

119

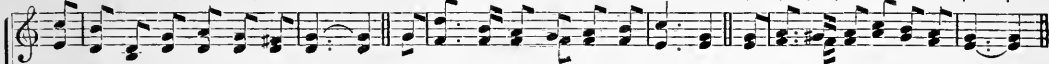
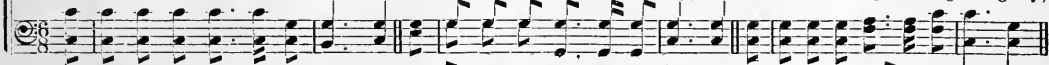
MRS. LIZZIE FENNER BAKER.

D. F. HODGES.

Tenderly.



1. The last night of watching is ov - er, The last words of love have been said, And safe on the bosom of Je - sus
2. We moure thro' the bright days of summer, 'Mid scenes where no more she will tread; And weep when the white snows of [winter
3. We thank thee, "Our Father in Heav-en," That af-ter this earth-life of tears, There cometh the day with-out-end-ing,
4. Our eyes on thy cross, dear Redeem - er, Our feet in the safe narrow way,— We'll think of the great weight of glory,



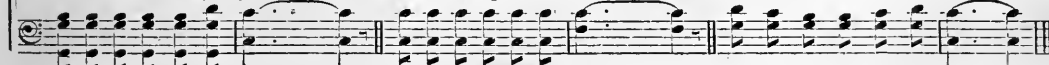
Our mother has pillowed her head; En-fold - ed in arms ev - er - last - ing, Her weakness and pains are all past,—
 Fall soft o'er the grave of our dead; But when the home group at the hearthstone, Shall kneel at the calm hour of prayer,
 The morn of e - ter - ni - ty's years, We thank Thee, that perfect thro' suffering, Thy loved and thy ransomed shall stand,
 And car-ry the cross of to - day. Thy strength, in our weakness made perfect, Bear us as on wings to the sky,



The pearl-gates of God's upper cit - y, In triumph, she's entered at last. REF.—Safe in the bright upper land!
 The beautiful soul of our moth - er, Shall meet with her darling ones there.
 And sing "the new song," all together, With Thee, in the bright upper land.
 Where hopes that we cherish ne'er fail us, And those that we love can not die. Safe in the bright upper land!



Safe thro' e - ter - ni - ty's years; Safe with the glo - ri - fied band, Af - ter earth's trials and tears.
 Safe thro' Eter-ni-ty's years; Safe with the glorified band,



A Prayer.

MATTIE.

May be sung as a Duet by Soprano and Alto.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. Come nearer to..... me, Savior come,..... Nearer I pray ;..... and let me rest,..... In this dark
2. Sav-ior, a - lone..... I cannot tread..... Life's rugged, steep,..... un-even way ;..... Thy hand my

hour..... of pain and gloom,..... My wea - ry head..... up - on thy breast. O Sav-ior
trem - bling steps must lead,..... Thy hand must guide..... me, else I stray.

mine,..... I need thee now ;..... Thirsting, my soul..... looks up to thee,..... In this one,

plead - - ing prayer I bow, Come near - er, near - er, Lord, to me.....
Come near - er, near - er,

3. Come nearer, nearer, let thy smile
Of love illumine my darkened soul ;
Take of thy often wayward child,
Through all his life, complete control.

4. Thy love is heaven, thy smile is light,
That makes of burdened life a song ;
Thy presence turns to day the night,
And speeds the hours that erst were long.

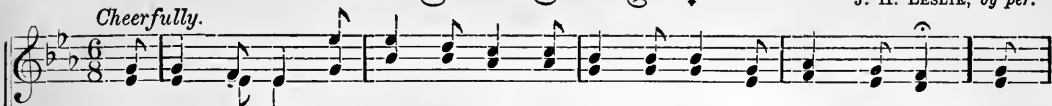
CHORUS

Go Forth And Reap.

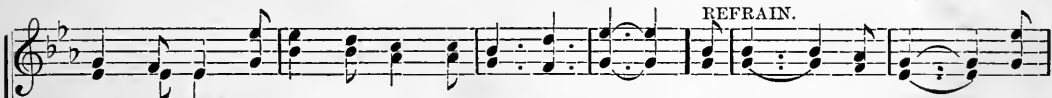
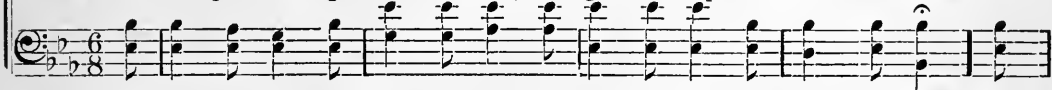
121

J. H. LESLIE, by per.

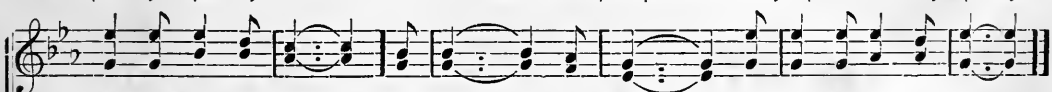
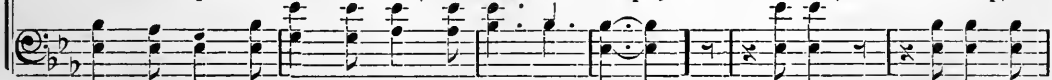
Cheerfully.



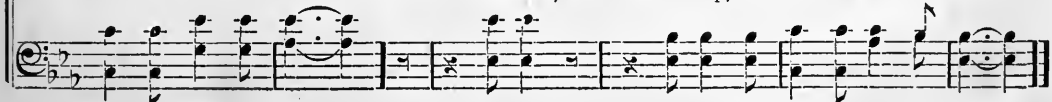
1. When thou hast sown the precious seed Of truth and love by word and deed, In
2. When thou hast viewed the whitened field, O'erburdened with its heav - y yield, Pre-
3. When thou hast prayed and wait - ed long, For truth hast suffered shame and wrong, Take
4. The reap - er wa - ges full receives, And gar - ners up im - mor - tal sheaves! Let



patience then the Mas - ter heed, Go forth and reap! } Go forth and reap! The
 pare the har - vest blade to wield—Go forth and reap! }
 up the hope - ful reaper's song—Go forth and reap! }
 him this promise who believes, Go forth and reap! } Go forth, and reap,



Master's call o - bey; Go forth and reap, Go forth and reap to - day!
 Go forth, And reap,



Thank God For The Bible.

C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Thank God for the Bible, whose clear shiing ray Has turned all our darkness to day; Its
 2. Thank God for the Bible sent down from above, Re - vealing to mortals God's love; A
 3. Thank God for the Bible! how dark is the night Where no ray from its pages sheds light; No

CHORUS.

wonderful treasures have never been told, More precious than rubies or gold.
 fathomless sea with its bright shining shore, Where the glorified dwell evermore. } Thanks to God for his Word,
 Jesus, no Bible, no heaven of rest—Oh, how could we live so unblest!

Dear - est message ev - er heard, 'Tis a fountain of bless - ing, an in - fin - ite store, We may drink of its streams ev - er - more.

Will Jesus Save Me?

123

A. HOFFMAN.

E. B. SMITH.

1. I'm told that Je - sus loves me—is it true? And that he yearns to have me love him, too?
2. And will he take my man - y sins a - way, And keep me dai - ly in the nar - row way?
3. I've heard that he has mansions in the sky—And will he take me thith - er when I die?
4. Will Je - sus take me kind - ly by the hand, And lead me to that brighter, bet - ter land?

Fine.

Oh, yes, yes, yes! He loves me tender - ly, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.
Oh, yes, yes, yes! from sin I shall be free, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.
Oh, yes, yes, yes! a mansion mine shall be, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.
Oh, yes, yes, yes! his glo - ry I shall see, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.

D.S. Oh, yes, yes, yes! he loves me ten - der - ly, He died to save a lit - tle child like me.

CHORUS. *D.S.*


Will Je - sus save a lit - tle child like me? From all my sins will Je - sus set me free?

Easter Carol.

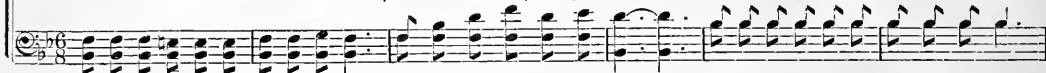
JENNIE HARRISON.

Slow. p

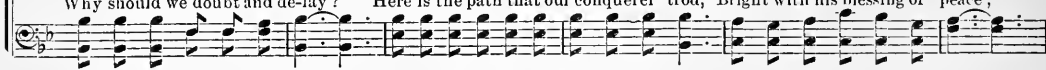
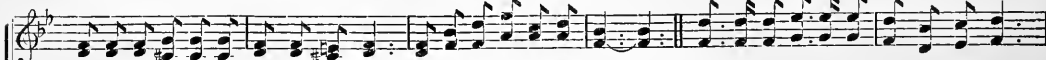
E. B. SMITH.

cres.  *ff* *faster and joyfully.*


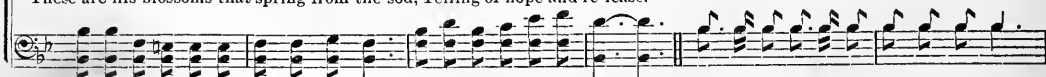
1. Out of the shadow of death and the grave, Jesus our Sav-ior hath come, Bright in his glo-ry and migh-ty to save,
 2. Out of the shadow of Winter's long night, Earth comes in gladness to-day! Clad in the garments of Spring-time and light,
 3. Out of the shadow of weakness and fear, Let us a - rise, then, to - day! Je-sus hath called us: our Easter is here!



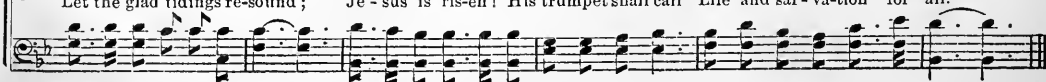

Free from the taint of the tomb! Robes of hu-man-i-ty, sanc-ti-fied so, Worn in his pit-y-ing love,
 Seat-ter-ing doubt and dis-may, Beau-ti-ful sto-ry, that nev-er grows old! Pledge from our conquering Lord,
 Why should we doubt and de-lay? Here is the path that our conquerer trod, Bright with his blessing of peace;


*p**cres.**ff*CHORUS. *ff*


Drop, with their weight of earth-weakness and woe, Jesus ascendeth above.
 Earth is redeemed from its darkness and cold, Easter hath come at his word. Vic-to-ry! vic-to-ry! won for us all!
 These are his blossoms that spring from the sod, Telling of hope and re-lease.




Let the glad tidings re-sound; Je-sus is ris-en! His trumpet shall call Life and sal-va-tion for all.



Resurrection.

125

J. H. TENNEY.

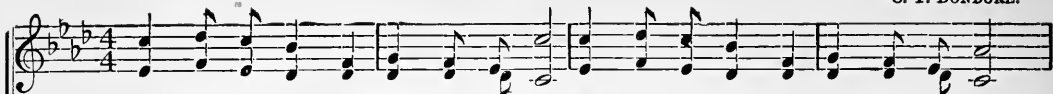
1. I long to see this hallowed earth In new cre - a - tion rise; To find the germs of
2. And then—there yet shall be an end—An end how full to bless; How dear to those who
3. Yes, they shall meet, and face to face, By heart to heart be known, Clothed with thy likeness
4. Shine, then, thou Res - ur - rec - tion Light, Upon our sorrows shine! The fullness of thy

E - den hid Where fall - en beau - ty lies; To feel the springtide of a soul By
watch for thee With hu - man ten - der - ness! Then shall the say - ing come to pass That
Lord of Life, And per - fect in their own; For this cor - rup - ti - ble must rise, From
joy be ours, As all our griefs were thine. Now in this chang - ing, dy - ing life, Our

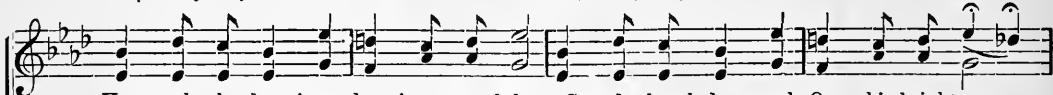
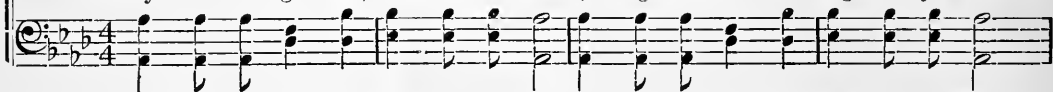
one deep love set free, Made meet to lay a - side her dust, And be at home with thee.
makes our hope complete, And rising from the conquered grave, Thy parted ones shall meet.
its cor - ruption free, And this frail mor - tal must put on Thine im - mortal - i - ty.
fad - ed hopes restore, Till, in thy triumph per - fect - ed, We taste of death no more.

Easter.

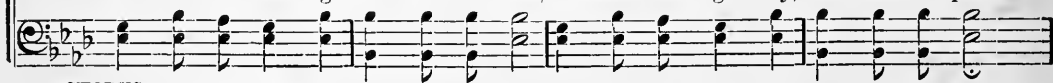
C. T. DONDORE.



1. Calmed are earth's passions, Hushed is the strife; Sleeps still the Savior, Prince of all life.
2. Forces of darkness! Angels of light! Cease now your conflict, Gone is the night!
3. Messengers lowly, Go on your way; Tell the glad story, risen to-day!
4. Race of the fallen, Fettered and bound, Broken the shackles Circumling thee round.
5. Day of all gladness, Welcome the morn, Pledge of another Brighter day's dawn!



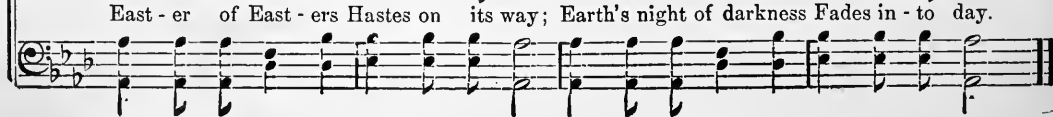
Hasteth the dawning—dawning toward day; Speeds the glad angel On his bright way.
 Broken forever Bands of the grave—Jesus has risen, Risen to save!
 Jesus the Risen Dieth no more—Savior, Immanuel, King evermore!
 Race of the dying, Lift thou thine eyes—Jesus has risen, Bidding thee rise!
 Dawn of a morning Never to cease, Fadeless its glory, Endless its peace.



CHORUS.



East-er of East-ers Hastes on its way; Earth's night of darkness Fades in-to day.



Anniversary Song.

127

MRS. CATLIN.

D. E. DORTCH.



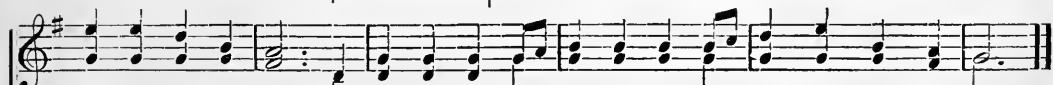
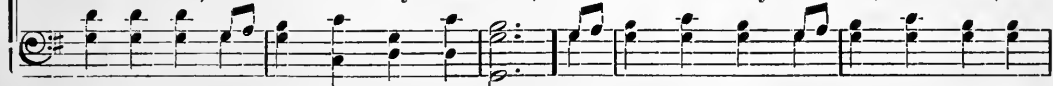
1. We greet our friends we've ne'er forgot, We greet them as of yore; We give the hand with
2. To - geth - er we have sought to climb The narrow way to heaven, And drawing near - er
3. We give you now the parting hand, It fills our hearts with pain; We hope to meet you
4. "Life's battles fought, the vict'ry won," We hope in heaven to dwell, At home, to meet you



REFRAIN.



joy - ful hearts, As we were wont be - fore; As we were wont be - fore, our friends, As
 step by step, A clear - er light is given; A clear - er light is giv - en, friends, A
 by and by, No more to part a - gain; No more to part a - gain, a - gain, No
 one and all, And nev - er say fare - well; And nev - er say farewell, fare - well, And



we were wont be - fore; We give the hand with joyful hearts, As we were wont be - fore.
 clear - er light is giv'n; And drawing near - er, step by step, A clear - er light is giv'n.
 more to part a - gain; We hope to meet you by and by, No more to part a - gain.
 nev - er say fare - well; At home to meet you one and all, And nev - er say fare - well.



America. 6s & 4s.

1. My coun-try, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing; Land where my
 2. My na - tive coun - try, thee, Land of the no - ble free, Thy name I love; I love thy
 3. Let mu - sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mor - tal
 4. Our fath - ers' God, to thee, Auth - or of lib - er - ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fa - thers died, Land of the pil - grims' pride, From ev - ery moun - tain side Let free - dom ring.
 rocks and rills, Thy woods and tem - pled hills, My heart with rap - ture thrills Like that a - bove.
 tongues a - wake, Let all that breathe partake, Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound pro - long.
 land be bright, With Freedom's ho - ly light: Pro - tect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

Italian Hymn. 6s & 4s.

1. Come, thou Al-might - y King, Help us thy name to sing, Help us to praise! Fa - ther, all
 2. Je - sus, our Lord, a - rise, Scat - ter our en - e - mies; Now make them fall! Let thine al -
 3. Come, thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on thy might - y sword; Our prayer at - tend! Come, and thy

glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
 might - y aid, Our sure de - fence be made, Our souls on thee be stay'd: Lord, hear our call!
 peo - ple bless; Come, give thy word success; Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend!

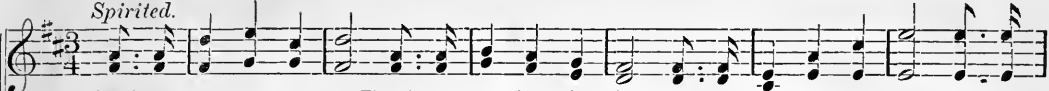
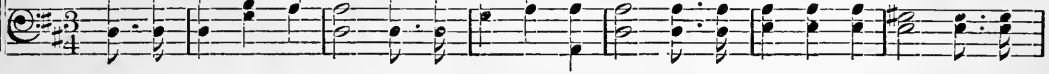
Christmas Carol.


129

Words by J. G. HOLLAND.

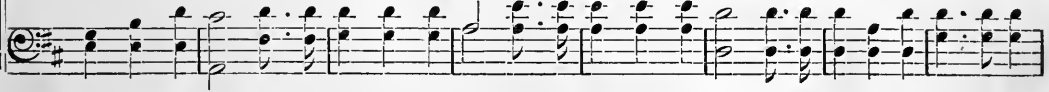
Music by ALVIN WILSEY.

Spirited.

- 
1. There's a song in the air, There's a star in the sky, There's a mother's deep prayer, And a
 2. There's a tumult of joy, O'er the won-der-ful birth, For the virgin's sweet boy Is the
 3. In the light of that star Lie the a-ges impeared; And that song from a-far Has swept
 4. We re-joice in the light, And we ech-o the song That comes down through the light From the
- 



Ba-by's low cry; And the star rains its fire while the Beau-ti-ful sing, For the manger at Bethlehem
Lord of the earth; Ay! the star rains its fire and the Beau-ti-ful sing, For the manger at Bethlehem
o-ver the world. Ev-ery heart is aflame, and the Beau-ti-ful sing, In the homes of the nations that
heav-en-ly throng, Ay! we shout to the love-ly e-van-gel they bring, And we greet in the cra-dle our



cradles a King. And the star rains its fire, While the Beautiful sing, For the manger at Bethlehem cradles a King.
cradles a King. Ay! the star rains its fire, and the Beautiful sing, For the manger at Bethlehem cradles a King.
Jesus is King. Every heart is aflame and the Beautiful sing, In the homes of the nations, that Jesus is King.
Savior and King. Ay! we shout to the lovely evangel they bring, And we greet in the cradle our Savior and King.



Let Us Adore Him.

"Let us now go even unto Bethlehem."

1. Oh come, all ye faith - ful, Joyful and tri - umphant; Oh come ye, Oh come ye to

Beth - le - hem, Come and be - hold him Born the King of An - gels;

REFRAIN.

Oh come, let us adore him, Oh come, let us adore him, Oh come, let us adore him, Christ, the Lord.

Oh come,

2. Oh, sing, choirs of angels!
Sing in exultation,
Rejoice all ye citizens of heaven above,
Glory to God,
Yes, glory in the highest! **REFRAIN.**

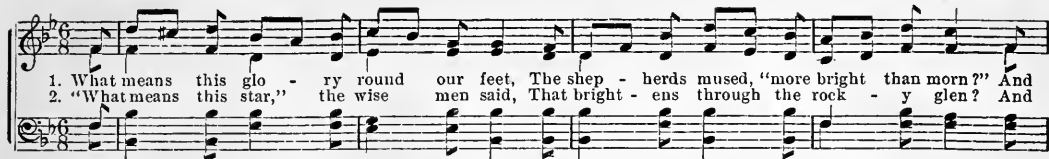
3. We greet now the Savior,
Born this happy morning,
To him be all honor and glory giv'n—
Word of the Father,
Now in flesh appearing. **REFRAIN.**

Peace On Earth.


131

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

DR. G. MIESSE.

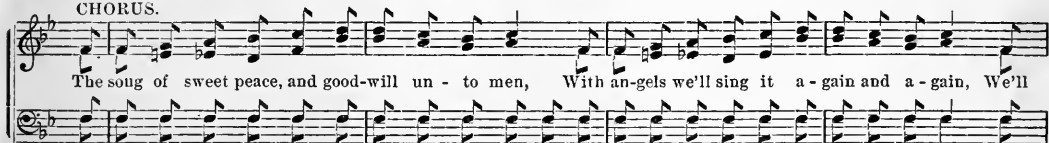


1. What means this glo - ry round our feet, The shep - herds mused, "more bright than morn?" And
2. "What means this star," the wise men said, That bright - ens through the rock - y glen? And

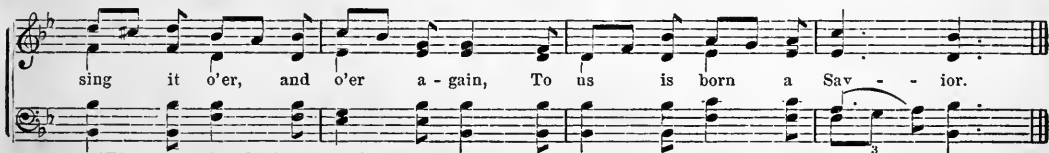


voic - es chant - ed, clear and sweet, "To - day the Prince of peace is born."
an - gels answer - ing, ov - - er - head, Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

CHORUS.



The song of sweet peace, and good-will un - to men, With an-gels we'll sing it a - gain and a - gain, We'll



sing it o'er, and o'er a - gain, To us is born a Sav - - ior.

- 'Tis eighteen hundred years, and more,
Since those sweet oracles were dumb;
We wait for him, like those of yore,
Alas, he sees us so slow to come.
- But it was said, in words of gold
No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,
That little children might be bold,
In perfect trust to come to Him.

- All round about our feet shall shine,
A light like that the shepherds saw,
If we our loving wills incline,
To that sweet Life which is the Law.
- So shall we learn to understand
The simple faith of shepherds, then;
And kindly clasping hand in hand,
Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men."

The Song The Angels Sing.

EDMUND H. SEARS.

REV. E. S. LORENZ.

1. { It came upon the midnight clear, That glorious song of old, From angels bending near the earth To
 2. { "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's all gracious King!" The world in solemn stillness lay To
 2. { Still thro' the cloven skies they come, With peaceful wings unfurled; And still their heavenly mu-sic floats O'er
 Above its sad and lowly plains They bend on heavenly wing; And ev - er o'er its Babel-sounds The

CHORUS.

touch their harps of gold : } O song of joy! Sweet song of
 hear the an-gels sing. }
 all the weary world : }
 blessed angels sing. } O happy song of joy! O happy song of joy! The angels' song of joy! The

joy! We'll join the gladdening refrain, Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

angels' song of joy! We'll join the glad refrain, We'll join the glad refrain, Of "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

3. And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
 Whose forms are bending low;
 Who toil along the climbing way
 With painful steps and slow,—

4. Look now! for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing;
 Oh! rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing.

Children's Christmas Bells.

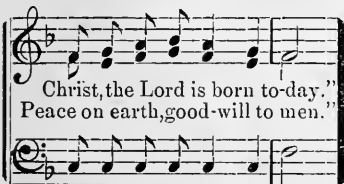
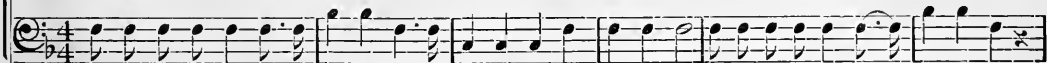
133

E. A. HOFFMAN.

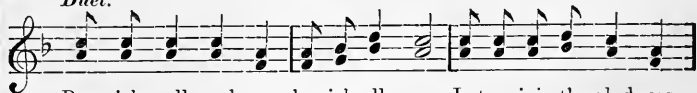
A. W. WILLIAMS.

Sing lively. Boys sing alto.

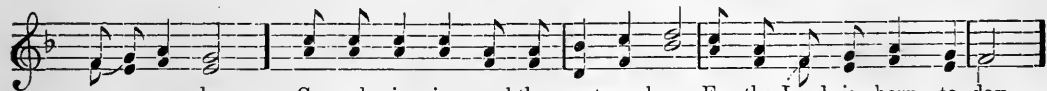
1. Merry, merry Christmas has come again, And care and sorrow flee away; Angels sing "good will and peace to men,
2. Swell the joyful praises that rend the sky From town and city, hill and glen; Glory be to God, unto God most high,



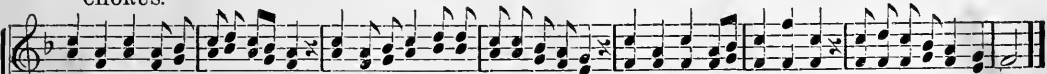
Christ, the Lord is born to-day,
Peace on earth, good-will to men."

Duet.

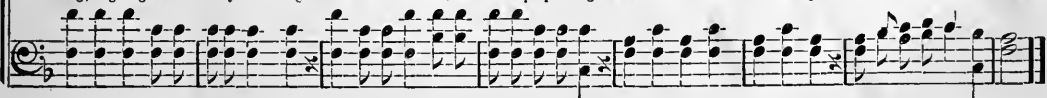
Ban - ish all sadness, banish all care, Let us join the gladness



ev - erywhere, Car - ol in joy and the rapture share, For the Lord is born to-day.

CHORUS.

Ring, ring, ring, let the merry bells ring; Join in the chorus, let all the people sing; Crown our Jesus Lord and King, Crown the Savior Lord and King.



Praise Jehovah.

MRS. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN, *by per.*

Praise Je - ho-vah, ov-er all most glorious! Praise Je-ho-vah, ov-er all victorious! Praise Je-ho-vah with loud ac-clam,

Praise and mag-ni-fy his ho-ly name! Laud and mag-ni-fy, Praise and glo-ri-fy, Mag-ni-fy and glo-ri-fy his

ho-ly name! Laud him, praise him, Honor and ex-alt him, Mag-ni-fy and glo-ri-fy his ho-ly name!
O praise and

Unison. Mag-ni-fy and glo-ri-fy his ho-ly name! A-men, A-men, A-men, A - - men!
Rit.

Oh, Sing Praises.

135

J. H. LESLIE.

Moderato.

Oh, sing praises, praises, Oh, sing praises, praises, Oh, sing prais-es to God most high; For his good-ness
Oh, sing praises, Oh, sing praises, Oh, sing prais-es to God most high;

Oh, sing praises, praises, Oh, sing praises, praises, Oh, sing prais-es to God most high; For his good-ness

and com-pas-sion is be-stowed up-on his children; Oh, sing praises, praises, Oh, sing
Oh, sing praises, sing praises, sing

and com-pas-sion is be-stowed up-on his children; Oh, sing praises, praises, Oh, sing

Adagio.

praises, sing prais-es, sing prais-es to God most high. Praise ye the Lord.
praises, sing prais-es, sing praises to God most high.

prais-es, sing prais-es, sing prais-es to God most high. Praise ye the Lord.

Magnify The God Of Israel.—Anthem.

Allegro.

NEUKOMM.

Mag-ni-fy, Glo-ri-fy, Mag-ni-fy the God of Is-ra-el, Praise him, praise him ev-er-more,

Mag-ni-fy, glo-ri-fy, Mag-ni-fy the God of Is-ra-el, Ex-alt and mag-ni-fy him ev-er-more.

For this God is our God for ev-er and ev-er, And he will be our guide, our guide e'en un-to death.

Mag-ni-fy, Glo-ri-fy, Mag-ni-fy the God of Is-ra-el, Praise him, praise him, praise him, praise him

ev-er-more, Glo-ri-fy the God of Is-ra-el, Mag-ni-fy the God of Is-ra-el.

Come Unto Me.

137

Words and Music by

Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN, *by per.*

1. I sought for rest! Amid earth's pleasures fair, My eager soul went out with hurrying
2. I sought for rest! When to the man of God I brought my sin-sick soul, he pointed
3. I came to Christ! Redeem - er mine, I cried, If in thy bleeding wounds so deep and

haste, A - long life's pathway found I treasures rare, All that could charm the eye or please the taste;
me Un - to the Cross where I might leave my load Of sin and guilt and have my soul made free;
wide, There's rest and peace, Oh! give it me, I pray, And then I heard a sweet voice gent - ly say:

But 'mid it all my soul remained unblest, I found no sweet and sat - is - fy - ing rest.
Then, then I cried: If of my Lord possessed, My soul would have this sweet and perfect rest.
Come, wea - ry soul, by sin so sorely pressed, Come unto me and I will give you rest.

My Precious Jesus.

1. The sweetest voice that I ever heard was the voice of Je - sus call-ing; { Through every pulse of my heart it stirred, } And at his feet down-fall - ing { I wept for the very joy I felt, while

REFRAIN. *p* O voice so sweet!

there I humbly, humbly knelt. O voice so sweet! O face so fair..... O love so strong to O voice so sweet..... O face so fair! O love so strong

p My Jesus at O voice so sweet! *pp* me! My Je - sus at thy feet I fall, thy feet I fall, And hum - bly worship thee. My Je - sus at thy feet I fall, *pp*

2. The fairest face that I e'er beheld
Was the | face of Jesus tender; |
I gazed, and my heart within me swelled,
With | joy no tongue can render; |
I gazed in wonderment and adored,
My | tender, loving, loving Lord,

3. The strongest love that I ever knew
Was the | love of Jesus to me:
It thrilled, and raptured me through and through,
And | in the joy it gave me, |
I pledged to him beyond recall,
My | life, my love, my soul, my | all.

Alleluia!

1. Jesus Christ we praise to-day, Al - - le - lu - ia! On this holy Sabbath day,

Al - - le - lu - ia! Who did once up-on the Cross, Al - - le

lu - ia! Suf-fer to redeem our loss. Al - - le - lu - ia! Amen.

2. Hymns of praise then let us sing, Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and Grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

3. But the pain which he endured, Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky he's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing, Alleluia!

Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow.

Praise God from whom all bless - ings flow, Praise him all crea - tures here be-low, Praise him all crea-tures
Praise God from whom all blessings flow,

here be - low; . Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly
Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a-bove, ye heavenly

host; Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host, Praise
Praise him a - bove, Praise him a - bove, ye heavenly host,

Fath - - er, Son, and Ho - - ly Ghost, Praise Fath-er, Son, and Ho - - ly Ghost, Praise
Praise Fath-er, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, Praise Father, Son, and Ho - - ly Ghost,

Praise God from Whom All Blessings flow.—Concluded. 141

Allegro.

Fath - er, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! A -
 Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost;

men! Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le -
 Hal - le - lu - jah,

rit.

lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men! Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

The Lord's Prayer.

TALLIS.

1. Our Father which art in heaven, } be | thy | name. { Thy kingdom come, Thy will be } earth | as it | is | in heaven.
 hallowed } done in }
 2. Give us this day our } dai - ly | bread, } And forgive us our debts, as } we for - give | our | debtors.
 3. And lead us not into temp- } liver us | from | evil. { For thine is the kingdom, and } ever | and | ever. | A - men.
 tion, but de- } the power and the glory, for-

Holy, Lord God Almighty!

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the
 2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! All the saints adore thee, Casting down their

morn - ing our song shall rise to thee; Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly!
 gold - en crowns around the glassy sea, Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim

mer - ci - ful and might - y; God in three per - sons, Blessed Trin - i - ty.
 fall - ing down before thee, Which wert, and art, and ev - er more shalt be. Amen.

3. Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,
 Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
 Only thou art holy; There is none beside thee
 Perfect in power, in love and purity.

4. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
 All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky and sea;
 Holy, holy, holy! merciful and mighty;
 God in three persons. Blessed Trinity! Amen.

Thy Will Be Done.

143

REV. ARTHUR H. D. TROYTE.

Musical score for 'Thy Will Be Done.' in 6/8 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The piece concludes with a piano (*p*) dynamic and the word 'Amen.' written above the final notes.

1. My God, my Father, | while I stray |
Far from my home in | life's rough way, |
Oh, teach me from my | heart to say, |
"Thy will be donee."
2. Though dark my path and | sad my lot, |
Let me be still and | murmur not, |
Or breathe the prayer di | vinely taught, |
"Thy will be donee."
3. If thou should'st call me | to resign |
What most I prize, it | ne'er was mine ; |

- I only yield thee | what is thine ; |
"Thy will be donee."
4. Let but my fainting | heart be blest |
With thy sweet Spirit | for its guest, |
My God, to thee I | leave the rest ;
"Thy will be donee."
 5. Renew my will from | day to day, |
Blend it with thine, and | take away |
All that now makes it | hard to say, |
"Thy will be donee." Amen.

Gloria Patri.

CHARLES MEINEKE.

Musical score for 'Gloria Patri.' in 4/4 time, featuring a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are: "Glo - ry be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost, as it was in the begin - ning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world without end, A - men A - men."

Come And Teach Us, Lord.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

F. HELLER.

1. O Lord! to thee our songs as - cend On this, thy ho - ly day;
 2. May now thy Spir - it's quickening power Fill ev - ery youth - ful heart;
 3. Let not the truth received to - day Be - come the tempt - er's spoil,

Now in thy mer - cy con - de - scend To hear us when we pray.
 To us in this most pre - cious hour Thy sav - ing grace im - part.
 But find a place to root and grow In rich and fruit - ful soil.

CHORUS. *Rit.*

Thy goodness we a - dore; Thy mer - cy we im - plore; Oh, come and teach us, blessed Lord! To love thee more and more.

Sabbath Song.

MARY J. PORTER.

"Prayers and melodies are blending in the presence of the Lord."

THOS. PARKISON.

1. Oh the glad-ness and the bless-ing Of the ho-ly Sabbath day! Streams of
2. Bells their welcome tones are fling-ing On the calm, re-pose-ful air; Wak-ing
3. Weary hearts oppressed with sor-row, In this day find rest and peace; For their
4. Saints and angels robed in glo-ry, List-en to the sweet re-frain Of the

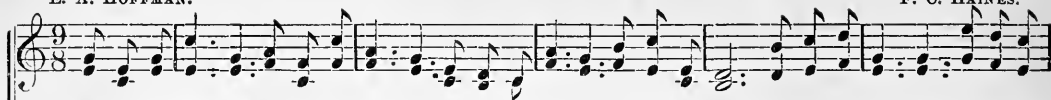
beau-ty and refreshing Seem to warm each golden ray. All the hill-tops now are singing, All the
souls, their tribute bringing, To the gates of praise repair. Holy hymns of faith ascending, Sound the
life new strength they borrow, From their sufferings gain release. Beautiful upon the mountains Are the
nev-er-ending sto-ry Once begun on Judah's plain; Then in chorus grandly swelling Ri-ses

valleys raise their voice, All the for-est glades are ringing, And their burden is, "Rejoice!"
name in heav'n adored, Pray'r and mel-o-dies are blending In the presence of the Lord.
feet of them that stand, Pointing lost and ruined sinners To the blessed Heaven-land.
one triumphant psalm, Earth and heav'n the notes are telling, "Hal-le-lu-jah to the Lamb!"

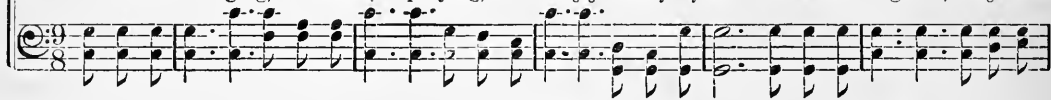
Bless Us, Our Father.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

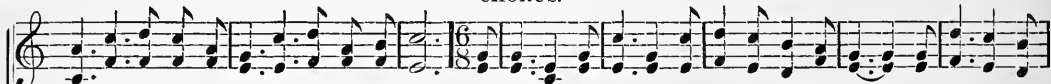
F. C. HAINES.



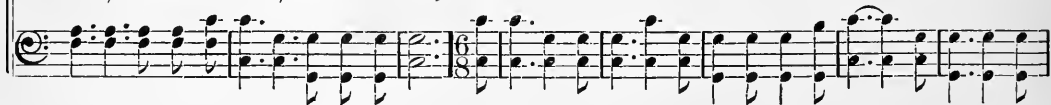
1. Father in heaven! rich in thy mercy, Songs of devotion bring we to-day; Quicken our minds to study thy
2. Come with thy rich, thy heavenly blessings, Come with thy love and come with thy grace; Open our minds to clearly dis-
3. While we are singing, while we are praying, While we engage to study thy Word; Come and enlighten, strengthen and



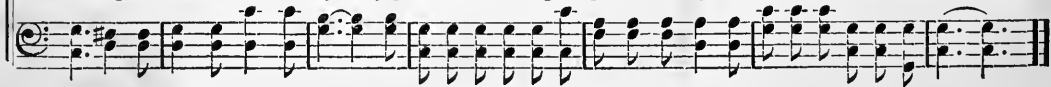
CHORUS.



precepts; Help in the prayers we fervently pray,
 cern thee, Open our hearts to give thee a place. } Oh, bless us, our Father, and hear us when we pray, Our nature re-
 bless us, Lead us to Christ, our Saviour and Lord. }



newing, take all our sins away; Thy power confessing, we plead for thy blessing, Hear us and bless us to-day.



1. { We meet with gladness on each lip, And kindly warmth of greeting, And in a bond of
And for this day, and for this hour, We bring our glad thanksgiving To thee, the ever-

CHORUS.

fellowship, Each heart to heart is beating. } For this blest day, for this glad hour, We praise thee, Lord, and
gracious Lord, To thee, the ever-liv - ing. }

we adore, We praise thee, Lord, and we adore, To thee be glo - ry for - ev - ermore.

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| <p>2. We oft have sung with joy-crowned brow
Of thy new love upspringing,
And some who joined our songs are now
Amid the angels singing.
But friends below and friends above
Unite in glad thanksgiving,
To thee, whom all thy children love,
To thee, the ever-living.</p> | <p>3. Thy power in prayer we oft have felt,
Thy sympathy most tender,
And seemed to see, as we have knelt,
Thy face in veiled splendor.
For all these joys from Paradise,
We bring our glad thanksgiving
To thee, who every good supplies,
To thee, the ever-living.</p> | <p>4. So may we join from year to year,
Thy goodness ever singing,
And each at last with rapture hear
The bells of glory ringing.
Then, safe with thee, again we'll raise
Our voices in thanksgiving
To thee in more exalted praise,
To thee, the ever-living.</p> |
|--|---|---|

Welcome.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

H. A. YOUNG.

1. Welcome, dear teachers and schoolmates, Joyful, we greet you again; Share in our feast of thanks-
 2. In the dear name of our Master, Gladly we welcome you here; That you may study his
 3. Welcome to help in our praises! Welcome to join us in prayer! With us to search in the

CHORUS.

giving, Join in our cheerful refrain. } Wel - come to all, . . .
 mes - sage, And learn to walk in his fear. }
 Scriptures, With us God's blessing to share. } A welcome to all to - day,

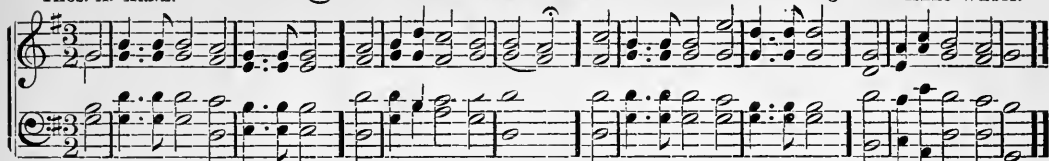
wel - come to all, Wel - come to all, Gladly we greet you to-day.
 A welcome to all to-day, A welcome to all to-day, Gladly we greet you to-day.

Come, Let Us Join Our Cheerful Songs.

149

THOS. A. ARNE.

ISAAC WATTS.

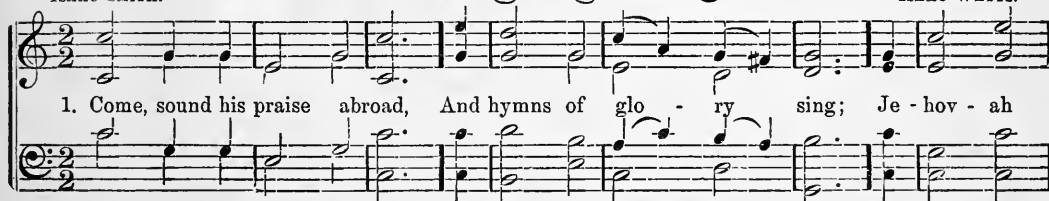


- | | | |
|---|--|--|
| 1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne,
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one. | 2. "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,
"To be exalted thus!"
"Worthy the Lamb!" our hearts reply,
"For he was slain for us." | 3. Jesus is worthy to receive
Honor and power divine;
And blessings more than we can give,
Be, Lord, forever thine. |
|---|--|--|

Come, Sound His Praise Abroad.

ISAAC SMITH.

ISAAC WATTS.



1. Come, sound his praise abroad, And hymns of glo - ry sing; Je - hov - ah



is the sov - reign God, The u - - ni - vers - al King.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 2. Come, worship at his throne,
Come bow before the Lord;
We are his works and not our own;
He formed us by his word. | 3. To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod,
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God. |
|--|--|

Lischer. H. M.

WATTS.

1. { Lord of the worlds a - bove, How pleas-ant and how fair } To thine a - bode My heart as - pires,
The dwellings of thy love, Thine earth-ly tem-ples are!

With warm de-sires, To see my God. With warm de - sires To see my God.
With warm desires to see my God.

2. Oh, happy souls, that pray
Where God appoints to hear!
Oh, happy they that pay
Their constant service there!
They praise thee still; | That love the way
And happy they | To Zion's hill.

3. They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears:
Oh, glorious scat, | Shall thither bring
When God our King | Our willing feet!

St. Thomas. S. M.

WATTS.

1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song of sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But children of the heavenly King May speak their joys abroad.
3. The hill of Zi - on yields, A thousand sa-cred sweets, Before we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fairer worlds on high.

Duke Street. L. M.

151

BEDDOME.

1. God, in the Gos - pel of his Son, Makes his e - ter - nal coun - sels known,
 2. Here, faith re - veals, to mor - tal eyes, A bright - er world be - yond the skies;
 3. Oh! grant us grace, al - - migh - ty Lord! To read and mark thy ho - ly word,

Where love in all its glo - ry shines, And truth is drawn in fair - est lines.
 Here, shines the light which guides our way, From earth to realms of end - less day.
 Its truths with meek - ness to re - ceive, And by its ho - - ly pre - cepts live.

Hendon. 7s.

MONTGOMERY.

1. To thy tem - ple we re - pair— Lord, we love to wor - ship there, When with - in the
 2. While to thee our prayers as - cend, Let thine ear in love at - tend; Hear us, for thy
 3. While thy Word we read with awe, While we trem - ble at thy law, Let thy Gos - pel's

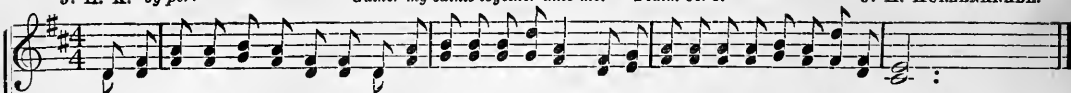
veil we meet Thee up - on the mer - cy - seat. Thee up - on the mer - cy - seat.
 Spir - it pleads— Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes. Hear, for Je - sus in - ter - cedes.
 won - drous love Ev - ery doubt and fear re - move. Ev - ery doubt and fear re - move.

What A Gath'ring That Will Be.

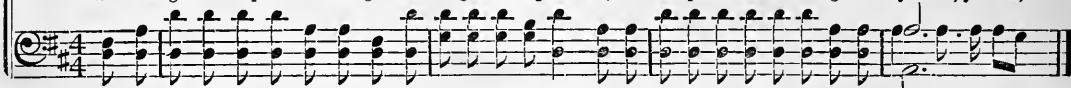
J. H. K. by per.

"Gather my saints together unto me."—Psalm 50. 5.

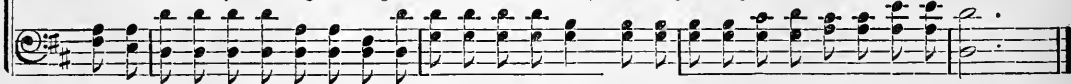
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home, We will greet each other by the crystal sea, crystal sea,
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall gather and the saved and ransomed see, gladly see,
3. At the great and final judgment, when the hidden comes to light, When the Lord in all his glory we shall see, we shall see,
4. When the golden harps are sounding and the angel bands proclaim, In triumphant strains the glorious jubilee, jubilee,

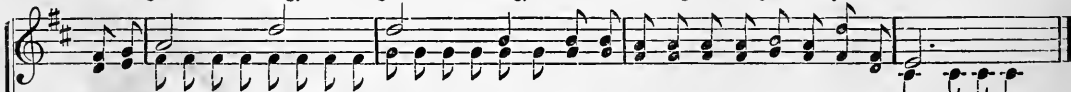


With the friends and all the loved ones, there awaiting us to come, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
 Then to meet a - gain to-geth-er, on the bright celestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
 At the bidding of our Sav-ior, "Come, ye blessed, to my right," What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!



CHORUS.

What a gath' - - ring, gath' - - ring, At the sounding of the glo-rious ju-bi-lee!



What a gath'ring of the loved ones, when we'll meet with one another, At the sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee, ju-bi-lee!



What A Gath'ring That Will Be.—Concluded.

What a gath' - - ring, gath' - - ring, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

What a gath'ring when the friends and all the dear ones meet each other, What a gath'ring of the faithful that will be!

Closer To Thee.

"And he shall approach unto me."—Jer. 30. 21.

J. H. LESLIE, by per.

Andante.

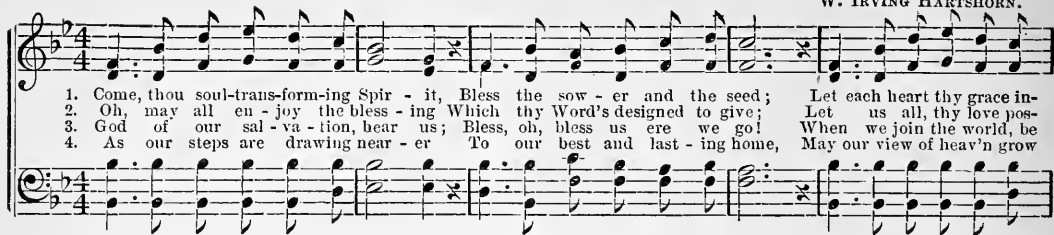
1. Clos-er, still closer, my Sav-ior, to thee, Clos-er to Je-sus my heart longs to be, Round me his arms, on his bosom my
 2. Clos-er by day tho' my sky be all bright, Clos-er, still closer, when falleth the night, Earth has no spot where I feel his sweet
 3. When to the valley of death I descend, Danger I fear not if Christ is my friend, Breasting the billows my death-song shall

CHORUS.

head, Near the dear side which on Calvary bled.
 peace, Time has no moment I need not his grace. Closer,* closer, closer to thee, Closer, still closer, my Savior, to thee.
 be, Closer, still closer, my Savior to thee.

Bless Us Ere We Go.

W. IRVING HARTSHORN.



1. Come, thou soul-trans-form-ing Spir - it, Bless the sow - er and the seed ; Let each heart thy grace in-
 2. Oh, may all en - joy the bless - ing Which thy Word's designed to give ; Let us all, thy love pos-
 3. God of our sal - va - tion, bear us ; Bless, oh, bless us ere we go ! When we join the world, be
 4. As our steps are drawing near - er To our best and last - ing home, May our view of heav'n grow



her - it ; Raise the weak, the hun - gry feed ! From the Gos - pel, from the Gos - pel
 sess - ing, Joy - ful - ly the truth re - ceive ; And for - ev - er, and for - ev - er
 near us, Lest we cold and care - less grow ; Sa - vi - or, keep us, Sa - vi - or, keep us,
 clear - er, Hope more bright of joys to come ; And, when dy - ing, and, when dy - ing,



now sup - ply our ev - ery need ; From the Gospel, from the Gos - pel Now sup - ply our ev - ery need,
 To thy praise and glory live ; And for - ev - er, and for - ev - er To thy praise and glory live.
 Keep us safe from every foe ; Sa - vi - or, keep us, Savi - or, keep us, Keep us safe from every foe.
 May thy presence cheer the gloom ; And, when dy - ing, and, when dy - ing, May thy presence cheer the gloom.

1. And now an - oth - - er hour is gone, Our pleas - ant Sab - - bath la - bor
 2. Oh, may the Lord who lives a - bove, Be - stow on us his grace and
 3. And when an - oth - - er Sab - bath comes, We'll gath - er from our lap - py
 4. And while the com - - ing weeks roll by, May He who reigns enthroned on

done,
 love,
 homes,
 high,
 And ere we part,
 And bless the truth
 In - to our pleas - -
 Pro - tect us by
 in cho - rus strong,
 we've heard to - day
 ant school a - gain,
 his mighty arm,
 We join to sing a part - ing
 And lead us in the nar - row
 Farewell, fare-well, fare-well till
 And keep us all from sin and

CHORUS.

song.
 way.
 then.
 harm.
 Then fare-well,
 Fare ye well,
 fare - well,
 then fare ye well,
 Till the Sab - - bath comes a -
 Till the Sab - bath comes a -

gain.
 gain.
 Then fare-well,
 Fare ye well,
 fare - well,
 then fare ye well,
 fare - well
 fare - well
 till then.
 till then.

Bless The Word.

MATT. 13: 8.

GOMER THOMAS.

1. Al-migh - ty God, thy word is cast Like seed in - to the ground; Now let the dew of heaven de-scend, And
2. Let not the world's de - ceit - ful cares The ris - ing plant de - stroy, But let it yield a hundred - fold, The

righteous fruits a - bound. Let not the foe of Christ or man This ho - ly seed re - move, But
fruits of peace and joy. Nor let thy word, so kind - ly sent To raise us to thy throne, Re -

CHORUS.

give it root in ev - ry heart To bring forth fruits of love. Up - on the precious seed here sown, Thy
turn to thee, and sad - ly tell That we re - ject thy Son.

quicken - ing grace be - stow, That all whose souls the truth re - ceive, Its sav - ing power may know.

Gentle Jesus, Be Our Light.

157

REV. W. W. RHODES.

1. { Sweet Sav - ior, bless us ere we go; Thy word in - to our minds in - stil; }
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow With low - ly love and fer - vent will. }
2. { Grant us, dear Lord, from e - vil ways True ab - so - lu - tion and release; }
And bless us, more than in past days, With pur - i - ty and inward peace. }

REFRAIN.

Through life's long day and death's dark night, O gen - tle Je - sus be our

Light, And bring us at the last to be At home, in Par - adise with thee.

3. Do more than pardon, give us joy,
Sweet fear and sober liberty,
And simple hearts without alloy
That only long to be like thee.

4. For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call;
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus, and our all.

Sicilian Hymn. 8s & 7s.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy blessing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace,

Let us each, thy love pos - sess - ing, Tri - umph in re - deem - ing grace;
Oh, re - fresh us, Oh, re - fresh us, Trav - 'ling through this wil - der - ness.

2. Thanks we give, and adoration,
For thy Gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound:
May thy presence, may thy presence
With us evermore be found.

3. So when'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angel's wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever, may we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

Old Hundred. L. M.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow! Praise him all creatures here below! Praise him above, ye heavenly host! Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

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