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WORDS
OF
LIFE.

BY

J. H. TENNEY AND W. S. MARTIN.

PHILADELPHIA,
— JOHN W. HOOD —
1018 ARCH STREET.

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WORDS OF LIFE



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WORDS OF LIFE:

A COLLECTION OF

HYMNS AND TUNES

FOR USE IN

Gospel Meetings and other Religious Services,

BY

J. H. TENNEY AND W. S. MARTIN.

"Sing them over again to me,—
Wonderful Words of Life."

PHILADELPHIA :

Published by JOHN J. HOOD, 1018 Arch St.

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PREFACE.

THE hymns and tunes of WORDS OF LIFE were selected from the best, both new and old, of a large amount of material that the editors had placed at their disposal. It was prepared especially for use in the evangelistic meetings held by the junior editor, but it is hoped that it will find a much larger field of usefulness than that of any one singer and preacher of Christ's blessed gospel; and we believe that all who will try its songs will find them singable and useful in all meetings for prayer and praise, where God is worshipped and man is blest. By special arrangement a large number of the best and most popular compositions of Jno. R. Sweney and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick are inserted.

During the preparation of this work it has been the earnest prayer of the editors that they might be guided by the Holy Spirit to choose hymns and tunes that multitudes who will sing from its pages would be led to accept Christ as their personal friend and Saviour, and thus be the means of a glorious work for the Master. With this prayer still in our hearts we send it on its mission.

J. H. TENNEY.
W. S. MARTIN.

GEORGETOWN, MASS., *Aug. 20th, 1889.*

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THE PUBLISHER.

WORDS OF LIFE

1

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."

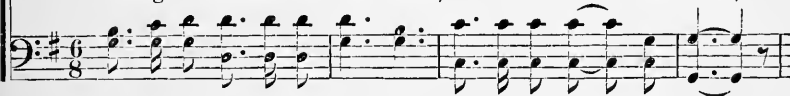
John vi. 63.

W. S. MARTIN.

J. H. TENNEY.



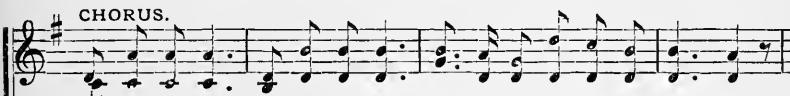
1. Com-ing to cheer us in sad - ness ; Com-ing with bless - ings rife ;
2. Lov-ing the mes-sage they bring us ; Help-ing us on in the way ;
3. Bless-ing on him who shall hear them ; Life to the souls who be-lieve ;



Com-ing to fill us with glad - ness ;—Wonder-ful words of life !
 Lead-ing a-long in the dark - ness, Up to the realms of day.
 Glo - ry, e - ter - nal, unchang-ing, For all who God's mes-sage receive.



CHORUS.



Beau-ti-ful words ! wonderful words ! Brother, I pray you receive them ;



Pardon and peace, blessing and grace, Are offered to all who believe them.



Hear His Earnest Plea.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Close be-side the throne of grace, In the Fa-ther's dwelling place,
 2. Bless-ed Je - sus! there on high, He presents our ear-nest cry,—
 3. Let our faith for - ev - er cling To our Sav-iour, Priest and King,

Lo! the Sav-iour stands and pleads,—For the sin-ner in - tercedes.
 Shows his wounded hands and side. Whence hath flowed the crimson tide.
 Who beside the Father's throne, Pleads in lan - guage all his own.

CHORUS.

Hear his ten - - - der, loving, ear - nest plea, "Fa-ther,
 Hear his ten-der plea, hear his ear-nest plea,

draw . . . them un-to me;" . . . Hear his ten - - -
 Father, draw them un-to me, draw them! tifi - to me," Hear his ten-der

Repeat Chorus pp

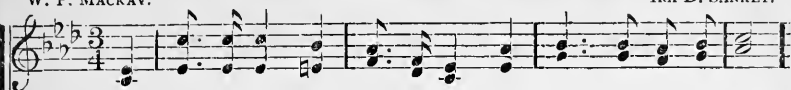
- - - der, loving, ear - nest plea, "Father, draw them unto me."
 plea, "Draw them un-to me,"

Look unto Me!

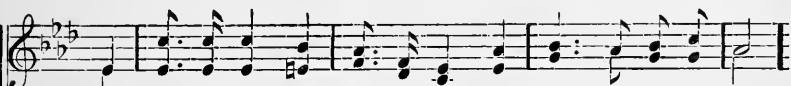
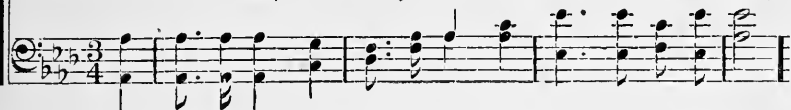
W. P. MACKAY.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isaiah xlv. 22.

IRA D. SANKEY.



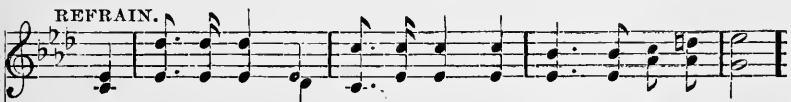
1. "Look un - to me, and be ye saved!" Look, men of nations all;
2. "Look un - to me, and be ye saved!" Look now, nor dare de - lay;
3. "Look un - to me, and be ye saved!" Look from your doubts and fears;
4. "Look un - to me, and be ye saved!" Look to the work all done;



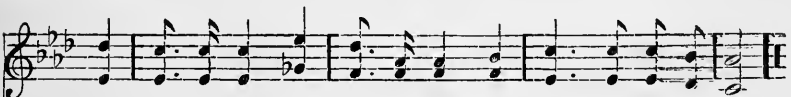
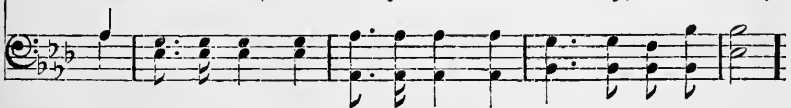
Look, rich and poor; look, old and young; Look, sinners, great and small!
 Look as you are,—lost, guilt - y, dead; Look while 'tis called to-day.
 Look from your sins of erimson dye, Look from your prayers and tears,
 Look to the pierc - ed Son of Mau; Look, and your sins are gone!



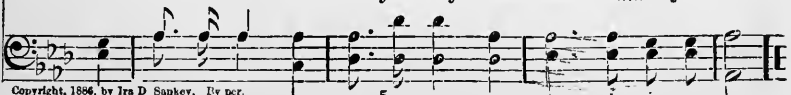
REFRAIN.



Look un - to him, and be ye saved! O wea - ry, troubled soul;



Look un - to Je - sus while you may: One look will make you whole!



Him that Cometh unto Me.

E. E. HEWITT.

John vi. 37.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

CHORUS.

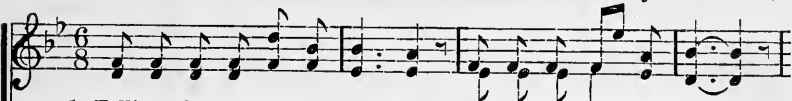
Him that cometh unto me, unto me, Him that cometh unto me,
 unto me,

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

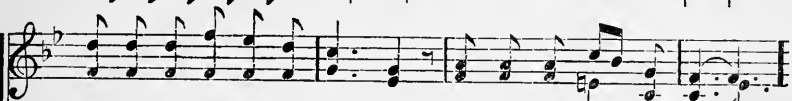
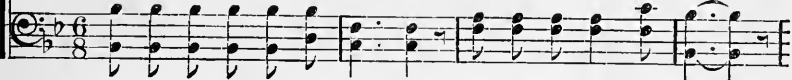
4 "Him that cometh," blind or maimed
 or sinful.

Cometh for his healing touch divine,
 For the cleansing of the blood so precious,
 Prove anew this gracious line.

5 Coming humbly, daily to this Saviour,
 Breathing all the heart to him in
 prayer; [mansions,
 Coming some day to the heavenly
 He will give thee welcome there.



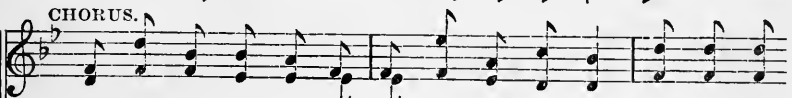
1. Telling the sto-ry of Je - sus, Bright with redemption's ray;
2. Telling the sto-ry of Je - sus, Ask-ing his help in prayer;
3. Telling the sto-ry of Je - sus, Sto-ry of life and love,
4. Telling the sto-ry of Je - sus, Sto-ry of boundless grace;



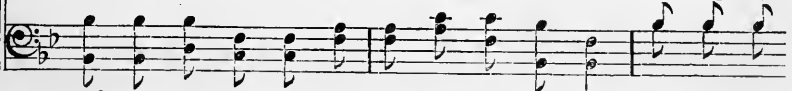
Showing the power of sal - va - tion, Liv - ing it day by day.
 Giving the hope of the gos - pel, Tak - ing it ev - 'ry - where.
 Singing it ev - er with glad - ness, Learning the song a - bove.
 Yes, we will sing it in rap - ture, Standing be - fore his face.



CHORUS.



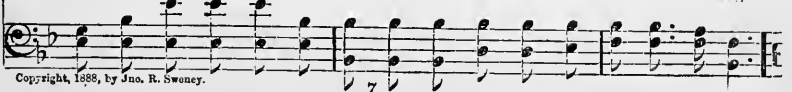
Tell - ing the sto - ry Of in - fi - nite glo - ry, Sing - ing it,



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



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



Stand Up for Jesus Always.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, Thro' good report or ill;
 2. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, In ev' - ry walk of life;
 3. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, Nor long the strife will be;
 4. Stand up for Je - sus al - ways, And soon at his right hand

Though wick - ed men may scorn thee, Stand up for Je - sus still.
 For he who bids thee con - quer Is with thee in the strife.
 Laid up in yon - der heav - en There waits a crown for thee.
 Thou shalt, with all his chos - en, Tri - umph - ant take thy stand.

CHORUS.

Stand up for Je - sus still, Stand up for Je - sus still, Though
 Stand up . . . for Je - sus still, Stand up . . . for Je - sus still,

wicked men may scorn thee, Stand up for Jesus still, Stand up for Jesus still.

7 Now I Know that Jesus Saves Me.

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN.



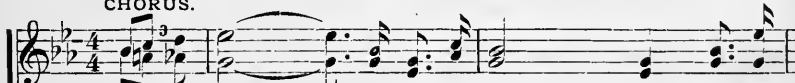
1. Far a-way in sin and darkness, Lost was I till Je-sus came,
2. When I came to him, belie - ing, Then my bur-den rolled a-way,
3. When my soul was faint and thirsty He the liv - ing wa-ter gave;
4. Now his bless - ed presence cheers me, As my pil-grim path I tread,



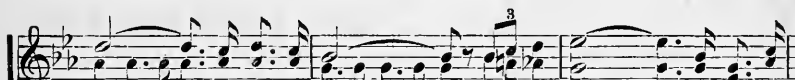
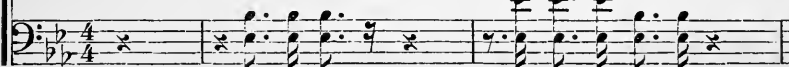
Pour-ing forth his pre-cious life-blood, Bearing sin, and suff'ring shame.
 And his word of life re-ceiv - ing, Turned my darkness in - to day.
 Then I felt new life within me; Then I knew his power to save.
 Far behind me lies the des - ert, Heaven and home are just a-head.



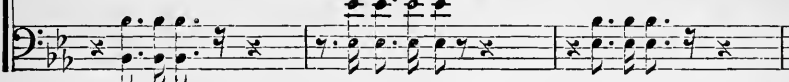
CHORUS.



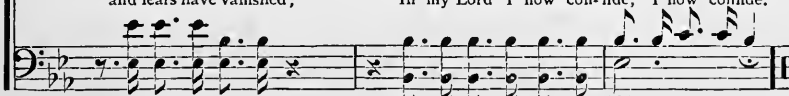
Now I know . . . that Je-sus saves me, Now I
 Now I know that Je - sus saves me,



feel . . . the blood applied; . . . All my doubts and fears have
 Now I feel the blood applied; All my doubts



van - - ished; In my Lord . . . I now confide.
 and fears have vanished; In my Lord I now con-fide, I now confide.



In His Name.

LIDIE E. HEWITT.

Dedicated to "The King's Daughters." WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Let us give the cup of wa - ter In His name; Help our
 2. Let us pray for one an - oth - er In His name; Lift - ing
 3. With the love of Christ constraining, In His name, Work or

In His name;

REFRAIN.

Father's son or daughter In His name. In His name, oh, let the
 up the fallen brother In His name.
 bear without complaining, In His name. *Semi-staccato.*

In His name. In His name, oh,

watch - word Bla-zoned on . . . our banners be; . . . Where the
 let the watch - word Bla-zoned on our ban - ners be;

gleam - ing standard leads us, Let us fol - low loy - al - ly. loy - al - ly.
 Where that gleaming standard leads us, Let us fol - low loy - al - ly.

4 Let our lives flow out in blessing,
 In His name;
 Bravely God's own truth confessing,
 In His name.

5 This will lighten every duty,
 In His name;
 Fill our lives with heaven's beauty,
 In His name.

There's Room for All.

LAURA MILLER.

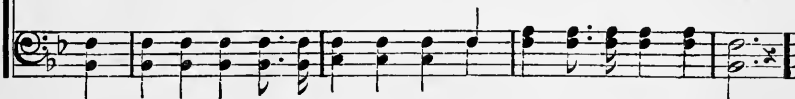
JNO. R. SWENEY.



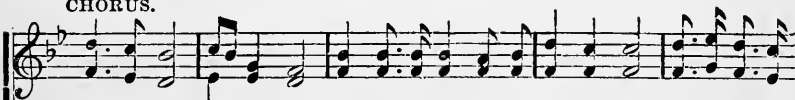
1. There's room for all and the feast is spread,—Remember the price it cost;
2. There's room for all at the blood-stain'd cross, There's room by the streams that flow;
3. There's room for all at the door of grace, But why do you still de - lay?
4. There's room for all in our Father's home Prepared by redeeming love;



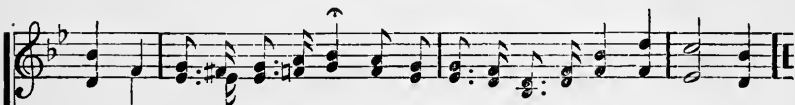
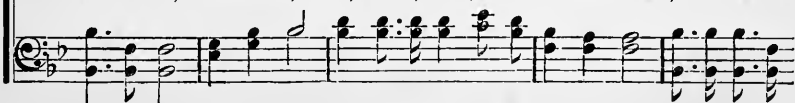
The Saviour's blood for the world was shed,—Oh, why need a soul be lost?
 And, though your sins are of crimson hue, Come, wash them as white as snow.
 The light that shines on your pathway now May set ere the close of day.
 But on - ly they who are faithful here Can hope for the joys a - bove.



CHORUS.



Room for all, room for all, Come, sinner, come, 'tis the Saviour's call; "Whosoever



will" is roll - ing onward still, "Whosoe - er will may come to Je - sus."



1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glo-ry he
 2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly
 3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil he doth

sheds on our way! While we do his good will, He abides with us
 drives it a - way; Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a
 rich - ly re - pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a

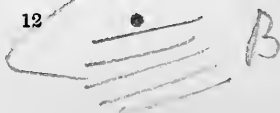
CHORUS.

still, And with all who will trust and o - bey. Trust and o - bey, For there's
 tear Can abide while we trust and o - bey.
 cross, But is blest if we trust and o - bey.

no oth - er way To be hap - py in Je - sus But to trust and o - bey.

4 But we never can prove
 The delights of his love
 Until all on the altar we lay,
 For the favor he shows,
 And the joy he bestows,
 Are for all who will trust and obey.

5 Then in fellowship sweet
 We will sit at his feet,
 Or we'll walk by his side in the way;
 What he says we will do,
 Where he sends we will go,
 Never fear, only trust and obey.



We'll be There.

Dr. H. BONAR.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Where the earth-fad-ed flow-er shall fresh-en, Freshen nev-er, no,
 2. Where the morning shall waken in glad-ness, And the noon the pure
 3. Where the dear child has found its lost mother, And the moth-er has
 4. Where the love-bond is nev-er-more sev-ered, Where no parting is

nev-er to fade, Where the shaded sky once more shall brighten, Brighten
 joy shall prolong; Where the daylight dissolves in rich fragrance, 'Mid the
 found her lost child; Where the families once more are gathered, That were
 ev-er-more known, We shall meet with the holy and ran-somed, By the

CHORUS.

nev-er to be darkened by shade. We'll be there, we'll be
 burst of enrapt-ur-ing song.
 scat-tered on this earthly wild.
 beau-ti-ful, beautiful throne. We'll be there. We'll be there,

there, Crowns unfading and white robes to wear, we'll be there, We'll be
 we'll be there,

there, we'll be there. In the beauty and glory to share, we'll be there.
 we'll be there, we'll be there,

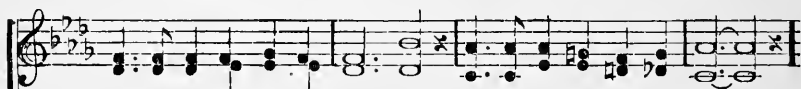
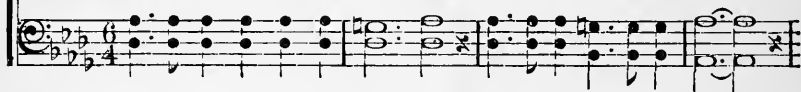
Pleading with Thee.

J. JACKSON.

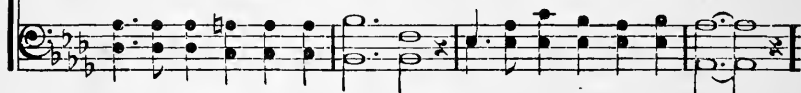
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



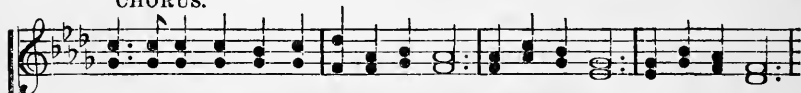
1. Wea-ry, oh, yes, thou art wea - ry, Bearing thy burden of sin;
2. Lone-ly, oh, yes, thou art lone-ly, Plodding thy desolate way,
3. Troubled, oh, yes, thou art troubled; Comfort has flown from thy breast;
4. Wea-ry and lonely and trou - bled, Broken in spir - it and heart,



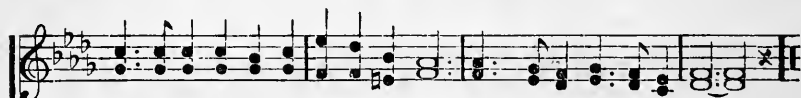
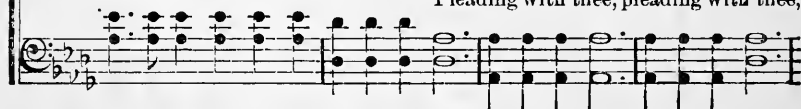
Clouds of the night are above thee, Fear and temptation with - in.
 Far from the arms that would shield thee, Far from the light and the day.
 On - ly in Je - sus thy re - fuge, On - ly in him is thy rest.
 Come to thy gracious Redeem - er: Child of his mer - cy thou art.



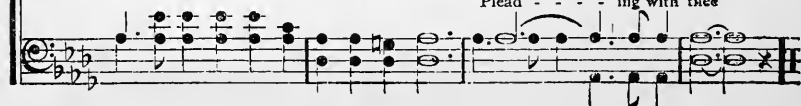
CHORUS.



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



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



Wonderful Tidings.

SALLIE E. SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

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

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

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

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.
 Haste away, no more delay; Come, O come, the Saviour calls to-day!
 Hear him say, oh, why de-lay? Come, O come, the Saviour calls to-day!
 Haste a-way, no long-er stay, Come, O come, the Saviour calls to-day!

Washed in the Blood.

"I am sweeping through the gates, washed in the blood of the Lamb."
Dying words of Rev. Alfred Cookman.

Rev W. T. DALE. By per.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. "I am sweeping thro' the gates!" Thro' the gates of purest gold; I have
2. "I am sweeping thro' the gates!" Singing glory to the Lamb; With my
3. "I am sweeping thro' the gates!" To the throne of God so bright; And the
4. "I am sweeping thro' the gates!" All my griefs and sorrows past; Blessed

CHORUS.
often heard of heaven. But the half has ne'er been told. I am sweeping thro' the
garments white and clean, Washed from every sin I am.
joy that there awaits, Now is bursting on my sight.
Je-sus, I have come, I am safe at home at last.

gates, I am sweeping thro' the gates, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb,

I am sweeping thro' the gates, I am sweeping thro' the gates, I am

washed in the blood of the Lamb, I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.

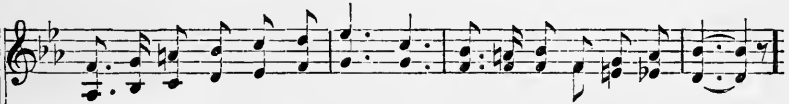
Come to the Fountain.

Mrs. H. E. JONES.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Come to the fountain of mer - cy, Come with thy sin and thy woe;
2. Come to the fountain of heal - ing, Wea - ry ones waiting be - low;
3. Hear the sweet promise of Je - sus, Waiting his mer - cy to show,
4. Je - sus "delighteth in mer - cy"; All his sal - vation may know;



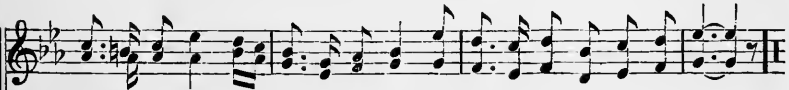
Bathe in the life-giv - ing wa - ters, Come, and be white as the snow.
 Come, and find rest in its wa - ters, Come, and be white as the snow.
 "Come, tho' your sins be like crim - son, They shall be white as the snow.
 Come, all the world, to this fountain, Come, and be white as the snow.



CHORUS.



Come to the fountain of love, Come to the fountain of love, 'Tis
 Come to the fountain of love, . . . Come to the fountain, 'Tis



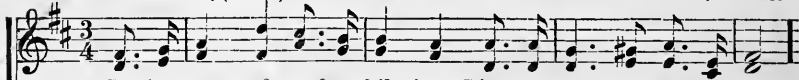
o - pen and free, and waiting for thee, Oh, come to the fountain of love.



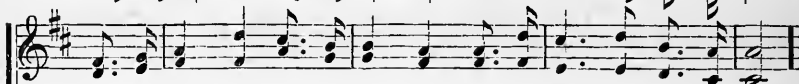
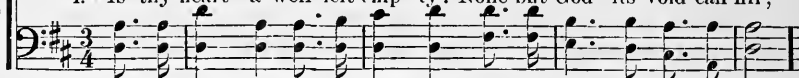
16 Is thy Cruse of Comfort Failing?

Mrs. E. R. CHARLES, (altered).

IRA D. SANKEY.



1. Is thy cruse of comfort fail - ing? Rise and share it with a friend,
2. For the heart grows rich in giv - ing; All its wealth is liv - ing grain;
3. Lost and wea - ry on the mountains, Wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
4. Is thy heart a well left emp - ty? None but God its void can fill;



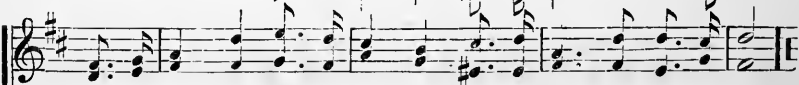
And thro' all the years of fam - ine . It shall serve thee to the end.
 Seeds, which mildew in the gar - ner, Scattered, fill with gold the plain.
 Chafe that froz - en form be - side thee, And to - geth - er both shall glow.
 Nothing but a ceaseless fount - ain Can its cease - less long - ings still.



Love divine will fill thy store - house. Or thy hand - ful still re - new;
 Is thy bur - den hard and heav - y? Do thy steps drag wea - ri - ly?
 Art thou wounded in life's bat - tle? Many stricken round thee moan;
 Is thy heart a liv - ing pow - er? Self - entwined, its strength sinks low;



Scant - y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two,
 Help to lift thy brother's bur - den; God will bear both it and thee,
 Give to them thy precious ointment, And that balm shall heal thine own,
 It can on - ly live in lov - ing, And by serv - ing, love will grow,



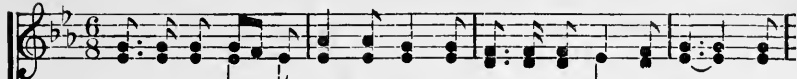
Scant - y fare for one will oft - en Make a roy - al feast for two.
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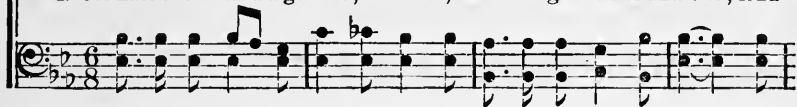
Where is Thy Soul?

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

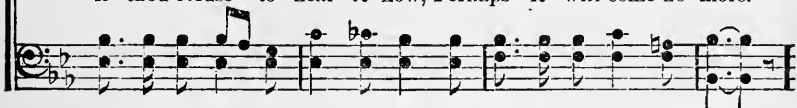
ARTHUR J. SMITH.



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



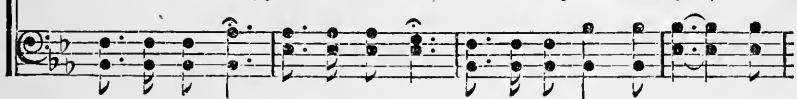
Saviour has loved and loves thee yet, Then why wilt thou slight him so?
 open the door you long have closed, And welcome the Saviour in.
 then, like a wea - ry child, hast sighed In Jesus to find a rest.
 if thou refuse to hear it now, Perhaps it will come no more.



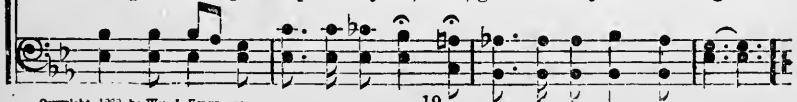
CHORUS.



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



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



We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
 2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
 3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,

Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.
 That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
 But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .
 good by,

Repeat Chorus pp

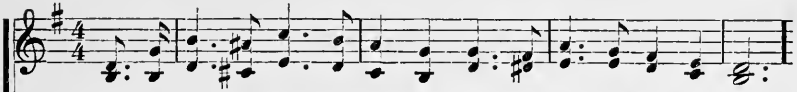
For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.

Here am I, Send Me.

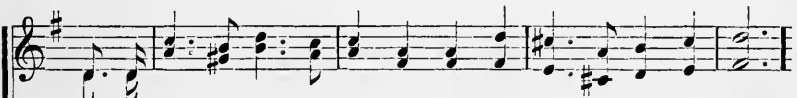
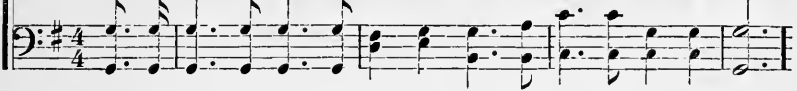
W. S. M.

Isaiah vi. 8.

W. S. MARTIN.



1. From the bat - tlements of glo - ry Sounds a voice as clear as day,
2. Who will bear to ev' - ry creature Tid - ings of a Saviour's love?
3. Who will go to realms of darkness With the light of gos - pel grace?
4. Answer quick! thy Master calls thee; Time is swift - ly passing by;



"Who will tell the gos - pel sto - ry? Who will bear the sheaves a - way?"
 Who will tell the wea - ry wand'ers Of the Father's home a - bove?
 Who will point the lost and dy - ing To the Sav - iour's lov - ing face?
 Look abroad, the fields are whit'ning, And the har - vest time is nigh.



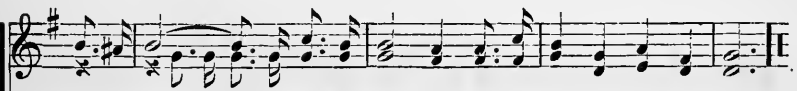
CHORUS.



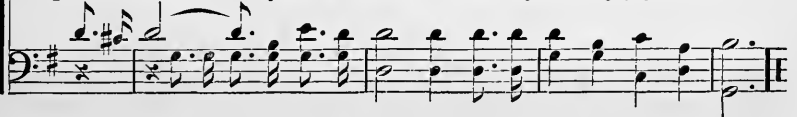
"Here am I, . . . O blessed Mas - ter, Here am I, send me, send me;"

Here am I,

Here am I, send me, send me;



Speak the word, thy servant hear - eth, And thy will my joy shall be.



Rally for the Right.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

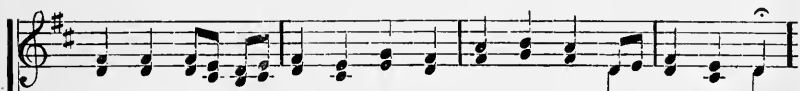
Ral-ly, then; rally, then; ral-ly in your might; God is call-ing you.

E. R. LAYTON,

J. H. TENNEY.



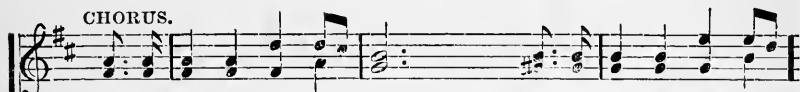
1. There's a place a - bove all oth - ers Where my spir - it loves to be;
2. On the cross my Sav - iour suffered, That he might a - tone for me
3. When my heart is full of trou - ble, Then I love, on bend - ed knee,
4. Bless - ed Sav - iour, thou wilt hear me When I make my ear - nest plea,



'Tis with - in the sa - cred sha - dow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 And I love the bless - ed sha - dow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 To approach him, in the sha - dow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 If I kneel with - in the sha - dow Of the cross of Cal - va - ry.



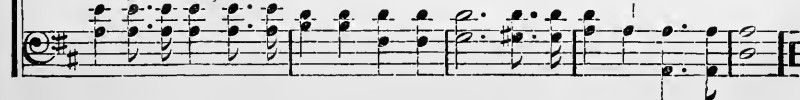
CHORUS.



In the shadow of the cross, In the shadow of the
 of the cross,



cross, There my spirit loves to be, In the shadow of the cross.
 of the cross,



I will Cling to the Cross.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

I will Cling to the Cross.—CONCLUDED.

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

Musical notation for the first hymn, consisting of a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

25

Hymn to the Trinity.

Rev. Jos. H. Martin, D. D.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

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

Musical notation for the second hymn, consisting of a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

CHORUS.

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

Musical notation for the chorus, consisting of a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

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

Musical notation for the end of the chorus, consisting of a treble and bass staff with lyrics.

Resting in the Blood.

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. I've been to the fountain, I have plunged beneath its flood, And the
 2. No mer - it had I whereby to claim the love of God, But in
 3. With God peace was made by Christ upon the cru - el cross, And he

sin-stains on my soul are washed away; I'm now sweetly resting in the
 grace he sent his on - ly Son to die; He purchased redemption on the
 died that I might be redeemed from sin; His blood to my heart has come and

ris - en Son of God, With his grace he doth fill me day by day.
 cross with his own blood. Peace and par - don for sin - ners such as I.
 purged a - way the dross, And his Spir - it my soul has en - tered in.

CHORUS.

I am rest - ing in the blood, I am
 I am rest - ing, I am rest - ing,

rest - ing in the blood to - day; To God I'm made nigh by the
 in the blood to - day;

Resting in the Blood.—CONCLUDED.

blood of Cal - va - ry, And it cleanses me and shields me all the way.

27

Precious Blood of Jesus.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry,
 2. Pre-cious, pre-cious blood of Je - sus, Let it make thee whole;
 3. Tho' thy sins are red like crim - son, Deep in scar - let glow,
 4. Now the ho - li - est with boldness We may en - ter in,

Fine.

Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me.
 Let it flow in might - y cleans - ing O'er my soul.
 Je - sus' pre - cious blood will wash thee White as snow.
 For the o - pened fount - ain cleans - eth From all sin.

D. S.—Oh, be - lieve it, oh, re - ceive it, 'Tis for thee!

CHORUS.

D. S.

Pre - cious, pre - cious blood of Je - sus, Ev - er flow - ing free!

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

The Healing Touch.

"When she heard of Jesus, came in the press behind, and touched his garment."

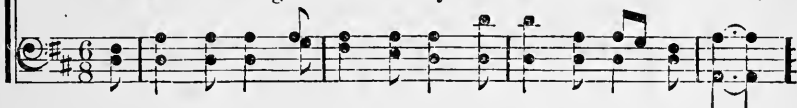
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Mark v. 27.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. An ea - ger, restless crowd drew near, And round the Saviour pressed;
2. The mul - ti-tude, with curious eyes, Just gazed up - on his face;
3. Oh, near to Christ the man - y came, In that most fa - vored hour!
4. Of all who throng his courts to-day Who shall re - ceive his word?



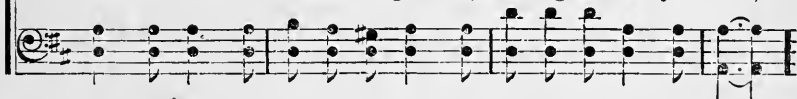
But one, with warm and lov - ing faith, His heal - ing power confessed.
 But she glanced up with hope and love, To feel his sav - ing grace.
 But one stretched out the hand of faith, And touched his healing power.
 Who shall reach forth with faith sincere To touch the heal - ing Lord?



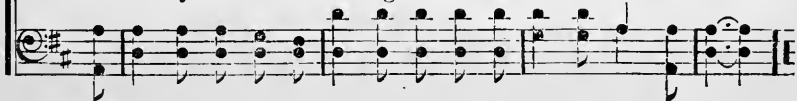
CHORUS.



She had touched the hem of his garment, Trusting with all her soul;
last v. Come and touch the hem of his garment, Trusting with all your soul;



For ev - 'ry touch of the lov - ing Je - sus Can make the wounded whole.



Who is on the Lord's Side?

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"

Exodus xxxii. 26.

F. E. B.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Always true; There's a right and wrong side,—
 2. Thousands on the wrong side Choose to stand, Still 'tis not the strong side,
 3. Come and join the Lord's side,—Ask you why? 'Tis the on - ly safe side

CHORUS.

Where stand you? Choose now, choose now:
 True and grand.
 By and by. Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

On the right or wrong side? False or true? Choose now,
 Who is on the Lord's side?

choose now: On the right or wrong side? Where stand you?
 Who is on the Lord's side?

31 I will Trust my Dear Redeemer.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER.

W. A. GALPIN, (arranged).

1. I will *live* for my Redeem-er,—Once he lived on earth for me;
2. I will *walk* with my Redeem-er, With him bear and suf-fer pain,
3. I will *work* for my Redeem-er,—Once he toiled on earth for me;

And he lives for me in glo-ry, Pleased my faithful toil to see.
That I may re-ceive the promise, With him on his throne to reign.
And for him in faith-ful la-bor, Day by day I long to be.

CHORUS.

I will trust my dear Re-deem - - er, I will
I will trust my dear Redeem-er, I will trust my dear Redeem-er, I will

love . . . him more and more, . . . I will fol - - - low till I
love him more and more, yes, I will love him more and more; I will follow till I meet him, I will

meet . . . him On the fair . . . e-ter-nal shore. . . .
fol-low till I meet him On the fair, e-ter-nal shore, Upon the fair, e-ter-nal shore.

E. E. HEWITT.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

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

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

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

Fine. CHORUS.

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

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

D.S.

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

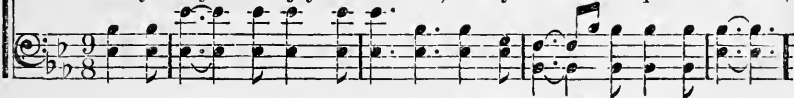
33 Casting Your Care upon Him.

JAMES L. BLACK.

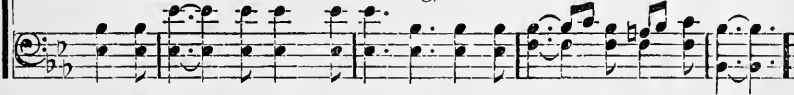
JNO. R SWENEY.



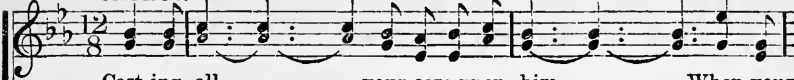
1. Child of God, be not discouraged, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord ;
2. O'er the dark and troubled waters, Tho' you oft may stem the tide,
3. Child of God, no power can harm you, Naught of ill your soul molest,
4. Soon your eyes with joy will see him, Soon your feet will press the shore,



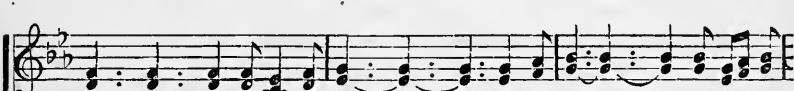
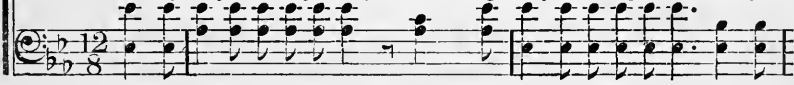
With a cheer - ful, lov - ing spir - it Read and trust his gracious word.
 Not a - lone you brave the temptest,—He is there your Friend and Guide.
 Casting all your care on Je - sus, In his arms you safe - ly rest.
 Where the saints redeemed are waiting, And the storms of life are o'er.



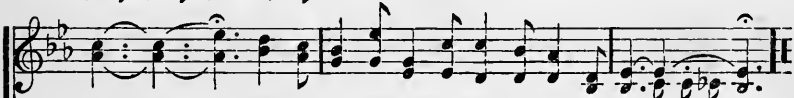
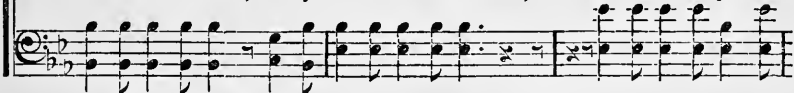
CHORUS.



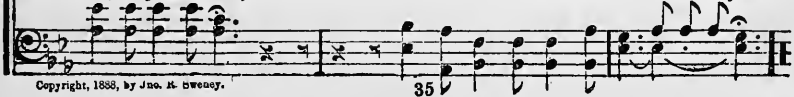
Cast - ing all your care upon him, When your
 Cast - ing all your care upon him, Cast - ing all your care upon him, When your



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



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



Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Clinging, clinging to my Saviour, Clos - er cling - ing ev' - ry day;
 2. Clinging, clinging to my Saviour When the bil - lows loud - ly roar;
 3. Clinging, clinging to my Saviour; Here my soul in peace shall rest;

He a - lone my Shield and Refuge, Strength and Comfort all the way.
 In his power and goodness trusting, Till I reach the heavenly shore.
 Lean - ing on his precious promise Naught of fear can me mo - lest.

CHORUS.

Clinging, clinging to my Sav - iour, Lasting peace and joy are mine;

Clinging, clinging, al - ways clinging, Clinging to the hand di - vine.

Over the Bar.

"After the afternoon service yesterday, Mr. Martin, in company with a few friends, visited Mother Osgood, who is in her one hundredth year. In conversation Mrs. Osgood spoke of herself as 'crossing over the bar and entering the haven of everlasting rest.' From this circumstance Mr. Martin composed the song entitled 'Over the Bar,' which he sang very effectively at the evening service."—*Amesbury (Mass.) News.*

W. S. MARTIN.

J. H. TENNEY

1. Out on life's o-cean, sailing along, Hope is my anchor, Christ is my song,
 2. Fearing no storms nor waves beating high, Nothing can harm if Jesus is nigh;
 3. Sails are all set and firmly we glide O-ver the billows, o-ver the tide;

Steering my bark for heaven's fair shore, Where I shall rest with Christ evermore.
 Trusting my bark to his loving hand, Safely I'll reach the fair glo-ry land.
 Friends in the harbor beckon for me, Soon I shall join that blest company.

CHORUS.

Over the bar, over the bar, Making the harbor over the bar; Storms are all
 yes, we're

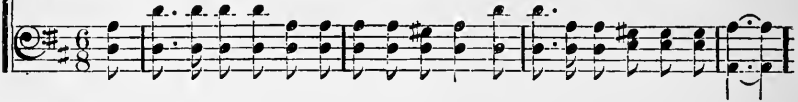
ended, burdens laid down, There I shall wear a beautiful crown, a beautiful crown.

E. E. HEWITT.

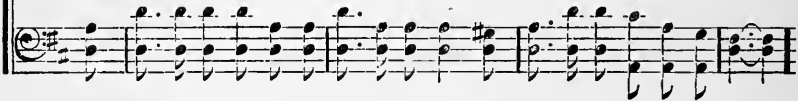
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

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



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



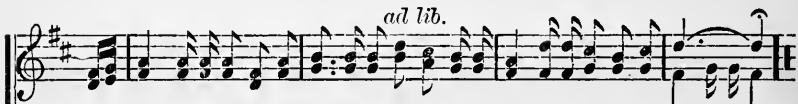
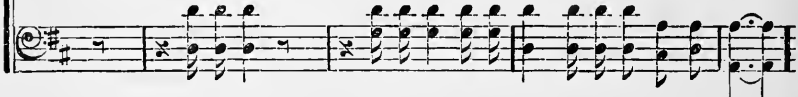
CHORUS.



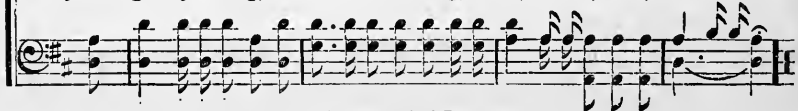
Is it I? . . . Is it I? . . . Is it I? tell me, Lord, is it I?

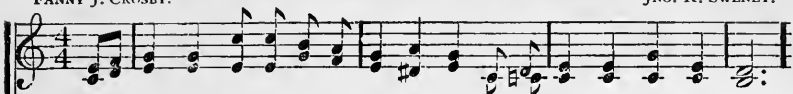
Is it I?

Is it I?



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

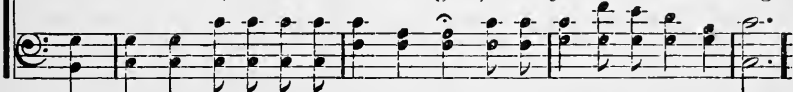




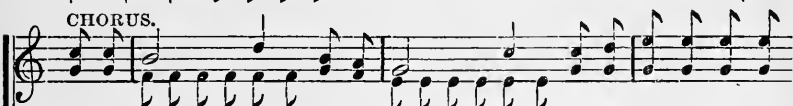
1. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God For the work free grace has done;
2. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, Not a cloud nor care I see;
3. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Son of God, In his se-cret place I dwell;
4. My soul shouts glo-ry to the Sou of God, And I know it-will not be long



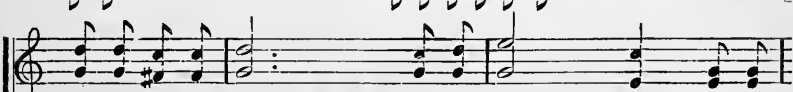
My faith looks upward with a steadfast eye That is clear as the noonday sun.
My hope is clinging with a perfect trust To the cross he has borne for me.
His constant presence overshades me there, And my joy there is none can tell.
Till o'er the river, where the saints have gone, I shall join their eter-nal song.



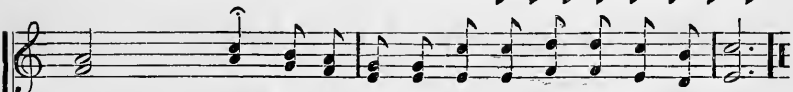
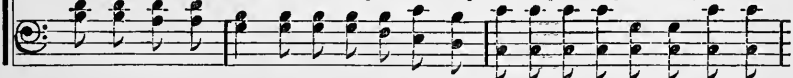
CHORUS.



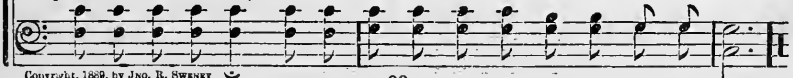
Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah to the
Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him! hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him!



Saviour I a-dore; I will praise him, I will
Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him, I will praise him, I will



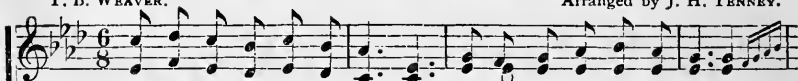
praise him, Hal-le-lu-jah! I will praise him ev-er-more.
praise him and a-dore,



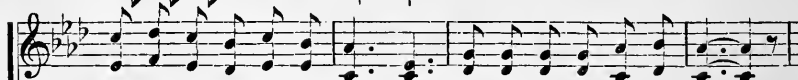
What Will You Do?

T. B. WEAVER.

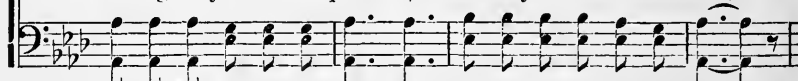
Arranged by J. H. TENNEY.



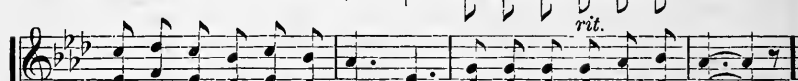
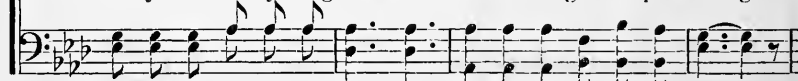
1. List-en, oh, list-en to Je - sus Tender - ly asking your heart,
2. Christ is a refuge for sin - ners; Flee to the arms of his love;
3. Toiling for wealth that will perish, Charmed with the toys that decay,
4. Think of the loved ones in heaven, In yonder ci - ty of light,



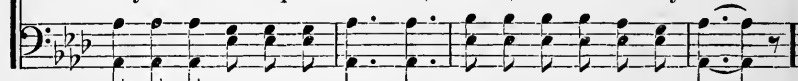
Willing to rescue and save you, And his rich grace to im - part.
 If you neglect this sal - va - tion, How can you meet him a - bove?
 Blinded by sin and by fol - ly, Sinning from day un - to day;
 Waiting for you at the por - tal,—What if your soul takes its flight?



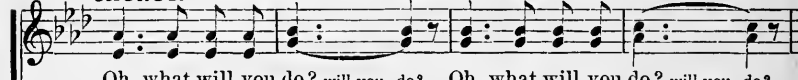
Oh, if his calls are all slight - ed, And in your sins you still go,
 Can you not give up your pleasures? Turn' from earth's trifles a - way?
 Sinner, just think of the wag - es You for your sin shall re - ceive!
 Would you be read - y to greet them? Anxious the gates to pass through?



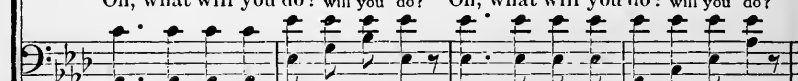
What will you do in the judgment, Wonder - ful day of great woe?
 Oh, if you cling to your i - dols, What will you do in that day?
 Turn to the dear, loving Sav - iour, Humbly confess and be - lieve!
 If you have no hope in Je - sus, Sinner, then what will you do?



CHORUS.



Oh, what will you do? will you do? Oh, what will you do? will you do?



What Will You Do? — CONCLUDED.

Oh, what will you do . . . In that wonderful, wonderful day?
will you do?

rit. *rall.*

39

Trusting.

C. B. J. R.

Psalm lxxxvi. 1, 2.

C. B. J. Root.

1. Near - er, Saviour, near - er, I would come to thee, Let me see still
2. Clos - er, Saviour, clos - er, I would cling to thee, Ev' - ry day still
3. Rest - ing, Saviour, rest - ing, I would rest in thee; When my spir - it
4. Precious, precious Sav - iour, All my life shall be, Ev' - ry hour and

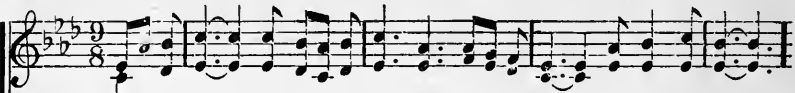
clear - er, All thy love to me; Day by day thy Spir - it
near - er, On my heavenly way, While thy lov - ing pres - ence,
fail - eth, And my eyes shall see, Dim - ly on my jour - ney
mo - ment, On - ly kept for thee; Till I hear the sum - mons

Dwells within my soul; Peace I now inher - it; Thou dost make me whole.
Dwelling in my breast, Gives me now the token Of e - ter - nal rest.
To the crystal sea; Then with thee, dear Saviour, All my hope shall be.
That shall set me free, Then, with many loved ones, Saved eter - nal - ly.

40 We shall Walk the Realms of Glory.

EMMA PITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We shall walk the realms of glory, Where e - ter - nal beauty reigns,
2. We shall walk the realms of glory With the blood-wash'd, mighty throng,
3. We shall walk the realms of glory, And by Je - sus' side sit down ;
4. We shalt walk the realms of glory, Where no tears can ev - er come,



There with ser - aph hosts unnumbered Join the grand immor - tal strains.
We shall join the an - gel harpers In their ev - erlast - ing song.
Clad no more in robes of sor - row, We shall wear a fadeless crown.
Where the sun - light is not needed, In that sweet, e - ter - nal home.



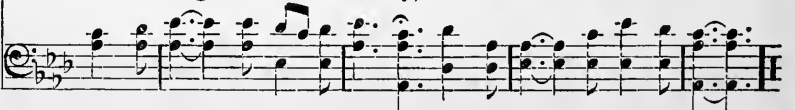
CHORUS.



We shall walk the realms of glory, With the loved ones gone be - fore,



We shall sing the sweet old sto - ry, O - ver on the oth - er shore.



There is Life in the Son.

E. A. BARNES.

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

JNO. R. SWINNEY.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

Who is This that Cometh?

Mrs. F. E. PETTINGILL.

Isaiah lxiii. 1.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Who is this that cometh in the starlit glow As a new-born infant
 2. Who is this that cometh, this poor Nazarene, With his timely counsel,
 3. Who is this that cometh, spurning earthly gain, To the midnight garden,

to the manger low? While the shepherds wonder at the wondrous sight,
 with his faultless mien, With his help and healing for the lame, the blind,
 to the cross of pain? Cometh forth triumphant from the sealed grave,

rit. CHORUS. *a tempo.*

While the an - gel - cho - rus wakes the silent night. 'Tis the meek and lowly,
 For the poor, the need - y, for the burdened mind?
 Com - eth in his beau - ty, in his might to save?

just and holy One, This is he that cometh, God's beloved Son; 'Tis the meek and

rit.

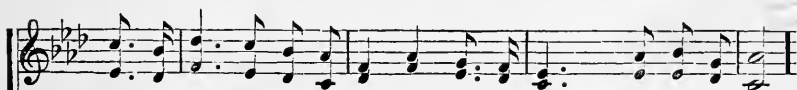
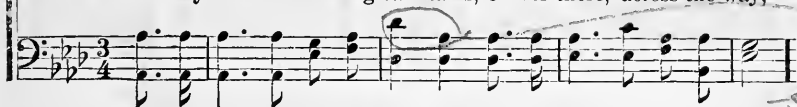
low - ly, just and ho - ly One, This is he that cometh, God's be - lov - ed Son.

Just Beyond.

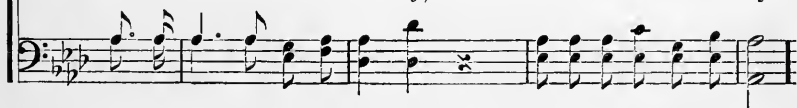
W. S. MARTIN.



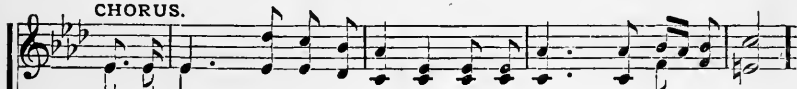
1. Just beyond life's flowing riv - er, O - ver on the oth - er shore,
2. Just above the dark clouds o'er us, Where the stars shine all the night,
3. Just beyond the morning sunbeams, O - ver there, across the way,



Ma - ny loved ones wait to greet us, When our jour - ney here is o'er.
 Is a home where love's bright angel Never wea - ries with the light.
 Is a world of wondrous beauty, Where is one e - ter - nal day.



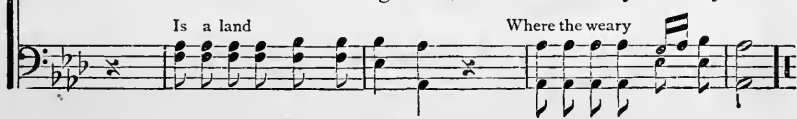
CHORUS.



O - ver, just beyond the hill tops, Where the sun sinks in the west,
 Over, just Where the sun



Is a land of untold brightness, Where the wea - ry soul may rest.



Is a land Where the weary

1. While Je-sus is call-ing, oh, do not de-lay; He's longing to bless you, re-
 2. Say yes in the darkness, say yes in the light, Say yes when the sun is ob-
 3. Say yes in thy weakness, for Christ is thy strength, Tho' foes may oppress thee he'll

ceive him to-day; Wait not till to-morrow, *now* trust in his love, Say, se-
 cured from thy sight; Look up, for a-bove thee the sun soon will shine, The
 help thee at length; Fight on, then, my brother, till vic-t'ry is won, And

CHORUS.

Yes, blessed Mas-ter, thy promise I'll prove. Say yes to thy Saviour, say
 clouds are dispers-ing, the vic-t'ry is thine.
 thou in his presence shall hear the "well done."

yes loud and strong; Say yes, and then
 Have courage, my brother, to stand 'gainst the wrong;

walk in the strength of the Lord, Say yes, and then live by the power of his word.

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

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

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

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

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


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

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

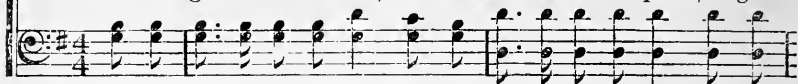
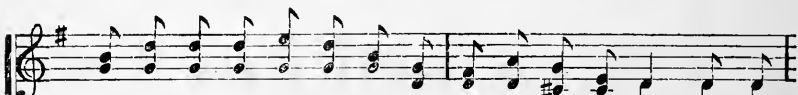
I will Go to Jesus Now.

E. E. HEWITT.

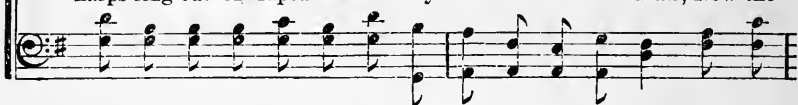
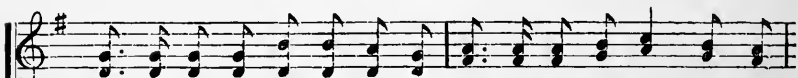
JNO. R. SWENEY.



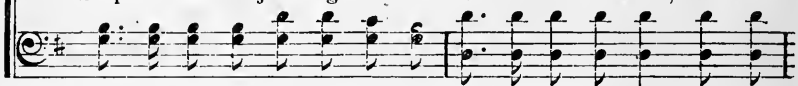
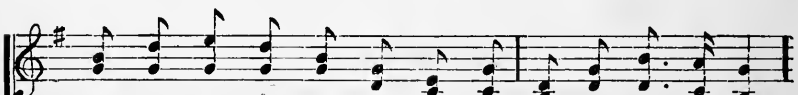
1. I will go to Je-sus now, while the Ho - ly Spir-it calls, On my
 2. I will go to Je-sus now; need I question him or doubt? Here's the
 3. I will go to Je-sus now; 'tis the glo - ry of his name That he
 4. I will go to Je-sus now, for the welcome feast is spread, Angel

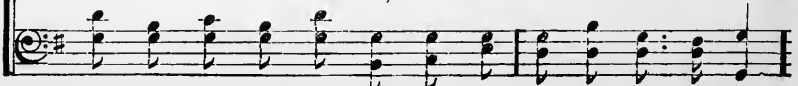
heart his in - vi - ta - tion like the evening dewdrop falls; I will
 faith - ful word of prom - ise, "I will nev - er cast thee out;" Oh, to
 saves the "chief of sinners," that to seek the lost he came; Oh, my
 harps ring out in rapture when they live who once were dead; Now the

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

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



CHORUS.

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

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

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

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

Each Day a Little Nearer.

FAITH WILLIAMS.

"Draw nigh to God, and he will draw nigh to you."
James iv. 8

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Each day a lit - tle near - er To Je - sus would I rise,
2. And day by day I'm learning That though my earth - ly way
3. So, trust - ing in his mer - cy And love so measure - less,

And find his ser - vice ev - er A glad and sweet sur - prise;
Is oft through shadows winding, 'Twill lead to per - fect day;
Each day my soul is ful - ler Of peace and joy - ful - ness;

Though what each day is bring - ing My soul may nev - er guess,
Each day I know I'm near - ing His shelt - 'ring, rest - ful arms,
Each day, while life is giv - en, Still near - er would I come,

But to his cross I'm clinging, And on my way I press.
My heart, this thought enfold - ing, Is safe from earth's a - larms.
Till from on high my Saviour Shall call me, Child, come home.

49 Standing on the Mighty Rock.

A. W. FRENCH.

Psalms xl 2.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Stand-ing on the Might-y Rock, Might-y Rock, Might-y Rock,
 2. Let the wa - ters mad-ly sweep, Mad-ly sweep, mad-ly sweep,
 3. Some may seek the shift-ing sand, Shift-ing sand, shift-ing sand,
 4. We have suffered pain and loss, Pain and loss, pain and loss,

CHORUS.

Far a - bove the bil - low's shock, Safe with Je - sus. And we cry:
 Care we not if we may keep Close to Je - sus.
 Ours the bet - ter part to stand Safe with Je - sus.
 Now we rest beneath the cross, Safe with Je - sus.

Christ is nigh: He will guard our lit - tle flock From the storm and

billow's shock, Standing on the Mighty Rock, Safe with Je - sus.

Rev. RAY PALMER, D. D.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. In the sha-dow of the Rock let me rest, let me rest, When I
 2. I in peace will rest me there till I see, till I see, That the
 3. Then my pilgrim staff I'll take and once more, and once more, I'll my

feel the tem-pest's shock thrill my breast; thrill my breast; All in
 skies a - gain are fair o - ver me, o - ver me, That the
 on - ward jour - ney make as be - fore, as be - fore, And with

vain the storm shall sweep while I hide, while I hide, And my tranquil station
 burning heats are past, and the day, and the day, Bids the travel - ler at
 joy-ous heart and strong I will raise, I will raise, Un - to thee, O Rock, a

CHORUS.

keep at thy side. at thy side. Then let me rest, then let me rest, In the
 last go his way. go his way.
 song glad with praise. glad with praise. In the shadow of the Rock,

shadow of the Rock let me rest, Then let me rest, In the
 let me rest.

In the Shadow, etc.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

then let me rest, In the sha-dow of the Rock let me rest.
 sha-dow of the Rock,

51

Help Me, or I Die.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. O thou tender, loving Sav- iour, Hear my pen- i- tential cry!
 2. While be- fore a throne of mer- cy In con- trition deep I kneel,
 3. In thy wondrous mercy trusting, Help- less at thy feet I lie;

Do not leave me in my an- guish, Pass me not unheed- ed by.
 Oh, re- move my wea- ry bur- den, And thy grace to me re- veal!
 Heal my wounded, broken spir - it, Sav- iour, help me, or I die!

CHORUS.

Save me, save me, Do not pass me by;

Help me, O my Saviour, help me, Help me, or I die!

I Am With Thee Every Hour.

Arranged by J. H. TENNEY.

1. I am with thee ev'ry hour, O ransomed one, For too long the way, and
 2. I am with thee ev'ry hour, I know thy care, I will cheer thy troubled
 3. I am with thee ev'ry hour, till, life's work done, I shall bear thee hence to

dark, for thee a-lone: I am with thee ev'ry hour, trust thou in me, For my heart, thy burdens bear; I am with thee ev'ry hour. My strength is thine, Thou the stand before the throne: I am with thee ev'ry hour, and heaven waits To throw

CHORUS.

love unchangeable is pledged to thee. I am with thee, yes, I'm with thee, tender branch, and I the living vine. o-pen wide for thee its pearly gates. with thee,

Ev'ry hour I'm with thee. Thou art mine, for thee my life I gave! I am with thee, yes, I'm ^{with thee,}

with thee, Ev'ry hour I'm with thee, ^{with thee,} With my love I'll guard, and guide, and save! ^{with thee,}

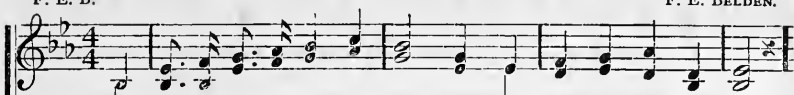
Tarry by the Living Waters.

"I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely."

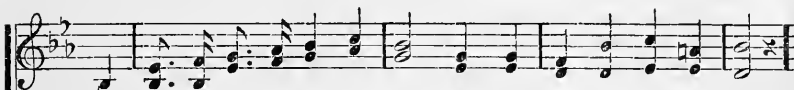
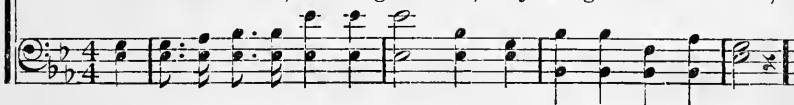
Rev. xxi. 6.

F. E. B.

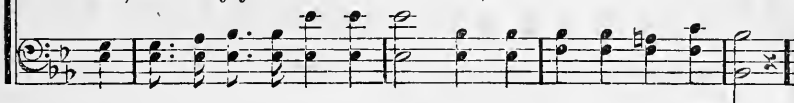
F. E. BELDEN.



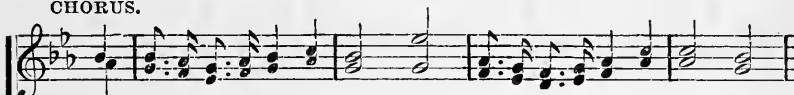
1. We'll tar-ry by the liv-ing wa - ters, The fountain pure and free;
2. When weary with the toilsome jour-ney, How sweet to rest a-while,
3. Then come to Christ, the living wa - ter, Thy strength will he re-store;



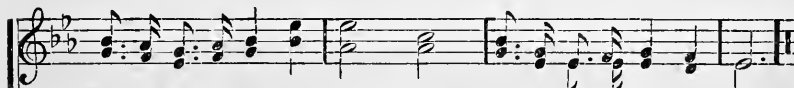
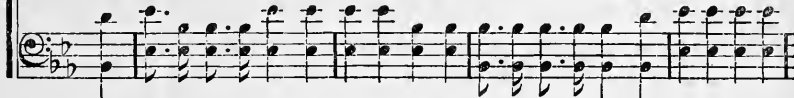
There Je - sus waits to give us wel - come, A welcome sweet 'twill be.
Where crys - tal wa - ters gently mur - mur, And sun - ny fountains smile.
Come, taste the joy of his sal - va - tion, And drink to thirst no more.



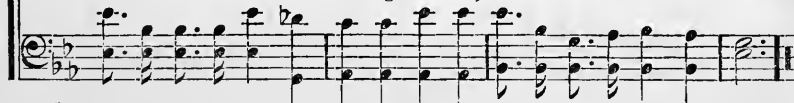
CHORUS.



We'll tar-ry by the living wa - ters, Tar-ry by the living wa - ters,
fount of liv-ing wa-ters, fount of liv-ing waters,



Tar-ry by the liv-ing wa - ters, Tar-ry by the Fount of Life.
fount of liv-ing wa-ters,



1. Onward press, tho' faint and weary, Droop not 'neath the parching sun,
 2. Du-ties wait for thy ful - fill - ing, Let thy whole strength go to each,
 3. Tho' the prom - ise long may tar - ry, And the way seems dark and drear,

Onward through the desert dreary, Till the day is won; Though thy
 With an earnest heart, and willing, La - bor, pray, and teach; Fal - ter
 Gloomy doubts and fears still parry, Night will soon be here; Saved ones

feet be worn and bleeding, Ne'er the nar - row pathway leave, Thro' thy
 not beneath thy burden, Je - sus' precious word be - lieve, Faith pre -
 wait beyond the riv - er, They no long - er sin or grieve, With them,

CHORUS. *p*

Saviour's in - terceding, Thou shalt rest at eve. Rest on the beautiful
 sents the promised guerdon, Thou shalt rest at eve. *In chanting style.*
 in the bright forever, Thou shalt rest at eve.

shore, Where no sor - row thy breast can heave, Yes, on the bright

Thou Shalt Rest at Eve.—CONCLUDED.

Slow and soft.

beau-ti-ful shore, Thou shalt rest at eve, Thou shalt rest at eve.

55 Where will You Spend Eternity?

“And these shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.”
Matt. xxv. 46.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Where will you spend eter-ni-ty? This question comes to you and me!
2. Ma-ny are choos-ing Christ to-day, Turn-ing from all their sins away,
3. Leav-ing the strait and nar-row way, Go-ing the down-ward road to-day,
4. Repent, be-lieve, this very hour, Trust in the Sav-iour's grace and power,

Tell me, what shall your answer be? Where will you spend eter - ni - ty?
Heaven shall their happy portion be,—Where will you spend eter - ni - ty?
Sad will their fi - nal end-ing be,—Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
Then will your joy-ous answer be, Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

REFRAIN.

E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Where will you spend eter - ni - ty?
3d v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Lost thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!
4th v. E - ter - ni - ty! e - ter - ni - ty! Saved thro' a long e - ter - ni - ty!

Arise and Shine.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HOOD.

1. Out of darkness in - to light Je - sus calls the sons of night,
 2. From this world's alluring snares, From its per - ils and its cares,
 3. From the van - i - ties of youth, In - to rest, and love, and truth,

Out of midnight in - to day Je - sus bids us come a - way.
 From its van - i - ty and strife, Je - sus beckons us to life.
 In - to joy that nev - er falls, Je - sus in his mer - cy calls.

CHORUS.

A - rise, a - rise, a - rise and shine; A - rise, a -
 A - rise, a - rise, a - rise and shine;

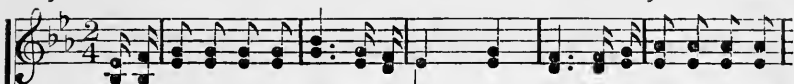
rise, thy light is come; Arise and shine, thy light is
 Arise, arise, thy light is come; Arise and shine,

come, The glo - ry of the Lord is risen up - on our gloom.
 thy light is come, *rit.*

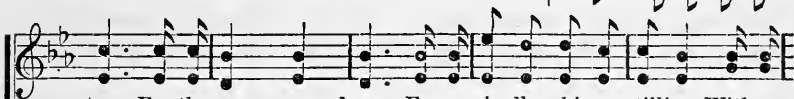
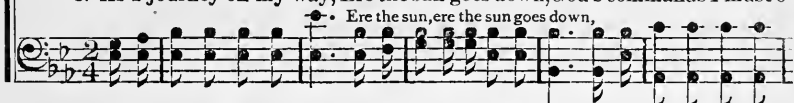
Ere the Sun goes down.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

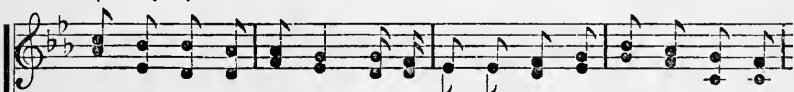
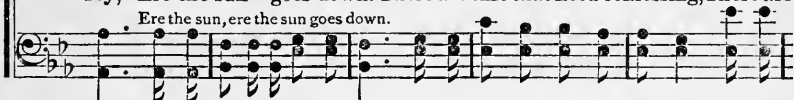
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



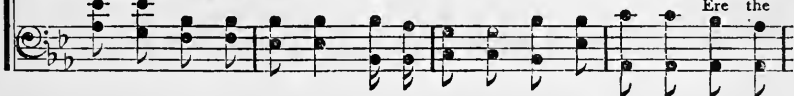
1. I have work enough to do Ere the sun goes down, For myself and kindred
2. I must speak the loving word Ere the sun goes down; I must let my voice be
3. As I journey on my way, Ere the sun goes down, God's commands I must o



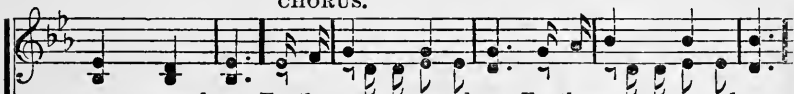
too, Ere the sun goes down. Every i-dle whisper stilling, With a
heard Ere the sun goes down; Every cry of pi-ty heeding, For the
bey, Ere the sun goes down. There are sins that need confessing, There are
Ere the sun, ere the sun goes down.



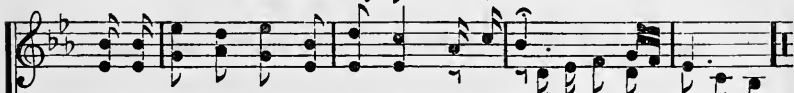
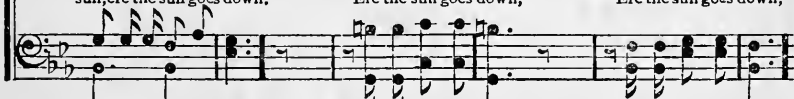
purpose firm and will-ing All my dai-ly tasks ful-fill-ing, Ere the
in-jured in-ter-ced-ing, To the light the lost ones lead-ing, Ere the
wrongs that need redress-ing, If I would ob-tain the bless-ing Ere the
Ere the



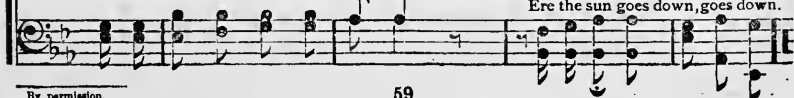
CHORUS.



sun goes down. Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,
sun, ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down, Ere the sun goes down,



I must do my dai-ly du-ty Ere the sun goes down.
Ere the sun goes down, goes down.



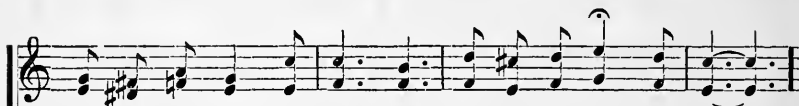
Rest in Heaven.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. Af - ter the toil and tur - moil, Af - ter the strife is past,
2. They who have fought and conquered, Wag - ing a war with sin,
3. Rest for the worn and wea - ry, Shel - ter for all the lost,



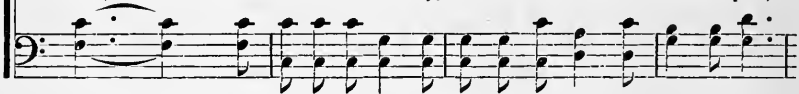
Com - eth the peace God giv - eth, — Com - eth the rest at last.
 In - to the heav - en - ly ci - ty Glad - ly will en - ter in.
 And in the bless - ed hav - en, An - chor the tem - pest - tossed.



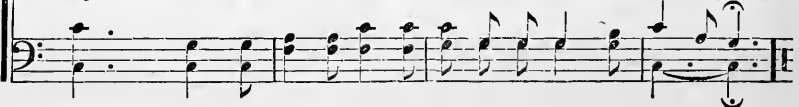
CHORUS.



Rest, sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil and pain,
 Rest, . . . sweet rest for the wea - ry, Af - ter the toil, the toil and pain,



Sleep for the well - be - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic - tors gain. . . .
 Sleep for the well - be - lov - ed, Crowns will the vic - tors, vic - tors gain.



Why not Trust in Him Now?

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. The Saviour hath called thee and shown thee his love; He died for poor
 2. His blood he hath shed to redeem thee from sin; A fount has been
 3. He'll clothe thee with vesture that's whiter than snow; In pastures of

sinners like thee; He left his bright home in the mansions a-bove,
 opened for thee; He tells thee of heav-en, and bids thee come in,
 verdure will lead. Where wa-ters of life in a-bundance do flow,

CHORUS.

The captive from bondage to free. Oh, why not trust in him
 The beauties of E-den to see.
 Thy soul in its rapture to feed.

now? . . . Oh, why not trust in him now? . . . He loves thee, and
 trust in him now? trust in him now?

bids thee on him to re-ly; Oh, why not trust in him now?

60 In the Secret of His Presence.

REV. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. In the se-cret of his presence I am kept from strife of tongues;
 2. In the se-cret of his presence All the darkness dis-ap-pears;
 3. In the se-cret of his presence Nev-er-more can foes a-larm;
 4. In the se-cret of his presence Is a sweet, un-bro-ken rest;

His pa-vil-ion is around me, And with-in are cease-less songs!
 For a sun, that knows no setting, Throws a rainbow on my tears.
 In the sha-dow of the Highest I can meet them with a psalm:
 Pleasures, joys, in glorious ful-ness, Making earth like Ed-en blest:

Storm-y winds his word ful-fil-ing, Beat without, but can-not harm,
 So the day grows ev-er light-er, Broad'ning to the per-fect noon;
 For the strong pa-vil-ion hides me, Turns their fier-y darts a-side,
 So my peace grows deep and deeper, Widening as it nears the sea,

For the Master's voice is stilling Storm and tem-pest to a calm.
 So the day grows ev-er brighter, Heav'n is com-ing, near and soon.
 And I know, what'er be-tides me, I shall live be-cause he died!
 For my Sav-iour is my Keep-er, Keeping mine and keep-ing me!

In the Secret of His Presence. — CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

In the se - - cret of his presence Jesus keeps, . . I know not how ;
 In the secret of his pres-ence Jesus keeps, I know not how, I know not how ;

In the sha - - dow of the High-est I am resting, hiding now.
 In the shadow of the Highest, In the shadow of the Highest,

61

Forever with the Lord.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Tune, VIGIL, S. M.

1. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" A - men, so let it be!
2. Here in the bo - dy pent, Ab - sent from him I roam,
3. "For - ev - er with the Lord!" Fa - ther, if 'tis thy will,
4. So, when my lat - est breath Shall rend the veil in twain,
5. Knowing as I am known, How shall I love that word,

Life from the dead is in that word, 'Tis im - mor - tal - i - ty.
 Yet night - ly pitch my mov - ing tent A day's march nearer home.
 The promise of that faithful word, E'en here to me ful - fil.
 By death I shall es - cape from death, And life e - ter - nal gain.
 And oft re - peat be - fore the throne, "Forev - er with the Lord!"

Out with the Life-boat.

W. S. MARTIN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Out with the life-boat, for on the dark sea Some weary sea-man is
 2. On the dark waters of ru - in and sin. Some one is dy - ing, oh,
 3. When thou com'st out with thy life-boat no more. When thou shalt near yon bright

call - ing for thee; Somebody's brother is drifting a - way, Out with the
 haste, take him in; See, 'tis thy loved one, thy neighbor, thy friend! Hasten, my
 heav - enly shore, When with thy loved ones at home thou shalt be, Jesus will

CHORUS.

life-boat, my brother, to - day! Out with the life-boat! out with the life-boat!
 brother, thy help to extend.
 out with the life-boat to thee.

Some one is sink - ing, is sink - ing to - day! Out with the life - boat!
 to - day!

out with the life - boat! Some one is drift - ing, is drift - ing a - way.
 a - way.

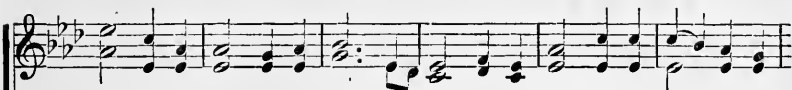
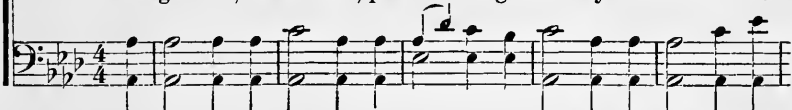
Calling for You.

MARY S. WHEELER.

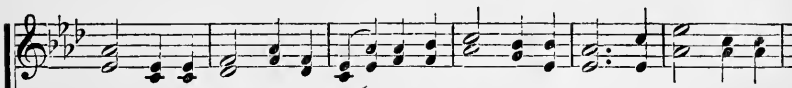
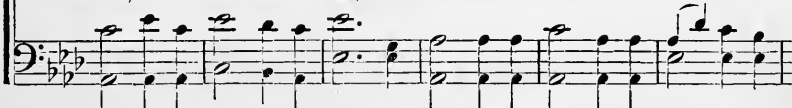
J. H. TENNEY.



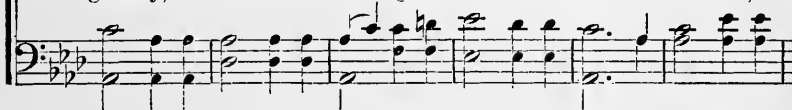
1. O Christian, look out o'er the fields white and waving; The harvest is
2. Before their dumb i - dols the heathen are fall - ing, And vain - ly, a -
3. Oh, list to the sound of the pris - oners crying; They're clanking their
4. Then go forth, O Christian, proclaim the glad sto - ry To ends of the



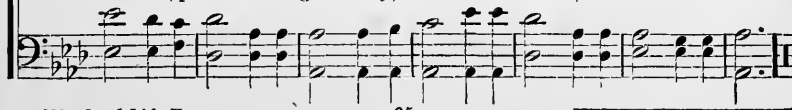
great, and the lab'ers are few; Come, thrust in your sickle, the ripened grain
las! to their gods do they cry: With helpless hands lifted to you they are
chains while for fre - dom they crave; Oh, rescue the souls who are hung'ring and
earth, over mountain and sea, Till Christ shall illumine the earth with his



sav - ing, The Lord of the har - vest is call - ing for you: For you he is
call - ing, "O Christian, come over and help ere we die! Come o - ver and
dy - ing, And tell them of Je - sus, the Mighty to Save: Oh, tell them of
glo - ry, And all from the bondage of sin shall be free. Go forth then, O



calling, for you he is calling, The Lord of the harvest is calling for you.
help us, come over and help us. O Christian, come over and help ere we die!"
Jesus, oh, tell them of Jesus, Haste! tell them of Jesus, the Mighty to Save.
Christian, proclaim the glad story, The Master is come, and he calleth for thee.



1. Hear the foot-steps of Je-sus, He is now passing by, Bearing balm for the
 2. 'Tis the voice of that Sav'our, Whose mer-ci-ful call Freely off-ers sal-
 3. Are you halting and struggling, O'erpowered by your sin, While the waters are
 4. Bless-ed Saviour, as-sist us To rest on thy word; Let the soul-healing

wounded, Healing all who ap-ply; As he spake to the suff'rer Who
 va-tion To one and to all; He is now beck'ning to him Each
 troubled Can you not en-ter in? Lo, the Saviour stands waiting To
 pow-er On us now be out-poured: Wash away ev-'ry sin-spot, Take

lay at the pool, He is say-ing this moment, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 sin tainted soul, And lov-ing-ly asking, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 strengthen your soul, He is earnest-ly pleading, "Wilt thou be made whole?"
 per-fect con-trol, Say to each trusting spirit, "Thy faith makes thee whole."

REFRAIN.

Wilt thou be made whole? Wilt thou be made whole? O come, wea-ry

suff'rer, O come, sin-sick soul; See, the life-stream is flow-ing, See, the

Wilt thou be made whole?—CONCLUDED.

cleansing waves roll, Step in - to the cur - rent and thou shalt be whole.

65

Rejoice with me.

Rev. M. L. HOFFORD.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! The wand'ring one a - stray,
2. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! The dead's a - live a - gain;
3. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! With - in his fond em - brace
4. Re - joice with me, the lost is found! With robe and sig - net ring,

Re - pent - ant, seeks his fa - ther's face, With homeward steps to - day.
 In ev - 'ry heart let joy a - bound, And song and glad - ness re - ign.
 The fa - ther clasps his wand'ring son—The child of wondrous grace.
 With o - pen arms and welcome kiss, And song and ban - quet - ing;

CHORUS.

Rejoice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound; Re-

joice with me, the lost is found! Let heav'n re-echo with the sound.

Now I am Thine.

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Oh, the glo - ry of the Lord, how it fills my soul to-day, As I
 2. Once my soul was dark as night, not a glimmer could I see, Till the
 3. When my soul with grief is sad, and my sky is o - vercast, Still a-

rest beneath the shadow of the cross; In the precious blood he shed all my
 day star in my heart began to shine; Now I gaze with eyes of faith, blessed
 bove the Sun of Righteousness doth shine; And with healing in his wings he will

sins are washed away, Now the world with all its honors seems as dross.
 Mas - ter, un - to thee, And for - ev - er, Lord, for - ev - er I am thine.
 come for me at last, Then how sweet to hear him saying, "Thou art mine."

CHORUS.

Now I am thine. Saviour di-vine, Thou hast
 Now I am thine, Saviour di-vine,

bought me with thy blood, Happy and free come I to
 Thou hast bought me with thy blood, thy precious blood, Happy and free

Now I am Thine.—CONCLUDED.

thee, Waiting to hear . . . thy loving word.
 come I to thee, Waiting, Lord, to hear thy word, thy loving word.

3

67

Fully Persuaded.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. God in his mer - cy Calls un - to me, I'm ful - ly per -
 2. Je - sus entreats me So ten - der - ly, I'm ful - ly per -
 3. Heav - en now of - fers Par - don to me, I'm ful - ly per -

REFRAIN.

sua - ed A Christian to be.
 sua - ed A Christian to be. I'm ful - ly persuad - ed,
 sua - ed A Christian to be.

Ful - ly persuad - ed, Ful - ly persuad - ed A Christian to be.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In thy book, where glory bright Shines with never - fad - ing light,
 2. In the book, whose pages tell Who have tried to serve thee well,
 3. In the book, where thou dost keep Record still of years that sleep,
 4. O my Saviour, thou canst show What I long so much to know :

Where thy saved thou wilt re - cord, Write my name, my name, O Lord.
 O'er my name let mer - cy trace Child of God, redeemed by grace.
 Let my name be writ - ten down Heir to life's im - mor - tal crown.
 Let my faith be - hold and see That my life is hid with thee.

CHORUS.

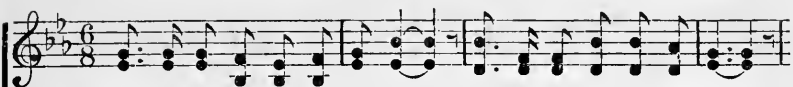
Write my name in the book of life, Lamb of God, write it there;

Where thy saved thou wilt re - cord Write my name, my name, O Lord.

69 Far as the East from the West.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Why is thy harp on the wil - low, Child of the Father a - bove?
2. Why is thy harp on the wil - low? Hast thou no song for the Lord?
3. Why is thy harp on the wil - low? Why art thou troubled and tried?



Where is thy hope in his mer - cy? Where is thy trust in his love?
 Think of each wonderful prom - ise Je - sus has left in his Word.
 Hast thou, o'ercome by the tempter, Wandered away from thy Guide?



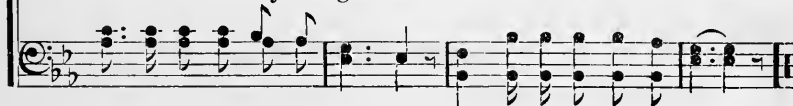
REFRAIN.



Go to the arms of the Sav - iour, Pil - low thy head on his breast;



He will remove thy transgressions Far as the east from the west.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>4 Wouldst thou return to thy duty,
 Jesus will answer thy call;
 If thou art truly repentant,
 He will forgive thee for all.</p> | <p>5 Take now thy harp from the willow,
 Sing the glad songs of the past;
 Trust not thyself, but in Jesus,
 Then shalt thou triumph at last.</p> |
|---|---|

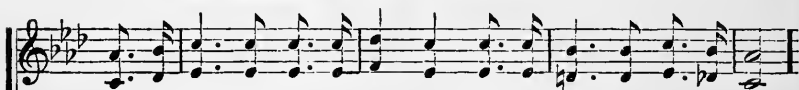
70 Have You not a Word for Jesus?

FRANCIS RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

J. H. TENNEY.



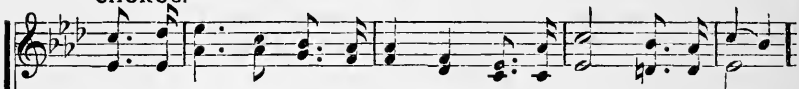
1. Have you not a word for Je - sus? Will you now his love proclaim?
2. Have you not a word for Jesus? Some perchance, while you are dumb,
3. He has spok - en words of blessing, Pardon, peace, and love, to you,
4. Will you cast a - way the gladness Thus your Master's joy to share,



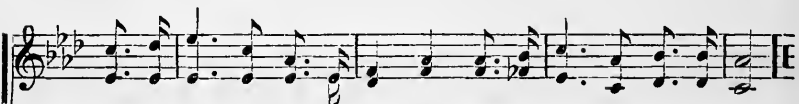
Who will speak if you are si - lent, You who know and love his name?
 Wait and wea - ry for your mes - sage, Hop - ing you will bid them come.
 Glorious hope and gracious comfort, Strong and ten - der, sweet and true.
 All because a word for Je - sus Seems too much for you to dare?



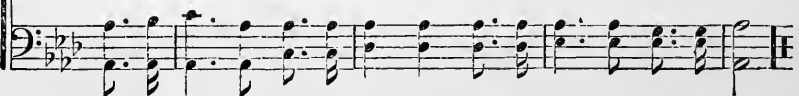
CHORUS.



Have you not a word for Je - sus? Not a word? not a word?



Who will speak if you are si - lent? You who know and love his name?



71 Oh, the Blessedness of Trusting.

With tender expression.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. An - ywhere that Jesus calls me, An - y work he gives to do,
 2. Peace a-bid-ing like a riv - er, Rest the world can never know;
 3. All my soul is filled with blessing While I sit at his dear feet;
 4. If the way be rough and thorn - y, Thou did'st tread the same for me,

An - y tri - al or af - flic - tion He may call me to pass through,
 Faith that sees the pi - ty - ing Fa - ther Where - so - e'er the feet may go—
 And a consciousness of serv - ing Makes the hallowed cross more sweet,
 Shall the servant than the Mas - ter More exempt from tri - al be?

My glad heart has the as - sur - ance He will help me bear and do.
 Love up - ris - ing, fill - ing, sweet'ning Ev' - ry cup of pain and woe.
 While I own thy full sal - va - tion, And the cleansing all complete.
 If I may at last be - hold thee, It will be enough for me.

CHORUS.

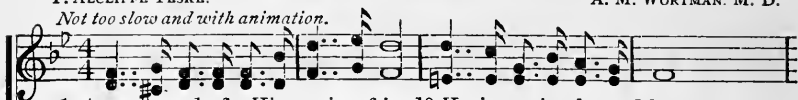
Oh, the bless - ed - ness of trust - ing, And the full heart satis - fied!

Oh, the ho - ly joy of lov - ing On - ly him, the Cru - ci - fied!

Are you ready for His coming?

T. ALCLIFFE TESKE.

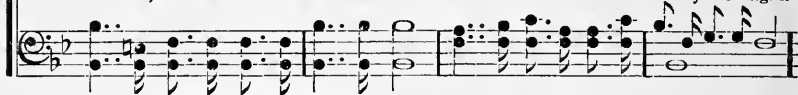
A. M. WORTMAN. M. D.

Not too slow and with animation.

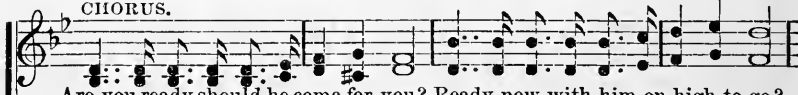
1. Are you ready for His coming, friend? He is coming by and by;
 He's coming by and
 2. Are you ready for His coming, friend? Are your garments clean and white?
 your garments clean and



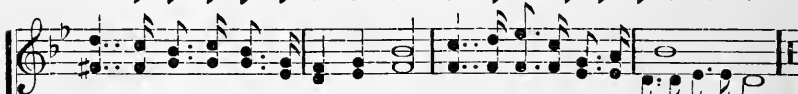
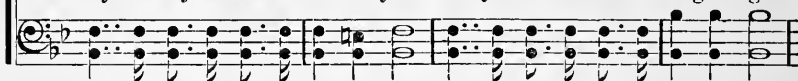
- For he said he would not tarry long In his Father's house on high.
 by; He his house on high.
 Will you gladly greet the Bridegroom now? He may come for you to-night.
 white? Oh, for you to-night.



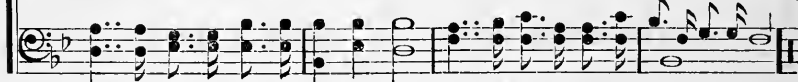
CHORUS.



- Are you ready should he come for you? Ready now with him on high to go?



- Are you watching, are you praying still? Are your garments white as snow?
 as white as snow?

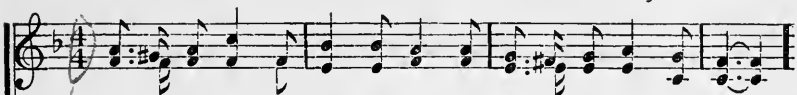


- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3 He will come in all his glory bright,
 As upon the mount he stood;
 upon the mount he stood;
 Can you } sing the glad hosanna loud,
 Oh, }
 I am washed in Jesus blood?</p> <p>4 Oh, the day draws nearer, nearer still,
 When the saints he will redeem;
 the saints he will redeem;
 Now the } light of morn is breaking fast,
 The }
 We can see its golden beam.</p> | <p>5 Yes, we're ready for his coming now
 And we watch, and wait, and pray,
 we watch, and wait, and pray
 For the } day to dawn in glory bright,
 The }
 And the night to roll away.</p> <p>6 We are ready should he come for us,
 Ready now in peace to go;
 yes, now in peace to go;
 We are } watching, and we're waiting
 We're } [still,
 With our robes as white as snow.</p> |
|---|--|

Pray for My Boy.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

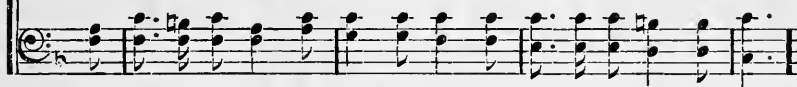
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



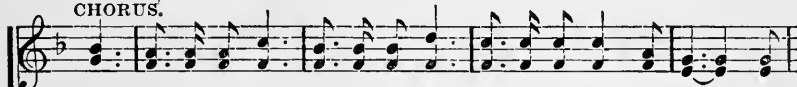
1. What shall I do to win my boy Away from the flam- ing cup?
2. What shall I do to save my boy? They tell me that all is vain;
3. Oh, that he now would break the chain That makes him a slave to sin!
4. Though he has gone I know not where, And lonely the hours go by,



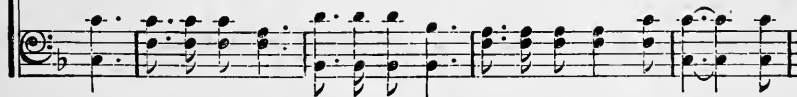
They say at the wine he tar- ries long, But how can I give him up?
 But if I could find the er- ring one I'd plead with him once a- gain.
 My heart and my home are waiting still To welcome the wand'r'er in.
 I know that my boy I yet shall see, And bless him before I die.



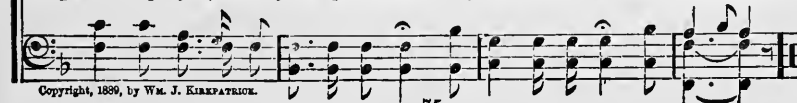
CHORUS.



Oh, pray for my boy, pray for my boy, Pray for my boy to-night; There's



power in prayer, and my refuge is there: Oh, pray for my boy to-night. to-night.



Where is Jesus?

"And they say unto her, Woman, why weepest thou? She saith unto them, Because they have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him."

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

John xx. 13.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Where is Je - sus? where is Je - sus? Un - to him my heart doth bound;
 2. Oh, these wea - ry, pain - ful yearnings To behold my loved, my own!
 3. Plume your wing, O shin - ing an - gels! Go and seek this Saviour mine;

Whith - er has my Saviour wandered? Tell me where he may be found.
 Whith - er have his feet been straying? Where is my Redeem - er gone?
 Wan - der o - ver hill and val - ley Till you see his form di - vine.

I am filled with ar - dent long - ing To be - hold his lov - ing face;
 I can know no peace nor rest - ing, Till he comes to me a - gain,
 Precious Sav - iour, let me find thee, Let me lean up - on thy breast!

I am pin - ing to be near him, To be clasped in his em - brace.
 Till his sweet, as - sur - ing pres - ence Drives a - way my fear and pain.
 On thy heart of love re - pos - ing, I shall be at rest, sweet rest.

CHORUS.

Where is Je - sus? where is Je - sus? Un - to him my heart doth bound;

Where is Jesus?—CONCLUDED.

Whith - er has my Saviour wandered? Tell me where he may be found.

Musical score for the first system, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature.

75

At Bethesda's Pool.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Weak and wea - ry are you wait - ing At Be - thes - da's pool?
2. See you not the wa - ters mov - ing? Hear you not the call?
3. "Rise," 'tis Je - sus' voice that calls you, Rise, no long - er wait;
4. Mil - lions on the earth are com - ing To Be - thes - da's pool.

Musical score for the first system of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature.

Wait - ing for the com - ing an - gel, Long - ing to be whole.
Will you now ac - cept of heal - ing? Free it is for all.
Step with - in this o - pen fount - ain Ere it be too late.
Prov - ing now its power of heal - ing, Power to cleanse the soul.

Musical score for the second system of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature.

CHORUS

Bright Be - thes - da! pre - cious fount! O - pen now for all;

Musical score for the chorus of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature.

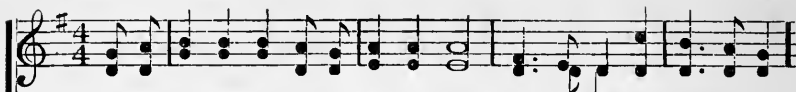
Who - so - ev - er will may come, Lis - ten to the call.

Musical score for the final system of the second piece, featuring a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a 6/8 time signature.

Come and See.

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. There is pardon sweet, at the Master's feet, Come and see, O come and see;
2. There's an easy yoke that you all may bear, Come and see, O come and see;
3. There's a healing balm for the weary breast, Come and see, O come and see;
4. There's a life beyond, 'tis a life di - vine, Come and see, O come and see;



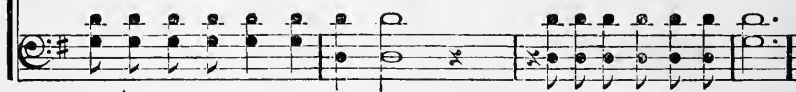
CHORUS.



There's a song of peace that shall never cease, Come, O come and see. In the
 There's a ho - ly joy that you all may share, Come, O come and see.
 There's a tranquil peace and a sa - cred rest, Come, O come and see.
 And the light of faith on your path will shine, Come, O come and see.



precious, precious blood of Je - sus Washed a - way your sins may be;



You may plunge just now in its cleansing flood,—Come, will you come and see.



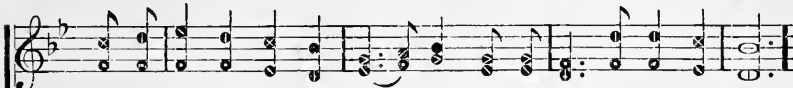
Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye vir - gins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!



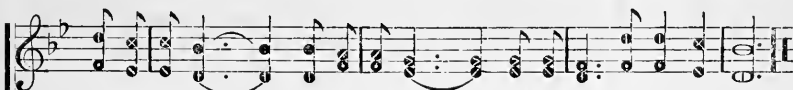
Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls appal?
 Are your lamps all trimm'd and burning? Should the Bridegroom now appear?
 Are they wash'd in-the cleansing fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
 Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.



CHORUS.



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord ap - pear!
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
 Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! When he cometh from the skies;



Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Should you hear the midnight call?
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Now to see your Lord appear?
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap - pear?
 Are you read - y? Are you read - y? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
 Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
 Oh, be read - y! Oh, be read - y! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!
 Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!



The Master's Call.

Mrs. J. P. Bixby.

John xi. 28.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for me, Oh, precious the
 2. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for thee, Yes, Je-sus the
 3. The Mas-ter has come, he call-eth for thee, A-way with thy

message and true; With haste, Lord, I rise and come un-to thee, All
 Master has come; Be-lieve in his word and trust in his grace, Why
 earth-ly care; He of-fers sweet rest, O sin-ner, to thee, Thy

CHORUS.

praise for the glad in-ter-view. The Mas- - - - ter is come, he
 long-er in sin shouldst thou roam?
 burden he glad-ly will bear. The Mas-ter, the Mas-ter is come, he

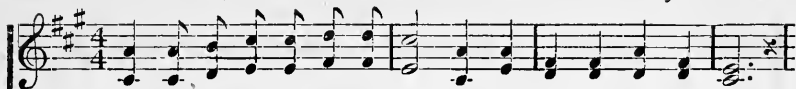
call - - - - eth for thee, He call-eth for thee, he
 call-eth, he call-eth for thee,

rit.
 call-eth for me, He call-eth, he call-eth for thee and for me.

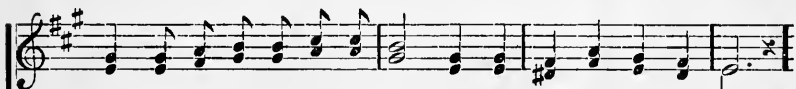
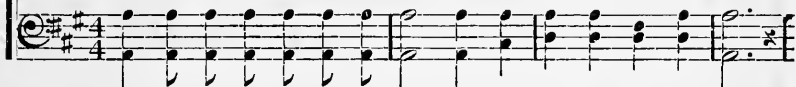
Draw me Closer to Thee.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

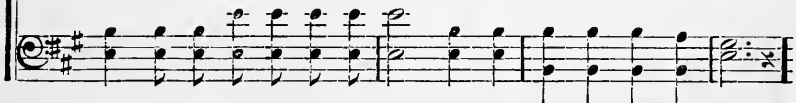
J. H. TENNEY.



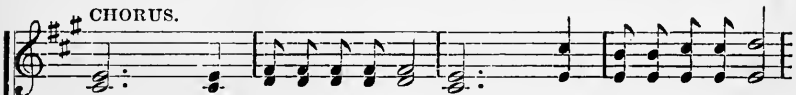
1. Clos - er to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine embrace;
2. Clos - er to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more;
3. Clos - er by thy sweet Spirit draw me To that great heart of thine:



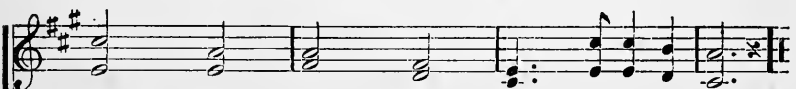
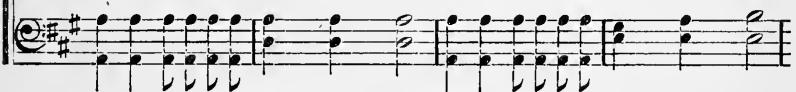
Clos - er within thine arms enfold me, I seek a rest - ing place.
 Sigh - ing to feel thine arms around me, And all my wand' rings o'er.
 Quick - en, re - fine, and sancti - fy me, Till pure my soul shall shine.



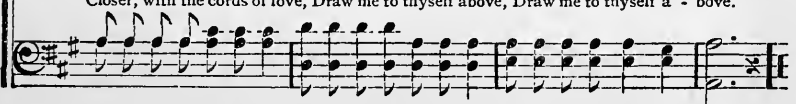
CHORUS.



Clos - - - er with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself a - bove;
 Clos - er, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thyself a - bove;



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



Only in Thee.

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. On - ly in thee can rest be found, Rest for the wea - ry, sin - sick soul ;
 2. On - ly in thee ! sweet words of cheer, Hope for the hopeless, bright as day ;
 3. On - ly in thee my trust is staid ; On - ly from thee my help I bring ;

On - ly in thee doth grace abound, Grace that can make the wounded whole.
 Un - to thy side I now draw near, Thou in my heart shalt have the sway.
 Nothing, O Lord, can make a - afraid While in the sha - dow of thy wing.

CHORUS.

On - ly in thee, on - ly in thee, Perfect sal - va - tion on - ly in thee ;

Glory and honor, blessing and praise, Give I to thee, thou "Ancient of Days."

What shall it Profit him?

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. What is the thing of greatest price The whole cre - a - tion round?
 2. The soul of man,—Je - hovah's breath! That keeps two worlds at strife;
 3. God to re-claim it did not spare His well - be - lov - ed Son;
 4. And is this trea - sure borne be - low, In earth - ly ves - sels frail?
 5. Then let us gath - er round the cross, This knowledge to ob - tain,

That which was lost in Par - a - dise— That which in Christ is found.
 Hell moves beneath to work its death, Heaven stoops to give it life.
 Je - sus, to save it, deigned to bear The sins of all in one.
 Can none its ut - most val - ue know Till flesh and spir - it fail?
 Not by the soul's e - ter - nal loss, But ev - er - last - ing gain.

CHORUS.

What shall it profit a man To gain the whole world and lose his own soul?
 shall profit a man

What shall it profit him? What shall it profit him, If he shall gain the whole

world, and lose his soul? If he shall gain the whole world, and lose his soul?

1. Go and preach the blessed gos - pel, Tell of Christ the Cru - ci - fied ;
 2. Go and tell to ev - 'ry creature That the bles - sed Lord will save ;
 3. Go and tell in all your weak - ness, Christ will give you strength and pow'r ;
 4. Go and tell of peace and par - don Purchased by a Saviour's love ;

Go and bring men to the Sav - iour, — He who for us all has died.
 Go and tell them of his goodness, — How his life he free - ly gave.
 Go and tell how Je - sus loves them, — That he saves this ver - y hour.
 Go and tell of rest for - ev - er In your bles - sed home a - bove.

CHORUS.

Go ye in - to all the world, And preach the gospel to ev - 'ry creature :

Who - so - ev - er believeth shall not per - ish, But have e - ter - nal life.

Strive to Enter in.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

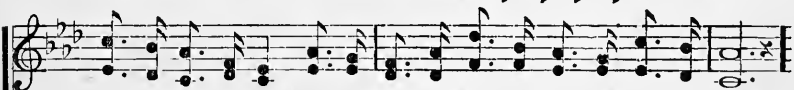
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



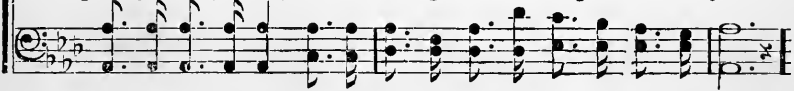
1. At the gate that leads to glory, from the rugged path of sin, Where the
2. At the gate that leads to glory there's a light that shineth still, 'Tis the
3. At the gate that leads to glory you will never knock in vain, There is
4. From the gate that leads to glory, oh, how man-y go astray! We are



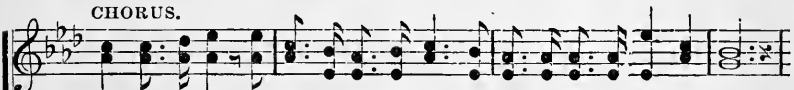
joys that fill the soul are ever new, O ye weary, heav-y-laden, will you pure and holy light of promise true; Hear the blessed invi-tation to the room for ev'ry one, and welcome, too; Only give your heart to Jesus, life e-told that they that find it are but few; Then believe the words of Jesus, enter



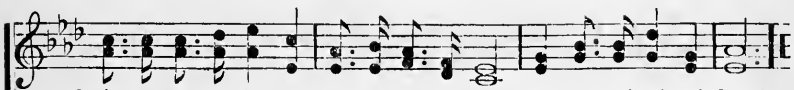
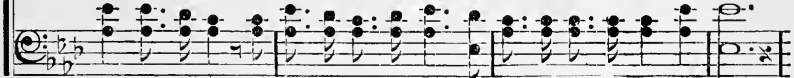
strive to en-ter in, While the Saviour now is waiting there for you? who-so-ev-er will, From the Saviour who is waiting now for you. ter-nal you will gain: He is call-ing, he is waiting now for you. quickly while you may: He is waiting now with o-pen arms for you.



CHORUS.



Strait is the gate and narrow is the way That leadeth un-to life a-bove;



Strive to en-ter in, oh, strive to en-ter in! Come to a Saviour's love!



Winning a Soul.

W. S. MARTIN.

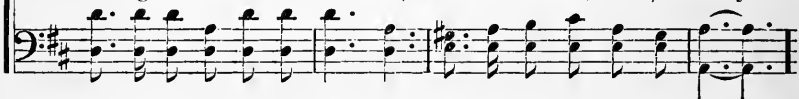
J. H. TENNEY.



1. Winning a soul for the Mas - ter, Leading the wander - er home;
2. Winning a soul for the Mas - ter, Helping a brother to rise;
3. Winning a soul for the Mas - ter, Feeding the hungry with bread;
4. Winning a soul for the Mas - ter, Patient-ly, kindly each day,



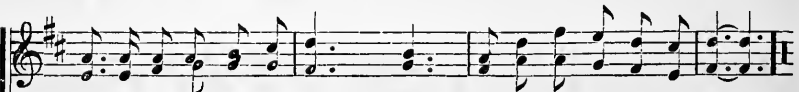
Glad - ly God's message proclaiming As thro' this world you may roam.
 Pointing the hopeless and fear-ing Up to the heav-en - ly prize.
 Cheering the downcast and wea-ry, Tell-ing of life for the dead.
 Tell-ing some sinner of Je - sus, Who is the Life, Truth, and Way.



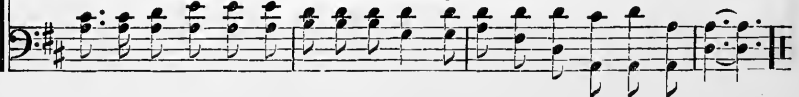
CHORUS.



This is thy mission, my broth - er, This is thy service to-day : . . .
 This is thy mission, my broth - er, thy service to-day :



Leading the sinner from bond - age In - to the strait, narrow way.
 the sinner from bond - age



Home Over Yonder.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."
 Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN. Hebrews iv. 9.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Wafteth a fragrance sweet,
 2. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Floateth an an - gel song,
 3. Down from the home o - ver yon - der, Shineth a gold - en ray,

In - to the hearts of the wea - ry, Bringing a rest com - plete.
 Sung in the sweet fields of glo - ry, Sung by the white-robed throng.
 In - to the home of the mourner, Bringing the beams of day.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti - ful home o - ver yon - der! Longing thy glo - ry to see;

Oft 'mid the shadows of evening, Sweet dreams of thee come to me,
 come to me.

Sweet dreams! Sweet dreams! Sweet dreams of thee come to me.

No More Good Byes.

E. R. LATTI.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Where life's crystal stream doth flow, And the tree of life doth bloom,
 2. There the good again shall meet, Who have clasped the parting hand;
 3. Where no signs of age are seen, And they nev - er sor - row more,

Where no chilling frost can fall On flowers that sweetly bloom; Where the
 Fathers, mothers, children dear Around the throne shall stand; There no
 Where no sickness e'er can come, Where death has lost his power, Where they

D.S.—'Midst the

glo - ry of the Lord Shines thro' all the cloudless skies, There, as
 tem - pest e'er shall blow, There no dis - mal cloud a - rise, And in
 feel no weight of care, And no tears be - dim the eyes; All the

glo - ry of the Lord, In that home be - yond the skies, Where the

Fine. CHORUS.

end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes. No more good -
 that e - ter - nal home Shall be no more good - byes.
 good shall meet a - gain, And speak no more good - byes.

end - less a - ges roll, Shall be no more good - byes.

No More Good Byes.—CONCLUDED.

D.S.

byes, . . . no more good-byes, O blessed thought! no more good-byes.
 No more good-byes, no more good-byes, O blessed thought!

87

Search me, O God.

Mrs. J. P. BIXBY.

J. H. TENNEY.

Slowly and earnestly.

1. Search me, O God, with pitying eye; Reveal to me the sins that lie Beyond the
 2. Show me the sin that makes me stray
 From thee the Life, the Truth, the Way; Bring back my
 3. This moment, Lord, to thee I fly, My on-ly Refuge, ev-er nigh; Myself a-

CHORUS.

ken of human face, But not, O God, beyond thy grace. Search me, O God,
 wand'ring feet again, And wash away my ev'ry stain. Show me my
 bandon, yes, I must, And in thee wholly, wholly trust.

sin, Bestow thy grace, and make me clean, Bestow thy grace, and make me clean.

1. There's no peace like the sweet peace my Lord gives to me, Since sav'd by his
 2. There's no rest like the pure rest I have in my Lord, I trust in his
 3. There's no love like the dear love my Lord gives to me, His love is un-
 4. There's no joy like the real joy my Lord gives to me, It sat-is-fies

grace from the past I am free, With qui-et as-sur-ance his
 prom-ise, I rest in his word, From dread con-dem-na-tion, in
 bound-ed, a-bun-dant, and free, I have the as-sur-ance, the
 ful-ly, an un-bound-ed sea, So calm, so con-fid-ing, I

grace does suf-fice, While pa-tient-ly heed-ing the words of his voice.
 fear or a-larms, I rest in the shel-ter of his lov-ing arms.
 wit-ness with-in, He'll keep me for-ev-er, com-plete-ly in him.
 rest on the wave, And know he is ev-er al-might-y to save.

CHORUS.

Won-derful peace, wondrous and free, Peace that my

Saviour giv-eth to me. Full . . . and a-bun-dant,

*Full and abundant**Full and abundant. Full and abundant.*

What He Gives.—CONCLUDED.

al - ways to be, Oh, what a won - der - ful Sa - viour is he.

5 There's no hope like the good hope that he'll come again,
To take his redeemed ones, delivered from sin,
To mansions of glory; he'll come to receive
The saved of all ages, his saints who believe.

6 There's no home like the safe home he's gone to prepare,
Bright mansions of glory, pure garments to wear;
With heavenly greetings we'll praise and adore
Our Saviour forever on that blest shore.

89

Ever will I Pray.

A. CUMMINGS.

"Evening, morning, and at noon will I pray."—Psa. lv. 17.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Father, in the morning Un- to thee I'll pray; Let thy lov- ing-
2. At the busy noon-tide, Press'd with work and care, Then I'll wait with
3. When the evening shadows Chase away 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
Jesus, Till he hear my prayer.
pray thee, Bless thy child to - night.
evening, Ever 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;

On the Lord's Side.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be his helpers,
 2. Not for weight of glory, Not for crown and palm, Enter we the arm - y,
 3. Jesus, thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with thine own life-blood,
 4. Chosen to be soldiers In an alien land.—Chosen, called, and faithful,—

Other lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side? Who will face the foe?
 Raise the warrior-psalm; But for love that claimeth Lives for whom he died?
 For thy di - a - dem, With thy blessing fill - ing Each who comes to thee,
 For our Captain's band; In the service roy - al May we ne'er grow cold;

CHORUS.

Who is on the Lord's side? Who for him will go? Who is on the Lord's side?
 He who Je - sus nameth Must be on his side.
 Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
 Let us all be loy - al, No - ble, true, and bold.

Who? tell me, who? Who is on the Lord's side? Brother, say, are you? By thy call of

mercy, By thy grace divine, We are on the Lord's side, Saviour, we are thine.

rit.

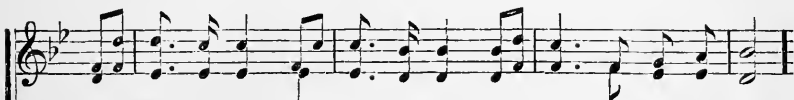
I Come to Thee.

Mrs. H. E. JONES.

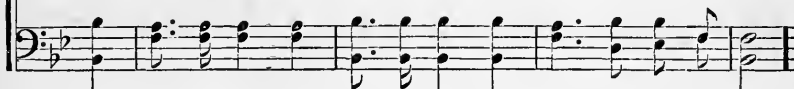
J. H. TENNEY.



1. I come to thee, O gracious One, With all my weight of woe;
2. While un-derneath thy chast'ning hand Forbid that I should faint;
3. May ev'-ry tri - al bring me near, And near - er still to thee;



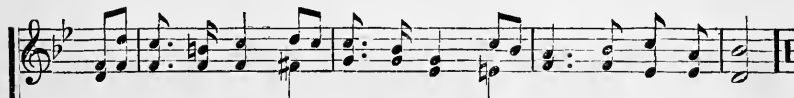
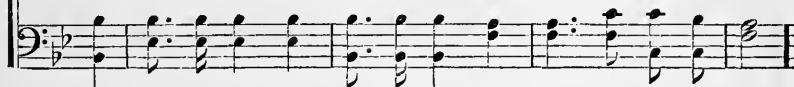
I come for help, O bless-ed Son,—I've no where else to go.
O, give me grace to firm - ly stand, And ut - ter no complaint.
O, from thy throne let light appear To cheer and com-fort me.



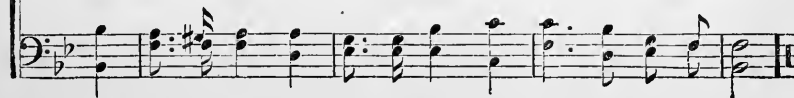
CHORUS.



O Sav-iour mine, O Sav-iour mine, Be thou my help and stay;



Let light di-vine a - round me shine, While on my pil-grim way.



Do You Know Him?

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

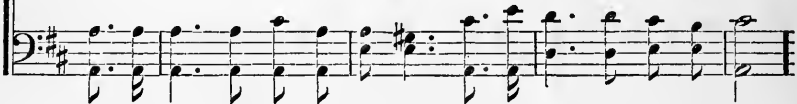
J. H. TENNEY.



1. O - ver on the hills of glo - ry Lies a ci - ty bright and fair;
2. Once a babe in Bethlehem's manger, Sought by shepherds from a - far,
3. Once he taught in Jewish temples, Walked the streets of Gal - i - lee,
4. Once up - on the cross he suffered, Cru - ci - fied by wicked men;



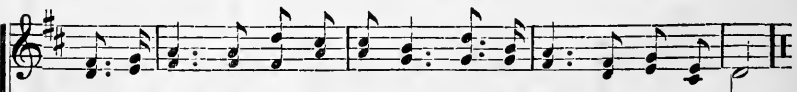
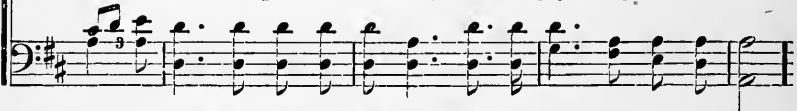
Have you heard the sweet old sto - ry Of the King who reigneth there?
 Quick they found the loving Christ-child, Guided by the Eastern Star.
 Stilled the mighty waves and bil - lows Of the rough Ti - ber - ian sea.
 O'er the grave a no - ble vic - tor, He triumph - ant rose a - gain.



CHORUS.



Do you know the precious Sav - iour, And en - joy his peace and love?



Shall you share the life e - ter - nal In the prom - ised land a - bove?



"BEULAH."

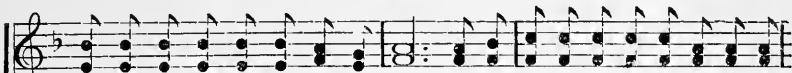
GRACE WEISER.



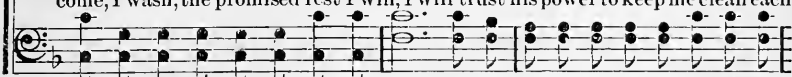
1. 'Tis a sto - ry oft re - peat - ed, but it nev - er can grow old, The
2. How it rings thro' earth and heaven, sung by ransomed choirs above, Who
3. As I lis - ten to the message, how it thrills me with delight; The
4. Then why should I tarry long - er? Je - sus' call I will o - bey; I



5. Oh, this wonder - ful sal - vation, praise the dear Redeemer's name, It



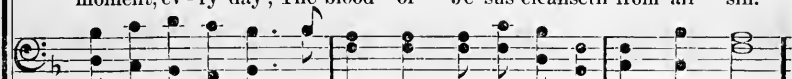
story of the blood that makes us clean; 'Tis the sweetest story ears have heard or
by its power o'ercome and were made clean; How 'tis echoed by the pure of earth, sav'd
fountain now is o - pen, en - ter in; Whoso - ever will may venture in and
come, I wash, the promised rest I win, I will trust his power to keep me clean each



reaches me!—his praise I must begin; This my greatest joy, with all the saved for-



lips have ev - er told, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
by redeeming love; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
wash his garments white; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.
moment, ev - 'ry day; The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.

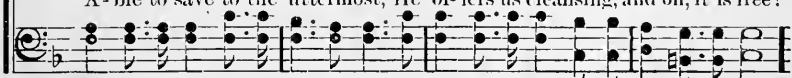


ev - er to proclaim, The blood of Je - sus cleanseth from all sin.

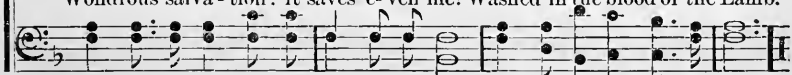
CHORUS.



A - ble to save to the uttermost, He of - fers us cleansing, and oh, it is free!



Wondrous salva - tion! it saves e - ven me! Washed in the blood of the Lamb.



1. O - pen the door that so long you have bolted ; Je - sus your Saviour is
 2. Nailed to the cross from your sins to redeem you, Bleeding and dying ; what
 3. Turn not away from the voice that is calling, Full of compassion so
 4. O - pen the door while the life lamp is burning, Je - sus is waiting to

knocking once more ; Have you no welcome ? Oh, think of his mercy ;
 more could he do ? How can you slight him and treat him so cold - ly,
 ten - der and true ; O - pen the door, he is pleading to en - ter,
 cleanse you from sin ; O - pen the door and receive him with gladness,

CHORUS.

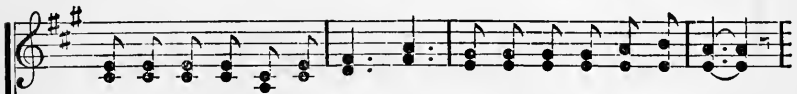
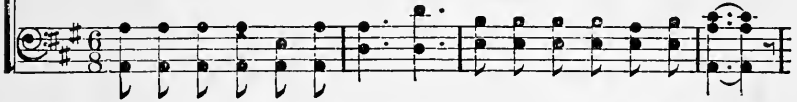
Rise while he tarries and open the door. O - pen the door, o - pen the door,
 Jesus, who suffered such anguish for you ?
 Lov - ingly pleading, O lost one, for you.
 Let the dear Saviour this moment come in.

Je - sus is knocking, is knocking once more ; Let him come in ere he

leave you for - ev - er, Haste while he lingers and o - pen the door.



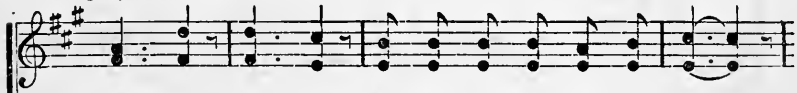
1. Je - sus is waiting to save you, Bring him your burden of sin ;
2. Come when the morning is bright - est, Come in the springtime of youth,
3. Come, and the Saviour will give you Life and its pleasures un - told,
4. Come, for the moments are fly - ing, Come ere they vanish a - way ;



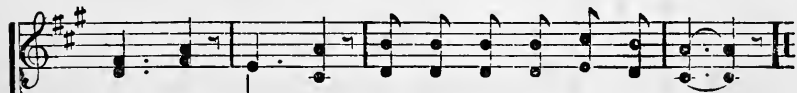
Knock at the portals of mer - cy, Jesus will welcome you in.
 Come in the vig - or of man - hood, Drink at the fountain of truth.
 Come, and his mercy will keep you Guarded and safe in his fold.
 Trust not the dawn of to - mor - row, Je - sus is waiting to - day.



CHORUS.



Stay not, stay not, Faith - ful his prom - ise and true ;

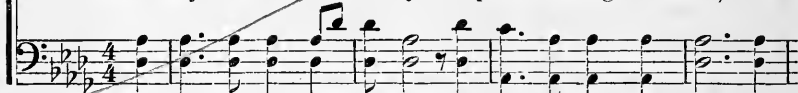


Stay not, stay not, Now there is par - don for you

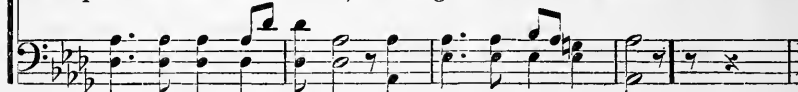




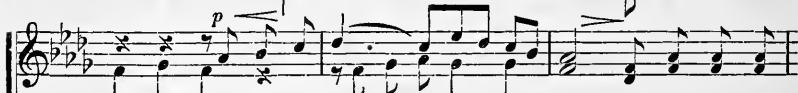
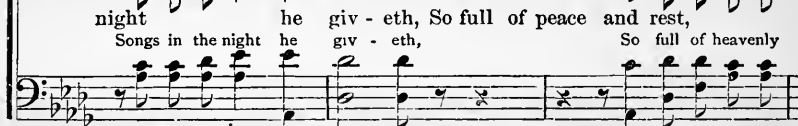
1. Sweet songs the Father gives us In-nights of wea - ry pain; A
2. The pain may not be lessened, The sor - row still be deep, But
3. They breathe of love and pi - ty, A sym - pathy com - plete; In
4. We may not know the beau - ty Or power of song di - vine, But

*p* CHORUS.

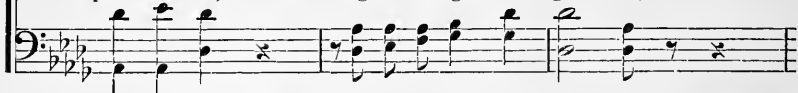
hap - py joy steals o'er us As ech - oes the re - frain. Songs in the
oh, the songs so ten - der Our hearts in qui - et keep.
strains attuned by Je - sus, The chords are passing sweet.
peace our hearts shall enter, And light around us shine.



night he giv - eth, So full of peace and rest,
Songs in the night he giv - eth, So full of heavenly



Songs in the night . . . he giv - eth, Un - til our
peace and rest, Songs in the night he giv - eth,



hearts with joy are blest, with joy are blest.
Un - til our hearts are blest, Un - til our hearts with joy are blest.



Jesus, I Would be Thine.

N. B. S.

N. B. SARGENT.

1. Je - sus, I would be thine, Ne'er to part, ne'er to part;
 2. Naught in the world can give Peace and rest, peace and rest;
 3. Tri - als may wait me here, Fears a-larm, fears a-larm;
 4. When all our tri - als cease May we rest, may we rest

rit.

O, let the light now shine In my heart, in my heart.
 But in thy love to live, I am blest, I am blest.
 But with my Sav - iour near Naught can harm, naught can harm.
 In the bright land of peace, With the blest, with the blest.

CHORUS.

Je - sus, I would be thine, Nev - er a - gain to roam,
 be thine, to roam,

Je - sus, I would be thine, In the heavenly home.
 be thine,

Join, ye Sons of Men.

W. S. M.

"The chiefest among ten thousand; yea, he is the altogether lovely."
Solomon's Song.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. Je - sus is the Al - togeth - er Love - ly, Yea, he is the
2. Je - sus is the Al - togeth - er Love - ly; Sweet - er than the
3. Je - sus is the Al - togeth - er Love - ly, O - pen now thy

fair - est of the fair; Oh, who is there in heaven a - bove be -
hon - ey is his word: 'Tis filled with precious prom - is - es of
heart to him a - lone, For in his death and glo - rious res - ur -
D.S.—See him on the cross for man's sal -

CHORUS.

Fine.
side him, Who on earth can with my Lord compare? Join, ye sons of
mer - cy For the soul who puts his trust in God.
rec - tion He to us the grace of God hath shown.
va - tion, Suffering death and bearing sin and shame.

D.S.

men, in a - dor - a - tion, Give to him the hon - or due his name;

1. Spread abroad the sweet savor, ye heralds of God, Of the mer-ci-ful
 2. At the lakeside, the mountain, the deep swelling sea, Call the lost to the
 3. By the spir-its anoint-ed good tidings to preach, Came Messi-ah, ap-
 4. Now the Bride and the Spirit u-nit-ed proclaim His sin-cleansing

fa-vor, the grace of the Lord; 'Tis a message that cheereth the
 fountain that flows full and free; 'Tis "the cup of sal-va-tion." most
 point-ed the low-ly to reach; The meek ones his message with
 mer-it, his life-giv-ing name; Full reward for each du-ty the

sad hearts of men; Whoso-ev-er that heareth, re-peat it a-gain.
 precious to all, For the blood of ob-la-tion redeems from the fall.
 gladness received, Broken-hearted, in bondage, the cap-tive believed.
 Master will bring, And we'll see in his beau-ty our Sav-iour and King.

CHORUS.

Gra-cious mes-sage! re-ceive it, Be cleansed in the blood;

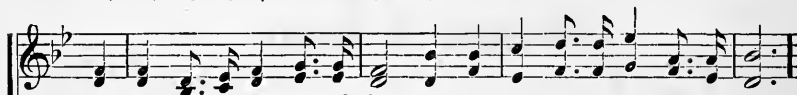
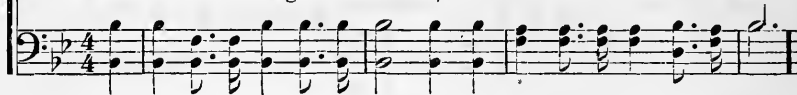
Pre-cious prom-ise! be-lieve it, And rest in the Lord.

Not Far from the Kingdom.

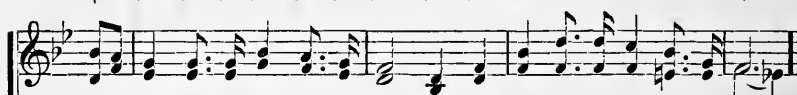
E. R. LATTA. "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God."—Mark xii 34 J. H. TENNEY.



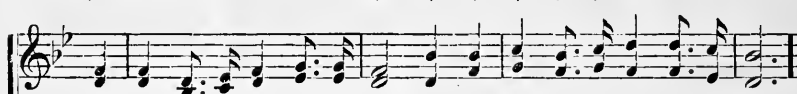
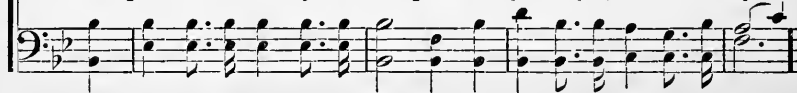
1. Not far from the kingdom of heaven,—The kingdom of heaven with men,
2. Not far from the kingdom of heaven,—The kingdom of peace and of love,
3. Not far from the kingdom of heaven, Yet will not on Je-sus believe!



And yet in the bondage of Sa-tan; And yet in the shadow of sin!
 Yet out on the edge of the des-ert, The prod-igal's for-tune to prove!
 O sinner, what terrors a-wait thee! The blessing of pardon receive!



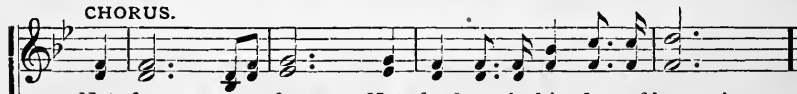
Not far from the path that is narrow, And leadeth to glo-ry on high;
 Oh, rise, and return to thy Fa-ther, And crave in his mercy a share!
 The por-tal of mer-cy is o-pen, Poor prodi-gal, do not de-lay!



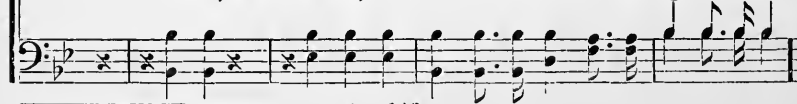
Yet treading the broad road to ru-in.—Oh, why is it, sinner? oh, why?
 Far off he will see thee and know thee. And rescue thy soul from despair!
 A-rise, and return to thy Fa-ther! Oh, en-ter the kingdom to-day!



CHORUS.



Not far, not far, Not far from the kingdom of heaven!
 not far, not far, the kingdom of heaven!



Not Far from the Kingdom.—CONCLUDED.

rit.

Still treading the broad road to ru - in, Yet near to the kingdom of heaven!

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

101

Clinging to Jesus.

JAMES UPHAM.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Clinging, clinging, on - ly clinging, Hardly strength to keep my hold,—
2. Clinging, clinging, bare - ly clinging, In the anguish of my woe;
3. Clinging, clinging, clos - er clinging, Yes! I feel new strength to cling;

Musical notation for the first system, including treble and bass staves.

O the ter - ror of the dark - ness! O the heart-chill of the cold!
Should my grapple fail thro' faintness, Jesus, wouldst thou let me go?
For thine arm I feel a - round me, And a joy with - in me spring.

Musical notation for the second system, including treble and bass staves.

CHORUS.

Clinging, clinging, on - ly clinging, Sav - iour, do not let me fall;

Musical notation for the third system, including treble and bass staves.

Clinging, clinging, sweet - ly clinging, Je - sus, thou art all in all.

Musical notation for the fourth system, including treble and bass staves.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je - sus, Who dwelt among sinners, a
 2. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je - sus, Re - ject - ed by sinners of
 3. Hast thou heard of that wonderful Je - sus, Dwells now with the lowly in

God? Who in pu - ri - ty walked with the vil - est, Dis -
 old? He is wait - ing to - day to be gra - cious, Yet
 heart? With the hum - ble he walks in commun - ion, And

CHORUS.

pens - ing his fa - vors a - broad? Oh, that won - derful, wonderful
 slight - ed by numbers un - told.
 grace he will free - ly im - part.

Je - sus! He left the bright glo - ry a - bove, On a

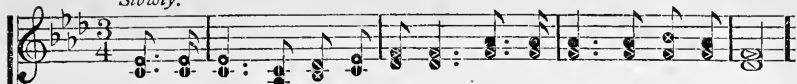
world in its sin and its ru - in To pour out his in - fi - nite love.

Can you do without Him?

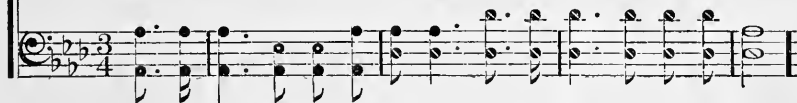
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John xv. 5.

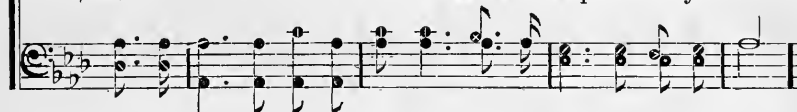
CHAS. EDW. PRIOR.

Slowly.

1. Can you do without the Saviour, Tend'rer far than human friend?
2. Can you do without the Saviour When the last loud trump shall sound?
3. Can you do without the Saviour With the el - e - ments a - flame?



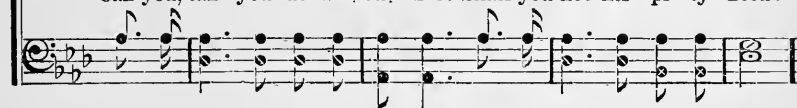
When this poor weak frame with anguish Direst pain and sorrows rend?
 When th'entomb - ed millions gath - er, And the judgment seat surround?
 When the voice of God like thunder Shall in wrath pronounce your name?



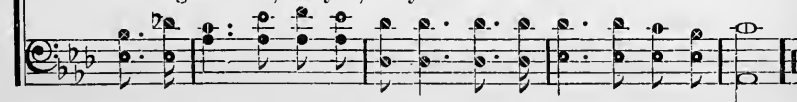
CHORUS,



Can you, can you do without him? Shall you not his pi - ty need?



Trembling sin - ner, can you, can you Do without this Friend indeed?



1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
 2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
 3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
 Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov - ing Sav - iour, Still repeats the call,
 Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso - ev - er ask - eth,
 Come, ye weary, hea - vy - laden, Room, room for all.
 Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

Alas! I Have Wandered.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. A - las! I have wandered from Je - sus a - way, And far in the
 2. And though I am ver - y un - worth - y his grace, And stand without
 3. So saddened and grieved with my guilt and my sin, And conscious of

f
 des - ert my feet are a - stray; But he is now calling, O mer - cy so
 plea in the poor sinners' place, Yet still to his lov - ing embrace would I
 all the de - filement with - in, To Je - sus in humble con - trition I

D.S.—And free - ly and ful - ly a par - don be -

Fine. CHORUS.
 free! And he will have ten - der com - pas - sion on me. Yes, he will have
 flee; For is he not willing to save ev - en me?
 flee, For he will have pi - ty and mer - cy on me.

stow, And wash me as white and as pure as the snow.

D.S.
 pi - ty and mercy on me, And hear a poor sinner's importunate plea;

The New Song.

FLORA L. BEST.
Moderato.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There are songs of joy that I loved to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the

bird . . . in spring ; But the song I have learned is so full of cheer, That the
din . . . of strife ; But I know of a home that is wondrous fair, And I

CHORUS, *Vivace.*

dawn shines out in the darkness drear. O, the new, new song! O, the
sing the psalm they are singing there. O, the new, new song!

new, O, the new, new song, I can sing it now With the
O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the

ran - som'd throug : . . . Pow-er and do - min-ion to him that shall
ransom'd, the ransom'd throug : . . .

The New Song.—CONCLUDED.

reign; Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.
that shall reign;

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me
glad? [be,
When he points where the many mansions
And sweetly says, 'There is one for thee'? Have a path of light that will lead to him.

From "Gems of Praise," by per.

107

Fill Me Now.

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

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Hov - er o'er me, Ho - ly Spir - it; Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
2. Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spir - it, Tho' I can - not tell thee how;
3. I am weakness, full of weakness; At thy sa - cred feet I bow;
4. Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me; Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow!

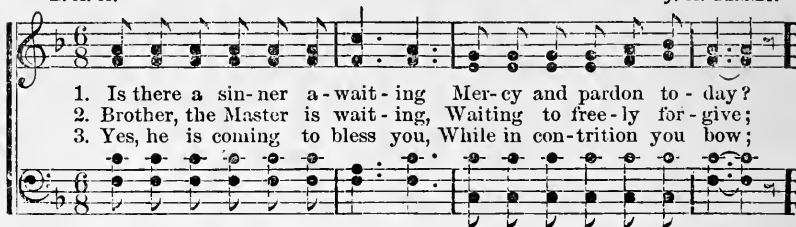
Fine.

Fill me with thy hal - low'd presence, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
But I need thee, great - ly need thee, Come, oh, come and fill me now.
Blest, di - vine, e - ter - nal Spir - it, Fill with power, and fill me now.
Thou art con - fort - ing and sav - ing, Thou art sweet - ly fill - ing now.

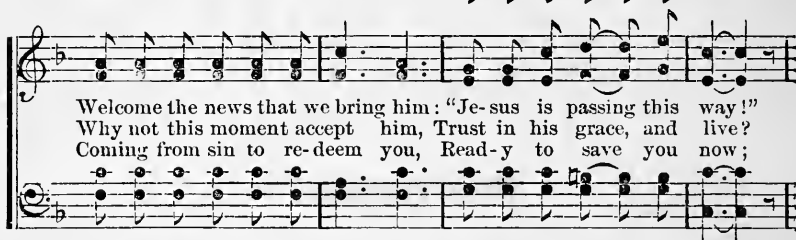
D.S. Fill me with thy hal-low'd presence,—Come, oh, come and fill me now.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

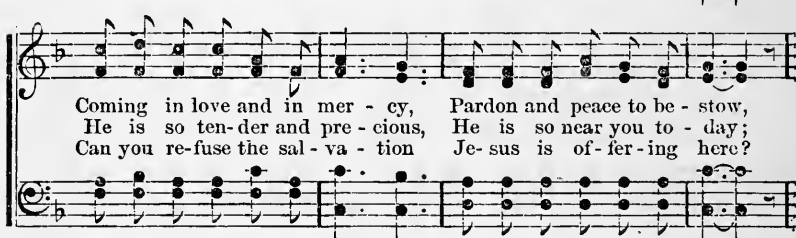
Fill me now, fill me now, Ho - ly Spir - it, (and fill me now;



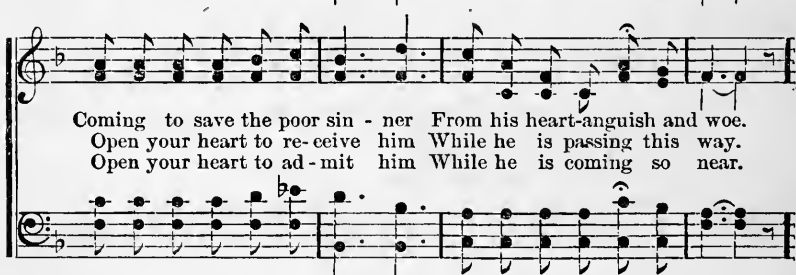
1. Is there a sin-ner a-wait-ing Mer-cy and pardon to-day?
 2. Brother, the Master is wait-ing, Waiting to free-ly for-give;
 3. Yes, he is coming to bless you, While in con-trition you bow;



Welcome the news that we bring him: "Je-sus is passing this way!"
 Why not this moment accept him, Trust in his grace, and live?
 Coming from sin to re-deem you, Read-y to save you now;

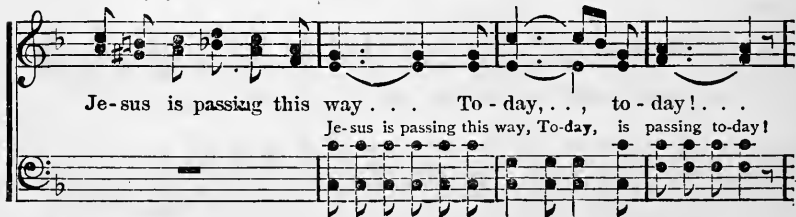


Coming in love and in mer-cy, Pardon and peace to be-stow,
 He is so ten-der and pre-cious, He is so near you to-day;
 Can you re-fuse the sal-va-tion Je-sus is of-fer-ing here?



Coming to save the poor sin-ner From his heart-anguish and woe.
 Open your heart to re-ceive him While he is passing this way.
 Open your heart to ad-mit him While he is coming so near.

CHORUS.



Je-sus is pass-ing this way . . . To-day, . . . to-day! . . .
 Je-sus is passing this way, To-day, is passing to-day!

Jesus is Passing.—CONCLUDED.

While he is near, oh, believe him, Open your heart to receive him, For

Je-sus is passing this way, . . . Is passing this way to - day.
this way,

109

Hallelujah.

Wm. G. COLLINS.

Wm. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am glad, oh, so glad, That to Je-sus I came, He has pardoned my
2. Oh, the fullness of joy My Redeem-er to know, And to feel that his
3. Perfect peace in my heart Jesus now gives to me, From all fearing and
4. Saviour, keep me, I pray, Ev-er keep me thine own, Till I join the glad

CHORUS.

sins, I can now praise his name. Halle-lu-jah, Jesus saves me With a
blood Makes me whiter than snow.
doubt-ing, My spir-it is free.
song Of the blest 'round thy throne.

per-fect sal-va-tion, Halle-lu-jah, halle-lu-jah, Jesus saves me just now.

1. 'Tis the hallowed hour of pray'r, And we trust - ing - ly bring All our
 2. 'Tis the precious hour of pray'r, And we hum - bly en - treat: Fa - ther,
 3. 'Tis the sa - cred hour of pray'r, Calm as heav - en a - bove; Soul to

fears and doubtings there, Sin and want, everything; For we know that God de - breathe the Spirit now, As we bow at thy feet; Touch our lips with pow'r of soul is breathing here The commun - ion of love; Ev' - ry heart is sweetly

lights A glad wel - come to give, And the blessings that we ask for song; Fill our souls with thy love; And be - stow the ben - e - dic - tion filled With a peace most profound; Oh, the place is like to heav - en

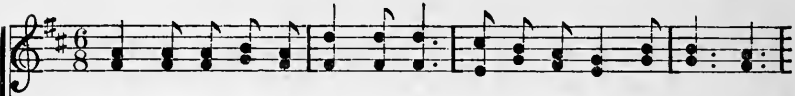
CHORUS.

We shall free - ly receive. Precious hour of pray'r! hallowed hour of pray'r!
 Of thy peace from a - bove.
 Where such true joys abound!

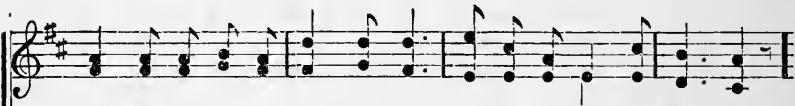
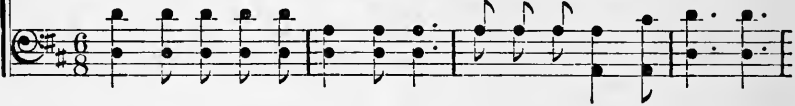
Sa - cred sea - son of com - mun - ion, It is sweet to be there!

LEZZIE EDWARDS.

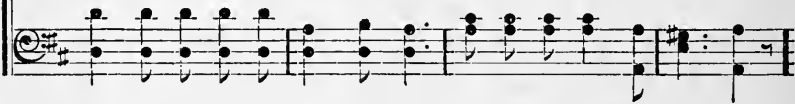
JNO. R. SWENBY.



1. Who - so - ev - er will come to me,—Wonder - ful words of Je - sus!
2. Who - so - ev - er! oh, there I cling, Trusting a - lone in Je - sus;
3. Who - so - ev - er a - thirst may be, Come with thy heart to Je - sus,
4. Who - so - ev - er will faithful prove, Do - ing the will of Je - sus,



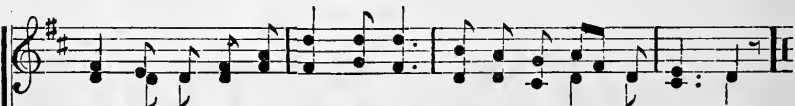
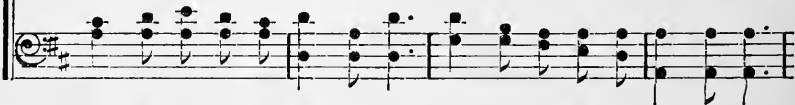
Shall not per - ish, but saved shall be;—Wonderful words of Je - sus!
 There my com - fort and help I bring, Trusting a - lone in Je - sus.
 Drink the wa - ter of life so free, Come with thy heart to Je - sus.
 Life e - ter - nal shall reap a - bove, Hid in the life of Je - sus.



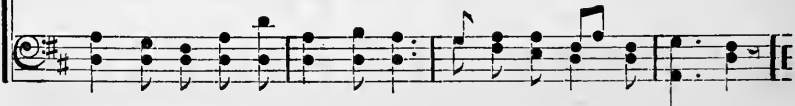
CHORUS.



Who - so - ev - er will now believe, Who - so - ev - er will Christ receive,



Who - so - ev - er will look shall live;—Wonderful words of Je - sus!

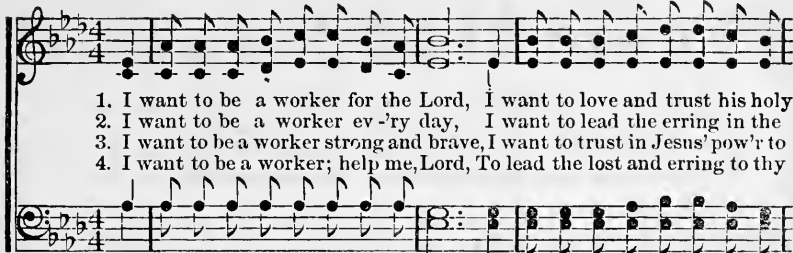


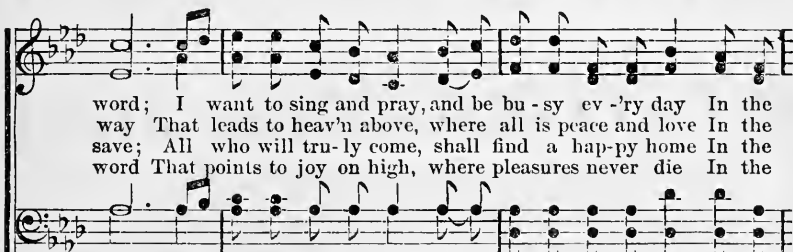
I Want to be a Worker.

I. B.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27.

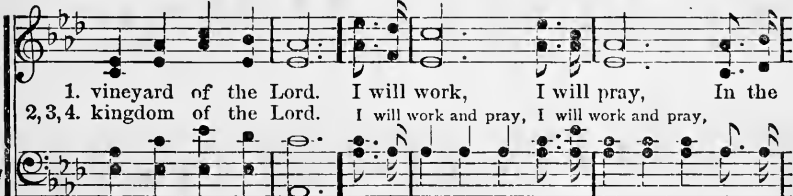
I. BALTZELL.


- 
1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his holy
 2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the
 3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
 4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy



word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu- sy ev-'ry day In the
way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love In the
save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the
word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die In the

CHORUS.

- 
1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 - 2,3,4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will

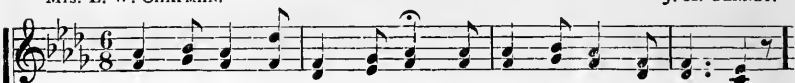


pray, I will la- bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

114 The Precious Love of Jesus.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



1. What can sinking hearts sustain? The pre-cious love of Je - sus;
2. What can sat - is - fy the soul? The pre-cious love of Je - sus;
3. What from sin the soul can save? The pre-cious love of Je - sus;



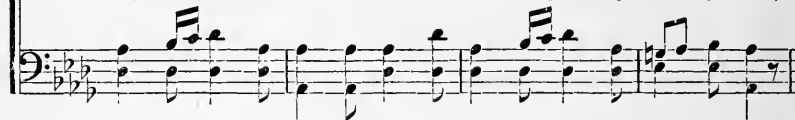
What send joy thro' ev' - ry vein? The pre-cious love of Je - sus.
 What can make the wounded whole? The precious love of Je - sus.
 What can heaven and glo - ry give? The pre-cious love of Je - sus.



CHORUS.



Oh, the precious love of Je - sus! O'er our pathway ev' - ry hour;



Precious, precious love of Je - sus! Gen - tle in its soothing power.



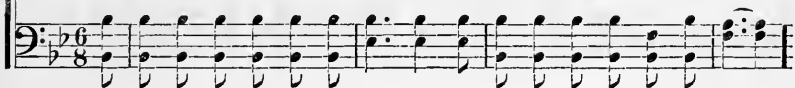
115 The Windows of Heaven are Open.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

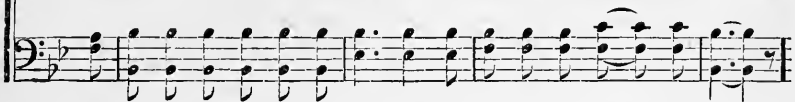
J. H. TENNEY.



1. The windows of heaven are o - pen, And droppings of mercy and grace
2. The windows of heaven are o - pen, And God, from the fountain above,
3. The windows of heaven are o - pen, Our hearts, Lord, are opening too,



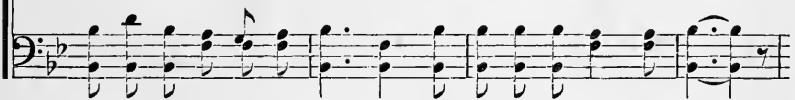
Are falling like quickening show - ers, And filling with glo - ry the place.
Is pouring forth streams of salvation, And filling our hearts with his love.
And baptisms of wonderful pow - er Are thrilling us through and through.



CHORUS.



Open your heart to re - ceive them, — The blessings you so much need ;



Open your heart to receive them, And you shall be quickened indeed.



1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Let him in,
 4. Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

He has been there oft be-fore, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in,
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in the Ho-ly One,
 Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de-fend,
 He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re-store,
 He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,

Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
 He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
 And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.
 He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.
 Let the Saviour in. let the Saviour in.

W. S. M.

Matt. xi. 28.

W. S. MARTIN.

1. I once far a-way from Je - sus, A sin - ner stood con-fessed ;
 2. Long, long hast thou borne thy burden, Long hast thou been oppressed ;
 3. Ye wea-ry and heav-y lad - en, By sin so long dis-tressed,

But when I sought his pres - ence He gave me peace and rest.
 This world with all its plea - sures Can give no last - ing rest.
 Come, seek the Sav - iour's pres - ence, And find in him thy rest.

CHORUS.

Come un - to me and rest, . . . Come un - to me and rest; . . .
 O come and rest, O come and rest;

Wea-ry and heav-y lad - en, O come un - to me and rest.

Send the Victory Now.

Words arranged.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

1. We are hop- ing on for the golden dawn, When the world by faith shall to
 2. Time is passing by and the night draws nigh, We must earnest be, working
 3. When our work is done and the vict'ry won, Free from ev'ry sor- row and

Jesus bow, When the Lord shall give strength to him to live, O bless- ed
 while 'tis day, What we find to do with our might pursue, For swift, yes,
 pain and care, We shall find our rest on thy loving breast, O bless- ed

D. S.—bless- ed

Fine. CHORUS.

Saviour, send the vict'ry now. Send the vict'ry now, the vict'ry now,
 swift the moments glide away. While for thee we
 Saviour, bring us safely there.

Saviour, send the vict'ry now.

D. S.

battle, While to thee we bow; Strength to conquer give, Grace for thee to live, O

1. Je-sus calls in tones so ten - der, "Weary one, come un - to me;"
 2. Je-sus calls the poor, the wretched, Hasten now, his call o - bey;
 3. Je-sus calls the guilty sin - ner; Tho' his sins like mountains rise,

Why in darkness shouldst thou wander, While he of - fers light to thee?
 Par-don, peace, and love he of - fers, Come, his mer - cy prove this day.
 Christ, the Lamb of God's provid - ing, For those sins on Calv'ry dies.

CHORUS.

Je - sus calls, he calls to thee, "Weary one, come un - to me;"
 Je - sus calls, he calls to thee, "Weary one, come un - to me;"

Why re-ject this great salva - tion, Which he of - fers full and free?
 Which he of - fers full and free?

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

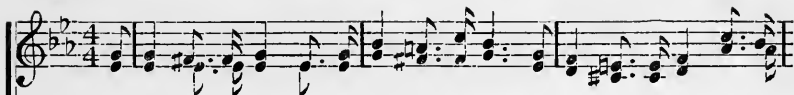
1. When from guilt I would be free I hast-en to the precious blood;
 2. Long-ing to be cleansed from sin With drops of my Immanuel's blood;
 3. Noth-ing else can cleanse my soul But flowing streams of Jesus' blood;
 4. When from sin I find re-lease I love to sing of Je - sus' blood;
 5. When within the pearl - y gate, Among the ransomed ones of God,

When the bur - den tron-bles me I hast-en to the precious blood.
 Seek - ing to be pure with - in I hast-en to the crim-son flood.
 None but Christ can make me whole, And life I find in Je - sus' blood.
 Filled with joy and heavenly peace I sing a-loud of Je - sus' blood.
 'Midst the hosts that round him wait I'll sing the song of Je - sus' blood.

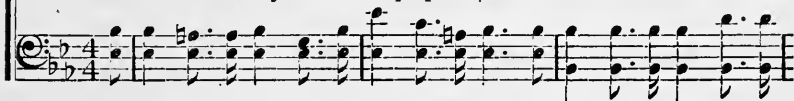
CHORUS.

Oh, the pre-cious, crim-son blood, The stream that flowed for me;

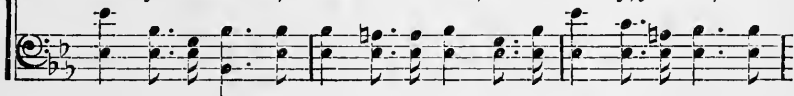
It proves a heal-ing, cleansing flood, A fountain ev-er flow-ing free.



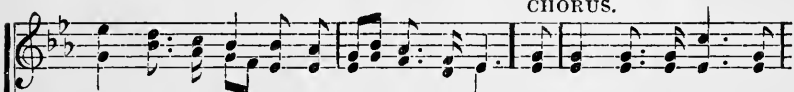
1. O come to the cross, near the spear-wounded side, Where many have wash'd in the
2. O come and be robed in a garment of white, And walk with the Lord as a
3. O come to the feast by the Father prepared, Where thousands of souls in his



sin-cleansing tide! O plunge 'neath the waves, and the bright crimson flow Shall
child of the light, Re- flect - ing the glo - ry that shines from his face, And
boun - ty have shared; O come to the feast, it is cost - ly, yet free; There's



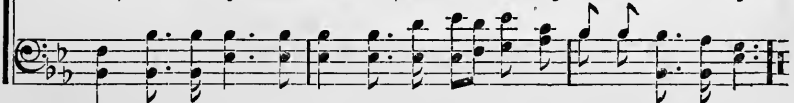
CHORUS.



cleanse ev'ry stain, make thee whiter than snow! O come then to Christ! O
do - ing his will in the strength of his grace.
room, and a robe, and a welcome for thee.



come, come to-day! He'll save thee, he'll wash all thy stains of sin away.



Beyond the Swelling Flood.

A. E. C.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Yes, we shall meet beyond the flood, In robes made white thro' Jesus' blood. And
 2. I care not now what ills may come, Since hope sustains this tho't of home. And
 3. That meeting, oh, how sweetly dear! What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear! What
 4. Dear Saviour, guide my willing feet, That I may have that joy complete, And

hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ever fear to part a - gain, Be-
 spir - it voic - es soft - ly say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way Be-
 thrills of rapture wake the soul, As back those golden gates shall roll, Be-
 lieve to praise thro' endless day The love that dries all tears a - way, Be-

CHORUS.

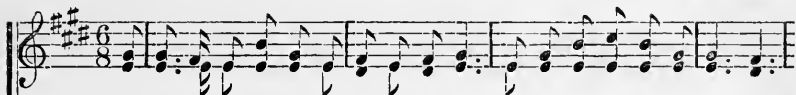
yond the swelling flood!
 yond the swelling flood!"
 yond the swelling flood!
 yond the swelling flood!

Be - yond the swelling flood, Be - yond the
 Be - yond the swelling flood, . . . Be - yond the swelling
 We'll meet to part no more, We'll meet to
 We'll meet to part no more, . . . We'll meet to part no

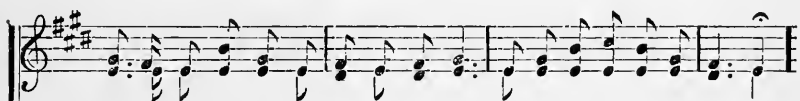
swelling flood, Be - yond the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more
 flood, . . . Be - yond the swelling flood, . . .
 part no more, We'll meet to part no more, Beyond the swelling flood.
 more, . . . We'll meet to part no more, . . .

W. S. M.

W. S. MARTIN.



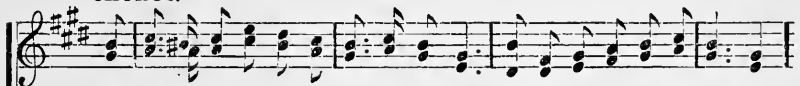
1. I'll wander no more in the pathway of sin, Jesus has sought me and won me;
2. How long have I wandered away from my God, Spurning the love that he gave me;
3. But now with his "manna" my soul doth he feed, He is my Shepherd forever;



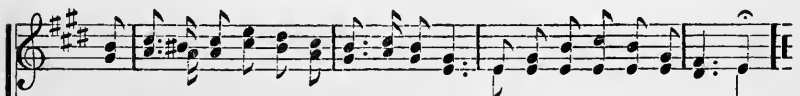
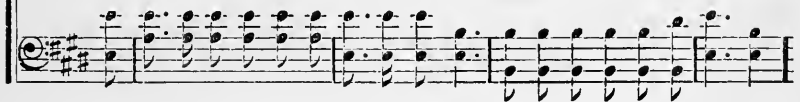
Long was I fettered without and within, Sin had deceived and undone me.
 Lightly esteeming the dear Saviour's blood, Turning from him who would save me.
 In the "green pastures" my footsteps he'll lead, Down by the "life-giving river."



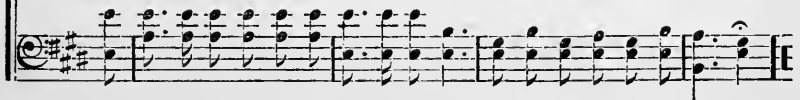
CHORUS.



I'll wander no more, I will wander no more, Jesus the Saviour has sought me;



I'll wander no more, I will wander no more, He with his life-blood has bought me.



Be Not Faithless.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

S. W. MARTIN, (arranged.)

1. Be not faith-less, but be-liev-ing! Thus the Saviour speaks to thee;
 2. Be not faith-less, but believing! Wherefore, Christian, dost thou doubt?
 3. Be not faith-less, but be-liev-ing! Willing and o-bedient be;

CHO.—Ask for par-don—he will give it; Ask for peace and pu-ri-ty;

Fine.

Those who trust his might-y pow-er Shall his great sal-va-tion see.
 He is wait-ing now to ent-er, Un-belief will keep him out.
 Place your soul's immor-tal in-terests In the Lamb of Cal-va-ry.

Ask, and then by faith receive it,—All his gifts are full and free.

In the hour of deep-est dark-ness, In the hour of sore distress,
 Take him as your present Sav-iour, From the guilt and power of sin;
 Now present your soul and bo-dy As a liv-ing sac-ri-fice;

D. C.

Call by faith, and Christ will answer, He is al-ways near to bless.
 Trust in him this ver-y mo-ment, He can cleanse and keep you clean.
 Those who make this conse-cra-tion, Je-sus sweet-ly sat-is-fies.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

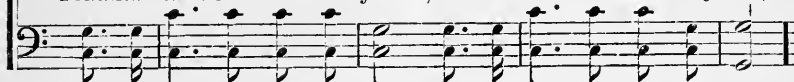
J. H. TENNEY.



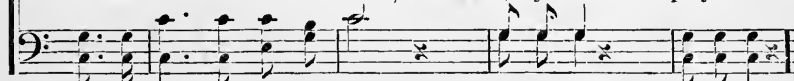
1. This our con-stant mot-to be, Work and pray, work and pray;
2. We a Sav-iour's love re-peat, Work and pray, work and pray;
3. Growing stronger by and by, Work and pray, work and pray,
4. Youthful lips may plead in prayer, Work and pray, work and pray;



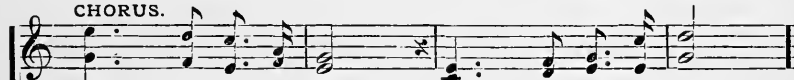
We can hear the heathen's plea, Moan-ing sad-der than the sea;
 Had we an-gel's pin-ions fleet, Swift we'd bear the tid-ings sweet,
 We can lift a torch on high That will show a Sav-iour nigh,
 Youthful hearts Christ's love may share, Youthful hearts his cross may bear,



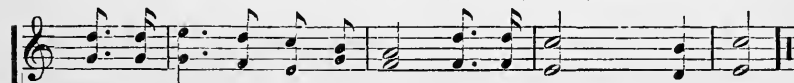
Give with read-y hands and free, Work and pray, work and pray.
 Yet we move with willing feet, Work and pray, work and pray.
 Kin-dle all their darkened sky, Work and pray, work and pray.
 Youthful brows his crown shall wear, Work and pray, work and pray.



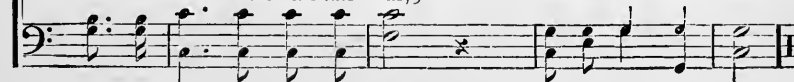
CHORUS.



Al-ways work and pray, Al-ways work and pray;
 Al-ways work, yes, work and pray, Al-ways work, yes, work and pray;



Give with read-y hands and free. } Always work and pray.
 Yet we move with will-ing feet, }
 Kin-dle all their darkened sky, } Always work and pray.
 Youthful brows his crown shall wear, }



ANNA C. STOREY.

WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

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

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

CHORUS. Repeat, Tenor and Soprano changing parts.

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

Valley of Rest.—CONCLUDED.

poco rit.

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

127

The Mercy-seat.

H. STOWELL.

Chorus by H. L. G.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

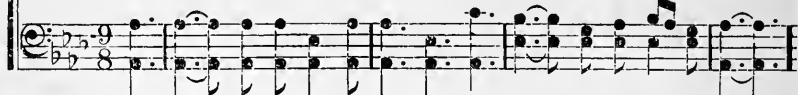
And falling down be-fore his feet, Sal-va-tion flows at the mer-cy-seat.

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

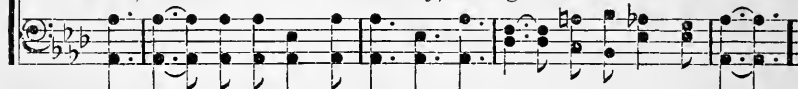
5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more; [greet,
 And heaven comes down our souls to
 While glory crowns the **mercy-seat.**



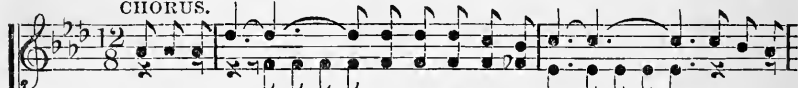
1. I sit at the feet of Je - sus, Nor heed as the time goes by,
2. I sit at the feet of Je - sus: Was ev - er a joy like mine?
3. I sit at the feet of Je - sus, In per - fect and calm repose;
4. Come, sit at the feet of Je - sus, Ye wea - ry and toil-opressed;



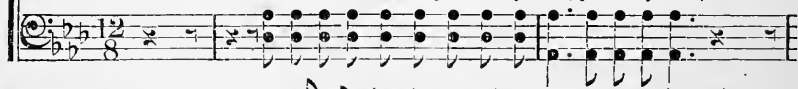
His ban - ner of love is o'er me, And hap - py indeed am I.
 I list to the words of comfort That fall from his lips di - vine.
 He crowneth my head with blessings. With rapture my heart o'erflows.
 Come, learn of the meek and lowly, Who giv - eth his children rest.



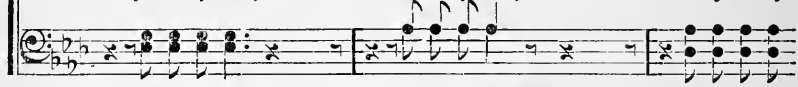
CHORUS.



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



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



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

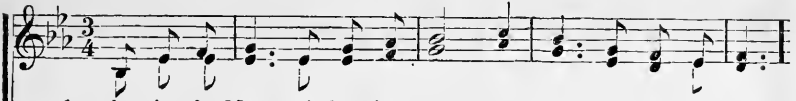


129 It is the Master's Loving Hand.

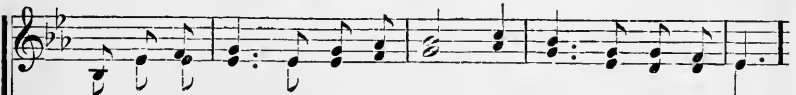
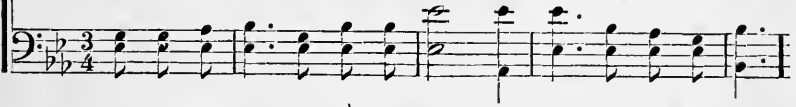
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

Luke xiii. 6-9.

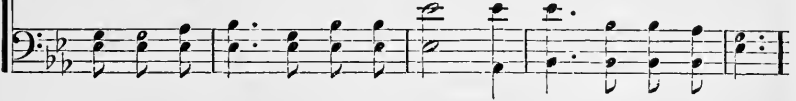
J. H. TENNEY.



1. It is the Mas-ter's lov-ing hand That plants the ten-der tree;
2. When bud and leaf have wakened hopes, And bright the fol-i-age green,
3. The waiting years perchance have fled, But love no care a-bates;
4. An-oth-er year, the last for thee, Is draw-ing to its close;



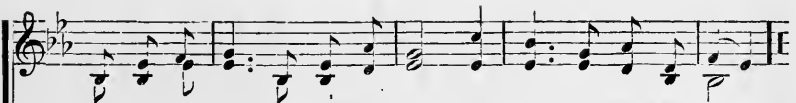
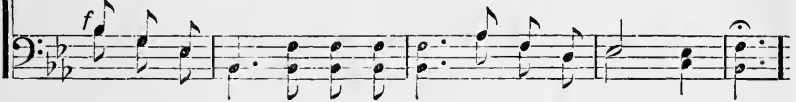
Oh, shall he look in vain for growth, No bud, no leaf to see?
 Oh, shall he look in vain for fruit, No clus-ters ripe be seen?
 That hand with patience prunes and digs, But still the fruitage waits.
 Oh, shall thy soul, unfruit-ful still, Be doomed to end-less woes?



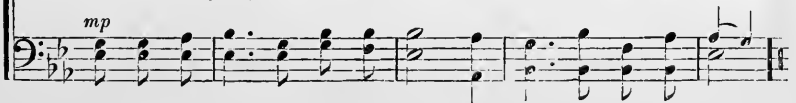
CHORUS.



"Cut down that tree," stern Justice cries, "I will no more de-lay;"



"One year, one year," sweet Mercy pleads, "Oh, stay thine hand, oh, stay."



Speak to Me of Jesus.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Speak, oh, speak to me of Je - sus, Tell me more and more of him,
 2. Speak, oh, speak to me of Je - sus, How he suf - fered in my stead,
 3. Speak, oh, speak to me of Je - sus, Now enthroned in realms of light;

How he com - forts souls a - wea - ry, Makes the clouds of sor - row dim.
 How he bore the cru - el mock - ing, To the cross a vic - tim led;
 Tell me of his King - ly beau - ty, In the won - drous ci - ty bright.

Tell me how the crim - son fountain, Can for all my sins a - tone;
 How he free - ly died to save me, Shed for me his precious blood;
 Tell me of his roy - al palace, Where the saints white robes shall wear;

Tell me how on Calvary's mountain Love divine tri - umphant shone.
 How by faith in his a - tone - ment, I am re - conciled to God.
 Tell me of the matchless country, And the flowers that blossom there.

Speak to Me of Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Speak, oh, speak to me of Je - sus, Lord of life and glo - ry, too;

Speak, oh, speak to me of Je - sus, Let his grace my heart re - new.

131 Don't Keep Jesus Waiting.

C. C. CLINE. By per.

Softly.

1. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting at the door; Oft he knocketh softly,
 2. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting in the cold; He will bear you gently,
 3. Don't keep Jesus waiting, Waiting at the door; He will be your Saviour,

Soft - ly ev - er - more; Hear him, soul, and o - pen: I im - plore.
 Gent - ly to his fold; Hear him, soul, and o - pen:
 Ev - en ev - er - more. Hear him, soul, and love him, I implore, I im - plore.

1. Pil-grims and strangers we jour - ney be - low, Waiting for the
 2. "Bless - ed the hope" that the pil - grim sustains, Waiting for the
 3. Lo, on the throne sits the Lamb that was slain, Yon - der in the

king - dom to come; Friend - less and wea - ry how oft - en we go,
 king - dom to come; Soon shall he share in the "rest that remains,"
 king - dom to come; Soon is he com - ing in pow - er to reign

CHORUS.

Waiting for the king - dom to come. Ours is a home in the
 Ev - er in the king - dom to come.
 Ev - er in the king - dom to come.

glo - ry so bright, Yonder in the kingdom to come; Je - sus, the

Sav - iour, a - lone is the light Shining in the kingdom to come.

133 Why the Saviour Loves Me So.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I had wandered far from home, And my heart was all impure, But the Saviour bade me
 2. All unworthy of his grace, Once I walked the paths of sin; Now I view his loving
 3. When the joys of earth are past, And the call of death shall come, When amid the throng at

come, Find in him a rest secure; Washed in crimson fount I'm clean, On his
 face, And his matchless fa - vor win; He doth all my need supply, Guid - ing
 last, 'Neath the shin - ing crystal dome, Tho' my Sav - iour I shall praise In the

breast I sweet - ly lean, But the truth I fain would know Why the Saviour loves me so.
 me with watchful eye; Still in wonder I would know Why the Saviour loves me so.
 sweetest anthem lays, Still for - ev - er I would know Why the Saviour loves me so.

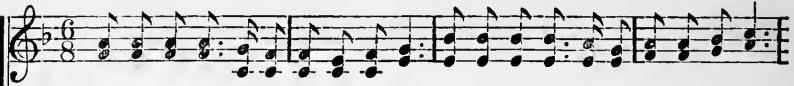
CHORUS.

Loves me so, loves me so, Why the Sav - iour loves me so;
 Loves me so, the Saviour loves, yes, loves me so, Why the Saviour loves me so, loves me so;

But the truth I fain would know Why the Saviour loves me so,
 Still in wonder I would know Why the Saviour loves me so.
 Still for - ev - er I would know

W. J. K.

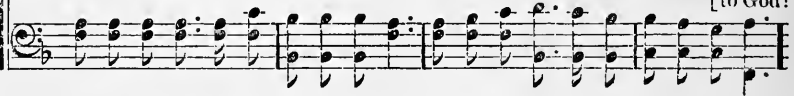
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



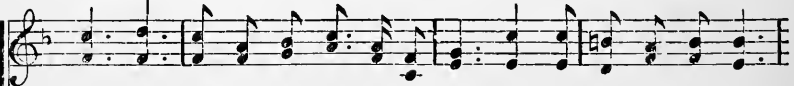
1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour salvation affords,
2. Saved to the uttermost: Jesus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hallelujahs to Jesus, my King;



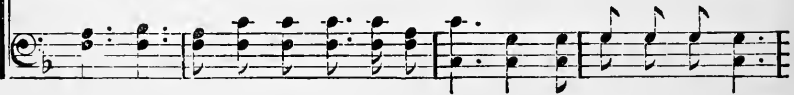
Gives me his Spirit a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
 Trusting his promises, how I am blest! Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest!
 Beautiful visions of glory I see, Je- sus in brightness revealed unto me.
 Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory
 [to God!]



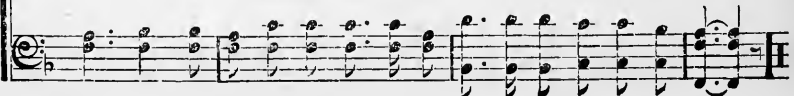
CHORUS.



Saved, saved, saved to the uttermost, Saved, saved by pow- er di- vine;

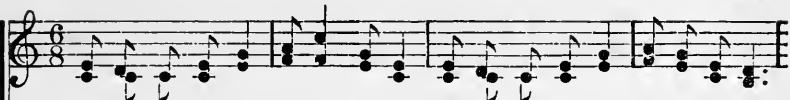


Saved, saved, I'm saved to the uttermost, Je- sus the Saviour is mine.

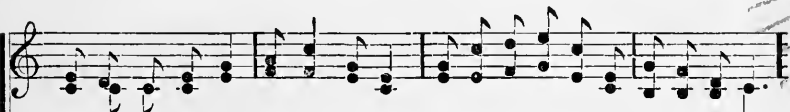


FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



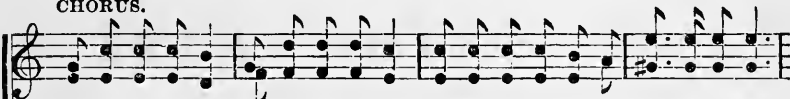
1. Out on the des-ert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je-sus looking for thee;
2. Still he is waiting, waiting, waiting, O, what compassion beams in his eye,
3. Lovingly pleading, pleading, pleading, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet;
4. Spirits in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold;



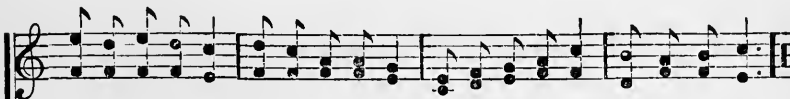
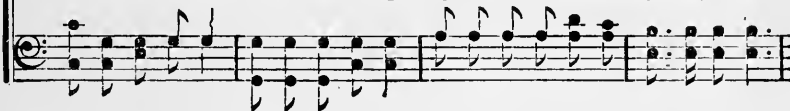
Tender - ly calling, calling, calling, Hither, thou lost one, O, come unto me.
 Hear him repeat-ing gent-ly, gently, Come to thy Saviour, O, why wilt thou die.
 Thou canst be happy, hap-py, hap-py, Come, ere thy life-star forever shall set.
 Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting, When shall thy story with rapture be told?



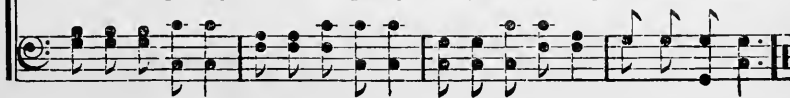
CHORUS.



Jesus is looking, Jesus is calling, Why dost thou linger, why tarry away?



Run to him quickly, say to him gladly, Lord, I am coming, coming to-day.



Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Oh, 'tis the hand of Je - sus That gilds the east - ern sky,
 2. He tunes the voice of na - ture To sing his praise to - day;
 3. He gives with lav - ish kind - ness, Bestows his love on all;

That paints the bow of prom - ise That man may nev - er die:
 He calls on ev - 'ry crea - ture To join the glad - some lay:
 The ev - il and the thank - ful Shall hear his gra - cious call:

SOLO, or all in Unison.

He wafts the balm - y breez - es, He sends the gold - en light, To
 Oh, come and swell the cho - rus That rings thro' heaven and earth; Its
 He o - pens terms of mer - cy With sinners doomed to die, Then

wake the earth with glad - ness, To bring the blos - soms bright,
 notes were struck when an - gels First sang cre - a - tion's birth.
 bids a - bund - ant bless - ings On wings of love to fly.

Hosanna to Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

Then praise the name! Then praise the name of Je - sus! Ho -
Then praise the name!

san - na to Christ our roy - al King, To Christ our roy - al King!

137

Too Late—No Room!

Mrs. SUE M. O. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

Slowly, earnestly.

1. Too late—no room! The 'Lamb's bright hall of song' Is closed forever
2. While down the slope of hills the day declined, Thou in thine ease and
3. Did'st thou not see the shadows rushing by, And hear the Spir-it's
4. A - las! a-las! the banquet was for thee, The Bridegroom bade thee
5. Now closed for-ev - er is the door, and barred; 'Tis vain to cry: Oh,

REFRAIN.

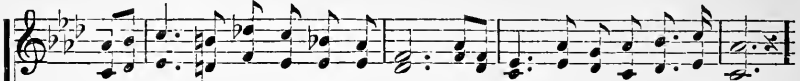
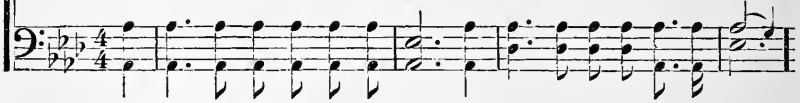
'gainst the giddy throng.
fol - ly hast reclined.
earnest, pleading cry? "Too late—no room!" Ye cannot enter now?
come, and love was free.
let me in, my Lord!

GERHARD TERSTEEGEN.

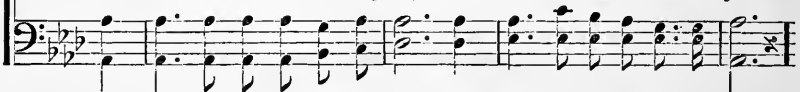
J. H. TENNEY.



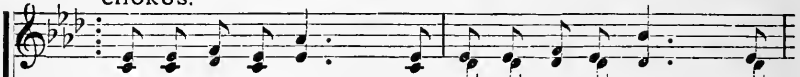
1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I his loving voice despise,
3. God call-ing yet! and shall he knock, And I my heart the closer lock?
4. God call-ing yet! I cannot stay; My heart I yield without delay:



Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?
 And base-ly his kind care repay? He calls me still: can I de-lay?
 He still is waiting to receive, And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart!



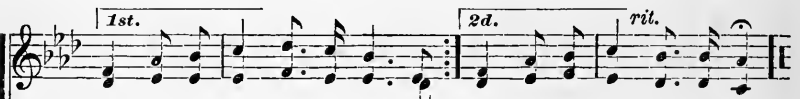
CHORUS.



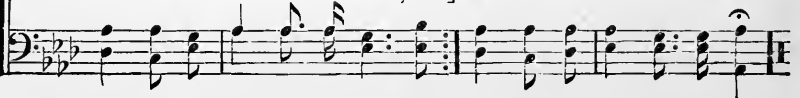
God is call-ing yet! for God is call-ing yet! And
 call-ing yet! call-ing yet!



who-so-ev-er will, and who-so-ev-er will, And who-so-ev-er



will let him come and be saved; For] will let him come and be saved.



Jesus is Calling.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—John xi. 28.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly calling thee home,—Calling to-day, calling to-day ;
 2. Je-sus is calling the weary to rest,—Calling to-day, calling to-day ;
 3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to him now,—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day ;
 4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to his voice,—Pleading to-day, pleading to-day ;

Why from the sunshine of love wilt thou roam, Farther and farther a-way ?
 Bring him thy burden and thou shalt be blest : He will not turn thee a-way.
 Come with thy sins, at his feet low-ly bow ; Come, and no longer de-lay.
 They who believe on his name shall rejoice ; Quickly a-rise and a - way.

CHORUS.

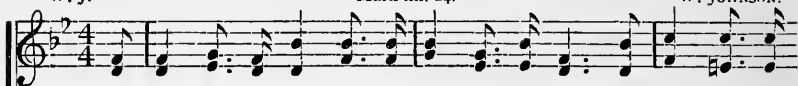
Call - - ing to - day, . . . call - - ing to - day ; . . .
 Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day, call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day ;

Je - - sus is call - - ing, is tender-ly calling to - day.
 Je-sus is ten-der - ly call-ing to-day,

W. J.

Mark xii. 24.

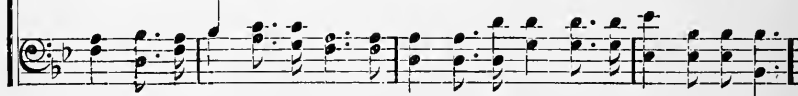
W. JOHNSON.



1. To live in the land where the Christ passes by, To go to the
2. To come to the Sav- iour with question and pray'r, His an- swer of
3. Not far from the kingdom, yet not born a- gain; Not far from the
4. Al- most in the kingdom, almost in the gate That stands o- pen



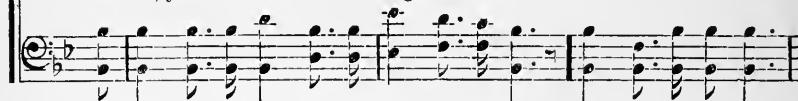
place where his Spirit is nigh, To know the sweet gospel of Je- sus the Lord,
 love and sal- va- tion to hear, To speak in his presence, acknowledge his word,
 kingdom, yet clinging to sin; Not far from the kingdom, close, close to the road,
 wide in the way that is strait; Almost, but not quite, O how fearful the word!



REFRAIN.



And yet on- ly near to the kingdom of God. Near to the kingdom,
 And yet on- ly near to the kingdom of God.
 And yet on- ly near to the kingdom of God.
 Almost, yet but near to the kingdom of God.



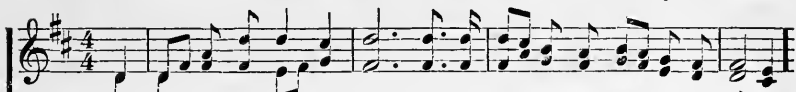
near to the kingdom, And yet on- ly near to the kingdom of God.



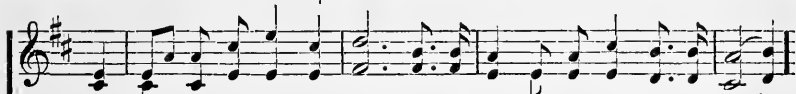
141 We Come at the Saviour's Call.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



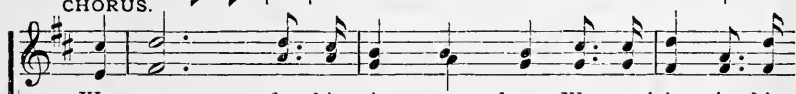
1. We come at the Saviour's call; We have heard it o'er mountain and plain,
2. We come with our guilt and sin; On his promise a-lone we re-ly;
3. We come for our spirits thirst; To the clear flowing fount we draw near;



And, touched by its thrilling tones, We no long-er a-way can re-main.
 We know that our inmost thoughts Are observed by his all-seeing eye.
 We drink and our souls have life, And the Saviour will dwell with us here.



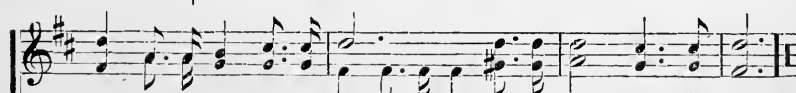
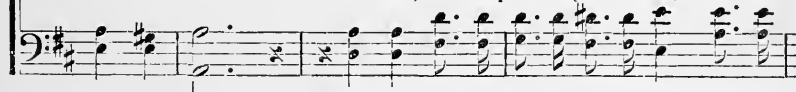
CHORUS.



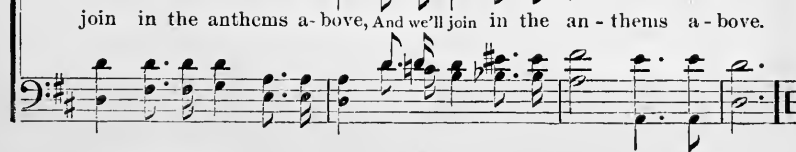
We come, for his voice we hear; We re-joice in his
 We come, for his plead-ing voice we hear;



pard'ning love; We come, and his grace re-ceive, And we'll
 We come, and his promised grace receive.



join in the anthems a-bove, And we'll join in the an-thems a-bove.



Call the Roll.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. When the roll is called in heaven, And the hosts shall muster there,
 2. When the roll is called in heaven I will an - swer to my name,
 3. When the roll is called in heaven, To the front I'll make my way,

I will take my place among them, And the joy and triumph share.
 And come for - ward at the summons, My in - her - itance to claim.
 And be welcomed by the Mas - ter, To the home of end - less day.

CHORUS.

An - gels, call the roll up yon - der, Mus - ter - day in heaven proclaim ;

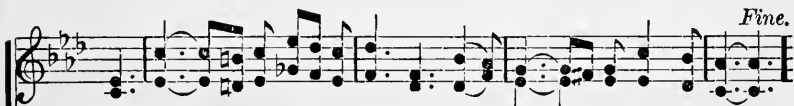
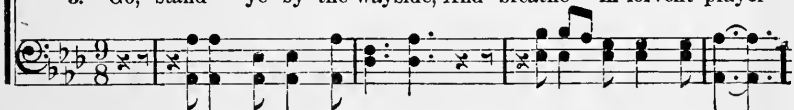
Call the roll and, at the summons, I will an - swer to my name.

MABEL TAYLOR.

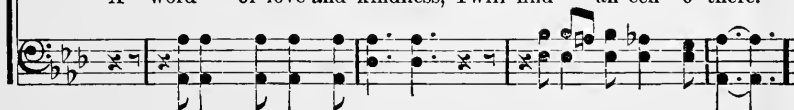
JNO. R. SWENEY.



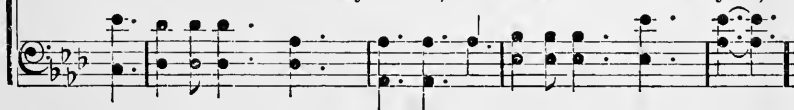
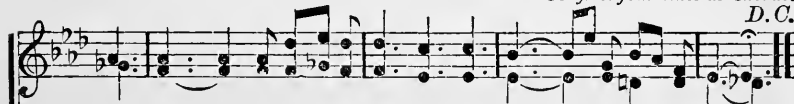
1. 'Twas spok - en by the wayside, A lit - tle, trembling word,
2. 'Twas spok - en by the wayside, Where man - y came and passed,
3. Go, stand ye by the wayside, And breathe in fervent prayer

*Fine.*

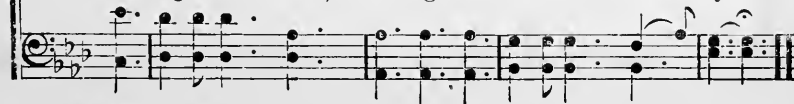
And, though 'twas but a whisper, It did not fall unheard;
 And, swift - ly as an ar - row, It reached its mark at last;
 A word of love and kindness, 'Twill find an ech - o there.



It bade the night of sor - row From weep - ing eyes de - part,
 'Twas spok - en by the wayside, When eve - ning shades were dim,
 Ye know not who may lis - ten, Or what that word may do;

*Use first four lines as Chorus.**D. C.*

It made a bur - den lighter, And healed a breaking heart.
 It told the love of Je - sus, And brought a soul to him.
 But go in faith, believ - ing The Lord has work for you.



Jesus is the Rock of Ages.

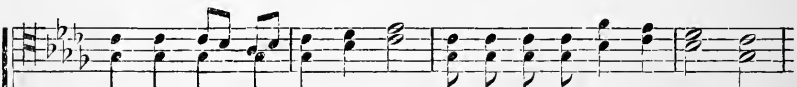
Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

FOR MALE VOICES.

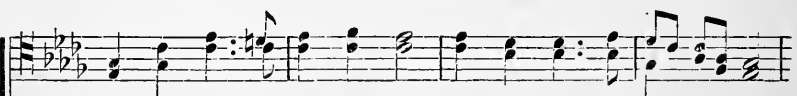
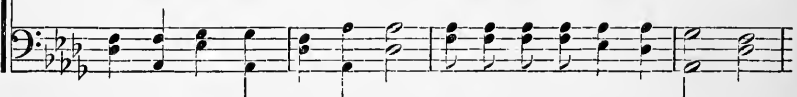
W. S. MARTIN.



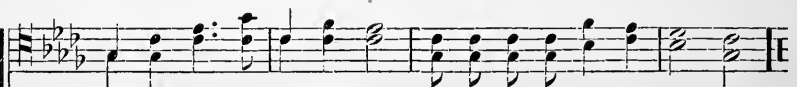
1. Would you find a sure re-treat? Jesus is the Rock of A - ges;
2. When the morning sun shines bright, Jesus is the Rock of A - ges;
3. When the leaves a-round us fall, Jesus is the Rock of A - ges;



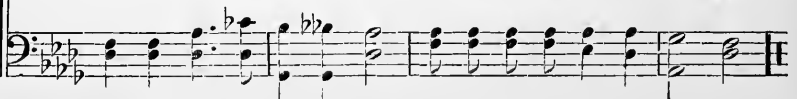
Seek you now a rest complete? Je-sus is the Rock of A - ges;
 In the noonday's cheering light, Je-sus is the Rock of A - ges;
 When the reap-er Death shall call, Je-sus is the Rock of A - ges;



When the waves of sin roll by, When the tempt-er lurk-eth nigh,
 Though pros-per-i-ty a-bound, Pleasures ma-ny float a-round,
 When sinks low the set-ting sun, And our work on earth is done,



And dark clouds o'erspread the sky, Je-sus is the Rock of A - ges.
 Ev-er let this truth resound, Je-sus is the Rock of A - ges.
 Still we'll chant the song begun, Je-sus is the Rock of A - ges.



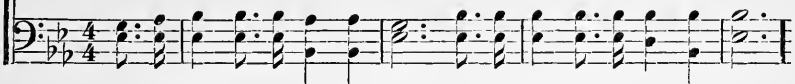
We'll Build on the Rock.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

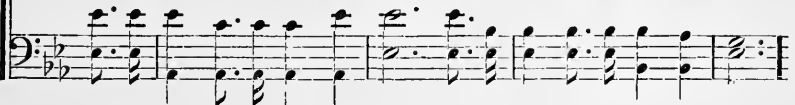
J. H. TENNEY.



1. 'Tis the purpose of love di - vine That each life be of heavenly build,
2. On the Rock we will build in faith, And our hope shall in him a - bide,
3. 'Tis a Rock that can never fail, No rude tempest our house can harm,



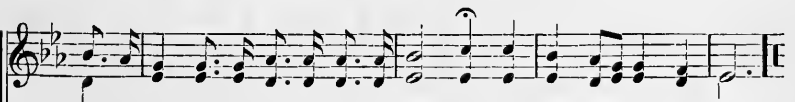
In the kingdom of light to shine, When free grace shall the structure gild.
 For we know that the scripture saith, "As by fire shall our work be tried."
 Though the storms and the winds assail, Not a shock can our hearts a - larm.



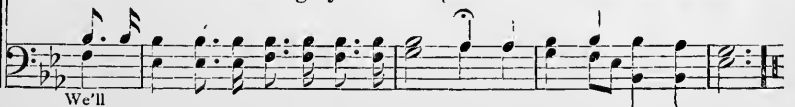
CHORUS.



So we'll build on the Rock Christ Jesus, 'Tis a firm foundation stone,
 yes, we'll build,



Yes, we'll build on the mighty Rock of Ages. We'll build on him a - lone.



We'll

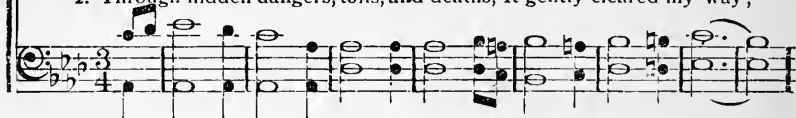
When all Thy Mercies.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

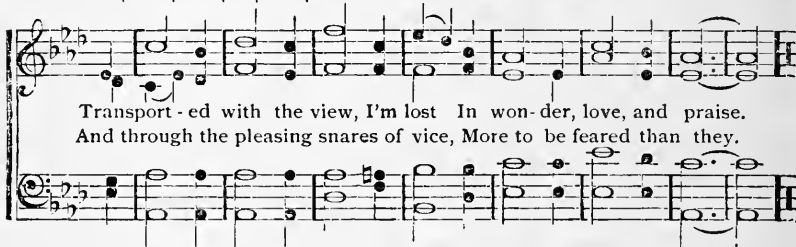
Tune, MANOAH. C. M.



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



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



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

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

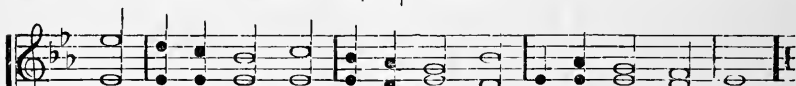
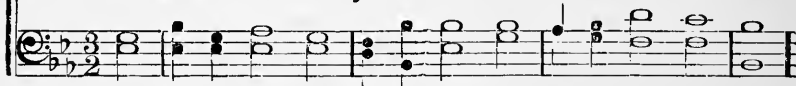
How Sweet the Name.

JOHN NEWTON.

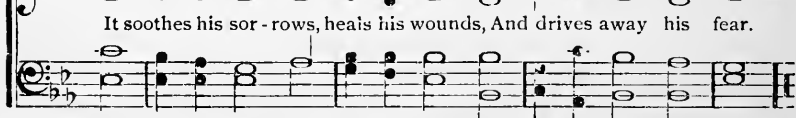
Tune, DOWNS. C. M.



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



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



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

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

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

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

148 Watchman, Tell us of the Night.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.

Tune, WATCHMAN. 7s, d.

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 6/8. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Watchman, tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are;
 Traveler, o'er yon mountain's height See that glo-ry-beam-ing star!
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray Aught of hope or joy for-tell?
 Traveler, yes; it brings the day, Prom-ised day of Is-ra-el.

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

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

149

The Lord's my Shepherd.

Tune, DOWNS.

1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
 He makes me down to lie
 In pastures green; he leadeth me
 The quiet waters by.
 2 My soul he doth restore again,
 And me to walk doth make
 Within the paths of righteousness,
 E'en for his own name's sake.
 3 Yea, though I walk through death's
 Yet will I fear no ill, [dark vale,

For thou art with me, and thy rod
 And staff me comfort still.
 4 A table thou hast furnished me
 In presence of my foes;
 My head thou dost with oil anoint,
 And my cup overflows.
 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
 Shall surely follow me,
 And in God's house forevermore
 My dwelling place shall be.

H. BONAR.

Tune, MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

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

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

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not;
The Master praises,—what are men?

4 Toil on, faint not; keep watch, and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

3 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast
down;
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

5 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's
voice,
The midnight peal, "Behold, I come!"

P. DODDRIDGE.

Awake, my Soul.

Tune,
CHRISTMAS. C. M.

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

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

2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

3 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye:—

4 That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new luster boast,
When victors' wreaths and monarchs'
Shall blend in common dust. [gems

5 Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crowned with victory, at thy feet
I'll lay my honors down.

Eternal Beam of Light.

C. WESLEY.

Tune, LOUVAN. L. M.

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

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

3 Thankful I take the cup from thee,
Prepared and mingled by thy skill;
Though bitter to the taste it be,
Powerful the wounded soul to heal.

4 Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh! [gone,
So shall each murmuring thought be
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,
As clouds before the midday sun.

5 Speak to my warring passions, "Peace;"
Say to my trembling heart, "Be still;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

6 O Death! where is thy sting? where
Thy boasted victory, O Grave? [now
Who shall contend with God? or who
Can hurt whom God delights to save?

Blest be the Tie that Binds.

JOHN FAWCETT.

Tune, DENNIS. S. M.

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

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

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

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

At the Cross.

R. KELSO CARTER.

From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

1. O Je - sus, Lord, thy dy - ing love Hath pierced my con - trite heart;
 2. A - mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
 3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleeding side;
 4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;

Oh.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light,
 And the burden of my heart rolled away,

Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
 To me thy lov - ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
 Oh, let me here for - ev - er stand, Where thou wast cru - ci - fied.
 For - ev - er let thy love enthral, And keep me at the cross.

It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am happy night and day!

Jesus, the Very Thought.

Tr. by E. CASWALL.

Tune, EVAN. C. M.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of thee With sweetness fills the breast;

But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy pres - ence rest.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
 Nor can the memory find
 A sweeter sound than Jesus' name,
 The Saviour of mankind.</p> <p>3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
 O Joy of all the meek.
 To those who ask, how kind thou art!
 How good, to those who seek!</p> | <p>4 But what to those who find? Ah, this
 Nor tongue nor pen can show:
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but his loved ones know.</p> <p>5 Jesus, our only joy be thou,
 As thou our prize wilt be;
 In thee be all our glory now,
 And through eternity.</p> |
|---|--|

Antioch. C. M.

156 O for a thousand tongues.

- 1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise ;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !
- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean ;
His blood availed for me.
- 5 He speaks, and, listening to his voice,
New life the dead receive ;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice ;
The humble poor believe.

- 6 Hear him, ye deaf ; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come ;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

158 Joy to the world !

- 1 Joy to the world ! the Lord is come ;
Let earth receive her King ;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world ! the Saviour reigns ;
Let men their songs employ ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills and
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 No more let sin and sorrow grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make his blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

157 Evils of Intemperance. Tune No. 233.

- 1 MOURN for the thousands slain,
The youthful and the strong ;
Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign,
And the deluded throng.
- 2 Mourn for the ruined soul—
Eternal life and light
Lost by the fiery, maddening bowl,
And turned to hopeless night.
- 3 Mourn for the lost,—but call,
Call to the strong, the free ;
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall,
And to the refuge flee.
- 4 Mourn for the lost,—but pray,
Pray to our God above,
To break the fell destroyer's sway,
And show his saving love.

159 What Ruin ! Tune No. 152.

- 1 WHAT ruin hath intemperance wrought!
How widely roll its waves !
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves !
- 2 And see, O Lord, what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will
In bondage, heart and soul.
- 3 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King,
And break the galling chain ;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end the usurper's reign.
- 4 The cause of temperance is thine own ;
Our plans and efforts bless ;
We trust, O Lord, in thee alone
To crown them with success.

Sun of My Soul.

JOHN KEBLE.

Tune, HURSLEY. L.M.

1. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear, It is not night if thou be near:
2. When the soft dews of kindly sleep My wearied eye-lids gently steep,

O may no earthborn cloud arise To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

4 If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the-gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of thy love,
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

Of Him who did Salvation.

Tr. by A. W. BOEHM.

Tune, ROCKINGHAM. L.M.

1. Of him who did sal - vation bring, I could for - ev - er think and sing;

A - rise, ye need - y, —he'll relieve; A - rise, ye guilt - y, —he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make it whole.

4 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

3 To shame our sins he blushed in blood;
He closed his eyes to show us God:
Let all the world fall down and know
That none but God such love can show.

5 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof;
Ah! who that loves, can love enough?

Jesus, & my Cross have Taken.

HENRY F. LYRE.

Tune, ELLESDIE. 3, 7, 4.

1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak - en, All to leave and fol - low thee ;

Fine.
Na - ked, poor, despised, for - sak - en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be :
D.S.—Yet how rich is my con - di - tion, God and heaven are still my own !

D.S.
Per - ish ev - 'ry fond ambition, All I've sought and hoped, and known ;

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

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure !
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain !
In thy service, pain is pleasure ;
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, "Abba, Father ;"
I have stayed my heart on thee ;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.

4 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to thy breast ;
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
O 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While thy love is left to me ;
O 'twere not in joy to charm me,
Were that joy unmixed with thee.

5 Know, my soul, thy full salvation ;
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care ;
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what Spirit dwells within thee ;
What a Father's smile is thine ;
What a Saviour died to win thee :
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine ?
6 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer ;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

163 Gently Lead Us.

1 Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us
Through this lonely vale of tears,
Through the changes thou'st decreed us,
Till our last great change appears ;
When temptation's darts assail us,
When in devious paths we stray,
Let thy goodness never fail us,
Lead us in thy perfect way.
2 In the hour of pain and anguish,
In the hour when death draws near,
Suffer not our hearts to languish,
Suffer not our souls to fear ;
And when mortal life is ended,
Bid us in thine arms to rest,
Till by angel bands attended
We awake among the blest.

The Morning Light.

SAMUEL F. SMITH.

Tune, WEBB. 7.6.
Fine.

D.S. 1 The morning light is breaking;
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar,
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home:
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

165 GEO. DUFFIELD, JR. Stand up, stand up for Jesus.

Tune above.

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

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
"Ye that are men, now serve him,"
Against unnumbered foes:
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

Awake, My Soul.

MEDLEY.

Tune, LOVING-KINDNESS. L.M.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru - ined in the fall, Yet loved me not - withstanding all;

Awake, My Soul.—CONCLUDED.

He just-ly claims a song from me, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
 He saved me from my lost e-state, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how free!
 Lov-ing-kindness, lov-ing-kindness, His lov-ing-kind-ness, oh, how great!

<p>3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes, Though earth and hell my way oppose, He safely leads my soul along, His loving-kindness, oh, how strong!</p>	<p>4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gathered thick, and thundered loud, He near my soul has always stood, His loving-kindness, oh, how good!</p>
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167 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

L. MASON.

1 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour divine!
 Now hear me while I pray;
 Take all my guilt away;
 Oh, let me from this day
 Be wholly thine!

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,
 My zeal inspire!

As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—
 A living fire!

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

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove;
 Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul!

INDEX.

First lines in roman letters; titles in small capitals.

HYMN.	HYMN.	HYMN.
ABLE TO SAVE, . . . 22	<i>Evan, C. M., . . . 155</i>	IN THE SECRET OF HIS . 60
After the toil and turmoil 58	EVER WILL I PRAY, . 89	IN THE SHA. OF THE C. 23
ALAS! I HAVE WANDER 105	FAR AS THE EAST FROM 69	IN THE SHA. OF THE R. 50
A LITTLE WORD, . . . 143	Far away in sin and dark- 7	In thy book, where glory 68
All-glorious God and K. 25	Father, in the morning, . 89	I once far away from Je- 117
An eager, restless crowd 29	FILL ME NOW, . . . 107	I sit at the feet of Jesus, 128
Anywhere when Jesus . 71	Finding in Jesus a pres- 41	IS IT I, 36
<i>Antioch, C. M., . . . 156</i>	FOREVER WITH THE L. 61	Is there a sinner awaiting 108
ARE YOU READY, . . . 77	From every stormy wind 127	IS THY CRUSE OF COM- 16
ARE YOU READY FOR . 72	From the battlements of 19	IT IS BRIGHTER OVER . 110
ARISE AND SHINE, . . . 56	FULLY PERSUADED, . 67	IT IS THE MASTER'S . 129
AT BETHESDA'S POOL, . 75	Gently, Lord, oh, gently 163	IT MUST BE SETTLED . 21
AT THE CROSS, . . . 154	God calling yet! shall I 138	I've been to the fountain 26
At the gate that leads . 83	God in his mercy . . . 67	I WILL CLING TO THE . 24
Awake, my soul, stretch 151	Go, labor on; spend and 150	I will live for my Re- . 31
Awake, my soul, to joy- 166	Go and preach the . . . 82	I WILL GO TO JESUS . 46
BE NOT FAITHLESS, . . 124	GO YE INTO ALL THE . 82	I WILL TRUST MY DEAR 31
BEYOND THE SWELLING 122	HALLELUJAH, . . . 109	JESUS CALLS, 119
Blest be the tie that binds 153	Hallowed hour of prayer 111	JESUS IS CALLING, . . 139
CALLING FOR YOU, . . . 63	HAPPY TIDINGS, . . . 104	Jesus, I my cross have . 162
CALL THE ROLL, . . . 142	HAST THOU HEARD OF 102	JESUS, I WOULD BE . 97
CASTING YOUR CARE . 33	Hast thou heard of that 102	JESUS IS PASSING THIS . 108
CAN YOU DO WITHOUT 103	HAVE COURAGE TO SAY 44	Jesus is the Altogether . 98
Can you do without the 103	HAVE YOU NOT A WORD 70	Jesus is tenderly calling 139
<i>Christmas, C. M., . . . 151</i>	HEAR HIS EARNEST . . 2	JESUS IS THE ROCK OF 144
Child of God, be not dis- 33	Hear the footsteps of Je- 64	Jesus is waiting to save . 95
Clinging, clinging, only . 101	HELP ME, OR I DIE, . . 51	JESUS KNOCKING, . . 94
CLINGING TO JESUS, . . 101	HERE AM I, SEND ME, . 19	Jesus, the very thought . 155
CLINGING TO MY SAV- 34	HIM THAT COMETH, . . 4	JOIN, YE SONS OF MEN, 98
Closer to thee, my Fa- . 79	HIS BANNER 128	Joy to the world, . . . 158
Close beside the throne. 2	HOME OVER YONDER, . 85	JUST BEYOND, 43
COME AND REST, . . . 117	HOSANNA TO JESUS, . 136	LET HIM IN, 116
COME AND SEE, 76	How I know, 7	Let us give the cup of . . 8
COME TO THE CROSS, . 121	How sweet the name of . 147	Listen to the blessed in- 4
COME TO THE FOUNTAIN 15	Hover o'er me, Holy S. 107	Listen, oh, listen to Je- 38
Coming to cheer us in . . 1	<i>Hursley, L. M., . . . 160</i>	LOOK UNTO ME, 3
COMING TO-DAY, . . . 135	HYMN TO THE TRINITY 25	<i>Louvan, L. M., . . . 152</i>
<i>Dennis, S. M., 153</i>	I am glad, oh, so glad, ' 109	<i>Loving-kindness, L. M., 166</i>
<i>Downs, C. M., 147</i>	I am sweeping thro' the . 14	<i>Manoah, C. M., 146</i>
DON'T KEEP JESUS . . . 131	I AM WITH THEE EVERY 52	<i>Missionary Chant, L. M., 150</i>
DO YOU KNOW HIM? . 92	I COME TO THEE, . . . 91	Mourn for the thousands 157
Down from the home . . . 85	I have found the Saviour 45	My faith looks up to thee, 167
DRAW ME CLOSER TO . 79	I have work enough to . 57	My soul shouts glory . 37
EACH DAY A LITTLE . . 48	I had wandered far from 133	Nearer, Saviour, nearer, 39
<i>Ellesdie, 8, 7, d., . . . 162</i>	I'LL WANDER NO MORE 123	NO MORE GOOD BYES, . 86
ERE THE SUN GOES . . . 57	IN HIS NAME, 8	NOT FAR FROM THE K. 100
Eternal beam of light . 152	IN THE BOOK OF LIFE, . 68	NOW I AM THINE, . . . 66

O Christian, look out	63	STAY NOT,	95	WASHED IN THE BLOOD	14
O come to the cross,	121	STRIVE TO ENTER IN,	83	Watchman, tell us of the	148
O for a thousand tongues	156	Sun of my soul, thou Sav-	160	We are hoping on for	118
O thou tender, loving S.	51	Sweet songs the Father	96	Weak and weary are you	75
Of him who did salvation	161			Weary, oh, yes, thou art	12
Oft hast thou heard a	17	TARRY BY THE LIVING	53	WE COME AT THE SAV-	141
OH, THE BLESSEDNESS	71	TELLING THE STORY	5	<i>Webb, 7, 6,</i>	164
Oh, the glory of the L.	66	THE GRACIOUS MESSAGE	99	WE'LL BE THERE,	11
Oh, 'tis the hand of Je-	136	THE HEALING TOUCH,	29	WE'LL BUILD ON THE	145
ONLY IN THEE,	80	THE KINGDOM TO COME	132	WE'LL NEVER SAY	18
ONLY NEAR TO THE K.	140	The Lord's my shepherd	149	We'll tarry by the living	53
ON THE LORD'S SIDE,	90	THE MASTER'S CALL,	78	WE SHALL WALK THE	40
Onward press, tho' faint	54	The Master has come,	78	What can seeking hearts	114
Open the door that so	94	The Master is calling for	36	WHAT HE GIVES,	88
Our friends on earth we	18	THE MERCY-SEAT,	127	What is the thing of great	81
Out of darkness into light	56	The morning light is	164	What ruin hath intemp-	159
Out on the desert, look-	135	THE NEW SONG,	106	What shall I do to win.	73
Out on life's ocean sail-	35	THE PRECIOUS BLOOD,	120	WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT	81
OUT WITH THE LIFE-	62	THE PRECIOUS LOVE-OF	114	WHAT WILL YOU DO?	38
Over on the hills of glory	92	The Saviour hath called	59	WHATSOEVER,	32
OVER THE BAR,	35	THE SAVIOUR PRECIOUS	45	Whatsoever burden	32
		The sky with clouds is	110	When all thy mercies, O	146
Pilgrims and strangers	132	THE STORY OF CLEANS-	93	When the roll is called	142
PLEADING WITH THEE,	12	THE WINDOWS OF HEAV	115	When we walk with the	10
PRAY FOR MY BOY,	73	There are songs of joy	106	When from guilt I would	120
PRECIOUS BLOOD OF JE-	27	THERE IS LIFE IN THE	41	WHERE IS JESUS?	74
		There is pardon sweet	76	Where life's crystal	86
RALLY FOR THE RIGHT	20	There's a place above	23	WHERE IS THY SOUL?	17
REJOICE WITH ME.	65	There's a stranger at the	116	Where the earth-faded	11
RESTING IN THE BLOOD	26	There's no peace like the	88	WHERE WILL YOU SPEN	55
REST IN HEAVEN,	58	THERE'S ROOM FOR ALL	9	While Jesus is calling,	44
<i>Rockingham, L.M.,</i>	161	This our constant motto	125	WHO IS ON THE L.	30, 90
		'Tis a story oft repeated,	93	WHO IS THIS THAT COM	42
SAVED TO THE UTTER-	134	Tidings, happy tidings,	104	Whosoever will come	112
SEARCH ME, O GOD,	87	'Tis the hallowed hour	111	WHY NOT TRUST IN HIM	59
Seek thou the Saviour,	22	'Tis the purpose of love	145	Why is thy harp on the	69
SEND THE VICTORY	118	THOU SHALT REST AT	54	WHY THE SAV. LOVES	133
Should the summons,	77	To live in the land where	140	WILT THOU BE MADE	64
Soldiers recruiting in the	20	TOO LATE—NO ROOM,	137	WINNING A SOUL,	84
SONGS IN THE NIGHT.	96	TRUST AND OBEY,	10	WONDERFUL TIDINGS,	13
SPEAK TO ME OF JESUS,	130	TRUSTING,	39	WONDERFUL WORDS	112
Spread abroad the sweet	99	'Twas spoken by the way	143	WORDS OF LIFE,	1
STANDING ON THE PR.	48			WORK AND PRAY,	125
STANDING ON THE MI.	29	Valley of Eden, beyond	126	Would you find a sure	144
STAND UP FOR JESUS AL-	6	VALLEY OF REST,	126		
Stand up, stand up for	165			Yes, we shall meet be-	122

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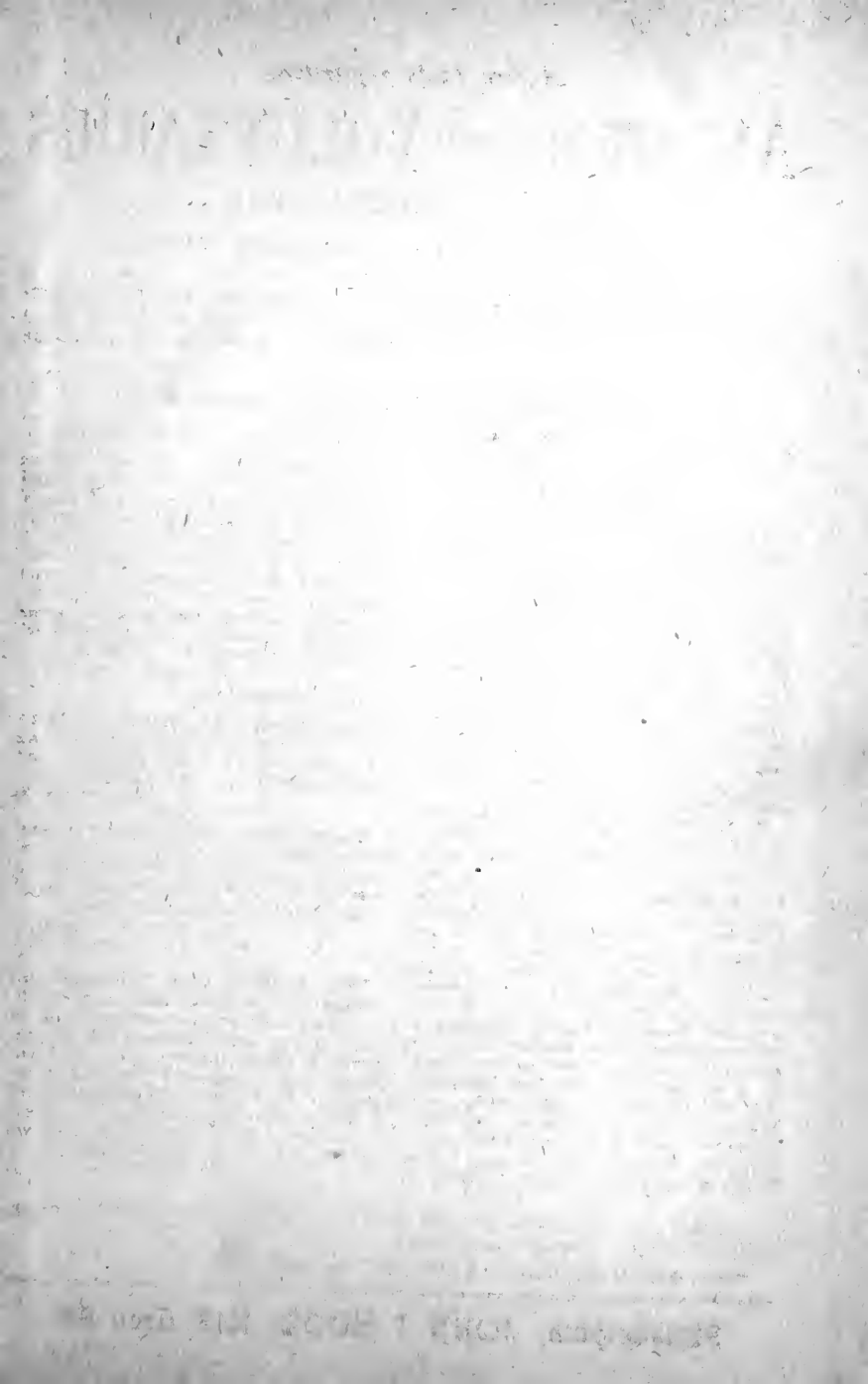
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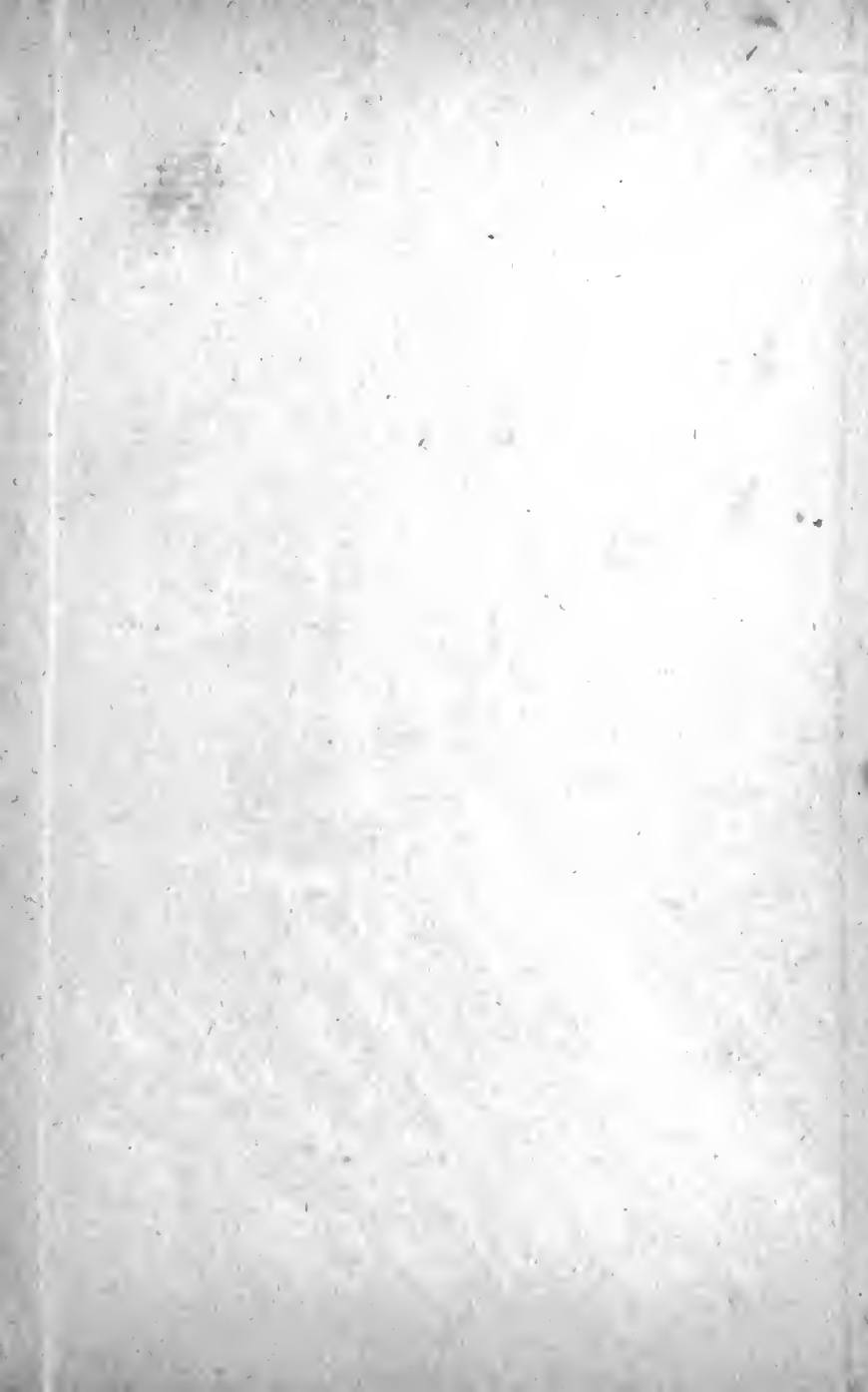
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