J. Rathbun's Book

Oct 24, 1884 25 cents
THE
CHRISTIAN
Sunday School Hymnal;
A COMPILATION
OF
CHOICE HYMNS AND TUNES
FOR
SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

CHRISTIAN PUBLISHING COMPANY,
913 Pine Street,
ST. LOUIS, MO.
Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1833 by
B. M. Bishop, C. H. Gould, J. B. Bowman, O. A. Bartholomew, W. H. Lane, Trustees,
In the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.
TRUSTEES' PREFACE.

The marked increase of interest in the Sunday School work within the past few years, has produced an unprecedented activity in the publication of Sunday School music books. Many of these, by reason of the transient character of the music and words employed, have proved short-lived. The schools soon tired of them, and demanded new books, which, in turn, ran their brief course to give place to others. Besides the expense involved in these frequent changes of music books, a worse evil, perhaps, was the inculcation of unscriptural sentiments which many of the popular songs contained, and the formation of wrong musical tastes. It was this state of things that led the General Convention, assembled at Louisville, in October, 1880, to adopt the following recommendation of a committee appointed to consider, and report on, the revision of the Hymnal:

"It is, furthermore, the judgment of your Committee that the preparation and publication, under the supervision of the Hymn Book Committee, of a Sunday School Hymnal, with a view of adjusting the singing in our Sunday Schools, as far as possible, to that in the church, and to prevent the frequent changes in music books, which is a source of great expense to our schools, would meet with a ready sale and serve a most desirable end; and we recommend the publication of such a book by said committee."

The book which we now send forth is the result of an effort to carry out this recommendation of the General Convention. As soon as the trustees had performed the previous duty of revising the Hymnal for the churches, they entered into a contract with the Christian Publishing Company, of St. Louis, by which said company assumed the financial responsibility of issuing such a book, and will pay a royalty on each book sold, which will go into the treasury of the General Convention as a mission fund.

The trustees appointed a committee of well-known brethren, in whose sound judgment and musical taste they had confidence, to select such music and words as would meet the end had in view by the Convention, and thereby greatly improve the character of the singing in our Sunday Schools. The result of their labors we now present to the brotherhood, and to the Christian public generally, hoping that it may meet with a generous reception, and succeed in filling a want that has long been felt by the Sunday Schools of the land.

Our thanks are due to the few music publishers who have generously allowed us the use of such of their pieces as we desired, free of charge. Most of the music herein contained, however, has been paid for, much of it at a high rate. We have not spared any necessary expense to make a superior book.

It is the purpose, both of the trustees and publishers, to make such gradual improvements from time to time, in the book, as may be necessary to keep it in the front line of Sunday School Hymnals. We now invoke upon the work the blessing of Him, in whose honor and for whose praise it has been prepared.

R. M. BISHOP,
Chairman Board of Trustees.
COMPILERS' PREFACE.

The undersigned having been charged with the responsible task of carrying out the recommendation of the General Convention, in the compilation of a Sunday School Hymnal, have spared no labor nor pains to produce such a book as would elevate the standard of Sunday School music among us, and prove of permanent value to our schools. We have steadily kept in view the character of the music and the sentiment of the words, and have endeavored, as far as possible, to rule out whatever is objectionable. Especially have we aimed to secure a class of songs that would last, and give our schools a long rest from the expense and inconvenience of procuring new books. We call attention to the following features of this book:

1. Each piece of music has its time-signature, or movement marks, by which the leader may determine the time in which it should be sung.

2. The words, in every case, will be found between the music staves, thus enabling the singer to see the notes and the music at the same time. This will be found of great service in learning new pieces, and also in promoting the correct singing of familiar pieces.

3. The music is written out in full, avoiding "omits," and "repeats," which are so confusing.

4. The pieces are so arranged on the pages, that no leaf need be turned in the singing of any song.

5. The department of "Songs for Special Occasions," will be found to contain a number of pieces of rare merit, adapted to a variety of special occasions.

6. While we have sought, on the one hand, to avoid light and frivolous songs, which have nothing to commend them but a merry jingle, we have aimed, on the other hand, to select nothing, which is so complex in its music, or advanced in its sentiment, as to be out of reach of children and ordinary singers.

7. The question of cost has not influenced us in the selection of songs, only as between pieces of equal merit. The publishers authorized us to get the very best songs published; and hence our selections were made first, and the question of cost considered afterwards.

Our work has not been done by correspondence, but by many days of united, patient labor. The Committee takes pleasure in acknowledging the very valuable services of J. P. Powell, whose labors on our Church Hymnal have been recognized and appreciated by the brotherhood. Having been appointed as musical editor of the Sunday School Hymnal, he met with us in our several meetings, and gave us the benefit of his large experience and musical taste. To him we are largely indebted for the special features of the book above mentioned. We also acknowledge, gratefully, the help received from numerous brethren, whose suggestions have aided us in ascertaining what songs have stood the test of actual service in the Sunday School.

With a vast amount of material to choose from, we have earnestly sought to make a book that would combine the best songs of the various books to which we have had access. We now send forth the result of our labors, not as a faultless book, but as one containing a larger number of excellent songs adapted to the Sunday School than any other book known to us. For it we bespeak the generous patronage of the brotherhood, and on it we implore the blessing of God, to the end that its sweet melodies and inspiring sentiments may swell the volume of praise arising from earth to heaven, and may guide many young hearts to Him, who is "the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

J. H. GARRISON.
J. H. HARDIN.
GEO. D. SITHERWOOD.
No. 1. BEAUTIFUL ZION, BUILT ABOVE.

"Walk about Zion, and go round about her; tell the towers thereof."—Ps. xlviii: 12.

Anon. Metronome, $j = 76 = 24\frac{1}{2}$ inches of string or tape. T. J. Cook.

1. Beautiful Zion, built above, Beautiful city that I love;
2. Beautiful heav'n, where all is light, Beautiful angels, clothed in white;
3. Beautiful crowns on every brow, Beautiful palms the conquerors show:
4. Beautiful throne for Christ our King, Beautiful songs the angels sing;

Beautiful gates of pearly white, Beautiful temple, God its light;
Beautiful strains that never tire; Beautiful harps thro' all the choir—
Beautiful robes the ransomed wear, Beautiful all who enter there—
Beautiful rest—all wanderings cease, Beautiful home of perfect peace—

He who was slain on Calvary Opens those pearly gates to me.
There shall I join the chorus sweet, Worshipping at the Saviour's feet.
Thither I press with eager feet; There shall my rest be long and sweet.
There shall my eyes the Saviour see; Haste to this heavenly home with me.

Refrain.

Zion, Zion, lovely Zion, Beautiful Zion, city of our God.
No. 2. TO GOD BE THE GLORY.

"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."—Ps. cxvii: 3.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. To God be the glory, great things he hath done, So loved he the world that he gave us his Son, Who yielded his life an atonement for sin, And opened the Life-Gate, that all may come in.

2. O perfect redemption, the purchase of blood, To every believer the promise of God; The vilest offender who truly believes, Most surely from Jesus a pardon receives.

3. Great things he hath taught us, great things he hath done, And great our reward.

Copyright, 1873, by J. H. McCall & Co.

W. H. DOANE

Fine.

Refrain.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the earth hear his voice;

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Let the people rejoice.
No. 3. WORK FOR JESUS.

"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—Mat. xxv: 28.

Rev. J. H. MARTIN.  

1. Hear the voice of Jesus say, Lou- dly cry- ing un- to all,
2. Why, he asks, thro' all the day, Stand ye i- dle, noth- ing do?
3. Work and serve me with de- light, Full re- ward to you I'll give:
4. Thro' the long and toil- some day, Neath a blaz- ing, burn- ing sun,

Chorus.

In my vineyard work to- day; Hearken to his call.  
En- ter in with- out de- lay: I have work for you. 
At the gathering shades of night Wa- ges you'll receive.  
Work, then, for Je- sus,  
Bear the heat, pur- sue your way Till your task is done.

He will own and bless your la- bors; Work, work, for Je- sus: Work, work to- day.

No. 4. HATFIELD.

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."—John xiv: 27.

MARY A. S. BARKER.  

1. Prince of peace, con- trol my will, Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, O- pened wide the gate of God;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease—Hush my spir- it in- to peace.

Peace I ask—but peace must be, Lord, in be- ing one with thee.
No. 8. TRUSTING JESUS, THAT IS ALL.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."—Jon 111:15.

EDGAR PAGE.

I. Simply trusting every day, Trusting through a stormy way;
II. Brightly doth his spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine;
III. Singing if my way is clear; Praying if the path is drear;
IV. Trusting him while life shall last, Trusting him till earth is past;

Copyright, 1876, by Ira D. Sankey.

Chorus.

Trust ing as the moments fly, Trust ing as the days go by;

Copyright, 1876, by Ira D. Sankey.

Trust ing him, what e er be fall, Trust ing Jesus, that is all.
No. 7. DRAW ME TO THEE.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.  
J. H. TENNEY.

1. Closer to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine embrace;  
2. Closer to thee, my Savior, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more,  
3. Closer by thine sweet spirit draw me, Till I am wholly thine;  

Clos-er with-in thine arms en-fold me, I seek a rest-ing place.  
Sigh-ing to feel thine arms a-round me, And all my wanderings o'er.  
Quick-en, re-fine, and wash and cleanse me, Till pure my soul shall shine.

Chorus.

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

Clos-er draw me to thy-self a-bove.  
Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above, Draw me to thyself above.
1. Simply trusting every day, Trusting through a stormy way;
2. Brightly doth his spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine;
3. Singing if my way is clear; Praying if the path is drear;
4. Trusting him while life shall last, Trusting him till earth is past;

Even when my faith is small, Trusting Jesus, that is all.
While he leads I cannot fall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.
If in danger, for him call; Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Till within the jasper wall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.

Chorus.

Trust as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by;

Trust him, what e'er befall, Trusting Jesus, that is all.
No. 9. MY PRAYER.

"Be ye therefore perfect."—Matt. vi. 48.

P. P. BLISS.

\[ \text{Music} \]

P. P. BLISS.

1. More holiness give me, More strivings within;
2. More gratitude give me, More trust in the Lord;
3. More purity give me, More strength to overcome;

More patience in suffering, More sorrow for sin;
More pride in his glory, More hope in his word;
More freedom from earth-stains, More longings for home;

More faith in my Savior, More sense of his care;
More tears for his sorrows, More pain at his grief;
More fit for the kingdom, More useful I'd be;

More joy in his service, More purpose in prayer.
More meekness in trial, More praise for relief.
More blessed and holy, More, Savior, like thee.
No. 10. SUMMER-LAND.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."—Rev. xxi: 4.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.  
Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. Beyond this land of parting, losing, and leaving,
2. Beyond this land of toiling, sowing, and reaping,
3. Beyond this land of suffering, fainting, and falling,
4. Beyond this land of waiting, seeking, and sighing,

Far beyond the losses, darkening this, And far beyond the
Far beyond the shadows, darkening this, And far beyond the
Far beyond the doubts, darkening this, And far beyond the
Far beyond the sorrows, darkening this, And far beyond the

taking and the bereavement, Lies the summer-land of bliss.
sighing, moaning, and weeping, Lies the summer-land of bliss.
griefs and dangers falling, Lies the summer-land of bliss.
pain, and sickness, and dying, Lies the summer-land of bliss.

Refrain.

Land beyond, so fair and bright! Land beyond, where is no night!
Land beyond, so fair and bright! Land beyond, where is no night!

Summer-land, God is its light, O happy summer-land of bliss!
Summer-land,
No. 11. CLOSE TO THEE.

"I will never leave thee nor forsake thee."—Hos. xiii: 5.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL.

1. Thou my everlast-ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me,
   All along my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with thee.
   Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; All a-
   long my pil-grim jour-ney, Sav-ior, let me walk with thee.

2. Not for ease or world-ly pleas-ure, Nor for fame my prayers shall be;
   Glad-ly will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with thee.
   Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; Glad-ly
   will I toil and suf-fer, On-ly let me walk with thee.

3. Lead me thro' the vale of shad-ows, Bear me o'er life's fit-ful sea;
   Then the gate of life e-ter-nal May I en-ter, Lord, with thee.
   Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; Then the
   gate of life e-ter-nal May I en-ter, Lord, with thee.

Refrain.

Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; All a-
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; Close to thee, close to thee; Then the
Close to thee, close to thee, Close to thee, close to thee; Close to thee, close to thee; Then the
No. 12. **ONCE FOR ALL.**

"Justified by his grace, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus."—Rom. iii: 24.

P. P. Bliss. \( J = 66 - 32 \) P. P. Bliss.

1. Free from the law, O happy condition, Jesus hath bled, and there is remission; Cursed by the law and bruised by the fall,  
vides a perfect salvation; "Come unto me," O hear his sweet call, grace will keep us from falling; Passing from death to life at his call,

2. Now are we free—there's no condemnation, Jesus pro-

3. "Children of God," O glorious calling, Surely his

**Chorus.**

Grace hath redeemed us once for all.  
Come, and he saves us once for all. Once for all, O sinner, receive it. Once for all, O brother, believe it; Cling to the

cross, the burden will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.
No. 13  LOVE DIVINE.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—Eph. iii: 19.

CHAS. WESLEY.

1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cell-ing, Joy of heaven, to earth come down,
2. Breathe, O breath thy lov-ing Spir-it In-to ev-ery trou-bled breast;

John Zundel.

Fix in us thy hum-ble dwell-ing, All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.
Let us all in thee in-her-it, Let us find the prom-is-ed rest.

Je-sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love thou art:
Take a-way the love of sin-ning, Take our load of guilt a-way;

Vis- it us with thy sal-va-tion, En-ter ev-ery trembling heart.
End the work of thy be-gin-ning—Bring us to e-ter-nal day.
No. 14. NEAR THE CROSS.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. vi: 14.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE.  \[= 63 = 35\frac{1}{2}] \quad \text{W. H. DOANE.}

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross; There a precious fountain,
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;

Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the bright and morning star Sheds its beams around me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.

Chorus.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glory ever,

Till my raptured soul shall find Rest beyond the river.
No. 15. WHAT A FRIEND.

"There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—Prov. xviii: 24.

H. BONAR.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus, All our sins and griefs to bear!
2. Have we trials and temptations? Is there trouble anywhere?
3. Are we weak and heavy-laden, Cumbered with a load of care?

What a privilege to carry! Every thing to God in prayer!
We should never be discouraged: Take it to the Lord in prayer!
Precious Savior, still our refuge—Take it to the Lord in prayer!

O what peace we often forfeit, O what needless pain we bear,
Can we find a friend so faithful, Who will all our sorrows share?
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer;

All because we do not carry Every thing to God in prayer!
Jesus knows our every weakness: Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In his arms he'll take and shield thee; Thou wilt find a solace there.
No. 16. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

"He that goeth forth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."—Ps. cxxvi: 6.

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness; Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eaves; Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping—We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves, thus prepare the harvest: You shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves and, our labors ended, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2. Go and tell the nations now in heathen blindness; Tell them Jesus died—now no excuse he leaves; Bid them come to Jesus clouds nor winter's chilling breeze; By and by the harvest, Bringing in the golden sheaves, Bringing in the golden sheaves, the...
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. Concluded.

sheaves, Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping—
golden sheaves,

We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

No. 17. Horton.

"God commendeth his love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."—Rom. v: 8.

S. Longfellow.

1. Love for all! and can it be? Can I hope it is for me—
2. I, the disobedient child, Wayward, passionate and wild;
3. I, who spurned his loving hold; I, who would not be controlled;
4. To my Father can I go? At his feet myself I’ll throw;
5. See! my Father waiting stands; See! he reaches out his hands:

I, who strayed so long ago; Strayed so far, and fell so low?
I, who left my Father’s home, In forbidden ways to roam;
I, who would not hear his call; I, the wilful prodigal—
In his house there yet may be Place—a servant’s place—for me.
God is love; I know, I see, Love for me—yes, even me.
No. 13. I'LL TRUST IN THEE.

"But I trusted in thee, O Lord, my times are in thy hand."—Ps. xxxi: 14, 15,

W. F. LLOYD. \( \text{f.} = 60 = 39 \)  S. B. ELLENBERGER.

1. "My times are in thy hand;" My God, I wish them there;
2. "My times are in thy hand;" What-ev-er they may be,
3. "My times are in thy hand;" Why should I doubt or fear?
4. "My times are in thy hand;" Je-sus, the cru-ci-fied!

My life, my friends, my soul, I leave En-tire-ly to thy care.
Pleas-ing or pain-ful, dark or bright, As best may seem to thee.
My Fa- ther's hand will nev- er cause His child a need-less tear.
The hand my cru-el sins hath pierced Is now my guard and guide.

Chorus.

"My times are in thy hand," I'll al-ways trust in thee;
I'll trust in thee, I'll trust in thee, I'll al-ways trust in thee.
No. 19. PRECIOUS PROMISE.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—Ps. xxxii: 8.

NATHANIEL NILES.

\[ \text{P. P. BLISS.} \]

1. Precious promise God hath given
   To the weary passer by,

2. When temptations almost win thee,
   And thy trusted watchers fly,

3. When thy secret hopes have perished
   In the grave of years gone by,

4. When the shades of life are falling,
   And the hour has come to die,

On the way from earth to heaven, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this promise ring within thee, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Let this promise still be cherished, "I will guide thee with mine eye."
Heartly trusty Pilot calling, "I will guide thee with mine eye."

Refrain.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with mine eye;

On the way from earth to heaven, I will guide thee with mine eye.
No. 20. CROSS AND CROWN.

"And he, bearing his cross, went forth."—John xix: 17.

T. SHEPHERD. \( J = 116 = 10\frac{1}{2} \)  
G. N. ALLEN.

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-se-cr-at-ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free,
3. Up-on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je-sus' pier-ced feet,
4. O precious cross! O glo-ri-ous crown! O res-u-rrec-tion day!

No; there's a cross for ev-ery one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear—For there's a crown for me.
Joy-ful I'll cast my gold-en crown, And his dear-name re-peat.
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.

No. 21. MY REDEEMER.

"They shall abundantly utter the memory of thy great goodness, and shall sing of thy righteousness."—Ps. cxxvi.

P. P. BLISS. \( J = 72 = 27 \)  
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And his wondrous love to me;
2. I will tell the wondrous sto-ry, How my lost es-tate to save,
3. I will praise my dear Re-deem-er, His tri-umphant power I'll tell,
4. I will sing of my Re-deem-er, And his heavenly love to me;
On the cruel cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.
In his boundless love and mercy, He the ransom freely gave.
How the victory he giveth over sin, and death, and hell.
He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God, with him to be.

Chorus.
Sing, O sing, of my Redeemer,
With his blood he purchased me;
On the cross he sealed my pardon,
Paid the debt, and made me free,
And made me free, and made me free.
No. 22. THE ROCK THAT IS HIGHER.

"From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I."—Ps. lxi: 2.

E. JOHNSON.  \[ \text{\textbf{\textit{f=88}}} \]  \[ \text{\textbf{\textit{f=18}}} \]  W. G. FISCHER.

1. O sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal;
2. O sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how heavy my feet!
3. O near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, how often they sweep, Like tempests, down over the soul!
But, toiling in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain way steep, Or walking the shadowy vale.

Chorus.

O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I;

O then to the Rock let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I,

let me fly, let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.
1. When we work for the Lord He doth help us each day;
2. When we work for the Lord We have nothing to fear,
3. When we work for the Lord Every arm groweth strong;

He doth bless us and guide us In his own perfect way;
For the joy of his presence Bring-eth heaven so near;
And a sweet inspiration Flow-eth forth in a song;

Every trial grows sweet, Every burden grows light,
While his strong arm upholds, And we share in his love,
When the work here is done, He will take us to rest,

And his angels will guard us Through the night, through the night.
We receive his protection From above, from above.
We shall dwell in the mansions Of the blest, of the blest.
No. 24. WE BELIEVE.

"Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."—John xx: 29.

A Favorite in England. \( j = 69 = 29\frac{1}{2} \)

KNOWLES SHAW.

1. We saw thee not when thou didst come To this poor world of sin and death;
   Nor yet beheld thy cottage home, In that despised Nazareth;
   But we believe thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.

2. We saw thee not when lift-ed high A-mid that wild and savage crew;
   Nor heard we that imploring cry, "For-give, they know not what they do!
   But we believe the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.

3. We gazed not in the o-pentomb Where once thy mangled body lay;
   Nor saw thee in that up-per room," Nor met thee on the open way;
   But we believe that angels said, "Why seek the liv-ing with the dead?"

4. We walked not with the cho- sen few Who saw thee from the earth ascend;
   Who raised to heaven their wondering view, Then low to earth all prostrate bend;
   But we believe that human eyes Beheld that jour-ney to the skies.

Chorus.

But we be-lieve thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of God;
But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
But we be-lieve that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv-ing with the dead?"
But we be-lieve that human eyes Be-held that jour-ney to the skies.

Rit.

But we be-lieve thy footsteps trod Its streets and plains, thou Son of God.
But we be-lieve the deed was done, That shook the earth and veiled the sun.
But we be-lieve that an-gels said, "Why seek the liv-ing with the dead?"
But we be-lieve that human eyes Be-held that jour-ney to the skies.
No. 25. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

"And Moses went up * * to the top of Pisgah * * and the Lord showed him all the land from Gilead unto Dan."—DEUT. xxxiv : 1.

SAMUEL STENNEDT. j = 80 = 22 T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
2. O'er all those wide extended plains Shines one eternal day;
3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be forever blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;

To Canaan's fair and happy land, Where my possessions lie. There God, the Sun, forever reigns, And scatters night away. When shall I see my Father's face, And in his bosom rest? Though Jordan's waves around me roll, Fearless I'd launch away.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and happy land, (by and by,) Just across on the evergreen shore, Sing the song of Moses and the evergreen shore,

Lamb, (by and by,) And dwell with Jesus evermore.
No. 26. THE PEARL OF GREATEST PRICE.

"When he had found one pearl of great price, he sold all that he had and bought it."—Matt. xiii: 46.

JOHN MASON.

1. I've found the pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy;
2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King; My Prophet, full of light;
3. For he, indeed, is Lord of lords, And he the King of kings;
4. Christ is my peace; he died for me, For me he shed his blood;
5. Christ Jesus is my all in all, My comfort and my love;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song employ.
My great High Priest before the throne, My King of heavenly might.
He is the Sun of righteousness, With healing in his wings.
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice, Offered himself to God.
My life below, and he shall be My joy and crown above.

Chorus.

I've found the pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy;

And sing I must, for Christ is mine; Christ shall my song employ.
No. 27.  O  SION,  SION.

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi: 26.

L. H. JAMESON.  J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. There is a hab-i-ta-tion, Built by the liv-ing God,
   For all of ev-ery na-tion, Who seek that grand a-bode.

2. A cit-y with foun-da-tions Firm as the e-ter-nal throne;
   Nor wars, nor des-o-la-tion Shall ev-er move a stone.

3. No night is there, no sor-row, No death and no de-cay;
   No yes-ter-day, no mor-row— But one e-ter-nal day.

4. With- in its pearl-y por-tals An-gel-ic ar-mies sing,

Chorus.

O  Sion,  Sion, I long thy gates to see;  O  Sion, love-ly Sion,
O  Sion,  Sion, When shall I dwell in thee?

O  Sion, love-ly  Sion,
No. 28. I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

"Who his own self bare our sins in his own body on the tree."—1 Pet. ii: 24.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.

1. I bring my sins to thee, The sins I can not count,
   That all may cleansed be In thy once opened fount;
   I bring them, Savior, all to thee; The burden is too
great for me, The burden is too great for me.

2. I bring my grief to thee, The grief I can not tell;
   No words shall need be, Thou knowest all so well;
   I bring the sorrow laid on me, O suffering Savior,
   all to thee, O suffering Savior, all to thee.

3. My joys to thee I bring, The joys thy love has given,
   That each may be a wing To lift me nearer heaven;
   I bring them, Savior, all to thee, Who hast procured them
   all for me, Who hast procured them all for me.

4. My life I bring to thee; I would not be my own;
   O Savior, let me be Thine ever, thine alone;
   My heart, my life, my all I bring To thee, my Savior
   and my King, To thee, my Savior and my King.
No. 29. \textit{THE SWEETEST NAME.}

"Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."—\textit{Matt.} 1: 21.

\textbf{NEWTON.}

\begin{equation}
\begin{array}{c}
\text{\textit{S. B. ELLENBERGER.}} \\
\end{array}
\end{equation}

1. How sweet the name of \textit{Je-sus} sounds In a \textit{be-liever's} ear;
2. It makes the wound-ed \textit{spir-it} whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name, the rock on which I build My shield and hid-ing-place;
4. I would thy bound-less love pro-claim With ev-ery fleet-ing breath;

It soothes his sor-rows, heals his wounds, And drives a-way his fear.
'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And to the wea-ry rest.
My nev-er-fail-ing treas-ure, filled With bound-less stores of grace.
So shall the mu-sic of thy name Re-fresh my soul in death.

\textbf{Chorus.}

\begin{equation}
\begin{array}{c}
\text{Thy name, O \textit{Je-sus}, is all my plea, Dear-est and sweetest name to me;}
\end{array}
\end{equation}

Thou art my shield and hid-ing-place, I am re-deemed by thy rich grace.
No. 30. WHITER THAN SNOW.

"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. Li: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON. J = 112 = 11 Wm. G. FISCHER.

1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most hum-bly en-treat; I
4. Lord Je-sus, thou se-est I pa-tient-ly wait; Come

want thee for-ev-er to live in my soul: Break down ev-ery
help me to make a com-plete sac-ri-fice: I give up my-
wait, bless-ed Lord, at thy cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my
now, and with-in me a new heart cre-at.e. To those who have

i-dol, cast out ev-ery foe: Now wash me, and I shall be
self, and what-ev-er I know: Now wash me, and I shall be
cleansing, I see thy blood flow; Now wash me, and I shall be
sought thee thou nev-er said'st No: Now wash me, and I shall be

Chorus.

whit-er than snow.
whit-er than snow.
whit-er than snow.
whit-er than snow.

Whit-er than snow—yes, whit-er than

Whit-er than snow.
WHITER THAN SNOW. Concluded.

snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

No. 31. HAPPY ZION.

“For thy name's sake lead me and guide me.”—Ps. xxxi: 3.

JAS. EDMESTON.  

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Lead us, heavenly Father, lead us O'er the world's tempestuous sea;

2. Savior, breathe forgiveness o'er us; All our weakness thou dost know;

3. Let thy Spirit, now attending, Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;

Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us, For we have no help but thee;
Thou didst tread this earth before us, Thou didst feel its keenest woe.
Love with every passion blending, Pleasure that can never eloy.

Yet possessing every blessing, If our God our Father be.
Lone and dreary, faint and weary, Through the desert thou didst go.
Thus provided, pardoned, guided, Nothing can our peace destroy.
No. 32. COMING NOW.

"Him that cometh to me, I will in nowise cast out."—John vi: 37.

ROBERT MOFFETT.

1. Jesus, I am coming now, Coming to the fountain;
2. Jesus, make me true to thee, Pure, and meek, and lowly,
3. Jesus, fill my heart with peace, Flowing like a river;

Precious is the atoning blood, Shed on Calvary's mountain.
While I walk the narrow way To the city holy.
Day by day my joy increase, Till the glad forever.

Chorus.

Coming now, coming now, Seeking grace and favor,

That my weary soul may find Rest in thee forever.
No. 33. I NEED THEE.

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

Mrs. E. P. PRENTISS. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. I need thee every hour, Most gracious Lord;
2. I need thee every hour, Stay thou near by;
3. I need thee every hour, In joy or pain;
4. I need thee every hour, Teach me thy will;
5. I need thee every hour, Most holy One:

No tender voice like thine Can peace afford.
Temp-ta-tions lose their power When thou art nigh.
Come quickly and abide, Or life is vain.
And thy rich promises In me fulfill.
O make me thine indeed, Thou blessed Son!

Chorus.

I need thee, O I need thee, Every hour I need thee;

O bless me now, my Savior, I come to thee!
No. 34. EVERY DAY.

"He exhorted them all that with purpose of heart they would cleave unto the Lord."—Acts xi: 23.

F. C. VAN ALSTYNE. \( \frac{j = 63 = 35}{-} \) W. H. DOANE.

1. Savior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go;
3. Let me love thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

May thy reconciling blood Bring me near-er, near-er still to God.
Trust- ing thee, I can not stray, I can nev- er, nev- er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a- bove.

Refrain.

Ev- ery day, ev- ery hour, Let me feel thy cleansing power;
Ev- ery day and hour, ev- ery day and hour,

May thy ten- der love to me Bind me clos- er, clos- er, Lord, to thee.
No. 36. WHAT COULD WE DO WITHOUT JESUS?

"Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life."—John vi: 68.

E. R. LATTA.

1. What could we do without Jesus? What could the children do?
2. What could we do without Jesus? What could the sinner do?
3. What could we do without Jesus? What could the Christian do?

With the long pathway before them, Hidden from mortal view;
Where could he go for salvation? Who could his heart renew?
Is there a friend or a brother Equal-ly kind and true?

How could their footsteps be guided? Surely their feet would stray,
No other name has been given; Only his blood can atone;
In the dark hour of temptation, In the dread hour of pain,

But that the merciful Savior Tender-ly leads the way.
Sinners can trust but in Jesus, Claiming no worth their own.
What but the mercy of Jesus Can our sad hearts sustain?
WHAT COULD WE DO WITHOUT JESUS? Concluded.

Chorus.

What could we do without Jesus? What could we do? Where could we fly?

Rit.

What could we do without Jesus, When we are called to die?

No. 37. WOODWORTH.

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

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.  \( \frac{b}{4} = 88 = 18 \)  WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With fears within, and foes without,— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in thee to find— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
WHAT COULD WE DO WITHOUT JESUS? Concluded.

Chorus.

What could we do without Jesus? What could we do? where could we fly?

What could we do without Jesus, When we are called to die?

No. 37. WOODWORTH.

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

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. Wm. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot—
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed about With many a conflict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,

And that thou bidst me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
With fears within, and foes without,— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
Yea, all I need in thee to find— O Lamb of God, I come, I come!
1. When the storms of life are raging, Tempests wild on sea and land,
   I will seek a place of refuge In the shadow of God's hand.
   He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me;
   He will hide me, safely hide me, In the shadow of his hand.

2. Though he may send some affliction, 'Twill but make me long for home;
   For in love, and not in anger, All his chastening will come.
   He will turn what seems to harm me Into everlasting joy.
   He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me;
   He will hide me, safely hide me, In the shadow of his hand.

3. Enemies may strive to injure, Satan all his arts employ;
   Jesus for my soul is caring; Naught can harm his Father's child.
   He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me;
   He will hide me, safely hide me, In the shadow of his hand.

4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meeting storms and billows wild,
   Chorus.
   He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me;
   He will hide me, he will hide me, Where no harm can e'er betide me;
   He will hide me, safely hide me, In the shadow of his hand.
   He will hide me, safely hide me, In the shadow of his hand.
No. 39. FOLLOW THOU ME.

"Jesus said unto them, Follow me."—Matt. iv: 19.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.  Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. If I, like Galilee fishers, Were mending my nets by the main,
2. If I were dwelling in pleasure, Or it- ting in pla- ces of gain,
3. If I were sink- ing in sad- ness, Or dreading the cross and the pain,

And Je- sus, com- ing, should call me, He nev- er should call in vain.
And Je- sus, pass- ing, should call me, He nev- er should call in vain.
And Je- sus ten- der- ly called me, He nev- er should call in vain.

Chorus.

We'll fol- low the summons of Je- sus, Where- ev- er, how- ev- er it falls;

When high up the path-way he sees us, And "Fol- low thou me!" he calls.
No. 40. THE ROCK AND THE SAND.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock."—Matt. vii: 24.

H. R. TRICKETT. J. H. ROSECRANS.

1. On what are you building, my brother, Your hopes of eternal
   home? Is it loose, shifting sand, or the firm, solid rock, You are
day; You are risking your soul on the works that you do; Will the
voice; There is life on the rock, but there's death on the sand; O my
pare, 'Twill be all swept away when the floods shall descend, Leaving

Chorus.

trust-ing for ages to come?
dark wa-ters sweep you away? Hearing and doing, we build on the rock;
brother, pray tell me your choice, nothing but death and despair.

Hearing alone, we build on the sand; Both will be tried by the
THE ROCK AND THE SAND. Concluded.

storm and the flood; Only the rock the trial will stand.

No. 41. OLIVET.

"I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." —2 Tim. i: 12.

RAY PALMER.

LOWELL MASON.

\[ J = 88 = 18 \]

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of Calvary,
2. May thy rich grace impart Strength to my fainting heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs around me spread,
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold, sullen stream

Savior divine: Now hear me while I pray; Take all my
My zeal inspire; As thou hast died for me, O may my
Be thou my guide; Bid darkness turn to day, Wipe sorrow's
Shall o'er me roll, Blest Savior, then, in love, Fear and dis-

guilt away; O let me, from this day, Be wholly thine.
love to thee Pure, warm, and changeless be— A living fire.
tears away, Nor let me ever stray From thee aside.
tress remove; O bear me safe above— A ransomed soul.
No. 42. PRECIOUS NAME.

"And blessed be his glorious name forever."—Ps. lxxii: 19.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER. W. H. DOANE.

1. Take the name of Je-sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—
2. Take the name of Je-sus ev-er, As a shield from ev-ery snare;
3. O the precious name of Je-sus; How it thrills my heart with joy,
4. At the name of Je-sus bow-ing, Fall-ing prostrate at his feet,

It will joy and com-fort give you, Take it, then, where'er you go.
If temp-a-tions round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in prayer.
When his lov-ing arms re-cieve us, And his songs our tongues em-ploy.
King of kings in heaven we'll crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.

Chorus.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Precious name, O how sweet— Hope of earth and joy of heaven.

Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,
No. 43. VAIL.

"Christ died for our sins according to the Scriptures."—1 COR. XVI: 3.

ISAAC WATTS.

S. J. VAIL.

1. A-las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Soveraign die;
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned upon the tree?
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut his glories in,
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face While his dear cross appears;
5. But tears of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe;

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-mazing pit-y! grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree!
When God's own Son was cru-ci-fied For man the creature's sin.
Dissolve my heart in thank-ful-ness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.

Chorus.

Je-sus died for you, Je-sus died for me; Yes,

Je-sus died for all man-kind, Bless God, sal-va-tion's free.
No. 44. I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"For I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified."—1 Cor. ii: 2.

\[ \text{\textbf{J = 100 = 14}} \]

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above,
   Of Jesus and his glory,

2. I love to tell the story, More wonderful it seems
   Than all the golden fancies
   How seems, each time I tell it,

3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat
   Our golden dreams,
   Seem hungering and thirsting

4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best
   To hear it like the rest;
   I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true;
   I love to tell the story, It did so much for me!
   And when in scenes of glory, I sing the new, new song.

It satisfies my longings As nothing else can do.
And that is just the reason I tell it now to thee.
The message of salvation From God's own holy word.
'Twill be the old, old story That I have loved so long.
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. Concluded.

Chorus.

I love to tell the story; 'Twill be my theme in glory,

To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.

No. 45. HOUR OF PARTING.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me to glory."—Ps. lxxiii: 24.

Dr. T. G. CHATTLE. WM. W. BENTLEY.

1. Gentle Savior, be thou near us, As we from each other part;

2. As the closing hour draws near us, And the night steals gently on,

3. When the night of death comes o'er us, And our earthly prayers are o'er,

May thy word, its truth impressing, Shed its light on every heart.
Let thy gracious presence cheer us, Guard us till the coming morn.
O receive us home to glory, There to praise thee evermore.
No. 46. THE GATE AJAR FOR ME.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—Rev. xxi : 23.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.  \( \text{\textcopyright} \text{J. \textcopyright} \text{=} 35 \text{\textcopyright} \)  Philip Phillips.

1. There is a gate that stands ajar, And thro' its portals gleam-ing,
2. That gate ajar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal-va-tion;
3. Press on-ward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mer-cy's gate is o-pen;
4. Beyond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv-en,

A ra-diance from the cross a-far The Sav-i-or's love re-veal-ing.
The rich and poor, the great and small, Of ev-ery tribe and na-tion.
Ac-cept the cross and win the crown, Love's ev-er-last-ing to-ken.
And hear the crown of life a-way, And love him more in heav-en.

Refrain.

O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a-jar for me?

For me, for me, Was left a-jar for me?

For me, for me,
1. Let the holy name of Jesus Dwell forever in thy heart;
2. Souls all weary, worn, and troubled, Bowed with sorrow, pain, and grief;

It will cleanse, refresh, and cheer you, Shield from Satan's fatal dart.
Weak and trembling—in this fountain Surely find a sweet relief.

O the joy, the precious fountain, Which his sacred name supplies;
With thy woes and earthly labors, Weary with thy load of care;

It is balm for wounded spirits, It is life that never dies.
Come, O come unto the Savior, In him endless pleasures are.
No. 48. I WANT TO BE LIKE JESUS.

"Who loved me and gave himself for me."—Gal. ii. 20.

A. K. MILLER.

\[ \text{\textbf{I = 76 = 24\frac{1}{2}}} \]

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I want to be like Jesus, So lowly and so meek;
2. I want to be like Jesus, So frequently in prayer;
3. I want to be like Jesus, Engaged in doing good,
4. Alas! I'm not like Jesus, As any one may see;

For no one marked an angry word That ever heard him speak.
A lone upon the mountain top, He met his Father there.
So that of me it may be said, He hath done what he could.
Thy gentle Spirit, Savior, send, And make me like to thee.

Chorus.

I want to be like Jesus, God's well-beloved Son;

I want to be like Jesus, The pure and holy One.
No. 49. BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. viii: 35.

MRS. EMILY H. MILLER.  j = 80 = 22  GEO. F. ROOT.

1. I love to hear the story, Which angel voices tell,
2. I'm glad my blessed Savior Was once a child like me,
3. To sing his love and mercy, My sweetest songs I'll raise,

How once the King of glory Came down on earth to dwell;
To show how pure and holy His little ones might be;
And though I can not see him, I know he hears my praise;

I am both weak and sinful, But this I surely know,
And if I try to follow His footsteps here below,
For he has kindly promised That I shall surely go

The Lord came down to save me, Because he loved me so.
He never will forget me, Because he loves me so.
To sing among his angels, Because he loves me so.
No. 50. THE LAMBS OF THE UPPER FOLD.

"He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."—Isa. xl: 11.

PAULINA.

REV. B. R. HANBY.

1. 'Mid the pastures green of the blessed isles, Where never is heat or cold, Where the light of life is the laid 'neath the tear-wet mold, But the light that paled at the

2. There are tiny mounds where the hopes of earth Were Shepherd's smile, Are the lambs of the upper fold. Where the stricken hearth Was joy to the upper fold. O the

lilies blossom in endless spring, And never a heart grows white stone bear-eth a new name now, That never on earth was
old, Where the glad new song is the song they sing,
told, And the tender Shepherd doth guard with care

Are the lambs of the upper fold. Lambs of the upper fold. Lambs of the upper fold. Lambs of the upper fold.

fold. Lambs of the upper fold, Where the glad new song fold. Lambs of the upper fold, And the tender Shepherd

is the song they sing, Are the lambs of the upper fold. the tender Shepherd doth guard with care The lambs of the upper fold.
No. 51. MORE LIKE THEE.

"We shall be like him."—1 John iii: 2.

W. J. K.

\[ \text{\textit{Je-sus, Sav-ior, great Ex-am-ple, Pat-ttern of all pu-ri-ty,}} \]
\[ \text{1. Lest I wan-der from thy path-way, Or my feet move wea-ri-ly,}} \]
\[ \text{2. When temp-ta-tions fierce-ly low-er, And my shrink-ing soul would flee,}} \]
\[ \text{3. When a-round me all is dark-ness, And thy beauties none may see,}} \]
\[ \text{4. When death's cold and chill-ing fin-ger Leaves its im-press on my brow,}} \]

\[ \text{I would fol-low in thy foot-steps, Dai-ly grow-ing more like thee.}} \]
\[ \text{Sav-ior, take my hand and lead me, Keep me steadfast: more like thee.}} \]
\[ \text{Change each weak-ness in-to pow-er, Keep me spot-less: more like thee.}} \]
\[ \text{May thy beams, O Glo-rious Brightness, In ef-fulgence shine thro' me.}} \]
\[ \text{May thy life, with-in me swell-ing, Keep me sing-ing then as now.}} \]

\[ \text{Chorus.} \]

More like thee, more like thee; Sav-ior, this my constant prayer shall

More like thee, More like thee;

be-Day by day, wher-e'er I stay, Make me more and more like thee.
No. 52. JESUS CALLS THEE.

"I the Lord have called thee."—Isa. xlix: 6.

Mrs. S. A. Collins. W. H. Doane.

1. Jesus, gracious one, call-eth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!"
2. Still he waits for thee, pleading patient-ly, "Come, O come to me!
3. Weary, sin-sick soul, called so graciously, Canst thou dare refuse?

Calls so tender-ly, calls so loving-ly, "Now, O sinner, come?"
Heavy-laden one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in me.
Mercy offered thee, freely, tender-ly, Wilt thou still abuse?

Refrain.

Words of peace and blessing, Christ's own love confessing;
Words of love o'er-flow-ing, Life and bliss be-stowing; Hear the sweet voice of
Come, for time is fly-ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy-ing;

Jesus, Full, full of love; Calling tenderly, calling lovingly, "Come, O sinner, come!"
No. 53. WHO'S ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

"And Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?" —Ex. xxxii: 26.

PAULINA.

1. We're marching to Ca-naan with banner and song, We're soldiers en-

list-ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con-

strength should di-

Chorus.

2. The sword may be burn-ished, the arm-or be bright, For Sa-tan ap-

3. Who is there a-

4. O, heed not the sor-

4. O, heed not the sorrow, the pain, and the wrong, For soon shall our

par-don-ing mer-

treacher-y hide, While lips are pro-

nor is on the Lord's side?"

heart in its pride; O, haste while he's wait-ing and seek the Lord's side.

cov-ern-ant Guide, We'll shout, as we tri-umph, "I'm on the Lord's side!"

who is there a-

cov-ern-ant Guide, We'll shout, as we tri-umph, "I'm on the Lord's side!"

Chorus.

O, who is there among us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his
WHO'S ON THE LORD'S SIDE? Concluded.

No. 54. YARBROUGH.

"He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him which died for them and rose again."---2 Cor. V: 15.

Miss Frances E. Havergal. Arr. by R. M. McIntosh.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con-se-crat-ed, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for thee;
3. Take my sil-ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will and make it thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
5. Take my love; my Lord, I pour At thy feet its treas-ure-store;

Cho.—Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be;

Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on-ly for my King.
Take my mo-men-ts and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is thine own, It shall be thy roy-al throne.
Take my-self, and I will be Ev-er, on-ly, all for thee.

Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for-ev-er-more to be.
No. 55. Precious Words.

"The gospel is the power of God unto salvation."—Rom. 1:16.

Mrs. Loula K. Rogers.

$J = 69 = 29\frac{1}{2}$

R. M. McIntosh.

1. Precious forever! O wonderful words, Teach me the path-way of duty; Lead me beside the still waters of life, me who-so-ever;" Sinners, oppressed with a burden of woe, night of thy sorrow? Wouldst thou go on in the darkness of sin, Refrain.

Flowing thro' valleys of beauty. Drink of the bountiful river.

Precious forever to Longing for no bright to-morrow?

you and to me, Words that our Savior has spoken, Bearing sal-
No. 56. MORE LOVE.

"Lovedst thou me?"—John xxxi. 16.

E. P. PRENTISS. T. E. PERKINS.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee! Hear thou the
prayer I make, On bended knee; This is my earnest plea-

2. Once earthly joy I craved—Sought peace and rest; Now thee a-
lonely I seek: Give what is best. This all my prayer shall be-

3. Then shall my latest breath Whispers thy praise; This be the
parting cry My heart shall rise—This still its prayer shall be,

More love, O Christ, to thee! More love, O Christ, to thee, More love to thee!
"Glorious things are spoken of thee, O city of God."

Anon.

1. O think of a home o-ver there, By the side of the river of
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the jour-ney have
3. My Sav-i-or is now o-ver there, There my kin-dred and friends are at
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I

light, o-ver there, Where the saints, all im-mor-tal and fair, Are
rest, o-ver there, Then a-way from my sor-row and care Let me
see, o-ver there, Ma-ny dear to my heart, o-ver there, Are

robbed in their garments of white, o-ver there. O-ver there, o-ver there,
home in the pal-ace of God, o-ver there. O-ver there, o-ver there,
fly to the land of the blest, o-ver there. O-ver there, o-ver there,
watch-ing and wait-ing for me, o-ver there. O-ver there, o-ver there,

o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of a home o-ver there, o-ver there,
o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the friends o-ver there, o-ver there,
o-ver there, o-ver there, My Sav-i-or is now o-ver there, o-ver there,
o-ver there, o-ver there, I'll soon be at home o-ver there, o-ver there,
O- ver there, over there, over there, o-ver there, O think of a home o-ver there.
O-ver there, etc.
O-ver there, etc.
O-ver there, etc.

No. 53. WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?
"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—Heb ix: 28.

Miss F. R. HAVERGAL.  

1. I gave my life for thee,
   My precious blood I shed,
   That thou might'st ransom'd be,
   And quickened from the dead;
   I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou given for me?

2. My Fa-th'er's house of light—
   My glo-ry cir-cled throne
   I left for earth-ly night,
   For wanderings sad and lone;
   I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?

3. I suf-fered much for thee,
   More than thy tongue can tell,
   Of bit-ter est ag-o-ny,
   To res-cue thee from hell;
   I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?

4. And I have brought to thee,
   Down from my home a-bove,
   Sal-va-tion full and free,
   My par-don and my love;
   I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee, What hast thou brought to me?

P. P. BLISS.
1. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Never to fade or fall,
   Till into the fold of the peace of God, He has gathered us all.

2. There is no heart like the heart of Jesus, Filled with a tender love;
   No throb nor throe that our hearts can know, But he feels it above.

3. O let us hark to the voice of Jesus, O may we never roam.
   Till safe we rest on his loving breast, In the dear heavenly home.

Chorus.

Jesus' love, precious love, Boundless, and pure, and free;
   Turn to that love, weary, wandering soul, Jesus pleadeth for thee.
No. 60. BY AND BY.

"For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus, will God bring with him."—1 Thess. iv: 14.

W. T. D.

\[ j = 72 = 27 \]

Arr. from W. T. Dale.

1. O-ver Jordan we shall meet, By and by, by and by,
2. All our sor-rows shall be past, By and by, by and by;
3. There we'll join the ransomed throng, By and by, by and by,

In a fel-low-ship so sweet, By and by, by and by;
We shall reach our home at last, By and by, by and by;
Chant-ing love's re-deem-ing song, By and by, by and by;

We shall gather on the shore, With our kin-dred gone be-fore,
With the ran-somed we shall stand There, a ho-ly, hap-py band,
There we'll meet be-fore the throne, There we'll lay our tro-phies down,

And the Sav-ior's name a-dore, By and by, by and by;
Crowned with glo-ry in that land, By and by, by and by;
And re-ceive a shin-ing crown, By and by, by and by.
No. 61. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

"Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven."—Luke xii. 20.

W. T. G.

\[ \frac{\text{\#3}}{4} \]

1. In the Lamb's book of life, that is kept in heav-en, Are
2. All the good that I do is there re-cord-ed, And in
3. Tho' my life may be fraught with af-flic-tions fear-ful, I can

written the names of those for-giv-en; Is my name writ-ten there?
heav-en by grace I'll be re-ward-ed: Is my name writ-ten there?
bear with it all, and my heart be cheer-ful, If my name's writ-ten there.

Chorus.

Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there?

In the Lamb's book of life, Is my name writ-ten there?
No. 62. FOUNTAIN.

"In that day there shall be a fountain opened to the house of David for sin and for uncleanness."—Zech. xiii: 1.

Wm. Cowper.

American Melody.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
2. The dying thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day;
3. O Lamb of God, thy precious blood Shall never lose its power,
4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream Thy flowing wounds supply,
5. And when this lisp'ring, stammering tongue Lies silent in the grave,

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains,
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins away,
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more,
Re deem ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die,
Then in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save,

Lose all thy guilty stains, Lose all thy guilty stains;
Washed all my sins away, Washed all my sins away;
Be saved, to sin no more, Be saved, to sin no more;
And shall be till I die, And shall be till I die;
I'll sing thy power to save, I'll sing thy power to save;

And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
And there have I, as vile as he, Washed all my sins away.
Till all the ransomed Church of God Be saved, to sin no more.
Re deem ing love has been my theme, And shall be till I die.
Then, in a nobler, sweeter song, I'll sing thy power to save.
0 THE DEBT OF LOVE.
"For his great love wherewith he loved us."—Eph. ii: 4.

EDW. J. ARMSTRONG.  \[ j = 76 = 24\frac{1}{2} \]  W. F. SHERWIN.

1. All my life the Lord hath led me; All my life his loving care
2. O how tenderly he brought me O'er the toil-some, dangerous way;
3. As I am, O Savior, take me! Though a sinner, save me, Lord!

'Midst the wilderness hath fed me; Still his hands my ways prepare.
With his own dear blood he bought me; How can I his love repay?
Cleasen my soul from sin, and make me Pure in spirit by thy word.

Refrain.

O the debt of love I owe him, Debt no gold can e'er repay;

If I can but see and know him, He my sin will wash away.
No. 64. WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE.

"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, they are life."—JOHN vi: 63.

P. P. B.  \[ J. = 63 = 35\frac{1}{2} \]  P. P. BLISS.

1. Sing them o-ver a-gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet-ly ech-o the gos-pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau-ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life. Words of life and Sin-ner, list to the lov-ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life. All so free-ly Of-fer pardon and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life. Je-sus, on-ly

Refrain.

beau-ty, Teach me faith and du-ty.
giv-en, Woo-ing us to heav-en. Beau-ti-ful words, won-der-ful words,
Sav-i-or, Sancti-fy for-ev-er.

Wonderful words of Life; Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life.
No. 65. HEAR HIM CALLING.

"I am the good Shepherd."—John x: 31.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.  \( \frac{j}{96} = \frac{15}{4} \) Dr. A. BROOKS EVERETT.

1. Are you staying, safely staying, In the tender
2. Are you hearing, gladly hearing, How he bid his
3. Are you roaming, longer roaming, In the cold, dark

Shepherd’s peaceful fold? No, I’m straying, sadly straying, On the
fold-ed flock re-joice? No, I’m fearing, sadly fearing, I have
night of doubt and sin? No, I’m coming, quickly coming! Open

Refrain.

lone-ly mountains, dark and cold.
followed far the stranger’s voice. \{ On your ear his loving tones are
door! make haste to let me in!

fall-ing, For he seeks you, where-so-e’er you roam, Hear him,
HEAR HIM CALLING. Concluded.

calling, sweetly calling, As he bids his wandering sheep come home.

No. 66. BOOK OF LIFE.

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness."—2 Tim. iii: 16.

Anon. Dr. L. Mason.

1. Book of grace, and book of glory! Gift of God to age and youth;
2. Book of love! in accents tender, Speaking unto such as we;
3. Book of hope! the spirit, sighing, Consolation finds in thee,
4. Book of life! when we, reposing, Bid farewell to friends we love,

Wondrous in thy sacred story, Bright, bright with truth,
May it lead us, Lord, to render All, all to thee,
As it hears the Savior crying—"Come, come to me,"
Give us for the life then closing, Life, life above,

Wondrous in thy sacred story, Bright, bright with truth.
May it lead us, Lord, to render All, all to thee.
As it hears the Savior crying—"Come, come to me,"
Give us for the life then closing, Life, life above.
No. 67. MERCY.

"I'll sing of the mercies of the Lord forever."—Ps. lxxxix: 1.

FANNY CROSBY.

I'll sing the glory of the Lord, His goodness I'll proclaim;
I'll sing of Christ, the Holy One, Who bore the cross for me;
I'll sing the mercy of the Lord, And praise Him while I've breath;

And tell how great his mercies are To those that fear his name;
His all-atoning sacrifice My precious theme shall be;
I'll trust in Him whose rod and staff Will comfort me in death.

Up to the everlasting hills I'll lift my waiting eyes,
High on his throne exalted now He sits at God's right hand;
Dissolve, O earthly house of clay, And let my spirit soar,

And there, with early morning light, My grateful prayer shall rise,
The only refuge of my soul, The rock on which I stand,
With all the ransomed hosts above, To praise Him ever-more,

And there, with early morning light, The only refuge of my soul,
With all the ransomed hosts above,
MERCY. Concluded.

And there, with early morning light, My grateful prayer shall rise.
The only refuge of my soul, The rock on which I stand.
With all the ransomed hosts above, To praise him evermore.

No. 63. SOMETHING FOR JESUS.
"Who loved me and gave himself for me."—Gal. ii: 20.

S. D. PHELPS.

1. Savior, thy dying love Thou gavest me; Nor should I
2. O'er the blest mercy-seat, Pleading for me, My feeble
3. Give me a faithful heart—Like-ness to thee—That each de-

ought withhold, Dear Lord, from thee. In love my soul would bow, My heart full-
faith looks up, Jesus, to thee. Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous part-ing day, Henceforth may see Some work of love begun, Some deed of

fill its vow, Some offering bring thee now, Some-thing for thee.
love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer; Some-thing for thee.
kindness done, Some wanderer sought and won,—Some-thing for thee.
No. 69. I'M REDEEMED.

"Behold the Lamb of God."—John 1: 29.

T. C. O'K.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{1. O sing of Jesus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Calvary,} \\
\text{2. O wondrous power of love divine! So pure, so full, so free!} \\
\text{3. All glory now to Christ the Lord, And evermore shall be;}
\end{align*}
\]

And for a ransom shed his blood, For you and even me.
It reaches out to all mankind, Embraces even me.
He hath redeemed a world from sin, And ransomed even me.

Refrain.

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{I'm redeemed,} \\
\text{I'm redeemed, Through the} \\
\text{blood of the Lamb that was slain, ... I'm redeemed,} \\
\text{blood of the Lamb, of the Lamb that was slain, I'm redeemed,}
\end{align*}
\]

T. C. O'KANE.
I'M REDEEMED. Concluded.

I'm redeemed, Hallelujah unto his name.

No. 70. PURER IN HEART.

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."—Matt. v: 8.

MRS. A. L. DAVISON.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Pur-er in heart, O God, Help me to be; May I de-
2. Pur-er in heart, O God, Help me to be; Teach me to
3. Pur-er in heart, O God, Help me to be; That I thy

vote my life Whol-ly to thee. Watch thou my way-ward feet,
do thy will Most lov-ing-ly. Be thou my Friend and Guide,
ho-ly face One day may see. Keep me from se-cret sin,

Guide me with counsel sweet; Pur-er in heart Help me to be.
Let me with thee a-bide; Pur-er in heart Help me to be.
Reign thou my soul with-in; Pur-er in heart Help me to be.
No. 71. WHERE HE LEADS WE WILL FOLLOW.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps. xxi: 2.

P. P. B.

1. See the gentle Shepherd standing Where the quiet waters flow;
2. Only by the door we enter; All who enter he will save;
3. Safe within the fold he leads us, He the Shepherd, we his own;

To the pastures green inviting, Hungry, thirsty, let us go.
Life abundantly bestowing, Though his life the Shepherd gave.
And as him the Father knoweth, Precious thought—of him we're known.

Chorus.

Where he leads we will follow, Where he leads we will follow,

Where he leads we will follow, We will follow all the way.
No. 72. HARK! THE VOICE OF JESUS CALLING.

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."—Matt. xvi: 24.

M. B. SLEIGHT.  \( j = 80 \) \( \text{H. R. PALMER.} \)

1. Hark! the voice of Jesus calling, "Follow me, follow me!"
2. Who will heed the holy mandate, "Follow me, follow me?"
3. Harken, lest he plead no longer, "Follow me, follow me!"

Softly through the silence falling, "Follow, follow me!"
Leaving all things at his bidding, "Follow, follow me!"
Once again, O hear him calling, "Follow, follow me!"

As of old he called the fishers, When he walked by Galilee,
Hark! that tender voice entreating Mariners on life's rough sea,
Turning swift at thy sweet summons, Evermore, O Christ, would we,

Rit.

Still his patient voice is pleading, "Follow, follow me!"
Gently, lovingly repeating, "Follow, follow me!"
For thy love all else forsaking, "Follow, follow thee!"
No. 73. WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. vi. 7.

Anon.  J. = 60 = 39  P. P. BLISS.

1. Sowing the seed by the day-light fair, Sowing the
   seed by the noon-day glare, Sowing the
2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high, Sowing the
   seed on the rocks to die, Sowing the
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the
   seed of a mad-dened brain, Sowing the
4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart, Sowing the
   seed while the tears drops start, Sowing in hope till the

fading light, Sowing the seed in the solemn night;
thorns will spoil, Sowing the seed in the fertile soil;
tarnished name, Sowing the seed of eternal shame;
reapers come, Gladly to gather the harvest home;

O! what shall the harvest be?  O! what shall the harvest be?
Chorus.
Sown........... in the darkness or sown........... in the light,
Sown in the darkness or light........... Sown ........... in our weakness or
sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,
sown........... in our might........... Gathered in time or e-
Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gathered in time or e-
ter-ni-ty, Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.
ter-ni-ty, Sure, ah, sure will the harvest be.
No. 74. PRAISE THE LORD.

"It is good to sing praises unto our God."—Ps. cxlvii : 1.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.  \( j = 104 = 13 \) Dr. A. B. Everett.

1. Praise the Lord! (praise the Lord!) praise the Lord! (praise the Lord!) Happy
2. Love the Lord! (love the Lord!) love the Lord! (love the Lord!) Happy
3. Serve the Lord! (serve the Lord!) serve the Lord! (serve the Lord!) Happy

Children now in the temple sing, Praise the Lord! (praise the Lord!)
Children, give him your youth's bright days; Love the Lord! (love the Lord!)
Children, serve him with songs of joy; Serve the Lord! (serve the Lord!)

Praise the Lord! Hosanna to the Lord our King. O praise him for the
Love the Lord! He ever loveth you, he says. O love him, for he
Serve the Lord! And let his work your hands employ. O serve him, whatso-

Flowers that grow, O praise him for the stars that move; Praise the
Loves us so; O love him for his wondrous love; Love the
e'er ye do; O serve him where-so-e'er ye move; Serve the
PRAISE THE LORD. Concluded.

Lord! (praise the Lord!) here be-low, And praise him in his courts a-bove.
Lord! (love the Lord!) here be-low, And love him in his courts a-bove.
Lord! (serve the Lord!) here be-low, And serve him in his courts a-bove.

No. 75. EVEN ME.

"Bless me, even me, also, O my Father!"—Gen. xlvii: 34.

CODNER. T. E. PERKINS.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of bless-ings Thou art scattering full and free;
2. Pass me not, O God, our Fa-ther! Sin-ful though my heart may be;
3. Pass me not, O gra-cious Sav-iour? Let me live and cling to thee!
4. Love of God—so pure and changeless; Blood of Christ—so rich, so free;

Showers the thirst-y land re-fresh-ing, Let some droppings fall on me;
Thou might’st leave me, but the rath-er Let thy mer-cy fall on me;
For I’m long-ing for thy fa-vor; While thou’rt call-ing, call on me;
Grace of God—so strong and bound-less, Mag-ni-fy it all in me;

E-ven me, e-ven me! Let some drop-pings fall on me.
E-ven me, e-ven me! Let thy mer-cy fall on me.
E-ven me, e-ven me! While thou’rt call-ing, call on me.
E-ven me, e-ven me! Mag-ni-fy it all in me.
No. 76. WHERE'ER THOU GOEST.

"Whither thou goest I will go."—Ruth i: 16.

T. E. HALL.

1. Where'er thou go-est I will go: Dear Sav-i-or, lead the way;
   Where'er thou go-est I will go, Though up the mountain steep;
   Where'er thou go-est I will go, Though in some lone-ly dell;
   Where'er thou go-est I will go, Through all my life's rough way;

Just where, or how, I do not know, But thou'lt not lead a-stray.
   A faith-ful Guide thou art, I know, So close to thee I'll keep.
   Thou wilt be there—how sweet to know, And cheerless hours dis-pel.
   And, at its end, I'll pass, I know, In-to an end-less day.

Chorus.

Wher-e'er thou go-est I will go, Near thee I'll keep each day;
   Where'er thou go-est I will go, Through all life's wea-ry way.
No. 77. THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

"Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you."—1 Peter v: 7.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook.

\[ j=108=12 \]

1. In some way or oth-er the Lord will pro-vide; It may not be
2. At sometime or oth-er, the Lord will pro-vide; It may not be
3. De-spond, then no lon-ger, the Lord will pro-vide; And this be the
4. March on, then, right bold-ly; the sea shall di-vide; The path-way made

my way, It may not be thy way; And yet, in his own way, "The
to-kn,- No word he hath spo-ken Was ev-er yet bro-ken: "The
glo-rious, With shoutings vic-to-rious, We'll join in the cho-rus, "The

Chorus.

Lord will pro-vide.
Lord will pro-vide.
Then we'll trust in the Lord, And he will pro-

vide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And he will pro-

vide.
No. 78. BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest to the people of God."—Heb. iv: 9.

W. O. CUSHING. J. = 66 = 32 W. F. SHERWIN.

1. Beautiful valley of Eden, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm,
Over the heart of the mourner Shin-eth thy golden day,
There is the home of my Saviour; There, with the blood-washed throng,

O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.
Waiting the songs of the angels Down from the far - a - way.
Over the high-lands of glory Roll-eth the great new song.

Chorus.

Beautiful valley of Eden, Home of the pure and blest,
How oft - en, a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest!
No. 79. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

"If we walk in the light, as he is in the light, we have fellowship one with another, and the blood of Jesus Christ, his Son, cleanseth us from all sin."—1 John 1:7.

W. A. C.

\[ \frac{4}{4} \]

\[ \frac{3}{4} \]

Wilbur A. Christy.

1. List to the voice that is speaking in love, Calling to those that are straying;
2. Walk in the light; it is Jesus who pleads, Earnestly seeking to guide you,
3. Walk in the light; 'tis the Savior's command, These are the words he has given,

Message of mercy that comes from above, Hear what the Savior is saying.
Wandering blindly in night's gloom and shades, Heedless of dangers beside you.
Leading us on to the long-promised land, Leading from earth up to heaven.

Chorus.
Walk in the light, O walk in the light, Follow the steps of the Savior;
Walk in the light, O walk in the light, Walk in the light forever.
No. 80. SHALL WE MEET?

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy
upon their heads."—Isaiah xxx; 10.

Horace L. Hastings.  \( j = 84 = 20 \)  Elihu S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
   Where, in all the bright forever, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?
   Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, celestial shore?
   Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor When our stormy voyage is o'er?
   Shall we know his blessed favor, And sit down upon his throne?
   Shall we meet with Christ our Savior, When he comes to claim his own?
   Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal shine?
   Built by workman-ship divine?

Chorus.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll?
No. 81. WONDROUS LOVE.

"God so loved the world." — John iii: 16.

Mrs. M. Stockton.  
Wm. G. Fischer.

1. God loved the world of sinners lost And ruined by the fall; Salvation full at highest cost, He offers free to all. O 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It brought my Savior from above, To die on Calvary.

2. E'en now by faith I claim him mine, The risen Son of God; Redemption by his death I find, And cleansing thro' the blood. Known the blessed rest from every sin, Thro' faith in Christ alone.

3. Love brings the glorious fullness in, And to his saints makes sing, And triumph in the dying hour Thro' Christ the Lord our King.

4. Believing souls, rejoicing go; There shall to you be given A glorious foretaste here below Of endless life in heaven.

5. Of victory now o'er Satan's power Let all the ransomed
No. 32. JESUS ONLY.

"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—Matt. xvii: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. What tho' clouds are hovering o'er me, And I seem to walk alone,
2. What tho' all my earthly journey Bringeth naught but weary hours,
3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the loved of long ago,
4. When I soar to realms of glory, And an entrance I await,

Longing, 'mid my cares and crosses, For the joys that now are flown—
And, in grasping for life's roses, Thorns I find in stead of flowers—
Bitter lessons sadly learning From the shadowy page of woe—
If I whisper, "Jesus only!" Wide will ope the pearl-y gate;

If I've Jesus, "Jesus only," Then my sky will have a gem;
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only," I possess a cluster rare;
If I've Jesus, "Jesus only," He'll be with me to the end;
When I join the heavenly chorus, And the angel hosts I see,

He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Bethlehem.
He's the "Lily of the Valley," And the "Rose of Sharon" fair.
And, unseen by mortal vision, Angel bands will o'er me bend.
Precious Jesus, "Jesus only," Will my theme of rapture be.
No. 33. SITTING AT JESUS' FEET.

"And she had a sister called Mary, which also sat at Jesus' feet and heard his word."—Luke x: 39.

\[
\text{\underline{\text{\textbf{T. E. PERKINS.}}}}
\]

\[
\text{\underline{\text{\textbf{\textit{j = 100 = 14}}}}}
\]

1. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, O what words I hear him say!
2. Sitting at the feet of Jesus, Where can mortal be more blest?
3. Bless me, O my Savior! bless me, As I sit low at thy feet;

Happy place! so near, so precious! May it find me there each day!
There I lay my sins and sorrows, And when weary, find sweet rest:
O look down in love upon me; Let me see thy face so sweet.

Sitting at the feet of Jesus, I would look up-on the past;
Sitting at the feet of Jesus, There I love to weep and pray,
Give me, Lord, the mind of Jesus, Make me holy, as he is;

For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his full-ness gather Grace and comfort every day.
May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness!
No. 94. YES, BY AND BY.

"And they shall see his face."—Rev. xxii: 4.

J = 80 = 22

R. M. MCIINTOSH.

1. It may be far, it may be near, There is a hope, there is a fear,
2. Impatient soul, and murmuring heart, Your murmuring cease and bear your part
3. Yes, "by and by" will soon be now, And God will wipe each tear-stained brow;
4. O verdant fields! O shining shore! The Lamb of God spreads wide the door;

But in the future waiting, I Shall Jesus see, yes, "by and by."
Of pain and labor on life's road, For soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne, To living fountains lead his own.
Ah, golden city, surely I Shall see thy glories "by and by."

Chorus.

By and by, yes, by and by, By and by, yes, by and by;

But in the future waiting, I Shall Jesus see, yes, "by and by."
There's pain and labor on life's road, But soon 'twill lead thee to thy God.
The Lamb shall feed them from the throne, To living fountains lead his own.
Ah, golden city! surely I Shall see thy glories "by and by."
No. 85. THE HALF WAS NEVER TOLD.

"Behold, the half was never told me."—Kings x: 7.

P. P. B.

\[ J = 96 = 15\frac{1}{2} \]

P. P. Bliss.

1. Repeat the story o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I only knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest,
3. My highest place is lying low At my Redeemer's feet;
4. And, O what rapture will it be, With all the host above,

I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has rescued me.
Until the sweet-voiced angel came To soothe my weary breast.
No real joy in life I know, But in his service sweet.
To sing, through all eternity, The wonders of his love.

Chorus.
The half was never told, The half was never told,
The half was never, never told, The half was never, never told,
The half was never told.

1. Of grace divine, so wonderful,
2. Of peace, etc.
3. Of joy, etc.
4. Of love, etc.

The half was never told.
No. 86. IF I WERE A VOICE.

"As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good to all men."—Gal. vi: 10.

Knowles Shaw.

1. If I were a voice, a persuasive voice, That could travel this wide world through, I would fly on the beams of the morning light,

wings of the air; The homes of sorrow and guilt I'd seek,

wide world round; Wher- ev- er man to his i- dols bowed,

I would speak to men with a gentle might, I'd tell them to be true.

And calm and truth-ful words I'd speak, To save them from de- spair.

I'd publish, in notes both long and loud, The gospel's joyful sound.

2. If I were a voice, a consoling voice, I would fly on the I would fly, I would fly, o-ver land and sea, Wher- ev- er a I would fly, I would fly, o'er the crowded town, I'd drop, like the I would fly, I would fly, on the wings of day, Pro-claiming peace hu- man heart could be; Tell- ing a tale, or sing-ing a song, In happy sun-beam, down In-to the hearts of suf-fer-ing men, I'd on my world-wide way; Bid-ding this sad- dened earth re-joice, If

Chorus.

praise of the right, or in blame of the wrong, teach them to look up a-gain, I would fly, I would I were a voice, an im-mor-tal voice.

fly, I would fly, I would fly, I would fly o-ver land and sea.
No. 87. THERE IS A GREEN HILL FAR AWAY.

"And when they were come to the place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."—Luke xxiii: 33.

MRS. ALEXANDER.  \( \frac{\text{j.} \cdot 72 = 27}{\text{}} \)  T. R. PERKINS.

1. There is a green hill far away, Without a city wall,
   Where the dear Lord was crucified, Who died to save us all.
   O dearly, dearly has he loved, And we must love him, too,
   And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.

2. We may not know, we cannot tell What pains he had to bear,
   But we believe it was for us He hung and suffered there.
   And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.

3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,
   That we might go at last to heaven, Saved by his precious blood.
   O dearly, dearly has he loved, And we must love him, too.

4. There was no other good enough To pay the price of sin,
   He only could unlock the gate Of heaven, and let us in.
   And trust in his redeeming blood, And try his works to do.
No. 88. ONE BY ONE.

"Ye shall be gathered one by one, O ye children of Israel."—Isa. xxviii: 12.

Words arranged.  \( \frac{f}{d} = 66 = 32 \)  O. R. BARROWS.

1. Gathering homeward from every land, Gathering one by one;
2. Loved ones have gone to that distant shore, Gathering one by one;
3. We, too, shall come to the riverside, Gathering one by one;
4. Jesus, Redeemer, be thou our stay! Gathering one by one;

Pilgrims are joining the heavenly band, Gathering one by one; Their oth-
Others are going forevermore, Gathering one by one; Our near-
Nearer its waters each evening, Gathering one by one; 0 near-
Cross the dark river with us, we pray, Gathering one by one; Then

brows are enclosed in golden crowns, Their travel-stained robes are all laid down,
sisters so gentle, our brothers so brave, The beautiful children o'er the wave,
Jesus, our fainting strength uphold, The waves of that river are dark and cold;
boldly we'll come to Jordan's side, And fearlessly breast its swelling tide,

Gathering homeward from every land, Gathering one by one.
Gathering homeward from every land, Gathering one by one.
Gathering homeward from every land, Gathering one by one.
Gathering homeward from every land, Gathering one by one.
ONE BY ONE. Concluded.

Refrain.
Home,

home, sweet, sweet home.

Gather-ing, gather-ing, gather-ing home, Gather-ing homeward one by one;

Home, home, Home,

Gather-ing, gather-ing, gather-ing home, Sweet, sweet home; Gather-ing,

home, sweet, sweet home,

gather-ing, gather-ing home, Gather-ing home-ward one by one;

Home, home,

Gather-ing, gather-ing, gather-ing home, Sweet, sweet home.
1. O'er the hill the sun is set-ting, And the eve is drawing on;
2. One day near-er, sings the sail-or, As he glides the wa-ters o'er;
3. Worn and wea-ry, oft the pil-grim Hails the set-ting of the sun;
4. Near-er home! yes, one day near-er To our Fa-ther's house on high,

Slow-ly droops the gen-tle twi-light, For an-oth-er day is gone.
While the light is soft-ly dy-ing On his dis-tant na-tive shore.
For the goal is one day near-er, And his jour-ney near-ly done.
To the green fields and the foun-tains Of the land be-yond the sky.

Gone for aye, its race is o- yer, Soon the darker shades will come;
Thus the Chris-tian, on life's o-cean, As his light boat cuts the foam,
Thus we feel, when o'er life's des-ert, Heart and san-dal worn, we roam;
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome.

Still 'tis sweet to know at e-ven, We are one day near-er home.
In the eve-ning cries with rap-ture, "I am one day near-er home."
As the twi-light gath-ers o'er us, We are one day near-er home.
And our tents are pitched still clos-er, For we've one day near-er home.
Chorus.

Near-er home, near-er home,
beau-ti-ful home, heav-en-ly home,

Near-er to our home on high,
our home on high, near-er to our home on high.

To the green fields and the foun-tains
To the green fields and the foun-tains, to the green fields and the foun-tains,

Of the land be-yond the sky.
Of the land be-yond the sky, be-yond the sky.
No. 90. GATHERING HOME.

"Gathering together unto him."—2 Thess. ii : 1.

Miss MARIANA B. SLADE. R. M. MCLINTOSH.

1. Up to the bountiful Giver of life, Gather- ing home! gather- ing home!
2. Up to the city where faileth no night, Gather- ing home! gather- ing home!
3. Up to the bountiful mansions above, Gather- ing home! gather- ing home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gath- er- ing home.
Up where the Savior's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath- er- ing home!
Safe in the arms of his in- finite love, The dear ones are gath- er- ing home.

Chorus.

Gath- er- ing home, Gath- er- ing home, Gath- er- ing home.
Gath- er- ing home, Gath- er- ing home, Gath- er- ing home.

Never to sorrow more, never to roam; Gather- ing home, Gather- ing home,
No. 91. SOW THE SEED.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand."—Ec. xii: 6.

Unknown.  

T. C. O'KANE.

1. In the fur-rows of thy life, Sow the seed (good-ly seed;)
2. Though thy work should seem to fail, Sow the seed (good-ly seed;)
3. Spring-time al-ways dawns for thee, Sow the seed (good-ly seed;)

Small may be thy spir-it-field, But a good-ly crop 'twill yield;
Some may fall on sto-ny ground, Flower and blade are oft-en found;
O-pen then thy gold-en store, Stretch thy fur-rows more and more,

Sow the kind-ly word and deed, Sow the seed, sow the seed, goodly seed.
In the clefts we lit-tle heed, Sow the seed, sow the seed, goodly seed.
God will give thee all thy need, Sow the seed, sow the seed, goodly seed.
"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him." —Matt. xxv: 6

Miss Marianna B. Slade.

R. M. McIntosh.

1. When the cry shall be made at the mid-night, "Go ye out, for the
2. Till he comes, now he bids us be ready; Can you say to the
3. O how sad if our oil is all wasted, Though we hasten our
4. O when rises the glorious summons, "Meet the Bridegroom and

Bridegroom is near!" Will you rise, with your lamps trimmed and burning?
Bridegroom, I am? Will you enter the door that is open,
lamps to renew; If we find that the Bridegroom has entered,
join in the song!" May we all, with our lamps brightly burning,

Refrain.

Will you joyful ly bid him draw near? We will watch, we will
To the dear marriage feast of the Lamb?
Left without, then, O what shall we do?
En-ter in with the worshipping throng.

We will watch, ev-er

watch,
Till the Bridegroom shall come in his power; Jesus saith,
watch, we will watch,
Jesus saith,
we must watch, For we know not the day nor the hour
ever watch,

No. 93. PASS ME NOT.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Rom. x: 13.

F. C. Van Alstyne.  
J = 88 = 18  
W. H. Doane.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Savior! Hear my humble cry; While on
2. Let me at thy throne of mercy Find a sweet relief; Kneeling
3. Trusting only in thy merit, Would I seek thy face; Heal my
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me, Whom on

others thou art smiling, Do not pass me by.
there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.
wounded, broken spirit, Save me by thy grace.
earth have I beside thee, Whom in heaven but thee?

Chorus.

hear my humble cry! While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
No. 94. CLEFT FOR ME.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. xxxii: 2.

FANNY CROSBY.  J = 84 = 20  T. C. O'KANE.

1. Might-y Rock, whose towering form Looks above the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chill-y breath,

Rock, amid the desert waste, To thy shadow now I haste.
Weary, fainting, toil-oppressed, In thy shadow let me rest.
Rock, where all my hopes abide, In thy shadow let me hide.

Refrain.

Unto thee, unto thee, Precious Savior, now I flee;

"Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."
No. 94. CLEFT FOR ME.

"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—ISA. xxxii: 2.

FANNY CROSBY.

1. Mighty Rock, whose towering form Looks above the frowning storm;
2. Of the springs that from thee burst, Let me drink and quench my thirst;
3. When I near the stream of death, When I feel its chilly breath,

Rock, amid the desert waste, To thy shadow now I haste.
Weary, fainting, toil oppressed, In thy shadow let me rest.
Rock, where all my hopes abide, In thy shadow let me hide.

Refrain.

Unto thee, unto thee, Precious Savior, now I flee;

"Rock of ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in thee."
No. 96. IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST WE GLORY.

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—GAL. vi. 14.

Sir JOHN BOWRING.  \( \frac{j = 104}{= 13} \)  G. M. COLE.

1. In the cross of Christ we glory, Tower-ing o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take us, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an- noy,
3. Bane and bless-ing, pain and pleas-ure, By the cross are sanc-ti-fied;

All the light of sa-cred sto-ry Gath-ers 'round its head sub-lime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake us; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
Peace is there that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a-bide.

Chorus.

'Tis the cross of our sal-vation, May we love it more and more,

And, with heavenly ex-ul-ta-tion, Sing its glo ries o'er and o'er.
No. 97. BE NOT AFRAID.

"It is I; be not afraid."—Matt. xiv: 27.

Rev. J. Parker.

W. G. Fischer.

 Tune: $52 = 52$

1. Fear not the gloom of the midnight, Dread not the storm of the sea;
2. Fear not the gloom of the furnace, The Master is speaking to thee;
3. Heed not the wrath of the tempter, My presence thy shelter shall be;
4. Fear not the chill of the valley, For death but a shadow shall be;

'Tis I who am coming to save thee, 'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?
'Tis I who am cooling the footsteps, 'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?
'Tis I who am keeping thy spirit, 'Tis I! art thou trusting in me?
My rod and my staff shall support thee, 'Tis I! keep on trusting in me.

Chorus.

Trust-ing in thee, yes, trust-ing in thee, I'll doubt thee no more, my Redeemer:

Yes, trusting in thee, yes, trusting in thee, I'll ev-er be trusting in thee.
No. 98. WAITING AND WATCHING.

"Watch, therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. xxiv: 42.

S. M. H.  \( J = 63 = 35\frac{1}{2} \)  WILL H. PONTIUS.

1. We know not the time when he cometh, At even, or mid-night, or morn; It may be at deepening twilight,

2. I think of his wonderful pity, The price our salvation hath cost; He left the bright mansions of glory,

3. O Jesus, my loving Redeemer, Thou knowest I cherish as dear The hope that mine eyes shall behold thee,

It may be at earliest dawn. He bids us to watch and be ready, Nor suffer our lights to grow dim; think it will please him, When those whom he died to redeem, judge thou appearest, Who forth from thy presence would flee,

To suffer and die for the lost. And, sometimes, I That I shall thine own welcome hear. If to some as a
WAITING AND WATCHING. Concluded.

That, when he may come, he will find us All waiting and
Rejoice in the hope of his coming, By waiting and
A Friend most beloved I'll greet thee; I'm waiting and

Chorus.

watching for him. Watching and watching,
watching for him. Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for him (thee*),
watching for thee. Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for him (thee*),

Waiting and watching. Waiting and watching, yes, waiting for him (thee*), Waiting and

Repeat pp.

Waiting and watching. Still waiting and watching for him (thee*),
watching, yes, waiting and watching.

* For last verse.
No. 99. SHOUT THE TIDINGS.

"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."—Mark xvi: 15.

Unknown.  \[ j = 104 = 13 \]  W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Shout the tid-ings of sal-va-tion To the a-ged and the young,
2. Shout the tid-ings of sal-va-tion O'er the prairies of the west,
3. Shout the tid-ings of sal-va-tion, Mingling with the o-cean's roar,
4. Shout the tid-ings of sal-va-tion O'er the islands of the sea,

Till the precious in-va-ta-tion Wak-en ev-ery heart and tongue.
Till each gathering con-gre-ga-tion With the gos-pel sound is blest.
Till the ships of ev-ery na-tion Bear the news from shore to shore.
Till, in hum-ble a-do-ra-tion, All to Christ shall bow the knee.

Chorus.

Send the sound the earth a-round, From the ris-ing to the set-ting of the sun,

Till each gathering crowd shall proclaim aloud, The glo-rious work is done.
No. 100. WINDOWS OPEN TOWARD JERUSALEM.

"And his windows being open in his chamber toward Jerusalem."—DAN. vii: 10.

P. P. B.  

1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling, At morning, noon and night to pray? In his chamber he remembers Zion, though in exile far away. He will send his angel there. Are your windows open toward Jerusalem, tho' as captives here a "little while" we stay? For the coming of the King in his glory, Are you watching day by day?

2. Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace, Nor shrink the lion's den to share; For the God of Daniel will deliver, thence to hail our coming King!

3. Children of the living God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweetly sing; Set your faces to the hill of Zion, the hill of Zion, the hill of Zion, your God is there.
No. 101. TRUST IN THE LORD.

"It is better to trust in the Lord than to put confidence in princes."—Ps. cxviii: 9.

W. F. S.  
W. F. SHERWIN.

1. It is better to trust in the Lord, Than to lean on the waver-ing arm.
2. It is better to trust in the Lord, For the word of his promise is sure;
3. It is better to trust in the Lord, Resting firm in his infinite love;

Of the kings and the princes of earth; God alone is a refuge from harm.
Tho' the way may be rugged and dark, There are bright crowns for those who endure.
And with gladness to serve him below, Till we enter his kingdom above.

Refrain.

Trust the Lord, O trust in the Lord; Low at his feet let us fall!

Trust the Lord, O trust in the Lord, For he is the King over all.
No. 102. WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING?

"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—Matt. xxiv; 42.

FANNY J. CROSBY. \( j = 100 = 14 \) W. H. DOANE.

1. When Jesus comes to reward his servants, Whether it be noon or night,
2. If at the dawn of the early morning He shall call us one by one,
3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to do our best?
4. Blessed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glory they shall share;

Faithful to him will he find us watching, With our lamps all trimmed and bright?
When to the Lord we restore our talents, Will he answer thee: Well done?
If in our hearts there is naught condemn us, We shall have a glorious rest.
If he shall come at the dawn or midnight, Will he find us watching there?

Refrain.

O can we say we are ready, brother? Ready for the soul's bright home?

Say will he find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?
1. When my journey past, I am safe at last.
   At the gate of life so fair, Who will take my hand
   In the spirit land.

2. Friends that left me here, Hearts that held me dear.
   Call me to their home of song; But, to find my rest.
   Ever on thy breast, tender care; Thou wilt take my hand
   In the spirit land.

3. To the golden shore Thou wilt bear me o'er, I shall feel thy
   When the morning bright
   Fills my soul with light, Jesus, let me look on thee.
   Loving Savior mine, Let thy voice divine
   Be the first to welcome me.

   Refrain.
   Who will come to meet me there?
   Draw me with a love so strong.
   Thou wilt bid me welcome there.
No. 104. GALILEE.

"Jesus departed thence and came nigh unto the sea of Galilee."—Matt. xv: 29.

R. MORRIS, D.D., LL.D. R. M. McINTOSH.

1. Each coo-ing dove and sigh-ing bough, That makes the eve so blest to me,
2. Each flow-ery glen and moss-y dell, Where hap-py birds in song a-gree,
3. And when I read the thrill-ing love Of him who walked up-on the sea,

Has something far di-vin-er now; It bears me back to Gal-i-lee.
Through sun-ny morn the prais-es tell Of sights and sounds in Gal-i-lee.
I long, O how I long once more To fol-low him in Gal-i-lee.

Chorus.

O Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee, Where Je-sus loved so much to be;
O Gal-i-lee, blue Gal-i-lee, Come, sing thy song a-gain to me.
No. 105. HIDING IN THEE.

"My strong rock, for a house of defense, to save me."—Ps. xxxi: 2.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING. \( \text{I} = 112 = 11\frac{1}{2} \) IRA D. SANKEY.

1. O safe to the Rock that is higher than I, My soul, like a bird that is wounded, would fly; So sinful, so weary, O
2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sorrow's lone hour, In times when temptation casts o'er me its power; In the tempests of life, on its to my refuge and breathed out my woe; How oft when my trials like
3. How oft in the conflict, when pressed by the foe, I have fled thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee. wide, heaving sea, O blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee. billows would roll, I have hidden in thee, O thou Rock of my soul!

Refrain.

Hiding in thee, hiding in thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in thee.
No. 106. DRAW ME NEARER.

"Let us draw near with a true heart."—Heb. x: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY.  

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am thine, O Lord, I have heard thy voice, And it told thy love to me;
2. Consecrate me now to thy service, Lord, By the power of grace divine;
3. O the pure delight of a single hour That before thy throne I spend,
4. There are depths of love that I can not know Till I cross the narrow sea;

But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to thee.
Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in thine.
When I kneel in prayer, and with thee, my God, I commune as friend with friend?
There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with thee.

Refrain.

Draw me nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where thou hast died;
nearer, nearer,
No. 107. ARE YOU READY?

"Therefore, be ye alsoready."—Matt. xxiv: 44.

J. W. SLAUGHENHaupt.  \( j = 84 = 20 \)  E. S. Lorenz.

1. Soon the evening shadows falling Close the day of mortal life: Soon the
2. Soon the awful trumpet sounding Calls thee to the judgment throne: Now pre-
3. O how fatal 'tis to linger! Are you ready—ready now? Ready,
4. Priceless love and free salvation Free-ly still are offered thee; Yield no

Refrain.

hand of death appalling Draws thee from its weary strife.
pare, for love abounding Yet has left thee not alone. Are you ready?
should death's icy finger Lay its chill upon thy brow? Are you ready?
longer to temptation, But from sin and sorrow flee.

Are you ready (are you ready)? 'Tis the Spirit calling, why delay? Are you

ready (are you ready)? Are you ready (are you ready)? Do not linger longer, come today.
1. I have a sweet hope that in heaven a-bove The Savior is waiting for me,—That, ransomed and saved by his mer-cy and love, My friend and my portion he'll be. Jesus, dear Jesus, will welcome me, Welcome me, waiting for me.

2. In midst of the trou-bles and sorrows I bear, By faith I re-pose on his breast; I know he will make my af-flic-tions his care, And bring me at last to his rest. Home in the sky, Jesus, dear Jesus, will welcome me, Welcome me, Home to the beautiful land.

3. He's gone to pre-pare for his peo-ple a place—A mansion of glo-ry on hie; And when I shall fin-ish my jour-ney and race, He'll give me a home in the sky. Jesus, dear Jesus, will welcome me, Welcome me, Home to the beautiful land.

4. I know when this bod-y of flesh shall decay My strength and my portion he'll be; In death he will be my sweet comfort and stay: The Savior is Je-sus, dear Je-sus, will welcome me, Welcome me, Home to the beautiful land.
No. 109. THE KINGDOM COMING.


MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.  \( \text{\small} j = 84 \)  20 \( \text{R. M. McINTOSH.} \)

1. From all the dark places Of earth's heathen races, O see how the
thick shadows fly! The voice of salvation A-wakes ev-ery na-tion,
kingdoms of sin; Our Lord shall possess them, His presence shall bless them,
belief cast down, At last ev-ery na-tion The Lord of sal-vation,

Chorus.

Come o-ver and help us, they cry.
-His beau-ty shall en-ter them in.- The kingdom is coming, O tell ye the
Their King and Redeemer, shall crown!

story, God's ban-ner ex-alt-ed shall be! The earth shall be full of
THE KINGDOM COMING. Concluded.

His knowledge and glory, As waters that cover the sea.

No. 110. ROCK-SHADOW.

"The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."—Isa. xxxii: 2.

RAY PALMER.

1. In the shadow of the Rock Let me rest, let me rest,
   When I feel the tempest shock Thrill my breast, thrill my breast;
   On the parched and desart way Where I tread, where I tread,
   With the noon tide, scorching ray O'er my head, o'er my head,
   I in peace will rest me there Till I see, till I see,
   That the skies again are fair O'er me, o'er me;
   Then my pilgrim staff I'll take, And once more, and once more,
   I'll my onward journey make, As before, as before;

2. All in vain the storm shall sweep While I hide, while I hide,
   Let me find the welcome shade Cool and still, cool and still,
   That the burning heats are past, And the day, and the day,
   And with joyous heart and strong I will raise, I will raise

3. And my tranquil station keep By thy side, by thy side.
   And my weary steps be stayed Where I will, where I will.
   Bids the weary one at last Go his way, go his way.
   Unto thee, O Rock, a song Glad with praise, glad with praise.
No. 111. IS IT FAR?

A victim of consumption, having gone to a distant State in quest of health, was informed by the physician that he could survive only a few days. He immediately took the train for his distant home, and as he felt the tide of life ebbing away, he would frequently inquire of his attendants; ‘Is it far?’ This touching incident suggested the song below to its author.

K. S.

1. Is it far to the land of rest, Where the weary feet shall never roam; To the mansions of the pure and the blest, sorrow not again; Where the friends who meet shall part never more, jasper walls aglow, Where the glory of the Lord is the light?

2. Is it far to that peaceful shore, Where the aching heart shall never, never roam; To the mansions of the pure and the blest, sorrow not again; Where the friends who meet shall part never more, jasper walls aglow, Where the glory of the Lord is the light?

3. Is it far to the plains of light, To that city with its Chorus.

Where we all shall meet at home? Is it far? But with Christ forever reign? Is it far to that beautiful far? Will you tell me, brother pilgrim, is it home of the blest?
IS IT FAR? Concluded.

far (is it far?) To that man-sion of the blest, Where the

wea-ry are at rest? O say, broth-er pilgrim, is it far?

No. 112. PRAYER.

"All my springs are in thee."—Ps. lxxxvii: 7.

Miss H. M. WILLIAMS. T. J. COOK.

1. While thee I seek, pro-tec-t- ing Power, Be my vain wish-es still-ed;
2. In each e-v-e nt of life, how clear Thy rul-ing hand I see!
3. In ev-ery joy that crowns my days, In ev-ery pain I bear,
4. My lift-ed eye, with-out a tear, The gath-er-ing storm shall see;

And may this con-se-cr at ed hour With bet-ter hopes be filled.
Each bless-ing to my soul more dear, Be-cause con- fer red by thee.
My heart shall find de-light in praise, Or seek re-lief in prayer.
My stead-fast heart shall ban-ish fear; That heart shall rest on thee.
No. 113. ONLY WAITING.

“Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better.”—Phil. i: 23.

W. G. IRVIN.  $= 93 = 16\frac{1}{2}$  J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn,
2. I am waiting, worn and weary, With the battle and the strife,
3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ever, For a home of boundless love,
4. Waiting for the sun to cheer me With his pure, unmingled light,

When the sorrow and the sadness Of this fearful life are gone.

Hopeing, when the war is ended, To receive a crown of life.

Like a pilgrim looking forward To the land of bliss above.

Waiting for the saints to greet me In their robes of spotless white.

Chorus.

I am waiting, only waiting,

I am waiting, waiting, waiting, only waiting, waiting, waiting,

Till this weary, weary, weary life is o’er,

Till this weary, weary, weary life is o’er, life is o’er,
ONLY WAITING. Concluded.

Only waiting, waiting, waiting for my welcome,
Only waiting, waiting, waiting for my welcome, for

my welcome From my Savior on the other shore.

No. 114. ALETTA.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me."—Matt. xi: 29.

Unknown. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Savior! teach me, day by day, Love’s sweet lesson to obey;
2. With a child-like heart of love, At thy bidding may I move;
3. Teach me all thy steps to trace, Strong to follow in thy grace;
4. Love in loving finds employ—In obedience all her joy;

Sweeter lesson can not be, Loving him who first loved me.
Prompt to serve and follow thee, Loving him who first loved me.
Learning how to love from thee, Loving him who first loved me.
Ever new that joy will be, Loving him who first loved me.
No. 115. COMING BY AND BY.

"It shall come to pass in the last days."—Isa. ii: 2.

R. L.

\[ j = \frac{92}{16\frac{1}{2}} \]

R. Lowry.

1. A better day is coming, A morning promised long, When girded
right, with holy might, Will overthrow the wrong; When God the Lord will
youth will love the truth, And spread it everywhere; No more from want and
height the morning light Shall drive the gloom away; And when the heavenly

2. The boast of haughty error No more will fill the air, But age and
listen To every plaintive sigh, And stretch his hand o'er every land
sorrow Will come the hopeless cry; And strife will cease, and perfect peace
glory Shall flood the earth and sky, We'll bless the Lord for all his word,

3. O for that holy dawning We watch, and wait, and pray, Till o'er the

Refrain.

With justice by and by.
Will flourish by and by. } Coming by and by, coming by and by,
And praise him by and by.
The better day is coming, The morning draweth nigh; Coming by and by,
coming by and by! The welcome dawn will hasten on, 'Tis coming by and by

No. 116. SOON AND FOREVER.
"The time is short." — Col. vii. 29.

P. P. E. P. P. BLISS.
\[ J. = 60 = 39 \]

1. Only a few more years, Only a few more cares,
2. Only a few more wrongs, Only a few more sighs,
3. Then an eternal stay, Then an eternal throng,

Only a few more smiles and tears, Only a few more prayers;
Only a few more earthly songs, Only a few goodbyes;
Then an eternal, glorious day, Then an eternal song.
No. 117. THROUGH THE JORDAN.

When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."—ISA. xlii. 2.

W. F. S.

W. F. SHERWIN.

Sing aloud a joyful chorus! Come with rejoicing,
When thou passest thro' the waters, I will be with thee,
Thro' the flames, if Jesus calls us, We'll go with singing,

Praising him who guided his people of old; For the
They shall not o'er-flow thee nor give thee alarm; Lo! the
Where-so-e'er he lead-eth we fear not to stand. Trusting

God who led the fathers Liveth for-ev-er, And in ten-der
Holy One of Is-rael, Might-y to save thee, Guardeth still the
in the bless-ed prom-ise, "I'm with you al-ways, Till you reach the

Chorus.

mer-cy doth the chil-dren behold.
loved ones who will lean on his arm. Thro' the Jor-dan, thro' the
mansions of the fair promised land."

Jor-dan, We will go when he gives us the word, (the word);
In the Jordan, in the Jordan, We are safe with the ark of the Lord. In the Jordan,

No. 118. PRAISE TO OUR CREATOR.

"With my song will I praise him,"—Ps. xxviii: 7.

FAWCETT.

1. Praise to thee, our great Creator, Praise be thine from every tongue; Join, my soul, with
2. Father, source of all compassion, Free, unbounded love is thine; Hail the God of
3. Joyfully on earth adore him, Till in heaven our song we raise; There enraptured

Chorus.

every creature, Join the universal song.
our salvation, Praise him for his love divine. } Praise him for his mercy,
fall before him, Lost in wonder, love and praise.}

Praise him every day; For his boundless goodness, Ever praise and pray.
1. Ho! reapers of life's harvest, Why stand with rusted blade,

2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gather in the grain,

3. Come down from hill and mountain In morning's ruddy glow,

4. Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each error low;

Until the night draws round thee, And day begins to fade?
The night is fast approaching, And soon will come again.
Nor wait until the dial Points to the noon below;
Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts should know.

Why stand ye idle, waiting For reapers more to come?
The Master calls for reapers, And shall he call in vain?
And come with stronger sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold,
Be faithful to thy mission, In service of thy Lord.

The golden morn is passing, Why sit ye idle, dumb?
Shall sheaves lie there ungathered, And waste upon the plain?
And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold.
And then a golden chaplet Shall be thy just reward.
No. 120. THE PLACE PREPARED.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.  

1. There's a beau-ti-ful place for you and for me, We homeless shall be nev-er-more; For a man-sion prepared by Je-sus I see, beau-ti-ful home! Sing-ing its sto-ry I tell, O beau-ti-ful home!

2. And I need not look off to find the dear place, O'er Jor-dan's dark roll-ing a-way; For he call-eth me nigh, and shows me his face, beau-ti-ful home! beau-ti-ful home!

3. I shall en-ter his house and find him, I know, In do-ing the will of his word; In my heav-en-ly home, be-gun here be-low, beau-ti-ful home! beau-ti-ful home!

Chorus.

And he is the Way and the Door. Beau-ti-ful home!
And bids me be wel-come to-day. Beau-ti-ful home!
I'll dwell ev-er-more with my Lord. Beau-ti-ful home!

"I go to prepare a place for you."—John xiv: 2.

R. M. MCIINTOSH.

By permission.

J. = 69 = 29½
No. 121. WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

"Whatsoe'er thy hand findeth to do, do with thy might."—Eccles. ix: 10.

GEORGE COOPER.

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

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

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

O the good we all may do, While the days are go-ing by.
Help your fall-en broth-er rise, While the days are go-ing by.
And will keep our hearts a-glow, While the days are go-ing by.
WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY. Concluded.

Refrain.

Going by (going by,) going by (going by,) Going by (going by,) going by (going by,) O the good we all may do, While the days are going by.

No. 122. ST. SYLVESTER.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. xxxii: 26.

Unknown.  \[ \text{J. B. Dykes.} \]

1. Take my heart, O Father! mold it In obedience to thy will;
2. Father, keep it pure and lowly, Strong and brave, yet free from strife,
3. Ever let thy might surround it; Strengthen it with power divine,

And, as ripening years unfold it, Keep it true and child-like still.
Turning from the paths unholy Of a vain or sinful life.
Till thy cords of love have bound it, Father, wholly unto thine.
No. 123. BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

"...and forget not all his benefits."—Ps. ciii: 2.

MRS. M. A. KIDDER.    J = 108 = 12    R. LOWRY.

1. In the church of the Lord, In the house of our King, We have gathered to
   worship—to pray and to sing; May our hearts be inspired Our Redeemer to see,
   deemer We come here to meet; And a chorus of joy As a tribute we bring.

Chorus.

While we all come before him With sweet melody, Bless the Lord,...
With a loving devotion, To Jesus, our King, Bless the Lord,

Bless the Lord,... Bless the Lord,... O my soul, O my soul!
Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,
Bless the Lord, O my soul (O my soul), Bless the Lord, O my soul!

No. 124. ELIZABETHTOWN.

"Unto you who believe, he is precious." — Psa. ii: 7.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE. J = 66 = 32 GEORGE KINGSLEY.

1. Jesus, I love thy charming name; 'Tis music to my ear;
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust;
3. All that my ardent soul can wish, In thee doth richly meet;
4. Thy grace shall dwell up on my heart, And shed its fragrance there,

Fain would I sound it out so loud That all the earth might hear.
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sordid dust.
Nor to my eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
The no blest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.
No. 125. HOW ARE YOU LIVING?

"Whether we live, we live unto the Lord."—Rom. xiv: 8.

Rev. E. A. Hoffmann. R. M. McIntosh.

1. How, O how are you liv-ing, my broth-er, Are you go-ing the
   pilgrimage way? Are you do-ing the will of your Mas-ter? Are you

2. Earth will offer you pleasures, my broth-er, Have you turned from these
   pleasures a-way? Are you striv-ing to work for the Mas-ter? Are you

3. Sin will sure-ly en-tice you, my broth-er, Quickly turn from temp-
   ta-tion a-way? O then give all your life to the Mas-ter? And be

4. You may grow cold and care-less, my broth-er, And from Christ and his
   fol-low-ing stray; Are you watch-ing, and pray-ing, and trust-ing? Are you

Refrain.

liv-ing for Je-sus to-day? Are you liv-ing for Je-sus to-

day, to-day? Are you liv-ing for Je-sus to-day? O tell me, my
friend and my brother, Are you living for Jesus today?

No. 126. WHITNEY

"Unto thee will I cry, O Lord, my Rock"—Ps. xlviii: 1.

Unknown.  \( j = 50 = 56 \)

LOWELL MASON—Arr.

1. Sweet is the prayer whose holy stream In earnest
pleading flows; Devotion dwells upon the theme,
And warm and warmer glows, And warm and warmer glows.
The eloquence of praise, The eloquence of praise.

2. Faith grasps the blessings he desires, Hope points the
upward gaze; And love, un-trembling love, in-spires
And dried the bitter tear, And dried the bitter tear.

3. But sweet-er far the still small voice, Heard by no
human ear, When God hath made the heart rejoice,
And hear th’un-Ending prayer, And hear th’un-ending prayer.

4. Nor accents flow, nor words ascend; All utterance
fail-eth there; But God himself doth comprehend,
No. 127. THE FOUNDATION STONE.

"Behold, I lay in Zion a chief corner-stone."—1 Petr. ii: 6.

TRACY CLINTON. J = 88 = 18 T. C. O’KANE.

1. Behold, a stone in Zion laid, A tried, a sure foundation stone;
2. Storms may arise, and tempests blow, And beat with fury on this Rock,
3. Ne’er shall the gates of hell prevail O’er those who in the Lord abide;

Thrice blest are they whose hopes are staid Upon this base, and
Still it remains, though waves o’erflow, Unmoved amid the
Safely they dwell, though foes assail, Forever near the

Chorus.

this alone.
fiest shock.
Some build their hopes on the ever-drifting sand,
Savior’s side.

Some on their fame, or their treasure, or their land; Mine’s on a Rock
THE FOUNDATION STONE. Concluded.

that forever will stand, Jesus, the "Rock of Ages."

No. 123. O HOW I LOVE JESUS.

"We love him, because he first loved us."—1 John iv: 19.

Arranged.

1. Jesus, I love thy charming name, 'Tis music to my ear;
2. Yes, thou art precious to my soul, My transport and my trust;
3. All that my ardent soul can wish, In thee doth richly meet;
4. Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart, And shed its fragrance there;

Fain would I sound it out so loud, That all the earth might hear.
Jewels to thee are gaudy toys, And gold is sor did dust.
Nor to my eyes is light so dear, Nor friendship half so sweet.
The noblest balm of all its wounds, The cordial of its care.

Chorus.

O how I love Jesus! O how I love Jesus!

O how I love Jesus! Because he first loved me.
1. Though the shadows gather o'er my pathway here, And no
sun comes with joyful ray, In the darkness not an
evil will I fear. For my Savior is leading the way.

2. In the tempest when the winds around me roll, And the
thunders my heart afright, Sweetly comes a loving
whisper to my soul; Then the world is all beauty and light.

3. When the chilling blight of death is on my brow, And the
earth passes from my view, Simply trusting in my
Savior then, as now, He will lead me in paths ever new.

Refrain.

I will trust in my Savior, I will trust in my Savior, I will

trust in my Savior alway; He will lead me through the night, By his
I WILL TRUST IN MY SAVIOR. Concluded.

No. 130. McCHESNEY.

"Guide me."

Count ZINZENDORF. T. J. COOK.

1. Je-sus, guide our way To e-ter-nal day! So shall
2. When we dan-ger meet, Stead-fast keep our feet; Lord pre-
3. Or-der all our way Through this mor-tal day! In our

we, no more de-lay-ing, Fol-low thee, thy voice o-bey-ing;
serve us un-com-plain-ing, 'Mid the dark-ness round us reign-ing!
toil with aid be near us; In our need with suc-cor cheer us;

Lead us by the hand To our Fa-ther's land.
Through ad-ver-si-ty Lies our way to thee.
When life's course in o'er, O-pen thou the door!
No. 131. THE WORLD OF JOY.
"For what is your life? It is even a vapor."—James iv: 14.

KELLEY.

\[ J = 84 = 20 \]

R. M. Mcintosh.

1. What is life? 'tis but a vapor, Soon it vanishes away;
2. See that glory, how resplendent! Brighter far than fancy paints;
3. Joyful crowds, his throne surrounding, Sing with rapture of his love;
4. Go, and share his people's glory, 'Midst the ransomed crowd appear;

Life is like a dying taper: O, my soul, why wish to stay?
There, in majesty transcendent, Jesus reigns, the King of saints.
Thro' the heavens his praises sounding, Filling all his courts above!
Thine a joyful, wondrous story, One that angels love to hear.

Why not spread thy wings and fly Straight to yonder world of joy?
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy,
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy,
Spread thy wings, my soul, and fly Straight to yonder world of joy.
1. Who at my door is standing—Patiently drawing near,
2. Lonely without he's staying—Lonely within am I;
3. All through the dark hours dreary, Knocking again is he;
4. Door of my heart, I have ten! Thee will I open wide;

Entrance within demanding? Whose is the voice I hear?
While I am still delaying, Will he not pass me by?
Jesus, art thou not weary, Waiting so long for me?
Though he rebuke and chasten, He shall with me abide.

Chorus.

Sweetly the tones are falling: "Open the door for me,
If thou wilt heed my calling, I will abide with thee."
No. 133. TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." —Matt. xi: 28.

Rev. H. B. HARTZLER. \( \text{Tempo: 108 = 12} \) E. S. LORENZ.

1. I have found repose for my weary soul, Trusting in the promise of the Savior; And a harbor safe when the billows roll, Trusting in the promise of the Savior. I will live or die, Trusting in the promise of the Savior. I can God can give, Trusting in the promise of the Savior. Who so

2. I will sing my song as the days go by, Trusting in the promise of the Savior; And rejoice in hope while I God can give, Trusting in the promise of the Savior. Who so

3. O the peace and joy of the life I live, Trusting in the promise of the Savior. O the strength and grace only
Savior; I will bear my lot in the toil of life, Trusting in the
Savior; And the loss of all shall be high-est gain, Trusting in the
Savior; And be-gin to walk in the ho-ly life, Trusting in the

Refrain.

promise of the Savior.
promise of the Savior.
promise of the Savior.
Resting on his mighty arm for-ev-er,

Never from his lov-ing heart to sev-er, I will rest by grace

in his strong-embrace, Trusting in the prom-ise of the Sav-ior.
No. 134. THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."—Dan. v: 5.

K. S.  \[ j = 96 = 15 \]

Knowles Shaw.

1. At the feast of Bel-sha zar, and a thou-sand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap-tive Dan-iel— as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed—there's a Hand that's writing now;

While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the book of truth re-cords,
And re-buked the haughty monarch for his might-y deeds of wrong;
Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might;
Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to his roy-al man-date bow;

In the night as they re-vell in the roy-al pal-ace hall,
As he read out the writ-ing—'twas the doom of one and all,
In his home in Ju-de-a, or a cap-tive in the hall,
For the day is ap-proaching, it must come to one and all,

They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the hand up-on the wall,
For the king-dom now was finish-ed, said the hand up-on the wall.
He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.
When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.
THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL. Concluded.

Chorus.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall,
'Tis the hand of God
'Tis the hand of God that is writing on the wall,'Tis the hand of God

on the wall; Shall the record be, "Found waiting," or shall it
that is writing on the wall;

be, "Found trusting," While that hand is writing on the wall?
writing on the wall?

No. 135. DORMANACE.
"He careth for you."—Psa. v. 7.


1. Yes, for me, for me he careth, With a brother's tender care;
2. Yes, o'er me, o'er me he watcheth, Ceaseless watcheth, night and day;
3. Yes, for me he standeth pleading At the mercy seat above;
4. Yes, in me, in me he dwelleth; I in him, and he in me;

Yes, with me, with me he shareth Every burden, every fear.
Yes, e'en me, e'en me he snatcheth From the perils of the way.
Ev'er for me interceding, Constant in untiring love.
And my empty soul he filleth, Here and thro' eternity.
No. 136. "I AM THE VINE."

"For without me ye can do nothing."—John xv: 1-10.

K. S.

Knowles Shaw.

1. I am the vine, and ye are the branch-es, Bear pre-cious fruit for

2. Now ye are clean, thro' words I have spo-ken, Abiding in me, much

3. Yes, by your fruits the world is to know you, Walk-ing in love as

Je-sus to-day; The branch that in me no fruit ev-er bear-eth,
fruit ye shall bear; "Dwell-ing in thee, my prom ise un-bro-ken,
chil-dren of day; Fol-low your Guide, he passed on be-fore you,

Chorus.

Je-sus hath said, "He tak-eth a-way."
Glo-ry in heaven with me ye shall share."
"I am the vine, and
Lead-ing to realms of glo-ri-ous day.

ye are the branches, I am the vine, be faith-ful and true; Ask what ye
No. 137. WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?

"He hath prepared for them a city."—Heb. xi: 16.

\[ j = 58 = 42 \]

Dr. L. MASON.

1. When shall we meet again, Meet ne'er to sever? When will peace
2. When shall love freely flow, Pure as life's river? When shall sweet
3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Savior; May we all

wreathe her chain Round us forever? Our hearts will ne'er repose Safe
friendship glow, Changeless forever? Where joys celestial thrill, Where there unite, Happy forever: Where kindred spirits dwell, There

from each blast that blows, In this dark vale of woes—Never—no, never!
bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Never—no, never!
may our music swell, And time our joys dispel, Never—no, never!
No. 138. TO CANAAN.

"But now they desire a better country, that is an heavenly."—Heb. xi: 16.

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE. Dr. A. B. EVERETT.

1. We are marching to Ca-naan, thro' the des-ert vast, And the Lord, with cloud by
day, And with light of his presence, till the night is past, Is shining o'er the way.
sweet; If we faint on the journey, manna from on high Is fall-ing at our feet.

2. Though we thirst in the des-ert, thou art ev-ver nigh, Giv-ing wa- ters, clear and
fair; There our Shepherd has borne us, on his gentle breast, So loving is his care.

3. Green and cool Elim's palm trees, where we peaceful rest, Dewy shel-ter sweet and
see, We will sing glad hosannas, joyful passing o'er; We're coming unto thee.

4. When the swelling of Jordan sounds up-on the shore, When its parted waves we

Chorus.

To Jordan when we come, As we cross the bil-low's foam, Come thou
TO CANAAN. Concluded.

o'er its wave, our Guide to be. We are com-ing, com-ing,

lead us safe-ly home, Till the shin-ing land we see.

No. 139. HURSLEY.

"In him was life, and the life was the light of men."—John 1: 4.

J. Kerle.  

W. H. Monk—Arr.

1. Sun of my soul! thou Sav-i-or dear, It is not night if thou be near;
2. When soft the dews of kind-ly sleep My wearied eye-lids gen-tly steep,
3. A-bide with me from morn till eve, For with-out thee I can not live;
4. Be near to bless me when I wake, Ere through the world my way I take;

O may no earth-born cloud a-rise To hide thee from thy serv-ant's eyes.
Be my last thought—how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-i-or's breast!
A-bide with me when night is nigh, For without thee I dare not die.
A-bide with me till, in thy love, I lose my-self in heaven a-bove.
SONGS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS.

No. 140. GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST!


F. J. C.

--112-- 11-

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Glory to God in the highest! Glory to God, glory to God!

2. Glory to God in the highest! Glory to God, glory to God!

Glory to God in the highest! Shall be our song today;
Glory to God in the highest! Shall be our song today;

Semi-Chorus, or Duet.

Another year's rich mercies prove His ceaseless care and boundless love;
The song that woke the glorious morn When David's greater Son was born;

(148)
So let our loud-est voic-es raise Our an-ni-ver-sary song of praise. Sung by an heavenly host, and we Would join th'an-gel-ic com-pa-ny.

Full Chorus.

Glo-ry to God in the high-est! Glo-ry to God in the high-est!

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high!

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry be to God on high!
1. Angels rejoiced and sweetly sung At our Redeemer's birth;
2. Glory to God, who dwells on high, And sent his only Son
3. Good-will to men; ye fallen race! Arise, and shout for joy;
4. Lord, send the gracious tidings forth, And fill the world with light;

Mortals, awake! Let every tongue Proclaim his matchless worth.
To take a servant's form, and die For evils we have done.
He comes, with rich, a-bound'ring grace, To save, and not destroy.
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth, May know thy saving might.

Chorus.

Ring the merry, merry, merry, merry Christmas bells; Merry,

Chime

on,

Chime

on;

mer-ry bells, chime on, chime on, Mer-ry, mer-ry, mer-ry bells, chime on;
CHRISTMAS SONG. Concluded.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry, glo-ry be to God who dwells on high;

Good-will to men, ye fall-en race, A-rise, and shout for joy.

No. 142. PERON.

"Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel."—Ps. lxxiii: 24.

W. WILLIAMS. Anon.

1. Guide me, O thou great Je-ho-vah, Pilgrim through this barren land;
   I am weak, but thou art might-y, Hold me with thy powerful hand.

2. O- pen thou the crys-tal foun-tain Whence the healing wa-ters flow;
   Let the fi-ery, cloud- y pil-lar Lead me al my jour-ney through;

3. Death of death, and hell's de-struc-tion, Lead me safe on Ca-naan's side!

Bread of heav-en, bread of heav-en, Feed me till I want no more.
Strong De- liv- erer, strong De- liv- erer, Be thou still my strength and shield.
Songs of prais-es, songs of prais-es, I will ev- er give to thee.
No. 143. THE DRINK I'LL USE.

"Look not upon the wine."—Prov. xxiii: 3

Rev. A. W. Orwig.

\( \text{Tempo: } \frac{96}{15} \)

1. The drink I'll use will not be wine, However sparkling it may be;
2. The drink I'll use will not be beer, For even that may bring the woe,
3. The drink I'll use will not be ale, However harmless it may seem;
4. The drink I'll use will not be gin, Nor rum, nor brandy, nor old rye;

For, in it lurks the adder's sting, Although its fangs I may not see,
The bitter sorrows, wound and tear, And lay its tens of thousands low.
That, too, may cause the sad, sad wail, And sink beyond hope's cheering gleam.
For if I do, how dread the thought, The drunkard's death I too may die.

Chorus.

From alcoholic poison free, ... My drink shall

From alcoholic and poison free,

pure cold water be; ... The crystal stream

My drink shall pure cold water be; ... The crystal stream
THE DRINK I'LL USE. Concluded.

that floweth by, Shall quench my thirst when I am dry.
that floweth by, Shall quench my thirst

No. 144. AMERICA.

"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."—Ps. xxxiii: 12.

S. F. SMITH.

1. My country! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty,
   Of thee I sing; Land where my fathers died; Land of the
   pilgrim's pride; From every mountain side Let freedom ring.

2. My native country! thee, Land of the noble free,
   Thy name I love; I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and
   templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.

3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees
   Our fathers' God! to thee, Author of liberty,
   breathe par - take, Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.

   Long may our land be bright With freedom's

   holly light; Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King!
No. 145. WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

"For so an entrance shall be ministered unto you abundantly into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior, Jesus Christ."—1 Pet. 1: 13.

\[ \text{\textit{Knowles Shaw}} \]

1. When my final fare-well to the world I have said, And gladly lie down to my rest; When softly the watchers shall say "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast; And when, with my mine, Whose tears might be easily dried; But Jesus may love May cheer their sad spirits reft; But the Reap-er is path, Pray only for self while I live,— Me-thinks I should

2. There are little ones glancing about in my path, In want of a friend and a guide; There are dear little eyes looking up into dear-est have left; And a few gen-tle words or an ac-tion of lights to for-give; Though I bless not the wea-ry a-bout in my

3. There are old and for-sak-en who linger a while In homes which their glo-ri-fied vis-ion, at last The walls of "That Cit- y" I see, beck-on the children a-way In the midst of their grief and their glee— near to the long-standing corn, The wea-ry will soon be set free— mourn o'er my sin-ful neg-lect, If sor-row in heav-en could be,
1. Will any one then at the beautiful gate, Be waiting and watching for me? Be waiting and watching for me; Be watching and watching, be watching for me; Be waiting and watching for me?

Chorus.

2. Should no one I love at the beautiful gate, Be waiting and watching for me; Be waiting and watching for me; Be waiting and watching, be watching for me;

3. Will any one waiting and watching for me? Should no one I waiting and watching for me; Should no one I waiting and watching, be watching for me;

Rit.

4. then at the beautiful gate, Be waiting and watching for me? love at the beautiful gate, Be waiting and watching for me.
No. 146. WELCOME.

"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."—Ps. cxxxiii: 1.

\[ j = 100 = 41 \]

Chorus.

Welcome, welcome, welcome, We welcome you, dear friends, In this our opening day; Welcome, welcome, welcome, Welcome here this festal day.

Duet.

1. Many are the sorrows, many are the tears, Many are the joys, and many are the fears That have crossed our pathway since we trials, and many are the cares That we've borne through Jesus, since we treasures we must homeward bear, That we may be true till we the last did meet, But we've come again, our kindred and our friends to greet, last did meet, But we're here again, our brethren and our friends to greet, Master meet, When we'll come again, our loved ones and our friends to greet.
Praise to the Savior! praise to his name! With tune-ful lips his honors proclaim; With grateful hearts spread widely his fame,
Jesus our King; And let our voices joyful ring
him in the way; He's present here, he's with us today:

Thankful-ly blessing him.
With echoes to his name.
Ho-sannas let us raise.

Happy, happy are our hearts today,

For the Lord has brought us on our way; May he to us his grace still display, And bring us safely home!
No. 146. GOD BE WITH YOU.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—1 Cor. xvi: 23.

J. E. RANKIN.  \( j = 84 = 20 \)  W. G. TOOMER.

1. God be with you till we meet again; By his counsels guide, uphold you;
2. God be with you till we meet again; 'Neath his wings securely hide you;
3. God be with you till we meet again; When life's perils thick confound you,
4. God be with you till we meet again; Keep love's banner floating o'er you;

With his sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet again.
Daily manna still divide you, God be with you till we meet again.
Put his arms un-failing round you, God be with you till we meet again.
Smite death's threatening waves before you, God be with you till we meet again.

Chorus.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet;
Till we meet, till we meet again, till we meet;

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
Till we meet, till we meet again,
### INDEX

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>No.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Are You Ready</td>
<td>107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Aletta</td>
<td>114</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>America</td>
<td>144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Anniversary Hymn</td>
<td>147</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Zion Built Above</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bringing in the Sheaves</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Because He Loved me so</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Book of Life</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Beautiful Valley of Eden</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bless the Lord, O my Soul</td>
<td>123</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Be not Afraid</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>By and by</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christmas Song</td>
<td>141</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coming Now</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Close to Thee</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cross and Crown</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cleft for me</td>
<td>94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coming by and by</td>
<td>115</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draw me Nearer</td>
<td>106</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desire</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Did you Think to Pray</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dornance</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draw me to Thee</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Even Me</td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Every Day</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Elizabethtown</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Follow Thou Me</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fountain</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Glory to God in the Highest</td>
<td>140</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>God be With You</td>
<td>148</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gallilee</td>
<td>104</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gathering Home</td>
<td>90</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He will Hide me</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ho, Reapers of Life's Harvest</td>
<td>119</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How are you Living</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hiding in Thee</td>
<td>105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hatfield</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Horton</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Happy Zion</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hour of Parting</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hear Him Calling</td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hark, the Voice of Jesus Calling</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hursley</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy Name of Jesus</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I will Trust in my Savior</td>
<td>129</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am the Vine</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm Redeemed</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If I Were a Voice</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Love to hear tell the Story</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Want to be Like Jesus</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is my Name Written There</td>
<td>61</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Bring my Sins to Thee</td>
<td>28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Need Thee</td>
<td>33</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'll Trust in Thee</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Cross of Christ We Glory</td>
<td>96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Have a Sweet Hope</td>
<td>108</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is it far</td>
<td>111</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus calls Thee</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jesus Only</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knocking at the Door</td>
<td>132</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love Divine</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love of Jesus</td>
<td>59</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McChesney</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercy</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>More Like Thee</td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

(159)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>More Love</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Prayer</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Redeemer</td>
<td>21</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Near the Cross</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nearer Home</td>
<td>89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O How I Love Jesus</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Only Waiting</td>
<td>113</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>One by One</td>
<td>88</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over There</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O! the Debt of Love</td>
<td>63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>On Jordan’s Stormy Banks</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Olivet</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Once for all</td>
<td>12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O! Sion, Sion</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Precious Promise</td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Precious Words</td>
<td>55</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Purer in Heart</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise the Lord</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pass me not</td>
<td>93</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prayer</td>
<td>112</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Praise to our Creator</td>
<td>118</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peron</td>
<td>142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Precious Name</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rock-Shadow</td>
<td>110</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Refuge</td>
<td>95</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Summer-Land</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Something for Jesus</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>St. Sylvester</td>
<td>122</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shall we Meet</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sitting at Jesus Feet</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sow the Seed</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shout the Tidings</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Soon and Forever</td>
<td>116</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The World of Joy</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trusting in the Promise</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Handwriting on the Wall</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Canaan</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Drink I’ll Use</td>
<td>143</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rock and the Sand</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To God be the Glory</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trusting Jesus, that is all</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Kingdom Coming</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Through the Jordan</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Place Prepared</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Foundation Stone</td>
<td>120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>There is a Green Hill Far Away</td>
<td>127</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trust in the Lord</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lord will Provide</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Half was Never Told</td>
<td>77</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Gate Ajar for me</td>
<td>85</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Lambs of the Upper Fold</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Rock that is Higher</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Pearl of Greatest Price</td>
<td>22</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Sweetest Name</td>
<td>26</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vail</td>
<td>29</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wonderful Words of Life</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What a Friend</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>We Believe</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When we Work for the Lord</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whiter than Snow</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Could we do Without Jesus</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woodworth</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who’s on the Lord’s Side</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work for Jesus</td>
<td>58</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Work Song</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Hast thou done for me</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where he Leads we will Follow</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Shall the Harvest be</td>
<td>71</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Where’er Thou Goest</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Walk in the Light</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wondrous Love</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watch</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiting and Watching</td>
<td>81</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Windows Open Toward Jerusalem</td>
<td>99</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will Jesus Find us Watching</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Who Will Meet me There</td>
<td>100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>While the Days are Going by</td>
<td>102</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whitney</td>
<td>103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>When Shall we Meet Again</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Waiting and Watching for me</td>
<td>134</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welcome</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yes, by and by</td>
<td>145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Yarbrough</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Christian Sunday School Hymnal.

STYLES AND PRICES.

CHEAP POPULAR EDITION.

Boards, single copy, by mail ........................................... $ 30
  per dozen, by express ........................................... 3 00
  per hundred .................................................. 25 00

FINE EDITION.

Silk cloth, red edge, single copy .................................. 4 00
  per dozen, by express ........................................... 4 00
  per hundred .................................................. 32 00

Morocco, red edge, single copy ................................ 1 50
  gilt edge, .................................................. 2 00
  full gilt, .................................................. 2 00

WORD EDITION.

Boards, single copy, by mail ........................................... 1 50
  per dozen, by express ........................................... 1 50
  per hundred .................................................. 7 00

Cloth, red edge, single copy, by mail ................................ 2 00
  per dozen, by express ........................................... 2 00

The Word Edition contains all the hymns, but no music.
All books sold at the dozen or hundred price will be
sent by express at expense of purchaser. We send by
mail prepaid at single copy price.
POPEL JEWELS

By
C. P. Lathan

Publish. House of W. N. B. A. London

January

[Image]
Gospel Jewels.

By

R. E. Hudson.

For

Sabbath Schools.

Cleveland, Ohio.
Publishing House of the Evangelical Association,
Lauer & Yost, Agents,
265 to 275 Woodland Avenue.
1885.
PREFACE.

In the judgment of the Board of Publication, and the Publishers, there is a demand in the Church for a new Sunday-school Music book in the English language; it was, therefore, resolved at the last meeting of the Board, to meet this demand by publishing the book immediately.

The Publishers secured the services of Prof. R. E. Hudson, a musical author of high reputation, who has done his work as musical editor with acceptability. His aim has been to raise the standard of the song-service. To this end many compositions of the highest class have been introduced; and not a few of the old hymns of the Church set to their familiar tunes; while the more simple pieces, which have become dear to the Sunday-school, have been given the place they rightly deserve. The hymns have all been approved by the standing committee, appointed by the General Conference, to examine all books that are to be published for the Church.

"Gospel Jewels" brings greeting to the friends of Sacred Song everywhere, and hopes to be used of God in helping to inspire and foster a devotional spirit in the Sunday-school. It is hoped that the tender, pleading heart-cries, breathing from some of these songs, may move many to penitential tears, and bring them to the feet of Jesus; and also, that the spirit of rest, trust, and joy pervading others may be like fountains of living waters to the little pilgrims that are journeying heavenward.

Cleveland, Ohio, May 1885.

P. W. R.

Copyrighted, 1885, by Lauer & Yost.
1. **Bless the Lord.**

A Service of Praise.

1. Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Amen.
2. For His peace, For His peace, Bless the Lord, Amen.
3. For His love, For His love, Bless the Lord, Amen.
4. For His joy, For His joy, Bless the Lord, Amen.

Prayer.

Sing No. 17.

Superintendent.—Rejoice in the Lord alway; and again I say, rejoice.—Phil. 4: 4.
School.—Rejoice evermore. Pray without ceasing. In everything give thanks; for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you.—1 Thess. 5: 16, 17, 18.

Superintendent.—I will bless the Lord at all times: His praise shall continually be in my mouth.—Ps. 34: 1.
School.—Glory ye in his holy name: let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord.—Ps. 105: 3.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, World without end, Amen.
WELCOME THE WANDERERS IN!

1. Prodigals hungry and thirsty, Rove thro' each highway and lane—Bid them partake of the banquet,
2. Feeding on husks to starvation, Wand'ring away from their home: Bid them come home to the banquet,
3. Turn, oh, ye prodigals, homeward; Father's fond love ye shall share; He has provided a banquet,

CHORUS,

Purchased by sorrow and pain.
Hasten while yet there is room.
Where there's enough and to spare.

Tell them the story of Jesus, How He was offered for sin;

1st. And from the highways and hedges, Welcome the wanderers in!

2d. Welcome the wanderers in!

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.
1. 'Tis a blessed hope and it cheers my soul, That I shall rest, sweetly rest, by and by. When my
2. 'Tis a blessed hope which my Saviour gives, That I shall rest, sweetly rest, by and by. I shall
3. With a steadfast faith I shall labor on, That I may rest, sweetly rest, by and by. O what

CHORUS.

work is done and my crown is won, Then I shall rest, sweetly rest by and by. By and by, By and by, I shall
see Him there in His mansion fair, When I shall rest, sweetly rest by and by.
joy 'twill be the redeemed to see, When I shall rest, sweetly rest by and by.

By and by, By and by,

rest, sweetly rest, by and by, 'Tis a precious hope, 'tis a blessed hope, That I shall rest, sweetly rest by and by.

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.
4.

MY SAVIOUR KNOWS.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. The hour of my departure I may not know, But Christ in love hath taught me To watch while here below;
2. The hour of my departure I'll keep in view, And strive, while here I linger, Some precious work to do;
3. The hour of my departure May soon be here; To me the thought is joyful, And yonder light is clear;

My lamp to keep bright burning, With oil divine, That at the Lord's appearing My soul with grace may shine.
Some service for the Master, Or cross to bear, That I a crown unfading, And robe of white may wear.
I see the sunlit mountains Where I shall stand, I hear the songs enchanting Of yon celestial band.

Refrain.

The hour of my departure My Saviour knows, And, in His love confiding, I dwell in sweet repose.

Copyrighted, 1881, by R. E. HUDSON.
HOW SWEET TO BE THERE.

Rev. W. H. Hunter, by per.

1. Oh, who would remain in this prison of clay? When friends and companions are hastening away, Away to the climes of the
2. Oh, could we but go with the friends that we love, And taste their enjoyments in glory above, No more would we fancy this
3. How many are there in white garments arrayed, Who once with us here in this wilderness stray’d! How happy are they with their

CHORUS.

blessed and free, Where death never comes, and where pure spirits be. Oh, how sweet, Oh, how sweet, when we
desert below, Where tears of deep anguish so frequently flow. Oh, how sweet, Oh, how sweet, when we
pilgrimage done, As pure as the angels, as bright as the sun! Oh, how sweet, Oh, how sweet,

meet with the friends over there! Oh, how sweet, when we meet, And with Jesus His glory to share!
Oh, how sweet, when we meet!

(7)
1. The Bi-ble, the Bi-ble! more precious than gold; What hopes and what glories its pages unfold!
2. The Bi-ble, the Bi-ble! blest volume of truth; How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!
3. The Bi-ble, the Bi-ble! the val-leys shall ring, And hill-tops re-ech-o the notes that we sing;

It speaks of redemption, wide o-pens the door—It of-fers sal-va-tion to rich and to poor.
Ere hearts are enslaved in the bondage of vice, It bids us seek early the "pearl of great price."
Our banners inscribed with its precepts and rules, Shall long wave in triumph, the joy of our schools.

CHORUS.

The Bi-ble, the Bi-ble, so dear to the heart! A volume so precious, we'll ne'er from it part.
1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-eve-er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own
2. Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best, Wind-ing or straight it
3. I dare not choose my lot, I would not if I might: Choose thou for me, my
4. Not mine, not mine the choice, In all things great or small, Be thou my guide, my

CHORUS.

hand, Choose out my path for me. Lead me, Lead me, Choose
leads Right on-ward to my rest. God, So shall I walk a-right.
strength, My wis-dom and my all. Lead me, Lead me,

out my path for me, Lead me, Lead me, Choose out my path for me.
1. The glory He had with the Father, Ere earth a beginning had known,
2. Tho' legions on legions of angels, To vanquish His foes He could call,
3. More deep than a mother's affection, The love that the Saviour did show;

He left for the sake of poor sinners, And suffered for them to atone!
He died on the cross to redeem them, And fervently prayed for them all!
In yielding His heavenly glory To suffer for sinners below!

He bore the temptations of Satan! Disciples forsook Him and fled!
On Calvary's mountain He offered Himself as a ransom for me!
I love to repeat the old story, The story so often retold,

(10)
ALL HAIL TO THE REDEEMER!—Concluded.

He drank of the cup of our sorrow, And tears of deep anguish He shed!
And dearer that spot to my spirit, Than ever another can be!
Of Jesus, who came as a ransom, For those who were not of His fold!

CHORUS.

All hail to the blessed Redeemer! He suffered our sorrow and pain!

All hail to the glorious Saviour! The innocent Lamb that was slain!

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.
SING OF HIS LOVE.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord forevermore!
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord, praise the Lord forevermore!

(Stride 2d. ending only.)

Ritard. Fine.

for-ever-more! Oh, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, Sing unto Him, and tell of His love.

Sing of His love to me, Sing how He freely gave His life for thee. And thro' His blood we
SING OF HIS LOVE.—Concluded.

Solo first time.

may from sin be free, Sing of His love. For God so loved the world that He gave His

For God so loved the world that He gave

only Son, His only be-got-ten Son, That who-so-ev-er believeth in Him, That

He gave His Son,

whoso-ev-er believeth in Him, Should not per-ish, but have ev-er-las-ting life.

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.
1. Jesus only, when the sinful heart
   Would lay its burden down;

2. Jesus only helps the wayward feet
   To keep the narrow way;

3. Jesus only, when the weary one
   May lay the armor down;

4. Jesus only, when the ransomed soul
   Has reached the "Golden Shore!"

JESUS ONLY takes the wear-y load
   And bears it as His own.

Refrain.

waving soul, Lest it in sin should stray.

Jesus only, Jesus only, From the cradle to the

Refrain.

heavy cross, And gives the shining crown.

be my song, For-ev-er, ev-er-more.

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.
THE ALTERED MOTTO.

THOS. O. LOWE.

With expression.

1. Oh, the bitter pain and sorrow That a time could ever be, When I proudly said to
2. Yet He found me; I beheld Him, Bleeding on th' accursed tree; And my wistful heart said
3. Day by day His tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and free, Brought me lower, while I
4. Higher than the highest heavens, Deeper than the deepest sea, Lord, Thy love at last has

Jesus, "All of self and none of Thee." All of self and none of Thee, All of self
faintly, "Some of self and some of Thee." Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self
whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee." Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self
conquered, "None of self and all of Thee." None of self and all of Thee, None of self

Rit.

and none of Thee, When I proudly said to Jesus, "All of self and none of Thee."
and some of Thee, And my wistful heart said faintly, "Some of self and some of Thee."
and more of Thee, Brought me lower while I whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee."
and all of Thee, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered, "None of self and all of Thee."

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.
COME AWAY.

1. Come a-way, come away 'tis God's holy day, And leave your sinful pleasures; Leave your work, leave your play, Come,

2. Come away, come away, 'tis God's holy day, The best of all the seven; Come away, come away, Come,

3. Come away, come away, seek Jesus to-day, And dwell in His loving favor; Come away, come away, To

Chorus.

hast-en away, For vain are earthly treasures.
join us to-day, To learn of God and heaven. Come, come, come, Oh, come with us to-day! Hear our voices
sing and pray, And praise our blessed Saviour.

ring-ing, Glad tribute we will bring To the children's glorious King, His praises we are singing!

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON
1. Tossed up on life's stormy sea, For our home in heaven we sigh; If to Christ we
2. In life's battle sore we fight, "Help, O Lord!" we oft must cry—Thro' Him standing-
3. When this life of toil is past, And the earthly shadows fly, Heav'n, our home, we'll

faithful be, We shall anchor by and by! By and by, yes, by and by,
faithful be, We shall anchor by and by! By and by, yes, by and by,
gain at last; There'll be glory by and by! By and by, yes, by and by,
gain at last; There'll be glory by and by! By and by, yes, by and by,

We shall anchor by and by; Storm-clouds ne'er shall sweep the skies, When we anchor by and by!
We shall triumph by and by; All our deadly foes shall fly, When we triumph by and by!
There'll be glory by and by; In our blessed Home on high, There'll be glory by and by!
There'll be glory by and by; In our blessed Home on high, There'll be glory by and by!
14.

LET THE LITTLE CHILDREN COME.

Joyously.

1. Suffer little children to come unto me; Let the children come, Let the children come;
2. He the lambs will gather and fold in His arms; Let the children come, Let the children come;
3. Whosoever will, now may come unto me; Let the children come, Let the children come;

Chorus.

For of such the kingdom of heaven shall be; Let the little children come. Blessed words of Jesus,
Safe from ev'ry danger, and free from a-larms; Let the little children come. Blessed words of Jesus,
Mercy's door is open, salva-tion is free; Let the little children come. Blessed words of Jesus,

Bless-ed words of Je-sus, Bless-ed words of Je-sus, Let the lit-tle chil-dren come.
Bless-ed words, etc.
Bless-ed words of Je-sus, Bless-ed words of Je-sus, "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."

(18)
GOOD NEWS.

1. Good news and glad tidings, oh, spread it abroad! Let praise and thanksgiving ascend up to
2. Good news and glad tidings for souls tempest-tossed; With Christ as your pilot, you cannot be
3. Good news and glad tidings, salvation is near! Rejoice, all creations, Christ's kingdom is

For Jesus, our Saviour, Redeemer and Friend, Hath left His bright kingdom, His own to defend.
lost; Oh, trust in His promise, that never will fail, As onward, still onward toward heaven you sail.
here! Oh, brother, benighted, take heed to the sound, Good news and glad tidings, the lost has been found.

Refrain.

His blood now will cleanse us, from sin make us free; Good news and glad tidings for you and for me.

Copyrighted, 1884, by R. E. Hudson.
WE LOVE TO GO.

Words and Music by WILL. C. BROWN.

1. We love to go to the Sun-day-school, Where we may learn the
2. We love to go to school each day, That we may learn the
3. We love to think when life is o'er, And we have reached that

- golden rule; Where we may learn the story true, Of the bright heavenly
- narrow way, The way that leads to endless day; To the bright heavenly
- golden shore, That we shall praise Him ever more In the bright heavenly

land. Our teachers there we love to meet, And scholars one and
land. Our classmates there in praise we join, To Him who gave His
land. In glad hosannas there we'll raise Our loudest notes of

(20)
WE LOVE TO GO.—Concluded.

all to greet, In songs of love and joy so sweet, Of the bright heavenly land.
on-ly Son, That we through Him might all be won To the bright heavenly land.
end-less praise, To Him who crowns us all our days, In the bright heavenly land.

CHORUS.
The bright heavenly land, The bright heavenly land,

1. Of the bright heavenly land, Of the bright heavenly land,
2. To the bright heavenly land, To the bright heavenly land,
3. In the bright heavenly land, In the bright heavenly land,

heavenly land, In songs of love and joy so sweet, Of the bright heavenly land.
heavenly land, That we thro' Him might all be won To the bright heavenly land.
heavenly land, To Him who crowns us all our days, In the bright heavenly land.

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.
THE HALF HAS NEVER BEEN TOLD.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh, tell the story o'er and o'er, Of love so full and free; I give myself, my all to
2. He died for me, naught but His love Could melt this heart of mine; Oh, come, and take the precious
3. His life, His death, His precious love, To you shall all be given; Come now, accept His offered

CHORUS.

Him, Who bled and died for me. The half has never yet been told, yet been told, Of love so full and
gift Of peace and joy divine.

grace, And reign with Him in heaven.

free; The half has never yet been told, yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me, cleanseth me.

Copyrighted, 1881, by R. E. HUDSON.
1. Lo! the zephyr softly breathing, Wakes the earth again; But the Spirit softly
   pleading, Stirs the heart of men. Precious Spirit! Precious Spirit! Breathe on
   us today; Tender Spirit! Tender Spirit! Leave us not, we pray.

2. Lo! the showers gently falling, Buds and flowers bring; Thro' the gentle Spirit's
   calling, Hearts are made to sing. Precious Spirit! Precious Spirit! Fall on
   us today; Tender Spirit! Tender Spirit! Leave us not, we pray.

3. Lo! the sunlight softly beam-ing, Gives a hundred-fold; But the graces of the
   Spirit Yield the fruit untold. Precious Spirit! Precious Spirit! Beam on
   us today; Tender Spirit! Tender Spirit! Leave us not, we pray.

Chorus.
SEND THE NEWS.

1. Send the news a-long the line, Love's re-deem-ing work is done;
2. Send the news a-long the line, Spread the tid-ings far and wide;
3. Send the news a-long the line, Glad-some news of heav'n-ly grace;

CHORUS,

Death is vanquished, sin for-giv'n, Thro' the death of Christ, the Son.
Je-sus comes the lost to save, Je-sus, the once cru-ci-fied. Send the news, send the news,
Precious blood from Cal-va-ry, Saves the vil-est of the race.

Send the news that Calvary brings, Je-sus comes the lost to save; Crown Him, crown Him King of kings!
SATISFIED.

1. All my life long I have panted For a draught from some cool spring, That I hoped would quench the
2. Feeding on the husks around me, Till my strength was almost gone; Longed my soul for something
3. Poor I was, and sought for riches, Something that would sat-is-fy; But the dust I gathered
4. Well of wa-ter, ev-er springing, Bread of life so rich and free, Un-told wealth that nev-er

CHORUS.

burn-ing Of the thirst I felt with-in.
bet-ter, On-ly still to hun-ger on.
round me On-ly mocked my soul's sad cry.
fail-eth, My Re-deem-er is to me.

soul so long has craved! Je-sus sat-is fies my longings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.
ALL-SUFFICIENT GRACE.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heav'n with the echo
2. Grace first contrived a way To save rebellious man; And all the steps that
3. Grace taught my roving feet To tread the heavenly road; And new supplies each
4. Grace all the work shall crown Thro' everlasting days, It lays in heaven the

Chorus.

shall resound, And all the earth shall hear. 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis grace, Yes,
Grace display, Which drew the wondrous plan. hour I meet, While pressing on to God.
topmost stone, And well deserves our praise. 'Tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis grace, 'tis grace,

grace is all my plea! 'Twas love, 'twas love That brought the Lord to me.
'Twas love, 'twas love, 'twas love, 'twas love,
THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

1. Oh! wond'rous love, the love of Christ! The soul's sweet rest-ing place, The palm-tree
   where we find a shade, The Rock on which our hopes are laid—This love is perfect
   peace. Per-fect peace, per-fect peace, This love is per-fect peace.

2. A ref-uge from each rag-ing storm, A shel-ter from the heat, A tower of
   strength, a qui-et home, Where won-ry, trou-bled hearts may come—A sure and safe re-
   treat. Safe re-treat, safe re-treat, A sure and safe re-treat.

3. Our ev'-ry bur-den He will bear, When we, in sim-ple faith, In child-like
   trust, cling and a-dore, And learn to love Him more and more, Be-liev-ing what He
   what He saith, what He saith, Be-liev-ing what He saith.

Per-fect peace, per-fect peace, This love is per-fect peace.

Copyrighted, 1881, by R. E. HUDSON.

(27)
GRACIOUS SPIRIT.

1. Assist us, gracious Spirit, God's holy book to read! And from its sacred
   pages Supply our ev'ry need. En-light-en our dark vis-ion, And
   show us things di-vine; Bring forth the hid-den treas-ure—The rich-es of the
   how to ask a-right; Thro' thy grand in-ter-ceed-ing, We gain true peace and light.
   round us si-lent fall, Take thou our sweet ob-la-tion, To God, the Lord of all.

2. Assist us, gracious Spirit, When at the throne we bend; And to our weak pe-
   ti-on, Thine in-spir-a-tion lend. Teach us the grace we're need-ing, And
   noon-tide In-spire our sac-ri-fice. And when the dews of eve-ning A-

3. Assist us in the morn-ing, When thanks for mer-cy rise; And in the sun-ny
GRACIOUS SPIRIT.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Gracious Spirit, Gracious Spirit, Com-fort-er and help di-vine!
Gracious Spirit, blessed teacher! Gracious Spirit, blessed teacher!

Bless-ed prom- ise of the Fa- ther, In our hearts with glo- ry shine!
Bless-ed promise of the Fa- ther, Blessed promise of the Father,

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.

Air.—BEULAH LAND.

1  And now the parting time has come;
    We sing good-night e're we go home;
    We trust the heavenly Father's care
    May keep us safe from every snare.

    Chorus.—Good-night, (good-night), Good-night;
    Oh, be our future ever bright!
    May peace and joy our way attend,
    And God preserve us to the end;
    And when we bid the earth good-night,
    May we awake in glory bright!

2  Oh, may the lessons of this hour
    Be treasured by the Spirit's power;
    Lord, by them may we all be taught,
    And nearer to the Saviour brought.

3  And when on earth our race is run,
    The battle fought, the vict'ry won,
    May we, in heaven, dwell near the throne,
    Where good-night songs no more are known!

( 29 )
GENTLE JESUS.

1. Gentle Jesus, Saviour mild, 
   Hear thy lowly suppliant child;

2. In this dreary vale below 
   Thou hast trod a path of woe;

3. Now I bend before thy throne, 
   All my guilt and folly own;

Nothing bring I to thy feet, 
Naught for thine acceptance meet,
Thou hast known the dreadful power 
Of the tempter's evil hour;
Yet with earnest heart I plead, 
Comfort, pardon in my need;

But a soul by sin distressed: 
Gentle Jesus, give it rest.
Felt the time of gloom and fear; 
Shed, like us, the bitter tear.
This my plea, and naught beside; 
Gentle Jesus, thou hast died.
PRAISE TO OUR GOD

From "Hosanna."

1. Here in thy temple lowly, With joy we raise our song
   To Thee, O Lord, most holy! To whom we all belong.
   {Our thanks to God we're bringing,}
   And in our hearts re-

2. We join with angel voices, And grateful songs we raise,
   And ev'ry heart re-
   joicing, Thy sacred name to praise.
   {To Him our prais-es sing-ing.}
   And in our hearts re-

3. Thou, Lord, art ever near us, Unseen by mortal eye,
   To comfort, bless, and
   cheer us, And ev'ry want sup-ply.
   strong-er, To do Thy will each day.

4. Guide us a little longer, Our sins re-move, we pray;
   And make us ev-er

   And in our hearts re-
   joice, And in our hearts re-
   joice,
   re-

Chorus.

joice,

re-

(31)
MY HEAVENLY HOME.

J. B. FERGUSON, by per.

1. My home is in the heavenly land, Where angels bright and fair, Before the throne of
   And while I labor to secure A blissful home above, I have a treasure
2. Oft while I journey here below, Amid the busy throng, I hear a voice and
   For with my pray'r the soft refrain In holy sweetness blends; And while I listen

1st. | 2nd. | Chorus.

glo-ry stand, And crowns of vict'ry wear, .......... Oh, home, sweet home, .......... so bright and
rich and sure, 'Tis found in Jesus .......... love.
seem to know The singer and the song; .......... Oh, home, sweet home,
to the strain, A blissful calm descends. .......... Oh, home, sweet home,

fair, .......... Oh, happy angels over there, .......... With them my
so bright and fair, Oh, happy angels over there, over there,

(32)
MY HEAVENLY HOME.—Concluded.

With them my joy shall be complete,
While resting at the Saviour's feet.

WHOM I SERVE.

1. Jesus, Master, whom I serve, Though so feebly and so ill, Strengthen hand, and heart, and nerve
2. Lord, thou needest not, I know, Service such as I can bring; Yet I long to prove and show
3. Jesus, Master, wilt thou use One who owes thee more than all? As thou wilt, I would not choose,

All thy bidding to fulfil; Open thou mine eyes to see,
Full allegiance to my King! Thou an honour art to me,
Only let me hear thy call! Jesus, let me always be

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.
1. There's a beautiful land far beyond the sky, And Jesus, my Saviour, is there; He has
2. I have friends who have gone to that land on high, They are free from all sorrow and care; And I
3. We shall meet in that beautiful land on high, And be with the bright and the fair; Where the

Chorus.

gone to prepare me a home on high—Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there! In that beau-
tiful
trust I shall meet them above the sky—Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there!
waters of life sweetly murmur by—Oh, I long, oh, I long to be there! In that beau-
tiful land, In that

land, Where the angels stand, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beautiful land.
beautiful land,

shall meet, shall meet,
FORBID THEM NOT.

1. Our Saviour dear, when He was here Did little children call; A little child, gentle and mild, He placed before them all.
2. And now on high, Above the sky, He loves the children yet; We cannot stay so far away, That He will us forget.
3. And while we live, we'll strive to give To Him our heart's best love; And hope at last, when life is past, To dwell with Him above.

Chorus.

Forbid them not, Forbid them not, O hear the Saviour say: Forbid them not to come to me, The light, the life, the way.

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.
Press on.

1. Put on the gospel armor, For Jesus take your stand; Go forth a valiant soldier, Under the Lord's command.

2. Lift high the blood-stained banner, Send forth the battle cry, The truth and right shall conquer, The victor's crown is nigh.

3. Then on 'mid strife of battle, Armed well with faith and prayer, For he that overcometh, A crown of life shall wear.

Chorus.
Press on, fight on,
Then reign in heav'n for ever With God's beloved Son.

Copyrighted, 1884, by R. E. Hudson.
1. Oh, hear the Saviour gently say: Come unto me, I am the way; No more in sin and
2. With tender love behold he stands, Showing to us his bleeding hands, And says, no longer
3. My love embraces all mankind, Whoever comes will pardon find, I'll wash, and purge and

Chorus.

folly roam, O, wanderer, come home, come home. Come in your childhood, come, O come, from me rove, But come to me, behold my love. purify, And fit you for a home on high.

Come in your childhood, come, O come, O hear the tender Shepherd's voice, Calling the wanderer home.
UP AND DOING, LITTLE CHRISTIANS.

Words from "Songs for Little Folks."

JOSEPH GARRISON, by per.
Fine.

1. "Up and doing, little Christians, Up and doing while 'tis day;
   Do the work the Master gives you, Do not loiter by the way;
   D.C.—Let us seek to learn our duty, And perform it manfully.

For we all have work before us, You, dear child, as well as I;

2 Patience, patience, little Christians,
   No cross look or angry word;
   Follow him who died to save you,
   Follow Jesus Christ, our Lord;
   Help the suff'ring and the needy,
   Help the poor whom Jesus loves
   Tell the sinner of the Saviour,
   Who still lives for us above.

3 Pray then, pray then, little Christians,
   Never, never cease to pray;
   Pray for pardon, pray for blessing,
   Pray for mercy day by day;
   Render thanks for all the mercies,
   Which our Father sends to thee,
   Most of all for the dear Saviour,
   Who once died on Calvary.
Bless our school to-day.

1. Jesus, tender Saviour, Bless our school to-day,
   While we sing thy praises,
   While we humbly pray. Own the praise we bring thee; Hear us when we pray;
   Make us thy dear children, Bless our school to-day.

2. On this blessed Sabbath,
   May our hearts be stirred
   By the faithful teachings
   Of thy Holy Word.

3. Lead us, tender Saviour,
   In the narrow way;
   Help us all to love thee,
   And thy truth obey.

4. Evermore be near us,
   And our souls defend,
   Comfort thou and cheer us
   Till our life shall end.

Copyrighted, 1884, by Lauier & Yost.

What a friend we have in Jesus.

1. What a friend we have in Jesus,
   All our sins and griefs to bear!
   What a privilege to carry
   Everything to God in prayer!
   Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
   Oh, what endless pain we bear—
   All because we do not carry
   Everything to God in prayer.

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

1. Shall we meet bey-ond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll? Where in all the bright for

2. Shall we meet in yon-der cit-y, Where the tow’rs of cry-stal shine? Where the walls are all of

3. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim his own? Shall we know his bless-ed

CHORUS.

ev-er, Sorrow ne’er shall press the soul? Shall we meet, shall we meet, shall we meet beyond the

jasper, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?

favor, And sit down up-on his throne?

riv-er? Shall we meet bey-ond the riv-er, Where the sur-ges cease to roll?

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. HUDSON.
JESUS NOW IS PASSING BY.

Words and Music by R. E. HUDSON.

1. Come, weary sinner, to the Cross; The Saviour bids you come; Come, trusting in his precious blood; Wait not—there still is room.

2. Oh! why delay your long return? The Spirit gently pleads; Come to the Cross where on for you the dying Saviour bleeds. {Jesus now is passing by, no tongue can tell; Oh! trust his grace and live! While he is so very nigh,

3. He waits to fill your soul with joy, And all your sins forgive; His love for you passing by, passing by, Jesus now is passing by, I'll go out to meet him. very nigh, very nigh, While he is so very nigh, I'll go out and greet him.

Copyrighted, 1884, by R. E. HUDSON.