Gospel Jewels.

by

R. E. Hudson.

for

Sabbath Schools.

Cleveland, Ohio.
Publishing House of the Evangelical Association,
Lauer & Yost, Agents,
200 to 278 Woodland Avenue.
1883.
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.
Gospel Jewels.

1.

BLESS THE LORD.

A Service of Praise.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. E. HUDSON.

1. Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Amen.
2. For His peace, For His peace, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Amen.
3. For His love, For His love, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Amen.
4. For His joy, For His joy, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Amen.

Prayer.

Sing No. 17.

Superintendent.—Rejoice in the Lord always; 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.

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2. E. E. LATTA.

Moderato.

WELCOME THE WANDERERS IN!

A. J. ABREY.

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.
Tell them the story of Jesus, How He was offered for sin;
Where there's enough and to spare.

1st.

{ And from the highways and hedges, Welcome the wanderers in!
{ And from the highways and hedges, Welcome the wanderers in!

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3.

REST BY AND BY.

J. B. O. CLEMM, by PET.

1. 'Tis a bless-ed hope and it cheers my soul, That I shall rest, sweetly rest, by and by.
   When my

2. 'Tis a bless-ed hope which my Saviour gives, That I shall rest, sweetly rest, by and by.
   I shall

3. With a steadfast faith I shall la-bor 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.

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4.

MY SAVIOUR KNOWS.

MRS. F. 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.

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HOW SWEET TO BE THERE.

Rev. W. H. Hunter, D.P.

1. Oh, who would remain in this prison of clay? When friends and companions are hastling away, Away to the climes of the
   blessed and free, Where death never comes, and where pure bliss is. Oh, how sweet, Oh, how sweet, when we

2. Oh, could we but go with the friends that we love, And taste their enjoyments in glory there, No more would we fear this
   desert below, Where tears of deep anguish so frequently flow, pilgrimage done, As pure as the angels, as bright as the sun! Oh, how sweet, Oh, how sweet,

3. How many are there in white garments arrayed, Who are willing here to the wilderness stray'd? How happy are they with their
   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)
6.

_ Cheerfully._

**THE BIBLE.**

Arranged.

1. The Bible, the Bible! more precious than gold; What hopes and what glories its pages un-fold!

2. The Bible, the Bible! blest volume of truth, How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth!

3. The Bible, the Bible! the valleys shall ring, And hill-tops re-echo the notes that we sing;

It speaks of redemption, wide o-pens the door—It offers sal-vation to rich and to poor.

Fur 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.

_Choir_.

The Bible, the Bible, so dear to the heart! A volume so precious, we'll ne'er from it part.
THY WAY, NOT MINE.

1. Thy way, not mine, O Lord, How-er dark it be! Lead me by Thine own
   hand, Choose out my path for me.
2. Smooth let it be or rough, It will be still the best, Wind-ing or straight it
   leads Right on-ward to my rest. God, So shall I walk a-right.
3. I dare not choose my lot, I would not if I might: Choose thou for me, my
   strength, My wis-dom and my all. Lead me, Lead me,
4. Not mine, not mine the choice, In all things great or small, Be thou my guide, my
   out my path for me, Lead me, Lead me, Choose out my path for me.

CHORUS.

Copyrighted, 1882, by B. F. Huson.
ALL HAIL TO THE REDEEMER!

1. The glory He had with the Father, Ere earth a beginning had known,
   He left for the sake of poor sinners, And suffered for them to atone!

2. Tho legions on legions of angels, To vanquish His foes He could call,
   He died on the cross to redeem them, And fervently prayed for them all!

3. More deep than a mother's affection, The love that the Saviour did show;
   In yielding His heavenly glory To suffer for sinners below!

4. He bore the temptations of Satan! Disciples forsook Him and fled!
   He bore the temptations of Satan! Disciples forsook Him and fled!

5. On Calvary's mountain He offered Himself as a ransom for me!
   I love to repeat the old story, The story so often retold,
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!

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SING OF HIS LOVE.

Words and Music by R. E. Hudson.

Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord for ever more!
Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord for ever more!

(Omit 2d. ending only.)

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 begotten Son, That who so ever believeth in Him, That

He gave His Son,

who so ever believeth in Him, Should not perish, but have ever lasting life.
JESUS ONLY.

1. Jesus only, when the sin-ful heart Would lay its burden down; Jesus only takes the weary load And bears it as His own.
2. Jesus only helps the way-ward feet To keep the narrow way; Jesus only guides the wav'ring soul, Lest it in sin should stray.
3. Jesus only, when the wea-ry one May lay the arm-or down; Jesus only, Jesus only, From the cradle to the heavy cross, And gives the shining crown.
4. Jesus only, when the ransomed soul Has reached the "Golden shore!" Jesus only, this shall be my song, For-ev-er, ev-er-more.

Refrain. mp

Jesus only, Jesus only, For no other name can save.
THE ALTERED MOTTO.

1. Oh, the bitter pain and sorrow That a time could ever be, When I proudly said to
   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 none of Thee, Some of self
   whispered, "Less of self and more of Thee." Less of self and none of Thee, Less of self
   conquered, "None of self and all of Thee." None of self and none of Thee, None of self

2. Yet He found me; I beheld Him, Bleeding on th' accursed tree; And my wistful heart said
   day by day His tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and free, Brought me lower, while I
   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."

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COME AWAY.

1. Come away, come away 'tis God's holy day, And leave your sinful pleasures; Leave your work, leave your pleasures,
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 today, And dwell in His loving favor; Come away, come away, To

Chorus.

hasten 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! Hail our risen
sing and pray, And praise our blessed Saviour.

ringing, Glad tribute we will bring To the children's glorious King. His praises we are singing!

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BY AND BY.

Words and Music by Tom C. Neal.

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,
for the right. We shall triumph 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!

Copyrighted, 1884, by E. B. Humes.
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;

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 alarms; Let the little children come. Blessed words of Jesus,
Mercy's door is open, salvation is free; Let the little children come. Blessed words of Jesus,

Blessed words of Jesus, Blessed words of Jesus, Let the little children come.
Blessed words, etc.
Blessed words of Jesus, Blessed words of Jesus, "Whosoever will, may come."

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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

God; 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.

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1. We love to go to the Sunday-school, Where we may learn the
golden rule; Where we may learn the story true, Of the bright heavenly
land. Our teachers there we love to meet, And scholars one and
narrow way, The way that leads to endless day; To the bright heavenly
land. Our classmates there in praise we join, To Him who gave His
land. In glad Kansas there we'll raise Our loudest notes of
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, 1893, by H. 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 best told, Of love so full and

free; The half has never yet been told, yet best told, The blood it cleanseth me, cleanseth me.
1. Lo! the zephyr softly breathing, Wakes the earth again; But the Spirit softly
2. Lo! the showers gently falling, Buds and flowers bring; Thro' the gentle Spirit's
3. Lo! the sunlight softly beam-ing, Gives a hundred-fold; But the graces of the

Chorus.

plaud-ing, Stirs the heart of men. Precious Spirit! Precious Spirit! Breathe on
un-call-ing, Hearts are made to sing. Precious Spirit! Precious Spirit! Fall on
Yield the fruit untold. Precious Spirit! Precious Spirit! Beam on

us to-day; Tender Spirit! Tender Spirit! Leave us not, we pray.
us to-day; Tender Spirit! Tender Spirit! Leave us not, we pray.
us to-day; Tender Spirit! Tender Spirit! Leave us not, we pray.
SEND THE NEWS.

1. Send the news along the line, Love's redeeming work is done;
2. Send the news along the line, Spread the tidings far and wide;
3. Send the news along the line, Glad some news of heavenly grace;

Chorus,

Death is vanquished, sin forgiven, Thro' the death of Christ, the Son,
Jesus comes the lost to save, Jesus, the once crucified. Send the news, send the news,
Precious blood from Calvary, Saves the vilest of the race.

Send the news that Calvary brings, Jesus 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 burning Of the thirst I felt within.

Chorus.

2. Feeding on the husks around me, Till my strength was almost gone; Longed my soul for something better, Only still to hunger on.

Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

3. Poor I was, and sought for riches, Something that would satisfy; But the dust I gathered round me Only mocked my soul's sad cry.

My Redeemer is to me.

4. Well of water, ever springing, Bread of life so rich and free, Un-told wealth that never soul so long has craved! Jesus satisfies my longings; Thro' His blood I now am saved.

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ALL-SUFFICIENT GRACE.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Harmonious to the ear; Heaven 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 now 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, Yes.

grace display, Which drew the wondrous plan, hour I meet, While pressing on to God.
top-most 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,

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THE LOVE OF CHRIST.

1. Oh! wondrous love, the love of Christ! The soul's sweet resting place, The palm-tree, where we find a shade, The Rock on which our hopes are laid—This love is perfect peace.

2. A refuge from each raging storm, A shelter from the heat, A tower of strength, a quiet home, Where weary, troubled hearts may come—A sure and safe retreat, chag and adore, And learn to love Him more and more, Believing what He saith. What He saith, Believing what He saith.

3. Our every burden He will bear, When we, in simple faith, In childlike faith. Safe retreat, what He saith, Per-fection, per-feet peace,This love is per-feet peace.

Refrain.

Perfect peace, per-feet peace, Perfect peace, per-feet peace, This love is per-feet peace.
GRACIOUS SPIRIT.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

1. Assist us, gracious Spirit, God's holy book to read! And from its sacred pages Supply our every need. Enlighten our dark vision, And show us things divine; Bring forth the hidden treasure—The riches of the mine.

2. Assist us, gracious Spirit, When at the throne we bend; And to our weak petition, Thine inspiration lend. Teach us the grace we're needing And how to ask aright; Through thy grand interceding We gain true peace and light:

3. Assist us in the morning, When thanks for mercy rise; And in the sunny noon-tide Inspire our sacrifice. And when the dews of evening Around us silent fall, Take thou our sweet oblation, To God, the Lord of all.
GRACIOUS SPIRIT.—Concluded.

Gracious Spirit, Gracious Spirit, Comforter and helper divine!
Gracious Spirit, blessed teacher! Gracious Spirit, blessed teacher!

Blessed promise of the Father, In our hearts with glory shine!
Blessed promise of the Father, Blessed promise of the Father.

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24.

Air.—BEULAH LAND.

1. And now the parting time has come;
   We sing good-night ere 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!
GENTLE JESUS.

Arranged from the excuse.

1. Gentle Jesus, Saviour mild, Hear thy lowly suppliant child;
   Beating mothers, slow, Thou hast trod a path of woe;
   Now I bend before thy throne, All my guilt and fully own.

2. 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.

3. 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," JOSEPH HARRISON, comp.

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 rejoice, And in our hearts rejoice.

2. We join with angel voices, And grateful songs we raise, And every heart rejoices, Thy sacred name to praise. (To Him our praises sing-ing.) And in our hearts rejoice, And in our hearts rejoice, re-joice.

3. Thou Lord, art ever near us, Unseen by mortal eye, To comfort, bless, and guide us a little longer, Our sins remove, we pray; And make us ever

4. Chorus:

re-joice,

re-joice,

(31)
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 prayer the soft refrain In holy sweetness blends; And while I listen

Chorus.

Oh, home, sweet home, so bright and sure, 'Tis found in Jesus' love.

Oh, home, sweet home.

Oh, happy angels over there, With them my so bright and fair,
   Oh, happy angels over there, over there, over there.
MY HEAVENLY HOME.—Concluded.

With them my joy shall be complete,
While resting at the Saviour's feet.

WHOM I SERVE.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVENHAL.

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 honor art to me,
Only let me hear thy call! Jesus, let me always be

All the work thou hast for me.
Let me be a praise to thee.
In thy service glad and free.

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29. THAT BEAUTIFUL LAND.

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 beautiful land, In that beautiful land, Where the angels stand, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet in that beautiful land, Where the angels stand, We shall meet, We shall meet, We shall meet.
FORBID THEM NOT.

1. Our Saviour dear, when He was here Did little children call; A little child, you know.
2. And now so high, Above the sky, He loves the children yet; We cannot stay so far away.
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:
F-o-r-b-i-d them not, F-o-r-b-i-d them not.

Verse:
he and mild, He placed before them all.

Copyrighted, 1880, by H. E. Hinson.
PRESS ON.

1. Put on the gospel armor, For Jesus take your stand: Go forth a valiant
2. Lift high the blood-stained banner, Send forth the battle cry, The truth and right shall
3. Then 'mid strife of battle, Armed well with faith and prayer, For he that o'er

Chorus.
Press on, fight on,

soldier, Under the Lord's command.
conquer, The victor's crown is nigh.
cometh, A crown of life shall wear.

won, Then reign in heav'n forever. With God's beloved Son.

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32. **THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.**

**J. L. MORRISON.**

**ANNE V. THOMAS, by per.**

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. Shewing 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 hear the tender Shepherd's voice, Calling the wanderer home.
UP AND DOING, LITTLE CHRISTIANS.

1. "Up and doing, little Christians, Up and doing while 'tis day; Do the work the Master gives you, Do not totter 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 stiﬀ 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.

Copyrighted, 1881, by Laura & Yost.
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.

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 beyond the river, Where the surges cease to roll? Where in all the bright for
2. Shall we meet in yonder city, Where the towers of crystal 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

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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. J——sus now is passing by, While he is so very nigh.

3. He waits to fill your soul with joy. And all your sins forgive; His love for you no tongue can tell; Oh! trust his grace and live! J——sus now is passing by, While he is so very nigh.

passing by, passing by, J——sus 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.

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EVENING HYMN.

Moderato.

Here as the night is falling, Stars from the shadows calling, Lord, to thy shelter
Here as the night is falling.

Here as the night is falling, Lord.

Fly - ing, Raise we our evening pray'r, Only on thee rely - ing,
Lord, to thy shelter fly - ing, Only on thee rely - ing.

Fly - ing, Raise we our evening pray'r, Only on thee rely - ing,
Lord, to thy shelter fly - ing, Only on thee rely - ing.

Make us this night thy care, Only on thee rely - ing, Make us this night thy care.
Lord, O Lord, make us thy care.

Make us this night thy care. Make us, O Lord, O Lord, make us thy care.
EVENING HYMN.—Continued.

SOPRANO SOLO.
Soprano.

While all unconscious sleeping, Oh, have us in thy keeping, Father, graciously hear us,

Vocal accompaniment softly.

While all unconscious sleeping, Oh have us in thy keeping, Father, hear us,

kind-ly our strength re-new,

Thus for the mor-row pre-pare,

kind-ly our strength re-new,

Thus for the mor-row pre-pare,

pre-pare us meek-ly thy will to do.

Thus for the mor-row pre-

meek-ly thy will to do.

Thus for the mor-row to

(43)
EVENING HYMN.—Concluded.

Lord, to thy shelter flying, We raise our evening pray'r, On

Thee alone relying, Make us this night thy care, Make us thy care.
SAFE WITHIN THE VALE.

1. "Land a-head!" Its fruits are waving, 'O'er the hills of fade-less green; And the liv-ing wa-ters
2. On-ward, hark! the capa I'm rounding. See, the blessed wave their hands. Hear the harps of God re-
3. There, let go the an-chor, rid-ing On this calm and silv'ry bay; Seward fast the tide is
4. Now we're safe from all temp-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past; Praise the Rock of our Sal-

Chorus.

lay-ing Shores where heav'n-ly forms are seen. Rocks and storms I'll fear no more. When on
sound-ing From the bright im-mor-tal hands.
glid-ing, Shores in sun-light stretch a-way. va-tion, We are safe at home at last!

that o-ter-nal shore. Drop the an-chor! Furl the sail! I am safe within the vale!

(45)
40. **GOLDEN HARPS.**

Arranged by M. E. HUDSON.

1. Golden harps are sounding, Angel voices sing, Pearly gates are opened—Opened for the King.

2. He who came to save us, He who bled and died, Now is crowned with glory At his Father's side.

3. Praying for his children In that blessed place, Calling them to glory, Sending them his grace.

Jesus, King of glory, Jesus, King of love, Is gone up in triumph To his throne above.

Never more to suffer, Never more to die, Jesus, King of glory, Has gone up on high.

His bright home preparing, Faithful ones for you—Jesus ever liveth, Ever loveth thee.

Refrain.

All his work is ended. Joyfully we sing: Jesus hath ascended! Glory to our King.
CALLING AWAY.

Solo. | 1st.

1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the veil and see
   The saints above, how great their joys, How bright their glories be.
2. Once they were mourners here below, And pour’d out cries and tears;
   They wrestled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.
3. I ask them whence their vict’ry came; They, with united breath,
   Ascribe their conquests to the Lamb, Their triumph to his death.

Duet.

Man-y are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand; Man-y are the voic-es

Chorus.

Calling us away, To join their glorious band; Calling us away, Calling us away, Calling to the better land.

(47)
1. Oh, have you not heard of a beautiful stream, That flows thro' our Father's land? It's
   waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, And ripple o'er golden sand.

2. This beautiful stream is the river of life, It flows for all nations free; A
   balm for each wound in its waters is found, O sinner, it flows for thee.
   Spirit says, come, all ye weary ones, home, And wander in sin no more.

3. Oh, will you not drink of the beautiful stream, And dwell on its peaceful shore? The
   O beautiful stream,.........

Refrain:
O beautiful, beautiful, beautiful stream! River of pleasures divine!

Its
BEAUTIFUL STREAM.—Concluded.

waters gleam bright in the heavenly light, O, beautiful, beautiful stream.

SWEET STORY OF OLD.

1. I think, when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men,
2. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me,
3. Yet still to his foot-stool in prayer I may go, And ask for a share in his love;
4. In that beautiful place he is gone to prepare For all who are washed and forgiven;

How he called little children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then.
And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the little ones come unto me."
And if I now earnestly seek him below, I shall see him and hear him above.
And many dear children are gathering there, "For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

(49)
HOMeward Bound.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. I sit and think when the evening shade Is deep o'er forest, hill and glade, Of that beautiful land by the gates of light, Our Father's house, where there is no night; And my joy and its sorrow, its hope and fear, Its beaming smile, or its gathering tear, For the glad heart thrills to the joyous sound, To the land of rest—we are homeward bound.

2. I think each night when the day is o'er, I am nearer home than the day before; And softly I say in my evening prayer, I am near the land where the ransomed are, And up to my heart comes a holy spell; We are homeward bound, where the dear ones dwell. Pearly gates now are opening wide—We are homeward bound, on the ebbing tide.

3. We haste away from the lovely earth, With its holy friendships of priceless worth; From its
Homeward Bound.—Concluded.

Chorus.

We are homeward bound! We are homeward bound! To the land of rest—We are homeward bound!

Verse 1: Behold a stranger at the door.
He gently knocks, his knock'd before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

Chorus: Oh, let the dear Saviour come in,
He'll cleanse thy heart from sin;
Oh, keep him no more out at the door,
But let the dear Saviour come in.

Verse 2: Oh, lovely attitude!—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness!—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

Chorus: But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very Friend you need;
The Friend of sinners,—yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

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Let the Saviour In.
WONDROUS STORY.

1. Do you know the wondrous story? Have you ever heard it told? How that Jesus
2. Have you heard how much He suffered? Hanging on the cruel tree? That we all might
3. Is it true that you have heard it? Have the tidings reached your ear? Then why not just

came from heaven, Seeking lost ones from the fold? Do you know the wondrous story?
have salvation, And might live eternally,
now believe it, And find comfort, hope and cheer.

Have you ever heard it told? Do you know the wondrous story? That with telling ne'er grows old?

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1. Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen while we sing, Hearts and voices raising praises to our King.
2. Ne'er, ever nearer, Christ, we draw to thee, Deep in adoration Bending low the knee:
3. Great and ever greater Are thy mercies here, True and everlast ing Are the glories there,

All we have we offer, All we hope to be, Body, soul and spirit, All we yield to thee.
Thus for our redemption Cam' at on earth to die; Thus, that we might follow, Hast gone up on high.
Where no pain or sorrow, Toil or care is known, Where the angel- legions Circle round thy throne.

CHORUS.

Saviour, blessed Saviour, Listen whilst we sing, Hearts and voices raising Praises to our King.
1. Thou, O Christ, my Saviour art, Strength and refuge of my heart; None but thee I wish or
own, Thou art mine, and Thou alone, My Redeemer! Light divine, Thou hast bought me, I am
Chorus.
Thine; My Redeemer! Light divine, Thou hast bought me, I am thine. Hallelujah! Christ is
in! Ransom from the guilt of sin, Source of holiness within.
more; Thee I worship and adore, Thou art mine for evermore.
2. Thou for me in love hast died, Wounded, pierced and crucified, Pouring forth a crimson
flood, Of atoning, cleansing blood, Ransom for the guilt of sin, Source of holiness within.
My whole mind and will control, Thee I worship and adore. Thou art mine for ever-
3. Thou, O Christ, my portion art, Joy and treasure of my heart; Take possession of my

REV. J. R. MARTIN.

A. J. SHOWALTER.
THOU, O CHRIST!—Concluded.

mine, Saviour, Teacher, Guide divine; Hallelujah! Saved by grace, I shall see His lovely face.

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49. EDGAR PAGE.

SIMPLY TRUSTING EVERY DAY. R. E. HUDSON.

1. Simply trusting ev'ry day, Trusting thro' a stormy way; Even when my faith is small,
2. Brightly doth His Spirit shine Into this poor heart of mine; While He leads I cannot fall,
3. Singing, if my way is clear, Praying, if the path is drear; If in danger, for Him call;

Fine. Chorus.

Till within the jasper wall,

Trusting Jesus, that is all. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past;
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Trusting Jesus, that is all.
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

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SIMPLY AN ARMOR-BEARER.

1. Simply an armor-bearer, lo! I stand, Ready, waiting, willing, at the Lord's command;
2. Simply an armor-bearer, I can see Where the foe is strongest, there is need of me;
3. Simply an armor-bearer, who shall say That the Lord will turn me from the field a-way?

Into the conflict, and against the foe, Where the King commandeth I will gladly go.
And as a loyal soldier, I'll appear On the field of conflict with a song of cheer.
Lo! He is calling, and His promise true, To all who faithfully His work pursue.

Chorus.

On...... the way to glory,
On the way to glory,
Marching on, marching on,

We are marching on, We are marching on,
SIMPLY AN ARMOR-BEAERER.—Concluded.

On the way to glory, We are marching ‘gainst the foe.

51. R. E. HUDSON.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT?

1. What shall it profit me by and by? What shall it profit me then,
2. What shall it profit me by and by? What shall it profit me then,
3. What shall it profit me by and by? What shall it profit me then,
4. Yes, it will profit me by and by! Yes, it will profit me then,

D.C. Trusting not Him who for sinners was slain, What shall it profit me then?
Caring not, seeking not Jesus to know, What shall it profit me then?
Love Him, and serve Him, and trust Him alway, What shall it profit me then?
Gaze on the face of my Saviour so bright, Oh, it will profit me then!

Duet.

If, by my toil, the whole world I should gain, Spending my strength on its treasures so vain,
If in a world of enjoyment and show, On in the path of its pleasures I go,
If I renounce all my idols to-day, Walk with my Lord, from His side never stray,
I shall be robed in a garment of white, Dwell in the mansions of glory and light,

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TO THE RIGHT.

1. Are you marching, patient marching, Thro' the storms of life? Are you meeting, daily meeting, Weary toil and strife? There's a voice above the tumult, speaking still to you, Never falter, never waver.

2. Are you thinking, daily thinking Of the pain-ful way? Often asking, frequent asking Why these chains are riven? Would you keep the heavenly mansions clear and bright in view? Always heed the earnest doubt-ing. To the right be true.

3. Are you hop-ing, joy-ful hop-ing, For the rest of heaven? Are you waiting, patient waiting, Till the To the right be true. List the

Chorus.

D.S.-Never falter, never wav-er. To the right be true.

To the right, to the right, List the wav-er. To the right be true.

To the right. To the right.

To the right, To the right be true. (58)
TO THE RIGHT.—Concluded.

voice that speaks to you, To the right be ever true, To the right, To the right, To the right.

Copyrighted, 1843, by D. W. Carver.

MORE LOVE TO THEE.

WM. JOHNSON.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee. Hear Thou the prayer I make, On heed, led's me, for me.
3. Then shall my last breath Whisper Thy praise, This be the parting cry, My heart shall raise,

CHORUS

This is my earnest plea: More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee.
This all my prayer shall be: This still its prayer shall be:

Copyrighted, 1842, by R. E. Hinson.
I WANT TO LIVE IN GLORY.

MR. HARRIET JONES.
Allegretto.

1. I want to live in glory, When done with pain and care; I want to hear the music
2. I want to join the dear ones, Who've crossed the fearful tide; And near the gate are waiting

That's ever floating there; I want to roam thro' pastures Where crystal streamlets flow.
Upon the heavenly side, That they be first to lead me Along the golden strand.

Chorus:

I want to learn the secrets That only angels know, I want to live in glory.
And witness all my rapture, When first I view the land.
I WANT TO LIVE IN GLORY.—Concluded.

When done with toil and tears; I want to dwell with Jesus Thro' never-ending years.

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THE HIDING-PLACE IS NIGH.

1. Salvation! oh, the joyful sound! What pleasure to our ears! A sovereign balm for every wound. A
2. Salvation! let the echo fly The spacious earth a-round. While all the armies of the sky Con-
3. Salvation! oh, thou bleeding Lamb, To thee the praise belongs! Salvation shall inspire our hearts. And

Fine. Chorus.

He is the only refuge, fly! There's

He is the only refuge, fly! There's

cordial for our fears. Sinners, the hiding-place is nigh; The Saviour calls a-way I
spire to raise the sound, dwell up-on our tongues.

cordial for our fears. Sinners, the hiding-place is nigh; The Saviour calls a-way I

Copyrighted, 1881, by R. E. HUDSON.
1. There's a beautiful star, that is beam-ing a-far O'er the vale of these cir-cle-ing years,
   And its radiance is bright, in af-flic-tion's sad night, When the Spir-it is bound in tears.
2. There's a beautiful star, that is beam-ing a-far O'er the true and the false of to-day,
   O'er the gifts that appear in the path of the year, As the season's rich treasures dis-play.

O'er the bless-ings that come to the heart and the home, We can ev-er dis-tin-guish its rays,
Let the a-ges roll on, as they ev-or have done, Yet brightly its radiance will fall,

For it speak-eth the love of the Fa-ther a-bove, And its light is the crown of our love.
For the star is di-vine, and for-ev-or shall shine O-ver what is cre-a-ted for all.
BEAUTIFUL STAR!—Concluded.

Chorus.

Beautiful, Beautiful star! Beautiful, Beautiful star! Beautiful, Beautiful star! Beautiful, Beautiful, Beautiful star!

For it speaketh the love of the Father above, This beautiful, beautiful, beautiful star!

This beautiful, beautiful star!

Copyrighted, 1864, by R. E. Hunter.

I WILL GO TO JESUS.

1. Lo! a voice is calling now, "Come away, Come to Jesus and be saved while you may; He is waiting now your heart to receive, If you only in his name will believe."

Chorus—Yes, I will go, yes, I will go, To Jesus I will go and be saved, Yes, I will go, yes, I will go, To Jesus I will go and be saved.

2. In his blessed Word I'll trust day by day, Which reveals him as the Life, Truth and Way; With the Holy Spirit's light as my guide, From the narrow way I'll ne'er turn aside.

3. While the voice is calling now, I'll away Unto Jesus and be saved while I may; While he's waiting now my heart to receive, In his pow'r to save me now I believe.
1. 'Tis God's own hand that lead-eth me Along my lone-ly way; But not be-cause He
2. 'Tis God's own hand that lead-eth me Along my toil-some way; And since in love He
3. 'Tis God's own hand that lead-eth me Along my pil-grim way; And ev'-ry day He

Chorus,

need-eth me, I need Him for my stay. So God's own hand doth lead me on Thro' feed-eth me, I'll trust Him day by day. spedeth me Toward heav'n's e-ter-nal day.

dark-ness and thru' gloom. And well I know, where'er I go. His hand will lead me home.

From "Songs of the Bible," by per.
LEAD ME HOME.—Concluded.

Refrain.

Home, sweet home, my dear, my heavenly home, And well I know, where'er I go, His hand will lead me home.

60. TITLE CLEAR.

1 When I can read my title clear, To mansions in the skies, I'll bid farewell to every tear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

Chorus. We will stand the storm, We will anchor by and by.

2 Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurled, Then I can smile at Satan's rage, And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come, Let storms of sorrow fall, So I but safely reach my home, My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heavenly rest, And not a wave of trouble roll Across my peaceful breast.

61. I HEAR THY VOICE.

1 I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee, For cleansing in thy precious blood That flowed on Calvary.

Chorus. I am coming, Lord, Coming now to thee! Wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

2 Though coming weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou dost my weakness fully cleanse, Till spotless all and pure.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on To perfect faith and love, To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heaven above.
62. THERE'LL BE JOY IN THE MORNING.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY R. E. HUDSON.

1. We shall meet with the saints in the morning, On the shore of the bright crystal sea. With the
   Chorus.
   lov'd ones who long have been waiting. What a meeting that will be.

2. We shall meet with the pure of all ages, And from sin and from death shall be free. We shall
   join in the song with the angels, What a meeting that will be.

3. Oh, the joy of that meeting and greeting, And the smile of our Saviour to see, To
   sing un-to him who has lov'd us, What a meeting that will be.

There'll be joy in the morning.

When we all arrive at home, There'll be joy in the morning.

When we all arrive at home.
THERE'LL BE JOY IN THE MORNING. — Concluded.

joy in the morning, There'll be joy,
When we hear the Saviour saying come, ye blessed, come.

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CHILDREN OF THE HEAVENLY KING.

1. Children of the heavenly King! As you journey, sweetly sing,
   Sing your Saviour’s worthy praise. Glorious in His works and ways.

2. We are trav’ling home to God; In the way the fathers trod;
   They are happy now, and we Soon their happiness shall see.

3. Shout, ye little flock and blest! You on Jesus’ throne shall rest;
   There, your seat is now prepared. There’s your kingdom and reward.

4. Fear not, brethren! Joyful stand
   On the borders of your land;
   Jesus Christ, your Father’s Son,
   Bids you undismayed go on.

5. Lord! obediently we go,
   Gladly leaving all below;
   Only, thou our Leader be,
   And we still will follow thee.
HAIL HIM KING.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the newborn King; Peace on earth and mercy mild;
2. Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd, Christ, the everlasting Lord; Veil'd in flesh the Godhead see;
3. Hail the heav'n-born Prince of peace! Hail the Son of righteousness! Light and life to all he brings;

God and sinners reconciled. Joyful all ye nations rise and sing, Join the triumphs of your King.
Hail incarnate Deity; Come and worship humbly at his feet; Yield to him the homage meet;
Risen with healing in his wings. Wonderful in counsel, come and see, Christ thou incarnate Deity;

Chorus.—Hail Him

With angelic hosts a-loud proclaim, Christ is born in Bethlehem. Hail Him King.
From the manger raise him to the throne, Homage due to God alone.
Sire of the ages, never to cease; King of kings, and Prince of peace.
HAIL HIM KING.—Concluded.

King.  Hail  Him  King.

Hail Him King, Hail Him King, Hail Him King. Crown Him Lord o'er earth and sky, and Hail Him King.

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65.

I LOVE TO HEAR THE STORY.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY REV. W. HOUPT.

1st.  2d.

1. Words of love, and truth, and mercy, All are in the Gospel found; They reveal a Saviour for me, Send the tidings, all around.

2. It affords my soul a pleasure In the Sunday-school to be, In my mind and heart to treasure, Words which last eternally.

Chorus.

Oh, I love to hear the story, Of the Saviour and his love, And I hope to see his glory, In the heavenly land above.

(69)
SIGNAL LIGHTS.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY W. J. WEAVER, by per.

1. The signal lights are burning, burning bright, For all upon the pilgrim’s way; Keep
   waiting, waiting, watching for the light, And never from the Saviour stray.

2. The red lights say “of danger now beware,” Guard well your thoughts while passing on your way; Ne’er
   venture where you may not with a prayer, There’s danger there, yes, danger there.

3. The bright, the white light ever keep in view, The pure, the blest, the Saviour’s signal light; Pro-
   tect, and ne’er reject it, tis for you, To guide you safely to heaven bright.

Chorus.

Then watch the signal lights, God’s holy word still points the way,

Then watch the signal lights, then watch the signal lights, And never from the Saviour stray, from the
SIGNAL LIGHTS.—Concluded.

Oh, watch the signal lights, And never from the Saviour stray.

HE KNOWS.

1. He knows the bitter, weary way, The endless striving
2. He knows how hard the fight hath been, The clouds that come our
3. He knows! oh, thought so full of bliss For though on earth our
4. He knows! oh, heart, take up thy cross, And know earth's treasures

day by day; The souls that weep, the souls that pray, He knows! He knows!
lives between, The wounds the world hath never seen, He knows! He knows!
joy we miss, We still can bear it feeling this—He knows! He knows!
are but dross, And He will prove as gain our loss! He knows! He knows!

(71)
GO FORWARD!

1. O children, go forward though danger surrounds you, Though foes press upon you in battle array;
2. The Lord is your guide, He will ever defend you, Though sins as a host seek your soul to destroy;
3. Then, children, take courage, strike hard for the Master, A fight is before you, a race to be run;

Your Leader is present, and He will protect you. The victory is certain, you must win the day.
His pillar of fire will surely enfold you. Your glory and Refuge from all that annoy.
Let blow follow blow; let each step still be faster. Christ waits to command you, "good servants, well done."

Go forward! Go forward!

Go forward! Though foes press upon you in battle array,

From "Songs of the Bible," by per.
GO FORWARD!—Concluded.

Your Leader is present, and he will protect you. The victory is certain, you must win the day.

69.

JESUS, MY ALL.

1. Lord, at thy mercy seat, Humbly I fall; Now let thy work begin,
   Pleading thy promise sweet, Lord, hear my call.

2. Tears of repentant grief Silent ly fall; Oh, how I pine for thee,
   Help thou my unbelief, Hear thou my call.

Oh, make me pure within, Cleanse me from every sin. Jesus, my all.
Tis all my hope, my plea. Jesus has died for me, Jesus, my all.

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CLOSE TO JESUS' SIDE.

MRS. C. W. FEMERH.
Devotional.

A. J. ABNEY.
cnt.

Chorus.
moderate.

1. I care not what someth of darkness or light; Since Jesus is with me, it all will be right: I've naught here to

2. The dark clouds may gather, and thunder may roll, They can-not all frighten me, or dark-en my soul; The light in with-

3. If Satan should tempt me and Earth's treasures bring, I'll cling to my Saviour, my Captain and King; His love is my

Tis. wish for what-er he-side, As closely I nestle by his lov-ing side. Under his wing,

Chorus.
Moderate.

in me and ever will shine, While I look to Jesus and claim him as mine.

refuge, His Word is my guide. A light for my foot-steps, a staff at my side.

Under his wing, close to his bleed-ing side; My joyful heart will shout and sing, While I may there a-hide.

Copyrighted, 1904, by H. E. Hudson. (74)
71. FILL ME NOW.

1. Breathe upon me, Holy Spirit! Touch my trembling heart and brow.
2. Thirsting for a full salvation, At thy feet in tears I bow;
3. I am waiting for thy blessing, Holy Ghost, my soul endow!

With the living flame of power; Oh, descend and fill me now!
Come, de-throne my cherished idol! Come, oh come, and fill me now!
Come, with grace and power in fulness, Come, and save me even now!

Chorus

Fill me now, fill me now, Oh, descend and fill me now!
Fill me now, fill me now, Holy Spirit, fill me now!
Even now, even now, Save me, save me, fully now!

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ONE LOOK AT THE CROSS.

1. One look at the Cross on Calvary's mount, Where Christ the Redeemer suffered and died, Will satisfy all who look and believe.

2. One look at the Cross sufficient will be To save thee from sin, and make thee whole. The promise is, Look, and see;

3. Then look to the Cross, O burdened soul! Where floweth the blood that maketh thee whole; That one look of faith to look and believe. On Jesus, the Crucified, One look at the Cross on Calvary's brow, Will bring thee salvation now.

CHORUS:

One look at the Cross on Calvary's brow, Will satisfy all who look and believe, One look at the Cross on Calvary's brow.
73. **HE LEADETH ME.**

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought!  
Oh, words with heavenly comfort fraught!  
What'er I do, where'er I be,  
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REFRAIN.—He leadeth me! oh, leadeth me,  
By his own hand, he leadeth me;  
His faithful follower I would be,  
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes mid scenes of deepest gloom,  
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,  
By waters still, or troubled sea,  
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine,  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.

74. **HOME OVER THERE.**

1 Oh, think of the home over there,  
By the side of the river of light,  
Where the saints, all immortal and fair,  
Are robed in their garments of white.

REFRAIN.—Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there,  
Over there, over there,  
Oh, think of the home over there.

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

3 My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends are at rest,  
Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY E. E. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bridegroom when he comes, when he comes? Are you ready for the Bridegroom when he comes, when he comes?

2. Have your lamps trimmed and burning when he comes, when he comes; But your lamps trimmed and burning when he comes, when he comes.

3. We will chant alleluias when he comes, when he comes; We will chant alleluias when he comes, when he comes.

Chorus:

Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes! Behold the Bridegroom, for he comes, for he comes!
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.—Concluded.

hold! he com-eth! be-hold! he com-eth, Be robed and read-y, for the Bridegroom comes.

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HARWELL.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voic-es Sound the note of praise above; Jesus reigns, and heav'n re-joic-es. Jesus reigns, the God of love; See, he sits on yonder
   King of glo-ry! reign for-ev-er—Thine an ev-er-last-ing crown;
   Nothing from thy love shall sever Those whom Thou hast made thine own; Happy ob-jects of thy

2. throne; Jesus rules the world a-lone. Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le-lu-jah! A-men.
   grace, Destined to be-hold thy face.
WHAT MUST IT BE TO BE THERE!

1. We speak of the land of the blest, A country so bright and so fair, And oft are its glories con-
2. We speak of its pathways of gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels so rare, Its wonders and pleasures un-
3. We speak of its peace and its love, The robes which the glorified wear, The songs of the blessed a-

Chorus.

fess'd, But what must it be to be there. To be there, To be there, Oh, to be there, to be there,
told, But what must it be to be there. To be there, To be there, Oh, to be there, to be there,
bove, But what must it be to be there. To be there, To be there, Oh, what must it be to be there: to be there, oh, yes, to be there, to be there,

Copyrighted, 1864, by H. E. Heselt.
CLOSER TO JESUS.

ARThUR W. FERgUS.

J. H. TRENT.

1. Cling closer to Jesus, Ye weary ones, cling And rest 'neath the shadow Of his mighty wing;

2. Cling closer to Jesus, Ye penitents, cling, His mercy shall sweeten The bitterest sting;

3. Cling closer to Jesus, Come, Christian, and cling: Un - to him your troubles And suffering bring;

Nor from that blest shelter Go ev-er stray: Cling closer to Jesus, Cling closer to-day!

His patience, his kindness Come feel while you may: Cling closer to Jesus, Cling closer to-day!

He'll bear every bur - den, And lighten your way: Cling closer to Jesus, Cling closer to-day!

Chorus.

Oh, cling to the Saviour, Your refuge and stay! Cling closer to Jesus, Still closer to-day!

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COLD WATER FOR ME.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY R. E. HUDSON.

1. Oh, come and join our temp'rance band, For truth and right we'll firm ly stand, We're

2. Cold wa - ter, pure cold wa - ter bright, Shall be our watch-word day and night, We're

joined to - geth - er hand in hand, Cold wa - ter for me. Cold wa - ter is my mot - to, Cold
sure to con - quer in this fight, Cold wa - ter for me.

wa - ter, I'm a cold wa - ter boy, Cold wa - ter is my mot - to, Cold wa - ter for me.

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(82)
1. If indeed we are led by the Spirit of God, Then God is our Father, and we Will be guided safe home
2. We will follow the Lamb, O we never need fear, The stormy and dark is our road, For the Spirit that leads
3. Blessed Spirit, we need thee, O fly not away! Thou' griefed by our sins o'er and o'er; We no longer reject

Chorus:

to that blissful abode Where the King in his beauty we'll see. Oh, how sweet then to meet In that
us will comfort and cheer, Till we reach the bright home of our God. thee, but yield to thy sway; Lead us safe to the heavenly shore. O how sweet it will be,

city of beauty untold! There the King we shall see, And His beauty and splendor behold. There the King we shall see, we shall see,
1. Hear Jesus knocking at the door of thy heart! Hasten! lest in weariness thy guest should depart!

2. Hear Jesus knocking; for he now comes to thee, He whose love is boundless, and whose grace makes us free.

3. Hear Jesus knocking, ah! he turns, turns away! Sinner, wilt thou let him leave thee, or bid him stay?

Long has he waited, and in love waits to-day, 
Eager for thy coming, sinner, wilt thou delay?

All things are ready; if thy heart thou wilt give, 
Jesus then shall enter in, and thy soul shall live.

Soul, thou art starving, wilt thou still, still refuse? Hasten, thou art dying! sinner, death wilt thou choose?

CHORUS:

Oh! then receive him! Christ shall be thine! Never didst thou entertain a guest so divine;
HEAR JESUS KNOCKING.—Concluded.

Ne'er one so royal at thy door called for thee; Hasten to admit him, and thy Saviour he'll be.

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LORD, TEACH A CHILD TO PRAY.

1. Lord, teach a little child to pray, To plead for mercy in thy name; O, turn me not in grief a-
2. When sufferers thronged thee long ago, And thou such wondrous work didst do; Relief was found in every
3. Thy hands once held in fond caress The little children on thy knee, And to thy bosom thou didst

way, When I thy precious promise claim. Where'er I turn my eyes to thee, Regard my pray'r and pity me. woe, And children were made welcome too.

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HOSANNA TO THE LORD.

1. Praise the Lord! praise the Lord! Happy children now in the temple sing, Praise the Lord! 
2. Love the Lord! love the Lord! Happy children, give him your youth's bright eyes; Love the Lord! 
3. Serve the Lord! serve the Lord! Happy children, serve him with songs of joy; Serve the Lord!

Lord! praise the Lord! Hosanna to the Lord, our King! Oh, praise him for the stars that give, Oh, praise him for the stars that move; Praise the Lord here below, And praise him in his courts above.

Love the Lord! He ever loveth you, he says; Oh, love him, for he loves us so; Oh, love him for his wondrous love; Love the Lord here below, And love him in his courts above.

Serve the Lord! And let his work your hands enslave. Oh, serve him whatsoever ye do; Oh, serve him where so ever ye move; Serve the Lord here below, And serve him in his courts above.

*By per. H. M. McIntosh.*
GOOD NIGHT. — (The Dying Saint.)

1. I journey forth rejoicing From this dark vale of tears; To heavenly joy and freedom, From earthly bonds and tears; Where Christ, our Lord, shall gather All his redeemed again,
   The Lord is good and gracious, Tho' now he bids us part; Oft have we met in gladness, And we shall meet again,
   Where Christ, our Lord, shall gather All his redeemed again,

2. Why thus so sadly weeping, Beloved ones of my heart? The Lord is good and gracious, Tho' holy saints to know, Our loved ones departed, I go to find again; I wait for
   The Lord is good and gracious, Tho' holy saints to know, Our loved ones departed, I go to find again; I wait for

3. I go to see his glory, Whom we have loved below; I go, the blessed angels, The four, guide me to our home, Where Christ, our Lord, shall gather All his redeemed again,
   I go, the blessed angels, The

4. I hear the Saviour calling — The joyful hour is come; The angel-guards are ready, To earthy bonds and tears; Where Christ, our Lord, shall gather All his redeemed again,
   The angel-guards are ready, To

Chorus.

to in-here-it, Good night, till then! Good night, good night, good night till then!
left behind us, Good night, till then!
you to join us, Good night, till then!
to in-here-it, Good night, till then!

Good night,

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A HOME ON HIGH.

1. There is a glorious home on high, Where all is bright and fair; And they who serve the
2. Our precious Jesus leads us on, And he doth us defend, His promised (blessed
3. Oh, come and join our ranks to-day, The cross for Jesus bear; And then a bright, un-

Chorus.

blessed Lord Shall dwell forever there. To that bright home in glory, The
he His name! To keep us to the end!
falling crown In heaven thou shalt wear!

Saviour bids us come; And we, that call obeying, Art bound for that happy home!

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. Hudson.
COME UNTO ME.

1. Hark! the gentle voice of Jesus falleth, Tenderly upon your ear; Sweet his cry of love and pity call-eth: Turn and listen, stay and hear. Ye that labor and are heavy laden,
2. Take his yoke: for he is meek and lowly: Bear his burden, it is light; He who calleth is the Master, holy: He will teach you what is right. on you laying, Light and easy for his sake.
3. Then, his loving, tender voice obeying, Bear his yoke: his burden take, Find the yoke, his hand is Lean upon your dear Lord's breast! Ye that labor and are heavy laden; Come, and He will give you rest.

(89)
BLESSED INVITATION.

1. Hark! I hear the Saviour saying, "Let the children come to me, Joy-fil-ly will 2. Yes, the gra-cious in-vi-ta-tion Is to young, as well as old; And the lambs are 3. Let us try to be like Je-sus; Love and serve him every day, Then we'll have a

Chorus:

I receive them, And their friend for-ev-er be, "Let them come, un-to me," ev-er welcome To the loving Shepherd's fold, "Let them come, un-to me," house in heaven, When from earth we pass away, "Let them come, un-to me,"

Hear the blessed Jesus say: Sweet the call, un-to all, Let us heed it, and o-bey!

Copyrighted, 1864, by E. H. Huntoon.
(00)
1. Come to Jesus the Saviour for rest, He is waiting to cleanse you from sin;
2. Do not think of the sins that are passed, Come just now to the Lord for release,
3. Why not come to the Saviour today, And accept of salvation so free?

Come, recline on his dear loving breast, He will give you the witness within.
And your burdens and troubles all cast At his feet, and he'll give you sweet peace.
He will cleanse all your vilness away, 'Twas for this Jesus died on the tree.

Chorus:
Jesus loves, he will save, He will cleanse you from every foul stain.
Jesus loves, he will save, he will save, he will save.
1. Welcome, welcome, gladly welcome, To the children's Jubilee.
2. Welcome, welcome, sweetly welcome! Songs of joy and beams of light, welcome all,
4. Welcome! welcome! singing welcome! Thanks we raise, O Lord, to Thee!

Here we meet with joy to greet you, Happy meeting may it be;
Gild the golden rays of friendship, Blending all our hearts tonight;
The Lord has kindly, gently, led us, Brought us to our Jubilee.

May our hearts be overflow ing, Full of joy ous melody;
Sweetly may the strains of music, Fill our minds with thoughts sublime,
When we come to Jordan's river, Gazing on the other shore,
HAPPY WELCOME TO ALL.—Concluded.

Each to each our love is showing, 'Tis the children's Jubilee.
Lift us higher, make us purer, All our hearts in love combine.
May we find a hearty welcome, Welcome where we'll part no more.

Chorus.

Welcome, welcome, welcome, yes, welcome, Happy welcome to all, yes, to all,

Welcome, welcome, welcome, yes, welcome, Happy welcome to all, yes, to all.
90.

JOY IN HEAVEN.

Fanny C. Crosby.

Slow and spirited.

1. Joy! joy! joy! Joy! joy! joy! Joy at the pearly gates of light, Joy in the vale of

Eden bright, Louder the choral anthems roll, They blend with the song of a new-born soul,
angels throng. Striking their tuneful harps of gold, Re-echo the strains of bliss untold.
Jesus' feet, Onward and onward the joyful sound, The dead is alive, the lost is found.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, glory

Glory to God, glory to God, Glory to God, our Redeemer and King; Glory to Him that

From "Songs of the Bible," by per. (94)
JOY IN HEAVEN.—Concluded.

Once was slain, Another has come to the fountain of Life, A sinner is born again.

Refrain for last verse.

Joy! joy! joy! Joy! joy! joy! Joy at the pearly gates of light, Joy in the vales of Eden bright; Another has come to the fountain of Life, A sinner is born again.
WHAT DID JESUS SAY?

1. Jesus in the temple, with the doctors wise, Asking wondrous questions, giving deep replies;
2. At the well of Jacob, resting by its brink, Bidding the Samaritan, give him to drink;
3. On the sea of Galilee, when the storm was high, Save us, Lord! we perish! his disciples cry;
4. Coming into Bethany, meeting full of gloom, Martha, mourning Lazarus, lying in the tomb—
5. Weeping o'er Jerusalem, city of the King, Whom he would have gathered 'neath his loving wing
6. From that cross of sorrow, ere his soul went up, As he drank the fullness of the bitter cup,
7. On the hills of heaven, in the world above, Where his faithful children share his wondrous love:

When his parents found him, seeking night and day, Found him in the temple, what did Jesus say?
When she asked of Jesus where men ought to pray, At the well of Jacob, what did Jesus say?
While they marvel greatly, as the winds obey, On the sea of Galilee, what did Jesus say?
Of the Resurrection, and the last Great Day, Coming into Bethany, what did Jesus say?
Mourning for her children, going far astray, Weeping o'er Jerusalem, what did Jesus say?
Looking on his enemies, in their dark array, From that cross of sorrow, what did Jesus say?
All their sins forgiven, in that blessed day, On the hills of heaven, what will Jesus say?
WHAT DID JESUS SAY?—Concluded.

Chorus. (for last verse.)

Come, ye blessed of my Father, Inherit the kingdom prepared for you,

From the foundation of the world, From the foundation of the world. Amen.

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92.

GATE OPEN WIDE.

1 There is a gate that stands ajar,
And through its portals gleaming,
A radiance from the cross afar,
The Saviour's love revealing.

Cnno.—Oh, depth of mercy! can it be?
That gate was left ajar for me?
For me, for me?
Was left ajar for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all
Who seek through it salvation;

The rich and poor, the great and small,
Of every tribe and nation.

3 Press onward then, though foes may frown,
While mercy's gate is open;
Accept the cross, and win the crown,
Love's everlasting token.

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
The cross that here is given,
And bear the crown of life away,
And love him more in heaven.
TEMPERANCE HYMN.

1. Water pure is God's distilling; Good and safe "for man and beast"—Strong drink thousands now is

2. Touch not, taste not, nor yet handle, Anything that evil breeds; Sipping drink, however so

Duet,

killing, Never, never it we'll taste. See the poor, the wretched creatures, Blasted little, In a dangerous pathway leads. Boys and girls can all be merry, "Happy"

by this "liquid fire!" See the sad, the woeful features, Caused by wine, the Great Destroy'r! as the day is long;" Rosy cheeks, like ruby cherry; Drinking water makes us strong.
94. ONLY TRUST HIM.

1. Come, every soul, by sin oppressed,
There's mercy with the Lord,
And he will surely give you rest,
By trusting in his word.

Cho.—Only trust him, only trust him,
Only trust him now;
He will save you, he will save you,
He will save you now.

2. For Jesus shed his precious blood
Rich blessings to bestow;
Plunge now into the crimson tide
That washes white as snow.

3. Yes, Jesus is the Truth, the Way,
That leads you into rest;
Believe in him without delay,
And you are fully blest.

95. HOW SWEET THE NAME.

1. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

Cho.—Help me, dear Saviour, then to own,
And ever faithful be;
And when thou sittest on thy throne;
Dear Lord, remember me.

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

3. By thee my prayers acceptance gain,
Although with sin defiled;
Satan accuses me in vain,
And I am owned a child.
WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO?

ELIZA M. BUSHMAN.

1. We can tell the sweet old story, We can sing of Christ's dear love, How he came to little
2. They are but little children, We can sing, and we can pray, We can love the blessed
3. Jesus says the fragrant lilacs, "Tell not, neither do they spin," But they live in his dear

Chorus.

Children, From his shining home above, We can tell, tell the
Jesus, Walk beside him every day: We can tell the story.
presence, Giving all they have to him. We can tell the story.

We can sing of his love, How the
We can tell the story, We can tell his love, we can tell his love.

[100]
WHAT CAN CHILDREN DO?—Concluded.

King, King of glory, Came from heav'n, from heav'n above, above.
How the King of glory, How the King of glory, Came from heav'n above, from heav'n above.

STAND FOR THE RIGHT.

1. Be firm, be bold, be strong, be true, "And dare to stand alone;" Strive,
2. Stand for the right, and hold your ground, Tho' proud lips coldly sneer; A
3. Stand for the right, and with clean hands Exalt the truth on high; Thou'll

strive for the right, whatever you do, Tho' helper there be none, Tho' helper there be none,
poisoned arrow cannot wound A conscience pure and clear, A conscience pure and clear.
find warm, sympathizing friends Among the passer-by, Among the passer-by.
MARCHING ONWARD.

1. We've had our marching orders, and we're ready for the fight. We war with sin and Satan, in
battling for the right. For onward is our watchword, we'll not forget to pray. But trust our valiant
all his wicked host. With old King Hate and Envy, and many more are there, We cannot hope to con-
might-y King above; He takes them in his arm-y, and when the fight is done, He gives to them a

2. We'll try to hear the roll-call, and we'll each be at his post. To fight the de-mon Alcohol, with
quer them, save by constant prayer.
star-ry crown, to show the vict-ry won. We are com-ing, we are com-ing, At the call-ing

3. We've tak-en many pris-ners and we conquer them by love, And bid them swear allegiance to our
Chorus.

We are com-ing, coming, coming, at the calling

We are com-ing, coming, coming, at the calling

(102)
MARCHING ONWARD.—Concluded.

of the roll; We are marching, ever marching. Onward to the goal. We are coming, coming, coming.

At the calling of the roll, We are marching, ever marching. Onward to the goal.

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THE LORD’S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come, thy will be done on earth, as it is in heaven.

2. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us.

3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil; for thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory,

forever. Amen.
100.

JEWELS FOR JESUS.

R. A. GLENN.

1. 'Tis the promise of our Father, Given in his Word divine,
2. When he gathers up his jewels, Every bright and precious gem,
3. Would you be a star in glory, In the Saviour's kingdom shine?

Pledge of never-failing mercy, Those who love me shall be mine.
Then shall shine in realms of glory Stars in Jesus' diadem.
Trust in him, it is his promise, Those who love me shall be mine.

Chorus.

Hallelujah! Hallelujah! For his precious love divine!
JEWELS FOR JESUS.—Concluded.

When he gathers up his jewels May I with the ransomed shine.

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101.

SAVIOUR, LEAD ME!

E. E. LATTA.

1. Lead me, Saviour, lead me, Lest I go astray; Let my steps be ever In the narrow way.
2. Sin is all around me, I am helpless too; If Thou dost not help me, I can nothing do.
3. Lead me, Saviour, lead me, By Thy spirit still; Make my heart submissive To Thy blessed will.

Oh, let not temptations Cause my wayward heart From thy blessed precepts Ever to depart.
Therefore show Thy mercy In each time of need; Thou'rt a very present, Present help in deed.
All my wand'rings over, All my troubles past, To a home in glory Lead my soul at last!

(105)
102.

AT THE CROSS.

L. M. LATIMORE.

1. There is hope for the lost at the foot of the cross; Glad hope for the sorrowing poor;
2. There is joy for the soul at the foot of the cross; The cross of the crucified Lord;
3. There is rest for the soul at the foot of the cross; A rest that the world cannot give;

There's a wonderful refuge for all the oppressed, An anchor that always is sure.
And a fullness of joy and of gladness he gives, Oh, come, and believe in his Word.
There's a fountain of healing that flows there for you, Oh, drink, and your spirit shall live.

Chorus.

At the foot of the cross, At the foot of the cross, There is.
At the foot of the cross, At the foot of the cross, There is.
At the foot of the cross, At the foot of the cross, There is.

(106)
AT THE CROSS.—Concluded.

There is joy at the foot of the cross.

There is joy at the foot of the cross.

There is joy at the foot of the cross.

Copyrighted, 1885, by R. E. Hunsen.
1. Ring out, glad bells, in your merry strain, Jesus is born in Bethlehem; Ring long and loud to the glory, grace divine, Amen, Amen.

2. Ring out, glad bells, in your sweetest chime, Prophesies the true of the oldest time; Ring to the uttermost region, Amen, Amen.

3. Ring out, glad bells, all the story tell, Jesus has come to earth to dwell; Tell it at even, at nightfall, Amen, Amen.

4. Glad re-frain, Jesus the Saviour’s born, Let all the hills and the plains rejoice, of Earth’s clime, Jesus the Saviour’s born, Let all the valleys the chorus swell, morn, at noont, Jesus the Saviour’s born, Let ev’ry heart beat in praise to him.

Woodland and meadow the echo voice, Each in the glad notes of joy profound, Jesus the Saviour’s born. Hast sing the glad, good news to tell, Filling the earth with the happy sound, Jesus the Saviour’s born. Who brings sweet peace and good will to men, While angels chant it in hymns above, Jesus the Saviour’s born.
RING OUT, GLAD BELLS!—Concluded.

Chorus.

Ring out glad bells, Loudly proclaim, Jesus has come, yes, Ring out glad bells, yes, Ring out glad bells, Loudly proclaim, yes, loudly proclaim, Jesus has come, yes,

Good news he brings, Tell it abroad, Jesus has come, Good news he brings, yes, good news he brings, Tell it abroad, yes, tell it abroad,

O'er hill and plain, From Bethlehem comes Jesus our Saviour and King.
O'er hill and plain, yes, o'er hill and plain, From Bethlehem, yes, from Bethlehem, Comes Jesus our Saviour [and King.]

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STAY, WEARY CHILD.

1. Stay, weary child, the Saviour calls, Oh, turn and hear his gentle voice; Come,
2. Oh hear the loving voice that calls, Forsake the dearest paths of sin, For
3. Then, weary child, to Jesus come, All weak and helpless as thou art, Thy

Chorus

now, to him be reconciled, And he will bid thy heart rejoice.
at the gates of mercy, now, The Saviour waits to let thee in,
burden to the Saviour bring, And he will cheer thy drooping heart.

Oh, hear the

Hear the Saviour's voice,

Saviour's voice,

He's calling now to thee,

Hear the Saviour's voice, He's calling now to thee, He's calling now to thee.
STAY, WEARY CHILD.—Concluded.

Oh, make him now your choice, He offers pardon, full and free.

Make him now thy choice, Make him now thy choice.

From Beauty of Praise, by pet.

105. MRS. S. M. O. HOFFMAN.

NOTHING BUT CHRIST.

1. Nothing but Christ! Oh, rest my soul, In his sweet love unto thee giv'n.
2. Nothing but Christ! Oh, may no pow'r Me from my strong position move!
3. Nothing but Christ! Oh, blissful thought! I lean upon His loving breast.

For, closed within His loving arms, I find this earth my heav'n.
For, trusting in His promised Word, I find my perfect love.
Upheld by His Almighty arms, I find my perfect rest.

LOUIS KOEHLER.
106.

LABOR ON.

D. W. CRIST, by perm.

1. I know there's a rest for the good that labor here. Just beyond death's dark and cold, and the ones that

2. I know there's a land that is beau-ti-ful and bright, just beyond the Jordan's fairer shore, and I soon shall

3. There we'll ne'er grieve, but rejoicing faces see. As we near the bright eternal skies; Where the angels

reach that home so bright and fair. Shall wear a glist-ering crown of gold. Lab-our on, Lab-our on, For a

gain be-yond all mor-tal sight. To prom-ised Canaan, hap-py shore, With them well dwell for-ev-er more. Lab-our on, Lab-our on,

are with crowns for you and me. With crowns in hea-ven you shall wear. Lab-our on, Lab-our on, For a crown in hea-ven you shall wear.
SWEET TO WORK FOR JESUS.

Moderato—staccato.

1. 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus, In this life's little day; To spread around the joyful sound, As those forgiven may; To tell His loving kindness, His promises so true; To urge the young that they may come and trust this Saviour too.

2. 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus, Be this our one desire; Our purpose still to do His will, Whatever He requires; No action is too lowly, No work of love too small; If Christ but lead, we may indeed We'll follow such a call.

3. 'Tis sweet to work for Jesus, While our weak spirits rest In His own care, safe sheltered there, And with His presence blessed; In such calm, happy moments, No greater joy we know; Redeemed from sin, we live for Him, To whom our all we owe.

Fine.

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108. THE HAPPY LAND.

C. E. F.

CHAR. EDW. POLLOCK, by perm.

1. There is a land, a sunny clime, The brightest ever seen, Which lies beyond the
2. Beneath the tree of life's dense shade Life's river floweth by, And youth and beauty
3. I long to reach that land so fair, My dwelling-place to see; Among the many

Chorus.

shores of time, Beyond cold Jordan's stream. Oh, that land, that happy
never fade, For there they never die. Oh, that land, that happy
mansions there, Is one prepared for me. Oh, that land, that happy

land! Far a-way, far a-way, Where the saints in
land, Far a-way, far a-way, far a-way, Where the saints in
THE HAPPY LAND.—Concluded.

109. THE GOSPEL SHIP.

1 The Gospel Ship is sailing,
    Sailing, sailing;
The Gospel Ship is sailing,
    Bound for Canaan's happy shore.
All who would ship for glory,
    Glory, glory;
All who would ship for glory,
    Come and welcome, rich and poor.

CHORUS:
Glory, hallelujah!
    All on board are sweetly singing;
Glory, hallelujah!
    Hallelujah to the Lamb!

2 Sails filled with heavenly breezes,
    Swiftly glides the ship along;
Her company are singing,
    Glory, glory is their song.

3 Take passage now for glory,
    Sailing o'er life's troubled sea,
With us you shall be happy,
    Happy through eternity.

110. BETHANY.

1 Nearer, my God, to thee,
    Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
    That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
    Nearer, my God, to thee;
Nearer to thee!

2 Though like a wanderer,
    The sun gone down;
Darkness comes over me,
    My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
    Nearer, etc.

3 There let my way appear
    Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendest me,
    In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
    Nearer, etc.

4 Or, if on joyful wing,
    Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
    Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
    Nearer, etc.
111.

HELP ME, BLESSED SAVIOUR!

1. In my weakness, dearest Saviour, Help me fully to rely On thy good and
2. Oft the burdens seem too heavy, And the cause I cannot see; Then I long to
3. When the way looks dark before me, And I seem to walk alone, Hear me say, mid

faithful promise, Guide me with thine eye. Help me, O my blessed Saviour, Let thy Spirit
drop the burdens, And from sorrow free,
darkest shadows, "Let thy will be done."

seal my own, Till in heavenly perfection, I shall know as I am known.

{116}
1. Oh, sing to me of heav'n, When I am called to die; Sing songs, sing songs,
   sing songs of holy ecstacy. To wait my soul on high; To
   sing songs of holy ecstacy. To wait my soul on high; To

2. When cold and sluggish drops Roll off my mar-ble brow: Break forth, break forth,
   Break forth in songs of joyful-ness. Let heav'n be-gin be-low. Let
   Break forth in songs of joyful-ness. Let heav'n be-gin be-low. Let

3. Then close my sight-less eyes, And lay me down to rest, And fold, and fold,
   And fold my pale and icy hand Up-on my life-less breast. Up-
   And fold my pale and icy hand Up-on my life-less breast. Up-

wait my soul on high. Sing songs of holy ecstacy To wait my soul on high.
heav'n begin be-low. Break forth in songs of joyful-ness. Let heav'n begin be-low.
on my life-less breast. And fold my pale and icy hands Up-on my life-less breast.
113. REWARDED!

WORDS AND MUSIC BY R. E. HUDSON.

1. Hark! hark! son and daughter; Hear Jesus; He speaketh; Go work in the vine-yard while yet it is day; The night soon will come, Your labor be ended; Go work must be done. Oh, now heed the call, And go to the vine-yard, For tell of his love; Cheer up the faint heart, And point to the mansions Pre-

2. Think not of the conflict, For Jesus will lead you; The harvest is white, and the soon He will call you, come home, child, come home!

3. Go speak to thy brother, And tell him of Jesus; Go raise up the fallen, and pared for the faithful in heaven above.

Chorus.

work for the Master, and toil while you may; Here I'm rewarded.
REWARDED!—Concluded.

there I'm rewarded, Here, and up yonder, as we gather round the throne;

Only rewarded, only rewarded, I'll be rewarded for what I have done.

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114.

EVERY DAY, EVERY HOUR.

1. Saviour, more than life to me,  
   I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;  
   Let Thy precious blood applied,  
   Keep me ever, ever near thy side.

   Ref. — Every day, every hour,  
   Let me feel thy cleansing power;  
   May thy tender love to me,  
   Bind me closer, closer, Lord, to Thee.

2. Through this changing world below  
   Lead me gently, gently as I go;  
   Trusting Thee, I cannot stray,  
   I can never, never lose my way.

3. Let me love Thee more and more,  
   Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;  
   Till my soul is lost in love,  
   In a brighter, brighter world above.
O come, let us sing! let us sing unto the Lord; Let us make a joyful noise to the Lord.

Rock of our salvation: Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms! For the Lord is a great God, And a great King above all gods!
O COME, LET US SING!—Concluded.

The sea is his, and he made it; And his hands formed the dry land, formed the dry land.

O come, let us worship! O come, let us worship and bow down; Let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker,

For he is our God, and we are the people of his pasture, And the sheep of his hand.

Copyrighted, 1884, by H. E. Hudson.
1. Weeping may last for a night in the vale, But there is joy in the morning for thee;
   Bright in the land where no sorrows assail, Jesus thy light and thy glory shall be.

2. So when the night of this life shall be o'er, Thou shalt awake on the morning of rest;
   Then shalt thou stand on that beautiful shore, And with the image of Jesus be blest.

3. Oh, haste thee on in the heavenly way, Joyfully enter thy home in the sky!
   Pilgrims now passed thro' the portals of day, Resting at home in the mansions on high.

Chorus:
   Weeping will cease in that beautiful home;
   Weeping will cease, Weeping will cease, Weeping will cease in that beautiful home;
WEEPING WILL CEASE.—Concluded.

There neither sighing nor sorrow can come.

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117.

THE GLORIA PATRI.

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.
HAIL TO JESUS.

1. Hallelujah! hail to Christ the Lord! For today he passes o'er the way;
2. Hallelujah! sing in joyful strains; For the King of Glory is at hand;
3. Hallelujah! sing hosannas forth! Tell the news, the wide, wide world around,

He, the Prince, th' exalted Son of God, Now is passing, hail him while you may.
Lift your eyes, behold, he loving waits; Waits for thee, oh, haste, at his command.
Christ is come, and brings salvation nigh, Free to all, to earth's remotest bound.

Chorus:

Hallelujah! hail to Jesus! Sing with gladness, praise his name forevermore.
HAIL TO JESUS.—Concluded.

Hallelujah! hail to Jesus! Sing with gladness, tell his praises o'er and o'er.

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119. JESUS PAID IT ALL.
1. I hear the Saviour say,
   Thy strength indeed is small;
   Child of weakness, watch and pray,
   Find in me thine all in all.

   Chorus.
   Jesus paid it all,
   All to him I owe;
   Sin had left a crimson stain,
   He washed it white as snow.

2. For nothing good have I
   Whereby thy grace to claim—
   I'll wash my garment white
   In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.

3. When from my dying bed
   My ransomed soul shall rise,
   Then, 'Jesus paid it all;
   Shall rend the vaulted skies.

120. DUNBAR.
1. And may I still get there?
   Still reach the heavenly shore?
   The land forever bright and fair,
   Where sorrow reigns no more?

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

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

3. Hail, love divine and pure,
   Hail, mercy from the skies!
   My hopes are bright and now secure,
   Upborne by faith I rise.
HAPPY HOME.

Joyfully.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign, Infinite day excludes the night,
2. There everlasting spring abides, And never withering flowers; Death, like a narrow sea, divides
3. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood, Stand dressed in living green; So to the Jews old Canaan stood,

Chorus.

And pleasures banish pain. Happy home, happy home, Beyond the
This heavenly land from ours. Happy home, happy home, Beyond, be-
While Jordan roll'd between. Happy home, happy home, Beyond, be-

glowing sky; Happy home, happy home, Where pleasures never die. Beyond the glowing sky; Happy home, happy home,

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THE ASCENSION.

WORLD AND MUSIC BY J. W. WALTON.

1. Our Saviour has gone to the mansions of light. A dark cloud has

2. Then do not be troubled, let not your heart fear. Though vailed from our

3. All glory and praise to Jehovah, our King! Take the cup of sal-

hid-den. His form from our sight; But He is preparing a kingdom on high,

vision, His Spirit is near; Not comfort-less orphans, but children from home,

vation, and joyfully sing; His word, ever faithful, is pledged to defend

And He will return for his friends, bye and bye.

We'll patiently wait till the Saviour shall come.

Each sheep of his flock even unto the end. A-men.

(127)
1. "Suffer the children to come unto me, Forbid them not, forbid them not,"

2. Jesus shall gather the lambs with his arms, And carry them, and carry them,

3. Shepherd so tender, so loving and strong, I come to thee, I come to thee,

"For of such is the kingdom of heaven," said He. Forbid them not, forbid them not.

Safely held in his bosom, and free from all harm, He'll carry them, he'll carry them.

To be kept by thy power, and saved from the wrong, I come to thee, I come to thee.

Chorus:

I am so glad that Jesus said: "Suffer the children to come (unto me)"

I am so glad that Jesus said: "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."
SHINING SHORE.

Moderato.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them.
2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home discerning; Our absent Lord has
3. Should coming days be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing; That perfect rest naught

Chorus.

as they fly—These hours of toil and danger! For O! we stand on Jordan's strand, Our
left us word, Let every lamp be burning,
cau molest, Where golden harps are ringing.

friends are passing o'er, And just before the shining shore We may almost discover.

(129)
1. Never let your courage fail you. Never let your spirit faint; never, never think
2. Turn away from faithless cowards. Help the weak, and cheer the brave. Trust in God, and press
3. With the voice of holy living. Praise the Lord for what is done! Keep on getting, keep
4. Be not idle, God beholds us. Bear the fruits of heavenly grace. Spend more time alone

Chorus.

of failure. Be a working saint. Keep on working. Keep on

ing forward. Strive the world to save.
on giving. Till the world is won.
with Jesus. See God face to face. Keep on working, keep on working, keep on praying,

praying. Keep on fighting with the Spirit's sword; Keep on working,

keep on praying. Keep on working, praying, fighting, with the Spirit's sword; Keep on working, keep on
KEEP ON.—Concluded.

Keep on praying, keep on praying, Keep on working, trusting in the mighty Lord.

JESUS IS MINE.

1. Fades, fade each earth-ly joy, Je-sus is mine! Break ev’ry ten-der tie.
2. Tempt not my soul a-way, Je-sus is mine! Hurc would I ev-er stay.

D.S.—Je-sus a-long can bless.
D.S.—Pass from my heart a-way.

Je-sus is mine! Dark is the wil-der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place,
Je-sus is mine! Per-ish-ing things of clay, Born but for one brief day,
1. Strength for to-day in house and home, So prac-tice for-bear-ancesweet-ly.
2. Strength for to-day: a pre-cious boon For all ear-nest souls who la-bor.
3. Strength for to-day is all we need, As there will be no to-mor-row.

And scat-ter kind words and lov-ing deeds, Still trust-ing in God com-pete-ly.
For all will-ing hands that min-is-ter To each need-ly friend and neigh-bor.
To-mor-row will be an-o ther day, With mea-sures of joy and sor-row.

Chorus.

Strength for to-day, re-joice al-ways, The joy of the Lord is thy strength for to-day;
Strength for to-day; O hear Him say: "The joy of the Lord is thy strength for to-day."

128. WE PRAISE THEE.

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

   Chorus
Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Hallelujah! Amen;
Hallelujah! thine the glory;
Revive us again.

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

3 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

129. GREAT PHYSICIAN.

1 The Great Physician now is near,
The sympathizing Jesus;
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus.

   Chorus
Sweetest note in seraph song,
Sweetest name on mortal tongue,
Sweetest carol ever sung,
Jesus, blessed Jesus.

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Saviour's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
1. There is no other like Jesus, Dying to ransom his foes;
   Parent, or sister or brother,
   There is no other like Jesus, When by the tempest we’re toss’d,
   None so much sympathy knows.

2. None is so able to guide us,
   There is no other like Jesus, Jesus, the sinner’s best friend;
   When in the darkness we’re lost.
   Lo! he will never forsake us,

   But will go through to the end.

Friends who are faithful and loving,
   Much of our trouble may share,
Friends who are tender and loving,
   May in affliction stand by.

There is no other like Jesus,
   As thro’ the desert we roam

But they can never, like Jesus,
   All of our burdens up-bear.
But they can never, like Jesus,
   Comfort and healing supply.
Or through the dark rolling river,
   Pass to our heavenly home.

D.S.—There is no other like Jesus,
   Risen to suffer no more.
NO OTHER LIKE JESUS.—Concluded.

Chorus.

There is no other like Jesus, All of our sorrows he born.

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131. FOUNTAIN.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood,
   Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
   And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
   Lose all their guilty stains.

2. The dying thief rejoiced to see
   That fountain in his day;
   And there may I, though vile as he,
   Wash all my sins away.

3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood
   Shall never lose its power,
   Till all the ransomed Church of God
   Are saved, to sin no more.

4. E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream,
   Thy flowing wounds supply,
   Redeeming love has been my theme,
   And shall be till I die.

132. LOVING KINDNESS.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
   And sing the great Redeemer's praise;
   He justly claims a song from me—
   His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2. He saw me ruined in the fall,
   Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
   He saved me from my lost estate—
   His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3. Though numb'red hosts of mighty foes—
   Though earth and hell my way oppose;
   He safely leads my soul along—
   His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4. Then let me mount and soar away
   To the bright world of endless day!
   And sing with rapture and surprise
   His loving kindness in the skies.
1. God has given me a song, a song of trust; And I sing it all day long, for I must:
2. O, I sing it on the mountain, in the light; Where the radiance of God's sunshine makes all bright:
3. And I sing it in the valley dark and low. When my heart is crushed with sorrow, pain and woe;

Every hour it sweeter grows, Keeps my soul in bliss reposed. Just how restful no one knows
All my path seems bright and clear; Heavenly land seems very near; And I almost do appear
Then the shadows flee a-way. Like the night when dawns the day; Trust in God brings light alway,

Chorus.—Faster.
I'm redeemed. yes, redeemed!

But those who trust,
To walk by sight. I'm redeemed, yes, redeemed! His blood was shed for
BEULAH SONG.—Concluded.

I'm redeemed, yes, redeemed!
me, yes, for me;
I'm redeemed; yes, redeemed,
His blood has made me free, mine for me.

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134. ST. THOMAS.

1. I love thy kingdom, Lord—
The house of thine abode,—
The Church our blest Redeemer saved
With his own precious blood.

2. I love thy Church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3. For her my tears shall fall;
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4. Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways;
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

135. LABAN.

1. My soul, be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle never give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thy armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode.
1. Jesus, the Lord of glory, died, That we might never die;
2. Weak though we are, He still is near, To lead, console, defend;
3. And from His love's exhaustless spring, Joys like a river come;

And now He reigns supreme to guide, His people to the sky,
In all our sorrow, all our fear, Our all sufficient friend,
To make the desert bloom and sing, O'er which we travel home.

Chorus

Jesus, the Saviour, on Calvary's tree, Died that we might never die; And
HE DIED TO SAVE.—Concluded.

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137. Tune—No. 17,
GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness,
Sowing in the noon tide and the dewy eve,
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor Winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3. Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
The loss sustained our Spirit often grieves;
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
We shall come, rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

138. Tune—No. 25,
GEMS OF GOSPEL SONG.

1. Room at the Cross for a trembling soul,
Room at the Cross for you;
Where the sin-laden may be made whole,
Room at the Cross for you.

Refrain.
Room, room, room at the Cross,
Room at the Cross for you;
Room, room, room at the Cross,
Room at the Cross for you.

2. Room at the Cross for a breaking heart,
Room at the Cross for you;
Choose then, like Mary, the better part,
Room at the Cross for you.

3. Room at the Cross for earth's weary and worn,
Room at the Cross for you;
Come then, oh, come then, ye souls who mourn,
Room at the Cross for you.
HE HATH SET ME ON A ROCK.

MARY TORENSCE.

Cheerfully.

1. A-round me oft, the winds may blow, And mad-ning
2. Thou thun-ders roar, and lightnings flash, Thou fear-ful
3. Thou wa-ters deep, a-round me roll, They have no

waves; rush to and fro, I will not fear, tho' fierce the
storms; may round me crash, At all their rage, I well may
power; to harm my soul, I rest se-cure, be-neath their

shock; For He hath set me on a rock.

(140)
HE HATH SET ME ON A ROCK.—Concluded.

CHORUS:

O weary heart,
that’s battled long.
With hosts of

sin,
be brave and strong;
Look up to God.

With hosts of sin,
be brave and strong;
Look up to God

a-mid the shock,
And He will set,
then on a rock.
an-mid the shock,
And He will set, will
set then on a rock.
1. I come, I rest beneath the shadow of thy wing;
2. I lean upon the cross, When fainting by the way;
3. I hear the gracious words He speaketh to my soul;

That I may know How good it is There to abide, How safe
It bears my weight, It holts me up, It cheers my soul, It turns
They whisper rest, They banish fear, They say, "be strong!" They make

its sheltering! How safe, how safe its sheltering!
my night to day; It turns, it turns my night to day.
my spirit whole; They make, they make my spirit whole.

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