This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world’s books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that’s often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book’s long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ Make non-commercial use of the files We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google’s system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ Maintain attribution The Google “watermark” you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ Keep it legal Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can’t offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book’s appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google’s mission is to organize the world’s information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world’s books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at [http://books.google.com/](http://books.google.com/)
CHRIST IN SONG
HYMNAL

CONTAINING
OVER 700 BEST HYMNS AND SACRED SONGS NEW AND OLD
IN 400 PAGES ARRANGED IN FOUR DEPARTMENTS:
I. INVITATION AND REPENTANCE.
II. CONSECRATION AND PRAISE.
III. WORK AND TRUST.
IV. HOME AND HEAVEN.

COMPILED AND PUBLISHED BY F. E. BELDEN,
AUTHOR OF ILLUSTRATED OBJECT LESSONS AND SONGS ON THE LIFE OF CHRIST, FOR THE BIBLE KINDERGARTEN IN THE HOME AND SCHOOL; THE GOSPEL SONG SHEEP; ECHOES OF LIBERTY; CHRIST IN ART; SONGS OF FREEDOM, ETC.

SOLD BY
REVIEW AND HERALD, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

LESS THAN TEN COPIES, POSTPAID:
35 cents in Flexible Cloth; 40 cents in Paper-covered Boards; 50 cents in Canvas-covered Boards; $1.00 in Half Morocco.

SONG is the first-born of Love and Joy. The Christian has more love and joy than the sinner, and hence has more need of song than any other class of human beings.

What songs ought Christians to use?—Evidently those which inspire the highest appreciation of God’s love. But all not having the same natural or cultivated capacity for appreciation, we can not adopt any inflexible rule relative to the class of music to be used in the church service, the Sabbath-school, the missionary gathering, or the camp-meeting, where persons of all grades of religious experience and musical education meet together. To give satisfaction to all we must have several collections of music, one for each general condition, separating the people according to their preferences, or else have a book large enough to embrace the choicest songs of each grade, ever tending upward toward the best,—the most spiritual,—not leaving the selecting to either the simplicity-loving Christian or the musical theologian.

The conscientious primary teacher knows what is helpful (not merely pleasing) to the little people; the choir leader knows what suits those with whom he is most closely in sympathy; the pastor knows what selections are most heartily sung by the congregation. If any one of these persons prepares a book to suit himself, it will be a class collection, restricted in use.

The Scriptures contain one grade of inspiration, but many forms of expression of the one great truth,—“God is love.” This is stated both plainly and elaborately, for both the simple and the wise,—those can appreciate only the writings of John, and those who love to search out the “hard to be understood” sayings of Paul. The seventh chapter of Hebrews is not “stuck up” because the simple minded may not at first sight discern its meaning; neither is John 3:16 “cheap” because some lover of metaphor prefers language which represents the Saviour as the “Rose of Sharon” and the “Lily of the Valley.” The “Hallelujah Chorus” and the less difficult modern anthem are not “worldly” because a lover of simple song may think so; neither is “Jesus loves me, this I know,” or “Come, thou Fount,” “prosy” because certain persons prefer intricate harmony.

To condemn a song because the base or some other part is written on one degree of the staff through several measures instead of moving or jumping as best it can to a new position for every syllable, is usually to overlook the tenfold more important spirit of the gospel which it may contain in spite of its disregard for the traditional laws of musical composition. And yet a chant is considered “classical,” notwithstanding many syllables are often sung successively on one degree of the staff, and usually in a racy, jumbled manner, since it is very difficult for a congregation to sing a chant well. And because it is difficult, shall we laud this style of composition and deprecate the singing of the same thought when represented in rhythmical, metrical form, as in our gospel hymns, with harmony no less monotonous?

The whole and half notes of the chant are hard to sing because the words are irregular. Improving on this, the metrical psalm and hymn came into use; and improving on the whole note for a measure to which
several words are to be sung, the fourth, eighth, and sixteenth mathematical divisions of the whole note came to be used as a certain means of *keeping the voices together*. Shall this glorious result in the singing of our modern gospel hymns — this excelsior of unity for which singers of chants and choruses drill night after night and day after day — be called a child of "cheapness"? It is eminently so in that the other is born of expense. With the simple form we have room for a thought of worship. With the difficult form we are likely to think only of singing correctly, even as an elaborate invocation diverts the mind from prayer.

Neither extreme is best, but of the two, monotonous simplicity is preferable in the worship of God. With regret we cite the proverbial truth that the more of musical effort the less of worship in the song service, which is evidence that at least some things common to musicians and singers are detrimental to spirituality. *True education ever inspires true devotion.*

It can not be wrong to carefully train singers and instrumentalists in order that we may praise God "with the Spirit and with the understanding also;" for at the dedication of the temple Solomon had singers who were not only trained, but paid (at least their expenses) while devoting their time to preparation. Doubtless in the motive — the desire to display self rather than praise God — lies the secret of the lack of spirituality in the song service. Let us not forget that Song is the sister of Prayer, and both are cheerful handmaids of Worship.

The numerous standard hymns and tunes in this collection emphasize the compiler's opinion that they are superior for general religious use. In the Sabbath-school, no less than in the church, spiritual edification, rather than musical entertainment, should be the object sought by singing; the songs in this book are not classified as "primary," "intermediate," etc., lest instructors continue by confining their pupils to such songs. We urge leaders to freely use the old hymns and even among the children, singing them in a God-reverential spirit, instead of dragging them out tediously, sanctimonious manner which is in part responsible for their present general disuse by young and old.

Whether old or new hymns are preferred, those that contain the most of Christian inspiration and cheerful devotional spirit, avoiding all sensuous music. Such we have endeavored to present from this collection, realizing that preferential training formed largely in childhood and youth, and the previous generation of children had been trained only the best — the most spiritual — hymns are, we should not now be troubled with a diversity of adult tastes relative to what is best.

If it be said that children do not like the hymns and tunes, we reply that taste is largely a result of habit in taking either physical or spiritual food. Children should be given the *best*, the *nutritious*, not the most sensational and external. When they are old enough to choose for themselves, they will then know how to choose.

To hasten the immortal era of spiritual education, spiritual teachers, spiritual children, spiritual music, this collection is humbly dedicated to the Spirit with the hope that every congregation will sing and having music that they can sing everything that hath breath praise the Lord.
Will E. Thompson.
Priscilla J. Owens.
Rev. J. B. Atkinson.
Fannie E. Bolton.
B. H. Bolton.
Rev. J. E. Rankin.
J. H. Rosecrans.
Mrs. Jos. F. Knapp.
Mrs. Phoebe Palmer.
John T. Grape.
Dr. Lowell Mason.
Dr. Geo. F. Root.
John G. Whittier.
Wm. Cullen Bryant.
Charlotte Elliott.
Wm. Cowper.
Charles Wesley.
Isaac Watts.
Martin Luther.
J. H. Stockton.
T. C. O'Kane.
A. W. Hull.

Mendelssohn.
Franz Abt.
Haydn.
Handel.
Gottschalk.
Sullivan.
Houssay.
Tansar.
Nageli.
Barnby.
Koehl.
Schumann.
Donisetti.
Kinkel.
Ritter.
Bach.
Beethoven.
Ewing.
Mozart.
Samuel Medley.
Horatius Bonar.
E. E. Hewitt.

Har
Lau
R.
S.
W.
Grau
D.
S
J.
E.
F.
K.
R.
H.
Reg
Bla
Liz
Rev
Iss
Rev
Mrs
Mrs
Rev
Mrs
L.
C.
T.
F
Her
Lou
W.
PART I.
Invitation and Repentance.

LEAD THEM TO THEE.

(Doane: 68 & 42.)

Arranged.

"And they brought young children to him."—Mark 10:13. F. E. Belden.

1. Lead them, my God, to thee, Lead them to thee, These children dear of mine, Thou gav-est me;
2. When earth looks bright and fair, Festive and gay, Let no de-lu-sive snare, Lure them a-stray;
3. E'en for such lit-tle ones, Christ came a child, And in this world of sin Lived un-de-filed.
4. Yes, tho' my faith be dim, I would be-lieve That thou this precious gift wilt now re-ceive;

O, by thy love di-vine, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
But from temptation's pow'r, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
O, for his sake, I pray, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
O, take their young hearts now, Lead them, my God, to thee; Lead them, my God, to thee, lead them to thee.
TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.

Miss Kate Hankey.  "Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—Mark 5: 39.  W. H. Doane.

1. Tell me the old, old story, Of unseen things above, Of Jesus and his glory,
2. Tell me the story slowly, That I may take it in,— That wonderful redemption,
3. Tell me the same old story When you have cause to fear That this world’s empty glory

Of Jesus and his love. Tell me the story simply, As to a little child,
God’s remedy for sin. Tell me the story often, For I forget so soon,
Is costing me too dear. Yes, and when that world’s glory Is dawning on my soul,

CHORUS.

For I am weak and weary, And helpless and defiled. The “early dew” of morning Has pass’d away at noon. Tell me the old, old story.
Tell me the old, old story: Christ Jesus makes thee whole.
TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY.—Concluded.

Tell me the old, old story, Tell me the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.

JESUS LOVES ME.

Anna Warner. "We love him because he first loved us."—1 John 4:19. Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Jesus loves me! this I know, For the Bible tells me so; Little ones to him belong, They are weak, but he is strong.
2. Jesus loves me! He who died, Heaven's gate to open wide; He will wash away my sin, Let his little child come in. Yes, Jesus loves me, Yes, Jesus loves me; Yes, Jesus loves me, The Bible tells me so.
3. Jesus loves me! He is still, When I'm sad or weak and ill; From his shining throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.
4. Jesus loves me! He will stay, Close beside me all the way, If I love him, by and by He will take me home on high.

CHORUS.

Used by arr. with The Biglow & Main Co., owners of copyright.
AT THE DOOR.

K. S. U. L. BAILEY.

Tenderly.

1. The mistakes of my life are many, The sins of my heart are more, And I scarce can
2. I am lowest of those who love him, I am weakest of those who pray; But I come as
3. My mistakes his free grace will cover, My sins he will wash away, And the feet that

CHORUS.

see for weeping, But I knock at the open door. I know I am weak and sinful,
he has bid, And he will not say me nay. shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.

It comes to me more and more; But since the dear Saviour has bid me come in, I'll enter the open door.
SHALL I LET HIM IN?

"Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me."—Rev. 3:20.

H. R. P. Palmer.

1. Christ is knocking at my sad heart; Shall I let him in? Patiently pleading with my sad heart; O, shall I let him in? Cold and proud is my heart with sin, Dark and gracious Lord, O shall I let him in? He can infinite love impart, He can evermore; O, yes, I'll let him in. Blessed Saviour, abide with me, Cares and cheerless is all within; Christ is bidding me turn unto him; O shall I let him in? pardon this rebel heart; Shall I bid him forever depart, Or shall I let him in? trials will lighter be; I am safe if I'm only with thee, O, blessed Lord, come in!
MAKE ROOM FOR JESUS.

F. E. B.  "And laid him in a manger because there was no room for him in the inn."—Luke 2:7. F. E. Belden.

1. Have you a-ny room for Je-sus? Room to rest his wea-ry feet? Will you let the roy-al
2. Have you a-ny room for Je-sus? Not one room in all the inn, Heart so full of pride and
3. Sel-fish one, I know the rea-son.—Je-sus can-not dwell with sin, He would cast out all your
4. Swing the door and give him welcome, With his heav'n-ly grac-es fair,—Faith and Love and Peace and

REFRAIN.

Stran-ger Tar-ry in the cold, dark street?
pleas-ure, Heart so full of se-cret sin? Have you a-ny room? Have you a-ny room?
serv-ants, So you dare not let him in.
Glad-ness, Pur-i-ty, and Praise, and Pray'r

Have you a-ny room for Je-sus? Make room! make room! Make room for Je-sus.
LET HIM IN.

REV. J. B. ATCHINSON.

"If any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him." Rev. 3:20

E. O. EXCELL.

1. There's a Stranger at the door, Let him in; He has been there oft before, Let him in; Let him in, ere he is gone, Let him in, the Holy One, Jesus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.

2. Open now to him your heart, Let him in; If you wait he will depart, Let him in; Let him in, he is your friend, And your soul he will defend; He will keep you to the end, Let him in.

3. Hear you now his pleading voice? Let him in; Now, O now make him your choice, Let him in; He is standing at the door, Joy to you a feast, Let him in; He will speak your sins for-giv'n, And when you he will re-store, And his name you will a-dore, Let him in.

4. Now admit the heav'nly guest, Let him in; He will make for the Saviour in, let the Saviour in; Earth-ties all are riv'n, He will take you home to heav'n, Let him in.

Copyright, 1881, by John J. Hood. Used by permission of E. O. Excell. owner.
WHITER THAN SNOW.

1. Blessed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed; Blessed be the dear Son of God;
2. Thorny was the crown that he wore, And the cross his body o'er came; Grieved were the sorrows he bore,
3. Father, I have wandered from thee, Oft-en has my heart gone astray: Crimson do my sins seem to me,

Only by his stripes we are healed. Tho' I've wandered far from his fold, Bringing to my heart pain and woe,
But he suffered thus not in vain. May I to the Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here below;
Water cannot wash them away. Jesus, to that Fountain of thine, Lean-ing on thy promise I go;

CHORUS.

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than the snow,
Wash me in the blood that he shed, And I shall be whiter than snow.
Cleanse me by thy washing divine, And I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,
WHITER THAN SNOW.—Concluded.

Whiter than the snow, whiter than the snow,
Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, and I shall be whiter than snow.

LIKE AS A FATHER.

F. E. Belden. "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him."—Ps. 103:13. D. S. Hawks.

1. Like as a father piteth his child, So the Lord piteth the sinner defiled;
2. Like as a father when we believe, Merciful Saviour, he waits to receive;
3. Like as a father, ever the same, He hath created, and knoweth our frame;
4. Like as a father, constant is he, God in compassion regardeth our plea;

Waiteth in kindness, Piteth our blindness, Longeth to welcome, thou often reviled.
Listens to hear us, Blesses to cheer us, Pities when ever his Spirit we grieve.
Watcheth the straying, Guarding the praying, Bids us to trust in his Almighty name.
In need he cometh, Precious his promise: Father in heaven forever to be.

Copyright, 1873, by J. E. White; Used by permission.
ONLY ONE STEP.

F. E. B.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts 16:31. F. E. Belden.

1. Only one step to Jesus, from darkness into light; Only one step to Jesus, from darkness into light.
2. Only one step to Jesus, from self with all its pride; Only one step to Jesus, from self with all its pride.
3. Only one step to Jesus, from death forevermore; Only one step to Jesus, from death forevermore.
4. Only one step to Jesus; The Spirit calls today. Only one step to Jesus; The Spirit calls today.

REFRAIN

Jesus, from weakness into might. Only one step, only one step;
Jesus, the meek One crucified. Only one step, only one step;
Jesus on life's immortal shore. Only one step, only one step;
Jesus, O grieve it not away! Only one step, only one step;

That is not far to Jesus! Only one step, only one step: Then why not take it now?

Copyright, 1898, by F. E. Belden.
URGE THEM TO COME.

Dr. C. R. Blackall.

1. In the highways and hedges go seek for the lost, Gather them in to the fold,—Was the earnest com-
2. If the Shepherd we love, we will care for the sheep; Precious are they in his sight; They are out in the
3. To the weary and thirsty the Saviour has said, "Come, heavy laden, to me; I will give you to
4. There's a welcome for all in the kingdom of grace, All who repent and believe; And the souls that have

mand that our Saviour divine
desert, they wander alone;
drink of the water of life;"
stray'd and returned to the fold,

Taught his disciples of old.
Lead them from darkness to light.
Tell them the fountain is free.
Jesus will gladly receive.

lov ing ly, bring them to day; Urge them to come, why should they roam? Bring them along to our dear Saviour's home.

Copyright, 1874. Used by permission of W. H. Doane.
"COME UNTO ME."

"For my yoke is easy and my burden is light."—Matt. 11:30.  

F. E. Belden.

SOPRANO AND ALTO.

1. O heart bowed down with sorrow! O eyes that long for sight!
There's gladness in believing; In

2. Earth's fleeting gain and pleasure Can never satisfy:
'Tis love our joy doth measure, For

3. Divinest consolation Doth Christ the Healer give; Art thou in condemnation? Re-

4. His peace is like a river, His love is like a song; His yoke's a burden never; 'Tis

Four measures for prelude.

REFRAIN.

Jesus there is light.
love can never die,
pent, believe and live.

Come, O come, come unto me. Come, O come, all ye that labor;

easy all day long.

and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and

Come, O come, heavy laden souls, I . . . will give you rest. Come, O come, come, take my yoke,

I will give you rest.

Copyright 1904 by F. E. Belden.
"COME UNTO ME."—CONCLUDED.

13

PASS ME NOT.
Fanny J. CROSFY.

"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 15:25. W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Pass me not, O gentle Saviour, Hear my humble cry; While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.
2. Let me at the throne of mercy Find a sweet relief; Kneeling there in deep contrition, Help my unbelief.
3. Trusting only in thine merit, Would I seek thy face; Heal my wounded, broken spirit, Save me by thy grace.
4. Thou the Spring of all my comfort, More than life to me; Whom have I on earth beside thee! Whom in heav’n but thee.

CHORUS.

Saviour, Saviour, hear my humble cry; While on others thou art calling, Do not pass me by.

Copyright, 1850, by W. H. DOANE.
LIFE IN A LOOK.

F. E. B.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved."—Isa. 45:22. F. E. BELDEN.

1. There's life in a look at the sacred cross, Jesus has said, "Look unto me;" Earth with its riches is
2. When first to the Saviour I raised my eyes, Sweet was the smile that fell on me; Oft as the clouds of temp-
3. I'll look to the cross ev'ry day and hour, Trusting the promise God has given; None ev'er fall neath the

CHORUS.

only cross, Bright treasures beyond in the cross I see. In a look there's life for thee, In a

ta-tion rise, A look at the cross still my strength shall be.
tempter's pow'r, Who trust and obey in the strength of Heav'n. In a look there's life for thee,

look at Cal-va-ry; Blessed thought, salvation free, By a look at Cal-va-ry.

In a look at Cal-va-ry; Blessed thought, sal-

va-tion free. By a look at Cal-va-ry.
ABLE TO DELIVER.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.  "Our God whom we serve is able to deliver us."—Dan. 3:17.

Emma L. Morton.

1. Able to deliver! sound it far and near; Able to deliver who-so-e'er will hear;
2. Able to deliver! can it really be? Is there any power can deliver me?
3. Able to deliver! courage, trembling one! Are you serving Jesus? He will save his own.

From the fiery furnace, from the sinner's doom, Jesus will deliver who-so-e'er will come.
Tell me, tell me truly, is the Christ once slain, Able to deliver me from Satan's chain?
Fear not Satan's power, cling to Jesus' hand, Owe your fear and doubting, boldly for him stand.

CHORUS.

Able to deliver, Able now to save, When you are, my brother, Able to believe.

Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell. Used by permission.
LINGER NO LONGER.

R. L.

"Therefore will the Lord wait, that he may be gracious unto you."—Isaiah 30: 18.

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Linger no longer; Mercy is waiting for thee; Sin will grow stronger; Now from its tyranny flee;
2. Wealth without measure, Honor and fame, thou may'st see; No earthly treasure Ever can satisfy thee;
3. Though like a mountain, Sin on thy conscience should be, Come to the fountain Opened at Calvary;

CHORUS.

The world that is smiling, so cheerful and gay, From Jesus is leading thee farther away.
Thy richest possessions delusive will prove, But wealth that endureth is laid up above. Turn from thy straying,
Thou needest no longer from happiness roam; The Saviour is waiting to welcome thee home.

No longer delaying; Heav'n opens for thee—Turn from thy straying, No longer delaying; Heav'n opens for thee.

Copyright, 1874, 1899, by Robert Lowry. Used by his permission.
THOUGH YOUR SINS BE AS SCARLET.

F. J. Crosby.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—Isa. x: l8. W. H. Doane, by per.

Duet. Gently.

1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow; Tho'’ they be
   great like crim-son, They shall be as wool;" "Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
   Tho' they be red

2. Hear the voice that en-treats you, O re-turn ye un-to God! to God! He is of
   great com-passion, And of wondrous love; Hear the voice that en-treats you,
   Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."

3. He'll for-give your trans-gressions, And re-mem-ber them no more; no more; "Look un-to
   Tho' ye peo-ple," Saith the Lord your God; He'll for-give your transgressions,
   Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow.

Copyright, 1887, by W. H. Doane.
LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.

W. A. O.  "I am the good Shepherd, the good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep."—John 10:11.  W. A. OGDEN.

1. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shep-herd, Call-eth thee now to come in- to the fold of safe-ty.
2. Je-sus, the lov-ing Shep-herd, Gavé his dear life for thee, Ten-der-ly now he's call-ing;
3. Lin-ger-ing is but fol-ly, Wolves are abroad to-day, Seek-ing the sheep now straying,

Where there is rest and room;  Come in the strength of manhood, Come in the morn of youth,
Wan-der-er, come to me;  Haste, for with-out is dan-ger, Com'é, rris the Shep-herd blest,
Seek-ing the lambs to slay;  Je-sus, the lov-ing Shep-herd, Call-eth thee now to come

CHORUS. Softly.

En-ter the fold of safe-ty, En-ter the way of truth.  Lov-ing-ly, ten-der-ly calling is he;
En-ter the fold of safe-ty, En-ter the place of rest.  In-to the fold of safe-ty, Where there is rest and room.

From "Gathered Jewels," by permission of the W. W. Whitney Co.
LOVINGLY, TENDERLY CALLING.—Concluded.

Wanderer, wanderer, come unto me, Patiently standing there, waiting, I see Jesus my Shepherd divine.

19

NOT IN THE HOUR OF DEATH.

"For in death there is no remembrance of thee: in the grave who shall give thee thanks?"—Ps. 6:5.

F. E. BELEDEN.
SLOWLY.

1. Not in the hour of death, Not when the pulse is low, Not with the failing breath, Not when you fear to go;
2. Not when the frost of time Has changed the gold to gray; Come in the golden prime Of manhood's summer day.
3. Not when the noon of care Has robbed the flow'rs of dew: Come in the morning fair, Of life's glad spring-time now.

REFRAIN.

Come to Him now, come. Come to Him now. Jesus can save, O come to Him now; Jesus will save, O come to Him now.

Words and arrangement of music copyright, 1890, by F. E. Belden.
*OVER THE LINE.*

"That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, though he be not far from every one of us."—Acts 17:27.

Mrs. N. K. Bradford, 

F. E. Belden.

1. O, tender and sweet was the Father's voice, As he lovingly called to me, "Come over the line, it is only a step, I'm waiting, my child, for thee." Trust in thyself at all, Step over the line, I'm here." "O-ver the line," hear the sweet refrain, try I may sadly fail, And thus dishonor thee." hand in his wounded palm, Step over the line and trust.

2. "But my sins are so many, my faith so small,"—Lo! the answer came quick and clear, "Thou need'st not Angels are chanting the heavenly strain; "O-ver the line,"—Why should I remain With a step between me and Jesus?

3. "But my flesh is so feeble," with tears I said, "And the path-way I can not see; I fear if I (4th) I will not remain, I'll cross it and go to Jesus."
MERCY'S GATE IS OPEN.

F. M. D.

To him that knocketh it shall be opened.—Matt. 7:8. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. Ye who long in sin have wandered, From the Saviour's fold a-way, Come, the gate of mercy's open,
2. Ye who think yourselves unworthy, Oft-en doubting by the way, Come, the gate of mercy's open,
3. Far a-way in realms of glory, Angel voices chant the strain, "Come, the gate of mercy's open;"
4. On the ear the tones are falling, Like sweet music from above, "Come, the gate of mercy's open,

REFRAIN.

Open wide for you today. Come, O come today,
Come and enter while you may.
We repeat the glad refrain.
Come, accept a Father's love." Come, O come,

day; Come, the gate of mercy's open, Open wide for you today,
Sinner, come today; Come, O come, the gate of mercy's open, Open wide for you today, for you today.
THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you forever."—John 15:26.

Rev. F. Bottome, D. D.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O, spread the tidings round, Wherever man is found, Wherever human hearts
2. The long, long night is past, The morning breaks at last; And hush'd the dreadful wail
3. Behold, the King of kings, With healing in his wings, To every captive soul
4. O boundless Love divine! How shall this tongue of mine To wond'ring mortals tell
5. Sing, till the echoes fly Above the vaulted sky, And all the saints above

And human woes abound; Let every Christian tongue Proclaim the joyful sound:
And fury of the blast, As o'er the golden hills The day advances fast:
A full deliverance brings; And thro' the vacant cells The song of triumph rings:
The matchless grace divine,— That I, a child of sin, Should in his image shine!
To all below reply, In strains of endless love, The song that ne'er will die:

The Father's promise given; O, spread the tidings round, Wherever man is found.
The Comforter has come! The Comforter has come, The Comforter has come!

The Comforter has come! Copyright, 1800, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used

www.4tons.com.br
ABLE TO SAVE AND KEEP.

C. E. G.

"Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy."—Jude 1:24.

P. BILHORN, by per.

1. He's a-ble to keep you from falling, He's a-ble all things to sub-due, To bind up the broken spirit, And save to the utter-most too.

2. He's a-ble to heal our dis-eases, Our bod-ies his pow'r can make whole; He's a-ble to keep us from sinning, And per-fect his life in the soul.

3. He's a-ble to car-ry our bur-dens, To rid us of all anx-i-ous care; He's a-ble to rest us when wea-ry, He's will-ing our cross-es to share.

4. God's tho'ts to his chil-dren are preci-ous, All this and much more will he give; Thro' faith in the dear name of Je-sus, We ask and thro' him we re-cieve. Able, will-ing, Able to save, a-ble to keep, Able and will-ing to save; Able, will-ing, Je-sus is a-ble to save.

CHORUS.

Copyright 1881, by P. BILHORN.

A-ble to save, a-ble to keep.
BUILD ON THE ROCK.

"Whosoever heareth these sayings of mine, and doeth them, I will liken him unto a wise man, which built his house upon a rock: and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew, and beat upon that house: and it fell not: for it was founded upon a rock."—Matt. 27:24, 25.

F. E. Belden.

1. We'll build on the Rock, the living Rock, On Jesus, the Rock of Ages; So shall we abide the fearful shock, When loud the tempest rages. We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock;

2. Some build on the sinking sands of life, On visions of earthly treasure; Some build on the waves of sin and strife, Of fame, and worldly pleasure. We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock, On Christ, the mighty Rock.

3. O build on the Rock, for ever sure, The firm and the true foundation; Its hope is the hope which shall endure,—The hope of our salvation. We'll build on the Rock, We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock; We'll build on the Rock, on the solid Rock;
BLESSED ARE THEY THAT DO.

"For not the hearers of the law are just before God, but the doers of the law shall be justified."—Rom. 2: 13.

P. P. B.

1. Hear the words our Saviour hath spoken, Words of life, un-fail-ing and true; Careless one, prayerless one,
2. All in vain we hear his commandments, All in vain his prom-ises, too; Hearing them, fearing them,
3. They with joy may en-ter the cit-y, Free from sin, from sorrow and strife, Sanc-ti-fied, glo-ri-fied,

CHORUS.

hear and re-mem-ber, Je-sus says, "Blessed are they that do." nev-er can save us, Bless-ed, O bless-ed are they that do. Blessed are they that do his commandments;
now and for-ev-er, They may have right to the tree of life.

Bless-ed are they, blessed are they; Blessed are they that do his commandments, Bless-ed, bless-ed, bless-ed are they.

Used by permission of The John Church Co., owners of the copyright.
Cover With His Life.

F. E. Belden.

1. Look up on Jesus, sinless is he; Father, impute his life unto me.
2. Deep are the wounds transgression has made; Red are the stains; my soul is afraid.
3. Long-ing the joy of par-don to know, Jesus holds out a robe white as snow:
4. Re-con-ciled by his death for my sin, Justi-fied by his life pure and clean,

My life of scar-let, my sin and woe, Cov-er with his life, whiter than snow.
O to be cov-ered, Jesus, with thee, Safe from the law that now judg-eth me!
"Lord, I ac-cept it! leaving my own, Glad-ly I wear thy pure life a lone."
Sancti-fied by ob-y-ing his word, Glo-ri-fied when re-turn-eth my Lord.

D. S.—My life of scar-let, my sin and woe, Cov-er with his life, whiter than snow.

REFRAIN.

Cover with his life, whiter than snow, Ful-ness of his life then shall I know.
WHITER THAN SNOW.

1. Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole; I want thee forever, to live in my soul.
2. Lord Jesus, look down from thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a complete sacrifice.
3. Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat; I wait, blessed Lord, at thy crucified feet.
4. Lord Jesus, thou seest I patiently wait; Come now, and within me a new heart create.

Break down ev'ry idol, cast out ev'ry foe;
I give up myself, and what ev'er I know; { Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
By faith, for my cleansing, I see thy blood flow;
To those who have sought thee, thou nev'er said'st No;

CHORUS.

Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.
CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN.


1. Sing it o'er and o'er again, Glorious message, clear and plain; 'Tis to-day the same as then, Christ receiveth sin-ful men.
2. "Seek and find," and "look and live," Grace is free! proclaim to all Who the heav'nly pathway leave, All who linger, all who fall.
3. Years of sin condemn us not, Pure be-fore the law we stand; Je-sus' blood removes each spot, Satisfies its full de-mand.
4. He will take the sin-ful-est, Make the scarlet white and pure; Come, and he will give you rest; Trust his life, and earth in heav'n.
5. In Thy righteous robe to shine, Lord, I come, and rest forgiv'n; Self is lost in love di-vine, Death in wonderful word, O sweet re-frain! Christ receives sin-ful men (O praise his name!)

CHORUS.

Wonderful word, O sweet and glad re-frain! Christ receives sin-ful men (O praise his name!)

Message of mer-cy, clear and plain, — Christ receiveth sin-ful men (praise his name!)

Message of mer-cy, clear and pure and plain,
I'M SO GLAD!

"But Jesus called them unto him, and said, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God."—Luke 18:16.

F. E. Belden.

1. I’m so glad that Je-sus said, “Let the chil-dren come to me.” Placed his hands upon each head,
2. He’s the same as long a-go, Time can nev-er change his love; Like a stream ’twill ev-er flow
3. Sweet-er still his voice will sound, When he speaks the glad “well done!” As the chil-dren gath-er ’round

REFRAIN. Slowly and softly.

Spoke so ten-der-ly:
From the Fount a-bove. “Suf-fer lit-tle chil-dren to come to me, Of such shall the kingdom of Je-sus on his throne.

faster.

heaven be.” Glad-ly we will come, glad-ly we will come, Joy-ful-ly we come to Je-sus.

Copyright, 1925, by F. E. Belden, in "Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones" Used by permission of Bible Kindergarten and
SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

EBEN E. BEXFORD.

"My son, give me thine heart."—Prov. 23:26.

JOSEPH GARRISON.

1. They bro't their gifts to Je-sus, And laid them at his feet, And love for this dear Sav-iour
2. A-part from oth-er giv-ers A poor way-far-er stood; He saw the gifts they of-fered
3. "Dear Lord," he cried in sor-row, "I know how kind thou art, Take all I have to give thee

Made ev'-ry off'ring sweet; Good deeds and words of kindness, Help for the poor of earth,
The poor-est count-ed good, And he was filled with long-ing, A gift, tho' poor, to bring;
My sin-ful, wayward heart." Then Je-sus an-swered soft-ly, "Count not the gift as small,

CHORUS.

And not a gift among them Was tho't of lit-tle worth.
A- last all emp-ty hand-ed He stood be-fore the King. Wouldst bring a gift to Je-sus,
Tho' all of them are precious, Thine is the best of all.

By permission of DAVID C. COOK.
SOMETHING FOR JESUS.—CONCLUDED.

That he will count most sweet? Say, "Lord, my heart I give thee," And lay it at his feet.

KNOCKING, KNOCKING.

Mrs. H. B. Stowe, arr. F. E. Belden.

(FOR MALE OR MIXED VOICES)

1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, o how fair! 'Tis a Pilgrim, strange and kingly, Never

2. Knocking, knocking, still He's there, Waiting, waiting, won-drous fair; But the door is hard to o pen, For the

3. Knocking, knocking, what! still there? Waiting, waiting, grand and fair; Yes, the wounded hand still knocketh. And be-

such was seen be fore; Ah! my soul, for such a won der Wilt thou not un do the door? Wilt thou not un do the door?

weeds and i vy vine With their dark and clinging ten dils Ev er round the hin ges twine, Ev er round the hin ges twine.

neath the thorn wreath'd hair Beam the patient eyes, so ten der. Of thy Sav for wait ing there; Wilt thou keep him waiting there?
WHO IS ON THE LORD'S SIDE?

F. E. B.

"Then Moses stood in the gate of the camp, and said, Who is on the Lord's side?"—Ex. 32:26.

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

CHORUS.

Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? False or true?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?

Choose now, Choose now, On the right or wrong side? Where stand you?

Who is on the Lord's side? Who is on the Lord's side?
MIGHTY TO SAVE.

"Who is this that cometh from Edom, ... traveling in the greatness of his strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save."—Isa. 63:1.

Harry Sanders.

1. O who is this that cometh From Edom's crimson plain, With wounded side, with garments dyed? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A ransom gave; I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save." (Refrain.)*

2. O why is thine apparel With reek-ing gore all dyed, Like them that tread the wine-press red? O why this bloody tide? "I the wine-press trod a-lone, Neath dark'ning skies; Of the people there was none Mighty to save.

3. O bleeding Lamb, my Saviour! How could'st thou bear this shame? "With mercy fraught, mine own arm brought Salvation in my name; I the bloody fight have won, Conquer'd the grave, Now the year of joy has come,—Mighty to save.

(Refrain.)*

Mighty to save, ... Mighty to save, ... Mighty to save; Lord, I trust thy wondrous love, Mighty to save. Mighty to save, mighty to save.

*By permission.
NEVER BE AFRAID.

Anon.

"There is no fear in love."—1 John 4:18.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Never be afraid to speak for Jesus, Think how much a word can do; Never be afraid to own your Saviour, He who loves and cares for you.

2. Never be afraid to work for Jesus, In his vineyard day by day; Labor with a kind and willing spirit, He will all your toil repay.

3. Never be afraid to bear for Jesus, Keen reproaches when they fall; Patiently endure your every trial, Jesus meekly bore them all.

4. Never be afraid to live for Jesus; If you on his care depend, Safely shall you pass thro' every trial, He will keep you to the end.

CHORUS.

Never be afraid, never be afraid, Jesus is your loving Saviour, Therefore never be afraid.
BRAVELY SAY NO!

"And Jesus answered and said unto him, Get thee behind me, Satan; for it written, Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve."—Luke 4:8.

F. E. Belden.

1. Bravely say No! when tempted to sin, List to the voice of conscience within;
2. Often the tempter comes with a song, Strewing with flow'r's the pathway of wrong;
3. Jesus was tempted just as we are, Sin could not stain him, sin could not mar;

Jesus will help you courage to show; Turn from the wrong and bravely say No!
Watch and be ready always to say, "No!" to the voice that calls you away.
We have the pow'r to keep him within, He has the pow'r to keep us from sin.

CHORUS.

Bravely say No! Always say No! Jesus will help you; Bravely say No!
HOW SHALL WE STAND IN THE JUDGMENT?

"He will gather the wheat into his garner; but the chaff he will burn with unquenchable fire." — Luke 3:17.

HARRIET B. M'KEEVER.

JNO. R. SWENY.

1. When Jesus shall gather the nations, Before him at last to appear, Then how shall we stand in the Judgment, When summon'd our sentence to bear?
2. Shall we hear, from the lips of the Saviour, The words "faithful servant, well done," Or fear and with anguish, Be banished away from his throne?
3. He will smile when he looks on his children, And sees on the ransom'd his seal; He will clothe them in heavenly beauty, As low at his footstool they kneel.
4. Then let us be watching and waiting, With lamps burning steady and bright; When the Bridegroom shall call to the wedding, O may we be ready for flight!
5. Thus living with hearts fixed on heaven, In patience we wait for the time When the days of our pilgrim-age ended, We'll bask in the presence divine.

CHORUS.

But the chaff will he scatter away; Then how shall we stand in the Judgment Of the great resurrection day!

By permission of John J. Hood.
WHEN THE KING COMES IN.

"Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand, Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."—Matt. 25:34. Rev. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Called to the feast by the King are we, Sitting, perhaps, where his people be; How will it fare, friend, with thee and me, When the King comes in?
2. Crowns on the head where the thorns have been, Glorified he who once died for men; When the King comes in, brother, When the King comes in!
3. Like lightning's flash will that instant show Things hid—den long from both friend and foe; When the King comes in, When the King comes in.
4. Joyful his eye shall on each one rest Who is in white wedding garments dress'd; Just what we are, will each neighbor know, When the King comes in.
5. Endless the sad separation then, Butter the cry of the saved men, Awful that moment of anguish when Christ the King comes in.
6. Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace, So to await thee, each in his place, That we may fear not to see thy face When thou comest in.

REFRAIN.

When the King comes in?
When the King comes in?
When the King comes in, brother,
When the King comes in!
WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?
(SOLO, DUET, OR QUARTET, WITH FULL CHORUS.)

"He that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall reap life everlasting."—Gal. 6:8.  

EMILY S. OAKLEY.  
F. H. Belden.

1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair,  
   Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,

2. Sowing the seed by the way-side high,  
   Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,

3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain,  
   Sowing the seed of a mad-dened brain,

4. Sowing the seed with an aching heart,  
   Sowing the seed while the tears drop start,

   Sowing the seed by the fading light,  
   Sowing the seed in the solemn night.

   Sowing the seed where the thorns will spoil,  
   Sowing the seed in the fertile soil.

   Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,  
   Sowing the seed of eternal shame.

   Sowing in hope till the reapers come  
   Gladly to gather the harvest home.

CHORUS.

   Sown in the darkness or sown in the light,  
   Sown in our weakness or sown in our might;
WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?—CONCLUDED.

Gathered in time or eternity, Sure, aye! sure will the harvest be.

WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME?

MISS F. R. HAVERGAL.

"I lay down my life for the sheep."—John 10:15.

J. E. WHITE.

1. I gave my life for thee, My precious blood I shed, That thou might'st ransomed be, And quickened from the dead;
2. My Father's house of light, My glory-circled throne, I left for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;
3. I suffered much for thee, More than thy tongue can tell, Of bliss'rest ag-o-ny, To res-one thee from hall;

1. I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me? I gave, I gave my life for thee, What hast thou giv'n for me?
2. I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me? I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou left aught for me?
3. I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me? I've borne, I've borne it all for thee, What hast thou borne for me?

Copyright, 1881. Used by permission.
KEEP TENTING TOWARD THE HIGHLANDS.

F. E. Belden

Duet or all Soprano and Tenor Voices.

1. Are you tent-ing on the low-lands Of the fa-ted, flow’ry plain? Are you near-ing life’s high
2. Does fair Sod-om in her glo-ry Beckon you with ease or gain? Heed her aw-ful judg-ment
3. To the mountains of sal-va-tion! Hear the an-gel, Mer- cy, call; Do not tar-ry! look not

mountains, As the night comes on a-gain? Keep tent-ing toward the highlands, Each evening nearer sto-ry; Linger not, her joys are vain.
back-ward! Hasten on ere vengeance fall. Keep tenting toward the highlands of life,

home; Keep tent-ing toward the high-lands, Keep tent-ing near-er home. . .
sweet home; Keep tenting toward the highlands of life, heav’nly home.
WILL YOU GO?

"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."—Matt. 16:24.

Arr. by F. E. Belden.

1. We're bound for the land of the pure and the holy, The home of the happy, the kingdom of love;
2. In that blessed land, neither sigh-ing nor anguish Can breathe in the fields where the glo-ri-fied rove:
3. No fraud, nor de-celt, nor the hand of op-pression, Can in-jure the dwellers in that ho-ly grove;
4. No pov-er-ty there, no, the saints are all wealthy, The heirs of His glory whose nature is love;
5. And yet, guilty sin-ner, we would not forsake thee, We halt yet a moment as onward we move;

Yewand'rers from God, in the broad road of fol-ly, O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove?
Ye heart-burdened ones, who in mis-e-ry languish,
No wickedness there, not a shade of transgression;
No sickness can reach them, that coun-try is health-y;
O, come to thy Lord! in his arms he will take thee, And bear thee a-long to the E-den a-bove.

CHORUS.

Will you go, will you go, Will you go, will you go! O say, will you go to the E-den a-bove!
TARRY BY THE LIVING WATERS.

F. E. B. “I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely.”—Rev. 21:6. F. E. Belden.

1. We’ll tarry by the living waters, The fountain pure and free; There Jesus waits to give us welcome, A welcome sweet ‘t will be. We’ll tarry by the living waters, Tarry by the fount of living waters.

2. When weary with the toilsome journey, ’Tis sweet to rest a while Where crystal waters gently murmur, And sunny fountains smile. Tarry by the living waters, Tarry by the fount of living waters.

3. Then come to Christ, the living water, Thy strength will he restore; Come, taste the joy of salvation, And drink to thirst no more. Tarry by the living waters; Tarry by the Fount of Life.

CHORUS.
LET THE LITTLE ONES COME.


"Forbid them not to come unto me."—Matt. 19:14. Arranged by F. E. B.

1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men, How he called little children as lambs to his fold, I should like to have been with them then. I wish that his hands had been placed on my head, That his arm had been thrown around me, And that I might have seen his kind look when he said, "Let the little ones come unto me."  all who are wash'd and forgiv'n.  Oh, may we at last find a glad welcome there, Safe at home in the kingdom of heav'n.

2. Yet still to the Saviour in pray'r I may go, And ask for a share in his love, And if I thus earnestly seek him below, I shall see him and hear him above. In that beautiful place he has gone to prepare For
CALLING.

"Incline your ear and come unto me; hear, and your souls shall live."—Isa. 55:3.

W. L. Thompson, by perm.

W. L. T. Slow and tenderly.

1. Softly and tenderly Jesus is calling, Calling for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Think of the wonderful love he has promised, Promised for you and for me;

At the heart's portal he's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not his mercies, Mercies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering and death's night is coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, he has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.

CHORUS.

Come home, come home, Ye who are weary, come home;
Come home, come home,
CALLING.—CONCLUDED.

Earnestly, tenderly, Jesus is calling, Calling, O sinner, come home!

45

ONLY TWO WAYS.

(Duet or quartet for male voices. For ladies' voices, alto sing bass notes an octave higher.)

F. E. B. "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction."—Matt. 7:13. F. E. B.

1. There are two ways for travelers, only two ways: One's a hill pathway of battle and praise; The other leads
2. There are two guides for travelers, only two guides: One's the Good Shepherd, e'en thro' the death tides; The other—
3. There are two homes for travelers, only two homes: One's the fair city where evil ne'er comes; The other—sin's
4. Quickly enter the straitway, leading to life; Shun the wide gateway of folly and strife. The Spirit in-

downward; tho' flow'ry it seem, its joy is a phantom, its love is a dream, its love is a dream, 'tis only a dream.
serpent, beguiling with sin Whose beauty eternal hides poison within, Hides poison within, death poison within.
wages, eternal and dread, The fate of the lost ones, the doom of the dead, The doom of the dead, the sorrowful dead.
vires you this moment to come; The Saviour is waiting to welcome you home; To welcome you home, to welcome you home.

Copyright, 1889, by F. E. Belden.
JESUS SAVES.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved."—Rom. 10:13. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joyful sound, Jesus saves, Jesus saves; Spread the gladness all around, Jesus saves.
2. Waft it on the rolling tide, Jesus saves, Jesus saves; Tell to sinners, far and wide, Jesus saves.
3. Sing above the battle's strife, Jesus saves, Jesus saves; By his death and endless life, Jesus saves.
4. Give the winds a mighty voice,
   Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
   Let the nations now rejoice,
   Jesus saves, Jesus saves;
   Shout salvation full and free,
   Highest hills and deepest caves,
   This our song of victory,
   Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

Used by per of John J. Hood, owner of copyright.
YOUR SAVIOUR, TOO.

(Trio. If sung as duet for Soprano and Tenor, Tenor take small notes.)

S. O'Mally Cluff, Chorus added. F. H. Belden.

1. I have a Saviour, he's pleading in glory, A dear, loving Saviour, tho' earth-friends be few;
2. I have a Father: to me he has given A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
3. A robe fair and spotless, resplendent in whiteness, Is waiting for glory my wondering view;
4. To me has been given a peace like a river—A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
5. When Jesus has found you, tell others the story, That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too;

And now he is watching in tenderness o'er me, And O that my Saviour were your Saviour too!
And soon will he call me to meet him in heaven, But O that I might hear him welcome you too!
And when I receive it all shining in brightness, Dear friend, I would see you receiving one too!
And Christ is the Author, and Christ is the Giver, And O that his peace might be given to you!
Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory, And prayer will be answered—twas answered for you!

CHORUS.

Your Saviour, too, Your Saviour, too; My Saviour bids me tell you, He's your Saviour, too.
JESUS OF NAZARETH PASSETH BY.

EMMA CAMPBELL. "When he heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth, he began to cry out."—Mark 10:47.

1. What means this eager, anxious throng
Which moves with busy haste along—
These wondrous gatherings
2. Who is this Jesus? Why should he
The city move so mightily?
A passing stranger,
3. Jesus! 'tis he who once below
Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;
And burdened ones where
4. Today, he comes; from place to place
His holy footprints we can trace;
He passeth at our
5. Ho! all ye heavy laden, come!
Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home;
Ye wanderers from the

What means this strange commotion, pray?
In accents hush'd the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth"
To move the multitude at will?
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth"
Brought out their sick, and deaf and lame.
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth"

He enters, condescends to stay;
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth"
Return, accept his proffered grace.
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth"

In accents hush'd the throng reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
Again the stirring notes reply:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
Shall we not gladly raise the cry:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh:
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6. But if you still this c
And all his wondrous
At last he'll sadly fr
Who now his invitac
: "Too late! too late!"
: "Jesus of Nazareth has
TAKE ME AS I AM.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

"Hear my prayer, O Lord, and let my cry come unto thee."—Ps. 108:1.

F. E. Belden.

1. Jesus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Unless thou help me, I must die; O bring thy free salvation.
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt; And thou canst make me what thou wilt.
3. No preparation can I make, My best resolves only break; Now save me for thine own name's sake.
4. I bow before thy mercy seat, Behold me, Saviour, at thy feet; Thy work begin, thy work complete.
5. If thou hast work for me to do, Inspire my will, my heart renew, And work both in and by me too.
6. And when at last the work is done, The battle fought, the victory won, Still, still my cry shall be alone.

REFRAIN.

va-tion nigh, And take me as I am.
what thou wilt, And take me as I am.
own name's sake, And take me as I am. Take me as I am, Lord, Take me as I am,
work complete, And take me as I am.
by me too, And take me as I am.
be a lone, Lord, take me as I am.

Just as I am; Take me as I am, Lord, take me as I am, Just as I am.

Copyright 1860, by F. E. Belden.
THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.

F. E. B.  "In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.  F. E. Belden.

(Duet, with Quartet Chorus)

Dolce.  cres.  dim.

1. There's room for you to anchor With in the port of rest, Where tempests all are over.
2. There's room for you to anchor; The ship is waiting now,—The ship of God's preparing.
3. The same dear friends shall meet us That we have loved below; The same sweet voices greet us
4. O heaving, swelling billows, Bear onward to my home! Beyond these dreary headlands

And calms no more molest; How sweet to weary voyagers This precious promise giving:
O ask not why nor how. His boundless love and mercy No tongue can ever tell,—
As in the long ago. Then hush! ye murmuring waters, Ye tempests, cease to blow!
I see its shining dome. There, there my fainting spirit No more for rest shall sigh;

REFRAIN.

There's room for you to anchor Safe in heaven!
If you but trust his promise, All is well. There's room (for you), there's room (for you);
I almost hear the music Soft and low.
'Tis there I hope to anchor, By and by.

Copyright, 1886, by F. E. Belden. Used by permission.
THERE'S ROOM FOR YOU TO ANCHOR.—CONCLUDED.

There's room (for you), there's room (for you); There's room for you to anchor Safe in heav'n.

WHILE JESUS WHISPERS.

Will. E. Witter. "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. 11:28. H. R. Palmer.

1. While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
2. Are you too heavy laden? Come, sinner, come! Jesus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
3. Oh hear his tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

Now is the time to own him, Come, sinner, come! Now is the time to know him, Come, sinner, come!
Jesus will not deceive you, Come, sinner, come! Jesus can now redeem you, Come, sinner, come!
While Jesus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!

Copyright, 1873, by H. R. Palmer. Used by permission.
PURE GOLD.

FANNY J. CROSSY.  "Thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head."—Ps. 21:3.  ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Why la-bor for treas-ures that rust and de-cay, That sparkle a mo-men-tum, then van-ish a-way?
2. Each prom ise con-tain'd in the Book he has giv'n, Di-rec-ting the soul in its path-way to hea'v'n,
3. The gift of the Spir-it, which all may re-ceive— The rapture of par-don to all who be-lieve—

Go rath-er to Je-sus, with ear-nest de-sire, And buy of him "gold that is tried in the fire;"
Is price-less, et-er-nal, un-bound-ed, and free, More pre-cious than di-amonds, or gems of the sea;
An an-swer to pray'r when the heart is oppres-s'd— The hope of a crown, and a man-sion of rest—

Sal-va-tion's a trea-sure of val-ue un-told; Be wise to ob-tain it, for this is Pure Gold.
God's word is a trea-sure of val-ue un-told; O fail not to gain it, for this is Pure Gold.
All these are bright trea-sures of val-ue un-told; Make haste to se- cure them for they are Pure Gold.
COME OUT IN THE SUNSHINE.

"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness: but shall have the light of life."—John 8:12.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.


2. A flow'r in the shadow will lose its bright hue, 'Twill weary and with-er, And so 'tis with you. We fade in the beautiful light, Sent down from the courts above, Thou makest the darkness bright. With the smile of God's tender love.

3. Come out in the sunshine! O hear Love's sweet voice! And all holy spir-its With you will rejoice. You'll sing with the beautiful light, Sent down from the courts above, Thou makest the darkness bright. With the smile of God's tender love.

4. Live out in the sunshine, Till Jesus appears, Then share in his glory. Through love's endless years. O dwell in his presence, Where no shadow mars; Reflecting his beauty, You'll shine as the stars. Beautiful, beautiful light, Sent down from the courts above, Thou makest the darkness bright. With the smile of God's tender love.

Copyright, 1898, by Fannie E. Bolton. Used by permission.
DARE TO DO RIGHT.

Rev. G. LANING TAYLOR. "Fear not, I am with thee."—Isa. 41:10. F. E. Belden.

1. Dare to do right, dare to be true! You have a work that no other can do;
2. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Other men's fail-ures can nev-er save you;
3. Dare to do right, dare to be true! God who cre-a-ted you cares for you too;
4. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Keep the great Judg-ment day al-ways in view;
5. Dare to do right, dare to be true! Je-sus, your Sav-iour, will car-ry you through;

Do it so brave-ly, so kind-ly, so well, An-gels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell;
Stand by your con-science, your hon-or, your faith; Stand like a he-ro and bat-tle till death;
Tre-as-ures the tears that his striv-ing ones shed, Counts and pro-tects ev-ry hair of your head;
Look at your work as you'll look at it then—Scann'd by Je-ho-vah, and an-gels, and men;
Cit-y, and man-sion, and throne, all in sight, Can you not dare to be true and do right?

CHORUS.

An-gels will hast-en the sto-ry to tell. Dare to do right, Dare to be true, Dare! dare! dare to be true!
Repeat last line of each stanza.

Music Copyrighted 1894, by F. E. Belden. Used by permission of Henry Date.
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION.

H. R. P.  "God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—I Cor. 10:13.  H. R. PALMER.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will help you Some other to win;
2. Shun e-vil companions, Bad language disdain, God's name hold in rev'rence, Nor take it in vain;
3. To him that o'ercometh, God giv-eth a crown, Through faith we shall conquer, Tho' often cast down;

Fight man-ful-ly onward, Dark pas-sions sub-due,
Be thought-ful and earn-est, Kind-heart-ed and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.
He who is our Sav'our, Our strength will re-new,

CHORUS.

Ask the Sav'our to help you, Comfort, strengthen, and keep you; He is will-ing to aid you, He will carry you through.

By permi-sion of Dr. H. R. PALMER.
SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

F. E. B.

I will pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground;” Isa. 44:3. “Return unto me”... “ye have robbed me... in tithes and offerings. Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse... and prove me now herewith, saith the Lord of hosts, if I will not open you the windows of heaven, and pour you out.” Mal. 3:7-11. F. E. Belden.

1. “I will pour water on him that is thirsty, Floods of the Spirit upon the dry ground;”
2. Ye who have robbed me in tithes and in offerings, All to my storehouse now hast-en to bring;
3. Herewith now prove me, by faith-ful-ness prove me, Giving for oth-ers as I give to thee;

On-ly re-turn ye, re-pent and re-turn ye, Seek-ing for-give-ness while mercy is found,
Closed are my win-dows, my win-dows of bless-ing; Can they be o-pened while Self is your king?
Love is the key that un-lock-eth my treasures, Love o-pens heav-en, by faith o-fered free.

REFRAIN.

O Lord! Are we not waiting with one ac-cord? Ye are not ful-ly follow-ing my word.
THE LOST SHEEP.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE.
Solo preferred.

F. E. Belden.

1. There were nine-ty and nine that safely lay In the shelter of the fold, But one was out on the
hills away, far from the gates of gold; Away on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the
2. "Lord, thou hast here thy ninety and nine, Are they not enough for thee?" But the Shepherd made answer,
"One of mine has wandered away from me, And although the road be rough and steep, I go to the
Lord passed thro', ere he found his sheep that was lost. Far out on the desert he heard its cry, 
3. But none of the ransomed ever knew How deep were the waters crossed, Nor how dark was the night that the
gone astray ere the Shepherd could bring him back." "Lord, why are thy hands so rent and torn?" "They are pierced to-
gate of heav'n,—"Re-joice! I have found my sheep!" And the angels sang around the throne, "Re-joice! for the
4. "Lord, whence are these blood-drops all the way, That mark out the mountain's track?" They were shed for one who had
5. But all thro' the mountains, thunder-ryv'n, And up from the rocky steep, There rose a cry to the
ten-der Shepherd's care, Away from the tender Shepherd's care. [For last stanza only, from old
dessert to find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep." helpless, and ready to die, "Fainting and helpless, and ready to die.
night by many a thorn, They are pierced to-night by many a thorn." Lord brings back his own, (Omit) — Re-joice! for the Lord brings back his own."
MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

"And he went forth again by the sea side, and all the multitude resorted unto him."—Mark 2:13.

ROBERT MORRIS, L. L. D.

(FOR MALE VOICES)

Dr. H. R. PALS

1. Each cooing dove (each cooing dove) and sighing bough (and sighing bough), That makes the eve (that makes
2. Each flow'ry glen (each flow'ry glen) and moss-y dell (and moss-y dell), Where happy birds (where hap
3. And when I read (and when I read) the thrill-ing lore (the thrill-ing lore), Of him who walk'd (of him who

so bles't to me (so bles't to me), Has something far (has something far) di-vin-er now (di-vin-er
in song a-gree (in song a-gree), Thro' sunny morn (thro' sunny morn) the prais-es tell (the prais-es
up-on the sea (up-on the sea), I long, oh, how (I long, oh, how) I long once more (I long once

CHORUS.

It bears me back (it bears me back) to Gal-i-lee (to Gal-i-lee).
Of sights and sounds (of sights and sounds) in Gal-i-lee (in Gal-i-lee). O Gal-i-lee, sweet Gal-i-lee,
To fol-low him (to fol-low him) in Gal-i-lee (in Gal-i-lee).

By permission of Dr. H. R. Palmer, owner of Copyright.
MEMORIES OF GALILEE.—CONCLUDED.

Jesus loved so much to be, O Galilee, blue Galilee, Come, sing thy song again to me.

59  JUST AS I AM.

1. Just as I am, without one plea  
But that thy blood was shed for me,  
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Refrain.—Just as I am, just as I am,  
I'm coming now, just as I am;  
Just as I am, just as I am,  
I'm coming now, just as I am.

2. Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

3. Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, peace for troubled mind,  
Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

4. Just as I am, thy love I own  
Has broken all the barriers down;  
Now to be thine, and thine alone,  
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.

Charlotte Elliott.

60  CALVARY.

1. When I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Chorus.—O Calvary, dark Calvary,  
Where Jesus gave his life for me;  
O Calvary, dark Calvary!  
I look away to Calvary.

2. See, from his head, his hands, his feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

3. Since I, who was undone and lost,  
Have pardon through his name and word;  
Forbid it, then, that I should boast,  
Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.

4. Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were a tribute far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.
THE PASSEOVER.

"When I see the blood, I will pass over you."—Ex. 12: 13. "Christ our passover is sacrificed for us."—1 Cor. 5: 7.

F. E. Belden.

1. The day is dead, and Egypt's night returning, Is dark and still in death's prophet's gloom.
2. The Lamb is slain, the Sacrifice immortal, Whose life received creates the soul anew;
3. Not there? not there? no crimson on the lintel? Delay! delay! O thou destroying One!
4. Art safe, my soul?—rest not in thy salvation, Else thou art not like Him who came to die;

The world sleeps on, but Israel's lamp is burning; At midnight sounds the oppressor's note of doom.
His blood is shed,—but is it on the portal? O haste and see! doth it avail for you?
Give grace! give grace! it must be more than mental; My heart! my heart! let there thy work be done.
In love go forth with mercy's invitation, Awake the world! death's angel passes by.

REFRAIN.

"I will pass over you, when I see the blood;" I will pass over you,—'tis a saving flood.
THE PASSOVER.—CONCLUDED.

"I will pass over you, when I see the blood," The precious blood of Jesus.

IN THE SILENT MIDNIGHT WATCHES.


1. In the silent midnight watches, List—thy bosom's door! How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, ever more!
2. Death comes down with reckless foot-steps, To the hall and hut; Think you death will tarry knock-ing, When the door is shut?
3. Vain-ly thou wilt stand en-treat-ing Christ to let thee in, At the gate of mercy beat-ing, Wailing for thy sin!

Say not 'tis thy pulse beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin; 'T is thy Saviour knocks, and cri-eth, "Rise and let me in!"
Jesus wait-eth, waiteth, waiteth; But the door is fast; Griev-ed away thy Sav-iour go-eth, Death breaks in at last.
Nay! a-look, O guilty sinner! Hast thou then for-got? — Jesus wait-ed long to know thee, Now he knows thee not!
The Handwriting on the Wall.

"And the same hour came forth fingers of a man's hand, and wrote upon the plaster of the wall of the king's palace."—Dan. 5:5.

Words and music by Knowles Shaw, by per. Arr. by F. E. Belden.

1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thousand of his lords, While they drank from golden vessels, as the
2. See the brave captive Daniel as he stood before the throng, And rebuked the haughty monarch for his
3. See the faith, zeal, and courage that would dare to do the right, Which the Spirit gave to Daniel—this the
4. All our deeds are recorded; there's a Hand that's writing now; Sinner, give your heart to Jesus, to his

Book of Truth records, In the night as they reveled in the royal palace hall, They were seized with consternation of wrong; As he read out the writing, 'twas the doom of one and all; For the kingdom now is secret of his might; In his home in Judea, or a captive in the hall, Yet he understood the royal mandate bow; For the day is approaching, it must come to one and all, When the sinner's condemnation, at the hand upon the wall.

Is the hand of God writing now? Is the hand of God writing on the palace wall?
THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL.—Concluded.

HOW?—

on the palace wall? Shall the record be "Found wanting." Or shall it be "Found trusting." While the hand is writing on the wall? (the palace wall.)

WEIGHED AND WANTING.

F. E. B.

"Thou art weighed in the balances, and art found wanting.—Dan. 5:27.

F. E. Belden.

1. When the Judge shall weigh our motives, For e-ter-nal gain or loss, Shall we stand as gold before him?

2. Shall we hear the glad words spoken: "Faithful servant," and "Well done," Or the dread and awful sentence, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting?

3. Shall we heed the Spir-it's pleading, While for mer-cy we may call, Or de-lay till God's handwriting Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting.

REFRAIN.

Or as vile and worthless dross? "Thou art wanting," sinful one? Seals the fi-nal doom of all? Weigh'd in the balance of the Lord, Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting; Weigh'd by the standard of his word, (Omit.) Weigh'd, weigh'd, and wanting.

Copyright, 1890, by F. E. Belden. Used by permission.
THE LOVE OF JESUS.

W. E. LITTLEWOOD.  "Greater love hath no man than this."—John 15:13.

1. There is no love like the love of Jesus, Never to fail or fall, Till into the fold of the peace of God, He has gathered us all. hearts can know, But he feels it above. Jesus' love, precious love, Boundless and pure and free!

2. There is no heart like the heart of Jesus, Fill'd with a tender love; No throb of woe that our loving breast, And a glad heav'ly home.

3. Oh, hearken now to the voice of Jesus; Why will you longer roam? There's peace and rest on his wandering soul, Jesus pleadeth for thee. Copyright, 1870, by T. E. Perkins. Used by per.

CHORUS.

D. S.—Oh, turn to that love, weary,

ALMOST PERSUADED.


1. Almost persuaded now to believe; Almost persuaded Christ to receive. Seems now come Almost persuaded, come, come, today; Almost persuaded; turn not away, Jesus in-

2. Almost persuaded; harvest is past; Almost persuaded; doom comes at last! "Almost" can
ALMOST PERSUADED.—Concluded.

soul to say, "Go Spirit, go thy way, Some more convenient day On thee
vites you here, An-gels are ling'-ring near, Pray'ters rise from hearts so dear; O wan-
d not a-val; "Al-most" is but to fail! Sad, sad that bit-ter wall—"Almost—

I WILL EARLY SEEK THE SAVIOUR.

MRS. L. M. BEAL BATEMAN. "Remember now thy Creator, in the days of thy youth."—Ecl. 12:1. FRED A. FILLIS

1. I will ear-ly seek the Sav-iour, I will learn of him each day; I will fol-low in
2. I will hast-en where he bides me, I am not too young to go In the pathway where
3. He is stand-ing at the door-way Of es-cape from ev'-ry sin; I will knock, for he!

D. S.—Je-sus loves me, died

I will walk the nar-row way.
Not too young his will to know.
He will hear and let me in.

is why I love him so. Copyright, 1889, by Fillmore Bros.
68 COMING TO THE CROSS.

Rev Wm. McDonald. (77.) Wm. G. Fischer, by perm.

1. I am coming to the cross, I am poor, and weak, and blind;
2. Long my heart has sighed for thee, Long has evil regretted within;
3. Here I give my all to thee, Friends and fame and earthly store;
4. In thy presence I trust, Now I feel the blood applied;
5. Jesus comes! he fills my soul; Perfected in him I am;

I am counting all but dust, I shall fill salvation's Closed.
Jesus sweetly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin,"
Soul and body I once was, Wholly free for evermore.
I am prostrate in the dust, I with Christ am crucified.
I am every whit made whole; Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Refrain

I am trusting, Lord, in thee, Blessed Lamb of Calvary!

Humbly at thy cross I bow, Save me, Jesus, save me now.

(Last) Jesus saves me, saves me now.

69 THE CLEANSING WAVE.


1. O now I see the crimson wave, The fountain deep and wide;
2. I see the new creation rise, I hear the speaking blood;
3. I rise to walk in heav'n's own light, Above the world and sin;
4. Amazing grace! 'tis heav'n below, To feel the blood applied,

Jesus, my Lord, mighty to save, Pours to his wounded side.
It speaks,—polluted nature dies, Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
With heart made pure and garments white, And Christ enthroned within.
And Jesus, only Jesus, know, My Jesus crucified.

Refrain

The cleansing stream I see, I see, I plunge, and now it cleanseth me!

0 praise the Lord! it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me.
70 JESUS PAID IT ALL.

Mrs. E. M. Hall. John T. Grape, by perm.

1. I hear the Saviour say, "Thy strength indeed is small;
2. Lord, now indeed I find Thy pow'r, and thine alone,
3. Since nothing good have I Whereby thy grace to claim,
4. And when before the throne I stand in him complete,

Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all.
Can change the leper's spot, And melt the heart of stone.
I'll wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb,
I'll lay my trophies down, All down at Jesus' feet.

Refrain.

Jesus paid it all, All to him I owe;

Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

71 MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

Ray Palmer. (Olivet. 6s & 4s.) Lowell Mason.

1. My faith looks up to thee, Thou Lamb of
2. May thy rich grace im-part Strength to my
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-

Cal-v'ry, Saviour divine! Now hear me
fainting heart, My zeal in-spire; As thou hast
round me spread, Be thou my guide; Bid dark-ness

while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way,
died for me, O, may my love to thee,
turn to day, Wipe sorrow's tear a-way,

0, let me from this day Be wholly thine!
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—A living fire!
Nor let me ev-er stray From thee a-side.
72 GOD CALLING YET.
JANE BORTHWICK. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.

1. God calling yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures
   shall I still hold dear? Shall life's swift passing
   years all fly, And still my soul in slumber lie?

2. God calling yet! shall I not rise? Can I his
   loving voice despise, And base by his kind
   care repay? He calls me still; can I delay?

3. God calling yet! and shall he knock, And I my
   heart the closer look? He still is waiting
   to revive, And shall I dare his Spirit grieve?

4. God calling yet! and shall I give No heed, but
   still in bondage live? I wait, but he does
   not forsake: He calls me still; my heart awake!

5. God calling yet! I cannot stay; My heart I
   yield without delay; Vain world, farewell from
   thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

73 A PRESENT HELP.
WHITTIER. (INVITATION. C. M.) WALLACE.

1. We may not climb the heavenly steeps,
   To bring the Saviour down; In vain we
   search the lowest deeps, For him no depths can drown.

2. But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
   A present help is he; And faith has
   yet its Oli-vet, And love, its Cal-i-lee.

3. The healing of the seamless dress
   Is by our beds of pain; We touch him
   In life's throng and press, And we are whole again.

4. Thro' him the first fixed prayers are said,
   Our lips of childhood frame; The last low
   whispers of our dead Are burdened with his name.

5. O Lord and Master of us all,
   What'er our name or sign, We own thy
   sway, we hear thy call, We test our lives by thine!
ASHAMED OF JESUS.


1. Jesus, and shall it ever be, A mortal
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon—o'er far, Let evening
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   name a Saviour's stain; And O, may this my glo-
   pales praise, Whose glory shines through endless days?
   divine Over this benighted soul of mine.
   till he, Bright Morning Star, bade darkness flee.
   my shame, That I no more reverse his name.
   to crave, No fear to quell, no soul to save.
   try be, That Christ is not ashamed of me!

2. A—shamed of Jesus! soon—o'er far, Let evening
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

3. A—shamed of Jesus! just us noon Let midnight
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

4. A—shamed of Jesus! that dear friend On whom my
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

5. A—shamed of Jesus! yes, I may When I've no
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

6. Till then, nor is my boasting vain—Till then I
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

7. BE—hold the Saviour at the door! He gen—fly
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

8. He com—bles thee to buy of him Gold tried by
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

9. Hear the faith—ful Witness' voice, He of—fers
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

10. His mission now is almost o'er, Be—fore the
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

11. His looks with dew's of night are we, But at thy
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion

12. Yes, bring him in, a welcome guest; So shalt thou
   man ashamed of thee? Ashamed of thee, whom am
   blushing to own a star; He sheds the beams of light
   be ashamed of noon; Twas midnight with my soul
   hopes of heav'n's depend! No; when I blush, I this
   guilt to wash away; No tear to wipe, no good
   Jesus! soon, may I not
   knock'd, has knocked before, Has waited long, is
   fire, and rain—ment clean; A—point thine eyes, that
   now a final choice; Thou art of—live, 
   throne he'll plead no more; The fifth—y must his
   heart be lin—'g—'t yet, A—wake! and open
   in his presence rest, And in communion


THEIR IS A LINE.

J. A. ALEXANDER. (WOODLAND. C. M.) N. D. GOULD.

1. There is a line by us un-seen, That crosses ev- ry
2. O! where is this mys-ter-ious bourne By which our path is
3. How far may we go in sin? How long will God for-
4. An an-swer from the skies is sent: "Ye that from God de-

path.- The hid-den bound-a- ry between, The hid-den
crossed.- Be-yond which God him-self hath sworn, Beyond which
bear? Where does hope end? And where be-gin, Where does hope
part, While it is called to-day, re-pent, While it is

bound-a-ry between God's pa-tience and his wrath.
God him-self hath sworn That he who goes is lost?
end? And where be-gin The con-fines of de-spair?
called to-day, re-pent, And hard-em-not your heart."

1 The wonders of redeeming love
Our highest thoughts exceed;
The Son of God comes from above,
For sinful man to bleed.

2 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;

3 And now before his Father's face
His precious blood he plead;
For those who seek the throne of grace
His love still intercedes.

R. F. COTTRELL.

McCOMB. (SPANISH HYMN. 78. 6I.) SPANISH.

1 Chief of sin-ners tho' I be, Je-sus shed his blood for me,
2 O! the height of Je-sus' love Higher than the heav'n above,
3 Chief of sin-ners tho' I be, Christ is all in all to me;

Died that I might live on high?-Died that I might never die;
Deep-er than the deepest sea, Last-ing as e-ter-ni-ty;
All my wants to him are known, All my sorrows are his own;

As the branch is to the vine, I am his, and he is mine.
Love that found me-wondrous tho'!-Found me when I sought him not.
Safe with him from earthly strife, He sustains the hidden life.

1 Go to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power;
Your Redeemer's conflict see,
Watch with him one bitter hour;

3 Calvary's mournful mountain climb:
There, adoring at his feet,
Mark that miracle of time,
God's own sacrifice complete:

"It is finished!" he raise cry;
Learn of Jesus how to die.
JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. (WOODBURY, L. M.), W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, without one plea But that thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
2. Just as I am, and waiting not To rid my soul of one dark blot, To thee, whose blood can wash with out, "Fightings within, and fears with out."
3. Just as I am, though tossed a-bout With man-thy blood was shed for me, And that thou bid'st me come to thee, cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come, I come.
4. For as thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. For me a blood-bought, free reward—Eternal life for me.
5. For as thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. For me a blood-bought, free reward—Eternal life for me.
6. For as thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. Because thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God, I come, I come. For me a blood-bought, free reward—Eternal life for me.

THERE IS A FOUNTAIN.

WILLIAM COWPER. (FOUNTAIN, C. M.), UNKNOWN.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins; And sinners plung'd beneath that flood Lose all their guilty stains.
2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day; And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way.
3. Thou dying Lamb! thy precious blood Shall never lose its pow'r, Till all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.

4. Ever since by faith I saw the stream Thy flow'ring wounds supply, For me a blood-bought, free reward—Eternal life for me.
5. There in a nobler, sweeter song, When this poor lip shall cease to move, In ransomed hearts, to the sound.
PENITENCE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. Jesus, let thy pitying eye Call back the wand'reng sheep;
2. Saviour, Prince, enthroned above, Repent-ance to impart;
3. For thine own compassion's sake, The gracie-ous won-der show;
4. Clothe me with thy ho-li-ness, Thy meek hu-mil-i-ty;

False to thee, like Peter, I Would fain like Peter, weep.
Give me, thro' thy dying love, The hum-ble, con-trite heart;
Cast my sins behind thy back, And wash me white as snow:
Put on me thy glorious dress—En-due my soul with thee:

Speak the re-con-cil-ing word, And let thy mercy melt me down;
Give what I have-long implor'd, A portion of thy grief unknown;
If thy pit-y now is starr'd, If now I do my-self bemoan,
Let thine im-age be restor'd, Thy name and nature let me prove;

Turn, and look up on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Turn, and look up on me, Lord, And break my heart of stone.
Will me with thy fulness, Lord, And per-fect me in love.

DECISIVE DAY.

W. HENRY OAKLEY.

ANON.

1. The great de-ci-sive day is at hand, is at hand! Ye
2. Those who made his crowns of thorns will be there, will be there! Th
3. Where will the sin-ner hide in that day, in that day? Ye

Great de-ci-sive day is at hand; The day when Christ will
made his crown of thorns will be there! Those who smeared his head
will the sin-ner hide in that day? It will be in vain to a

To call his children home, And to seal the sinner's doom,—is
Up - on his sacred head, And made his temples bleed,—w
"To mountains on us fall," For his hand will find out all in h

hand, is at hand;—And to seal the sinner's com, is at h
there, will be there;—And made his temples bleed, will be gi
day, in that day; For his hand will find out all in that;
84 COME YE DISCONSolate.

THOMAS MOORE.

1. Come, ye con-so-late, where'er ye lan-guish;
   Joy of the com-fort-less, light of the stray-ing;
   Here see the Bread of Life, see wa-ters flow-ing,

Come to the mer-cy-sect, for-vent-ly know;
Hope of the peac-e-tent, fide-less and pure;
Forth from the throne of God, pure from a-bove;

Here bring your wound-ed hearts, here tell your anguish;
Here speaks the Com-fort-er, ten-der-ly say-ing,
Come to the feast of love, come ev-er know-ing

Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not heal.
"Earth has no sor-row that heaven can-not cure."
Earth has no sor-row but heaven can re-move.

85 COME UNTO ME.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come un-to me when shad-ows dark-ly gath-er;
   Large are the mansions in my Fa-ther's dwell-ing;
   There, like an E-den bloo-ming in glad-ness,

When the sad heart is wea-ry and dis-tressed;
Glad are those homes that sor-rows nev-er dim;
Bloom the fair flow'rs by earth so rude-ly pressed;

Seek-ing for com-fort from your heav'n-ly Fa-ther,
Sweet are the harps in ho-ly mu-sic swell-ing;
Come un-to him all ye who droop in sad-ness,

Come un-to me, and I will give you rest.
Soft are the tones that raise the heav'n-ly hymn.
"Come un-to me, and I will give you rest."
THE GREAT PHYSICIAN.


1. The great Physician now is near, The sympathizing Jesus;
2. Your many sins are all forgiven, O hear the voice of Jesus;
3. All glory to the dy-ing Lamb! I now believe in Jesus;
4. His name dispels my guilt and fear; No other name but Jesus;
5. And when he comes to bring the crown, The crown of life and glory;

He speaks, the drooping heart to cheer; O hear the voice of Jesus!
Go on your way in peace to hear, And wear a crown with Jesus.
I love the bless-ed Sav-iour's name, I love the name of Jesus.
O how my soul delights to hear The precious name of Jesus!
Then by his side we will sit down, And tell re-deem-ing story.

Chorus

Sweetest note in seraph song, Sweetest name on mortal tongue,

Sweetest carol ever sung, Jesus, bless-ed Jesus!

NOTHING BUT THE BLOOD.

R. L. Rev. Robert Lowry

1. What can wash away my sin? Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
2. For my cleansing thus I see—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
3. Nothing can for sin a-tone—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
4. This is all my hope and peace—Nothing but the blood of Jesus;
5. Glo-ry! glo-ry! thus I sing—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

What can make me pure within? Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
For my pardon this my plea—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
Haight of good that I have done—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
This is all my righteousness—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.
All my praise for this I bring—Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Refrain

Oh, precious is the flow That makes me white as snow.
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

Copyright, 1878, by Robert Lowry. Used by permission.
88 WEeping WILL NOT SAVE ME.

1. Weeping will not save me—The m' face were bathed in tears,
2. Working will not save me—Per-fect deeds that I can do,
3. Wait-ing will not save me—Help-les, guilt-y, lest I lie,
4. Faith in Christ will save me—Let me trust thy weep-ing Son,

That could not al- lay my fears, Could not wash the sins of year-
Be-liev'nt thoughts and feelings, too, Can not form my soul a new-
in my ear is mer-cy's cry; If I wait I can but die-
Trust the work that he has done; To his arms, Lord, help me run-

Refrain.

Weeping will not save me.
Working will not save me.
Waiting will not save me.
Faith in Christ will save me.

on the tree; Je-sus waits to make me free: He a-lone can save me.

By permission of R. Lowry.

89 ONLY TRUST HIM.
J. H. Stockton.

1. Come, ev-ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,
2. For Je-sus shed his precious blood Rich blessings to be-stow;
3. Yes, Je-sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest;
4. Come, then, and join this ho-ly band, And on to glo-ry go,

And he will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in his word.
Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That washes white as snow.
Be-lieve in him with-out de-lay, And you are ful-ly blest.
To dwell in that ce-les-tial land, Where joys immor-tal flow.

Chorus.

On-ly trust him, on-ly trust him, On-ly trust him now;

He will save you, he will save you, He will save you now.

Used by permission of John J. Hood.
COMFORT TO THE DREARY.

(AURELIA. 78 & Gs. D.) SAMUEL S. WESLEY.

1. O, Comfort to the dreary! O, Joy to the oppressed!
2. Slav’ed of Romish sorrows, Wea’ed with fruitless pains,
3. Ye who the world have courted, And suffer’d from its spite;
4. O come and make the trial; Christ’s service is release;

"Come unto Me, ye weary, And I will give you rest;"
Why live in doubt and terror? Come, cast away your chains!
Ye who with sin have sported, And felt its serpentine bite;
If hard the self-denial, Its fruit is joy and peace.

"O, come with all your weakness, Come with your load of woe;"
Renounce the superstition By all the world preferred;
Come, learn, your fuller quit,ing That this world’s gain is lose;
His word your faith defending, Shall save you for the strife;

And learn if him with weakness All righteousness to know.
And turn from vain tradition To His redeeming word.
To Christ’s light yoke submitting, Come, and take up the cross.
Peace all your steps attending; The prize—eternal life!

OUTSIDE THE DOOR.

(ST. HILDA. 78 & Gs. D.) JUSTIN HEIN.

1. O Jesus! thou art standing Outside the
2. O Jesus! thou art knocking; And lo! that
3. O Jesus! thou art pleasing In accents

In lowly patience waiting To pass the trial
And thorns thy brow entwined, And tears thy eye.
"I died for you, my children, And will yet

We bear the name of Christians, Thy name and;
O, love that passeth knowledge, So patient;
O Lord, with shame and sorrow We open;

O, shame, thrice shamed upon us! To keep thee
O, sin that hath no equal, So fast to
Dear Saviour, quickly enter, And leave a
WEARY OF EARTH.

Samuel J. Stone (Langran, ed.) James Langran.

A weary heart and laden with my sin, I look to
while I strain would tread the heavily way, Evil is
so, restless will! Thy lonely strife resign I know too
and long to enter in; But there no evil thing may
or with me day by day; Yet on mine ears the gracious
how little strength is mine; Grant me, dear Lord, thy saving
a home: And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."
ings fall, "Re-pent, return, thou shalt be loosed from all."
to see: I strive no more, I give myself to thee.

(Tune, Perseverance, No. 94.)

First empty whom he fills, 2 On as he spent his life and blood,
Eve whom he would raise; Our lovers to retrieve;
as when the latter kills, Mankind's redemption now holds good
thee, in his praise. For sinners who believe.
Applies his healing blood An sick soul,
A powerful, precious, good, Lord, I believe! What'er befall,
sin to make it whole. A thankful heart be mine,
A heart that answers to thy call,—A heart that is wholly thine.
ERSKINE.

HE SPEAKS WITHIN.


1. Go not, my soul, in search of Him, and wilt not find him there.
2. The answer-eth a lone to theo; And God with soul hath kin.
3. O gift of gifts! O grace of grace! That God should con-de-scend

Not in the depth of shadow dim, Nor heights of upper air.
The outward God he find-eth not Who finds not God within.
To make thy heart his dwelling-place And be thy daily Friend!

For not in far-off realms of space The Spirit hath its throne;
And if the vision come to thee Reveal'd by inward sign,
For not in far-off realms of space The Spirit hath its throne;

In ev'ry heart is find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.
Earth will be full of De-i-ty, And with his glo-ry shine.
In ev'ry heart it find-eth place, And waiteth to be known.
HE IS CALLING.

1. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea;  
2. There is welcome for the sinner; And more graces for the good;  
3. There's no place where earthly sorrows Are more felt than up in heav'n;  
4. For the love of God is broader Than the measure of man's mind;  
5. But we make his love too narrow, By false limits of our own;  
6. If our love were but more simple, We should take him at his word.

There's a kindness in his justice, Which is more than liberty.  
There's mercy with the Saviour; There is healing in his blood.  
There's no place where earthly failings Have such kindly judgment given.  
And the heart of the Eternal Is most wonder-fully kind.  
And we magnify his strictness With a zeal he will not own.  
And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

Refrain

He is calling: "Come to me," Lord, I gladly follow thee!

REST IN ME.

1. Sweet the moments, rich in blessing, Which before the cross we spurned.  
2. Truly blessed is this station, Low before his cross to fall.  
3. Here we feel our sins for-giv-en, While upon the Lamb we fall.  
4. While in grateful con-tent-pla-tion, Lord, our eyes are fix'd on thee.

Life and health and peace possessing From the sinner's dyingerti.  
While we see divine compassion Beaming in his gracious eye.  
And our thoughts are all of heaven, And our lips overflow with praise.  
May we taste thy full salva-tion, And, unwailed, thy glories see.

Chorus.

He is calling, "Rest in me!" Lord, I gladly rest in thee.  

Refrain

He is calling; "Come to me," Lord, I gladly follow thee!

96
NOTHING FOR JESUS.

MRS. M. D. JAMES.

1. Crowded is your heart with care, Have you no room for Jesus?
2. Wasting all your precious tears, Have you no work for Jesus?
3. Seeking earth's possessions fair, Have you no time for Jesus?
4. Bear- ing on ly worthless leaves, Have you no fruit for Jesus?

Captured by earth's gilded arrows, Have you no room for Jesus?
Spending these God-given pow'rs, Have you no work for Jesus?
None for gracious seeds to spare, Have you no time for Jesus?
In your hands no precious sheaves, Have you no fruit for Jesus?

Lo! he's standing at your door, Knocking, knocking, o'er and o'er;
Striving not to conquer sin, Seeking not a soul to win,
Worldly pleasures, wealth, and ease, Seeking, grasping toys like these,
Not a grain to store away, Naught your labor to repay,

Hear him pleading ever-more; Have you no room for Jesus?
Bringing not a wand'rer in; Have you no work for Jesus?
Striving only self to please; Have you no time for Jesus?
Not a joy for that great day When you shall meet with Jesus.

Copyright, 1900, by Rev. L. Hartsoough. The Biglow & Main Co., owners.

I AM COMING, LORD.

L. H.

Rev. L. Hartsoough.

1. I hear thy welcome voice, That calls me, Lord, to thee;
2. Thou'com ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as sure;
3. Tis Jesus calls me on To perfect faith and love,
4. All hail, a-ton ing blood! All hail, re deeming grace!

For cleansing in thy precious blood, That flow'd on Calvary.
Thou dost my vileness fully cleanse, Till spotless all, and pure.
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n above.
All hail! the gift of Christ, our Lord, Our Strength and Righteousness.

Chorus.

I am coming, Lord! Com ing now to thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flow'd on Cal-va-ry.
100

FLEE AS A BIRD.

MARY S. B. DANA.

Solo or Quartet.

1. Flee as a bird to your mountain, Thou who art weary of sin;
2. He will protect thee forever, Wipe ev'ry falling tear;

Go to the clear-flowing Fountain, Where you may wash and be clean;
He will forsake thee, oh, never, Sheltered so tenderly there!

Fly, for th' a-ven-ger is near thee, Call, and the Sav- iour will
Haste then, the daylight is fly- ing, Spend not the moments in

bear thee, He on his bos-om will bear thee, O thou who art
sigh-ing, Chase from your sorrow and cry-ing, The Saviour will

wea- ry of sin, O thou who art wea- ry of sin, Wipe ev'-ry tear, Yes, Je-sus will wipe ev'

101

I BRING MY SINS TO THEE.

F. R. HAVEROAL. (6s & 8s.)

T.

1. I bring my sins to Thee, The sins I cannot
2. I bring my grief to Thee, The grief I cannot
3. My heart to thee I bring, The heart I cannot
4. My life I bring to thee, I would not be a

all may cleansed be, In thy once opened Fount, I
words shall needed be, Thou knowest all so well: I
faithless, wand'ring thing, An e- vil heart indeed: I
Sav-iour, let me be Thine, ev'er thine a-lone. M

Sav-iour, all to thee; The bur-den is too
sor-row laid on me, O suf-fering Sav-iour!
Sav-iour, now to thee, That fix'd and faithful
life, my all, I bring To thee, my Sav-iour
102 TAKE ALL MY SIN AWAY.

Would he de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A-mass-ing pity! grace unknown! And love bey-ond degree!
When Christ the mighty Maker died For man, the creature's, sin.
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness, And melt mine eyes to tears.
Here, Lord, I give my-self a-way; 'Tis all that I can do.
And when thou sittest on thy throne, O Lord, re-mem-ber me.

1. O spot-less Lamb! I come to thee, No lon-ger can I from thee stay;
2. Weary I am of in-bred sin, Oh, wilt thou not my soul release?
3. I plunge beneath thy precious blood, My hand in faith takes hold of thee;

Break ev'ry chain, now set me free, Take all my sin a-way.
En-ter and speak me pure within, Give me thy per-fect peace.
Thy prom-is-es just now I claim; Thou art e-nough for me.

D.S.—O spot-less Lamb, I come to thee; Take all my sin a-way.
Chorus.

(Chorus after last stanza only, if preferred.)

Copyright, 1877, by Asa Hull. Re-entered, 1886. Used by permission.

103 WATTS. REMEMBER ME.

D. S. Fill me with thy hallow'd presence, Come, O come and fill me now.
But I need thee, greatly need thee; Come, O come and fill me now.
Blest, divine, e-ter-nal Spir-it, Fill with love, and fill me now.
Thee art con-fort-ing and sav-ing, Thou art sweetly fill-ing now.

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

Cho. Help me, dear Saviour, thee to own, And ever faith-ful be:

Copyright, 1878, by John J. Eed. Used by permission.
105

THY WORK ALONE.

H. Bonar. (HUBERT. S. M. dJ) F. E. Belden.

1. Not what these hands have done, can save this guilty soul;
2. Not what I feel or do, can give me peace with God;
3. No other work save thine, no meaner blood will do;

Not what this toiling flesh has borne, can make my spirit whole.
Not all my prayers, or sighs, or tears, can ease my awful load.
No strength, save that which is divine, can bear me safely through.

Thy work alone, my Lord, can ease this weight of sin;
Thy love to me, O God, Not mine, O Lord, to thee,
I praise the God of grace, I trust his love and might.

Thy blood alone, O Lamb of God, can give me peace within.
O rid me of this dark unrest, And set my spirit free.
He calls me his, I call him mine; My God, my joy, my light.

106

CLEANSED.

1 Cast out the buyers, Lord,
The sellers bid depart:
Cleanse me from carnal thought and word,
And purify my heart.
A temple would I be,
Meet for the royal Son:
Ye money-changers, fear and flee
Before the Suffering One.

2 The love of self o'erthrew;
The love of God bring in,
That ministers to all below,
God's remedy for sin.
Rise up! thou Living Word,
Thine arm of strength may bare,
That sought in me henceforth be heard
But voice of praise and prayer.

3 When thus this robber's home
Becomes a house of prayer,
Be Thou with all thy power come,
And dwell forever there,—
The hopeless ones to cheer,
And broken hearts made whole;
In me do thou alone appear
To every sick soul.

F. E. B.

108

COMING.

1 He's coming once again
To set his people free,
That where he is, in glory,
His saints may abide:
Then lift the drooping
Look up, rejoice a
He comes in majesty and
Salvation's glorious

2 The earth shall quake;
The heavens shall darken;
And where shall guilty
In that tremendous
No refuge then is nigh,
No shelter from the
The night of vengeance
When mercy's day

3 His eyes of living flame
The wicked shall see;
No tongue will lightly say
Of Jesus in that
No scorn, no words of
For his mock foll's
But prayers and tears too late,
With wrath esti

107

BORN AGAIN.

1 How solemn are the words,
And yet to faith how plain,
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—
"Ye must be born again!"
"Ye must be born again!"
For as hath God decreed;
No reformation will suffice—
'Tis life your masters need.

2 "Ye must be born again!
And life in Christ is
In vain the soul may strive
'Tis He alone can
"Ye must be born again!
Or never enter heaven
'Tis only blood-washed
there——
The ransomed and I

3 His eyes of living flame
The wicked shall see;
No tongue will lightly say
Of Jesus in that
No scorn, no words of
For his mock foll's
But prayers and tears too late,
With wrath esti
110 ON JESUS.

1 I lay my sins on Jesus,
   The spotless Lamb of God;
   He bears them all, and rests us
   From the accursed load.
   I lay my wants on Jesus,
   All fulness dwells in him;
   He heals my diseases,
   He doth my soul redeem.

2 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
   My burdens and my cares;
   He from them all releases,
   He all my sorrow shares.
   I long to be like Jesus,
   Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
   I long to be like Jesus,
   The Father's holy child.

3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
   I hope to see thee soon,
   Encircled with the rainbow,
   And seated on thy throne.
   There, with thy blood-bought children,
   My joy shall ever be
   To sing thy ceaseless praise,
   To gaze, my Lord, on thee!

   FREDERICK WHITEFIELD.

111 I NEED THEE.

1 I need thee, precious Jesus,
   For I am very poor;
   A stranger and a pilgrim,
   I have no earthly home.
   I need the love of Jesus
   To cheer me on my way,
   To guide my doubting footsteps,
   To be my strength and stay.

2 I need the heart of Jesus
   To feel each anxious care,
   To tell my every trial,
   And all my sorrows share.
   I need the Holy Spirit
   To teach me what I am,
   To show me more of Jesus,
   To point me to the Lamb.

3 In living faith accept him,
   Give up all else beside;
   While grace is loudly calling,
   Look to the Crucified.
   Return, return ye captives,
   Return unto your home;
   The gospel trump is sounding,
   The Lamb is come.
113. E. A. NOTHING BUT LEAVES. S. J. VAIL.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Saviour grieves Over years of wasted life;
2. Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves Of life’s fair ripening grain;
3. Nothing but leaves! Sad memories woven No vail to hide the past;
4. Ah, who shall then The Master meet, And bring but withered leaves?

Give your heart to him to-day, When Jesus is near.
Peace and pardon now receive, When Jesus is near.
Do not long or stay away, When Jesus is near.

D. S. — Heaven is not far away, When Jesus is near.

115. THOU ART THE WAY. ANON. (BLISS. C. M.) F. E. Belden.

1. Thou art the Way, to thee alone, From sin and death we flee
2. Thou art the Truth; thy word alone, True wisdom can impart
3. Thou art the Life; the redeeming tomb Proclaims thy conqu’ring arm
4. Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life; Grant us that way to know

Place your trust in this dear Friend, He will keep you to the end
He will not your prayer refuse, Come and now the Saviour choses
Cast your burdens on the Lord, He has promised in his word

114. HEAVEN IS NOT FAR AWAY. C. E. L. C. E. Leslie, by per.

1. Heaven is not far away, When Jesus is near;
2. Will you not repent, believe, When Jesus is near?
3. Are you coming home to-day, When Jesus is near?

And he who would the Father seek, Must seek him, Lord, by the
Thou only canst in-form the mind, And purify the heart
And those who put their trust in thee, Nor death nor hell shall ham
That truth to keep, that life to win, Whose joys eternal flow
116 BAPTIZE US ANEW.
W. A. O. Ogden, by per.

1. Baptize us anew With pow'r from on high, With love, O re-
   2. Un-worthy we cry, Un-bo-ly, unclean, O wash us and
   3. O heav-en-ly dove, Descend from on high! We plead thy rich
   4. O list the glad voice! From heaven it came: Thou art my be-

Chorus.

fresh us! Dear Sav-ior, draw nigh. We humbly beseech thee, Lord
bless us! From sin's guilty stain.

(Jefferson.)

Je-sus, we pray, What love and the Spirit baptizes us to-day.
Lamb that was slain, We laud and adore thee, Amen and Amen.

117 WRITE THY LAW.
ISAAC WATTS. (LITCHFIELD. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. O that the Lord would guide my way To keep his statutes still!
2. O send thy Spir-it down to write Thy law up-on my heart,
3. From van-i-ty turn off my eyes, Let no corrupt de-sign
4. Or - der my footsteps by thy word, And make my heart sincere;

118 THE LAST CALL OF MERCY.
ANON.

(SOLO OR QUARTET.) Irish Air, arr.

1. The last call of mercy now lin-gers for thee;
   O sin-ner, re-ceive it; to Je-sus now flee!
2. O slight not the warning now of-fered at last,
   Till sum-mer is end-ed and har - vest is past;
3. While Je-sus is call-ing, O turn not a-way;
   For swift - ly approaches the dread Judg - ment day:

D.C.

1. His offered sal - va- tion and love are a - bused.
2. And pardon, sweet pardon is offered no more.
3. Come now to life's waters, ye thirsty ones, come.

He of-ten has called thee, but thou hast re-fused;
Till mercy, long slighted, has left thy heart's door,
The Spir-it in-vites you, O why will you roam?
119 FOR OTHERS' GUILT.
W. B. TAPPAN. (OLIVE'S BROW, L. M.) BRADBURY.

1. 'Tis midnight; and on 01-ives' brow The star is dimmed that lately shone:
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed, The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
3. 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt The Man of sorrows weeps in blood;
4. 'Tis midnight; and from other plains Is borne the song that angels knew;

'Tis midnight; in the gar- den now The suf-fering Saviour pray- a - lone.
For the din-ci-ples whom he loved Flee'd not his Master's grief and tear.
Yet he who hath in an - guish knelt, Is not for-sak-en by his God.
Unheard by mortals are the strains That sweetly soothes the Saviour's woe.

120 THAT DREADFUL DAY.
WALTER SCOTT. (OLDEN. L. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. The day of wrath, that dreadful day, When heav'n and earth shall pass away!
2. When shri'ning like a parch-ed scroll, The flaming hear'ns together roll,
3. On that great day, that wrathful day, When man to Judgment wakes from clay,

What pew'r shall be the sinner's stay? How shall he meet that dreadful day?
And louder yet, and yet more dread, ecommerce the trump that wakes the dead,
So Amon, O Christ, thy people's stay, The' hear'n and earth shall pass away.

121 ALL HAVE GONE ASTRAY.
JOSIAH PRATT. (BACA. L. M.) W. B. BR.

1. We all, 0 Lord, have gone astray, And wandered from thy heath' nly wa
2. In pen-i-ten-tial grief we sigh, And lift to thee our humble cr
3. Hear us, great Shepherd of thy sheep! Our wand'ring heel, our feet

Doth our feet have trod, Far from the paths of thee, our God, Far from the
op'o, we turn to Him Who died to save us from our sin, Who died to m
shall'ring fold again, Nor shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain, Nor shall

122 SHALL OUR CHEEKS BE DR
BEDDOME, ARR. (CONTRITION. S. M.) EDWIN

1. Did Christ o'er sin-ners weep? And shall our cheeks
2. The Son of God in tears, The wond'ring ang-
3. He wept; shall we not weep? He died; shall we

Let floods of pen-i-ten-tial grief Burst forth from ev
Be thou astonished, O my soul! He shed those tears.
He rose; shall we not rise from sleep, To reign with h
123 NOT BLOOD OF BEASTS.
ISAAC WATTS. (BOYLSTON. S. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al-tars slay,
2. But Christ, the heav’nly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way;
3. My faith would lay her hand On that dear head of thine,

Could give the guilt-y con-science peace, Or wash a-way the stain.
A sac-rific-e of nobler name And richer blood than they.
While I like a pen-itent I stand, And there confess my sin.

125 DEPTHS OF MERCY.
C. WESLEY. (ALETTA. 78.) WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still reserved for me?
2. I have long with stood his grace, Long provoked him to his face,
3. There for me the Saviour stands, Shows his wounds and spreads his hands;

Can my God his wrath forbear? Me, the chief of sin-ners, spare?
Would not hearken to his calls, Grieves him by a thousand falls.
God is love! I know, I feel; Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

124 WHERE SHALL REST BE FOUND?
J. MONTGOMERY. (SHAWMUT. S. M.) L. MASON, SRT.

1. O where shall rest be found—Best for the wea-ry soul?
2. Be-yond this vale of tears There is a life a-bove,
3. Thro’ Christ, the Life, the Way, May we that life ob-tain;

T were vain the ocean’s depths to sound, Or pierce to ei-ther pole.
Un-measured by the flight of years; And all that life is love.
And thro’ the mer-its of his blood, That endless glo-ry gain.

126 COME, MY SOUL.
JOHN NEWTON. (SEYMOUR. 78.) C. M. VON WEBER.

1. Ome, my soul, thy suit pre-pare! Je-sus loves to an-swer pray’r;
2. With my bur-dens I be-gin; Lord, remove this load of sin;
3. Lord, I come to thee for rest, Take pos-ses-sion of my breast;

He him-self has bid thee pray. Therefore will not say thee nay.
Let thy blood, for sin-ners split, Set my con-science free from guilt.
There, thy so-ver-eign right main-tain, And without a ri-val reign.
127 COME, GRACIOUS SPIRIT.
SIMON BROWNE. (WARE. L. M.) KINGSLEY.

1. Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove, With light and comfort from above;
2. To us the light of truth display, And make us know and choose thy way;
3. Lead us to holy Jesus, the road That we must take to dwell with God;
4. Lead us to God, our eternal rest, To be with him forever blest;

Be thou our Guardian, be our Guide; O'er all our thoughts and steps direct.
Plant holy fear in every heart, That we from God may never depart.
Lead us to Christ, the living way, Nor let us from his precepts stray,
Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—Psalms of joy forever there!

128 COME TO THE LIVING WATERS.
ANON. (HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M.) BRADBURY.

1. Come to the living waters, come! O be thy Maker's call; Return, ye
2. Nothing ye in exchange shall give; Leave all you have behind; Freely the
3. I bid you all my goodness prove; My promises are true; Come, taste the

...merry wand'rer, home; My grace is free for all, My grace is free for all.
...rise of God-red-cord, And peace in Je-sus find, And peace in Je-sus find.
...name of my love. De-light your souls in me, De-light your souls in me.

129 O FOR THAT FLAME!
WM. H. BATHURST. (MENDON. L. M.) GE.

1. O for that flame of living fire Which shines so bright in saint;
2. Where is that spirit, Lord, which dwelt in Abraham's breast, and sealed
3. Is not thy grace as mighty now As when E-li-jah felt
4. Remember, Lord, the ancient days; Renew thy work, thy grace

Which bade their souls to heaven aspire, Calm in distress, in danger
Which made Paul's heart with sorrow melt, And glow with en-er-gy
When glory beam'd from Moses' brow, Or Job endured the try-in
And while to thee our hearts we raise, On us thy Ho-ly Spi-

130 RETURN, O WANDERER!
WM. B. COLLYER. (BALERMA. C. M.) ARR. R. SIM.

1. Re-turn, 0 wan-der-er, re-turn, And seek thy Fa-
2. Re-turn, 0 wan-der-er, re-turn; Thy Sav-iour bids
3. Re-turn, 0 wan-der-er, re-turn, And wipe the salt-

Those now desire which in thee burn, Lord, kin-gly by his
Come to his cross, and, grateful, learn How free-ly he'll
True Ye-sus calls—no long-er mourn: 'Tis love in-va-

www.4tons.com.br
A CLOSER WALK.

Cowper. (Manoah. C. M.) Haydn.

1. O, for a closer walk with God! A calm and heavy frame,
   Return, O holy Dove! return—Sweet Messenger of rest;
   What peaceful hours I once enjoyed! How sweet their memory still!
   The dearest idol I have known; Whatever that idol be,

A light to shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb.
I hate the sins that made thee near, And drew thee from my breast.
But they have left an aching void The world can never fill.
Help me to tear it from thy throne, And worship only thee.

132 COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

Joseph Hart. (St. Thomas. S. M.) Handel.

1. Come, Holy Spirit, come, Let thy bright beams arise,
   Convince us all of sin, Then lead to Jesus’ blood,
   This thine to cleanse the heart, To sanctify the soul,

Dispel the sorrow from our minds, The darkness from our eyes.
And to our wondering view reveal The mercies of our God.
To pour fresh life in every part, And new-create the whole.

FROM DAY TO DAY.

B. Cleveland. (Naomi. C. M.) Nabholz.

1. O, could I find, from day to day, A nearness to my God,
   Lord, I desire with thee to live Anew from day to day,
   Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart, And make me wholly thine,

Then would my hours glide sweet away, While leaning on his word.
In joys the world can never give, Nor ever take away.
That I may nevermore depart, Nor grieve thy love divine.

134 LIGHT DIVINE.

Andrew Reed. (Mercy. 76.) Gottschalk.

1. Ho-ly Spirit, light divine, Shine upon this heart of mine,
   Ho-ly Spirit, pow’r divine, Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
   Ho-ly Spirit, all divine, Dwell within this heart of mine.

Chase the shades of night away, Turn my darkness in-to-day.
Long has sin, without con-trol, Held dominion o’er my soul.
Cast down ev’ry idol-throne, Reign supreme, and reign alone.
135 JESUS CALLS US.
C. F. ALEXANDER. (TRUST. 68 & 70.) MENDELSON.

1. Jesus calls us o'er the to-mor of our life's wild, rest-less sea;
2. Jesus calls us from the wor-ship of the vain world's golden store;
3. In our joys and in our sor-rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. Jesus calls us by week-head, Mon-sun, now we heed thy call.

Day by day his sweet voice soundeth, Saying, "Christian, fol-low me!"
From each i- del that would keep us, Saying, "Christian, love me more!"
Still he calls, in care and pleasures, "Christian, love me more than these!"
Give our hearts to thy o- be-dience, Serve and love thee best of all!

136 PARTING WITH SELF.
B. BEDDOME. (AVON. C. M.) HUGH WILSON.

1. And must I part with all of self, My dear-est Lord, for thee?
2. Yes, let it go; one look from thee Will more than make amends
3. Ten thousand worlds, ten thousand lives, How worthlesse they appear

It is but right since thou hast done Much more than this for me.
For all the love of lands or riches, friends,
Compared with thee, supremely good, Divine-ly bright and fair!

137 ONE ABOVE ALL OTHERS.
J. NEWTON. (TALMAR. 68 & 70.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. One there is a-love all oth-ers, Well de-serves the name of Friend;
2. Which of all our friends, to save us, Could or would have shed his blood?
3. O, for grace our hearts to soft-en! Teach us, Lord, to truly love;

His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, rare, and known no end.
But our Je-sus died for us Re-ceived in him to God.
We, a - men! for-get too oft - en What a Friend we have a - bove.

138 O FOR A HEART TO PRAISE!
C. WESLEY. (CADDY. C. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. O for a heart to praise my God! A heart from sin set free!
2. A heart in ev'ry thought renewed, And filled with love divine!
3. Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart, Come quickly from above,

A heart that's sprinkled with the blood So freely shed for me!
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good, A cup - y, Lord, of thine!
Write thy new name upon my heart Thy new, best name of love.
143  I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.
CHARLES WESLEY. (SELENA. L. M. 6L.) I. B. WOODSURY.

1. Come, O thou Trav- el-er un-known, Whom still I hold, but can not see;
My soul is sun-ken, and I give no peace;
I used not tell thee who I am; My sin and mis-er-y de-cry;
Thy-self hast called me by my name, Look on thy hands, and read it there;
In vain thou strug-gless to get free; I nev-er will un-loose my hold;
Art thou the Man that died for me? Thou-o-cret of thy love un-fold;

With thee all night I mean to stay, And wrestle till the break of day.
But who, I ask thee, who art thou? Tell me thy name, and tell me now.
Wrestling, I will not let thee go, Till I thy name, thy na-ture know.

144  BROAD IS THE ROAD.
ISAAC WATTS. (MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.) H. C. ZEUER.

1. Broad is the road that leads to death, And thousands walk to-geth-er there;
2. Do thy thy-self, and take thy cross, Is thy Redeemer’s great com-mand;
3. The fearful soul that tires and faints, Andwalks the ways of God no more;

But wisdom shows a nar-row path, With beryl and there a trav- el-er.
Nature must count her gold but dress, If she would gain that heav’nly land.
Is and un-told U-ti-lize a main, And makes his own destruc-tion sure.

145  THE WONDROUS CROSS.
ISAAC WATTS. (MC Cabe. L. M.) E. S. WIDDENER.

1. When I saw the won-drous cross On which the prince of glo-ry died,
2. See, from his head, his hands, his feet, Sorrows and love now mingled down;
3. Since I, who was un-done and lost, Have pardon thro’ his name and word;
4. Where the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were a trib-ute far too small;

My rich-est gain I count but loss, And proud contempt on all my pride.
Did o’er such love and sor-row need? Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
For bid it, then, that I should boast, Save in the cross of Christ, my Lord.
Love so a-max-ing, so di-vine, Demands my life, my soul, my all.

146  TO-DAY THE SAVIOUR CALLS.
S. SMITH. (TO-DAY. 6L. 4L.) L. MASON.

1. To-day the Saviour calls; To wand’rer, come; O ye be-night-ed
2. To-day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear him now; With-in these sa-cred
3. To-day the Saviour calls; For refuge fly; The storm of jus-tice
4. The Spirit calls to-day;

soul, Why lon-gers room? Yield to his pow’r;
walks To Je-sus bow.
falls, And death in sight. Oh, give him who gave,
The Saviour’s bow.
147  COME TO ME.
     C. ELLIOTT. (WARD. L. M.) ART. by L. MASON.
     1. With tearful eyes I look a- round; Life seems a dark and storm-y sea,
     2. It tells me of a place of rest; It tells me where my soul may flee:
     3. "Come, for all else must fail and die! Earth is no rest-ing-place for thee;
     4. O voice of mer-cy! voice of love! In con-flict, grief, and ag- o- ny,

Yet, mid the gloom, I hear a sound, A heaven-ly whisper, "Come to me."
0, to the wan-ry, faint, oppressed, How sweet the bidding, "Come to me.
To heav'n's di-rec-tion weep-ing eye, I am thy por-tion; come to me." Support me, cheer me from a-bove! And gen-ty whisper, "Come to me."

149  WHILE LIFE PROLONGS.
     T. DWIGHT, D. D. (WINDHAM. L. M.) DANIEL READ.
     1. While life pro-long-s its pro-ces-sion light, Mer-cy is found and peace is giv'n:
     2. Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing, Shall death com-mand you to the grave;
     3. How God in-pires; how blest the day! How sweet the gospel's charm-ing sound!

But soon, oh, soon, ap-proach-ing night Shall blot out ev'-ry hope of heav'n.
Be-fore His bar your spir-it's bring, And none be found to bear or save.
Come, sin-ners, haste, O, haste a-way, While yet a pard'ning God is found.

148  GIVE THY YOUTH TO GOD.
     H. BOWEN. (DENNIS. S. M.) JOHN G. NAGIEL.
     1. Give, thou, thy youth to God, With all its bad-ding love;
     2. He seeks thy heart, my child; He wants to make thee blest;
     3. Take, thou, the side of God, In all things great or small,

Send up thy op-ning heart to him, Fix it on things a-bove.
Thy soul with his own joy to fill, To give thee peace and rest.
So shall he ev-er take thy side, And bear thee safe thro' all.

150  ALL THINGS ARE READY.
     A. MIDLANE. (GOLDEN HILL. S. M.) A. CHAPIN.
     1. "All things are read-y," come! Come to the sup-er-spread;
     2. "All things are read-y," come! The in-vitation's giv'n;
     3. "All things are read-y," come! The door is o-pen wide;
     4. "All things are read-y," come! To-mor-row may not be;

Come, rich and poor, come, old and young; Come, and be rich-ly fed.
Thru' Him who now in glo-ry sits At God's right hand in heav'n.
O feast up - on the love of God; For Christ, his Son, has died.
0 sin - ner, come! the Favour waits This hour to wel-come thee.
151 ON TRIFLING CARES.
P. Doddridge. (WELTON. L. M.) C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Why do we waste on trifling cares That life which God's compassion spares,
2. Shall God invite us from above? Shall Jesus urge his dying love?
3. Not so our eyes will always view These objects which we now pursue;
4. Al-might-y God, thy grace impart; Fix deep conviction on each heart;

While in the various range of thought, The one thing needful is forgot?
Shall troubled conscience give us pain? And all these pleas unite in vain?
Not so will bear's and hell appear, When death's decisive hour is near.
Nor let us waste on trifling cares That life which thy compassion spares.

152 CROSS AND CROWN.
T. Shepherd. (MAITLAND. C. M.)

1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a- lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-so-dated cross I'll bear, Till He shall set me free;
3. Up- on the crys-tal pavement, Down At Je-sus' pier-ced feet,

No, there's a cross for ev'ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And his dear name re-pent.

153 I DO BELIEVE.
CHARLES WESLEY. (C. M.)

1. Fa- ther, I stretch my hands to thee; No oth-er
2. On thy dear Son I now believe, O let me
3. An-thor of faith! to thee I lift My wea-ry

Cho.- I do believe, I now believe That Je-sus
If thou withdraw thyself from me, Ah, whither
And all my va-ried wants re-lieve, In this ac-
0 let me now re-cieve that gift; My soul with

And that he shed his precious blood From sin t

154 CONFORMED TO THEI
C. WESLEY. (HOLLEY. 77.)

1. When, my Sav-iour, shall I be Per-fect-ly con
2. On-ly thee content to know, Ig-no-rant of
3. Ful-ly in my life express All the hights

Poor and vile in my own eyes, On-ly in thy
On-ly guid-ed by thy light, On-ly might-y
Sweet-ly let my spir-it prove All the depths o
PART II.
Consecration and Praise.

GOD SHALL BE FIRST.
(LOWRY. L. M.)

(Dedicated to my Redeemer, with the prayer that it may lead thousands to join His Morning Band, consisting of those who cheerfully devote at least the first and the last half hour of every day to the study of His word and to secret prayer, thus being strengthened for continual service; remembering that His work can be done only in His strength whose words are "spirit and life.")

F. E. Belden.

1. God shall be first in everything; No other gods before him;
2. First when with rosy morn I wake,—His pow'r mine eyes unsealing;
3. First when the crowding cares of day impatient press upon me;
4. First when I leave mortality, The glad new song uprising;

Conclude last stanza with the Doxology.

Creator and Redeemer King, 'Tis pleasure to adore him.
First when his bounteous gifts I take,—His Father-love revealing.
First when the gentle twilight ray With peaceful calm falls on me.
First all Eternity, where we Shall dwell who here are prais ing.

Permission to republish this hymn and tune, without alteration, is hereby freely granted to all, upon condition that the dedication note be printed therewith, as above, and these words below,—From "CHRIST IN SONG." Used by permission of the author.
BLESSED ASSURANCE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the lilies." — Cant. 3:16.

F. J. CROSBY.

1. Blessed assurance, Jesus is mine! O, what a foretaste of glory divine! Heir of salvation, purchase of God, Born of his Spirit, wash'd in his blood.

2. Perfect submission, perfect delight, Visions of rapture now burst on my sight. Angels o'er me, singing above, Echoes of mercy, whispers of love. This is my story, this is my song.

3. Perfect submission, all is at rest, I in my Saviour am happy and blest, Watching looking above, Filled with his goodness, lost in his love.

Saviour all the day long; This is my story, this is my song, Praising my Saviour all.

Copyright, 1873, by Joseph F. Knapp.
I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1st stanza; others
arr. from SAMUEL MEDLEY.

Job. 19:25; 2 Tim. 1:12.

F. E. BELDEN.

Duet, or All Soprano and Tenor Voices.

1. "I know that my Redeemer lives," And ever prays for me; A token of his love he gives, A

2. He lives all glorious in the sky, He lives who once was dead; He lives exalted there on high, My

3. He lives, triumphant o'er the grave, And while he lives I'll sing; He lives eternally to save, My

4. He lives, my mansion to prepare, My Jesus, still the same; He lives to bring me safely there, All

CHORUS.

pledge of liberty.
everlasting Head.
Prophet, Priest and King.
glory to his name.

For I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded

that he is able To keep what I have committed unto him against that day.

Music copyright, 1896, by F. E. Belden.
FATHER, WE COME TO THEE.

F. E. Belden.

"Behold we come unto thee: for thou art the Lord our God."—Jer. 3:28.

W. J. Bos

1. Fath-er, we come to thee, No oth-er help have we, Thou wilt our ref-uge be, On thee we
Earth is but dark and drear With-out thy presence near; Be thou our com-fort here, Father o
Fear-ful are we and weak, To us sweet courage speak; Thy mighty arm we seek For streng-th
O guide us we im-plore, Till wea-ry life is o'er, And on a brighter shore We dwell wi

2. Save from our man-y foes, Save from our earth-ly woes, Be thou our soul's re-pose In time of

3. Give us thy grace div-ine, Seal us for-ev-er thine, Our way-ward feet incline From sin to

CHORUS

Father, we come to thee, Turn not a-way; Help-less we come to thee, Hear while
169

ONLY THEE.

"For what shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"

Corin F. Davis. Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"—Mark 8:36, 37. Dr. W. O. Perkins.

1. Have I need of aught, O Saviour! Aught on earth but thee? Have I any in the
   heavens, Any one but thee?

2. Tho' I have of friends so many, Love, and gold, and health; If I have not thee, my
   Saviour, Hold I any wealth? Only thee, only thee, O the
   read-y, Answer-ing my call?

3. Is there heart so kind and patient With my failings all? Or a voice so true and
   equal All thou art to me. Only thee, only thee,

4. Not for worlds would I exchange it—This sweet faith in thee! Earthly treasures cannot
   wondrous love shown me! Only thee, only thee, None on earth but thee.

Chorus.

Copyright 1901, by J. L. Weitz. Used by permission.
FRESH FROM THE THRONE OF GLORY.

1. Fresh from the throne of glory, Bright in its crystal gleam, Bursts out the living Fountain,
2. Stream full of life and gladness, Spring of all health and peace, No harps by thee hang silent,
3. River of God, I greet thee, Now not afar, but near; My soul to thee still waiting

REFRAIN.

Swell on the living Stream.
Nor happy voices cease.
Hasten in its thirst-ings here.

4. Jesus, the healing Fountain,
Fresh from the throne above
Thou art the living water,
Thou art the stream of love.
WASHED WHITE AS SNOW.

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa. 1:18.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led; In the
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin; With his
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live; What a
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave, I will

CHORUS.

precious blood my Saviour shed He washed me white as snow.
own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow. O my joyful song hence-
calm, sweet peace did I receive!—He washed me white as snow.
sing beyond death's chilling wave, "He washed me white as snow."

forth shall be, " 'Tis the blood of Jesus cleanseth me, Cleanseth, cleanseth, O, yes, it cleanseth me."

By permission John J. Hood.
WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.

FRANCES J. OWENS. "Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast."—Heb. 6: 9. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your anchor hold in the storm of life, When the clouds unfold their wings of strife?
2. If 'tis safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the Saviour's hand;
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of Fear, When the breakers tell that the reef is near;
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our latest breath;
5. When our eyes behold, in the dawning light, Shining gates of pearl, our harbor bright,

When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain, Will your anchor drift, or firm remain?
And the cables, pass'd from his heart to thine, Can defy the blast, thro' strength divine.
Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
On the rising tide it can never fail, While our hopes abide within the veil.
We shall anchor fast to the heav'n-ly shore, With the storms all past forevermore.

REFRAIN.

We have an anchor that keeps the soul Stead-fast and sure while the billows roll;

Copyright, 1882, by W. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by permission.
WE HAVE AN ANCHOR.—CONCLUDED.

Fastened to the Rock which cannot move, Grounded firm and deep in the Saviour's love.

173

HALLELUJAH TO JESUS.


1. Halle-lu-jahs to Jesus! Halle-lu-jahs for-ev-er! His wondrous sal-va-tion our tongues shall declare.
2. Strike the cymbals of gladness, Hush the lone harps of sadness; He lives who redeemed us from death's awful gloom.
3. With the angels unit-ing, In his praises de-light-ing, Both here and in heav'n shall our joy-an-them ring.

Sound the life in-vi-ta-tion, Call the glad cor-o-nation; The Lord of cre-a-tion the crown shall wear.
Tell the wonderful sto-ry, From the manger to glo-ry; All hail to King Je-sus who burst the tomb!
For his love ev-er ver-nal, For his mer-cy et-ernal, Let glo-ry su-per-nal crown Jesus King.
SUNSHINE IN THE SOUL.

"Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing."—Rom. 15:13.

JNO. R. SWENEN

E. E. Hewitt.

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glorious and bright Than glows in any eye.
2. There's music in my soul to-day, A carol to my King, And, Jesus listen in.
3. There's spring-time in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near, The dove of peace sings.
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For blessings which he g

CHORUS.

For Jesus is my light.
The songs I cannot sing. O there's sunshine, blessed sunshine, When sunshine in the soul, blessed sunshine in the soul.
The flow'rs of grace appear.
For joys laid up above.

Happy moments roll;
When Jesus shows his smiling face. There is sunshine.
SAVED TO THE UTTERMOST.

WJF. "He is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him."—Heb. 7:25. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

Gives me his Spirit, a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
Trust'ing his promises, now I am blest; Lean'ing upon him, how sweet is my rest.
 Beau'tiful visions of glory I see, Jesus in brightness reveal'd unto me.
Ransomed and pardoned, redeemed by his blood, Cleans'd from unrighteousness; glory to God!

REFRAIN.

1 Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the uttermost, Sav'd, sav'd by power divine;
2 Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the uttermost; Jesus, the Saviour, is mine!
MUSIC IN MY SOUL.

"Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom, though now ye see him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory."—1 Peter 1:8.

F. E. B. Beldam

1. My heart's a tuneful harp when Christ abides within, There's music in the name of Jesus.
2. How cheering is the voice of heav'nly melody! How different is the world's complaint.
3. When we are dead to Self, then are we dead to sin; "An undivided heart," says Jesus.
4. Don't bind the giant down, nor lay him on the shelf, Nor leave him dead on Sini's mountain.
5. Then Love begins her life of work, and song, and prayer, With not a moment lost in sighing.

But Satan always strikes the chords of doubt and sin; I love the gentle touch of Jesus.
And we may make the choice of what this life shall be, With promise of the life remaining.
Till then the Prince of Peace cannot abide within, With Self there is no room for Jesus.
There's only one sure way to rid the heart of Self,—A burial deep in Calvary's fountain.
To save a dying world, is all her thought and care, For love is more than self-de-nying.

O there's music, sweetest music, There's music in the name of Jesus.
O there's music in my soul, sweetest music in my soul.
MUSIC IN MY SOUL.—CONCLUDED.

O there's mu - sic, heav'n-ly mu - sic, With Je - sus in my soul.
O there's mu - sic ev -'ry day, heav'n-ly mu - sic all the way.

SINGING ALL THE TIME.

From "Heart Hymns." "Every day will I bless thee."—Ps. 145:2.

1. I feel like sing-ing all the time, My tears are wiped a-way; For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine; Fast fell the burn-ing tears; but now I'm
3. When fierce tem-ptsations try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine; And tho' the tears at times may start, I'm
4. The wondrous sto-ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine; Till oth - ers with the glad new song, Go

CHORUS.

serve him ev'-ry day.
sing - ing all the time. I'm sing-ing, sing-ing, Singing all the time; Singing, sing-ing, sing-ing all the time.
sing - ing all the time.
sing - ing all the time.

Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell. Used by permission.
THERE'S NO OTHER NAME LIKE JESUS.

"For there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved."—Acts 4:12.

F. E. B.

1. There's no oth-er name like Je-sus, 'Tis the deart-est name we know, 'Tis the an-gels' joy in
2. There's no oth-er name like Je-sus When the heart with grief is sad, There's no oth-er name like
3. 'Tis the hope that I shall see him, When in glo-ry he ap-pear-s, 'Tis the hope to hear his
4. If he wills that I should la-bor In his vine-yard day by day, Then 'tis well if on-ly
5. If he wills that death's cold fin-ger Touch my fee-ble, mor-tal clay, Then 'tis well if on-ly

heav-en, 'Tis the Christ-ian's joy be-low.
Je-sus When the heart is free and glad. Sweet name, dear name, There's no
wel-come, That my faint-ing spir-it chiefs.
Je-sus Bless-es all I do or say. Sweet name, dear name,
Je-sus Is my dy-ing trust and stay.

other name like Je-sus; Sweet name, dear name, There's no oth-er name like Je-sus.
Sweet name, dear name,
179

PRECIOUS NAME.

W. H. DOANE.

Mrs. Lydia Baxter.

"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 Pet. 2:7.

Take the name of Jesus with you, Child of sorrow and of woe; It will joy and comfort
Take the name of Jesus ever, As a shield from every snare; If temptations 'round you
O the precious name of Jesus! How it thrills our souls with joy, When his loving arms re-
At the name of Jesus bowing, Fall ing prostrate at his feet, King of kings in heav'n we'll

REFRAIN.

give you, Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
gather, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r. Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of
crime us, And his songs our tongues employ!
crown him, When our jour-ney is com-plete. Precious name, O how sweet!

Copyright, 1899, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.
NOT MY OWN.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.  "Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor. 6: 19, 20.  F. E. Belden.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con- se- cra- ted, Lord, to thee; Take my hands, and let them move
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau- ti- ful for thee; Take my voice, and let me sing
3. Take my lips, and let them be Fill'd with mes- sa- ges from thee; Take my sil- ver and my gold,
4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end- less praise; Take my in- tel- lect, and use
5. Take my love, my God, I pour At thy feet, its treas- ure store; Take my- self, and I will be

CHORUS.

At the im- pulse of thy love. Not my own, not my own, Thine am I, thine a-
Al- ways, on- ly, for my King.
Not a mite would I with- hold.
Ev- ry pow' r as thou shalt choose.
Eve- r, on- ly, all for thee.

Not my own, not my own, Thine am I,

Copyright, 1908, by F. E. Belden.
MY SONG.

F. E. Belden.

"The Lord is my strength and song."—Ps. 118:14.

D. S. Harris.

1. O Jesus my Redeemer, Thou art my joy and song, My Saviour and my
   solace When griefs around me throng.

2. Thou art my hope and comfort, Thro' all the weary years, When shadows dark sur-
   round me, When fall the bitter tears.

3. I trust in thee, my Saviour, My faithful friend and guide, For thou to me art
dearer Than all on earth beside. O Jesus my Redeemer, My
   rejoicing The heav'nly gates within.

4. Thou art my soul's rejoicing While in this world of sin, Thou shalt be my re-
   song shall be of thee; No other friend so constant, No friend so dear to me.

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.
(I will sing) of Jesus' love, Sing of him (sing of him) who first
had dim'd mine eyes, Jesus' tears for me
ths of love divine! Earth or heav'n can nev-
for him I've done; How could he such love

REFRAIN.

bright worlds above, And died on Cal-va-ry. I will s'
faint prayer could rise, He had prayed in tones of woe.
as dark as mine Can be made as white as snow.
my heart is won; Help me now my love to show.
CROWN HIM.

"Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power to the Lamb for ever and ever."—Rev. 5:13.

ROBERT LOWEY.

1. Come, children, hail the Prince of Peace, Obey the Saviour's call; Come, seek his face and taste his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

2. Ye lambs of Christ, your tribute bring, Ye children great and small; Hosanna sing to In the dewy time of youth, let us come, Be- fore the brown leaves fall; He will guide us with his truth, let us come,

3. This Jesus will your sins forgive, O, hasten before him fall; For you he died, that you might live. To crown him Lord of all.

CHORUS.

Let us come, let us come,
MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.

1. He will mention them no more for - ev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
2. Since I came by faith to Cal-v'ry's mountain, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
3. At the bot - tom of the sea they're ly - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
4. Once the "car - nal mind" was all my pleas - ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way;
5. Doubt can nev - er stay where Faith is sing - ing, "My sins are all tak - en a - way;"

For his roy - al prom - ise chang - es nev - er, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
Thro' the cleans-ing pow'r of that blест Foun - tain, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
Now the pow'rs of sin and self de - ny - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
Now the word of God is my chief treas - ure, My sins are all tak - en a - way.
"Praise the Lord" with - in my heart is ring - ing, My sins are all tak - en a - way.

CHORUS.

They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; He will mention them no more.
They are all tak - en a - way, They are all tak - en a - way; I am rest-ing in the love of God.
MY SINS ARE ALL TAKEN AWAY.—Concluded.

more for-ev-er; Praise the Lord! sing it all day. (Hallelujah!) Great Peace-Giv-er, (Omit.) My sins are all taken a-way.

I WILL FOLLOW THEE.

Grace Glenn. "Follow not that which is evil."—3 John 17. J. H. Rosecrans.

1. Je-sus, I will fol-low thee, For I hear thee call-ing me; Lov-ing, trust-ing,
2. Lit-tle eyes might lose the way, Lit-tle feet might go a-stray; I might weak and
3. Grief and want may be my foes, Fool-ish sins my way op-po-se; Full of cour-age

glad I come, To let thee lead me home.
wea-ry be, But thou art strong for me. I will fol-low thee, I will fol-low thee, I will
I will be, Whene'er I fol-low thee.

AT THE CROSS.

ISAAC WATTS.

"Look unto me, and be ye saved." Isa. 45:22.

R. E. HUDSON.

1. A - last and did my Sa - viour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die? Would he devote that sacred head
2. Was it for deeds that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree? A - maz-ing pit - y, grace unknown,
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe; Here, Lord, I give my - self a-way,

CHORUS.

For such a worm as I?
And love be-yond de-gree!
'Tis all that I can do!

At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away (rolled away), It was there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day.

Copyright, 1854, by R. E. Hudson. Used by permission.
SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.
FANNY J. CROSBY.
"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33:27.
W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.
2. Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe from corroding care; Safe from the world's temptations, Sin cannot harm me there.
3. Je-sus, my heart's dear refuge, Je-sus, has died for me; Firm on the Rock of Ages, Ever my trust shall be.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an-gels, Borne in a song to me, O-ver the fields of glo-ry, O-ver the jasper sea.
Free from the blight of sor-row, Free from my doubts and fears; On-ly a few more tri-als, On-ly a few more tears.
Here let me wait with pa-tience, Wait till the night is o'er; Wait till I see the morn-ing Break on the golden shore.

REFRAIN.

Safe in the arms of Je-sus, Safe on his gentle breast,—Here by his love o'er-shaded, Sweetly my soul doth rest.

Copyright, 1874, by W. H. Doane.
"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." — Gal. 6:14

Hallelujah for the Cross!
It standeth fast, Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Defying every blast,
Its triumph let us tell,
Our sin on Jesus laid,

The winds of hell have blown,
The grace of God here shone,
So round the cross we sing,
The world its hate hath shown,
Thro' Christ the blessed Son,

Yet it is not for the cross! Who did for the cross!
Of Christ our living King, Hallelujah!

Overthrown, Hallelujah!
Sin a-tone, Hallelujah!
Who did for the cross!
Of Christ our living King, Hallelujah!

With vigor.
Hallelujah for the Cross!—Concluded.

Chorus.

Lu-jah for the cross! Hal-le-lu-jah forever! It never shall

Hal-le-lu-jah! stand forever! Never fail or

Suffer loss; Hal-le-lu-jah forever! We glory in the grand old cross.

Hal-le-lu-jah! stand forever! Glorious emblem! grand old cross.

"IN HIM."

F. E. B.

"Ye are complete in him."—Col. 2:10.

F. E. B.

1. In Him; O life of glory! In him; O life of love! In him; this is my story, In him above.
2. In Him; bow like a riv-er! In him I meet the sea; In him; and here forever My rest shall be.
3. In Him, no love of straying; In him, release from care; In him; O glad obey-ing While resting there!
4. In Him, with joy I la-bor; In him, un-till he come; Then, O, e-ter-nal favor! In him at home.
"A NEW SONG."

(Words in italics for emphatic dwelling tones.)

J. BARNEY.

Psalm 98.

O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things:
The Lord hath made known his salvation; [his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.]
Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth; make a loud noise and rejoice and sing praise.
With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.
Let the floods clap their hands; let the hills be joyful together before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth:
his right hand, and his holy arm hath gotten him the victory.
He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel.
Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp and the voice of a psalm.
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell there in.
with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.
THE GLORY OF IMMANUEL.

"And they sung a new song, saying, Thou art worthy ... for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood."—Rev. 5:9

F. E. Belden.

1. Sing, O sing the glory of Im-man-u-el, Sing the beauty of our heav'ly King;

2. Deep-er than the deep-est o-cean, fath-om-less, Broad-er than the uni-verse un-trod;

3. Once a cap-tive in Sin's gloomy prison house, Sink-ing deep in mire and treach'rous sand;

4. 'Till the dawm-ing of the glad e-ter-ni-ty, And so long as plan-ets roll and shine,

He has died that we might live for-ev-er-more, And his praise for-ev-er we will sing.

High-er than the high est heav-en, meas-ure-less, Is the love and mer-cy of our God.

Now set free, and washed, and robed in garments pure, On the Ev-er last-ing Rock I stand.

I will sing the glo-ry of Im-man-u-el, Sing the beau-ty of the One di-vine.

CHORUS.

Sing of his love. Glo-ry to the Saviour's name! Sing (O sing) of his wondrous love, For ev-er more the same.

Sing, O sing of his wondrous love.
OUR GOD IS A GOD OF LOVE.

M. H. II.

“‘He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love.’—1 John 4:8. M. H. Howarth.

1. Do you know what the dew-drops say, As they sparkle at break of day? It is “Love, lov
2. Do you know what the sun-beams bright, Are singing from morning till night? It is “Love, lov
3. Do you know what the soft rain tells, As it tinkles like fair-y bells? It is “Love, lov
4. Do you know what the winds proclaim, As they rustle the gold-en grain? It is “Love, lov

love, Our God is a God of love;” It is “Love, love, love, Our God is a God of lov

Used by permission of A. S. Barnes & Co.
THE DOVE OF PEACE.

S. H. Bolov.  "He shall be kept in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee." - Isa. 26: 3.  Fannie E. Bolton.

1. The dove of peace sings in my heart, "In strife and war thou hast no part; Thy place among the hosts of wrong
2. The dove of peace hath radiant wings, And light and mel-o-dy he brings; He tells of my soon-coming King,
3. O gen-tle voice of Je-sus' love! It links the life to heav'n a-bove, And thro' all sorrow and all wrong
4. The dove of peace shall ne'er de-part, But keep his home within my heart. Even when I rise to worlds a-bove,
5. O wouldst thou hear the dove with-in? Let Jesus cleanse thy heart from sin: Then in sweet mea-sures from a-bove

REFRAIN.

Is but to ech-o love's sweet song." Of prais-es that the an-gels sing. The dove of peace sings in my soul, "Thy Saviour's blood
6"erows the soul with tender song. I'll hear the sing-ing of the dove. Thou'll hear the music of his love. The dove of peace sings in my soul. "Thy Saviour's blood
7 doth make thee whole;" The Spirit's voice, like wooing dove, Sings of my Saviour's deathless love.

Copyright, 1906, by Fannie E. Bolton.
REDEEMED.

FANNY J. CROSBY. "Thou hast pleaded the cause of my soul: thou hast redeemed my life."—Lam. 3:58. W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Redeemed! how I love to proclaim it! Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb; Redeemed thro' his
2. Redeemed! and so happy in Jesus! No language my rapture can tell; I know that the
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long; I sing; for I
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I delight, Who lovingly
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me; And soon, with the

REFRAIN

infinite mercy, His child, and forever, I am. Redeemed, redeemed, Redeemed, redeemed,
light of his presence With me doth continually dwell. Redeemed, redeemed, His child, and forever, I am.
cannot be silent; His love is the theme of my song.
guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night.
spirit made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

Redeemed, redeemed.

Redeemed, redeemed.

Redeemed, redeemed.
NONE OF SELF AND ALL OF THEE.

1. O the bitter pain and sorrow, That a time could ever be, When I proudly said to
2. Yet he found me; I beheld him Bleeding on the accursed tree; And my wistful heart said
3. Day by day his tender mercy, Healing, helping, full and free; Bro't me lower while I
4. Higher than the highest heavens, Deeper than the deepest sea, Lord, thy love at last has

Jesus, "All of self and none of thee!" All of self and none of thee, All of self and none of thee, All of
faintly, "Some of self and some of thee," Some of self and some of thee, Some of some of thee, Some of
whispered, "Less of self and more of thee," Less of self and more of thee, Less of more of thee, Less of
conquered: "None of self and all of thee," None of self and all of thee, None of all of thee, None of

Copyright, 1898, by F. E. Belden.
WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS.

E. D. MUND.

"He loved them unto the end."—John 13:1. E. S. LORENZ.

1. In joy - ful high and ho - ly lays My soul her grateful voice would raise; But who can sing the
2. A joy by day, a peace by night, In storms a calm, in dark - ness light, In pain a balm, in
3. My hope for par - don when I call, My trust for lift - ing when I fall; In life, in death, my

REFRAIN.

worthy praise Of the won - der - ful love of Je - sus? weakness might, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus. Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love!

all in all, Is the won - der - ful love of Je - sus. Won - der - ful love of Je - sus! Won - der - ful love! won - der - ful love! Won - der - ful love of Je - sus!

Used by permission of E. S. LORENZ.
THE HOLIEST NAME.

MARGARET MOODY. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, for he shall save his people from their sins."—Matt. 1:21. W. A. OGDEN.

1. Dear-est name in earth or heav-en, Sweet-est name my heart hath known, By the Fa-ther it was giv-en
2. To my heart it brings a blessing, And my lips take up the strain, And his wond’rous name confess-ing,
3. Oh, my soul would swell the chorus, Sing-ing his re-deem-ing love, And ascribe e-ter-nal praises

CHORUS.

To his well be-lov-ed Son. 'Tis the ho-li-est name, 'Tis the lo-li-cst name; From the Father's lips Tis the ho-li-est name, 'Tis the lo-li-cst name; From the Father's lips
Tell its sweetness o'er a-gain. Blessed name! blessed name!
To the name all names a-bove. To the earth it came. Bro't by angels of light, In the stillness of night, Wore the dear, dear name of Je-sus.

Blessed name! blessed name!

Copyright 1888, by The J. E. White Pub. Co. Used by permission.
WONDERFUL PEACE.


Rev. W. G. Cooper.

1. Far away in the depths of my spirit to-night, Rolls a melody sweeter than psalm; In ce-
2. What a treasure I have in this wonderful peace, Buried deep in my innermost soul; So se-
3. I am resting to-night in this wonderful peace, Resting sweetly in Jesus' control; I am
4. I believe when I rise to that city of peace, Where the Author of peace I shall see, That one
5. Weary soul, without gladness or comfort or rest, Passing down the rough pathway of time! Make the

les-sial like strains it un-ceasingly falls O'er my soul like an infinite calm.
cure that no power can mine it a-way, While the years of e-ter-ni-ty roll!
kept from all danger by night and by day, And his glory is flood-ing my soul. Peace! peace! wonderful peace,
strain of the song which the ransomed will sing, In that heav-en-ly kingdom will be,—
Saviour your friend ere the shadows grow dark; O ac-cept of this peace so sub-lime.

Downing down from the Father a-bove, Sweep o-ver my spirit for-ev-er, I pray, In fathomless billows of love.

Copyrights owned by D. B. Towner. Used by permission.
THE HAVEN OF REST.

H. L. GILMOUR.

"The Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrows."—Isa. 24:3.


1. My soul in sad exile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and distressed,
2. I yielded myself to his tender embrace, And faith taking hold of his Word,
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the old story so blest,
4. How precious the tho't that we all may recline, Like John the beloved and blest,
5. O come to the Saviour! he patiently waits To save by his power divine;

Till I heard a sweet voice saying, "Make me your choice;" And I entered the "Haven of Rest!"
My fetters fell off, and I anchored my soul: The Haven of Rest is my Lord.
Of Jesus, who'll save who so ever will have A home in the "Haven of Rest!"
On Jesus' strong arm, where no tempest can harm,—Secure in the "Haven of Rest!"
Come, anchor your soul in the "Haven of Rest," And say, "my Beloved is mine."

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep, In Jesus I'm safe ev'rymore.

CHORUS.

I've anchored my soul in the "Haven of Rest," I sail the wide seas no more;
200

TWILIGHT.

MARY A. LATHBURY.  "Praise our God, all ye his servants."—Rev. 19:5.  WM. F. SHERWIN.

1. Day is dying in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest: Wait and worship while the night
2. Lord of life, beneath the dome Of the uni-verse, thy home, Gather us, who seek thy face,
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of Love, en-fold us all; Thro' the glo-ry and the grace
4. When for-ev-er from our sight, Pass the stars—the day—the night, Lord of an-gels, on our eyes

CHORUS.

Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
To the fold of thy embrace, For thou art nigh. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God of
Of the stars that veil thy face, Our hearts as-cend.
Let e-ter-nal morning rise, And shad-ows end.

Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of thee! Heav'n and earth are praising thee, O Lord most high!

Used by permission of J. H. VINCENT, owner of copyright.
THANKSGIVING.

F. E. Belden.

"The singers were as one, praising and thanking the Lord."—2 Chron. 5:13.

D. S. Hakes.

1. Thanksgiving to the Lord belongs, For all his love and care; With grateful hearts and thankful songs His goodness we declare. Our Father from his bount'ous hand Lets many blessings fall; Our life, our friends, and freedom's land, We owe to him our all. Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, For all his mercies shown; harvest store; Thanksgiving to his name.

2. He speaks, and waking nature smiles In blooming verdure gay, And spring in merry song reviles Old winter, cold and gray He robes the earth in ripeness o'er, His goodness to proclaim; He crowns the year with ever thankful be. He is a refuge for the soul Who trusts in him alone; When mortal years shall cease to roll, We'll praise him round his throne.

3. O praise the Lord! whose works appear In heaven, earth and sea; His mighty name let all revere, And Chorus.

D. S. Let every heart a tribute bring, And make his goodness known.

Copyright, 1878, by J. E. White. Used by permission.
SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.

Arr. by F. E. Belden.  "I will be glad and rejoice in thee."—Ps. 97:1  Melody by M. T. HAGGNEY.  Arr.

1. There is sunlight on the hill-top, There is sun-light on the sea, And the gold-en beams are sleeping.
On the soft and ver-dant lea; But a rich-er light is fill-ing All the chambers of my heart;
For thou dwelllest there my Saviour, And 'tis sunlight where thou art.

2. In the dust I leave my sadness, As the garb of oth-er days, For thou rob-est me with gladness.
And thou fill-est me with praise; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,
In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.  O the sunlight! beautiful sunlight!

3. Loving Saviour, thou hast bought me, And my life, my all, is thine; Let the lamp thy love hath light-ed
To thy praise and glo-ry shine; And to that bright home of glo-ry Which thy love hath won for me,
In my heart and mind as-cend-ing, My glad spir-it fol-lows thee.
SUNLIGHT IN THE HEART.—Concluded.

O the sunlight in the heart! Jesus' smile can banish sadness; it is sunlight in the heart.

203

NOT I, BUT CHRIST.

Arranged by F. E. B.

"Not I; but Christ liveth in me."—Gal. 2:20.

FANNIE E. BOLTON.

1. Not I, but Christ, be honored, loved, exalted;
   Not I, but Christ, be seen, be known, be heard;
2. Not I, but Christ, to gently soothe in sorrow,
   Not I, but Christ, to wipe the falling tear;
3. Christ, only Christ! no idle words ever falling,
   Christ, only Christ; no needless bustling sound;
4. Not I, but Christ, my every need supplying,
   Not I, but Christ, my strength and health to be:

Not I, but Christ, in every look and action,
Not I, but Christ, in every thought and word.
Not I, but Christ, to lift the weary burden,
Not I, but Christ, to hush away all fear.
Christ, only Christ; no self-important bearing;
Christ, only Christ; no trace of "I" be found.
Christ, only Christ, for body, soul, and spirit,
Christ, only Christ, here and eternally.

Music copyright, 1900, by Fannie E. Bolton.
PRAISE HIM!

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing." — Rev. 5:12.

F. E. Belden.

1. Praise him! praise him! Mighty Creator and Saviour; Praise him! praise him! spreading abroad his fame.
2. Angels, angels, joyfully kneel and adore him, Singing, singing, "Worthy the Lamb once slain."
3. Telling, telling, telling the wonderful story, Living, living, living it every hour;

Love him, love him, crowning our lives with his favor; Friend of sinners,—what a name!
Mortals, mortals, gratefully worship before him; Slain for us, he lives again.
Gathering, gathering jewels to add to his glory, When as King he comes in pow'r.

CHORUS.

"Chiefest among ten thousand, One altogether lovely," "Chiefest among ten thousand, One altogether lovely," Jesus, the friend of sinners, Christ my Lord.
PRAISE HIM!—CONCLUDED.

"Lily of the valley," Sweet "Rose of Sharon," Sweet Rose of Sharon, Thou art mine.
Lily in low-ly valley, Beautiful "Rose of Sharon," Thou art mine.

IN THE BEAUTY OF HOLINESS.

ANON.

"O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."—Ps. 96:9.
EDWIN BARNES.

1. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness, Bow down before him, his glory proclaim;
2. Low at his feet lay thy burden of care-ful-ness, High on his heart he will bear it for thee,
3. Fear not to enter his courts in the slender-ness Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as thine;
4. These, tho' we bring them in trembling and fear-ful-ness, He will accept for the Name that is dear;

With gold of obe-dience, and in-cense of low-li-ness, Kneel and a-dore him, the Lord is his name.
Com-fort thy sor-rows, and answer thy prayer-ful-ness, Guid-ing thy steps as may best for thee be.
Truth in its beau-ty, and love in its ten-der-ness, These are the off-‘rings to lay on his shrine.
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tear-ful-ness, Trust for our trembling, and hope for our fear.

Made copyrighted 1881, by F. E. Belden.
JESUS LIVES.

"I am he that liveth, and was dead: and, behold, I am alive for evermore, and have the keys of hell and death."—Rev. 1:18, cross.

F. E. Belden

F. E. B. With feeling.

1. Si - lent in death he lies, Je - sus my Sa - viour; Light up, ye morn - ing skies!
2. Watch him, ye Ro-man guard, Je - sus my Sa - viour; Strong must his tomb be barred;
3. Haste ye! the news re - veal; Je - sus, my Sa - viour; How an - gel broke the seal;
4. Ten - der High Priest a - bove; Je - sus my Sa - viour; Grav'n on his hands of love;
5. "Quick-ly" he comes a - gain; Je - sus my Sa - viour; Hear it, ye sons of men,

Speed on his hour! Know ye his pow'r? While demons cow'r.
Up from the grave he a - rose, Victo-rious o-ver all his foes:
We are his dow'r. (4.) Up to the white throne a - bove, He rose a Con-quer-or by love:
Sin to de - vor. (5.) Up with the Lord we shall rise, Tri-umph-thro' the op'ning skies:

(1-3) He lives a-again! He lives to reign! He lives! hal- le - lu - jah! Je-sus lives a - gain.
(4) He pleads for me, He pleads for thee; He pleads, hal - le - lu - jah! Je-sus' blood sets free.
(5) He comes a-again! He comes to reign! He comes! hal - le - lu - jah! We with him shall reign.
FOLLOW ALL THE WAY.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman.

"I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest."—Mat. 8:19.

Art. by Ira Orwig Hoffman.

I can hear my Saviour calling, In the tend'rest accents calling; On my ear these words are falling,—
2. Tho' the way be dark and dreary, Tho' my feet be worn and weary, Yet my heart keeps bright and cheery
3. Jesus, ever go before me, Shining heaven's sunlight o'er me, And when weak, by grace restore me
4. Thro' the valley safely lead me, Heaven's manna daily feed me; Ev'ry hour, dear Lord, I need thee
5. In thy heart's affection hold me, In thy arms of love enfold me, And with thine own grace uphold me.

CHORUS.

Come and follow, daily follow me."

As I follow, follow all the way.

As I follow, follow all the way. I will take my cross and follow. My dear

Saviour I will follow; Where he leads me I will follow, I'll go with him, with him all the way.
WAKE THE SONG OF JOY AND GLADNESS.

ANNIVERSARY SONG.

W. F. S.

"I will praise the name of God with a song."—Ps. 69:30.

W. F. Sherwin.

1. Wake the song of joy and gladness, Hither bring your noblest lays; Banish ev'ry thot of sadness,
2. Joy-ful-ly with songs and ban-ners, We will greet the fes-tal day; Shout aloud our glad ho-san-nas,
3. Thanks to thee, O ho-ly Fa-ther, For the mer-cies of the year; May each heart, as here we gath-er,

Pour-ing fourth your highest praise, Sing to him whose care has brought us Once a-gain with friends to meet,
And our grate-ful hom-age pay. We will chant our Saviour's glo-ry While our tho'ts we raise a-bove,
Swell with grat-i-tude sin-cere, Thanks to thee, O lov-ing Sav-iour, For redemption thro' thy blood:

And whose loving voice has taught us Of the way to Je-sus' feet. Wake the song, wake the
Tell-ing still "the old, old sto-ry," Precious theme—Redeeming love!
Breathe up-on us, Ho-ly Spi-r-it, Sweet-ly draw us near to God.

WAKE THE SONG.
Wake the Song—Concluded.

Song, the song of joy and gladness, Wake the song, wake the song, The song of jubilee.

Wake the song.

Wake the song.

Wake the song.

Wake the song.

HAPPY SONGS.

"And the multitude that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest."—Matt. 21:9.

F. E. Belden.

1. Long ago the children sang a song Of praise to Jesus as he rode along:

2. As of old he loves to hear us sing Our songs of praise to him, our heavenly King: "Ho-san-na! Ho-san-na! Ho-

3. By and by we'll sing a sweeter song With all the saved, a glad and glorious throng:

CHORUS.

Happy songs, happy songs, Let the children sing their happy, happy songs

Happy songs, happy songs, Jesus (Omit.)— loves to hear our songs.

Copyright, 1905, by F. E. Belden, in "Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones."
210

JESUS, COME AND BLESS US.

E. R. Latta.

"Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matt. 18:20.

Dr. W. O. Perkins.

And thy word believing, Now in pray’r we kneel; Je-sus, come and bless us; Lord, thy self reveal.

Come, O blessed Saviour, And thy grace dis-play; Hear us and accept us; Bless us while we pray.

May our faith grow stronger, And our hope more bright; May our love be purer, And our path more light.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, come and bless us While we linger here; Je-sus, come and bless us, Be thou ever near.

*Read by permission of Dr. W. O. Perkins.*
ANGRY WORDS! OH, LET THEM NEVER.

D. E. P.

“Be kindly affectioned, one to another.”—Rom. 12:10.

H. R. PALMER.

1. Angry words! oh, let them never From the tongue unbridled slip; May the heart’s best impulse
2. Love is much too pure and holy, Friendship is too sacred far, For a moment’s reckless
3. Angry words are lightly spoken; Bit’trest thoughts are rashly stirred—Brightest links of life are

CHORUS

ev-er Check them e’er they soil the lip. “Love one anoth-er,” Thus saith the Sav-iour, Children, o-
foils-ly Thus to des-o-late and mar.
broken, By a sin-gle an-gry word. “Love each oth-er, love each oth-er,”

bey the Father’s blest command: “Love one anoth-er,” Thus saith the Sav-iour, Children, obey his blest command.
’Tis the Father’s blest command: Love each other. love each oth-er. “’Tis his blest command.

Used by permission of Dr. H. R. PALMER, owner of the copyright.
STANDING ON THE PROMISES.

R. K. C.  

"For all the promises of God in him are yes, and in him amen, unto the glory of God by us."—2 Cor. 1:20.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the promises of Christ my King, Thro' eternal ages let his praises ring,
   Glory in the highest, I will shout and sing,
   Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free, Standing on the promises of God.
   Standing, Standing, Standing on the promises of God (my Saviour).

2. Standing on the promises that can not fail, When the howling storms of doubt and fear assail,
   By the living Word of God I shall prevail,
   Overcoming daily with the Spirit's sword,
   Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise,
   Standing on the promises of God (my Saviour).

3. Standing on the promises I now can see Perfect, present cleansing in the blood for me,
   Standing in my Saviour, as my all in all,
   Standing, Standing, Standing on the promises of God (my Saviour).

4. Standing on the promises of Christ the Lord, Bound to him eternally by love's strong cord,
   Chorus.

5. Standing on the promises I can not fall, Listening every moment to the Spirit's call,

Copyright 1995, by John J. Hood. Used by permission.
STANDING ON THE PROMISES.—Concluded.

Standing, standing, I'm standing on the promises of God.
Standing on the promise, Standing on the promise.

MORE OF JESUS.

“More about Jesus” is not the necessity of to-day. “More of Jesus” is our need;
for “he that hath the Son hath life.”

1. More of my Saviour, says my soul, More of his grace that makes me whole, More of his cleansing
2. More of his watching, praying pow'r, More of his trusting, hour by hour, More of his holy
3. More of his word of truth divine, More of his light on me to shine, More of his loving
4. More of his patient work of love, More of his pointing souls a-bove, More of his self-for-

CHORUS.

would I know, That washes white as snow.
life within To keep me free from sin.
to obey, Tho' narrow be the way.
get-fulness, That others he might bless.

More, more of Je-sus, More, more of Je-sus,

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Beldam.
1. Sweet Sabbath School! more dear to me Than fair-est pal-ace dome, My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.

2. Here first my wil-ful, wand-‘ring heart, The way of life was shown; Here first I sought the bet-ter part, And gained a Sabbath Home.

3. Here Je-sus stood with lov-ing voice, En-treat-ing me to come, And make of him my on-ly choice, In this dear Sabbath Home.

CHORUS.

Sabbath home! blessed home! Sabbath home! blessed home!

Sweet home! sweet home!

My heart e’er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sabbath Home.

Copyright, 1888, by W. H. Doane. Used by his permission.
DON'T FORGET THE SABBATH.

Fanny Crosby.

"Remember the Sabbath-day."—Ex. 20:8.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. Don't forget the Sabbath, The Lord our God hath blest,
   Of all the week the brightest, Of all the week the best;
   It brings repose from labor, It tells of joy divine, Its beams of light descending, With heavenly beauty shine.

2. Keep the Sabbath holy, And worship him to day,
   Who said to his disciples "I am the Living Way;" And if we meekly follow Our Saviour here below, He'll give us of the Fountain Whose streams eternal flow.

3. Day of sacred pleasure! Its golden hours we'll spend
   In thankful hymns to Jesus, The children's dearest friend;
   O gentle, loving Saviour, How good and kind thou art, How precious is thy promise To dwell in every heart!

CHORUS.

Welcome, welcome, ever welcome, Blessed Sabbath-day.

Used by perm. of The Biglow & Main Co., owners of copyright.
THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

C. W. Fay.

1. I've found a friend in Jesus, He's ev'ry thing to me, He's the fair-est of ten-thousand to my soul; The
2. He all my grief has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my strong and mighty tow'r; I've
3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and do his blessed will; A

Lil-y of the Valley, in him a-lone I see All I need to cleanse and make me ful-ly whole, all for him for-sak-en, and all my i-dols torn From my heart, and now he keeps me by his pow'r. wall of fire a-bout me, I've noth-ing now to fear; With his man-na he my hun-gry soul doth fill.

D. S.—Lil-y of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star; He's the fair-est of ten-thous-and to my soul!

In sorrow he's my comfort, in trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Then sweeping up to glo-ry, I'll see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ev-ver roll. He's the
VALLEY LILIES.

FLORA KIRKLAND. Girls. Unison.

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow."—Matt. 6:26. ADAM GIESEL.

1. Valley lilies, meek and lowly, Let me hear your message sweet; Tell of Christ the
   2. Valley lilies, golden hearted, Love's sweet mission you fulfill, For you tell in
   3. Valley lilies, cups inverted, Still the Master you proclaim; Empty of all

pure and holy, Bending as to touch his feet. Snowy lilies of the valley,
per-fumed language, How he wrought his Father's will. To redeem the world he came.
pomp and glory, Speak again your message rare; Testify to me of Jesus, Heaven's Lily, wondrous fair!

From "Valley Lilies," by per. of Geibel & Lehman, publishers.
COUNT YOUR MANY BLESSINGS.

"In everything give thanks."—1 Thess. 5:18.

1. Count your many blessings, name them, every one, joyfully proclaiming all the Lord hath done;
2. Praise for life and reason, home and peaceful land, Praise for food and raiment from the Father's hand;
3. Praise for full salvation from the guilt of sin, Praise for daily keeping, Christ enthroned within;

Duet.

Angels bend to listen, heaven doth rejoice When we sing God's mercies, heart, and soul, and voice,
Praise for friends and kindred, freedom to do right, Praises for the Gospel's clear and holy light,
Praises for the Spirit, guiding with the Word, Praises for the promise, Paradise restored.

Chorus. Moderate.

One by one, number them o'er again; God hath done wonderful things for men.
One by one, God hath done
COUNT YOUR MANY BLESSINGS.—Concluded.

Bless his ho-ly name, bid fare-well to fears, Crown with his prais-es the pass-ing years.
Crown with prais-es

'T IS SHINING STILL.

F. E. B.  
"There shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a scepter shall rise out of Israel."—Num. 24: 17.  
F. E. Belden.

Children's Duet if preferred.

1. A beau-ti-ful star a-rose one night, Di- vine-ly it shone with pur-est light; Its won-der-ful rays the wise men led
2. They knew by the word of truth di- vine, Twas time that the guiding star should shine; They follow'd its light which shone a-far,—
3. We'll follow its light, like those of old, The "Light of the World," by seers fore-told; We'll fol-low its light till we shall come

CHORUS.

To find the Sav-iour's low-ly bed.  
T'was Christ, "the bright and Morning Star."  
To per-fect rest in heav'n, our home.  
’Tis shin-ing still, ’tis shin-ing still, That beau-ti-ful star, o'er plain and hill;  
’Tis shin-ing still, ’tis shin-ing still, Sal-va-tion's star of God's good will.
TWO LITTLE HANDS.

W. A. O.  Moderate.  "As long as he liveth he shall be lent to the Lord."—1 Sam. 1:68.  W. A. OGDEN.

1. I've two little hands to work for Jesus, One little tongue his praise to tell, Two little ears to hear his counsel,
2. I've two little feet to tread the pathway Up to the heavenly courts above; Two little eyes to read the Bible,
3. I've one little heart to give to Jesus, One little soul for him to save, One little life for his dear service,

CHORUS.

One little voice a song to swell. Lord, we come, Lord, we come, In ear childhood's early morning,
Telling of Jesus' wondrous love. Lord, we come, Lord, we come, Come to learn of thee.
One little self that he must have.

Used by permission of David C. Cook, owner of the Copyright.

HE LOVES ME, TOO.

MARIA STRAUB.  "Fear ye not, therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."—Matt. 10:31.  S. W. STRAUB.

1. God sees the little sparrow fall, It meets his tender view; If God so loves the little birds, I know he loves me, too.
2. He paints the lily of the field, Perfumes each lily bell; If he so loves the little flowers, I know he loves me well.
3. God made the little birds and flower's, And all things large and small; He'll not forget his little ones, I know he loves them all.
HE LOVES ME, TOO.—CONCLUDED.

He loves me, too, he loves me, too; I know he loves me, too; Because he loves the little things, I know he loves me, too.

By permission of S. W. Straub.

HOW I WISH I KNEW.

We have seen his star in the East.—Matt. 2:2.

1. Little stars that twinkle in the heaven's blue, I have often wondered if you ever knew,
2. Did you see the costly presents they had bro't? Did you see the stable they in wonder sought?
3. Did you hear the mothers pleading thro' their tears For the babes that Herod slew the coming years?
4. Did you watch the Saviour all those years of strife? Did you know, for sinners, how he gave his life?

How there rose one like you, leading wise old men From the East, thro' Judah, down to Bethlehem.
Did you see the worship tenderly they paid To that stranger baby in the manger laid?
Did you see how Joseph, warn'd of God in dreams, Hurried into Egypt guided by your beams?
Little stars that twinkle in the heaven's blue, All you saw of Jesus how I wish I knew.

By permission of Fillmore Bros.
223

O COME, LET US SING!

“Sing aloud to God our strength.”—Ps. 81:1.

Dr. F

1. O come, let us sing unto the Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the Strength of our Sal-
2. For the Lord is a great — God, And a great King a - bove all
3. The sea is his, and he made it; And his hands pre - par-ed the dry —

Let us come before his presence with thank-giving, And show ourselves glad in him with
In his hand are all the corners of the earth, And the strength of the hills is his —
O come, let us worship and fall down, Let us kneel be - fore the Lord, our

224

SWEETLY SING.

MISS J. W. SAMPSOIN.

“Sing unto the Lord, praise ye the Lord.”—Jer. 30:13.

1. Sweetly sing, sweetly sing, Praises to our heav’nly King; Let us raise, let us raise High our notes of
2. Angels bright, angels bright, Rob’d in garments pure and white, O hant his praise, chant his praise, In me - lo - dic
3. Far a - way, far a - way, We in sin’s dark val - ley lay, Jesus came, Jesus came, Bless-ed be his
SWEETLY SING.—CONCLUDED.

Praise to Him whose name is Love, Praise to Him who reigns above; Raise your songs, raise your songs, Now with thankful tongues.
But from that bright, happy throng, Ne'er can come this sweetest song, "Pard'ning love, pard'ning love, Brought us here above."
He redeem'd us by his grace, Then prepar'd in heav'n a place To receive, to receive, All who will believe.

OUR KING.

C. H. G.

"Another king, one Jesus."—Acts 17:7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

1. Our sweetest songs of gladness, On this *delightful day, We bring to praise the Saviour, Who is the Life, the Way.

2. He lov'd the li'l-ke children, When he was here be-low, And tho' he's up in heaven, He loves us yet we know.

3. We love to sing his prais-es And hear the sto-ries told, Of him when he was dwelling In Gal-i-lee of old.

4. O Saviour, blessed Saviour, We kneel before thy throne, And ask that thou will help us To live for thee a- lone.

CHORUS.

We sing, we sing The praises of our King, We sing, we sing The glo-ry of our King.

We sing, we sing Heav'nly King, We sing, we sing

"Or "Thanksgiving Day," or "the Children's Day."

Copyright, 1891, by Geo. F. Remler. Used by permission.
226 CROWN HIM LORD OF ALL.

1. All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name! Let angels prostrate
   fall; Bring forth the royal diadem, And
   crown him Lord of all; Bring forth the royal
   diadem,

2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and
   small, Hail him who saves you by his grace, And
   crown him Lord of all; Hail him who saves you
   by his grace, And

3. O that with yonder sacred throng, We at his feet may
   fall; We'll join the ever-lasting song, And
   we'll join the ever-lasting song,

Edward Perronet (Coronation, C.M.) Oliver Holden.

227 PRAISE YE JEHovah'S NAME

Wm. Goode. (America. 64 & 45.) Henry

1. Praise ye Jehovah's name, Praise through courts pro-claim, Rise and adore. High o'er
   heavens above, Sound his great acts of
  diadem, And crown him Lord of all.

2. Now let the trumpet raise Sounds of umphant praise, Wide as his fame. There let
   organs of solemn
   Roll your deep notes a-round, Fill'd with his

3. While his high praise you sing, Shake every
   sounding string; Sweet the accord! He vi
   breath bestowed; Let every breath that
   His noble fame disclose! Praise ye the

www.4tons.com.br
228 JESUS IS MINE.
MRS. CATHERINE J. BONAR. (6s & 4s) T. E. PERKINS.
1. Faded, fade each earthly joy, Jesus is mine! Break ev'ry
tender tie, Jesus is mine! Dark is the wilderness,
ever stay, Jesus is mine! Perish things of clay,
dawning light, Jesus is mine! All that my soul has tried,
terribleness, Jesus is mine! Welcome, O loved and blest,

2. Tempt not my soul away, Jesus is mine! Here would I

3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Jesus is mine! Lost in this

4. Farewell, mortality, Jesus is mine! Welcome e-

229 OUR SUREST STAY.
F. E. B. (BRADBURY. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.
1. When softly falls the twilight hour, O'er moor and
mountain, field and flow'r, How sweet to leave a
voice is hushed in sleep, Then heavy hearts with
day begins to dawn, Then upward to the
cares our hearts would steal, O, then to heav'n we

2. In solemn mid-night's silence deep, When Nature's

3. And when with rosy blush of morn The newborn

4. When mid-day's burning heat we feel, When daily

Death has no resting place, Jesus alone can bless, Jesus is mine!
Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Jesus is mine!
Left but a dismal void, Jesus has sat - is - fied, Jesus is mine!
Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome to har - jour's breast, Jesus is mine!

world of care, And lift to heav'n the voice of pray'r!
grief oppressed May find in pray'r the sweetest rest.
mer - oy - seat Let pray'r as - oond like in - cense sweet.
look a-way, And find in pray'r our sur - est stay.
CROWN HIM.

M. BRIDGES. (DIADEMATA. S. M. D.) G. J. ELVEY.

1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb upon his throne, Hark!
2. Crown him the Lord of love! Be hold his hands and side, Those
3. Crown him the Lord of peace! Whose hand a scepter sways From
4. Crown him the Lord of years, The Potentate of time, Cen-

The glories forth, Which in my Saviour shine! I'd soar
the dreadful guilt Of sin and wrath di-vine! I'd sing
of love he wears, Ex alt-ed on his throne; In lof
will take me home, And I shall see his face; Then, will

Awake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee;
No an-gel in the sky Can ful-ly bear that sight,
His reign shall know no end. And round his pierced feet
All hail! Re-deem-er, hail! For thou hast died for me;

In notes al-most di-vine, In notes al-most di
My soul shall ev-er shine, My soul shall ev - er
Make all his glo ries known, Make all his glo-
Tri um-phant in his grace, Tri-um-phant in his

THE MATCHLESS WORTH.

S. MEDLEY. (ARIEL. C. P. M.) L. M.

1. O could I speak the match-less worth, O could;
2. I'd sing the precious blood he spilt, My ran-
3. I'd sing the char-ac-ter he bears, And all th
4. Well, the de-light-ful day will come, When my de

www.4tons.com.br
232  MORE LIKE JESUS.

1. More like Jesus would I be; Let my Saviour dwell with me,
2. If he hears the raven's cry; If his ever watchful eye
3. More like Jesus when I pray; More like Jesus day by day;

Fill my soul with peace and love, Make me gentle as a dove;
Marks the sparrows when they fall, Sure-ly he will hear my call,
May I rest me by his side, Where the tranquil waters glide;

More like Jesus while I go, Pilgrim in this world below;
He will teach me how to live, All my simple thro's for-give;
Born of him, thro' grace resew'd, By his love my will sub-dued,

Poor in Spirit would I be—Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Pure in heart I still would be—Let my Saviour dwell in me.
Rich in faith I still would be—Let my Saviour dwell in me.

Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.

233  PURE IN HEART.
F. E. B. (HATTIE. 72 & 64. F.) F. E. Belden.

1. Saviour, keep me pure in heart, By thy pow'r re-new-ing;
2. In thy sin-less life I see Matchless grace and beau-ty:
3. One with thee! thus would I live, Till the morn im-mor-tal;

Seal my life of thine a part, All my thro's be-dew-ing,
Per-fect Pat-tern, guide for me, Teaching love for du-ty.
Thus my-self for oth-ers give,—With them pass the por-tal.

Refrain.

Pure in heart, pure in heart—Jesus, on-ly giv'er;

Seal my life of thine a part, Here and then for ev-er.

Copyright, 1898, by F. E. Belden.
234 HOW CAN I KEEP FROM SINGING?

Anon. (Resurrection. 8s & 7s. D.) S. A. Ward.

1. My life flows on in endless song;
   Amid earth's lamentation.
   I hear the sweet, the far-off hymn
   That tells a new creation.
   What tho' the darkness gather round;
   Songs in the night he giveth.
   Thro' all the tumult and the strife
   I hear the music ringing;
   No storm can shake my utmost calm;
   While to that refuge clinging;
   The peace of God makes fresh my heart,
   A fountain ever springing;
   It finds an echo in my soul,
   How can I keep from singing?

2. What tho' my joys and comforts die,
   The Lord my helper liveth!
   I lift mine eyes; the cloud grows thin;
   I see the blue above it;
   And thus he bound me to him
   And round my heart still closely twine;
   Those ties which neath can sever,
   For ever and for ever;
   All pow'r by him is given,
   To guard me all my earthly way,
   And end that way in heaven;
   And so I am his for ever.

235 I'VE FOUND A FRIEND.

S. A. Ward. (Resurrection. 7s. B.) C. J. Stanwood.

1. I've found a friend; o such a friend!
   He loved me ere I knew him!
   He drew me with the cords of love
   And thus he bound me to him.
   And round my heart still closely twine
   Those ties which neath can sever,
   For I am his, and he is mine,
   For ever and for ever.

2. I've found a friend; o such a friend!
   All pow'r by him is given,
   To guard me all my earthly way,
   And end that way in heavens;
   I've found a friend; o such a friend!
   I hold it for the Giver
   To hold that I have my own I call,
   For ever and for ever.
   What pow'r my soul can bear?
   What shall life, or death, or earth, or hell?
   What pow'r my soul can bear?
   For ever and for ever.

236 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Charles Wesley. (Martin. 7s. D.) Simeon B. Marsh.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,
   Safe into the haven guide, O receive my soul at last!

2. Other refuge have Inone,
   Hang my helpless soul on thee;
   Leave, O leave me not alone!
   Still support and comfort me;
   All my trust on thee is stayed.
   All my help from thee I bring;
   Cover my defenceless head
   With the shadow of thy wing.

3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want,
   More than all in thee I find;
   Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
   Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
   Just and holy is thy name,
   I am all unrighteousness;
   Vile and full of sin I am,
   Thou art full of truth and grace.

4. Plenteous grace with thee is found —
   Grace to pardon all my sin;
   Let the healing streams abound,
   Make and keep me pure within;
   Thou of life the Fountain art,
   Freely let me take of thee;
   Spring thou up within my heart,
   Rise to all eternity.
237 JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.
C. Wesley.

1. Jesus, lover of my soul, Let me to thy bosom fly,
2. Other refuge have I none, Hang my helpless soul on thee;
3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in thee I find;
4. Pleaseth grace with thee is found—Grace to cover all my sin;

While the billows near me roll, While the tempest still is high;
Leave, O leave me not a lone, Still support and comfort me:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind;
Let the healing stream abound; Make and keep me pure within:

Hide me, O my Saviour, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
All my trust on thee is stayed, All my help from thee I bring;
Just and holy is thy name, I am all unrighteousness;
Thou of life the Fountain art, Free ly let me take of thee:

Safe in to the haven guides, O receive my soul at last!
O cover my defenceless head With the shadow of thy wing;
Vile and fall of sin I am, Thou art full of truth and grace.
Spring they up within my heart, Rise to all eternity.

Copyright, 1858, by The J. J. White Publ. Co. Used by permission.

238 THE LORD IN ZION REIGNETH.
Fanny Crosby.

1. The Lord in Zion reigneth! Let all the earth rejoice,
2. The Lord in Zion reigneth, And who so great as he?
3. The Lord in Zion reigneth, These hours to him belong,
4. And come before his throne of grace With tuneful heart and voice;

The depths of earth are in his hands, He rules the mighty sea;
O en ter now his temple gates, And fill his courts with song;

The Lord in Zion reigneth, And there his praise shall ring;
O crown his name with honor, And let his standard wave,
Be neath his royal banner, Let ev'ry creature fall,

To him shall princes bow the knee, And kings their glory bring.
Till distant isles beyond the deep Shall own his pow' r to save.
Exalt the King of heaven and earth, And crown him Lord of all!
239 THE HAND THAT MADE US.

ADDISON. (CREATION. L. M. D.) HAYDN.

1. The spacious firmament on high, With all the blue, e - the - real sky,
   Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale;
   What tho' in solemn si-lence, all Move round the dark ter-ras - trial ball?

And spangled bear's, a shining frame, Their great O - rig-i - nal pro - claim:
   And nightly, to the list'n'ing earth Re - pents the story of her birth;
   What the' no real voice nor sound Amid their radiant orbs be found?

Th' unwearied sun, from day to day Does his Cre - a - tor's pow'r dis-play,
   While all the stars that round her burn, And all the plan - ets in their turn,
   In reason's ear they all rejoice, And et - ter forth a glo - rious voice,

And pub - lish - es to ev - ry land The work of an al-might - y hand.
   Con - firm the ti - dings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.
   For - ev - er sing-ing as they shine, "The hand that made us is di - vine."

240 I SING THE POWER OF GOD.

ISAAC WATTS. (VARINA. C. M. D.) ARR. by F.

1. I sing the mighty pow'r of God, That made the moun-
   He formed the creatures with his word, And then pronounced it:
   That spread the flowing seas abroad, And built the loft-

2. I sing the good-ness of the Lord, That filled the earth
   And clouds a-rise, and tempests blow, By or - der from th
   I sing the wisdom that ordained The sun to rule the

3. There's not a plant or flow'r below But makes thy glory
   Creatures that borrow life from thee Are subject to thy
   The moon shines full at his command, And all the stars o

4. If I sur - vey the ground I tread, Or gaze up-on the
   There's not a place where we can flee But God is pres-en

www.4tons.com.br
241 GLORY TO HIS NAME.
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Bows where for cleansing from sin, Jesus so sweet.
2. I am so won-drously saved from sin, Jesus so sweet.
3. O pre-cious Fountain that saves from sin! I am so glad.
4. Come to this Fountain so rich and sweet, Cast thy poor soul

Chorus.

Glo-ry to his name. Glo-ry to his name.

242 I LOVE THEE BETTER, LORD.
F. R. Havergal.
(C. M.)
R. E. Hudson.

1. I know I love thee better, Lord, Than any earth-ly joy;
2. I know that thou art nearer still, Than any earth-ly thing;
3. Thou hast put gladness in my heart; Then may I well be glad;
4. O Saviour, precious Saviour, mine! What will thy presence be,

For thou hast given me the peace Which nothing can destroy.
And sweeter is the tho't of thee Than any love-ly song.
With-out the se-cret of thy love I could not but be sad.
If such a life of joy can crown Our walk on earth with thee?

Chorus.

The half has never yet been told, Of love so full and free;
never told,

The half has never yet been told, The blood it cleanseth me.
never told, cleanseth me.
SONGS OF PRAISE.

1. Songs of praise the angels sang; Never with alleluia rang,
2. Never and earth shall pass away, Songs of praise shall crown that day;
3. Saints below with heart and voice, Still in songs of praise rejoice;

When Jehovah's work began, When he spake and it was done,
God will make new heaven and earth, Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
Learning here, by faith and love, Songs of praise to sing above.

HOLY, HOLY.

1. Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
2. Holy, holy, holy! Angels adore thee,
3. Holy, holy, holy! Though darkness hide thee,

Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;
Casting down their bright crowns around the glassy sea;
Though the eye of man thy great glory may not see;

Songs of praise awoke the morn, When the Prince of Peace was born;
And can man alone be dumb Till that glorious kingdom come?
Hymns of glory, songs of praise, Father, unto thee we raise;

Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
Thousands and ten thousands worship low before thee,
Only thou art holy; there is none beside thee,

Songs of praise a-rose, when he Captive led captivity.
No; the Church delights to raise Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.
Jesus, glory unto thee, With the Spirit ever be.

God over all, who rules eternity.
Which wert and art and evermore shalt be.
Perfect in power, in love and purity.
245  WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

Anon.  (WORTHY. P. M.)  ARRANGED.

1. Worthy, worthy, is the Lamb, Worthy, worthy is the Lamb;
2. Sa-viour, let thy kingdom come! Now the pow'r of sin con-sumes;
3. Thus may we each mo-ment feel, Love him, serve him, praise him still,

Worthy, worthy is the Lamb That was slain.
Bring thy blast mil-len-ni-um, Ho-ly Lamb.
Till we all on Zi-on's hill See the Lamb.

Chorus.

Glory, hal-le - lu - jah! Praise him, hal-le - lu - jah!

Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah To the Lamb!

246  LOVE DIVINE.


1. Love di - vine, all love excelling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit In - to ev -'ry troubled breast!
3. Fin - ish then thy new creation, Pure and spotless let us be;

Fix in us thy humble dwelling; All thy faithful mar - cies crown.
Let us all thy grace in - her - it. Let us find thy promised rest.
Let us see thy great salvation Perfect - ly re - stored in thee:

Jo - sar, thou art all compassion. Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Take away our bent to sinning; Alpha and O - me - ga be;
Chased from glory in - to glo - ry, Till in heav'n we take our place,

Vis - it us with thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev -'ry trembling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin - ning Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Till we cast our crowns before thee, Lost in woe - der, love, and praise.
247 WHOLLY THINE.
F. E. Belden.

1. I would be, dear Saviour, wholly thine; Teach me how, teach me how; Thou art my life, my all in all. Come near, come thou near;
2. What is worldly pleasure, wealth of fame? Without thee, without thee, What is the end of it all? Come near, come thou near;
3. As I cast earth's transient joys behind, Come thou near, come thou near; I would do thy will, O Lord, not mine. Help me, help me now. I will leave them all for thy dear name, This my wealth shall be. In thy presence all in all I find, Tis my comfort here.

249 REJOICE AND BE GLAD.
Rev. Wm. MacKay

1. Rejoice and be glad, the Redeemer has come; O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
2. We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love—For Jesus who died and is now gone above. Saviour, and scatter'd our night. 
3. We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light, Who hath shown us our sins, and has cleans'd every stain. 
4. All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleans'd every stain. 
5. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be revive'd and renewed. 
6. Lamb that was slain, O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
7. Go look on his cradle, his cross, and his tomb. 
8. Cbo: Sound his praises, tell the story Of Him who was slain; He liveth again. 
9. Sound his praises, tell with gladness, He liveth again. 
10. Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; May each soul be revive'd and renewed. 
11. He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.
250  BLESSED BE THE NAME.

CHAS. WESLEY (alt.)  R. E. HUDSON.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing: Blessed be the name of the Lord!
2. Jesus, the name that charms our fears, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
3. He breaks the powers of cancelled sin, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

The glories of my God and King, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
'Tis man's in the sinner's ear, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
His blood can make the foulest clean, Blessed be the name of the Lord!

Chorus

Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

Copyright, 1885, by R. E. Hudson. Used by permission.

251  NEAR THE CROSS

FANNY J. CROSBY.  W. H. DOANE.

1. Jesus, keep me near the cross, There a precious fountain
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mercy found me;
3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring its scenes before me;
4. Near the cross I'll watch and wait, Hoping, trusting ever;

Free to all, a healing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.
There the bright and Morning Star Sheds its beams around me.
Help me walk from day to day, With its shadows o'er me.
Till I reach the golden strand, Just beyond the river.

Chorus

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

Till my rapture's soul shall find Rest beyond the river.

Copyright, 1890, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.
253 PRAISE TO JESUS.
By Wm. How. (ELLACOMBE. 78 & 6s. d.)

1. Come, praise your Lord and Saviour, In strains of holy mirth;
2. Let boyhood loud-ly praise thee With songs of holy joy,
3. Let childhood sweetly praise thee, The lowly maiden's Son;
4. To thee, with voices blend-ed, We sing our songs of praise:

Give thanks to him, O children, Who lived a child on earth.
For thou on earth didst sojourn, A pure and spot-less boy.
In thee all gent-le grac-es Are gath-ered in-to one.
Be thou the light and pat-tern Of all our childhood days;

He loved the lit-tle chil-dren And call'd them to his side,
Make us like thee o-be-dient, Like thee from evil free;
O give that best a-dorn-ment Which Christ ians may en joy.
And lead us ev-er on-ward, That, while we stay below,

His lov-ing arms embraced them, And for their sake he died.
Like thee in God's own tem-ple; In hap-py home like thee.
The meek and qui-et spir-it, Which shews in thee so fair.
We may like thee, O Je-sus, In grace and wisdom grow.

1. When His sal-va tion bring-ing, To Zi-on Je-sus came,
2. And, since the Lord re-tain-es His love for chil-dren still,
3. For, should we fail pro-claim-ing Our great Redeemer's praise,
4. The chil-dren all stood sing-ing "Ho-san-na" to his name.

Nor did their zeal of-end him, But, as he rode a-long,
We at-head a-round his ban-ner, Who sits up - on the throne,
But all we can - ly ren-der The trib-ute of our words?

He let them still at-tend him And smiled to hear their song.
And cry a - loud, "Ho-san-na To Da-vid's roy-al Son."
No; while our hearts are tender, They too shall be the Lord's.
254 GOD LOVES US.


1. How dearly God doth love us, And this poor world of ours;
   Our Saviour, in love and grace,
   He gives his mercy free;

   Our God is our refuge, And our strength, and our primary care
   In love and mercy.

2. He hides the sun to warm us, And light the path we tread;
   His love is a light to us,
   Our Saviour, in love and grace,

   Our God is our refuge, And our strength, and our primary care
   In love and mercy.

3. The Bible, too, he gave us, That tells how Jesus came,
   Our Saviour, in love and grace,
   He gives his mercy free;

   Our God is our refuge, And our strength, and our primary care
   In love and mercy.

255 THINE.

1. 0 Father, I have promised
   To serve thee to the end;
   Be thou forever near me,
   My Helper and my Friend!

   I shall not fear the battle
   If thou art by my side,
   Nor wander from the pathway
   If thou wilt be my Guide.

2. O, let me feel thee near me!
   The world is ever near:
   I see the sights misleading,
   The tempting yonder hear;

   My foes are ever near me,
   Around me and within;
   But, Father, draw them nearer,
   And shield my soul from sin.

3. 0, let me hear thee speaking
   In accents clear and still,
   Above the storms of passion,
   The murmur of self-will.

   0, speak to reassure me!
   My every thought control;
   0, speak, and I will listen,
   Thou Guardian of my soul!

   Art. from Rev. J. E. Booth.

256 TRUST.

1. Unto our heav'nly Father
   We will not fear to pray
   For little needs and longings
   That fill our every day;

   And when we dare not whisper
   A want that lieth dim,
   We say, "Our Father knoweth,
   And leave it all to him;"

   Art. from Charles Smith.

257 REST.

1. Lord, when through sin I wander,
   Forgetting love and thee,
   I think in some far country
   Thy unbroken home must be;

   But when, with heartfelt sorrow
   I pray thee to forgive,
   Thy pardon is no perfect
   That in thy heart's I live.

2. Thy goodness so surrounds me,
   That when I do the right
   The midst path of duty
   Is lightened by its light.

   I know not what thy glory
   Before the throne must be,
   But here thy smiling presence
   Is hope's on earth to me.

3. To love the right and do it,
   Is to my heart so sweet
   It makes the path of duty
   A shining golden street.

   Give me thy strength, O Father,
   To choose this path each day,
   Then hear's within, about me,
   Shall compass all my way.

   Art. from Charles Smith.
258 COME, LET US SING.
J. Montgomery. (RUSSIA. L. M.) RUSSIAN.

1. Come, let us sing the song of songs—The angels first began the strain,—
2. Slain to redeem us by his blood, To cleanse from every sin—ful stain,
3. Long as we live, and when we die, And while in heaven with him we reign,

The homage which to Christ belongs: “Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”
And make us kings and priests to God: “Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”
This song our song of songs shall be: “Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!”

260 HOW PLEASANT.

1. How pleasant, how divine—ly fair, O Lord of hosts, thy dwelling are!
2. Blest are the souls that find a place Within the temple of thy grace;
3. Blest are the men whose hearts are set To find the way to Zion’s gate;

With long desire my spirit faints To meet thy assemblies of the saints.
There they behold thy gen—tie rays, And seek thy face and learn thy praise.
God is their strength; and thro’ the road They bow up—on their helper, God.

259 WITH REVERENCE.
Watts. (HARVEY’S CHANT. C. M.) Bradbury.

1. With re—verence let the saints appear, And bow be—fore the Lord; His high com—
2. Sing, all ye ransomed of the Lord, Your great De—liv—er sing; Ye pilgrimes
3. O Je—sus, Lord of earth and heav’n, Our life and joy, to thee Be hon—er,

With re—verence hear, And tremble at his word, And tremble at his word.
now for Zion bound, Be joy—ful in your King, Be joy—ful in your King.
thanks, and blessing giv’n Thro’ all e—ter—ni—ty, Thro’ all e—ter—ni—ty.

261 FROM EVERY PLACE.
John Pierpont. (WARREN. L. M.) V. C. Taylor.

1. O thon to whom, in ancient time, The psalmist’s an—cled harp was strung,
2. From ev’ry place below the skies, The grate—ful song, the fervent prayer—
3. To thee shall age, with snowy hair, And strength, and beauty, bend the knee,

Whom kings adored in songs sublime, And prophets praised with glowing tongue.
The incense of the heart—may rise To heav’n, and find acceptance there.
And childhood lipt with revent air its praises and its prayers to thee.

www.4tons.com.br
262 IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST.

J. Bowring. (Wellesley. 8s & 7s.) L. S. Tourje.

1. In the cross of Christ I glory, Pouring o'er the wrecks of time;
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes deceive, and fears annoy;
3. Haste and blessing, pain and pleasure, By the cross are sanctified;

All the light of sacred story gathers round its head sublime.
Never shall the cross forsake me; Let it glow with peace and joy.
Peace is there, that knows no measure, eyes that throe all time a-kiss.

263 THE RISING DAY.

C. Wesley. (Litchfield. C. M.) L. Mason.

1. Once more, my soul, the rising day salutes thy waking eye;
2. Night un-to night His name repeats. The day renewers the sound,
3. O God, may all my hours be these, While I enj-oy the light;

Once more, my voice, thy tribute, pay To Him who rules on high.
Wide as the heavens on which He sits To turn the seasons round.
Then shall my sun in smiles decline, And bring a peaceful night.

264 HOW SWEET THE NAME!

NEWTON. (Howard. C. M.) Mrs. Cuthbert.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds In a be-lie-ver's ear!
2. It makes the wounded spirit whole, And calms the troubled breast;
3. Dear name! the rock on which I build! My shield and hiding-place;

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives away his fear.
Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, And the wea-ry, rest.
My nev-er-fail-ing treas-ury, filled With boundless stores of grace.

265 THE VERY THOUGHT OF THEE.

Bernard. (St. Agnes. C. M.) J. B. Dykes.

1. Je-sus, the ver-y thought of thee, With sweetness fills the breast;
2. No voice can sing, no heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find
3. 0 hope of ev-ry con-trite heart! 0 joy of all the meek!

But sweeter far thy face to see, And in thy presence rest.
A sweeter sound than Je-sus' name, The Saviour of mankind.
To those who fall, how kind thou art! How good to those who seek!
266
O HOLY BOOK!
F. E. Belden. (NASHVILLE. L. M. 68.) Arr. by L. Mason.

1. O holy Book of truth divine! Eternal as thy Maker's name,
2. The dust of time is on thy page, Yet dimm'd no more and hallow'd the'st;
3. Thou art the life, the joy, the light, The hope of trusting thousands here,

Eternal as thy Maker's name; Thou' chainless ages of do- clime
Yet dim'st no more and hallow'd the'st; In ev'-ry clime, in ev'-ry age
The hope of trusting thousands here Whose faith shall find e-ter-nal sight

Thy glowing truths have stood the same, Thy glowing truths have stood the same.
Have exist'st thy ho-ly com-fort sought, Have exist'st thy ho-ly com-fort sought.
Beyond this dreary mor-tal sphere, Beyond this dreary mortal sphere.

4. No other rule by which to live,
5. O wondrous lamp of promise sweet!

4 Though thou lead'st me thro' affliction,
5 Though to Jordan's rolling billows,

1. I will follow thee, my Saviour, Wheresoe'er my lot may be;
2. Tho' the road be rough and thorny, Trackless as the foaming sea.
3. Tho' I meet with trib- u - na-tions, Sore-ly tempt-ed tho' I be,

Where thou go-est I will fol-low; Yes, my Lord, I'll fol-low thee.
Thou hast trod this way be-fore me, And I'll glad-ly fol-low thee.
In mem-ber thou wast tempted, And re-joice to fol-low thee.
D.S. And tho' all men should for-mak thee, By thy grace I'll follow thee.

Chorus.

I will fol-low thee, my Saviour, Thou diest shed thy blood for me;

4. Cold and deep, thou headest me,
5. Thou hast crossed the wave before me,

And I only follow thee.
And I still will follow thee.
268 BLESSED QUIETNESS.
M. P. FERGUSON, arr. by F. E. B.   Arr. by J. H. F. and F. E. B.

1. Joys are flowing like a river, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. O what holy peace and gladness! What a com-fort is our Guest.
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sunlight from the sky,
4. Lo! a fruitful field is growing, Blessed fruits of righteous-ness;
5. What a won-der-ful sal-va-tion, Where we always see his face!

He abides with us for-ev-er, Makes the trust-ing heart his home.
No more un-be-lief and sad-ness, As o- bey-ing now we rest.
So the Holy Ghost is giv-en, Com-ing gen- tly from on high.
And the streams of life are flowing In the lone-ly wil-der-ness.
What a peace-ful hab-i-ta-tion! What a quiet rest-ing place!

Chorus.

Blessed quietness, ho-ly quiet-ness, Sweet as-sur-ance in my soul;

On the storm-y sea, Jesus speaks to me, And the billows cease to roll.

Copyright, 1887, by L. L. Pickett, Wilmore, Ky. Used by permission.

269 HIS LOVING KINDNESS.
SAMUEL MEDLEY. (L. M.)   WESTERN MELODY.

1. Awake, my soul, to joyful lays, And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
2. He saw me ru-in'd in the fall, Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
3. Tho' sum-rous hosts of mighty foes, Tho' earth and hell my way oppo- se,
4. When trouble, like a gloomy cloud, Has gather'd thick and thunder'd loud,

He justly claims a song from me, His loving kind-ness, O how free!
He sav'd me from my lost es-tate, His loving kind-ness, O how great!
He safely leads my soul along, His loving kind-ness, O how strong!
He near my soul has always stood, His loving kind-ness, O how good!

Loving kindness, loving kindness, His lov-ing kind-ness, etc.

270 I'LL PURSUE HIM.

1 Jesus, my all, to hear's has gone, He whom I fix my hopes upon;
2 This is the way I long have sought, And mourned because I found it not;
3 Now will I tell to all around, What a burden long has been,

His track I see, and I'll pursue The narrow way till him I view.
My grief a burden long has been, Because I was not saved from sin.
What a way I have besides,

Refrain.

I'll pursue him, I'll pursue him, Yes, I'll pursue my Lord and King.
271 I'VE FOUND THE PEARL.
REV. JOHN MASON. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) GEO. F. HANDEL.

1. I've found the Pearl of greatest price! My heart doth sing for joy: And sing I
2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King: My Prophet full of light, My great High
3. Christ is my peace; he died for me, For me he shed his blood; And as my
4. Christ Je-sus is my all in all, My comfort and my love; My life be-

From the best balm that earth imparts, We turn un - til d to the
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head. And thirst our souls from
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can
Chase the dark night of sin a-way, Shed o'er the world thy

272 BEFORE JEHOVAH'S THRONE.
I. WATTS. (DUKE STREET. L. M.) HATTON.

1. Before Je-bo-vah's aw - ful throne, Ye nations bow with au - cred joy:
2. We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs, High as the hea - ns our voices raise;
3. Wide as the world is thy com - mand, Vast as e - ter - ni - ty thy love;

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all crea-

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and he de - stroy.
And earth, with her ten thousand te - one, Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand, When rolling years shall cease to more.

Praise him a - bove, ye hear - n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and

273 JOY OF LOVING HEART
BERNARD. (MIGDOL. L. M.) LOW.

1. Je-sus, thou joy of lov - ing hearts! Thou fount of life! th
2. We taste thee, O thou Liv - ing Bread, And long to faint on
3. Our restless spirits yearn for thee, Where'er our change
4. O Je-sus, ever with us stay, Make all our mo-

From the best balm that earth imparts, We turn un - til d to the
We drink of thee, the Fountain-head. And thirst our souls from
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see, Blest, when our faith can
Chase the dark night of sin a-way, Shed o'er the world thy

274 PRAISE GOD.
(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.)

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow; Praise him, all crea-

Praise him a - bove, ye hear - n - ly host; Praise Father, Son, and

275 Be thou, O God, exalted high, And as thy glory shi
Be set it be on earth displayed, Till thou art here as
276 THOU ART NEAR.

1. O Love divine, that stooped to share Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear!
2. When drooping pleasure turns to grief, And trembling faith is changed to fear,
3. On thee we fling our burdens' woe, O Love divine, forever dear;

On thee we cast each earth-born care; We smile at pain while thou art near.
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf, Shall softly tell us, "Thou art near!"
Content to suffer while we know, Living or dying, thou art near.

277 THY RIGHTEOUSNESS.
F. E. Belden. (Caddo. C. M.) W. B. Bradbury.

1. O bless'd are they who oft have said, "I thirst for righteousness;"
2. They of My fulness shall be fed. For which they hungered sore;
3. Because I am the Truth, the Life, All fulness dwells in me;
4. How blessed, then, to share a part With those that hunger here:

I hunger for the heavy Bread With anguish and distress.
And by the Living Waters led, Their souls shall thirst no more.
They know no want, no sin, no strife, Thro' all eternity.
To have the panting, thirsting heart, And shed the bitter tear!

278 BY THEE WE RISE.
C. Wesley. (Vienna. 75.) German Chorale.

1. Christ is ris'n, our Lord and King, Let the whole crea-tion sing;
2. Vain the stone, the watch, the seal, Christ the mighty, to con-ceal;
3. Lead us, Lord, where thou hast led,-Thou, our High, exalted Head;

Raise your joys and triumphs high; Sing, ye bea'ts, let earth reply.
Death in vain for bids him rise, He hath opened par-a-dise.
Made like thee, by thee we rise; Owns the cross, the grave, the skies.

279 STILL WITH THEE.
J. Burns. (Greenwood. S. M.) J. E. Sweetzer.

1. Still with thee, O my God! I would de-sire to be;
2. With thee when dawn comes in, And calls me back to care,
3. With thee when day is done, And evening calms the mind;
4. With thee, in thee, by faith A-bid-ing I would be;

By day, by night, at home, a-broad, I would be still with thee.
Each day re-turn-ing to be-gin With thee, my God, in ray's
The set-ting, as the ris-ing sun, With thee my heart would rise.
By day, by night, in life, in death, I would be still with thee.
280 THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

CHARLES WESLEY. (HERALD, 72 D.) MENDELSSOHN.

1. Hark! the herald angels sing, “Glory to the new-born King; Peace on earth, and

mer-ry mild, God and sinners reconciled!” Joyful, all ye nations, rise, 

Join the triumph of the skies; 

With the an-gel best proclaim, “Christ is born in Bethlehem!” 

2. Christ, by highest hear’t adored, Christ, the everlasting Lord; 

In the manger born a king, While adoring angels sing, “Peace on earth, to men good-will;” 

And the breathing soul be still, Christ on earth has come to dwell, 

Hallow God’s man! Hail! the heaven-born Prince of Peace! 

3. Still through the open skies they come, With peaceful wing unfurled; 

Beneath the angel-strain is The world has suffered! 

Beneath the angel-strain is 

Two thousand years of 

The world has suffered!

3 But with the woes of sin a 

The world has suffered! 

The world has suffered!

Last there be the same. 

www.4tons.com.br
282 THY MERCIES.

JOSPH ADDISON. (GENEVA. C. M.) JOHN COLE.

When all thy mercies, 0 my God!
When all thy mercies, 0 my God!
When all thy mercies, 0 my God!

My rising soul surveys, Transported with the view, I'm lost in wonder, love, and praise.

2 Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart discerned From whom those blessings flowed.

3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart, That tastes those gifts with joy.

4 O, how can words with equal warmth The gratitude declare That grows within my raptured heart?--But thou canst read it there.

5 Through all eternity, to thee A joyful song I'll raise: But O, eternity's too short To utter all thy praise!

283 HOW HAPPY ARE THEY!

CHARLES WESLEY. (CONVERT. P. M.) ARRANGED.

1. O, how happy are they Who their Saviour obey, And have Laid up their treasure above! Tongue can never express The sweet comfort I've throe; the blood of the Lamb; Since my heart first believ'd, What a comfort and peace Of a soul in its earli'est love. joy I've receiv'd, What a heaven in Jesus' dear name!

2. He hath loved me, indeed, He did suffer and bleed, To redeem such a rebel as I.

5 On the wings of his love, I am carried above All my sin, and temptation, and pain; O, that all, who love, And by sin never knew, And therewith came him to other ways.
284 HOW ENDLESS IS THY LOVE!
(GRATITUDE. L. M.) Bost.

1. My God! how endless is thy love! Thy gifts are ev'-ry evening new;
2. Thou spread'st the curtains of the night, Great Guardian of my sleeping hours.
3. I yield my pow'r to thy command; To thee I con-se-crative my days;
4. And morning mercies from a-bove, Gently distil, like early dew.
Thy sov'reign word restores the light, And quickens all my dross-y pow'r.
Per-plexed blessings, from thy hand, Demand per-plexed songs of praise.

285 THE BEST OF DAYS.
(Rev. J. Ellerton. (Schumann. S. M.) Schumann.

1. This is the day of rest: Our failing strength re-new;
2. This is the day of peace: Thy peace our spirit's fill;
3. This is the day of pray'r: Let earth to heav'n draw near;
4. This is the best of days; Send forth thy quick'ning breath,

On weary brain and troubled breast shed thou thy fresh'ning dew.
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease, The waves of strife be still.
Lift up our hearts to seek thee there; Come down to meet us here.
And wake dead souls to love and praise, O Vanquisher of death!

286 A THOUSAND TONGUES.
(ISAAC WATTS. (CHRISTMAS. C. M.) G. F. Hat.

1. O for a thousand tongues to sing My great Redeemer's praise!
2. Jo-sua, the name that calms our fears, That bids our sorrows cease,-
3. He breaks the pow'r of cancelled sin, He sets the pris-ner free;
4. He speaks, and list'ning to his voice, New life the dead re-cove;

glories of my God and King, The triumphs of his grace, The triumphs of
music in the miner's ear, 'Tis life, and health, and peace, 'Tis life and health, a
blood can make the foulest clean, His blood avail
mournful, broken hearts rejoice, The humble poor believe, The humble poor.

287 BENEDICTION.
(Rev. J. Ellerton. (Coatham. C. M.) W.

1. The Lord be with us as we bend His blessing to re-
2. The Lord be with us as we walk Along our homewar
3. The Lord be with us till the night Enfold us all to

His gift of peace up-on us send, Before his courts we'll
In si-ent thought or friendly talk Our hearts be still with
Be he of ev'-ry heart the light, Of ev'-ry home the
288 GOD MADE THEM.
Cecil Alexander. (Eden. 79 & 69.) St. Alban's.

1. Each lit-tle flow-er that o-pens, Each lit-tle bird that sings;
2. The pur-ple-head-ed moun-tain, The riv-er run-ning by,
3. The cold wind in the win-ter, The pleas-ant sum-mer sun,
4. He gave us eyes to see them, And lips that we might tell

God made their glow-ing col-or, He made their ti-ny wings;
The sun-set and the morn-ing, That bright-en up the sky;
The ripe fruits in the gar-den, God made them ev-‘ry one;
How great is God Al-might-y, Who has made all things well.

289 PRAISE HIM.
Sir Henry Baker. (Monkland. 79.) Arranged.

1. Praise, O praise our God and King! Hymns of ad-o-ra-tion sing;
2. Praise him that he made the sun, Day by day his course to run,
3. Praise him for our harvest-store; He hath fill’d the garner floor;

For his mer-cies still en-dure, Ev-ver faith-ful, ev-ver sure.
And the ill-ver moon by night, Shining with her gen-tle light.
And for rich-er food than this, Pledge of ev-ver-last-ing bliss.

290 THE SPRING-TIDE.

1. The spring-tide hour brings leaf and flower, With songs of life and love,
2. Dew on open space, the dew of grace, On souls made sad by sin;
3. As year by year the flow’rs appear, And birds their praises sing,
4. Lord, let thy love, fresh from above, Soft as the south wind blow.

And many a lay to cheer the day In many a leafy grove.
And love di-vine delights to shine Up-on the waste with-in.
Why not, my heart, bear well thy part, In nature’s joyous spring?
Till my heart bloom in sweet perfume, And fragrant spices flow.

291 WE THANK THEE.
(Hursley. L.M.) Peter Ritter.

1. Fa-ther, we thank thee for the night, And for the pleasant morn-ing light;
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to oth-ers kind and good;
3. In all we do, at work or play, To grow more loy-ing ev’ry day.

For rest, and food, and lov-ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.
For joy, and beauty, and an-swer’d prayer, In all we have, at home or abroad.
292 I MY CROSS HAVE TAKEN.
HENRY F. LTTR. (ELLESIDE, 8s & 7a. d.) W. A. MOZART.

1. Je-sus, I my cross have taken, All to leave and follow thee;  
2. Let the world despise and leave me. They have left my Saviour, too;  
3. Hastening on from grace to glory, Are'd by faith and wing'd by pray'rs;

All things else I have forsak'en, Thou henceforth my all shalt be:  
Human hearts and looks deceive me; Thou art faith-ful, thou art true;  
Heav'n's e-ternal day's before me, God's own hand is guiding there.

Per-suad ev'-ry fond am-bi-tion, All I've sought or hoped or known;  
And, while thou dost smile upon me, God of wisdom, love and might,  
Soon shall close my earthy mission, Swift shall pass these pilgrim days,

Yet how rich is my condition, God and heav'n are still my own.  
Foes may hate, and friends may shun me; Show thy face, and all is bright.  
Hope shall change to glad fru-i-tion, Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

1. How tedious and tasteless the hours When Jesus no longer I see!  
2. His name yields the richest perfume, And sweeter than music his voice;  
3. My Lord, if indeed I am thine, If thou art my Sun and my Song,

Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;  
His presence disperses my gloom, And makes all within me rejoice:  
Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my winters so long?

The midsummer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;  
I should, were he always thus nigh, Have nothing to wish or to fear;  
O drive these dark clouds from my sky, Thy soul-cheering presence restores;

But when I am happy in him, December's as pleasant as May.  
No mortal so happy as I, My summer would last all the year.  
Or take me to thee up on high, Where winter and clouds are as nere.
294 BLISS OF THE PURE.

1. O bliss of the pure ones! O bliss of the free! I've sung'd in the
   fountain once open for me! O'er sin and uncleanness ex-
   haust; no longer I pine. In conscious sal-
   va-tion I

2. O bliss of the savior's race! Christ Jesus is mine! No more conden-
   sa-tion; no longer I pine. In conscious sal-
   va-tion I

3. O bliss of the glad ones! O bliss of the pure! No woe! No death;
   hem once open for me! O'er sin and uncleanness ex-
   haust; no longer I pine. In conscious sal-
   va-tion I

4. O Cru-ci-fied Je-sus! of thee will I sing, My bless-ed Re-
   deem-er, my God and my King; My soul full'd with rapture, stall
   hem once open for me! O'er sin and uncleanness ex-
   haust; no longer I pine. In conscious sal-
   va-tion I

ult-ing I stand, And point to the nail-prints in his holy

sing of his grace Who lift-ed up on me the smiles of his

sweet-ly may rest, No tears but may van-ish on his lov-ing

shout o'er the grave; In him will I tri-umph, the "Mighty to

hands, And point to the nail-prints in his holy hands.

face, Who lift-ed up on me the smiles of his face.

breast, No tears but may van-ish on his lov-ing breast.

Save!" In him will I tri-umph, the "Mighty to Save!"

298 MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.
Anon. No. 294 may be sung to this. (115.) A. J. Gordon.

1. My Je-sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine,
   For thee all the fai-lies of sin I re-sign;
   My gra-cious Re-deem-er, my Sav-iour art thou;
   If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

2. I love thee, be-cause thou hast first lov-ed me,
   And purchased my par-don on Gal-va-ry's tree;
   I love thee for wear-ing the thorns on thy brow;
   If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

3. I'll love thee in life, and I'll love thee in death;
   I'll praise thee as long as thou lend-est me breath,
   I'll praise thee as long as thou lend-est me breath,
   If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

4. In man-sions of glo-ry and end-less de-light,
   I'll praise thee as long as thou lend-est me breath;
   I'll praise thee as long as thou lend-est me breath,
   If ev-er I loved thee, my Je-sus, 'tis now.

Used by permission A. J. Gordon.
296  PRAISE YE THE FATHER.

1. Praise ye the Fa- ther for his lov-ing kind-ness,
2. Praise ye the Sav-iour, great is his com-pass-ion,
3. Praise ye the Spir-it, Com-fort-er of Is-rael,

Tender-ly cares he for his erring children; Praise him, ye
Graciously cares he for his cho-en peo-ple; Young men and
Sent of the Fa- ther and the Son to bless us; Praise ye the

For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a come-ly thing.
He healeth, and their pain-ful wounds He ten-derly up-binds.
Our Lord is great, and of great pow’r, His wis-ten search can see.

D. S. For it is pleasant, and to praise It is a come-ly thing.

Chorus.

Praise the Lord, it is good Praise to our God to sing:
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good.

298  SALVATION FREE.

ISAAC WATTS. (NO SORROW, S. M.) E. W. DUNBAR.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known;
2. Let those re-fuse to sing Who nev-er knew our God;
3. Then let our songs be loud, And ev’ry tear be dry;

Cho.-I’m glad sal-va-tion’s free, I’m glad sal-va-tion’s free;

297  PRAISE THE LORD.

ROUS’ VERSION, 1649. (C. M.) C. E. POLLOCK.

1. Praise ye the Lord; for it is good Praise to our God to sing;
2. Those that are broken in their heart, And troubled in their minds,
3. He counts the number of the stars; He names them ev’ry one:

Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne.
But servants of the heav’nly King May speak their joys abroad.
We’re marching thro’ Immanuel’s ground To fairer worlds on high.
Sal-va-tion’s free for you and me; I’m glad sal-va-tion’s free.
OUR PARTING HYMN.
REV. JOHN ELLESTON. (ELLERS. 108.) E. J. HOPKINS.

1. Father, again to thy dear name we raise With one ac-
2. Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way; With thee be-
3. Grant us thy peace thro' out our earthly life. Our balm in

cord our parting hymn of praise; We stand to bless thee ere our

300

I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.
C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love, I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thee dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live,
3. O thou who died on Calva-ry, To save my soul and make me free.

Copyright, 1887, by R. E. Hodgson. Used by permission.

ALL FOR JESUS.
MARY D. JAMES. (8s & 7s)

1. All for Jesus, all for Je-sus! All my being's ransom'd pow'rs;
2. Let my hands perform his bidding, Let my feet run in his ways-
3. Since my eyes were fixed on Jesus, I've lost sight of all be-side;
4. O, what wonder! how a-maz-ing! Je-sus, glorious King of kings,

Copyright, 1887, by R. E. Hodgson. Used by permission.
302 THE THOUGHT OF GOD
F. L. HOEMER. (ST. JOHN’S. C. M.) JAMES TURLE.
1. One gift I have, my ample creed, So deep it is and broad,
2. Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise I feast at life’s full board;
3. At night my gladness is my pray’r; I drop my daily load,
4. I ask not far before to see, But take in trust my road;

And equal to my ev’ry need—It is the thought of God,
And rising in my inner skies, Shines forth the thought of God.
And ev’ry care is pillowed there Up on the thought of God.
Life, death, and immortal—ity Are in my thought of God.

303 CALM MY MIND.
STEWART. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.
1. Come, Holy Spirit, calm my mind, And fit me to approach my God;
2. Hast thou imparted to my soul A living spark of holy fire?
3. A bright-sea faith and hope impart. And let me now myarsee;

Remove each rain, each worldly thought, And lead me to thy blessed bed.
O, kindle now the sacred flame; Make me to burn with pure desire.
O, soothe and cheer my burdened heart, And bid my spirit rest in thee.

304 REPOSE.
BARING-GOULD. (GUIDANCE. 64 & 58.) J. BARNSY.
1. Now the day is over, Night is drawing nigh,
2. Father, give the weary Calm and sweet repose,
3. Thro’ the long night-watches, May thine angels spread

Shadows of the evening Steal across the sky.
With thy tend’rest blessing May our eyes-lids close.
Their white wings above me, Watching round my bed. Amen.

305 PRAYER.
J. MONTGOMERY. (NAOMI. C. M.) HANS G. NASCILL.
1. Pray’r is the soul’s sincere desire, Uttered or unexpressed;
2. Pray’r is the burden of a sigh, The lifting of a tear,
3. Pray’r is the simplest form of speech That inarticulate can try;

The motion of a hid-den fire That trembles in the breast.
The upward glancing of an eye, When none but God is near.
Pray’r the sublimest strain that reach The Majesty on high.
306 GOD OF MY LIFE.
C. WESLEY. (UXBRIDGE. L. M.) I. MASON.

1. God of my life, whose gracious pow'r Through varied scenes my soul hath led,
   Thy goodness in Thy truth shall break through every cloud, That raineth justly there.
2. I have no skill the snare to shun, But thou, O God, my wisdom art: Wise as the wonders of thy hand. Thy judgments are an
   Thy grace and truth are greater than my heart. 
3. I rest beneath thy kindly shade; My griefs expire, my troubles cease; The sons of Adam, in distress, Fly to the shadow of
   Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed, wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

307 GOD OF LIGHT.
F. H. BELEDEN. (RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.) I. CONKEY.

1. God of light and matchless splendor, Foe - ble tho' the praise we bring, He reigns the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Sing to his name, let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in his praise
   Our hearts and hands in joyful strain. 
2. Hear'n a - bore can - not con - tain thee; At thy pres - ence earth would flee; Deep are his counsels, and unknown, But grace and truth
   Let the heav'nly hosts exult and sing. 
3. Grateful praise my tongue shall offer, Hear thy voice or 'neath thy rod; In robes of judgment, lo, he cometh! Shakes the wide earth, and the gloomy clouds his way surround. Justice is their
   Let thy Spirit touch and tender Ev'ry heart as now we sing. 

308 HIGH IN THE HEAVEN.
ISAAC WATTS. (AMES. L. M.)

1. High in the heavens, everlasting God, Thy goodness in Thy truth shall break through every cloud, That raineth justly there.
   Thy grace and truth are greater than my heart. 
2. For ever firm thy justice stands, As mountains th
   The sons of Adam, in distress, Fly to the shadow of
   Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stayed, wilt keep me still in perfect peace.

309 HE REIGNS!
ISAAC WATTS. (SESSIONS. L. M.)

1. He reigns the Lord, the Saviour reigns! Sing to his name, let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in his praise
   Our hearts and hands in joyful strain. 
2. Deep are his counsels, and unknown, But grace and truth
   In robes of judgment, lo, he cometh! Shakes the wide earth, and the gloomy clouds his way surround. Justice is their
   Let the heav'nly hosts exult and sing. 
3. In robes of judgment, lo, he cometh! Shakes the wide earth, and the gloomy clouds his way surround. Justice is their
   Let thy Spirit touch and tender Ev'ry heart as now we sing. 

Let all the saints in songs rejoice, And in his praise

The gloomy clouds his way surround, Justice is their

Before him burns devouring fire, The mountains melt,
O WORSHIP THE KING!

Robert Grant. (LYONS. 206 & 212.)

1. O worship the King, all glorious above, And grate-ful-ly
2. O tell of his might and sing of his grace, Whose robe is the
3. Thy bountiful care, what tongue can re-ite? It breathes in the
4. Frail children of dust, and fee-ble as frail, In Thee do we

sing his won-der-ful love, Our Saviour and De-fend-er, the
light; whose can-o-py, space; His char-iots of wrath the deep
air, it shines in the light; It streams from the hills, it de-
trust, nor find Thee to fail; Thy mercies, how ten-der! how

Ancient of Days, Pa-vilion’d in splendor, and girded with praise.
thunder cleaves form, And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.
sounds to the plain, And sweetly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.
firm to the end! Our Maker, De-fend-er, Redeemer, and Friend.

MY SALVATION, MY ALL

Joseph Swain. (BELOVED. 219 & 8.)

1. O Thou in whose presence my soul takes de-
2. His voice, as the sound of the dul-ci-me-
3. His lips, as a fount-ain of right-eous-
4. He looks, and ten thousands of an-gels re

whom in af-flict-ion I call, My comfort by
heard thro’ the shades of death; The ce-dars of
wa-ter the gardens of grace; From which their
myr-i-ads wait for his word; He speaks, and e-

song in the night, My hope, my sal-
bow at his feet, The air is per-fum’d
Gentiles shall know, And bask in the smiles
fill’d with his voice, Re-ech-oe the praise
312 THY GLORY FILLS THE HEAVENS.

1. Lord, thy glory fills the heaven; Earth is with its fulness stored;
While our tho't his greatness raises, And our love his gifts excite:
Heaven is still with anthems ringing; Earth takes up the angel's cry,
Thus unite we to adore him. Bid we thus our anthem flow.

2. Ev-er thus in God's high praises, Brethren, let our tongues unite;
With his seraph train before him, With his holy church below,
Thus thy glorious name descends, We adopt the angel's cry,
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.

3. Lord, thy glory fills the heaven, Earth is with its fulness stored;
Un-to thee be glory giv-en, Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly Lord!
See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world;
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, bless-ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

313 TEN THOUSAND HARPS.

1. Hark! ten thousand harps and voices Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and hear's re-joic-es; Jesus reigns, the God of love;
He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world;
He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world;

2. King of glory, reign forever, Thine an ever-lasting crown;
Nothing from thy love shall ever These when they rest seal these own;
He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world;
He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world;

3. Sa-vour, hasten thine appearing; Bring, O bring, the glorious day
When the aw-ful summons bearing, Hear's and earth shall pass a-way!
He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world;
He sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world;

See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world;
See, he sits on yonder throne; Jesus rules the world;

Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
Ho-ly, ho-ly, bless-ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!
Ho-ly, ho-ly, sing-ing, Lord of hosts, thou Lord most high.
Ho-ly, ho-ly, bless-ing Thee, the Lord our God most high!

lone.
face. Hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! a-men.
King.
314 THE DAY AWAKES.

ARRANGED, (SANKEY. 115 & col.) JOHN STAINER.

1. Again the day awakes in wondrous beauty, And all the shadows of the midnight flee. Again we gird ourselves for truth, and guide us onward still; O let thy mercy, as of evil from its splendors flee. Safe may we rise, this earth's dark loving duty, And lift our thankful hearts, O God, to thee. old, be near us, And lead us safely to thy holy hill. vale for sak- ing, Thro' all the long, bright day to dwell with them.

315 OUR SONG OF PRAISE.

F. S. PIERPONT. (DIX. 72. 66.) CONRAD KUCHER.

1. For the beauty of the earth, For the glory of the skies, For the joy of human love, Brother, sister, parent, child, For the gift of thy dear Son, For the hope of heav'n at last,

316 POWER TO OBEY.

ARR. by F. E. B. (SPANISH HYMN, 72. 66.)

1. Grant thy blessing now, O Lord, While we look into thy holy hill. Sanc · ti · fy us, Lord, we pray, By the lessons of thy righteous way, Give us power to D. 0. 2. in a world of care and sin, Keep us ever pure v

OUR SONG OF PRAISE.—Concluded.

For the love which from our birth 0 - ver and around; Friends on earth and friend a - bove, Pleasures pure and un -
For the Spir - it's vic - tory won, For the crown when lift Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grateful song of
Lord of all, to thee we raise This our grateful song of
Lord of all, to thee we raise Songs of grat · i - tude and

To our hearts thy truth reveal; Fill us with a hol,
May our souls by thee be fed, And to living fontai

www.4tons.com.br
317 FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.
R. ROBINSON. (NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. D.) NETTLETON.

1. { Come, then, Fount of ev'-ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace; }
   Streams of mercy, never ceasing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
   D. C.—While the hope of endless glory Fills my heart with joy and love.

   Teach me ev'-ry to adore thee, May I still thy goodness prove,

2. Here I raise my Ebenezer,
   Either by thy help I've come,
   And I hope by thy good pleasure
   Safely to arrive at home.
   Jesus sought me when a stranger,
   Wand'ring from the fold of God;
   He to rescue me from danger
   Interposed his precious blood.

3. O, to grace how great a debtor
   Daily I'm constrained to be!
   Let thy goodness like a father
   Bind me closer still to thee.
   Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,—
   Prone to leave the God I love,
   Here's my heart, O, take and seal it;
   Seal it for thy courts above.

318 HAPPY DAY.
F. DODDRIDGE. (L. M. F.) E. F. RIMBAULT.

1. { O, happy day! that fixed my choice On thee, my Saviour and my God; }
   Happy

2. And when he hung upon the tree,
   They wrote this name above him,
   That all might see the reason why
   For evermore must love him.

3. So now, upon his Father's throne,
   Almighty to release us
   From sin's last pains, he ever reigns
   The Prince and Saviour, Jesus.
320 MAJESTIC SWEETNESS.
S. STENNIT. (ORTONVILLE, C. M.) T. HASTINGS.

1. Maj-estic sweet-ness sits enthron’d Up-on the
2. No mor-tal can with him com-pare, A-mong the
3. He saw me plung’d in deep dis-tress, He flew to
4. To him I owe my life and breath, And all the

Saviour’s brow; His head with ra-diant light is crown’d,
sons of men; Fair-er is he than all the fair
my fel-i-se; For me he bore the shame-ful cross,
joys I have; He makes me tri-umph o-ver death,

5. To heaven, the place of his abode,

To bring my weary feet; Answers me the glories of my God,
And makes my joy complete.

6. Since from his bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

1 A glory in the word we find
When grace restores our sight;
But sin has darkened all the mind,
[: And vain’d the heav’nly light. :]

2 When God’s own Spirit clears our view,
How bright the doctrines shine!
Their holy fruits and sweetness show
[: The author is divine. :]

3 How blesse we, with open face
To view thy glory, Lord,
And all thy image here to trace,
[: Reflect in thy word ! :]  

4 O teach us, as we look, to grow
In holiness and love,
That we may long to see and know
[: Thy glorious face above. :]  

321 THE WORD.

CAMPBELL’S COLLECTION.

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts,
[: To keep the conscience clean. :]  

2 ’Tis like the sun, a heav’nly light,
That guides me all the day;
And thro’ the dangers of the night,
[: A lamp to lead my way. :]  

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinner’s road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
[: But love thy law, my God. :]  

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide my youth,
[: And well support my age. :]  

ISAAC WATTS.

322 GLORIOUS.

1 A glory gilds the sacred page,
E’er the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
[: It gives, but borrows none. :]  

2 The Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight;
Precepts and promises afford
[: A sanctifying light. :]  

3 The hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise,
[: They rise, but never set. :]  

4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display;
It makes a world of darkness shine
[: With beams of heav’nly day. :]  

WM. COWPER.

323 SECURE.

1 Let all the heathen writers join
To form one perfect book;
Great God, if once compared with thine,
[: How mean their writings look ! :]  

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
That were ever known;
Nor one so true as truth;
[: But this conducts to heaven. :]  

3 Yet men would fain be just with God
By works their hands have wrought;
But thy commands, exceeding broad,
[: Extend to every thought. :]  

4 Our faith, and love, and every grace,
Fall far below thy word;
But perfect truth and righteousness
[: Dwell only in the Lord. :]  

ANON.
325  THE ONLY LORD.
St. Ambrose, 277. (St. Leonard. C. M. D.) Henry Hiles.

1. O God, we praise thee, and confess that thou the only Lord
2. "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly Lord, Whose hosts obey,
3. The ho - ly Church thronged the world, O Lord, con - fess - es thee,

And Ev - er - last-ing Fa - ther art; By all be thou a-dored,
The un - i - verse is glo - ry - fill'd With thy maj - es - ty."
That thou th'll - ter - nal Fa - ther art, Of boundless maj - es - ty!

326  Easier music,
No. 329.
1. O Love divine, of all that is,
The sweetest and the best,
Fain would I come and rest to-night
Upon thy tender breast:
I pray thee turn me not away:
For, sinful though I be,
Thee knowest every thing I need,
And all my need of thee.

2. And yet the spirit in my heart
Says, Wherefore should I pray
That thou shouldst seek me with thy love,
Since thou dost seek alway?
And dost not even wait until
I urge my steps to thee;
But in the darkness of my life
Art coming still to me.

3. Thou hastest o'ry the', I mean,
And not the words I say,
The hidden thanks among the words
That only seem to pray.
Still, still thy love will beckon me,
And still thy strength will come
In many ways to bear me up
And bring me to my home.

Rev. J. W. Chadwick.

327  1. Then who art of all that is
Beginning and the end,
We follow thee thru' unknown paths,
Since all to thee must tend:
Thy judgments are a mighty deep,
Beyond all searching trio;
Our wisdom is the child-like heart;
Our strength, to trust in Thee.

2. We bless thee for the skies above,
And for the earth beneath;
For hope that blossoms here below,
And wither not with death;
But most we bless thee for thyself,
O heavenly Light within,
Whose day springing in our hearts, dispels
The darkness of our sin.


328  1. I heard a voice, the sweetest voice
That ever mortal heard;
O how it made my heart rejoice,
And every feeling stirred!
'Twas Jesus spoke to me so mild;
He called me to his side.
And said, although with heart defiled,
I might in him confide.

2. I saw his face, the fairest face
That ever mortal saw;
I longed the favour to embrace,
From him new life to draw.
"Come unto me," he kindly said,
"And I will give thee rest;
The ransom-price I freely paid;
Repeat! believe! be blest!"

3. I felt his love, the strongest love
That mortal ever felt;
O, how it drew my soul above,
And made my hard heart melt!
My burden at his feet I laid,
And knew the joy of become.
As in my vision was the word,
The darkness found the light!
The voice of Jesus say, "He who will saving Grace, friend of the man of sorrow, friend of the man of ease; lay his head upon my breast.""  

To Jesus as I was—Weary, and worn, and sad;  

to Jesus, and I drank of that life-giving stream;  

to Jesus, and I found in him my star, my sun;  

3. Are we weak and holy?  

What a privilege!  

We should never be dispirited;  

Precious Saviour, still  

Do thy friends despise  

O what peace we should have if we could find a friend,  

Can we find a friend,  

Do thy friends despise
331 WALKING WITH THEE.

Geo. Rawson. (Male Voices.) W. H. Pontius, by per.

1. Walking with thee, my God, Saviour benign,
   Daily confer on me Converse divine;
   Jesus, in thee restored, Brother, and blessed Lord,
   Let it be mine, Let it be mine.

2. Walking with thee, my God, Like as a child
   Leans on his father's strength, Crossing the wild,
   And by the way is taught Lessons of holy tho't,
   Faith undeviled, Faith undeviled.

3. Walking with thee, my God, Humbly with thee;
   Yet from all care and fear Lovingly free,
   Even as a friend with friend, Cheered to the journey's end,
   Walking with thee, Walking with thee.

4. Then shall my latest breath, Whisper thy praise;
   Hear thou the pray'r I make On bended knee.
   This is my earnest plea,
   More love to thee!

5. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee;
   Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
   This all my pray'r shall be
   More love, O Christ, to thee,

6. Let sorrow do its work, Send grief or pain;
   Sweet are thy messengers, Sweet their refrain,
   When they can sing with me,
   This still its pray'r shall be:

7. Then shall my latest breath, Whisper thy praise;
   Hear thou the pray'r I make On bended knee.
   This is my earnest plea,
   More love to thee!

332 MORE LOVE TO THEE.

Mrs. E. Prentiss. W. H. Doane.

1. More love to thee, O Christ! More love to thee;
   This is my earnest plea,
   More love to thee! More love to thee!

2. Once earthly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest;
   This all my pray'r shall be
   More love, O Christ, to thee,

3. Let sorrow do its work, Send grief or pain;
   Sweet are thy messengers, Sweet their refrain,
   When they can sing with me,

4. Then shall my latest breath, Whisper thy praise;
   Hear thou the pray'r I make On bended knee.
   This is my earnest plea,
   More love to thee!
333 STAND UP, AND BLESS THE LORD.
J. MONTGOMERY (WAUGH, S. M.) R. HARRISON.

1. Stand up, and bless the Lord, Ye peo-ple of his choice;
2. Tho' high a-bove all praise, A-bove all bless-ing high,
3. O for the liv-ing flame From his own al-tar brought,
4. God is our strength and song, And his sal-va-tion ours;

Stand up, and bless the Lord your God, With heart, and soul, and voice.
Who would not fear his hol-y name, And laud and mag-ni fy?
To touch our lips, our souls inspire, And wing to hear's ear thought!
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed With all our ransom'd pow'r.

334 CONSECRATED CHILDHOOD.
E. HEBER. (SILLOAM, C. M.) I. B. WOODSBURY.

1. By cool Si-lo-am's shad-y rill How fair the lil y grow!
2. Lo, such the child whose early feet The paths of peace have trod,
3. De-pend-ent on thy bounteous breath, We seek thy grace alone,

How sweet the breath, beneath the hill, Of Sharon's dew-y rose!
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet, Is upward drawn to God.
In childhood, manhood, age, and death, To keep us still thine own.

335 HOW GENTLE GOD'S COM-
F. DOBBIDGE. (DOVE, S. M.) W. B. BR

1. How gen-tle God's com-
2. Be-neath his watchful eye His saints so-cure - I,
3. Why should this anxious load Press down your wear-
4. His goodness stands approved Thro' each sown-seed-in

Come, cast your burdens on the Lord, And trust his con-
That hand which bears all nature up Shall guard his ch
Haste to your heav'n y Father's throne, And sweet refres-
I'll drop my bur-den at his feet, And bear a song

336 ATTEMPT HIS PRAISE.
THOMAS BLACKLOCK (LUTON, L. M.) GEORGE

1. Come, 0 my soul, in sacred lays Attempt thy great Cre-
2. Enthroned amid the radiant spher-es, He glory like a garm
3. Raised on devotion's lofty wing, Do thou, my soul, his g

But 0 what tongues can speak his fame! What mortal verse de-
To form a robe of light divine, Ten thousand suns around
And let his praise employ thy tongue Till list'ning worlds shall
337 CAN WE FORGET?
W. M. MITCHELL (CHINA. C. M.) TIMOTHY SWAN.

1. Jesus, thy love can we forget, And never bring to mind
2. Shall we the life of grief forget, Thy fasting and thy prayer?
3. Gethsemane can we forget, Thy struggling agony
4. Our sorrows and our sins were laid on thee, alone on thee;

The grace that paid our hopeless debt, And saved us pardon find?
Thy locks with mountain vapors wet, To save us from despair?
When night lay dark on Olivet, And none to watch with thee?
Thy precious blood our ransom paid—Thine all the glory be!

338 MY NEED, AND THY LOVE.
J. C. CREWSD. (FLEMING. 8s & 6s.) FLEMING.

1. O Father, I have sought to plead In earth beneath or heaven above,
2. The need will soon be past and gone, Exceeding great, but quickly

here, But just my own exceeding need, And thy exceeding love,

339 AT THY FEET.
F. W. HOWE (INVITATION. C. M.) W. V. WALLACE.

1. O Lord, who hidest all our shame Beneath thy crimsoned hand,
2. We had no courage in the strife, No shelter in reproof;
3. Be thou our King—our hearts are thine—Do with us as thou wilt,
4. We ask no ease nor joyous hours To use for self alone;

We feel thy touch, we trust thy name, We yield to thy command.
But thou hast glorified our life, We lay it at thy feet.
So never more thy love divine Be wounded for our guilt.
Take thou our thoughts, our reasoned pangs, And make them all thine own.

340 FAITH VIEWS HIM.
B. BEDDOM. (DENFIELD. C. M.) C. G. GLASER.

1. Buried beneath the yielding wave The great Redeemer lies;
2. Thus do these willing souls to-day Their ardent zeal express;
3. With joy we in his footsteps tread, And walk his steps sustain;

Faith views him in the watery grave, And thence beholds him rise.
And in the Lord's appointed way Fulfill all righteousness.
Like him be numbered with the dead, And with him rise and reign.
341 WITH WILLING HEARTS.

ANON.

(BADEA S. M.) GERMAN.

1. With willing hearts we tread The path our Saviour trod;
2. On thee, o’er the road, Our hope and faith rely,
3. We trust thy sacri-fice, To thy dear cross we flee;

We love the example of our Head, The glorious Lamb of God.
O thou who wilt for sin a-tone, Who didst for sinners die.
O may we live to sin, and rise To life and bliss in thee.

342 WE LIVE ANEW.

ANON.

(NEWELL C. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. Baptized into our Saviour’s death, Our souls to sin must die; With Christ our
2. There by his Father’s side we sit, Enjoyed divine-ly fair; Yet owns him-
3. Rise from thee; earthly trials, rise On wings of faith and love; A-bove, our

Lord we live anew, With Christ ascend on high. With Christ ascend on high. Self our Brother still, And our forerunner there, And our forerunner there. A-bove, the treasuries lie, And be our hearts above, And be our hearts a-bove.

343 BLEST BE THE TIE.

J. FAWCETT.

(DENNIS S. M.) J. G. NAG

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ;
2. Be-fore our Father’s throne We pour our ardent pr
3. When we a- sun-der part, It gives us in-

The fellowship of kindred minds Is like to that a-b
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our comforts, and our
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a-g

344 FORBID THEM NOT.

T. HASTINGS.

(PEORIA C. M.) UNKNOWN

1. “Forbid them not,” the Saviour cried, “But suffer them to
2. Lord, we believe, and we o bey; We bring them at thy
3. Let not earth’s pleasures draw them down; Lord, give them strength

Ah, then ma-turer tears were dried, And un-belief was.
Be thou our children’s strength and stay, Their portion and re-
And thro’ thy strong, all-trac-tive pow’r, At last to gain the

www.4tons.com.br
345 ALL THINGS ARE THINE.
Anon. (Ware. L. M.) Geo. Kingsley

1. All things are thine; no gift have we, Lord of all gifts! to of - for thee;
2. Thy will was in the builders' the'ls; Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought;
3. We lack thy per - fect wisdom; for human needs and long-ings grew
4. O Fa - ther! design these walls to bless, Make this a bed of righteousness,

And hence, with grateful hearts to-day, Thine own, before thy foot we lay.
This house of prayer, this house of rest. Here may thy saints be often blest.
And let these doors a gateway be To lead us from our selves to thee.

346 THY PRESENCE HERE.
Anon. (Marlow. C. M.) John Chetham

1. God of the u - ni-verse, to thee These sacred walls we rear;
2. When sad and with care, by sin oppressed, Here may the burdened soul
3. And when the last long Sabbath morn Up-on the just shall rise,

And now, with songs and bended knee, Invokes thy presence here.
Beneath thy shel - ling wing find rest; Here make the wounded whole.
May all who own thee here, be born to mansions in the skies.

347 WE DEDICATE TO THEE.

1. Mak - er of hand and roll - ing sea, We ded - i - cate this house to thee;
2. Come, all this house with holy grace, While sinners thresh the sacred place,
3. Here, let the mourning soul find rest; Up-on the lov - ing Saviour's breast;

And what our willing hands have done, We give to God and to the Son.
And saints, with an - gel beats a - bove, Unite to sing re-deem-ing love.
And with the sense of sins forgiv'n, Each heart aspire to God and hear'n.

348 COMING SAIVOUR.
Anon. (Holley. 78.) George Hewl.

1. Coming Saviour, now in faith We remember still thy death;
2. While in faith we drink the wine, Of thy blood we see the sign;
3. Lord, we thus re - mem - ber thee, But we long thy face to see-

Thou wast broken - thou hast died; For us thou wast cru-ci - fied.
Wash us pure from ev - ry stain, Thon that comest soon to reign.
Long to reach our heav'nly home; Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!
THE SOLID ROCK.


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesu's blood and right-ous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But changing grace; In ev'-ry high and storm-y gale, My wholly lean on Jesu's name. anch-ori holds within the vail. On Christ, the sol-i-d Rock, I stand; All

2. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his un-days of old; Place thou my trembling hand in thine, And 3. His oath, his cov-er-age, and blood, Sup-port me in the earth but loss, And firm-ly, brave-ly jour-ney on; I'll other ground is sink-ing sand, All other ground is sink-ing sand.

right-ous-ness; I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But changing grace; In ev'-ry high and storm-y gale, My wholly lean on Jesu's name. anch-ori holds within the vail. On Christ, the sol-i-d Rock, I stand; All

3. When darkness seems to veil his face, I rest on his un-days of old; Place thou my trembling hand in thine, And 3. His oath, his cov-er-age, and blood, Sup-port me in the earth but loss, And firm-ly, brave-ly jour-ney on; I'll other ground is sink-ing sand, All other ground is sink-ing sand.

Copyright, 1888, by The J. E. White Pub. Co. Used by permission.

WALKING WITH GOD.


1. O let me walk with thee, my God, As En-oach walked in sweet com-mun-ion with me hold; Ev'n tho' the path I may not see, Yet, Jesu, let me walk with thee. of the seas; O Mas-ter, let me walk with thee. gates I see, Yet, Sav-iour, let me walk with thee.
ARISE, MY SOUL, ARISE!

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt-y
2. He ever lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-
3. Five bleed - ing wounds he bears, Be - lieved on Cal - va-
4. The Fa - ther hears him pray, His dear, a - nointed

fears; The bleeding Sao - ri - foes In my be-half appears;
cede; His all re-deeming love, His precious blood to plead;
ry; They pour effectual pray'rs, They strongly speak for me:
One; He would not turn a-way The presence of his Son;

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, Be - fore the throne my
His blood was shed for all our race, His blood was shed for
"For-give him, O, for-give!" they cry, "For-give him, O, for-
His Spir-it an - swers to the blood, His Spir-it an - swers

Sure - ty stands; My name is writ - ten on his hands.
all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
give!" they cry, "Nor let the con - trite sin - ner die!" to the blood, And tells me I am born of God.

352 THE JUBILEE.

1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
Ye earth's remotest bound,
[1: The year of Jubilee is come,;]
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
[1: The year of Jubilee is come,;]
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-stoning Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Thro' all the world proclaim;
[1: The year of Jubilee is come,;]
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 The Sabbath-day was blessed,
Hallowed, and sanctified;
It was Jehovah's rest,
And so it must abide;
[1: 'T was set apart before the fall.,;]
'T was made for man, 't was made for all.

4 And when from Sinai's mount,
Amidst the fire and smoke,
Jehovah did recount,
And all his precepts spoke,
[1: He claimed the rest-day as his own,;]
And wrote it with his law on stone.

5 Our Saviour did not die
To render null and void
The law of the Most High,
Which can not be destroyed;
[1: But, bruised for us, our stripes he bore,;]
We'll go in peace and sin no more.

B. F. COTTRELL.

353 GOD'S REST.

1 The God that made the earth,
And all the worlds on high,
Who gave all creatures birth,
In earth, and sea, and sky,
[1: After six days in work employed,;]
Upon the seventh a rest enjoyed.

3 The Sabbath-day was blessed,
Hallowed, and sanctified;
It was Jehovah's rest,
And so it must abide;
[1: 'T was set apart before the fall.,;]
'T was made for man, 't was made for all.

4 And when from Sinai's mount,
Amidst the fire and smoke,
Jehovah did recount,
And all his precepts spoke,
[1: He claimed the rest-day as his own,;]
And wrote it with his law on stone.

5 Our Saviour did not die
To render null and void
The law of the Most High,
Which can not be destroyed;
[1: But, bruised for us, our stripes he bore,;]
We'll go in peace and sin no more.

B. F. COTTRELL.
354 LORD, DISMISS US.
Fawcett & Kelly. (Sicily. 8s & 7s.) Sicilian.
1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and adoration, For thy good gift's joyful sound;
3. While our days on earth are lengthened, May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Let us each thy love possess, ing, Triumph in redeeming grace.
May the fruits of thy salvation in our hearts and lives abound.
Cheer by hope, and daily strengthened, Till we rest in hear'n with thee.

355 JOIN OUR SONGS.
Isaac Watts. (Rohr. C. M.) Unknown.
1. Come, let us join our cheerful songs With angels round the throne; Ten thousand
2. Worthy the Lamb, Who died, They cry, To be exalted thus; Worthy the
3. Jesus is worthy To receive power and power divine; And blessings thousand are their tongues, But all their joys are one; But all their joys are one.
Lamb, our hearts reply, For he was slain for us; For he was slain for us,
more than we can give, Be, Lord, forever thine; Be, Lord, forever thine.

356 PRAISE FOR TRUTH.
Anon. (Hope. 8s & 7s.) Mendelssohn.
1. Praise to Him by whose kind favor Heav'nly truth has reached e
2. Truth! how sacred is the treasure! Teach us, Lord, its worth to
3. What of truth we have been hearing, Fix, O Lord, in every
May its sweet reviving savour Fill our hearts and calm our
Vain the hope, and short the pleasure Which from oth'er sources
In the day of thy appearing May we share thy people's

357 PRAISE THE LORD.
J. Montgomery. (Root. 7s.) F. H. Bell.
1. Praise the Lord, O praise the Lord! All ye saints, your voices
2. For his truth and mercy stand, Praise and present and to
3. Praise him, ye who know his love; Praise him from the depths be-
Hear's and earth, with loud accord, Praise the Lord, for ever and
Like the years of his right hand, Like his own forever
Praise him in the heights above; Praise your Maker, all that
358 ANOTHER SIX DAYS' WORK.
S. STENNIT. (HEBRON. L. M.) L. MASON.

1. An-oth-er six days' work is done, An-oth-er Sab-bath is be-gun;
2. Come, bless the Lord, whose love an-signs So sweet a rest to won-ry minds;
3. O that our thought in and thanks may rise As grate-ful in-ce-nee to the skies,
4. This hour-ly calm within the breast Is the best pledge of glori-ous rest,

Re-turn, my soul, en-joy thy rest, Im-prove the day that God has blessed.
A bless-ed an - to-pear is giv'n, On this day more than all the ear'n;
And draw from Christ that sweet re-pose Which noae but he who feels it known.
Which for the church of God re-main, The end of cares, the end of pain.

359 WELCOME, WELCOME.
ANON. (PLEVEL. 78.) IGNACE PLEVEL.

1. Wel-come, wel-come, day of rest, To the world in kind-ness giv'n;
2. Day of calm and sweet re-pose, Gen-try now thy mo-men-tos run;
3. Ho-ly day that must we prize, Day of sol-ern praise and prayer,

Wel-come to this bea-ut-ful breast, As the beam-ing light from heaven.
Balm to soothe our cares and woes, Till our in-ter-est here is done.
Day to make the sim-ple wise, O, how great thy bless-ings are!

360 HOW SWEET!
MRS. FOLLEN. (ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.) KINGSLY.

1. How sweet on this sa-cred day, The best of all the ear'n,
2. How sweet the words of peace to hear From him to whom 'tis giv'n
3. And if to make our aim do part, In vain the will has stri'n,

To cast our earth-ly thoughts a-way, And think of God and bear'n!
To wake the pen - i - ten - tial tear, And lend the way to bear'n!
He who re-gards the in - most heart Will send his grace from bear'n.

361 COME, FEED THY SHEEP.
WM. MASON. (HERBERT. C. M.) L. MASON.

1. Come, dear Lord, and feed thy sheep, On this sweet day of rest; O bless this
2. Welcome and precious to my soul Are these sweet days of love, But what a
3. To, if my soul, when Christ appears, In this sweet frame be found, I'll claim my

Seek, and make this fold En-joy a hour-ly rest, En-joy a hour-ly rest.
Sab-bath shall I keep When I shall rest a-be-nut, When I shall rest a - bore!
Ser-vice in my arms, And leave this earth-ly ground, And leave this earth-ly ground!
OME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING.

V. (ITALY. 6s & 4s.) GIARDINI.

We al-might-y King, Help us thy name to sing,
ly Com-fort-er, Thy sa-cred wit-ness bear,
the might-y One, On earth thy will be done,

...

praise. Fa-ther all-glo-ri-ous, O'er the vic-
glad hour: Thou who al-might-y art, Rule now in
re to-ward. Thy sov-reign maj-es-ty May we in

...

364 WELCOME, DELIGHTFUL MORN!

HAYWARD. (LISCHER. H. M.) F. SCHNEIDER.

1. Wel-come, de-light-ful morn, Thou day of sa-
cred rest;
I hail thy kind re-turn; Lord, make these mo-
ments bless.

...

From the low train of mortal toys I soar to reach im-
ortal joys,
I soar... to reach immortal joys.

...

363

Be truth ahead!
2 Ye who, forsaking all
Lord of God
world;
Lord has done,

...

2 How may the King descend,
Ye who, forsaking all
At your loved Master's call,
Comforts reign;
Soon your work be done,

...

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'r;
Disclose a Saviour's love,
And bless these sacred beams;

...

www.4tons.com.br
365 AGAIN THE DAY RETURNS

Wm. Mason, (Freeport, N.Y.) Wm. Mason, (Freeport, N.Y.)

1. Again the day turns of holy rest, Which, when he
2. Let us devote this con-se-crated day To learn his
3. Lord of all worlds, incline thy gracious ear; Thy children's

made the world, Jehovah's blessed; When, like his own, he bade our
will, and all we learn obey; So shall he hear, when her-rest-
voice in tender mercy hear; Bear thy best promise, fix'd as

labor's cease, And all be piety, and all be peace.
ly we raise Our sup-plications, and our songs of praise.
hills, in mind, And shed re-newing grace on lost mankind.

4. Father in heav'n, in whom our hopes confide,
Whose pow'r defends us, and whose precepts guide,
Thro' life our surest guardian, and friend,
Glory supreme be thine till time shall end.

366 MEMORIAL OF CREATION'S KING.

R. F. Cottrell, (Park Street, L.M.) F. M. A. Venne.

1. De-light-ful day, best gift of heav'n, By man in E-den
2. Mo-mo-rial of cre-a-tion's King, We welcome now thy
3. We bless thy name, al-might-y Lord, We love the keepsake

first pos-sess'd; Je-ho-vah's rest-day kindly giv'n That all his
glad re-turn; And while his praise we join to sing, Our hearts with
thou hast giv'n; Our voices join with one ac-cord In hon-or

creatures might be bless'd, That all his creatures might be bless'd.
love and rapture burn, Our hearts with love and rapture burn-
of the King of heav'n, In hon-or of the King of heav'n.

4. All praise to Jesus, by whose blood
We are redeemed from sin and death;
Give glory to the Son of God;
Praise him all creatures that have

5. His law shall still be our delight;
The holy Sabbath is a part;
And when we gain that world so
bright,
367 SAFELY THRO' ANOTHER WEEK.
J. Newton. (SABBATH. 72. 61.) L. Mason

1. Safely thro' another week God has brought us on our way;
2. While we seek supplies of grace Thro' the dear Redeemer's name,
3. Here we come thy name to praise, May we feel thy presence near,
4. May the gospel's joyful sound Conquer sinners, comfort saints;

Let us now a blessing seek, Waiting in his courts to-day,
Show thy reconciling face, Take away our sin and shame;
May thy glory meet our eyes While we in thy courts appear,
Make the fruits of grace abound, Bring relief to all complaints;

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest,
From our worldly cares set free May we rest this day in thee,
Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast,
Thus may all our Sabbaths be Till we rise to reign with thee,

Day of all the week the best, Emblem of eternal rest,
From our worldly cares set free May we rest this day in thee,
Here afford us, Lord, a taste Of our everlasting feast,
Thus may all our Sabbaths be Till we rise to reign with thee.

368 DAY OF REST AND GLADNESS!
Wordsworth. (MENDEBRAS. 75 & 65. D.) German

1. O day of rest and gladness, O day of joy and light,
2. Thou art a port protector From storms that round us rise,
3. A day of sweet reflection Thou art, a day of love;

Q balm of care and sadness, Most beautiful, most bright;
A garden intersected With streams of paradise;
A day to raise affection From earth to things above.

On thee, the high and lowly, Who bend before the throne,
Thou art a cooling fountain In life's dry, dreary sand;
New graces ever gaining From this our day of rest,

Sing, Holy, holy, holy, To the eternal One.
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain, We view our promised land.
We seek the rest remaining In mansions of the blest.
PART III.

Work and Trust.

379

SOMETHING FOR JESUS.

REV. S. D. PHILLIPS, D. D.

"Lord, what wilt thou have me do?"—Acts 9:6.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Sa-viour! thy dy-ing love Thou gav-est me, Nor should I aught withhold, Dear Lord, from thee;
2. At the blest mer-cy-seat, Plead-ing for me, My fee-ble faith looks up, Je-sus, to thee;
3. Give me a faith-ful heart,—Like-ness to thee,— That each de-part-ing day Henceforth may see
4. All that I am and have,—Thy gifts so free,— In joy, in grief, thro' life, Dear Lord, for thee!

In love my soul would bow, My heart ful-fil its vow, Some off'reng bring thee now, Something for thee.
Help me the cross to bear, Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or pray'r, Something for thee.
Some work of love begun, Some deed of kindness done, Some wand'rin' sought and won, Something for thee.
And when thy face I see, My ransom'd soul shall be, Thro' all e-ter-ni-ty, Something for thee.

Copyright, 1871, 1889, by Robert Lowry. Used by his permission.
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John 3:16.

MISS KATE HANKEY. W. G. FISCHER.

1. I love to tell the story Of unseen things above; Of Jesus and his glory,
   Of Jesus and his love; I love to tell the story, Because I know 'tis true,
   Of all our golden dreams; I love to tell the story, It did so much for me,
   More wonderfully sweet; I love to tell the story, For some have never heard

2. I love to tell the story; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden fancies
   To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glory I sing the new, new song,
   More wonderful dreams; I love to tell the story, It did so much for me,
   More wonderfully sweet; I love to tell the story, For some have never heard

3. I love to tell the story; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems each time I tell it,
   To hear it like the rest; And when in scenes of glory I sing the new, new song,
   More wonderfully dreams; I love to tell the story, It did so much for me,
   More wonderfully sweet; I love to tell the story, For some have never heard

4. I love to tell the story; For those who know it best Seem hungering and thirsting

   CHORUS.

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

'Twill be my theme in glory To tell the old, old story Of Jesus and his love.

WORKING, O CHRIST, WITH THEE.

"We then, as workers together with him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain."—2 Cor. 6:1.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Working, O Christ, with thee, Working with thee, Un-worth-y, sin-ful, weak, Tho' we may be;
2. Al-long the cit-y's waste, Working with thee, Our ea-ger foot-steps haste, Like thee to be;
3. Sav-iour, we wea-ry not, Working with thee, As hard as thine our lot Can nev-er be;
4. So let us la-bor on, Working with thee, Till earth to thee is won, From sin set free;

Our all to thee we give, For thee a-lone we live, And by thy grace achieve, Working with thee.
The poor we gath-er in, The outcasts raise from sin, And la-bor souls to win, Working with thee.
Our joy and comfort this, "Thy grace suf-fi-cient is;" This changes toil to bliss, Working with thee.
Till men, from shore to shore, Receive thee, and a-dore, And join us ev-er-more, Working with thee.

From "Gathered Jewels," by permission.
GIVE ME THE BIBLE.

Priscilla J. Owens.

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

E. S. Low

1. Give me the Bible, star of gladness gleaming,
   To cheer the wand’rer lone and tempest to

2. Give me the Bible when my heart is broken,
   When sin and grief have filled my soul with

3. Give me the Bible, all my steps en-light-en,
   Teach me the danger of these realms be-

4. Give me the Bible, lamp of life im-mor-tal,
   Hold up that splendor by the o-pen g

No storm can hide that peace-ful radiance beaming,
Since Je-sus came to seek and save the lost.
Give me the precious words by Je-sus spoke-en,
Hold up faith’s lamp to show my Saviour’s path.
That lamp of sa-fe-ty, o’er the gloom shall brighten,
That light a-lone the path of peace can shone
Show me the light from heav-en’s shin-ing por-tal,
Show me the glo-ry gild-ing Jordan’s wa-

Pre-cept and promise, law and love com-bining,
Till night shall van-ish in e-ter-nal

CHORUS

Give me the Bi-ble,—Ho-ly mes-sage shin-ing,
Thy light shall guide me in the nar-row

Used by permission of E. S. Lorenz.
STAND LIKE THE BRAVE.

"It is high time to awake * * let us therefore * * put on the armor of light."—Rom. 13:11, 12.

F. J. CROSBY.

W. B. BRADBURY AND PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. O Christian, awake! 'tis the Master's command; With helmet and shield, and a sword in thy hand,
2. Whatever thy danger, take heed and beware, And turn not thy back, for no armor is there;
3. The cause of thy Master with vigor defend; Be watchful, be zealous, and fight to the end;
4. Press on, never doubting, thy Captain is near, With grace to supply, and with comfort to cheer;

To meet the bold tempter, go, fearless go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
The legions of darkness, if thou wouldst overthrow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
Whenever he leads thee, go, valiantly go, And stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.
His love, like a stream in the desert will flow, Then stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

CHORUS.

Stand like the brave, stand like the brave, Stand like the brave, with thy face to the foe.

Used by arr. with The Biglow & Main Co., owners of copyright.
HOLD ON.

"Be not weary in well doing."—2d Thess. 3:13.

1. If your hand's on the plow, hold on, hold on; Tho' the soil may be sterile and hard, The plowshare will make The fallow ground break, And the plowman will have his re-ward; Earth's bosom will sparkle with emerald green, And its path-way be clear, And the heart of the worker be glad; Heav'n's portals will open, and mu-sic resound, And the grain will be gold-en king; The reapers will come, with loud "Harvest Home," And the gleaners will joyfully sing. mansions of bliss will ring With praise for the brave, who labor to save, And the angels will joy-ful-ly sing.

2. If your heart's in the work, hold on, hold on; Tho' the way should be gloomy and sad, A light will ap-pear, The
HOLD ON.—CONCLUDED

Hold on, hold on, my brother, hold on, Hold on till the prize is won: Hold on to the plow, And weary not now, For the work is almost done.

MASTER, HAST THOU WORK FOR ME.

A good effect with this song may be obtained by having a member of the Infant class sing it as a solo, all joining in the refrain.

1. Master, hast thou work for me? I would gladly toil for thee; I have neither strength nor skill,
2. Let me learn in early youth, Lessons from thy Book of truth; Let me seek to walk thy ways,
3. Let me daily sow some seed, Daily do some kindly deed; Grant thy loving help to me,

End. REFRAIN.

Yet some place I long to fill; Thou' my hands are small and weak, Yet some little task I seek.
Know thy will and sing thy praise; Heart and hands to thee I bring, Let me serve thee, holy King.
Give me perfect trust in thee; Trusting thee to teach me how, Let me serve thee, here and now.

I would gladly toil for thee.
IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL.

H. G. SPAFFORD.  "He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55:18.  P. P. BLESS.

1. When peace like a river attendeth my way, When sorrows like sea-billows roll;
2. Tho' Satan should buffet, tho' trials should come, Let this blest assurance control,
3. My sin—O the bliss of the glorious thought!—My sin, not in part, but the whole,
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,

What-ev-er my lot, Thou hast taught me to say, "It is well, it is well with my soul." That Christ hath regard ed my help less estate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul. Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no more; Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul! The trumpet shall sound, and the Lord shall descend; "E-ven so"—it is well with my soul.

REFRAIN.

It is well—well with my soul, It is well—well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

Used by permission of The John Church Co., owners of the copyright.
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING

P. P. Bliss.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:16. P. P. Bliss.

1. Brightly beams our Father's mercy, From His lighthouse evermore, But to us
2. Dark the night of sin has settled, Loud the angry billows roar; Eager eyes
3. Trim your feeble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail or tempest tossed, Trying now

CHORUS.

He gives the keeping Of the lights along the shore.
are watching, longing, For the lights along the shore. Let the lower lights be burning!
to make the harbor, In the darkness may be lost

Send a gleam across the wave! Some poor fainting, struggling seaman, You may rescue, you may save.

Used by permission of The John Church Co., owners of the copyright.
KEEP STEP.

Fanny J. Crosby.

Spirited.

"Doth not he see my ways, and count all my steps?"—Job 32:7.

W. H. Doane.

1. In the struggle of life there's a conquest to win; Would you break from the fetters that bind you to sin? Would you vanquish the foe to the cause of the Right? You must gird on your armor bright. Persevere in all you do; Looking up, your fervent and watch unto pray'r, And the cross daily learn to bear.

2. Would you cast in your lot with the people of God, Would you follow the path which the righteous have trod? You must ever be live for Christ, yourselves deny, Seek your treasures cometh, the promise is given. Of a home and a crown in heaven. Would you dwell for ever there? On the Saviour way pursue; Toiling on till life is over, With the faithful gone before. Keep step! Keep step! ever. Keep in the sky; Marching on till life is over, With the faithful gone before. Keep step! Keep step! ever. Keep cast your care; Pressing on till life is over, With the faithful gone before. Keep step! Keep step! ever. Keep

REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1877, 1880, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.
KEEP STEP.—CONCLUDED.

step, keep step for-ev-er. And the blessing of God will be yours to the end, He will leave his children nev-er.

HEAR THE PENNIES DROPPING.

1. Hear the pennies dropping! Listen while they fall; Ev'-ry one for Je-sus,—He will get them all.
2. Dropping, dropping ev-er. From each little hand; "Tis our gift to Je-sus, From his lit-tle band.
3. Now, while we are lit-tle, Pennies are our store; But, when we are old-er, Lord, we'll give thee more.
4. Tho' we've lit-tle mon-ey, We can give him love; He will own our off'ring, Smi-ling from a-bove.

REFRAIN.

Dropping, dropping, dropping, dropping; Hear the pennies fall! Ev'-ry one for Je-sus,—He will get them all.

Copyright, 1884, by John J. Hood. Used by permission.
I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN.

WHITHERSOEVER THOU SENDEST US WE WILL GO."—JOSH. 1:16.

CARRIE E. ROUSEPELL.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Nor o'er the stormy sea; It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me; But if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know, I'll answer, dear Lord, with my I should seek; O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Thou'rt ragged and dark the way, My voice shall echo thy cruel; So trusting all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me, I'll do thy will with a

2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak, There may be now in the paths of sin Some woe's for when

3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place In earth's harvest fields so wide, Where I may labor thru life's short day For Jesus, the

REFRAIN.

hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go. mess- age sweet, I'll say what you want me to say. I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

Copyright, 1894, by C. E. Rousespell. Used by permission.
I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.—CONCLUDED.

mountain, or plain, or sea; I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

'TIS LOVE THAT MAKES US HAPPY.

F. E. B.  
"My little children, let us not love in word; ... but in deed and in truth."—John 3:18.  
F. E. Belden.

1. 'Tis love that makes us happy; 'Tis love that smooths the way; It helps us "mind," it makes us kind.
2. This world is full of sorrow, Of sickness, death, and sin; With loving heart we'll do our part.
3. And when this life is over, And we are called above, Our song shall be, eternally.

D. C.—'Tis love that makes us happy; 'Tis love that smooths the way; It helps us "mind," it makes us kind.

REFRAIN.

To others every day.
And try some soul to win. God is love; we're his little children. God is love; we would be like him.

Of Jesus and his love.

Copyright, 1922, by F. E. Belden. From "Illustrated Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones."
'T IS SO SWEET TO TRUST IN JESUS.

LOUISA M. R. STEAD.

"He shall save them, because they trust in him."—Ps. 37:40.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to take him at his word; Just to rest upon his promise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord." How I've prov'd him o'er and o'er! Je-sus, Je-sus, precious Je-sus! O for grace to trust him more!

2. O how sweet to trust in Jesus, Just to trust his cleansing blood; Just in simple faith to plunge me 'Neath the healing, cleansing flood. Je-sus, Je-sus, how I trust him; thou art with me, Wiit be with me till the end.

3. Yes,'tis sweet to trust in Jesus, Just from sin and self to cease; Just from Jesus simply taking Life, and rest, and joy, and peace.

4. I'm so glad I learned to trust thee, Precious Je-sus, Saviour, Friend; And I know that

REFRAIN.
DRAW ME CLOSER TO THEE.

"Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith."—Heb. 10:22.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN.

1. Closer to thee, my Father, draw me, I long for thine embrace; Closer within thine arms en-

2. Closer to thee, my Saviour, draw me, Nor let me leave thee more; Fain would I feel thine arms a-

3. Closer by thy sweet Spirit draw me, Till I am all like thee; Quicken, refine, and wash and

CHORUS.

fold me, I seek a resting place. Closer with the cords of love, Draw me round me, And count my wand'ring o'er.

cleanse me. Till I am pure and free. Closer, closer with the cords of love, Draw me, draw me to thy

...to thyself above; Closer with the cords of love, Draw me to thyself above.

By permission of J. H. TENNEY.
ONE MORE NEW DAY.

F. E. B.  Moderato.

"I must work the works of him that sent me while it is day: the night cometh when no man can work."—John 9:4.  

F. E. Belden.

1. One more new day for Jesus, This day with prayer begun; Well spent if we are singing His praise at set of sun: 
2. One more new day for Jesus! Too many days have passed In only selfish pleasure, With bitterness at last,——
3. One more new day for Jesus! 'Tis joy his love to tell When half his wondrous mercy The soul doth know full well.

Some heavy heart made lighter, Some gloomy pathway brightened; Some crimson garment whitened, Thro' Christ the cleansing One.
Like autumn empty-handed, Like boat on coral stranded, Like volunteers disband ed, Un used to battle's blast.
Our will to him resigning, Our care on him reclining, Trusts where once Repining Tol'd her sad-sounding bell.

REFRAIN.

One more new day, God's will, God's way; One more, and all for Jesus; He gives one more new day.

One more new day, God's will and way;

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.
ONE MORE DAY’S WORK FOR JESUS.

ANNA WARNER. 

"To every man his work."—Mark 13:34. 

ROBERT LOWRY.

1. One more day’s work for Jesus, One less of life for me: But heav’n is nearer, And Christ is dear-er,
   One more day’s work for Jesus; How glorious is my King! ’Tis joy, not duty, To speak his beauty;
   One more day’s work for Jesus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the story, To show the glory
   One more day’s work for Jesus.—O yes, a weary day; But heav’n shines clearer, And rest comes nearer,
   One more day’s work for Jesus! O rest at Jesus’ feet! There toil seems pleasure, My wants are treasure,

   CHORUS.

   Than yes-ter-day to me; His love and light Fill all my soul to-night.
   My soul mounts on the wing At the mere tho’t How Christ my life has bought.
   Where Christ’s flock enter in! How it did shine In this poor heart of mine! One more day’s work for Jesus,
   At each step of the way; And Christ in all—Before his face I fall.
   And pain for him is sweet; Lord, if I may, I’ll serve an-oth-er day.

   One more day’s work for Jesus, One more day’s work for Jesus, One less of life for me.

Used by permission of Robert Lowry.
MISSIONARY’S FAREWELL.

"Come over into Macedonia and help us."—Acts 16:9.

Rev. I. Balteell.

1. On the shore (on the shore) bey-ond the sea, Where the fields (where the fields) are bright and fair, There's a
2. Hark! I hear (hark! I hear) the Mas-ter say, "Up, ye reap- (up, ye reap-) ers! why so slow?" To the
3. Just bey-ond (just bey-ond) the roll-ing tide, The up-lift -(the up-lift-) ed hand I see; Lo! the
4. Fa-ther, moth- (father, moth-) er, dar-ling child, I must bid (I must bid) you all a-dieu; Far a-

CHORUS.

call (there's a call), a plain-tive plea, I must hast- (I must hast-) en to be there. Let me go, . . . .

vine- (to the vine-) yard, far a-way, Earth-ly kin- (earth-ly kin-) dred, let me go.
gates (lo! the gate) are o-pen wide, And the lost (and the lost) are call-ing me.
cross (far a-cross) the wa-ters wild, There's a work (there's a work) for me to do. I cannot stay,

I can-not stay, 'Tis the Mas-ter call-ing me; Let me go, . . . .

Mas-ter, 'Tis the Mas-ter I must o-bey.

Permission of E. B. Lorenz.
MISSIONARY'S FAREWELL.—CONCLUDED.

I must o - bey; Na- tive land, fare-well to thee (fare-well to thee)

THE CALL FOR REAPERS.

J. O. THOMPSON. "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."—Matt. 9:37.

J. B. O. CLEM. Far and near their gold is gleaming

1. Far and near the fields are teeming With the sheaves of ripened grain;
2. Send them forth with morn's first beaming, Send them in the noon-tide's glare;
3. O thou whom thy Lord is send-ing, Gath-er now the sheaves of gold, Heavy'ward then at evening wending

D. S.—Send them now the sheaves to gather,

O'er the sun-ny slope and plain.
Bid them gather ev'-ry-where. Lord of harvest, send forth reapers! Hear us, Lord, to thee we cry;
Thou shalt come with joy un-told.

CHORUS.

Bere the har - vest time pass by. Copyright by Hunt & Eaton, 1886. Used by permission.
RESCUE THE PERISHING.

W. H. Doane.

Fanny J. Crosby.

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—Luke 14:23.

1. Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying, Snatch them in pity from sin and the grave;
2. Tho' they are slighting him, Still he is waiting, Waiting the penitent child to receive.
3. Down in the human heart, Crush'd by the tempter, Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
4. Rescue the perishing, Duty demands it, Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;

Weep o'er the erring one, Lift up the fallen, Tell them of Jesus, the mighty to save.
Plead with them earnestly, Plead with them gently; He will forgive if they only believe.
Touched by a loving heart, Wakened by kindness, Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.
Back to the narrow way Patiently win them; Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.

CHORUS.

Rescue the perishing, Care for the dying; Jesus is merciful, Jesus will save.
THROW OUT THE LIFE-LINE!


1. Out upon an angry ocean, Without helm or oar, Millions in the wild commotion,
2. On a flow'ry gospel meadow, Thousands dwell at ease, Car-ing not that Death's dark shadow
3. How can we who once were rescued At so great a cost, Cast a-drift the only Life-Line,
4. Brothers, hear your brothers call-ing, "Throw the line this way," Sis-ters, see your sis-ters sink-ing,

Sink to rise no more. Haunts the stormy seas. Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line! Night is swiftly com-ing; Be-
Laugh-ing at the lost? With no arm to stay. Small notes, final ending.

Copyright, 1865, by F. E. Belden.
LIFT HIM UP.

"The Son of man must be lifted up, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."—

MAY H. WARREN.

John 3:14, 15.

D. S. HAKES.

1. Lift him up, 'tis he that bids you, Let the dying look and live; To all weary, thirsting sinners,
2. Lift him up, this precious Saviour, Let the multitude behold; They with willing hearts shall seek him,
3. Lift him up in all his glory, 'Tis the Son of God on high; Lift him up, his love shall draw them,
4. O then lift him up in singing, Lift the Saviour up in prayer; He, the glorious Redeemer,

Living waters will he give; And tho' once so meek and lowly, Yet the Prince of heav'n was he;
He will draw them to his fold. They shall gather from the way-side, Hast'ning on with joy-ous feet,
E'en the careless shall draw nigh. Let them hear a-gain the sto-ry Of the cross, the death of shame,
All the sins of men did bear. Yes, the young shall bow be-fore him, And the old their voices raise;

CHORUS.

And the blind, who grope in darkness, Thro' the blood of Christ shall see.
They shall bear the cross of Je-sus, And shall find sal-va-tion sweet.
And from tongue to tongue repeat it: Mighty throngs shall bless his name. Lift him up, the risen Saviour, High-
All the deaf shall hear Hosanna! And the dumb shall shout his praise.
LIFT HIM UP.—CONCLUDED.

mid the wait-ing throng; Lift him up, 'tis he that speak-eth, Now he bids you flee from wro

THE FAITHFUL THREE.

"Be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up."—Dan. 3:18.

F. E. B.

Moderate.

1. Look up-on the gold-en im-age, Hear the king's de-cree, See the burn-ing fi-e-y furnace, And the faithful three
2. Twas a heath-en king's command-ment Governed conscience then, Yet how brave-ly for Je- ho-vah Stood those no-ble men
3. So when earth-ly creeds of er- ror Bid you bend the knee, Turn and read the sim-ple sto-ry Of the faith-ful three
4. God is a-ble to de-liv-er As in days of old, All who walk the path of da-ty, Fearless, firm, and bold

D. C.—We will fol-low their ex-am-ple, Brave and faith-ful three, Bow-ing not be-fore the image At the world's de-cree.

CHORUS.

Stand for the right Where-ev-er you may be, Trust in the Lord, Like the faith-ful three
SOUND THE BATTLE CRY.

W. F. S. Vigorously.
"If God be for us, who can be against us?"—Rom. 8:31.

Wm. F. Sherwin.

1. Sound the battle cry, See the foe is nigh; Raise the standard high For the Lord; Gird your armor on.
2. Strong to meet the foe, Marching on we go, While our cause we know Must prevail; Shield and banner bright,
3. O thou God of all, Hear us when we call, Help us, one and all, By thy grace; When the battle's done,

CHORUS.

Stand firm, ev'ry one, Rest your cause upon His ho-ly word.
Gleaming in the light, Battling for the right, We ne'er can fail. Rouse, then, sol-diers! ral-ly round the banner!
And the vict'ry won, May we wear the crown Before thy face.

Read-y, stead-y, pass the word a-long; Onward, forward, shout a loud Ho-san-na! Christ is Captain of the faith-ful throng.

Used by arr. with The Eggow & Main Co., owners of copyright.
NEVER TURN BACK.

"Now the just shall live by faith: but if any man draw back, my soul shall have no pleasure in him."—Heb. 10:38.  

F. E. Belden.

1. Flee-ing from De-struc-tion's fair pal-a-ces of strife, Seeking, heav-y la-den, the narrow Gate of Life, Wad-ing thro' Despond's deep pit-fall of dis-tress, Shunning the town of Le-gal Righteous-ness:  
2. Dropping the guilt-bur-den just where we find the Cross, Wearing the white garment when sin's vile robe is lost, Climbing, worn and wea-ry, Dif-fi-cul-ty Hill, Find-ing sweet rest in Pal-ace Beau-ti-ful:  
3. Tak-ing the whole ar-mor, for bat-tle to pre-pare, Pass-ing down the Vale of Hu-mil-i-ty and pray'r, Fight-ing fierce A-poll-yon, trust-ing God to win, Clos-ing our eyes to Van-i-ty and sin:  
4. Hast'ning by the Cas-tle of Doubting and De-spair, Treading Ground En-chanted, but nev-er sleep-ing there, Stand-ing on the Mount De-lec-ta-ble and grand, Catch-ing a view from Beu-la'h's hap-py land:  
5. Thus we trav-el on-ward as strangers here be-low, Stud-y-ing the Guide-book un-fail-ing, as we go, Look-ing for the blood-stain'd footprints on the way, Walk-ing by faith in Je-sus ev-'ry day:

CHORUS.

Never turn back, never turn back, Press ever on, press ever on; Never turn back, never turn back, O'nly ev'ry on!

Copyright, 1894, by F. E. BELDEN. Used by permission of Henry Dietz, owner.
IS YOUR LAMP BURNING?

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. 5:16.

1. Are you Christ's light-bearer? Of his joy a sharer? Is this dark world fairer For your cheering ray? Is your beacon lighted, Guiding souls betimes To the land of perfect day? more each day? Are you pressing onward With his faithful vanguard, In the safe and narrow way? ev'ry near; With his radiance splendid Shall your light be blended When his glory shall appear.

2. Is your heart warm, glowing, With his love o'er-flowing, And his goodness showing More and more each day? Are you pressing onward With his faithful vanguard, In the safe and narrow way? ev'ry near; With his radiance splendid Shall your light be blended When his glory shall appear.

3. Keep your altars burning, Wait your Lord's return, While your heart's deep yearning Draws him near; With his radiance splendid Shall your light be blended When his glory shall appear.

D. S.—Are you waiting, yearning For your Lord's return? Are you watching day by day? O brother! is your lamp trimm'd and burning? Is the world made bright'er by its cheering ray?

CHORUS.

Used by permission of E. S. Lorenz.
NOT A WASTED MOMENT.

F. E. B.

"Not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord."—Rom. 12:11.

1. Not a wasted moment in the morning fair, Not an idle instant in the noon-day glare,
2. Where the soul is sin-sick with its weight of woe, Where the tears of persistence in silence flow,
3. Where the home is cheerless and the board is bare, Where the children never hear the voice of pray'r,
4. Where the toilers hurry neath the lash of Gain, Where the idlers gather in the street and lane,

Not a mispent evening let the record bear, Not a Christless mission anywhere,
Where the hand of sickness lays the loved one low, His co-worker, gladly I will go.
Where the drunkard rages o'er the wife's despair, With my Saviour I must hasten there.
Where the warriors languish on the field of pain, Let me go and whisper His dear name.

D.S.—May my angel's record, every closing day, Shine with love's bright moments all the way.

REFRAIN.

Golden grains, how fast they flow! Soon the last of life must go;
Golden grains, how fast they flow! Soon the last life must go;

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.
SEEKING THE LOST.

W. A. O.

“T will seek that which was lost.”—Eze. 34:16.

W. A. OGDEN.

1. Seeking the lost, yes, kindly en-treat-ing Wanderers on the mountains a-stray, “Come unto me,” his
2. Seeking the lost, and pointing to Je-sus Souls that are weak and hearts that are sore, Leading them forth in
3. Thus would I go, for Je-sus hath call’d me, Him would I fol-low day un-to day; Care for the dy-ing,

CHORUS. With Bass Solo obligato.

message re-peat-ing, Words of the Master speaking to-day.
ways of sal-va-tion, Showing the path to life ev-er-more.
raise up the fall-en, Pointing the lost to Je-sus the way.

Go-ing a-far, a-

Go-ing a-far . . . . . . upon the

far up-on the mountain,

Bringing the wan-d’rers, the wand’rers back a-gain,

moun-tain . . . . Bring-ing the wan-
d’rers back a-gain, . . . . . . . in-to the

Used by permission of W. A. Ogden.
SEEKING THE LOST.—CONCLUDED.

In to the fold, the fold of my Redeemer Jesus the Lamb, the Lamb for sinners slain.

fold.....of my Redeemer.....Jesus the Lamb.....for sinners slain.....

FREELY GIVE.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Give, and it shall be given unto you."—Luke 6:38.

THEO. R. PERKINS.

1. Would you win a Saviour's blessing? Freely, freely give; Would you see his work progressing? Freely, freely give;
2. With a cheerful heart and willing, Freely, freely give; Like the dew its balm dis-till-ing, Freely, freely give;
3. Give to spread the grand Old Story, Freely, freely give; Give to speed the light of glory, Freely, freely give;

Let your souls with love expand, Open wide a liberal hand; Would you follow God's command? Freely, freely give.
Have you lit-tle? Give your mite; O how precious in his sight! He your off'reng will re-quite; Freely, freely give.
Would you gain a rich re-ward In the harvest of the Lord? Then o-be-dient to his word, Freely, freely give.

Copyright, 1886, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.
AN OPEN BIBLE FOR THE WORLD.

“And this gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world for a witness unto all nations; and then shall the end come.”—Matt. 24:14. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

An open Bible for the world! May this our glorious motto be! On ev’ry breeze the truth unfurled Where’er it goes its gold-en light, Streaming as from un veil-ed sun, Shall dis sipate the clouds of night, It shows to men the Father’s face, All radiant with for giving love; And to the lost of Adam’s race, It tells of Je sus and his death, Of life procured for dy ing men; And to each soul of humble faith, It of fers rest to weary hearts; It comforts those who sit in tears; To all who faint it strength imparts;

CHORUS.

all scat ter blessings rich and free.
I do the work that sin has done. Blest word of God! . . . . send forth thy light . . . . O’er ev’ry
Oclaims sweet mercy from a bove. Blest word of God! send forth thy light
ves son ship with the Lord a gain.
da gilds with hope th’ e ter nal years.

I and ev’ry sea, . . . . Till all who wander in the night Are led to God and heav’n by thee.
and ev’ry sea.

4. 1852, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by permission.
SILENT MESSENGERS.

1. Go forth on wings of faith and pray, Ye pages bright with love; Thou, mute, the joyful
   tidings bear,—Salvation from above.
   spirit whole, With healing balm from heav'n. Silent messengers, go ye forth,

2. Go, tell the sinful, care-less soul The warning God has giv'n; Go, make the wound-ed
   price secure, Both with a Saviour's blood.
   all is vain; Be with us ever-more.

3. Go to the rude, the dark, the poor, That live estranged from God; Bid them the pearl of
   From ocean to ocean, from South to North; Seed of the Word, it shall not return in vain.

4. O Jesus, friend of dying men, Thy presence we implore; Without thy blessing
   Copyright, 1896, by F. E. Belden.
WE'LL LIVE IN TENTS.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth. For they that say such things declare plainly that they seek a country."—Heb. 11:13, 14.

1. God bids his people on the earth, Before he comes and calls them hence To live unknit to home and
2. It is his will that we should pass Like strangers, separate and aside From all the vain and worldly
3. He'd have us rear no stately towers, Sink no foundation walls of stone, But camp each night a few short
4. O brother, whatsoever chain Binds us to fleshly lust and strife, Here let us rend it in God's

CHORUS.

heard, Like far-bound travelers—in tents. We'll live in tents until our feet Shall reach the
mass That crowd the Babylons of pride.
hours, And ere the morrow's dawn move on.
name, And live, henceforth, the pilgrim life.

We'll live in tents until our feet Shall

land by sin untrod, The gate of pearl, the golden street, Whose Builder and whose Maker, God.

reach the land

Copyright, 1878, by F. H. Revell. Used by permission.
O WHERE ARE THE REAPERS?


Geo. F. Root.

CHORDS.

1. O where are the reap-ers that gar- ner in The sheaves of the good from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth
2. Go out in the highways and search them all; The wheat may be there, though the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-
3. The fields all are rip'-ning, and far and wide The world now is wait-ing the har-vest tide: But reap-ers are few,
4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord

must the work be done, And no one may rest till the “har-vest home.”

way, and pass none by; But gath-er from all for the home on high. Where are the reapers? O who will come And

and the work is great, And much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
of the har-vest come, Then share ye his joy in the “har-vest home.”

share in the glo-ry of the “harvest home?” O, who will help us to gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

Used by permission of The John Church Co., owners of the copyright.
HOW MUCH I NEED THEE.

F. E. B.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15:5.

1. Blessed Lord, how much I need thee! Weak and sinful, poor and blind; Take my trembling hand and lead me, Strength and sight in thee I find.

2. Clothe me with thy robe of meekness, Stained with sin this robe of mine; Teach me first to feel my weakness, Then to plead for strength divine. Ev'ry hour, ev'ry hour, Bless-ed side me, Thou, my light, my life, my all.

3. Safe am I if thou dost guide me, Trusting self, how soon I fall! Walk life's rugged way be cling-eth, Thou art still my soul's relief.

4. Then what e'er the future bring-eth, Smiles of joy or tears of grief, Still to thee my spir- it Lord, how much I need thee! Ev'ry hour, ev'ry hour, Sav-iour, keep me ev'ry hour.

Copyright, 1900. Used by permission.
I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. Annie S. Hawkes.

"Without me ye can do nothing."—John 15:5.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

1. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voice like thine Can peace af-ford.
2. I need thee ev-ery hour; Stay thou near by; Temptations lose their pow-er When thou art nigh.
3. I need thee ev-ery hour, in joy or pain; Come quickly and a-bide, Or life is vain.
4. I need thee ev-ery hour; Teach me thy will, And thy rich prom-is-es In me ful-fil.
5. I need thee ev-ery hour, Most Ho-ly One; O make me thine in-deed, Thou bless-ed Son.

REFRAIN.

I need thee, O I need thee! Ev-ery hour I need thee; O bless me now, my Saviour! I come to thee.

Copyright, 1900, by Mary Runyon Lowry. Used by permission.

ON TIME. (DAVIS. S. M.)

F. E. Belden.

1. The earth rolls round on time, The mornings ne'er de-lay; The sun is up, the noon is on, Then twilight's gentle ray.
2. The plan-ets in their course, One moment tar-ry not; All things that move by pow' r di-vine Are in-to or-der br't.
3. Shall man a-lone of all The vast cre-a-tion round, Seem less to heed his Maker's call, Than dumb and senseless sounds?
4. A-wake, my soul, and be On time at his command Whose good-ness moves the mighty sea, And wat-ers ev'-ry land.

Copyright, 1902, by F. E. Belden.
MOMENT BY MOMENT.

F. E. B.  

"I will water it every moment . . . I will keep it night and day."—Isa. 27:3.  

F. E. Belden.

1. Moment by moment, hour by hour, Constantly trusting His keeping pow'r; Day by day and week by week, Only His praise my tongue shall speak.

2. Why for the body anxious thought? Knowing He careth, sweet is my lot; Mine is the asking, His the store; Moment by moment, o'er and o'er. Moment by moment, Helper is He, Moment by moment pow'r, Moment by moment, hour by hour. Moment by moment, Helper is He, Moment by moment love. Than all the universe above. Moment by moment, Helper is He, Moment by moment

3. Why should the spirit doubting weep? What I've committed, surely He'll keep; Mine is the trusting, His the dwelling in me; Gently subduing powers of sin, Wonderful Saviour is Christ within.

4. Why for the resting sigh or sigh, Selfish seeking mansions on high? Earth needeth more of holy week, Only His praise my tongue shall speak.

Copyright 1900, by F. E. Belden.
ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

Jessie H. Brown.

—I will trust and not be afraid.”—Isa. 12: 2.

D. B. Towne, by per.

1. Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go, Anywhere he leads me in this world below;
2. Anywhere with Jesus I am not alone, Others friends may fail me, he is still my own;
3. Anywhere with Jesus I can go to sleep, When the gloomy shadows round about me creep,

Anywhere without him, dearest joys would fade, Anywhere with Jesus I am not afraid.

Though his hand may lead me o'er dreary ways, Anywhere with Jesus is a house of praise.

Knowing I shall wake nevermore to roam; Anywhere with Jesus will be home sweet home.

CHORUS.

Anywhere! anywhere! Fear I cannot know; Anywhere with Jesus I can safely go.

Copyright, 1887, by D. B. Towne.
STAND ON THE ROCK.

DR. C. R. BLACKALL. With spirit. “Stand fast.”—Gal. 5:1. W. H. DOANE.

1. Firm-ly stand for God, in the world’s mad strife, Tho’ the bleak winds roar, and the waves beat high; ’T is the
2. Firm-ly stand for Right, with a mot-ive pure, With a true heart bold, and a faith e’er strong; ’T is the
3. Firm-ly stand for Truth, it will serve you best; Tho’ it wait-eth long, it is sure at last; ’T is the

CHORUS.

Rock a-lone giveth strength and life, When the hosts of sin are nigh,
Rock a-lone giveth triumph sure, O’er the world’s array of wrong. Let us stand on the Rock, Firmly stand on the Rock,
Rock a-lone giveth peace and rest, When the storms of life are past.

On the Rock of Christ a-lone; If the strife we en-dure, We shall stand se-cure, ’Mid the throng who surround the throne.
ALL MY CLASS.

"They watch for your souls as they that must give account, that they may do it with joy and not with grief."—Heb. 13: 17.

F. E. Belden.

1. All my class! not one forgotten. When before the Throne I kneel; I would share the loving
2. All my class! if one be missing. In the glorious gathering day, How shall I account to
3. Daily would I walk before them, Sinless in God's holy sight, Pleading till his Spirit —

REFRAIN.

That my Saviour's heart doth feel. 
Jesus? What shall I with weeping say? Ev'ry one, blessed thought! Not a
draw them, Ev'ry one, to life and light.

single name forgot. One left out, His joy would dim; Ev'ry one is dear to Him.
TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

"And they went and told Jesus."—Matt. 10:12.

E. S. Lope

1. Are you weary, are you heavy hearted? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
3. Do you fear the gathering clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dying? Tell it to Jesus, Tell it to Jesus;

End.

Are you grieving over joys departed? Tell it to Jesus alone.
Have you sins that to the world are hidden? Tell it to Jesus alone.
Are you anxious what shall be tomorrow? Tell it to Jesus alone.
For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing? Tell it to Jesus alone.

D. S.—You've no other such a friend or brother. Tell it to Jesus alone.

CHORUS.

"It to Jesus, He is a friend that's well k
THINKING OF HIM.

"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them..."

F. E. B. Delct.

When I awake I am still with thee."—Ps. 119:17, 18.

F. E. Belden.

1. My first tho't shall be of Jesus, To greet the rising day; My last tho't shall be of Jesus,
2. I think of his love with wonder, That he should die for me; I think of his life with longing,
3. There's pow'r in his death of anguish, To cleanse from ev'-ry sin; There's pow'r in his life im-mor-tal,
4. I feast on his precious promise, His word is food di-vine; The Spir-it in prayer bears witness,

REFRAIN.

When twilight fades a-way.
That I like him may be. I'm thinking of him at dawn-ing, For he is my soul's delight;
To keep me pure with-in.
And whispers, Thou art mine.
I'm thinking of him at even-ing, I'm thinking of him at night.

Copyright 1880, by F. E. Belden.
TELL IT AGAIN.

"The man departed, and told the Jews that it was Jesus, which had made him whole."—John 5: 75.

MRS. M. B. C. SLADE.

1. Into the tent where a gypsy boy lay, Dying alone at the close of the day,
   News of Salvation we carried; said he, "No-body ever has told it to me!"

2. "Did he so love me, a poor little boy? Send unto me the good tidings of joy?"
   Need I not perish? my hand will he hold? No-body ever the story has told!"
   "God sent his Son!" "Who-so-ever," said he; "Then I am sure that he sent him for me!"

3. Smiling, we caught the last words of his breath, Just as he entered the valley of death,
   Whispered, while low sank the sun in the west, "Lord, I believe;" "tell it now to the rest!"

D. S.—Till none can say of the children of men, "No-body ever has told me before."

CHORUS.

Tell it again! tell it again! Salvation's story repeat o'er and o'er.

Used by arrangement with R. M. McIntosh. Owner of copyright.
422

ASK NOT TO BE EXCUSED.

"A certain man made a great supper, and bade many, and sent his servant at supper time to say to them that were bid:
Come, for all things are now ready. And they all with one consent began to make excuse."—Luke 14:16.

F. H. B.

Staccato movement.

1. Ask not to be excused, There's earnest work to do; Stand ready to be used Where God's station you. His invitation kind To thee has oft been given; Accept, and thou shalt to obey. The harvest fields are white, The laborers are few; Let this be thy delay. While Mercy gently pleads And points the way to heaven, While Jesus inter-

2. Ask not to be excused, The Master calls to-day; Too long hast thou refused, Now hast The harvest, the laborers are few; Accept, and thou shalt delay. While Mercy gently pleads And points the way to heaven, While Jesus inter-

3. Ask not to be excused, There's danger in delay; That wondrous love abused, For ever

D. S.—Ask not to be excused, This answer may be given: Thou hast my love a-

CHORUS.

'Tis sweet to work for heaven. The Master's work to do. Come, O come! Ask not to be excused; Come, O come! Stand ready to be today.

O come and be forgiven! Thou art excused from heaven.
LOVE AT HOME.

J. H. M. "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13: 35. J. H. McNAUGHTON.

Arranged from

1. There is beauty all a-round, When there's love at home; There is joy in ev'ry sound, When there's love at home.
2. In the cottage there is joy, When there's love at home; Hate and envy ne'er annoy, When there's love at home.
3. Kindly heaven smiles above, When there's love at home; All the earth is fill'd with love, When there's love at home.
4. Jesus, make me wholly thine, Then there's love at home; May thy sacrifice be mine, Then there's love at home.

When there's love at home. Love at home, love at home; Time doth softly, sweetly glide, When there's love at home.
SCATTER SMILES.

"Rejoice evermore."—2 Thess. 5:16.

1. Scatter smiles, loving smiles, all along by the way, Where so often the dark shadows fall; Like the sunbeams they enter with heavenly ray, Giving comfort and gladness to all.
2. O what joy they impart to the tempted and lost, Who are sinking in sorrow and woe! Scatter smiles, loving smiles, for those who have strayed from the pathway of life once they trod; You may lead them again to the Good Shepherd's fold, He will gather them safe home to God.
3. Scatter smiles, loving smiles, ere the grave covers o'er Even the friends we too lightly esteem; Ere they enter its gloom, ere we bend o'er their tomb, Let us hasten the time to redeem.

Words copyright 1899, by F. E. Belden. Music used by permission.

428

LET US WORK FOR THE SCHOOL.

1. Let us work for the school with our hearts and our hands; For its praises are sung by the good in all lands That are blest with the gospel divine.

Chorus:
Rally then, rally then, stand by the school; Why should it languish and die? Rally then, rally then, stand by the school; Why should it languish and die?

2. "Tis perfumed by the prayers, 'tis bedewed by the tears Of the holy, the active, the true; They rejoiced at its hopes, and they mourned at its fears, When its friends were but feeble and few.—Chorus.

3. Now the sunshine of favor illumines it path, And the church spreads above it her wing; 'Tis a source of her wealth, 'tis a source of her worth; And a gem in the crown of her King.—Chorus.

A. A. G. By permission.
THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation."—Ps. 27. 1.

Dr. J. W. Biscoop, by perm.

1. The Lord is my light; then why should I fear? By day and by night his presence is near;
2. The Lord is my light; tho' clouds may arise, Faith stronger than sight, looks up to the skies;
3. The Lord is my light, the Lord is my strength; I know in his might I'll conquer at length;
4. The Lord is my light, my all and in all; There is in his sight no darkness at all;

He is my salvation from sorrow and sin; This blessed persuasion the Spirit brings in.
Where Jesus forever in glory doth reign; Then how can I ever in darkness remain?
My weakness in mercy he covers with pow'r, And, walk-ing by faith, he upholds me each hour.
He is my Redeemer, my Saviour and King; With saints and with angels his praises I sing.

D. S.—The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me along.

CHORUS.

The Lord is my light, my joy and my song; By day and by night he leads me along.
PILLAR OF FIRE.

F. E. B. "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them."—Ps. 34:7. F. E. Belden.

1. The angel of the Lord encampeth Round about us, round about us; Round about the
2. When danger hovers o'er our pathway, He will hide us, he will hide us, Safe within the
3. We'll trust thee as we onward journey, God of Israel, God of Israel, Till we reach the

CHORUS.

souls that fear him, Night and day. O pillar of fire, pillar of cloud, Lead me,
mighty shadow Of his wing. O fiery, cloudy pillar, fiery, cloudy pillar,
land of promise, Just before. O fiery, cloudy pillar, fiery, cloudy pillar,

lead me ev'ry day! O pillar of fire, pillar of cloud, Lead me on my heav'ly way.
O fiery, cloudy pillar, fiery, cloudy pillar,

Copyright, 1884, by F. E. Belden. Used by permission.
WALKING IN THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF GOD.

"I am the light of the world: he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."—John 8:12.

F. E. B.

Duet by two children.

1. Jesus is the light, the life, the truth, the way,
2. In the blessed Book his loving life we see;
3. Thro' the gloomy night of selfishness and sin;
4. Walking close to him the darkest way is light,

Shining ever clearer, brighter, day by day,
Gen-tle, meek and mild, a guide for you and me,
We will seek his grace to keep us pure within,
Trusting in his word the saddest hour is bright,

As we're walking to the beautiful land above,

CHORUS.

Walking in the glory of his light,
Standing on the promise of his might,
beautiful gospel light,

Copyright, 1888, by F. E. Belden.
WALKING IN THE BEAUTIFUL LIGHT OF GOD.—Concluded.

Stepping out by faith and not by sight; . . . . Walking in the beautiful light of God.

depending on mortal sight;

LOOK FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

"Whatsoever things are true, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; IF THERE BE ANY VIRTUE and if there be any praise, think on these things."—Phil. 4: 8.

F. E. B.

1. Look for the beau-ti-ful, look for the true; Sunshine and shad-ow are all a-round you; Look-ing at e - vil we
2. Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the true; Thoughts like an avalanche sweep o-ver you; Keep not the mul-ti-tude,
3. Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of the true; Tongues full of poi-son are whisper-ing to you; An-swer them not with a
4. Live for the beau-ti-ful, live for the true; Lift-ing the fall-en as Christ lift-ed you; Search for the jew - els im-

grows in the night, Look-ing at Je-sus we walk in the light, Look for the beau-ti-ful, bon-or the right
sort them with care, Test - ing by pu - ri- ty, pur-g-ing by pray'r; Think of the beau-ti-ful, think of the fair.
tale-bear-ing word, On - ly in bless-ing the voice should be heard; Talk of the beau-ti-ful, talk of thy Lord.
bred - ed in sin, Bring them to Je-sus, his blood wash-es clean; Live for the beau-ti-ful, keep love with - in.

Copyright 1904 by F. E. Beide.
LEAD ME, SAVIOUR.

F. M. D. With expression. "For thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—Ps. 31:3. Frank M. Davis, by perm.

1. Saviour, lead me lest I stray, gently lead me all the way;
2. Thou the refuge of my soul, when life's stormy billows roll;
3. Saviour, lead me till at last, when the storm of life is past,

1. Saviour, lead me lest I stray, gently lead me all the way;
2. I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide (love abide). Lead me, Lead me,
3. I am safe when thou art nigh, all my hopes on thee rely (I rely). Where all tears are wiped away (wiped away).

1. I am safe when by thy side, I would in thy love abide.
2. Saviour, lead me, lest I stray; gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Saviour, all the way.
3. Lest I stray; changing stream of time, all the way.
SAVED TO SERVE.

F. E. B.

"With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men."—Eph. 6:7. F. E. Belden.

1. Saved to serve in any station, Saved to make his goodness known; Saved to sing His great salvation, Saved to live for Him alone.
2. Saved to show by loving kindness That His love is full and free; Saved to lead from error's blindness With a tender sympathy. Saved to serve; no re-serve; Saved to Him, that others may have immortality.
3. Saved to lift my lowest brothers, As the Highest lifted me; Crucified with wear His yoke alone: Work and praise, all my days, Here and round His glorious throne.

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.
TOILING FOR JESUS.

W. A. OGDEN.

Spirited.

1. Glad-ly, glad-ly, toil-ing for the Mas-ter, Go we forth with willing hands to do What so-e'er to
2. Joy-ful, joy-ful, we will tell the sto-ry Of his love to mortals here be-low; Christ, the brightness
3. Meek-ly, meek-ly, fol-low-ing the Mas-ter, Walking faith-ful-ly the path he trod; Lead-ing wan-d'ers

us he hath ap-point-ed, Faith-ful-ly our mission we'll pur-sue. Toil-ing for Je-sus,

of the Father's glo-ry, Free-ly here his bless-ing will be-stow.

to the dear Re-deem-er, Point-ing sin-ners to the Lamb of God. Toil-ing, toil-ing for the Mas-ter,

Joy-ful-ly we go, joy-ful-ly we go; Toil-ing for Je-sus, In his vineyard here below.

yes,

Toil-ing, toil-ing for the Master,
LIVING IS GIVING.

F. E. B.  "Not because I desire a gift: but I desire fruit that may abound to your account."—Eph. 4: 17.  F. E. Belden.

1. Givel said the golden sun:  
   Up rose the mist, Safe in the sylvan clouds  
   Cradled and kissed. Givel said the thirsty earth:

2. Givel said the little stream:  
   Up gushed the spring, In shady forest nook,  
   Where robins sing. Givel said the river wide:

3. Givel said the midnight moon:  
   Swift came the light Borrowed from far-off sun,  
   Cheering the night. Givel said the "Milky Way."

4. Givel cried a sinful world:  
   Down came the Lord, He who made everything Just by his word. Givel cries the heathen child,

CHORUS. Moderate.

Living is giving, giving is living; All things would

die if only receiving. Givel this is the rule of love by which we live.

Copyright, 1880, by F. E. Belden.
NOT NOW, MY CHILD.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—Ps. 55:6.

IRA D. SANKEY.

Mrs. C. Penkefarther.

Slow, and with expression.

1. Not now, my child,—a little more rough tossing, A little longer on the bijjow's foam;
2. Not now; for I have wand'rers in the distance, And thou must call them in with patient love;
3. Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary; Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?
4. Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding, And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:

A few more journ'ylngs in the desert darkness, And then, the sunshine of thy Father's home!
Not now; for I have sheep up-on the mountains, And thou must follow them where'er they rove.
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow; Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling, They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5. One little hour! and then the glorious crowning, The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;
One little hour! and then the hallelujah! Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!
MORE DILIGENCE.

"Give diligence to make your calling and election sure."—2 Pet. 1: 10. "Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."—Eph. 5: 16. F. E. Belden.

1. More dil-i-gence give me; Swift fli-eth the day, Each moment some lost one Is passing a-way;
2. More tender-ness give me For wan-der-ing sheep, Like Je-sus the Shep-herd, To search and to weep
3. More grat-i-tude give me, More love for my Lord, More gifts for the Giv-er Who spreadeth my board;
4. More pur-i-ty give me, More hatred of sin, More hun-g'ring and thirst-ing For goodness within;

How can I be i-dle, Christ knowing so well? More dil-i-gence give me, Love's sto-ry to tell,
In by-ways and hedg-es, O'er des-ert and sea; More ten-der-ness give me For sin-ners like me.
More mem'ries of mer-cies, More prais-es in pray'r, More gladness in la-bor, More trust with my care.
More watch-ing and pray-ing, From self to be free; More fruits of the Spir-it, More, Je-sus, of thee.

Copyright, 1889, by F. E. Belden.

CHIDE MILDLY THE ERRING.

1. Chide mildly the erring,
   Kind language endears,
   Grief follows the sinful,
   Add not to their tears;
   Avoid with reproaches
   Fresh pain to bestow,
   The heart which is stricken
   Needs never a blow.

2. Chide mildly the erring,
   Jeer not at their fall;
   If strength be but human,
   How feeble were all!
   What marvel that footsteps
   Should wander away,
   When tempests so darken
   Life's wearisome way?

3. Chide mildly the erring,
   Entreat them with care;
   Their natures are mortal,
   They need not despair.
   We all have some frailty,
   We all are unwise;
   The grace which redeems us
   Must come from the skies.
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.

1. Let us gather up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us keep the wheat and
   roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find a heav'nly fore-taste in the blessings of to-day,
2. Strange we nev-er prize the mu-sic Till the sweet-voiced bird is down! Strange that we should slight the
   violets Till the love-ly flow'rs are gone! Never seem one-half so fair
   actions Strow'n a-long our thoughtless track? Will the parting look re-mind us, When some other face is nigh,
   needy From the world's harri-ty-rant-stroke,—Lend a hand to help them higher, As we rise with purpose true,
3. When the last “good-bye” is spok-en, Will our mem'ries wander back To the has-ty words and
   with a pa-tient hand re-mov-ing All the bri-ers from the way. As when winter's snow-y pin-ions Shake the white down in the air. Then scatter seeds of kindness,
4. Let us draw our loved ones closer, As the i- vy twines the oak; Let us shield the poor and
   Not to scat-ter thorns—but ros-es—For our reap-ing by and by?
   Till to-geth-er, heav'nward reach-ing. We shall cleave the star-ry blue.

Copyright, 1903, by F. E. Belden.
SCATTER SEEDS OF KINDNESS.—Concluded.

Then scatter seeds of kindness; Yes, scatter seeds of kindness For our reaping by and by.

LITTLE FEET, BE CAREFUL.

Mrs. L. M. B. Bateman. "Make me to go in the path of thy commandments."—Ps. 119:39.

J. H. Rosecrans.

1. I wash'd my hands this morning, very clean and white, And lest them both to Jesus, To work for him till night.
2. I told my ears to listen quite closely all day thro', For any act of kindness, Such little hands can do.
3. My eyes are set to watch them about their work or play, To keep them out of mischief, For Jesus' sake all day.

CHORUS.

Little feet, be careful, Where you take me to, Anything for Jesus, Only let me do.

Copyright, 1880, by Fillmore Bros. Used by permission.
GOOD NIGHT.

F. E. BILDEW. *Legato.* “When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid, and thy sleep shall be sweet.”—Prov. 3:24. D. S. HAKES.

1. When softly fades the dying day, And mortal cares we fold away, Then with the last faint
2. And when the deeper shadows fall, And nature veil as with a pall, Then prayer of evening,
3. O Father, give us sweet repose, From all our earthly cares and woes, And grant that heav’n may

REFRAIN.

ray of light All nature seems to say Good night. Good night, good night, May angels
take their flight From lips that softly say Good night. Good night, good night, Good night, good night, May angels ever
greet our sight When we have said our last Good night.

bright, (para e bright), Their vigils keep till morning light, Good night, good night, Good night,
bright, (para e bright), Their vigils keep till morning light, Good night, good night, Good night, good night (good night).

Copyright, 1878, by J. E. White. Used by permission.
NEVER ALONE.

C. F. O.  

"Lo! I am with you always."—Matt. 28: 20.  

J. C. H. and V. A. White.

May be sung as a Duet and Chorus.

1. Lonely? no, not lonely While Jesus stand-eth by; His presence always cheers me; I know that he is nigh.
2. Weary? no, not weary While leaning on his breast; My soul hath full enjoyment, In his eternal rest.
3. Waiting? yes, I'm waiting; He bids me watch and wait; I only wonder oft-en, What makes my Lord so late.

Friendless? no, not friendless, For Jesus is my Friend; I change, but he remain-eth, The same un-to the end.
Helpless? yes, so helpless; But I am leaning hard On the mighty arm of Jesus, And he is keeping guard.
Joyful? yes, so joyful, With joy too deep for words; A precious, sure foundation, The joy that is my Lord's.

CHORUS.

No, never a-lone, - no, never a-lone; He has promised never to leave me, Never to leave me a-lone.

No, no, never alone, No, no, never alone; Omit - leave me a-lone.

1. The Lord's our Rock, in him we hide, a shelter in the time of storm; Secure whatever may betide, a shelter in the time of storm. Mighty Rock in a weary land, Cooling foes afield.

2. A shade by day, defence by night, a shelter in the time of storm; No fears a-arn, foes affright, a shelter in the time of storm. Mighty Rock in the time of storm, ever near, safe retreat. A shelter in the time of storm. Mighty Rock ever near.

3. The raging floods may round us beat, a shelter in the time of storm; We find in God a refuge dear, a shelter in the time of storm. Be thou our help-er, the pilgrim band, a shelter in the time of storm.}

4. O Rock divine, O Refuge dear, a shelter in the time of storm; Be thou our help-er, the pilgrim band, a shelter in the time of storm.
GOD BE WITH YOU.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16:20.

W. G. TUCKER.

1. God be with you till we meet again; By his counsels guide, up-hold you, With his sheep securely fold you;

2. God be with you till we meet again; Neath his wings protecting hide you, Daily manna still provide you;

3. God be with you till we meet again; When life's perils thick confound you, Put his arms un-failing round you;

4. God be with you till we meet again; Keep love's banner floating o'er you, Smite death's threatening wave before you;

REFRAIN.

God be with you till we meet again. Till we meet,—till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet,

Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.
TRUST AND OBEY.


1. When we walk with the Lord In the light of his word, What a glory he sheds on our way!
2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But his smile quickly drives it away;
3. Not a burden we bear, Not a sorrow we share, But our toil he doth richly repay;
4. If we never can prove The delights of his love, Until all on the altar we lay,
5. Then in fellowship sweet We will sit at his feet, Or we'll walk by his side in the way;

While we do his good will, He abides with us still, And with all who will trust and obey.
Not a doubt nor a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear, Can abide while we trust and obey.
Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown nor a cross, But is blest if we trust and obey.
For the favor he shows, And the joy he bestows, Are for them who will trust and obey.
What he says we will do, Where he sends we will go, Never fear, only trust and obey.

CHORUS.

Trust and obey, for there's no other way To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.

Copyright 1857, by D. B. Towner.
WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY.

GEORGE COOPER.

"Redeeming the time, because the days are evil."—Eph. 5:16.

F. E. BELDEN.

1. There are lone-ly hearts to cherish, While the days are going by; There are weary souls who perish, While the days are going by; If a smile we can re-new, As our jour - ney we pur
2. There's no time for i-dle scorning, While the days are going by; Let your face be like the morning, While the days are going by; For the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weeping
3. All the lov-ing links that bind us, While the days are going by; One by one we leave behind us, While the days are going by; But the seeds of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will sue; (we per-me); O the good we all may do, While the days are going by.
eyes; (weeping eyes); Help your fal - en brothers rise, (while the days) (go-ing by.)
grow, (surely grow); And will keep our hearts aglow

Music copyright, 1909, by F. E. Belden.
SWEET TO-DAY.

"If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."—2 Cor. 5:17.

F. E. B. (As Alto and Tenor duet, Alto take Soprano notes to refrain, then Tenor take Soprano part.) F. E. Belden.

1. I cease to sing of sweet to-morrow, With self-ish thought to be a-way; There is a
2. I am so hap-py when I'm telling How great his pow'r, how great his love; Were there no
3. If but to gain a home in glo-ry The Sa-viour trod this earth a- lone, There ne'er had
4. His love is life, his love is heav-en, E-ter-nal life, e-ter-nal bliss; Ac-cept it

REFRAIN.

ho-lier balm for sorrow, I find in Christ a sweet to-day.
praise where God is dwell-ing, It would be pain to live a- bove. A ris-en Christ, a liv-ing Saviour,
been a gos- pel sto-ry, He ne'er had left his roy-al throne.
free-ly, be for-giv-en, And taste the future world in this.

Not in the tomb where once he lay. Whene'er I tell his lov-ing fa-vor, Sweet by and by is ev- ry day.
THE CROSS THAT HE GAVE.

"The cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."—Gal. 6:14. BALLINGTON BOOTH. Arr. by F. E. B.

May be sung as a solo and chorus.

1. The cross that he gave may be heavy,
   But it ne'er outweighs His grace;
The storm that I fear may sur-
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper
   Than composed his crown for me;
The cup that I drink not more
3. The light of his love shineth brighter,
   As it falls on paths of woe;
The toil of my work groweth
4. His will I have joy in fulfill-ing,
   As I'm walk-ing in his sight;
My all to the blood I am

round me, But it ne'er excludes His face. The cross is not greater than His grace,
The storm cannot
bit-ter Than he drank in Gethse-man-e.
light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
bring-ing, It a-lone can keep me right.

hide His blessed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with Jesus here below, I can conquer ev'ry foe.

his smiling face;

By permission.
"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall bounties come again with rejoicing."—Ps. 126:6.

1. He that go-eth forth with weeping, Bear-ing precious seed in love, Nev-er tir-ing, nev-er
2. Soft de-scend the dews of heaven, Bright the rays ce-les-tial shine; Precious fruits will thus be
3. Sow thy seed, be nev-er wea-ry, Let no fears thy soul an-noy; Be the prospect ne’er so

CHORUS.

sleep-ing, Find-eth mer-cy from a-bove. Lo, the scene of ver-dure bright’ning! See the ris-ing
giv-en Thro’ an influence all di-vine. the scene of verdure bright’ning! See the
drear-y, Thou shalt reap the fruits of joy. the wave-ing fields are whit’ning. For the harvest time is near.

Look! the waving fields are whit’ning. For the harvest time is near.
HASTEN ON, GLAD DAY.

F. E. B. "In the time of harvest I will say to the reapers... Gather the wheat into my barn."—Matt. 13:30. F. E. Belden.

1. The world's glorious harvest is fast drawing on, The Master is calling his reapers to come;
2. That morn everlast ing, that day free from tears Is swiftly approaching as on roll the years;
3. O sweet is the labor that floweth from love! A stream never failing, whose Fount is above;

The grain bright and golden, in fields far and near, Is ripe for the garner when he shall appear.
The wheat, rudely scattered by sin's cruel blast, Then hasten to gather e'er autumn be past.
'Tis love that invites us, 'tis love points the field, 'Tis love yields the sickle,—and wondrous the yield.

CHORUS.

Hasten on,—glad day, Bear the sheaves—away; Bear us home.
Hasten on, angel reapers, come, glad day, Bear the sheaves to the garner, far away; Bring the "harvest home."

Copyright, 1894 by F. E. Belden. Used by permission of Henry Dale, owner.
TOILING ON.

FANNY CROSBY.

"Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest."—Heb. 4:11.

W. H. DOANE.

1. To the work! to the work! we are servants of God, Let us follow the path that our

2. To the work! to the work! let the hungry be fed; To the Fountain of Life let the

3. To the work! to the work! there is labor for all, For the kingdom of darkness and

4. To the work! to the work! pressing on to the end, For the harvest will come, and the

Master has trod; With the word of his counsel our strength to renew, Let us do with our

weary be led; In the cross and its banner our glory shall be, While we herald the

error shall fall; And the name of Jehovah exalted shall be In the loud swelling

reapers descend; And the home of the ransom'd our dwelling will be, And our chorus for-

CHORUS.

might what our hands had to do. Toiling on, toiling on, Toiling on,

ti - dings, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

cho - rus, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

ev - er, "Sal - va - tion is free!"

Toiling on, toiling on, Toiling on.
TOILING ON.—CONCLUDED.

.toiling on, toiling on, Let us hope, and trust, toiling on, and pray, And labor till the Master comes.

430

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE HANDS.

T. Corbin.

I will show thee my faith by my works."—James i: 8.

Bishop W. Johnson.

1. Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle hands That fulfill the Lord's commands; Beau-ti-ful the lit-tle eyes, Kindled with light from the skies.
2. All the lit-tle hands were made Je-sus precious cause to aid; All the lit-tle hearts to beat Warm in his service so sweet.
3. All the lit-tle lips should prayer To the Saviour ev'ry day; All the lit-tle feet should go Swift on his errands be-low.
4. What your lit-tle hands can do, That the Lord intends for you; Make that thing your first delight, Do it for him with your might.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, are the hands That ful-fill the Lord's commands; }
{ Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful, are the eyes, (Omit) } Kindled with light from the skies.

Used by permission of Biglow & Main, owners of the copyright.
LEANING ON THE EVERLASTING ARMS.

"The eternal God is thy refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."—Deut. 33: 27.

1. What a fellowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the everlasting arms; What a blessedness,
2. O how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the everlasting arms; O how bright the path,
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the everlasting arms? I have blessed peace.

REFRAIN.

what a peace is mine, Leaning on the everlasting arms. Leaning, leaning,
grows from day to day, Leaning on the everlasting arms. Leaning on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,

Safe and secure from all alarms; Leaning, leaning, Leaning on the everlasting arms.
Lean-ing on Jesus, leaning on Jesus,
CASTING ALL YOUR CARE UPON HIM.

From Caesar Malan, set by F. E. B.    "Rest in the Lord."—Ps. 37:7.    F. E. Belden.

1. How sweet, my Father, to recline On never-failing pow'r, To feel thine arm up-hold-ing me In ev'ry try-ing hour! "Cast-ing all your care upon Him,
   new perplex-i-ty.    Or why should un-believ-ing fear My all your care upon Him, all your care upon Him, All your care upon Him,
   trembling spirit fill? All your care upon Him, all your care upon Him, (He careth for you.)
2. It is thy will that I should bring My ev'ry care to thee, To thee re-fer each ris-ing grief, Each
3. Why should my heart be e'er distressed By dread of fu-ture ill? Or why should un-believ-ing fear My
4. Each hour I trust thy love di- vine, And look to thee a-lone, To calm each troubled thought to rest In

REFRAIN.

Copyright, 1905, by F. E. Belden.
WATCH AND PRAY.

Anon.

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith; quit you like men, be strong."—1 Cor. 16:13.

R. Lowry.

1. Watch, for the time is short; Watch while it is called to-day; Watch lest the world prevail; Watch, Christian, watch and pray;

2. Chase slumber from thine eyes, Chase doubting from thy breast; Thine is the promised prize Of heaven's eternal rest;

3. Take Jesus for thy trust; Watch while the foe is near; Gird well the armor on; Watch till thy Lord appear.

Watch, for the flesh is weak; Watch, for the foe is strong; Watch lest the Bridegroom come; Watch, tho' he tarried long.

Watch, Christian, watch and pray; Thy Saviour watched for thee Till from his brow there poured Great drops of agony.

Now when thy sun is up, Make thou no more delay, In this accepted time Watch, Christian, watch and pray.

CHORUS.

0 watch and pray, 0 watch and pray; 0 watch in the darkness, and watch in the day; Christian, watch and pray.

0 watch and pray, 0 watch and pray, 0 watch and pray, 0 watch and pray;

Used by permission of R. Lowry.
STRIKE FOR VICTORY

Mrs. M. A. Kidd.

"Victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." - I Cor. 15:57.

W. H. Doane.

1. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, Sol-diers of the Lord,
   Hop-ing in his mer-cy, Trust-ing in his word;
2. What tho' rag-ing li-ons Meet us on the way!
   Zionward we're marching, Tow'rd the gates of day;
3. Strike! O strike for vict'ry, He-roes of the cross,
   Sac-ri-fic-ing pleasure, Glo-ry-ing in loss;
4. Hand to hand u-nit-ed, Heart to heart as one,
   Let us still keep marching Till our journey's done,

Lift the gos-pel ban-ner High a-bove the world;
Let its folds of beau-ty Ev-er be un-furled.
Ev-er press-ing on-ward, Onward to the light,
Till we reach the Jordan, With our home in sight.
Bind the hel-met strong-er, Tighter grasp the sword;
Conquering and to conquer, Bat-tle for the Lord.
Till we see the an-gels Come in glo-ry down,
With the shining garments And the victor's crown.

CHORUS.

{ Strike! strike for vict'ry, He-roes bold; Strike! till the vict'ry You be-hold; }
{ Faith is the vict'ry; Ne'er give o'er; (Omrst.) Rest then in glory Ev-er-more. }

Copyright, 1871, 1880, by W. H. Doane. Used by permission.
I'LL BE A SUNBEAM.

F. E. B.  "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."—John 13:35.  F. E. B.

1. If I were a sun-beam, This is what I'd do,— I'd find the dark places, Searching the forest through;
2. So many dark places in this world of sin, Why not be a sun-beam, Letting the love-light in,—
3. If we are like Jesus—Sun of Righteousness—Who left the bright mansions, Lonely lives to bless,

I would kiss the pale flowers, Bending low at my feet, Till each lonely blossom Open'd fair and sweet.
God's beautiful love-light,—Smiles and words of cheer: Kindness is the sunshine We should scatter here.
"Twill be sweetest pleasure Of his love to tell, Shining out his gladness Where the sad ones dwell.

CHORUS.

Beautiful sun-beam! God sent you here; I'll be a sunbeam, *Lonely hearts to cheer.

Copyright, 1889, by F. E. Belden.
BEAUTIFUL FLOWERS.

F. E. B.  

"Thy children shall be like olive plants round about thy table."—Ps. 128: 3.  

F. E. Belden.

1. We should be like gar-dens, Bright and sweet with flow'ra, Bless'd with heaven's sun-shine, Ocheard by gentle show'rs:  
2. Not a frown of an-ger, Not a shade of care, Not one look of sadness Do the blossoms wear;  
3. Sel-fish tho'.ts and wish-es, Unkind words and deeds, Are like cruel brambles, Thistles, thorns, and weeds;  
4. Je-sus has a gar-den, Fill'd with children sweet; We would be among them, Bow-ing at his feet,

Vio-lets are the kind words, Ros-es, deeds of love, Fragrant pinks and pan-sies, Tho'nts of God above.  
They are al-ways trusting, This is how they grow Beau-ti-ful and fra-grant, In a world of woe.  
Kind tho'nts are the sweet-est, Loving words the best, Yielding hope and com-fort, Joy, and peace, and rest.  
Drink-ing in life's wa-ters, Growing by his grace, Like the flow-ers, look-ing Up in-to his face.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful flow'ra, beau-ti-ful flow'ra, Bright with morning dew; Beau-ti-ful flow'ra, beautiful flow'ra, We would be like you.

Copyright 1884 by F. E. Belden. Used by permission of Henry Date, owner.
A CHILD OF THE KING.

"Heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ."—Rom. 8:17.

Arr. from a Melody by Rev. John B. Sumner.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in house and lands, He hold-eth the wealth of the world in his hands!
2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wandered on earth as the poor-est of them;
3. I once was an outcast, a stran-ger on earth, A sin-ner by choice, and an al-i-en by birth!
4. A tent or a cottage, O why should I care? They're building a pal-ace for me o-ver there!

Of rubies and diamonds, of sil-ver and gold, His cot-ters are full,—he has rich-es un-told.
But now he is pleading for sinners on high, And will give me a home when he comes by and by.
But I've been adopted, my name's written down, An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.
Tho' exiled from home, yet still I may sing: "All glo-ry to God, I'm a child of the King."

CHORUS.

I'm a child of the King, a child of the King! With Je-sus, my Saviour, I'm a child of the King!
PRAY FOR THE ERRING.

"If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you."—John 15:7.

F. E. Belden.

1. Pray for the erring ones, faith shall reclaim them; Doubt not the promises, plead them in prayer.
2. Plead with them tenderly, point them to Jesus; Tho' justly sorrowing, do not despair.
3. Let thine example be worthy thy calling, Thy life is witness-ing each day and hour.
4. Walk with the Perfect One, choosing none other; His robe of righteousness joyfully wear;

Loving and merciful, Jesus will save them; Up to the mercy seat thy loved ones bear.
Kneel in the darkest hour, firmly believing; On Christ the crucified cast all your care.
Thousands now perishing long for a Saviour; Show forth his wondrous love, tell of his power.
So shall the erring see beauty in Jesus, So shall the Father hear and grant thy prayer.

REFRAIN.

Always pray, pray for the erring; Pray in faith, Jesus will hear; Always pray, pray for the erring; Prayer brings the waiv'rer near.

Copyright, 1886 by F. E. Belden. Used by per. of Henry Dale, owner.
WAIT ON THE LORD.

W. H. BELLAMY. Chorus added. "They that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength."—Isa. 40:31. F. E. BELDEN.

1. The home where changes nev-er come, Nor pain nor sorrow, toil nor care; Yes! 'tis a bright and blessed home; 1.
2. Yet when bow'd down beneath the load By Heav'n allow'd, thine earthly lot; Thou yearnest to reach that blest abode, 2.
3. If in thy path some thorns are found, O, think who bore them on his brow; If grief thy sorrowing heart has found, 3.
4. Toil on, nor deem, tho' sore it be, One sigh unheard, one pray'r forgot; The day of rest will dawn for thee! 4.

REFRAIN.

Who would not fain be resting there? (resting there)? Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not (murmur not). Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not (murmur not). Wait upon the Lord (upon the Lord), He shall renew thy strength.

new thy strength; Lean upon his word; He will answer thee at length. (wait on the Lord)
1. In heav'ny love abiding, No change my heart shall fear; And safe is such confiding, For nothing changes here. The storm may roar without me, My heart may low be laid, But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?

2. Wher-ever he may guide me, No want shall turn me back; My Shepherd is beside me, And nothing can I lack. His wisdom ever walketh, His sight is never dim, He knows the way he been. My hope I cannot measure, My path to life is free, My Saviour has my treasure, And he will walk with me.

3. Green pastures are before me, Which yet I have not seen; Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where darkest days have bout me, and can I be dismayed? But God is round about me, And can I be dismayed?

ABIDING AND CONFIDING.

Rev. A. B. Simpson.

"Abide in me, and I in you."—John 15:4.

Rev. L. L. Pickett.

1. I have learnt the wondrous scene Of abiding in the Lord; I have found the strength and sweetness Of confiding in his word; I have tasted life's pure fountain, I am trusting in his blood, I have lost myself in Jesus, longer I, but he; All my will is yielded to him, And his Spirit reigns within, And his precious blood each moment needs from day to day. All my strength I draw from Jesus, By his breath I live and move; Fén his very mind he gives me, guides me every hour. Of my heart he is the Porion, Of my joy the ceaseless spring; Saviour, Saviour, Saviour, Keep-er,

2. I am crucified with Jesus, And he lives and dwells in me, I have ceased from all my struggling. Tis no need of fever and stress, For the spring that leads me on, Is the Spirit that goes with me, Venice, Venice, Venice, Keep-er,

3. All my cares I cast upon him, And he bears them all a-way; All my fears and griefs I tell him, All my CHORUS.

sinking into God. Keeps me cleansed and free from sin. I'm abiding in the Lord, And confiding in his word, And his faith, and life, and love. Glorious Lord and coming King. I'm abiding in the Lord, I'm abiding in the Lord, And confiding in his word,

Copyright, 1894, by W. J. KIRKPATRICK. Used by per.
ABIDING AND CONFIDING—Concluded.

In his word, And I'm hiding, safely hiding, In the bosom of his love.
And confiding in his word, And I'm hiding, safely hiding, I am hiding, safely hiding.

JESUS BIDS US SHINE.

3rd & 4th stanzas by F. E. B.  "Neither do men light a candle and put it under a bushel."—Matt. 5:15.  F. E. Belden.

1. Jesus bids us shine with a pure, clear light, Like a little candle burning in the night;
2. Jesus bids us shine thro' the gloom a round, Many kinds of darkness in this world are found,
3. Jesus is the bright light of love divine, When on him we're looking, then it is we shine,
4. Kind words, gentle deeds, cheering smiles of love, Are the lights he sends us from his home above;

In this world of darkness he helps us shine, You in your corner, I in mine.
Shall, and want, and sorrow; so we should shine, You in your corner, I in mine.
Like the silver moon, with a borrowed light, Each in his corner doing right.
Let them fill the heart, then we all shall shine, You, in your corner, I in mine.

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noon-tide and the dewy eve;
2. Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows, Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
3. Going forth with weeping, sowing for the Master, Tho' the loss sustained our spirit oft en grieves;

Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reap ing, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome, 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.
"EVEN UNTO THE END."

F. E. B.

"Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end."—Matt. 28:20. F. E. Belden.

1. "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to ev'ry creature," Let my banner be unfurled,
2. Millions bless'd with gospel light, Yet need the gladness of sin's for-giv-en; Millions, cursed with heathen night,
3. Stand not idle all the day, Because no man hath declared thy wages; Work on, love demands no pay,
4. All things on the al-tar lay, Let Calvry's cross be thy only glo-ry; Cast all self-ish fear a-way,

CHORUS.

With pen, and song, and the liv-ing teach-er. "E - ven un-to the end," — E - ven
Yet long to know of the Way to heav-en. un-to the end,
'Tis all set down in the heav'n-ly pag-es.
Be - gin just now tell-ing love's sweet story. Go ye, go ye over land and sea.
Pow'r, "all pow'r un-to the end;" — "Lo, — I am with you al - way, E - ven un-to the end." is giv-en un-to me," I will guide you, I defend, I will keep you un-to the end.

Copyright, 1885, by F. E. Belden.
LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.

"Surely the Lord God will do nothing but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets."—Amos 3:7. "For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."—2 Pet. 1:21.

"There is a God in heaven that revealeth secrets, and maketh known to the king Nebuchadnezzar what shall be in the latter days."—Dan. 2:28.

F. E. Belden.

1. Look for the way-marks as you journey on, Look for the way-marks, passing one by one;
2. First, the Assyrian kingdom ruled the world, Then Medo-Persia's banners were unfurled;
3. Down in the feet of iron and of clay, Weak and divided, soon to pass away;

Down thro' the ages, past the kingdoms four,—Where are we standing? Look the way-marks o'er.
And after Greece held universal sway, Rome seized the scepter,—Where are we today?
What will the next great, glorious drama be?—Christ and his coming. And eternity.

CHORUS.

Look for the way-marks, the great prophetic way-marks, Down thro' the ages,
LOOK FOR THE WAY-MARKS.—Concluded.

past the kingdoms four. Look for the waymarks, the great prophetic waymarks; The journey's almost o'er.

466

THE TEMPERANCE CALL.

ANON. "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things."—1 Cor. 9:25. FRANZ ABT.

1. Hear the temp'rance call, Free-men one and all, Hear your country's earnest cry; See your native land
2. Leave the shop and farm, Leave your bright hearths warm; Work and pray the lost to save; Let your leaders be
3. Hail! our Father-land. Here thy children stand, All resolv'd, unit-ed, true; In the temp'rance cause

CHORUS.

Lift her beck'ning hand;—Sons of freedom, come ye nigh. True and no-ble, free, Fearless, temperate, god, and brave. Starve the monster from our shore. Let his Ne'er to faint or pause! This our purpose is, and vow.

Starve the monster from our cruel reign be o'er; Starve the monster from our shore, Let his cruel reign be o'er.

shore, Let his cruel reign be o'er, be o'er.
467

PEACE, BE STILL!

"Jesus rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace! be still!"—Mark 4:39.

MISS M. A. BAKER

1. Master, the tempest is raging! The billows are tossing high! The sky is o'er-shadow'd with blackness;
2. Master, with anguish of spirit I bow in my grief today; The depths of my sad heart are troubled;
3. Master, the terror is over, The elements sweetly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrrored,

No shelter or help is nigh; "Carest thou not that we perish?—How canst thou lie asleep, When each moment so
O waken and save, I pray! Torrents of sin and of anguish Sweep 'er my sinking soul; And I perish, I
And heaven's within my breast; Linger, O blessed Redeemer, Leave me a-lone no more; And with joy I shall

CHORUS.

Madly is threat'ning A grave in the angry deep?
perish! dear Master; O hasten and take control. "The winds and the waves shall obey my will, Peace, . . . be
make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.

Still . . . Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons, or men, or whatever it be, No
peace be still!
PEACE, BE STILL.—CONCLUDED.

1. Cold wa-ter is the cup that cheers; A-way, a-way the bowl! Old Al-co-hol is king of tears;
2. See how the stagg'ring drunkard reels; A-way, a-way the bowl! What shame and mis-ery he re-veals!
3. No al-co-hol we'll buy or sell; A-way, a-way the bowl! We hate it now and ev-er shall;
D. C. Cold wa-ter hath far sweeter charms; A-way; a-way the bowl!
D. C. They watch for his return with dread; A-way, a-way the bowl!
D. C. To drive the de-mon from our land; A-way, a-way the bowl!

Away, a-way the bowl! Good-bye to rum and all its harms, Farewell the winecup's dread alarms,
Away, a-way the bowl! His hun-gry chil-dren cry for bread, And from their cold, damp cellar bed,
Away, a-way the bowl! U nit-ed in a temp'rance band, We're join'd in heart, we're join'd in hand,

Words and arrangement copyright, 1884, by F. E. Belden. Used by permission of Henry Davis, owner.
BEULAH LAND.

EDGAR PAGE. (L. M.) JNO. R. Sweeney.

1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its riches full-ly mine;
2. My Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet perfume upon the breeze Is borne from ever-vernal trees;
4. The zephyrs seem to float to me Sweet sounds of heaven's melody.

Here shines undim'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away,

He gently leads me by the hand, For this is heaven's bor-de land.

And flow'rs that never-fading grow Where streams of life forever flow

As angels with the white-rob'd throng Join in the sweet redemption song.

Chorus

0, Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land, As on thy highest mount I stand,

I look a-way a-cross the sea, Where mansions are prepar'd for me.

BEULAH LAND.—CONCLUDED.

And view the shining glory shore, My heav'n, my home for-evermore.

ON THE MOUNTAIN.

ARRANGED. (DAWNING. 8 s & 7 s. d.) W. B. Bradbury.

1. I am dwelling on the mountain, Where the gold-en sunlight gleams

O'er a land whose won-drous beauty Far exceeds my fondest dream.

D. C. They are blooming by th'fountain, Neath the amaranth in'bow'r's.

Where the air is pure e-the-real, Laden with the breath of flow'rs.

2. I can see far down the pathway,

Where I wandered weary years,

Often hindered in my journey;

By the ghosts of doubts and fears;

Broken vows and disappointments

Thickly lie along the way;

But the Spirit gently led me

To the land I hold to-day.

3. I am drinking at the fountain,

Where I ever would abide;

For I've tasted life's pure river,

And my soul is satisfied.

There's no thirst for worldly pleasures,

Nor adorning rich and gay,

For I've found a greater treasure,

One that fades not away.

4. Is not this the land of Beulah,

Blessed land of love and light,

Where the flowers bloom forever,

And the sun is always bright?

Yes, I've reached the land of Beulah,

Blessed land of love and light.

Here the flowers bloom forever.

And the sun is always bright.
SPEED AWAY!
(For Male Voices.)

H. Belden.

I. B. Woodbury, Arr.

1. Speed a-way! speed away, o-er mountain and sea, To the hearts that are speed away! speed away frum thy home fair and bright, To the homes that are speed a-way! speed away, with the love of thy Lord, With the glo-ri-ous

ing with welcome for thee; There are eyes that will gleam with the glad gospel shone’d by sin’s starless night, Tho’ the world with its pleasures invite thee to tidings revealed in his word: Bear the Bethlehem sto-ry with gladness to light. There are feet that will walk in the pathway of right, There are voices to stay, Tho’ the lov’d ones entreat thee “good-bye” to delay, Look away thro’ the mon, Bid the world to prepare for His coming a-gain; Free salvation pre-

sing Praise to Jesus the King:; To e-ler-ni-ty’s years: { Speed away! speed away! Speed a-way! claim Thro’ Immanuel’s name:

www.4tons.com.br
ROCK OF AGES.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me! Let me hide myself in thee;
   Let the water and the blood,
   From thy riven side that flowed, Be of sin the double cure;
   Save me from its guilt and pow'r.

2. Not the labor of my hands Can fulfi the law's demands;
   Could my zeal no respite know,
   Could my tears for ev'ry bane, Flow round I see; O thou who changest not, abide with me!

3. Nothing in my hand I bring Simply I cling;
   Naked, come to thee for dress,
   Helpless, look to thee for grace; Thou must save, and then alone.

4. While I draw this fleeting breath, When mine eyes shall close in death,
   While I draw my soul to thee—Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
   Fountain fly, Wash me, Saviour, or I die. O thou who changest not, abide with me!

ABIDE WITH ME.

1. Abide with me! Fast falls the even-tide; The darkness deep-ens; Lord, with me abide! When oth-er help-ers fail, and
   A hide with me! Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit-tle day; Earth's joys grow
   Abide with me! When oth-er help-ers fail, and

2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day; Earth's joys grow
   I need thy pres-ence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy
   Change and de-cay in all a-

3. Not a brief glance I ask, nor passing word, But as thou
   I need thy pres-ence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy
   Grace can foil the tempter's pow'r: Who, like thyself, my guide and

4. I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy
   I need thy presence ev'ry passing hour; What but thy
   Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

5. I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;
   Ils have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
   I triumph still, if thou abide with me.
475 WORK FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING.


1. Work, for the night is coming, Work thr’ the morning,
When man’s work is done.

used by per. of The Oliver Ditson Co., owners of the copyright.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work thru’ the sunny noon;
Blest hours with labor;
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give o’er flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.

476 NO WORK TOO HUMBLE.

T. R. Matthews. (Chenies. 72 & Co. D.) Kate Cameron.

1. There is no work too humble For Christ’s hand to do; There is no path too
2. If we are his disciples, Call’d by his holy name, A portion of his
3. That he, the High and Holy, Whose life-work was complete, Should gird himself for

477 CARRY THE JOYFUL TIDINGS.

(Tune, Work, No. 475.)

1 Carry the joyful tidings
To every land and sea;
Banish the heart dividing,—
Brothers should brothers be;
Christ died for all the nations,
“One flesh and blood,” saith he;
There are no tribes or stations;
One in the Lord are we.

2 God who hath lent his talents,
Bids us his service choose;
God who hath lent his riches,
Bids us in kindness use;

God who hath freedom given,
Calls us to make it known;
He is preparing heaven
Not for ourselves alone.

3 Souls on the Orient mountains,
Souls in the Northern snows,
Souls by the Southern fountains,
Souls where the sunset glows;
Souls out of Christ the Saviour:
0 for a Church of love,
Bearing the priceless favor,
Pointing the lost above!

F. E. Belden.
478 HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION!
G. KEITH. (PORTUGUESE HYMN. 112.) J. READING.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in his excellent word! What more can he say than to sorrow shall not overflow; For I will be with thee, thy sufficient shall be thy supply; The flames shall not hurt thee; I will not, desert to his foes; That soul, tho' all hell should en

2. When thro' the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of you he hath said. Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled, Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled?

3. When thro' fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace shall be your guide. Thou wast not made to be destroyed; I will not, desert thee in this world; That soul, tho' all hell should en

4. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repos, I will not, thy comforter; That soul, tho' all hell should en

479 THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.
J. MONTGOMERY. (GOSHEN. 112.) GE

1. The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I fear. I feed in green pastures, safely I fare. Since thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear. With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth over. Still follow my steps till I meet thee a

2. Thro' the valley of the shadow of death I fear. Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my guide. With perfume and oil thou anointest my head. I seek—by the path which my forefathers tread. He restoreth me when wand'ring, redesme when op

3. In the midst of affliction my table is set. He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow. With perfume and oil thou anointest my heart. I seek—by the path which my forefathers tread. He restoreth me when wand'ring, redisem when op

4. Let goodness and mercy, my boundless

www.4tons.com.br
480 HE LEADETH ME.

J. H. GILMOUR.  (L. M. D.)  WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. He leadeth me: 0 bliss-ed tho't! 0 words with heav'ly comfort fraught:
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
3. Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine, Nor ever murmur or repine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When by thy grace the vict'ry's won,

What'ev'r I do, where'ev'r I be, Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.
Con-tent what'ev'r lot I see, Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.
Even death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me.

Chorus.

He leadeth me, he leadeth me, By his own hand he leadeth me:

His faithful follower I would be, For by his hand he leadeth me.

Used by arr. with The Biglow & Main Co., owners of copyright.

481 TO BE LIVING IS SUBLIME.

ANON.  (THE ALARM.  & ye.  d.)  ARRANGED.

1. We are living, we are dwelling, In a grand and awful time,
2. Christian, raise and arm for con-flict, Nerve thee for the bat-tle field;
3. Wicked spirits gather round thee, Legions of those foes to God—

In an age on a-ge's telling, To be liv-ing is sub-lime.
Bear the helmet of sal-va-tion, And the mighty gospel shield;
Principalities most mighty,—Walk unseen the earth abroad;

Hark! the waking up of na-tions, Gog and Magog to the fray;
Bind the breastplate firmly on thee, Take the Spirit's sword in hand;
They are gath-ering to the battle, Strengthen'd for the last deep strife;

Hark! what soundeth? Is cre-a-tion Groan-ing for her lat-ter day? Boldly, fearless, go forth then, In Jehovah's strength to stand.
Christian, arm! be watchful, ready, Strug-gle man-ful-ly for life.
482  SPEED THY SERVANTS.
T. KELLY. (NEANDER. 86 & 78. 66.) NEANDER, S.S. by F. E. B.

1. Speed thy servants, Saviour, speed them: Thou art Lord of winds and waves:
   They were bound, but thou hast freed them: Now they go to thee the slaver;

2. As their stay thy promise taking, While they traverse sea and land:
Be those with them, be those with them: 'Tis thine arm alone that saves.

3. Where no fruit appears to cheer them,
   And they seem to toil in vain,
   Thee in mercy, Lord, draw near them,
   Then their sinking hopes sustain;
   Help to fill the garner too.

In the midst of opposition
   May they trust, O Lord, in thee;
   When success attends their mission,
   May thy servants humbly be:
   Help never leave them.

483  3 In the vineyard of our Father,
   Daily work we find to do;
   Scatter'd gleanings we may gather,
   Though we are but young and few;
   Help to fill the garner too.

2. Toiling early in the morning,
   Catching moments thro' the day;
   Nothing small or lowly scorning
   While we work, and watch, and pray;
   Gather'ring gladly:

Foes with all's by the way.

484  ALWAYS WITH US.
(RIPLEY. 86 & 78. D.) GREGORIAN.

1. Always with us, always with us, Words of cheer and words of love;
   Thus the ris - en Saviour whispers, From his dwelling-place above;

2. With us when the storm is swepting, O'er our pathway dark and drear;
   With us when we toil in ad - sens, Sowing much and reaping none;
   With us in the lone-ly val-ley, When we cross the chilling stream;

D. C. Telling us that in the future, Golden harvests shall be won.

485  1 Howk and lowly, pure and holy,
   Chief among the blessed three,
   Turning sadness into gladness,
   Hear'ning art thou, charity!
   Fity dwelleth in thy bosom.

2. Hoping ever, failing never,
   Though deceived, believing still;
   Long abiding, all confiding,
   To thy heart'ly Father's will;
   Kindness reigns o'er thy heart;

2. Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
   While to thee I lift mine eye,
   Thou wilt save me o'er I perish,
   Thou wilt hear the sinner's cry:
   Thus my heart the hope will cherish,

486  1 Yeased upon life's raging billow,
   Sweet it is, O Lord, to know
   Thou didst press a sinner's pillow,
   Thou canst feel a sinner's woe;
   Never shall ring, never sleeping,

Thou the night be dark and drear,
   Thou the faithful watch art keeping;
   "All is well," thy constant cheer.

2. Thus my heart the hope will cherish,
   While to thee I lift mine eye,
   Thou wilt save me o'er I perish,
   Thou wilt hear the sinner's cry:
   And the's most and mild be riven,
   Swift is the voyage that shall be o'er;
   Safety secured in heart's wide home,

Storm and tempest yet no more.
487 PLANTING SHARON'S ROSE.

(NORTH. 8s & 7s. D.) JAS. M. NORTH.

1. Lord, then callest for the workers, Glad we come at thy command;
2. Bless our labors, God of heaven, Aid thy servants, Lord of earth,
3. Our is toil that knows no season; Day and night to us are one;
4. Wake, O North-wind! Come, O South-wind! Over our garden softly blow;

Give us each the worker's outfit, Loving heart and ready hand.
As we strive to set our garden With the plant of priceless worth!
Winter is the same as summer; Ours is an eternal sun.
Bid the Rose's sacred perfume From our tender plants to flow.

Great the honor, sweet the duty That thy love on us bestows,
Patient all the day we labor, Still at night the tempter sows
So when heat of summer scorches, And when stormy winter blows.
Come, beloved, to thy garden; All its sweetness to thee it owes;

In the soul, however unfertile, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose!
Taxes of sin where we had planted Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose!
Still we toil within our garden, Planting Sharon's fadeless Rose!
Shed thy holy fragrance o'er us, Sharon's fair and fadeless Rose!

488 BREAD ON THE WATERS.

(Anon. 8s & 7s. D.) Arranged.

1. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have vast scant supply;
2. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Sad and weary, worn with care,
3. "Cast thy bread upon the waters," Ye who have abundant store;

Angel eyes will watch above it; You shall find it by and by;
Wherever sitting in the shade? Surely you've a crumb to spare.
It may float on many a billow, It may strand on many a shore;

He who in his righteous balance, Both each human action weigh,
Can you not to those around you Sing some little song of hope,
You may think it lost forever, But, as sure as God is true,

Will your sacrifice remember, Will your loving deeds repay.
As you look with longing vision Thro' faith's mighty telescope?
In this life, or in the other, It will yet return to you.
HAPPY THE HOME.

1. Happy the home where God is there, And love fills ev'ry breast;
2. Happy the home where Jesus' name Is sweet to ev'ry ear;
3. Happy the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, may we in our homes a free, This blessed peace to gain;

When one their wish, and one their prayer, And one their heav'nly rest.
Where children car-ly is his fame, And parents hold him dear.
Where parents love the sa-cred word, And live but for the skies.
U-nite our hearts in love to thee, And love to all will reign.

A LITTLE LIGHT.

1. God make my life a lit-tle light Within the world
2. God make my life a lit-tle flow'r, That giveth joy to
3. God make my life a lit-tle song That com-fort-sth I
4. God make my life a lit-tle staff, Whereon the weak

A lit-tle flame that burn-eth bright, Wherever I go
Con-tent to bloom in na-tive bow'r, Altho' the place be
That help-eth oth-ers to be strong, And makes the sing
That so what health and strength I have May serve my neigh

THE GOSPEL LIVED OUT.

1. So let our lips and lives ex-pess The bo-ly gos-pel we pro-ssc;
2. Thus shall we be to pro-claim The hon-ors of our gracious Lord,
3. Our flesh and sense must be de-nied, Pas-sion and en-vy, lust and pride;

So let our works and vir-tues shine, To prove the doctrine all di-vine.
When his sa-vor reigns within, And grace subdues the pow'r of sin.
White jus-tice, temp-rance, truth, and love, Our in-ward pi-o-ty ap-prove.

KEEP THOU OUR LIPS.

1. E-ter nal Father, God of love, Cre-a-ter of the u-
2. Keep thou our lips; that all we say May hon-er thee, our God;
3. Di-rect our wayward steps aright, Our Guide and Guard for-ev-

Pour out thy Spir-it from a-bove, As from thy tem-plc we
That our ex-am-plc day by day May teach the un-cred truths
In thin o-ter nal arms of might En-fold and draw us near-
HEAVENLY DOVE.

I. Watts

(St. Martin's. C. M.)

Wm. Tanbui.

1. Come, Ho-ly Spir-it, hear-ly Dove, With all thy quick-en ing pow'rs;
2. O raise our thoughts from things be-low, From van- i- ties and toys!
3. A-wake our souls to joy ful song; Let pure de-vo-tions rise;

494

THE SACRED BOOK.

T. Kelly

(Hamburg. L. M.)

Gregorian.

1. I love the In-tro-dex book of God, So oth-er can its place sup- ply;
2. Sweet book! In thee my eyes dis- cor The image of my ab-sent Lord;
3. But while I'm here, then shall sup-ply His place, and tell me of his love;

495

AMAZING GRACE.

J. Newton

(Blomont. C. M.)

S. Webbe.

1. Amazing grace! how sweet the sound That sav'ed a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re-lieved;
3. Thro' man-y dangers, toils, and snares, I have al-read-y come;

496

HOW PRECIOUS!

J. Fawcett

(Laurel Hill, C. M.)

Unknown.

1. How precious is the book divine By in-spi-ra tion given!
2. It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts In this dark vale of tears,
3. This lamp, thro' all the tedious night Of life, shall guide our way,

4. It points me to the saints' a-bode, And bids me from de struc tion fly.

From thy in struc tive page I learn The joys his pre sence will af ford.

I'll read with faith's discerning eye, And thus partake of joys a-bove.

Bright as a lamp its doctri nes shine, To guide our souls to heav'n.

And life and light and joy im parts, To banish all our fears.

Till we be hold the clearer light Of an e-ter nal day.
497  SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

1. Sol-diers of the cross, a-rise! Let your Lord-er from the skies
2. Now the fight of faith be-gin, Be no more the slaves of sin,
3. Je-sus conquered when he fell, Met and vanquished sin and hell;

4. Stand up! Stand up for Je-sus! Ye soldiers of the cross;
5. Stand up! Stand up for Je-sus! The trumpet call o' toy;
6. Stand up! Stand up for Je-sus! Stand in his strength a- long;
7. Stand up! Stand up for Je-sus! The strife will not be long;

Waves before you glo- ry's prizes—Prize of vic-to ry.
Strive the vic-to r's palm to win—Trusting in the Lord.
Now he bids his fol low ers tell—Triumphs of his cross.

498  STAND UP FOR JESUS.

Lift high his roy al ban ner, It must not suf fer loss.
Forth in the might y con-flict, In this his glo-rious day.
The arm of flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own.
This day the noise of bat tle, The next the vic-to r's song.

Seize your ar mor, gird it on; Soon the bat tle will be won.
Gird ye on the ar mor bright—Warriors of the King of Light,
Tho' the ev il hosts ap pear—Who can doubt, or who can fear.

From vic to ry un—to vic to ry, His ar my shall he lead.
Ye that are men now serve him, Against un num bered foes.
Put on the gos pel ar mor, And, watching un—to pray.
To him that o-ver com eth, A crown of life shall be;

Seed the strife is al most done; Strug gle man ful ly.
Nev er yield, nor lose by fight Your di vine re ward.
God our strength and shield, is near; Can we suf fer loss?

Till ev ry foe is vanquished, And Christ is Lord in deed.
Let cour age rise with dan ger, And strength to strength op pon.
Where du ty calls, or dan ger, Be nev er want ing there.
He with the King of Glo ry Shall reign e ter nal ly.
499 MY ACTIONS WILL SHOW.

1. I love thee, I love thee, I love thee, my Lord; I love thee my Saviour, I love thee, my God.
2. I am happy, I am happy, 0, wondrous account! My joys are im-
3. O Je-sus, my Saviour, with thee I am blest, My life and sal-
4. O, who's like my Saviour? he's Salem's bright King; He smiles, and he mortal, I stand on the mount! I gaze on my treasure and
va-tion, my joy and my rest. Thy love be my story, thy
loves me, and helps me to sing. I'll praise him, I'll praise him with

500 NEVER STAND STILL.

1. O, come, let us a-new our jour-ney pur-sue, Roll round with the year, And never stand still till the Master ap-
2. His ad-orable will let us glad-ly ful-fill, And perta-talest im-prove, By the patience of hope and the labor of
3. Our life as a dream, our time as a stream, Glides swift-ly a-way, And the fugitive mo-ment re-fus-es to
4. O, that each in the day of His coming may say, "I have fought my way thro': I have finished the work thou didst give me to
5. O, that each from his Lord may re-ceive the glad word, "Well pear, And nev-er stand still till the Mas-ter ap-pear.
love, By the patience of hope and the la-
stay, And the fugitive mo-ment re-fus-es to stay.
do, I have finished the work thou didst give me to do." throne, Enter in-to my joy, and sit down on my throne."
501 WALK IN THE LIGHT.
B. Barton. (Chopin. C. M.) I. B. Woodbury.

1. Walk in the light! so shall thee know That fellowship of love His Spirit
2. Walk in the light! and thou shalt own Thy darkness passed away. Because that
3. Walk in the light! and see the tomb No fearful shade shall wear. Glory shall
4. Walk in the light! and there shall be a path, tho' thorny, bright; For God, by

502 A THANKFUL HEART.
Anne Steele. (Denton. C. M.) E. Hamilton.

1. Fa-ther, what- er of earthy bliss Thy sov-reign will denies,
2. Give me a calm, a thank-ful heart, From ev'ry mur-mur free;
3. Let the sweet hope that thou art mine My life and death attend;
4. Ac-cept-ed at thy throne of grace, Let this pe-di-tion rise-

503 ABOVE THESE SHADES.
Anne Steele. (Coventry. C. M.)

1. O could our thoughts and wishes fly, Above these gloom;
2. There, joys unseen by mortal eyes, Or reason's flight;
3. Lord, send a beam of light divine, To guide our upwars,
4. O then, on faith's sub-lim est wing, Our ardent souls ah

504 WE WALK BY FAITH.
I. Watts. (Louvan. L. M.) Virgil C. Ta

1. Tri by the faith of joys to come We walk thro' desert dark
2. The want of sight she well supplies; She makes the pearly gat
3. The li-ces rear, and tempests blow, And rocks and dangers ill
4. Ti we arrive at heav n, our home, Truth is our guide, and faith
505  DAILY MANNA.
Josiah Conder. (Seymour, 7a.) C. M. Von Weber.

1. Day by day the manna fell; O to learn this lesson well!
2. "Day by day," the promise reads, Daily strength for daily needs.
3. Lord, our times are in thy hand; All our magazine hopes are planned.
4. Thou our daily task shalt give; Day by day to thee we live;

Still by constant mercy fed, Give us, Lord, our daily bread.
Cast foreboding fears away, Take the manna of today.
To thy wisdom we resign, And would mold our wills to thine.
So shall added years fulfill Not our own, our Father's will.

506  THY JUDGMENTS ABROAD.
W. Bullock. (Downs, C. M.) Lowell Mason.

1. In grief and fear, to thee, O Lord, We now for succor fly;
2. O look with pity on the scene Of sadness and of dread;
3. With contrite hearts, to thee, our King, We turn who oft have strayed;

Thine awful judgments are abroad, O shield us, lest we die.
And let thine angel stand between The living and the dead.
Accept the sacrifice we bring, And let the plague be stayed.

507  WHAT IS THE CHAFF?
I. Watts. (Winchester, C. M.) Haste's Psalter.

1. What is the chaff, the word of man, When set against the wheat?
2. Thy word, O God, with heavy bread Thy children doth supply;
3. Tis like a field where hidden lies The pearl of price unknown,

Can it a dying soul sustain Like that immortal meat?
And those who by thy word are fed, Their souls shall never die.
And he indeed is truly wise Who makes this pearl his own.

508  AWAY FROM CARE.
Phoebe H. Brown. (Brown, C. M.) W. B. Bradbury.

1. I love to steal awhile away From every wearying care,
2. I love in solitude to shed The pensiveness of tears;
3. I love to think on mercies past, And future good implore;
4. I love by faith to take a view Of brighter scenes to come;

And spend the hours of setting day In humble, grateful prayer.
And all His promises to plead, Where none but God can hear.
And all my cares and sorrows cast On Him whom I adore.
The prospect doth my strength renew While here away from home.
809 MEN OF GOD, ARISE!
Arr. from M. ANDERSON, (MIRIAM, 76 & 68, d.) J. HOLBROOK.

1. The whole wide world is pleasing; Ye men of God arise!
2. Go, where the waves are breaking; On coldest Northern shore,
3. The love of Christ unrolling; Speed on from east to west,

His providence is leading; To many's glad surprise,
The precious Gospel taking; More rich than gold-en ore,
Till all, by faith holding; In Christ are fuly blest.

1. Be reaper of life's harvest; Why stand with rusty blade,
2. Come down from hill and mountain; In morning's red and glow,
3. Mount up the heights of wisdom; And crush each error low;

Until the night draws round thee; And day begins to fad
Nor wait until the dial Points to the noon be low;
Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts shall know.

Why stand ye idle, waiting; For reapers more to come?
And come with the string sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold;
Be faithful to thy mission, In service of thy Lord.

Wide fields for harvest whitening; In-vite the reaper's toil,
Beside the Southern fountains; Rehearse the wondrous tale,
Fore-told by revelation; Thy universal sway,

The gold-en morn is passing; Why stand ye idle, dumb?
And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold,
And soon a gold-en chaplet Will be thy rich reward.

810 WHY STAND WITH RUSTY BLADE?
WOODSURY, (LIFE'S HARVEST, 76 & 68, d.) L. B. WOODSURY.

1. Hot reaper of life's harvest, Why stand with rusty blade,
2. Come down from hill and mountain, In morning's red and glow,
3. Mount up the heights of wisdom, And crush each error low;

His providence is leading; To many's glad surprise,
The precious Gospel taking; More rich than gold-en ore,
Till all, by faith holding; In Christ are fully blest.

Until the night draws round thee; And day begins to fade?
Nor wait until the dial Points to the noon below;
Keep back no words of knowledge That human hearts shall know.

Why stand ye idle, waiting; For reapers more to come?
And come with the string sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold;
Be faithful to thy mission, In service of thy Lord.

Wide fields for harvest whitening; In-vite the reaper's toil,
Beside the Southern fountains; Rehearse the wondrous tale,
Fore-told by revelation; Thy universal sway,

The gold-en morn is passing; Why stand ye idle, dumb?
And pause not till the evening Draws round its wealth of gold,
And soon a gold-en chaplet Will be thy rich reward.
511 ABIDE WITH US.

Annies R. Smith. (Autumn. 8s & 72. d.) Spanish.

1. Bless-ed Je-sus, seek and low-ly, With us here take thin-sh abode;
   We would fain like thee be ho-ly,
   Welcome in our hearts thy stay;
   Lest without thine aid we per-ish,
   Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, 0 Lord, send me?"
2. Guide us in the path to heaven, Rugged tho' that path may be;
   Humbly walking with our God,
   There we see earth's score and frown;
   There is suf-fering are the glo-ry,
   You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say he died for all.
3. In thy vineyard let us la-bor, Of thy goodness let us tell;
   All is ill without thy fa-vor,
   There's cross before the even,
   There is suf-fering are the glo-ry,
   You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hand.
4. Then with thee may we for-ev-er Reign with all the good and blest,
   With thy presence all is well.
   Where no sin from thee can sev-er,
   Till the morning light appears.
   Him who did thro' grace de-liv-er
   Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, 0 Lord, send me."

512 HERE AM I, SEND ME.

Daniel March. (Fillmore. 8s & 72. d.) F. E. Belden.

1. Mark! the voice of Je-sus call-ing, "Who will go and work to-day?"
   Fields are white, the harvest wait-ing, Who will bear the sheaves a-way?"
   Lead and long the Mas-ter call-eth, Rich re-ward he of-fers free;
   Who will an-swer, glad-ly say-ing, "Here am I, 0 Lord, send me?"
2. If you can not cross the ocean And the heathen lands explore,
   You can find the heathen nearer,
   If you can not preach like Paul,
   You can tell the love of Jesus, You can say he died for all.
3. If you can not be the watchman, Standing high on Zion's wall,
   Pointing out the path to heaven,
   With your pray'rs and with your bou-ties You can do what Heer's de-mands,
   You can be like faithful Aaron, Holding up the prophet's hand.
4. While the souls of men are dying, And the Mas-ter calls for you,
   Of'ring life and peace to all,
   Gladly take the task he gives you, Let his work your pleasure be;
   Answer quickly when he calleth, "Here am I, 0 Lord, send me."
513  THE DAY OF TOIL.
BONAR.  (MORNINGTON. S. M.) MORNINGTON.

1. This is the day of toil Beneath earth's sultry noon;
2. Spend and be spent would we, While last time's brief day;
3. Onward we press in haste, Upward our journey still;
4. The way may rougher grow, The west more wintry cease,

This is the day of service true, But resting cometh soon.
No turning back in coward fear, No lingering by the way.
Ours is the path the Master trod Through good report and ill.
We gird our loins and hasten on. -- The end, the end is peace.

514  KINDRED MINDS.
ANNA BARBAULD. (CAPTIVITY. L. M.) BRADBURY.

1. How blest the sacred tie that binds. In sweet communion kindred minds!
2. To each the soul of each how dear! What tender love! what holy fear!
3. Their streaming eyes together flow For human guilt and human woe;

How swift the heavenly course they run. Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are
How does the generous flame within Knowledge from earth and cleanse from sin!
Their ardent prayers together rise. Like mingling flames in sacri-fice.

515  LAMP OF OUR FEET.
BARTON.  (BLISS. C. M.) F. E. BRIG.

1. Lamp of our feet, Whereby we trace Our path when wont
2. Bread of our souls, Whereon we feed; True manna from c
3. Pil'lar of fire thru' watches dark, And radiant cloud b
4. Word of the ev'-er-las'ing God; Will of his glory

Stream from the Fount of heav'nly grace; Brook by the trav'ler
Our guide and chart, wherein we read Of realms beyond it
When waves would whelm our tossing bark, Our an'chor and c
Without thee how could earth be trod, Or heav'n it'self b

516  'TIS I; BE NOT AFRAID.
C. ELLIOTT. (NOTTING HILL. C. M.) C. H. FYT

1. When waves of trouble round me swell, My soul is not dis
2. When black the threat'ning skies appear, And storms my path
3. There is a gulf that must be crossed; Saviour, be near to

I hear a voice I know well, -- 'Tis I; be not a
Those accents tranquilize each fear, -- 'Tis I; be not a
Whisper, when my frail bark is tossed, -- 'Tis I; be not a
517 BLESSED HOPE.
ANON. (DENNIS. S. M.) J. G. NAGEL.

1. There is a bless-ed hope, More pre-cious and more bright
2. There is a love-ly star That lights the dark-est gloom,
3. There is a cheer-ing voice That lifts the soul a-bove,
4. That voice from Cal-v'ry's height Proclaims the soul for-giv'n;

Than all the joy-less mock-er-y The world esteems de-light.
And sheds a peace-ful radiance o'er The pros-pects of the tomb.
Dis-pels the painful, anx-i-ous doubt, And whispers, "God is love."
That star is rev-e-la-tion's light, That hope, the hope of heav'n.

518 THUS FAR.
I. WATTS. (HEBRON. L. M.) L. MASON.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his pow'r prolongs my days;
2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home;
3. I lay my bed-y down to sleep; Peace is the pil-low for my head;

And ev'ry evening shall make known Some fresh memorial of his grace.
But he forgives my fal-ters past, And gives me strength for days to come.
While well-appoint-ed an-gels keep Their watchful stations round my bed.

519 ON THY CARE.
H. F. LYTLE. (DAY. S. M.) H. ABBOTT.

1. My spir-it on thy care, Blest Sav-iour, I re-cline;
2. In thee I place my trust. On thee I calm-ly rest;
3. Whate'er o-vents be-tide, Thy will they all per-form;
4. Let good or ill be-fall, It must be good for me,

Thou wilt not leave me to despair, For thou art love di-vine.
I know thee good, I know thee just. And count thy choice the best.
Safe in thy breast my head I hide, Nor fear the coming storm.
So-cure of hav-ing thee in all, Of hav-ing all in thee.

520 NOT LESS TO BEAR.
ANNIE R. SMITH. (HERBERT. C. M.) L. MASON.

1. I ask not, Lord, for less to bear Here in the nar-row way. But that I
2. With thee to lead, I will not fear in scenes with danger rife. While still thy
3. Then help me to improve with care. These precious moments giv'n; For they a

may thy bless-ing share in all I do or say, In all I do or say.
cheering voice I hear. "I am the Way, the Life. I am the Way, the Life."
faith-ful rec-ord bear, Of good or ill, to Hear'n. Of good or ill, to Hear'n
ETERNAL DEPTH OF LOVE.

ZINZENDORF. (ROTHWELL, L. M.) W. TANSUR.

1. E-t-er-nal depth of love di-vine, In Je-sus, God with
2. With whom dost thou de-light to dwell? Sin-ners, a vile and
3. The dio-tates of thy sov-reign will With joy our grateful
4. To thy sure love, thy ten-der care, Our flesh, soul, spir-it,

us, displayed, How bright thy beaming glories shine! How wide thy
thank-less race! O God, what tongue can tell How vast thy
hearts receive; All thy delight in us ful-fill: Lo, all we
we re-sign; O, fix thy sa-cred presence there, And seal th’ a-
healing streams are spread, How wide thy healing streams are spread!
love, how great thy grace? How vast thy love, how great thy grace?
are, to thee we give; Lo, all we are, to thee we give,
bode for-ev-er thine! And seal th’ abode for-ev-er thine!

523 MY MAKER AND MY KING.

ANNE STEELE. (EL. KADER, S. M.) UNKNOWN.

1. My Mak-er and my King, To thee my all I owe; Thy
2. The creature of thy hand, On thee a-lone I live; My
3. Lord, what can I im-part When all is thine be-fore? Thy
4. O! let thy grace in-spire My soul with strength divine; Let

sov-reign bounty is the spring Whence all my blessings flow; Thy
God, thy ben-e-fits demand More praise than I can give; My
love demands a thankful heart; Thy gift, a-las! how poor; Thy
ev’ry word and each de-sire. And all my days be thine; Let

sov-reign bounty is the spring Whence all my bless ings flow.
God, thy ben-e-fits demand More praise than I can give.
love demands a thankful heart; Thy gift, a-las! how poor.
ev’ry word and each de-sire. And all my days be thine.

522

1 God is our refuge and defense,
In trouble our unfailing aid;
Sau-ras in his omnipotence,
What foe can make our souls afraid?

For, the earth’s foundations rock,
And mountains down the gulf break
J. MONTGOMERY.

His people smile amid the shock;
They look beyond this transient world.

8 Built by the word of his command,
Ten thousand worlds on nothing rest;
All living things are in his hand,
And he who trusts his word is blest.

1 0 Lord, our heavenly King,
Thy name is all divine;
Thy glories round the earth are spread,
And o’er the heavens they shine.

3 How rich thy bounties are,
And wondrous are thy ways!
In us 0 let thy power flame.
525 I GO.
   F. E. Belden.
   (For Male Voices.) Arr. from J. Kinkel.

1. Answer the call, ye brave men,—The Master's call to save men;
2. Lighting the world with glory, Once more the gospel story;
3. Nations afar are waking, Their i-dol shrines breaking;
4. Bearing the name of Jo-sus, Whose great salvation frees us;
5. Where joy winds are crying, Where Isam's poor are dying,

Each moment death is gaining, Their blood our garments staining;
In pu-ri-ty and pow'r Proclaims the judgment hour;
God's truth puts on its splendor, Im-man-uel its de-fend-er;
With joy the good news carry, Nor dare to long-er tar-ry;
Where Southern seas are sleeping, Where Western isles are weeping,

Chorus.

Who'll go? who'll go where the cost? Who'll go? who'll go to save the lost?
[Last.] I go, I go, where the cost; I go, I go to save the lost.

526 REMEMBER ME.
   1 When storms of life are sweeping,
   When lonely watch I'm keeping,
   When floods of ill are falling,
   And tempest voices calling,

   Cbo. Remember me, O Mighty One!
   Cbo. Remember me, O Mighty One!

   2 When weight of care oppresses,
   When thought of sin distresses;
   Through all the life that's mortal,
   And when I pass death's portal.

   Cbo.

527 THE LORD MY TRUST.

1. The Lord my pasture shall prepare, And feed me with a shepherd's care;
2. When on the sultry globe I fast, Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
3. Tho' in the paths of death I tread, With gloom-y hor-rors o-ver-spread,

   His presence shall my wants supply, And guard me with a watchful eye;
   To fer-tile vales and dew-y meads My weary, wand'ring steps be leads
   My steadfast heart shall fear no ill, For thou, O Lord, art with me still;

   My noonday walks be shall attend, And all my midnight hours defend.
   Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow, Amid the verdant landscape flow,
   Thy friendly staff shall give me aid, And guide me thro' the dreadful shade. Amen.

528 FOR THOSE AT SEA.
   1 Eternal Father! strong to save,
   Where ar'm doth bind the restless wave,
   Who hidest the mighty ocean deep
   Its own appointed limits keep:

   2 O Sacred Spirit! who didst brood
   Upon the chaos dark and deep.
   Who laid the waveless expanse wide
   O hear us when, etc.

   3 O Saviour! whose almighty word
   The winds and waves subdue and bend,
   Who walked on the foaming deep,
   And calm amidst its rage didst sleep:

   4 Who lack at sea's mercy restless
   Upon the chaos dark and deep.
   Who laid the waveless expanse wide
   O hear us when, etc.
529 MY REDEEMER LIVES.
C. WESLEY.
(BRADFORD, C. M.) G. F. HANDEL.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And ev-er prays for me;
2. Joy-ful in hope, my spir-it soars To meet thee from a-bove;
3. When God is mine, and I am his, Of par'-a-dise possessed,
   A to-ken of his love he gives, A pledge of lib-er-ty.
   Thy goodness thank-ful-ly adores, And tastes thy precious love.
   I taste un-ut-ter-a-ble bliss, And ev-er-last-ing rest.

530 BOOK DIVINE.
JOHN BURTON.
(HORTON, 78.) WARTENSEE.

1. Ho-ly Bi-b-le book di-vine! Precious treasure, thou art mine!
2. Mine to chide me when I love; Mine to show a Saviour's love;
3. Mine to com-fort in distress, If the Ho-ly Spir-it bless;
4. Mine to tell of joys to come, In the saints' e-ter-nal home:
   Mine to tell me wherefore I came; Mine to teach me what I am;
   Mine to guide my wayward feet; Mine to judge, condemn, acquit;
   Mine to show by liv-ing faith, Man can triumph o-ver death;
   Thou ho-ly Book di-ine, Precious treasure, thou art mine!

531 MY SHEPHERD.
"Rous' Version." (BELMONT, C. M.) SAMP.

1. The Lord's my Shep-herd, I'll not want; He makes me
2. My soul He doth re-store again; And me to walk
3. Yea, tho' I walk in death's dark vale, Yet, will I fe
   In pas-tures green; he leadeth me The qui-et wa.
   Within the paths of righteous-ness, Ev'n for his own;
   For thou art with me; and thy rod And staff do com

532 GOD, OUR KEEPER.
CHARLES WESLEY.
(ROOT, 78.) F. R.

1. God of love that hearest prayer, Kindly for thy peo
2. Save us in the prosp'rous hour, From the flat't'ring en
3. Cut off our dependence vain On the help of fee-
4. Men of worldly, low de-sign, Let not these thy peo
   Who on thee a- lone de-pend; Love us, save us t
   From his un-sus-pect-ed wiles, From the world's perni
   Ev-ry arm of flesh re-move; Stay us on
   Save us from the great and wise, Till they sink in the

www.4tons.com.br
ZION, AWAKE!

BLEY. (HEBER. L. M.) EDWIN BARNES.

- on, awake! thy slumber break; No longer in thy sins lie down;
off the dunst that blinds thy sight, And hides the promise from thine eyes;
sel of merc-y, son of grace, Be purged from ev'ry sin-ful stain;

garment of salva-tion take, His beauty and His strength put on,
toe, and struggle in to light; Thy great Deliv-er calls, A rise!
he your Lord, his word embrace, Nor bear his hallow'd name in vain.

LOVE'S GOLDEN CHAIN.

E SWAIN. (GOLDEN. C. M.) UNKNOWN.

sweet, how heavy in the night,When those who love the Lord are free from envy, scorn, and pride, Our wishes all above,
e is the gold-en chain that binds The trusting soul a bove;

1. The day is past and gone, The evening shades appear; 0,
2. Lord, keep us safe this night, Sb-ure from all our fears; May
3. When all our days are past, And we from time remove, 0,

may we all re mem ber well The night of death draws near.
anguels guard us while we sleep, Till mor ning light ap pears.
may we in thy bos om rest, The bos om of thy love.
537 SUN OF MY SOUL
JOHN KEBLE. (HURSLEY. L. M.) PETER RITTER.

1. Sun of my soul, O Saviour dear! It is not night if thou be near:
2. When soft the down of kind - ly sleep My won - ry eye - lids gain - thy sleep,
3. A - hide with me from morn till eve, For without thee I can - not live;
4. Be near and bless me when I wake, Here thro' the world my way I take;

538 IN THE MORNING.
WATTS. (MEAR. C. M.) AARON WILLIAMS.

539 THE LIVING LAW.
WATTS. (ROCKINGHAM. L. M.) L. M.

1. My heart Re-deem - er and my Lord, I read thy law - dy in
2. What truth and love thy bosom fill! What zeal to do thy Fath
3. Cold mountains and the midnight air Witnessed the for - ver of t
4. Be thou my pattern; make me hear More of thy gra - cious im-

540 SABBATH EVE.
J. EDMESTON. (MALVERN. L. M.) L. M.

1. How sweet the light of Sabbath eve! How soft the sunbeams sing;
2. Sea - son of rest! the tranquil soul! Feels the sweet calm, and slee
3. Her will our days of toil be long; Our pilgrimages will soon

For these blest hours the world I leave, Wafted on wings of faith a
And while these sacred moments roll, Faith seen a smiling hear' n a
And we shall join the consecrated song, The endless Sabbath of eu
541 LEAVE THE REST TO GOD.

(SHIRLEY. 68 & 78.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. He who seeks the truth, and trembles At the dan-gers he must brave;
2. Be thou like the no-bile an-cients; Scorn the threat that bids thee fear;
3. Be thou like the first a-par-ties; Be thou like ho-ro-ic Paul;
4. Fear-less-ly face thine es-ca-sors! Scorn the prin-cis, rack, or rod!

He is not the name of Freeman; He at best is but a slave.
Speak! no mat-ter what be-lies thee; Let them strike, but let them hear.
If a free thought seeks expres-sion, Speak it bold-ly; speak it all!
If thou hast a truth to ut-ter; Speak, and leave the rest to God.

542 THINE OWN.

BR. WM. W. HOW. (SHIRLAND. S.M.) S. STANLEY.

1. We give Thee but thine own, What-er the gift may be;
2. To com-fort and to bless, To find a balm for woe,
3. The cap-tive to re-lease, To God the lost to bring,

All that we have is thine a-lone, A trust, O Lord, from thee.
To tend the lone and fath-er-less, Is an-gels’ work be-low.
To teach the way of life and peace, It is a Christ-like thing.

543 CONTROL MY WILL.

ANON. (FLOWER. 78.) J. H. FILLMORE.

1. Prince of Peace, control my will, Bid this struggling heart be still;
2. Thou hast bought me with thy blood, Open’d wide the gate to God;
3. May thy will, not mine, be done, May thy will and mine be one;

Bid my fears and doubtings cease, Hush my spirit in-to peace.
Peace, I ask, but peace must be, Lord, in be-ing one with thee.
Chase these doubtings from my heart, Now thy per-fect peace impart.

544 THE PURE IN HEART.

F. E. Belden. (SILVERTON. S.M.) EDWIN BARNES.

1. Blent are the pure in heart, For they our God shall see,
2. I will be their de-light Who here de-light in me,
3. No more in thought they err, They’re free from ev’ry stain;

And from his presence ne’er de-part Thro’ all e-ter-ni-ty.
And they shall walk with me in white Who seek for pu-ri-ty.
They’ve wash’d their robes of char-ac-ter, And spot-less they re-main.
PILGRIMS, ON!

1. Pilgrims on! the day is dawning; Strike your tents, and homeward haste.
2. Pilgrims on! the storm is beating, Beating wildly on your way:
3. Pilgrims on! what tho’ in dangers, Life’s e-vent-ful course pursues;
4. Pilgrims on! there’s rest in heaven, Rest from every anxious care,

Sleep not while the blush of morning Calms you on the desert waste.
Tarry not, the time is fleeting; Shall the storm your footsteps stay?
Labor on, ye friendless strangers, Grace will guide you safely through.
Rest in Jesus’ smiles for-giv-en, Peaceful and e-ter-nal there.

Tho’ the way be dark and dreary, Life’s sharp anguish must be borne;
Hasten on, thro’ joy and sorrow, Or what-ev’er may be-tide,
What if tri-als must befall you! What if fierce temptations rise!
0, ‘t were sweet to toil in sadness, ‘t were well the cross to bear,

Courage, then, ye faint and weary, Linger not to weep and mourn.
Wait not for the calm to-mor-row, Faithful at your work a-bide.
Shall earth’s bitter strife appall you While contending for the prize?
If at last in joy and gladness We may rest for-ev’er there!

546 MORN BREAKS O’ER THEE.

1. Christian, the morn breaks sweetly o’er thee, And all the midnight shadows for;
2. You’d o’ the rude, re-lent-less surge-o’o, Calmly compose’d and dauntless, stand;
3. Cheer up, cheer up, the day breaks o’er thee, Bright as the summer’s noon-tide ray;

Ting’d are the distant skies with glo-ry, A beacon light hangs out for thee.
For lo, beyond these scenes e-merg-es The lights that bound the promis’d land.
The star-ry crowns and realms of glory In-vite thy hap-py soul a-way.

A-rise! a-rise! the light breaks o’er thee, Thy name is graven on the three.
Be-bold! behold! the land is nearing, Where storms of evil rage so near.
A-way! a-way! leave all for glo-ry, Thy name is graven on the three.

Thy home is in that world of glo-ry Where thy Re-deem-er reigns.
Hark, how the heav’n-ly hosts are cheering! See in what throne they range.
Thy home is in that world of beauty Where thy Re-deem-er reigns.
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

JOHN H. NEWMAN.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom, Lead thou me on!
2. I was not ever thus; nor prayed that thou Shouldst lead me on;
3. So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still Will lead me on.

The night is dark and I am far from home; Lead thou me on!
I loved to choose and see my path, but now Lead thou me on!
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till The night is gone,

Keep thou my feet; I do not ask to see
I loved the garish day, and spite of fears,
And with the morn those angel faces smile

The distant scene; one step's enough for me,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

1. Holy Spirit, faithful Guide, Ever near the
2. Ever present, truest friend, Ever near thine
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for

D. C.—Whisper softly, "Wanderer, come! Follow me, I'll

Christian's side; Gently lead us by the hand, aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear, sweet release, Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
guide thee home."

Pilgrims in a desert land; Woe! souls for Groping on in darkness drear; When the storms are Wandering if our names are there; Wading deep the

s'er rejoice, When they hear that sweetest voice, rag'ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er, dismal flood, Flood ing nought but Jesus' blood,
STRETCH EVERY NERVE.


1. Awake my soul! stretch ev’ry nerve, And press with vig—er on;
2. Tin God’s all—an i—ma—ing voice, That calls thee from on high;
3. A cloud of wit—ness—an a—round, Hold thee in full sur—vey;
4. Blest sav—iour, in—tro—duced by thee, Our race have we be—gun;

A heur—ly race de—mands thy zeal, And an im—mor tal crown.
Tin be whose hand pre—sents the prize To thine as—pir ing eye.
For get the steps al—read—y trod, And on—ward urge thy way.
And, crown’d with vic—try, at thy feet We’ll lay our tro phies down.

BE NEAR US.

Thos. Kelly. (WILMOT. 5s & 7s.) C. M. Von Weber.

1. God of our sal va tion, hear us; Bless, O bless us, o’er we go;
2. May we live in view of heav on, Where we hope to see thy face;
3. As our steps are draw—ing near—er To the place we call our home,

When we join the world, be near us, Lost we cold and care—less grow.
Let thy Spir—it light be giv—en, All our hid den paths to trace.
May our view of heav’r grow clearer, Hope more bright of joys to come.

FIRM AS A ROCK.

Isaac Watts. (DUNDEE. C. M.) G. Fran.

1. Un—shak—on as the sa—cred hills, And fix’d as mountains stand;
2. Not walls nor hills could guard so well Fair Sa—lem’s hap—py ground.
3. Do good, O Lord, do good to those Who cleave to thee in heart.

Firm on a rock the soul shall rest That trusts th’Al—might—y hand.
As those e—ter nal arms of love That ev—ry saint sur round.
Who on thy truth a—lone re—pose, Nor from thy law de part.

ONE LIVING FAITH.

(OLD HUNDRED. L. M.) G. Fran.

1. God’s law de—mands one liv ing faith, And not a crowd of life—less creeds;
2. O Lord, for give thy be—ly law Grows tarnish’d in our earth—ly sheep.
3. For—give the sou ri loge, and take From ev—ry soul th’ un be—ly stain,

Its war rant is a firm “God saith;” Its claim not words, but liv ing deeds.
Pure in it self, with out a flaw It dims in our too world—ly group.
And help us for thy Son’s dear sake, To keep thy per fect law a gain.
553 A SOLDIER OF THE CROSS.
Watts. (Miles Lane. C. M.) English.

1. Am I a soldier of the cross, a follower of the Lamb? And shall I
2. Must I be carried to the skies on flow'ry beds of ease, whilst others
3. Are there no eyes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? In this vale
4. Sure I must fight if I would reign; increase my courage, Lord; I'll bear the

555 BE ON THY GUARD.
George Heath. (Laban. S. M.) Lowell Mason.

1. My soul, be on thy guard! Ten thousand foes a-rising;
2. O watch, and fight, and pray! The battle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the victory won, nor lay thine armor down;

554 EACH RETURNING MORN.
Anon. (Zephyr. L. M.) W. B. Bradbury.

1. O Christ, with each return- ing morn Thine image to our hearts be borne;
2. All hallowed be our walk this day; May meekness form our morning ray;
3. May grace each i-dle thought control, And sanctify each wayward soul;

556 CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.
Anon. (Holley. 78.) George Hewitt.

1. Cast thy burden on the Lord; Lean thou on-ly on his word;
2. Ever in the raging storm Thou shalt see his cheering form;
3. Cast thy burden at his feet; linger near his mercy-seat;

And may we ev- er clear-ly see Our dearest treasure, Lord, in thee!
And faithful love our morn to light, And hope our sunset, calm and bright.
May grace depart, and sanctify cease, and all within be joy and peace.

The hosts of sin are pressing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Renew it boldly ev- ry day And help divine implore.
Thy arduous task will not be done Till thou obtain the crown.

Ever will he be thy stay, The- then the heart's shall pass away.
Hear his pledge of coming aid: "It is I, be not afraid."
He will lead thee by the hand fenced to feel safe and safe.
557 HEIR OF THE KINGDOM.

ANON. (RODMAN. 118 & 108.) L. MASON.

1. Heir of the kingdom, 0 why dost thou slumber?
2. Earth's mighty nations, in strife and commotion,
3. Stay not, 0 stay not for earth's vain allurements!
4. Keep the eye single, the head upward lifted;

Why art thou sleeping so near thy blest home?
Tremble with terror, and sink in dismay;
See how its glory is passing away;
Watch for the glory of earth's coming King;

Wake thee, arose thee, and gird on thine armor,
Listen, 'tis naught but the chariot's loud rumbling;
Break the strong fetters the foe hath bound o'er thee;
Let o'er the mountain-tops light is now breaking;

Speed, for the moments are hurry ing on.
Hair of the kingdom, no longer delay.
Hair of the kingdom, turn, turn thee away.
Hair of the kingdom, rejoice ye and sing.

558 THEY CALL US.

HESBER. (MISSIONARY HYMN. 78 & 68. D.) MASON.

1. From Greenland's icy mountains, From India's coral strand,
2. Can we whose souls are lighted, With wisdom from on high,
3. Waft, waft, ye winds, his story, Ye waters, onward roll,

Where Afric's sunny fountains Roll down their gold-en sand,
Can we, to men be-night-ed, The lamp of life de ny?
Till, like a sea of glory, It spreads from pole to pole;

From many an ancient riv-er, From many a palm-y plain,
Sal - va-tion, O sal - va-tion! The joy - ful sound proclaim
Till o'er our ransomed na - ture The Lamb for sin - ners slain—

They call us to de - liv-er Their land from error's chain,
Till earth's re - mot-est na - tion Has heard Mes - si - ah's name.
Re - deem-er, King, Cre - a-tor—In bliss returns to reign.
I FOLLOW ON.

C. S. Robinson. (DOANE, 65 & 43.) F. E. Belden.

1. Saviour! I follow on, Guided by thee,
   Seeing not yet the hand That lead-eth me;
   Hushed be my heart, and still, Fear I no further ill;
   On-ly to meet thy will My will shall be.

2. River the Rock for me, Thirst to relieve,
   Man-na from heaven falls Fresh ev'-ry eve;
   Ne'er a want severe Causeth mine eye a tear;
   But thou dost whisper near, "On-ly be-lieve!"

3. Often to Marah's brink Have I been bro't;
   Shrinking the cup to drink, Help I have sought;
   And with the prayer's as-sent, Je-sus the branch hath rest-
   Quickly re-lief hath sent, Sweet'n-ing the draught.

4. Saviour! I long to walk Closer with thee;
   Led by thy guiding hand, Ev-er to be
   Constantly near thy side, Quicken-ed and purified,
   Liv-ing for him who died Free-ly for me.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.

Sarah F. Adams. (BETHANY, 64 & 43.) Lowell Mason.

1. Near-er, my God, to thee, Near-er to thee!
   F'en tho' it be a cross That rais-eth me!
   Still all my song shall be, Near-er, my God, to thee,
   Near-er, my God, to thee.

2. Tho' like a wan-der-er, Day-light all gone,
   Darkness be o-ver me, My rest a stone;
   Yet in my dreams I'd be Near-er, my God, to thee,
   Near-er, my God, to thee.

3. There let the way appear, Steps up to heav'n,
   All that thou send-est me, In mer-cy giv'n;
   An-gels to beckon me Near-er, my God, to thee,
   Near-er, my God, to thee.

4. Then, with my waking ho's Bright with thy praise,
   Out of my ston-y griefs Beth-el I'll raise;
   So by my woes to be Near-er, my God, to thee,
   Near-er, my God, to thee.

5. Or if, on joy-ful wing Cleaving the sky,
561 SPEND AND BE SPENT.

1. Go, in-the-son; spend and be spent, Thy joy to do, the Father's will.
2. Go, in-the-son; 'tis not for naught; Thus earthly less in heav'nly gain.
3. Tell on, and in thy toil rejoice; For toil comes rest; for ex-ile, home;

In the way the Master went; Should not the serv-ant tread it still?
Man heed thee, love thee, praise thee yet; The Master praises, what are men?
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice, The midnight peal: "Behold, I come!"

562 GENTLY THINK AND SPEAK.
John Monsell. (Nuremberg. 78.) J. R. Ahle.

1. Gently think, and gently speak, Art thou strong? respect the weak;
2. He who know the thoughts of men, Gentle was; 0 let us then
3. Rain and dew, and sunshine fall, With unbounded love, on all;
4. Then be gen-tle, 0 my soul, Thoughts and words a-like control;

Art thou weak? from what thou art, Gently touch an-oth-er's heart.
Care-ful be in thought and tone, We, who scarce can read our own.
Shall my narrow heart re-fuse Its poor sun, and rain, and dew?
If thou must in aught de-cide, Err up-on the gen-tle side.

563 IN LOWLY PATHS.
Rev. W. Gladden. (BERA. L. M.) John H.

1. O Master, let me walk with thee In lowly paths of sor-
2. Help me the slow of heart to move By some clear win-
3. Teach me thy patience; still with thee In closer, de-
4. In hope that sends a shin-ing ray For down the future's bro

Tell me thy acr, help me hear The strain of toil, the fret
Teach me the wayward foot to stay, And guide them in the hom
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong, In trust that triumph:
In peace that wealth can never give, With thee, O Master, let

564 THOUGH NATURE WEEPS.
Anon. (Patmos. C. M.) Gre

1. Love-ly this child, a-sleep in death; How beautiful
2. And if thus fair and love ly here, Beneath death's
3. Tho' nature weeps when holy ties So strongly bour

Yes, o-ven now, tho' void of breath, God's impress at
O will it not be beauteous there, 'Mid the im-
Yet faith the Saviour's word applies, "Of such the rea

www.4tons.com.br
**BLESSED BIBLE.**

1. Blessed Bible, how I love it! How it doth my bosom cheer!
2. 'Tis a fountain ever-bursting, Whence the weary may obtain
3. 'Tis a chart that never fail-eth, One which God to man has given;
4. 'Tis a pearl of price exceeding All the gems in oce-an found;

What hath earth like this to car-ry? O, what store of wealth are here!
Want for the soul that's thirsting, That it may not thirst again.
And th'o' off the storm as-nailed, It will guide us safe to hea'n.
All its an-crest precepts heed-ing, So shall we in grace abound;

**EVENING BLESSING.**

1. Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, Restore our spirits' soul.
2. The de-stru-c-tion walk a-round us, Thee the ev-er-rows past us fly.
3. Thee the night be dark and dreary, Darkness can-not hide from thee;
4. Should swift death this night o'ertake us, And command us to the tomb,

Sin and want we come confessing; Thou canst save, and Thou canst heal.
Angel guards from thee surround us; We are safe; if thou art nigh.
Then art he, who, nev-er wea-ry, Watcheth where thy peo-ple be.
May the morn of glo-ry wake us, Glad in bright, et-er-nal bloom.

**THOU HAST LEFT US.**

1. Sister, thou wert mild and love-ly, Gent-le as the summer breeze;
2. Dear-as st in-sus, thou hast left us! Here thy love we deep-ly feel;
3. Yet a-gain we hope to meet thee. When this mor-tal life is God;

Peace, not as the air of evening When it seats a-mongst the trees.
But 'tis God that hath be-rest us. He can all our ev-er-rows heal.
Then, in hea'n, with joy to greet thee. Where no fare-well tear is shed.

**THY WILL BE DONE.**

1. Jo-un, while our hearts are bleeding, O'er the spoils that death has won,
2. The de-stroyed, we're not for-ta-ken; Thee as di-sti-ct-ed, not a-verse;
3. By thy hands the boon was giv-en, Thou hast ta-ken but thine own:

We would at this sol-omn meeting, Calmly say, "Thy will be done." 
Thou didst give, and thou hast ta-ken. Blessed Lord, thy will be done.
Lord of earth, and God of hea-nan, Ev-er-more thy will be done.
569  I WILL NEVER LEAVE THEE.

1. I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er
   thee for-sake; I will guide, and save, and keep thee,
   Fear no e-vil, On-ly all my coun-sel take.
   In the tri-al, I will make thy path-way clear.

2. When the storm is rag-ing round thee, Call on me in
   hum-ble pray'r; I will fold my arms a-round thee,
   In the tri-al, I will make thy path-way clear.
   I'll be with thee, I will guide thy steps a-right.

3. When the sky a-bove is glow-ing, And around thee
   all is bright, Plea-sure like a riv-er flow-ing,
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.

4. When thy soul is dark and cloud-ed, Fill'd with doubt, and
   grief and care, Tor' the mist by which 'tis shroud-ed,
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.

5. I will nev-er, nev-er leave thee, I will nev-er
   theEve with thee, I will guide thy steps a-right.
   And the ban-ner Of my love I will up-pear.
   In the nar-row way of truth.

570  SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.

1. Savi-our, like a shep-herd lead us; Much we need thy ten-d'er care;
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.

2. In thy pleas-ant pastures feed us, For our use thy fold pre-pare;
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.

3. We are thin-e, do thou be-friend us, Be the Guar-di-ant of our way;
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.

4. Keep thy flock, from sin de-fend us, Seek us when we go astray.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.

5. Thou hast promised to receive us, Poor and sin-ful tho' we be;
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.

6. Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us, Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.
   Bles-sed Je-sus, bles-sed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, thin-e we are.

571  FEVERER theEVE with thee, I will guide thy steps a-right.

1. God has said, "Feverer theEVE with thee, I will guide thy steps a-right.
   In the nar-row way of truth."

2. 1 Be our strength, for we are weak;
   1 Be our strength, for we are weak;
   1 Be our wisdom and our guide;
   1 Be our wisdom and our guide;
   2 Be our strength, for we are weak;
   2 Be our wisdom and our guide;
   2 Be our strength, for we are weak;
   2 Be our wisdom and our guide;
   3: Nought can harm us;
   3: Nought can harm us;
   3: Nought can harm us;
   3: Nought can harm us;
   3: Nought can harm us;
   3: Nought can harm us;
   4: While we thus in thee abide.
   4: While we thus in thee abide.
572

AS THOU WILT.

B. SCHMOLKE. (JEWETT. 6s. D.) WEBER.

1. My Je-sus, as thou wilt. O may thy will be mine; In- to thy
hand of love I would my all re-sign. Thro’sor-row or thru’ joy,
round thy feet On this thy ho-ly day. Thou tender Hear’ly Friend,
Conduct me as thine own, And help me still to say, “My Lord, thy will be done.”
Thy way, not mine, O Lord, However dark it be!
Lead me by thine own hand; And sorrowed oft alone, If I must weep with thee, “My Lord, thy will be done.”
I dare not choose my lot; I travel calm-ly on, and sing in life or death, “My Lord, thy will be done.”
So shall I walk aright.

2. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: Tho’ seen thro’ many a tear, Let not my
star of hope grow dim or dis-appear. Since thou on earth hast wept
weave we bow, On this thy ho-ly day. Click every wand’ring thou, we have heard On this thy ho-ly day. Go with us when we part,
future scene I gladly trust with thee. Straight to my home a-bore,
To thee our prays ascend; O’er us in blessing bend, On this thy ho-ly day.
And let us all be taught To serve thee as we ought, On this thy ho-ly day.
And to each humble heart Thy saving grace impart, On this thy ho-ly day.

3. My Je-sus, as thou wilt: All shall be well for me; Each chang-ing
fu-ture scene I gladly trust with thee. Straight to my home a-bore,
To thee our prays ascend; O’er us in blessing bend, On this thy ho-ly day.
And let us all be taught To serve thee as we ought, On this thy ho-ly day.
And to each humble heart Thy saving grace impart, On this thy ho-ly day.

573

1 God sets a still small voice
Deep ev’ry soul within;
It guideth to the right,
And warmeth us of sin.
If we that voice obey,
Clearer its tones will be,
Till all God’s will for us,
Bright as the noon we see.

2. If we that voice neglect,
Painter will be its tone;
If still unheeded, soon
’T will leave us quite alone.
O grief! to be allowed
To go in our own way;
Lord, hold our footsteps back,
Lest we go sadly astray.
THINE APPROBATION

478 THE MERCY SEAT.

Fitch
(UXBRIDGE. L. M.)
L. Mason.

STOWELL
(RETREAT. L. M.)
Hastings.

577 BID OUR DOUBTINGS CEASE.

Anon.
(STOCKWELL. 8s & 72.)
JONES.

579 COMMUNING WITH THEE.

Doane.
(MERCY. 72.)
Gottschalk.

1. One precious boon, O Lord, I seek, While tossed upon life's billowy sea;
   Earth's sorrows and cares well pleased I'll bear, Nor mourn the unhoped for joy, I've tried.
   Let me but know, where'er I roam, That I am doing Jesus' will;

1. From every stormy wind that blows, From ev'ry swelling tide of woe,
   There is a scene where spirits blend, Where friends hold fellowship with friends.
   Ah! whither should we flee for aid, When tempted, desolate, dismayed?

577

To bear a voice within me speak, "Thy Saviour is well pleased with thee."
   If day by day I may but share Thine appro-ba-tion, O my God!
   And tho' I've neither friends nor home, My heart shall glow with gladness still.

578

There is a calm, a sure retreat; 'Tis found above the mer-cy-seat.
   Though wander'd far, by faith they meet Around one common mer-cy-seat.
   Or how the hosts of sin de-lust, Had suf'ring saints no mer-cy-seat?

579

1. Let thy Spir-it, bless-ed Sav'our, Come and bid our doubtings cease;
   Fearful dangers are a-round us, Fa-tan watch-es to de, stry;
   On thy word our souls are resting; Taught by thee, thy name we love;

1. Soft-ly now the light of day Fades up-on our sight a-
   Thou, whose all-per-vading eye From-sions to-mor-row, without, with
   Seen from us, the light of day Shall for-ev-er pass a-

2. Come, O come with love and fa-ver, Fill us all with joy and peace.
   Lord, our foes would fair confound us; O for us thy might-em-ploy!
   Sweet-sent of all names is Je-sus; How it doth our spir-its move!

3. Free from care, from la-bor free, Lord, we would commune
   For-do each in-firm-i-ty, O - pen faith, and me-
   Then, from sin and sor-row free, Take us, Lord, to dwell.
580 TRUTH CRUSHED TO EARTH.
WM. C. BRYANT (LORENZ. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again. Th' eternal years of God are born;
2. Yield not the shaft by hand-cast, The soul and him ing boil of scorn;
3. Yes, they lie up - on the dust, When all thy help-ers die in fear;
4. Some other arm thy sword shall wield, Some other hand the standard wave;

581 THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.
S. MEDLEY. (GERMANY. L. M.) BEETHOVEN.

1. Jo-sue, engrave it on my heart That thou the one thing needful art;
2. Needful is thy most precious blood, To re-ev - cile my soul to God;
3. Needful art thou, my guide, my stay, Thro' all life's dark and wo-ry way;

But Er - ver, wounded, with - in pain, And dies a - mong his wor-ship - ers.
For with the right shall dwell at last Th' vic - tory of on - durance born.
Do full of hope and man - y trust, Like those who fell for free-dom dear.
Till from the trumpet's mouth is pealed The burst of tri - umph o'er thy grave.

582 BE NOT AFRAID.
SRF. E. SMITH. (MELITA. L. M.) I. B. WOODSBURY.

1. When pow'r di-vine, in mortal form, Hush'd with a word the raging storm,
2. So when in silence nature sleeps, And lone - ly watch the mourner keeps,
3. And when the last dread hour shall come, While trembling nature waits her doom,

In soothing ac - cunts Jo - suh said, "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid.
One thought shall ev - ry pang remove, Trust, noble man, thy Maker's love.
This voice shall wake the righteous dead - "Lo, it is I; be not a-fraid.

583 GOD, OUR REFUGE.
ISAAC WATTS. (MILLER. L. M.) CARL F. E. BACH.

1. God in the ref - age of his saints When storms of sharp distress invade;
2. Loud may the troubled sea - can roar; In un - ced peace our soul a - hide;
3. Ex - cept the joyous here Monarch's love, So - sure against a threat'ning hour;

Bread we can of - for our complaints, Behold him present with his aid.
While ev'ry na - tion, ev - ry shore, Tremble, and dread the swelling tide.
Her can her firm foundation move, Built on his truth, and armed with pow'r.
584 YE CHRISTIAN HERALDS!
ANON. (OAKLAND. L. M.) F. E. BELDEN.

1. Ye Christian heralds! go, proclaim Salvation thro' Immanuel's name;
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, With flaming zeal your breast inspire,
3. And when our labors all are o'er, Then we shall meet to part no more,

To distant climes the tidings bear, And plant the Rose of Sharon there.
Bid raging winds their fury cease, And hush the tempest in - to peace.
There with the blood - bought throng to fall, And crown our Jesus Lord of all.

585 SOLDIERS OF CHRIST, ARISE!
C. WESLEY. (SILVER STREET. S. M.) I. SMITH.

1. Soldiers of Christ, a - rise, And put your ar - mor on;
2. We fight not a - gainst flesh, We wrestle not with blood;
3. With wicked spir - its, too, That in high pla - des stand,

Fight, for the bat - tle will be ours; We fight to win a crown.
But prin - ci - pal - i - ties and pew're, And for the truth of God.
Per - vert - ing oft the word of God, And say 'tis by com - mand.

586 HELP IN GOD FOR THEE.
J. MONTGOMERY. (ZEPHYR. L. M.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. The tempter to my soul hath said, "There is no help in God,
2. Then to the Lord I raised my cry; He heard me from his ho-
3. I will not fear, tho' arm - ed through " Compass my steps in all th

Lord, lift thee up thy servant's hand; By glory, shield, and sol - ace
At his command the waves rolled by; He beckoned, and the winds we
Sal - va - tion to the Lord be - longs; His presence guards his people

587 IMPOSTURE SHRINKS.
ANON. (ST. THOMAS. S. M.) G. F. HALL.

1. Im - post - ure shrinks from light, And dreads the ex - rior
2. O may we still main - tain A meek, in - quir - in
3. With un - der - stand - ing blest, Ore - a - ted to be

But sa - cred truths the test in - vita, They bid us search an
Assured we shall not search in vain, But hid - den treasure
Our faith on man we dare not rest, We trust a - lone in
CHILDREN OF THE KING.
CENNICK. (HART. 73.) HART.

Children of the heavenly King, As we journey, sweetly sing;
We are traveling home to God, In the way the fathers trod;
But, ye little flock, and blest, You near Jesus' throne shall rest;
Or not, brethren, joyful stand, On the borders of your land;

Your Saviour's worthy praise, Glorious in his works and ways;
When Christ our Lord shall come, We shall all be gathered home;
Your seats are now prepared, There your kingdom and reward.
Christ, your Father's Son, Bids you undismayed go on.

SCORN PRAISE OF MEN.
FABER. (SPOHR. C. M.) ARR. FROM SPOHR.

Blest is he who can divine Where truth and justice lie,
To learn to scorn the praise of men, And learn to lose with God;
Right is right, since God is God, And right the day must win;

Lares to take the side that seems Wrong to man's blinded eye,
Jesus won the world thro' shame, And beckons thee his road;
He who would be disloyal, To factor would be sin.

590 SWEET THE TIME.
G. BURDER. ("INNOCENTS." 76.) A. F. THIBAUT.

1. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet! When the saints together meet,
2. Sing we then eternal love, Such as did the Father move;
3. Sing the Son's a-masing love; How he left the realms above,
4. Sweet the time, exceeding sweet, When the saints in heart shall meet;

When the Saviour is the theme, When they join to sing of him,
He beheld the world undone, Loved the world and gave his Son.
Took our nature and our place, Lived and died to save our race.
Jesus still will be the theme, They shall always sing of him.

591 MOURN FOR THE SLAIN.
(BOYLSTON. S. M.) L. MASON.

1. Mourn for the thousands slain, The youthful and the strong;
2. Mourn for the lost—but call, Ocall to the strong, the free;
3. Mourn for the lost—but pray, Pray to our God above,

Mourn for the wine-cup's fearful reign, And the de-lud ed throng.
Rouse them to shun that dreadful fall, And to the Refuge flee.
To break the devil destroyer's sway, And show the way.
592 AT THE FEET OF JESUS.

J. H. (HUMILITY. 8s & 7s D.) ARR. LILLA M. EDWARDS.

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

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

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

For his love has been so gracious, It has won my heart at last.
While I from his fulness gather Grace and comfort ev'ry day.
May I prove I've been with Jesus, Who is all my righteousness.

593 A PRESENT HELP.

BERNHELD TOWS

1. There is never a day so dreary, But God can make it bright;
2. There is never a cross so heavy, But Jesus' hands are there,
3. There is never a heart so broken, But Jesus Christ can heal;

And to the soul that trusts him, He giveth pure delight;
Outstretched in sweet compassion, Our burden still to bear;
The heart once pierced on Calvary Doth for his people feel;

There is never a path so hidden, But God will show the way,
There is never a life so darkened, So hopeless, so unblest,
He will ever fulfill his promise, His word can never fail;

If we will seek his guidance, And patiently will pray.
But may be filled with gladness; In Jesus' peace we may rest.
God is our help in trouble, Our strength when foes assail.
IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

J. Montgomery. (Penitence. 68 & 52. D.) Spencer Lane.

1. In the hour of trial, Father, strengthen me; Lost by base delusion.
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm, Or its sordid treasures.
3. Should thy mercy send me Sorrow, care, and woe; Or should pain attend me.

I depart from thee. When then seest me wander, With a touch reproved to work me harm; By thy love sustaining, Father keep thy
On my path below. Grant that I may never Fail thy hand to

call. Her from thy dear favor, Save for me to fall.
child. All my foes restraining, And my passions wild.
see. Grant that I may ever Cast my care on thee. A-men.

AS PANTS THE HART.—Concluded.

haunted in the summer's chase, So pants my soul for thee, great
gladdened through the tedious day; And midst the dark and gloomy
God of mercy still shall prove; Within his courts thy thanks shall

King of kings, So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-places.
shades of night, To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.
yet be paid; Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love.

WITH THEE.

(Tune "Mendelssohn," 595.)

1. O blessed peace, that floweth as a river,
    Making life's desert places bloom and smile!
O joyous faith, that grasps the glad forever,
    Amid the shadows of earth's little while!

2. When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
    Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
    But sweeter still to wake and find Thee there.

3. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning
    When the soul waketh and life's shadows flee:
    Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with Thee.
PRAY FOR REAPERS. Henry Smart, Maxwell. (Regent Square, ss & vs, 6L.) Arr. by F. E. B.

1. Saints of God, the dawn is bright'ning, Tokens of the coming Lord; O'er the heart the fields are white'ning, Louder rings the Master's word:
2. Fee-bly now they toil in sadness, Weeping o'er the waste around; Slowly gathering grains of gladness, While their echoing cries resound:
3. Now, O Lord, fulfill thy pleasure, Breathe upon thy chosen band; And with pen to costal measure, Send forth reapers in our land;
4. Soon shall end the time of weeping, Soon the reaping time will come; Hear's and earth together keeping God's eternal harvest home;

Pray for reapers, Pray for reapers, in the harvest of the Lord. Pray that reapers, Pray that reapers, in God's harvest may abound. Faithful reapers, Faithful reapers, gathering sheaves for thy right hand. Saints and angels, Saints and angels, shoot the world's great harvest home.

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.—CONCLUDED.

In labor, Lord, there would I abide. Miracle of saving grace, Je-sus, O blessed is the spot! Quickly we the tent may fold, A-gee, "Until we gain the prize, There the heart will make its home.

That thou givest me a place Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee. Cheerful march thro' storm or cold, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee. Willing led by thee to roam, Anywhere, dear Saviour, to work for thee.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

Mrs. M. A. W. Cook. C. S. Harrington, by per.

1. In some way or other the Lord will provide; It may not be thy way, 1. In some way or other the Lord will provide; It may not be thy way,
2. At some time or other the Lord will provide; It may not be thy time, 2. At some time or other the Lord will provide; It may not be thy time,
3. Despise then no longer, the Lord will provide; And this be the token — 3. Despise then no longer, the Lord will provide; And this be the token —
4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide; The path shall be glorious: 4. March on, then, right boldly; the sea shall divide; The path shall be glorious:

ANYWHERE WITH JESUS.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Anywhere, dear Saviour, in thy vineyard wide, Where thou bides me It may not be thy way, And yet in his own way, "the Lord will provide.
2. Where the right may find us, Surely masters not; If we camp with It may not be thy time, And yet in his own time, "the Lord will provide.
3. All along the journey, Let us fix our eyes On the Rock of No word he hath spoken Was ever yet broken, "the Lord will provide.
4. With shootings victorious We'll join in the chorus, "the Lord will provide."
600 BLOW THE TRUMPET.

Dr. H. L. Gilmour.  Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Watchman, blow the gospel trumpet, Ev'ry soul a warning give;
2. Sound it loud o'er ev'ry hill-top, Gloomy shade, and sunny plain;
3. Sound it in the hedge and highway, Earth's dark spots where evils roam;
4. Sound it for the heavy laden, Weary, longing to be free.

Who-so-ever bears the message May repent, and turn, and live.
Ocean depths repeat the message, Full salvation's glad refrain.
Let it tell all things are ready, Father waits to welcome home.
Sound a Saviour's invitation, Sweetly saying, "Come to me."

Chorus.

Blow the trumpet, trusty watchman, Blow it loud o'er land and sea;

God commissions, sound the message! Ev'ry captive may be free.

601 TIDINGS FROM THE BATTLE.

F. E. Belden.  F. E. Belden.

1. Words of cheer from the battle-field of life, We welcome tidings from
2. Fierce and long has the struggle been with sin. Still the Church moves on
3. Stand like men! there's a battle to be fought; All the hosts of hell
4. Who so strong as to trust in self alone 'Gainst a foe so swift

the war; Glorious news from the grand and holy strife—Soon the
be-low; War without and temptation from within, Vainly
will rage; Trust in God! be de-liv-erance has wrought! For him
and sure? Who so weak that he can not grasp the Throne? And the

Chorus.

conflict will be o'er,
seek her o-er-throw. Words of battle cheer! tidings from the war!
exists in ev-ry age. Words of battle cheer! tidings from the war!
promised help ac-cure?

How has gone the conflict? Vict'ry's near! Glorious news of vict'ry! Words of cheer.

Copyright, 1896. Used by permission.
602 HIS EXAMPLE.

ANON. (SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. P.) G. F. ROOT.

1. This rite our blest Redeemer gave To all in him be-liev-ing; He bids us seek this hallowed grave, To his ex-am-ple (Omit.) closing.
D. C. He saves my soul, he’s left his word To guide me now and ever.

Chorus.

1. I’ll fol-low now my glorious Lord, What-e’er the tides I never;

2. Bring before us all the story
Of thy life, and death of woe;
And, with hopes of endless glory,
Wonn our hearts from all below.

D. C. Draw us nearer and still nearer
To thy pierced and bleeding side,
Till our view of self grows clearer
In the light of Him who died.

603 IN SWEET COMMUNION.

E. Denny. (GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.) Rousseau.

1. While in sweet communion feed-ing On this earthly bread and wine,
D. C. Whisper words of peace to cheer us, Ev’ry doubt and fear remove.

2. 0 my soul! and shalt thou scorn
Thus to do as He hath done?
Thou a wretched, dying worm:
Be the blessed, sinless One!
Gladly would I wash his feet,
Bowing in submission sweet.

3. Such a joy may not be
Thus to prove my le
Such a privilege divine
Thou hast never giv
But, in blest submission
Kneel I at thy servant’s
HOME, SWEET HOME.

David Denham.

Henry R. Bishop.

Mid scenes of con-fu-sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my soul is com-
Sweet songs that unite all the children of peace, And thrice precious Jesus, whose
While here in this val-ley of con-flict I stay, 0 give me sub-mis-sion, and
man-ion of sa-INT; To find at the ban-quet of mer-cy there's room,
love can not cease! The' o’er from thy presence in end-less I' room,
strength in my day; In all my af-flic-tions to thee would I come,

And fool in the pres-ence of Je-sus at home.
By faith I behold thee in glo-ry at home. Home, home, sweet,
Re-joice in hope of my glo-ri-ous home. sweet home;
S. Prepare me, dear Sa-ni-tor, for heaven my

KIND WORDS CAN NEVER DIE.

Arr. by F. E. B.

Abbie Hutchinson, arr.

1. Kind words can nev-er die, Cherish’d and best; God knows how deep they lie,
2. Sweet the’s can nev-er die, The’ like the flow’r’s Their brightest hours may fly
3. True love can nev-er die, The’ in the tomb We all may si-lent die,

Stored in the breast, Like childhood’s simple rhyme, Said o’er a thou-sand times,—
In win’t’ry hours; But when the gen-tle dew Gives them their charms anew,
Wrapp’d in its gloom; The’ mor-tal flesh de-cay, There comes a glo-ri-ous day,

Refrain.

Yes, in all years and cli-mates, Distant or near. Kind words can never die,
With many an ad-ded rose They bloom a-gain. Sweet the’s can never die,
When dust shall near a-way To Christ a-bove. True love can nev-er die,

Refrain.—Home, home, sweet, sweet home;
Be it ever so humble, there’s no place like home.
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne’er met with elsewhere.

2. An exile from home, splen-der dazzles in vain,
0 give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,
And with them, God’s peace, which is dearer than all.
609 GENTLE PEACE.  
Unknown. (Rathbun. 8s & 7s.) Ithamar Conkey.

1. Gently Peace, from heaven's descent, We would live beneath thy law;  
2. Thou hast thrown a smile of beauty O'er the meadow, hill, and grove;  
3. Stay thou with us, still re-pleasing Fields with fruit, ourselves with love;

Then hast home and life be-friended, Born of more-ble deeds than war.  
Then hast quickened us to duty, Then hast warmed our hearts to love.  
Dis-cord and dis-sension banish, Peace-ful spir-it from a-here.

610 PROTECT US.  
Rev. Samuel Smith. (America. 6s & 4s.) Henry Carey.

1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of liberty, Of thee I sing; Land where my  
2. My native country, thee, Land of the noble, free, Thy name I love; I love thy  
3. Let music swell the browns, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song; Let mortal  
4. Our fathers' God, to thee, Author of lib'er-ty, To thee we sing; Long may our

fathers died, Land of the pilgrim's pride. From every mountain side Let freedom ring.  
rocks and rills, Thy woods and temples hills. My heart with rapture thrills Like that above.  
tongues awake. Let all that breathe partake. Let rocks their silence break. The sound prolong.  
land be bright With freedom's holy light. Protect us by thy might, Great God, our King.

611 OUR EXILED FATHERS.  
Rev. Leonard Bacon. (Hamburg. L.M.)

1. O God, beneath thy guiding hand, Our exiled fathers crese  
2. Truth, freedom, justice, faith in God, Came with these exiled  
3. And here thy name, O God of love, May we, their children, still

And when they trod the wintry strand. With prayer and psalm they.  
And where their pilgrim feet have trod, The God they trusted guards  
Till these o-ter nal hills re-move, And spring adorns the earth

612 BROTHERHOOD OF MEN.  
J. S. Dwight. (Dort. 6s & 4s.) Lowell

1. God bless our native land! May Heaven's protecting hand Still  
2. May just and righteous laws Uphold the public cause, And bless our  
3. And not this land alone, But be thine mercy known From shore to shore

now extend, Foe be transformed to friend, And all our rights depend On  
brave and free, Stronghold of Liberty. We pray that still on thee May  
men would see That they should brethren be. And form one family, The
613 F. E. B. LET US WORK TOO. F. E. Belden.

1. The Lord worketh, let us work too; In his vineyard there's much to do,
2. The world moveth, let us move too, The Sun's glory that we may view
3. The wrong speaketh, let us speak too: The worst error is bright with dew;
4. The Christ liveth, let us live too: From death waking, his work to do.

And would perish for seed of you: The Lord worketh, let us work too.
From night turning to day-dawn new: The world moveth, let us move too.
Shall truth slumber the whole day thro'? The wrong speaketh, let us speak too.
With hearts loving and pure and true: The Christ liveth, let us live too.

614 SHEPHERD DIVINE.

F. E. Belden. (Winterbourne, L. W.) Edwin Barnes.

1. Shepherd divine, thou leadest me Where the still waters gently flow;
2. In danger's hour thou guidest me, Safe from the foe of thy dear flock;
3. When chilling dew of eveing fall, Then to the fold thou bidst me come;

In pastures fair thou feedest me: I trust thy love, as want I know.
At eventide thou guidest me To rest beside the cooling rock.
Gladly I hasten at thy call: Sweet is the voice that calls me home.

615 F. E. B. FOR JESUS. F. E. Belden.

1. For Jesus, all my morning hours, For Jesus, all my noonday pow'rs;
2. For Jesus, all the songs I sing, For Jesus, all the praise I bring,
3. For Jesus, all the gold he leads, For Jesus, all the strength he sends,
4. For Jesus, all who sigh in sin, For Jesus, all that love can win,

For Jesus, evening's gathered flow'rs, - For Jesus, all for Jesus.
For Jesus, he who bore death's sting, - My Jesus; all for Jesus.
For Jesus, heart and home and friends, - For Jesus, all for Jesus.
For Jesus, King enthroned with je, - Yes, all, and more, for Jesus.

616 ANOTHER YEAR.

F. R. Havergal. (Weber, 75 & 6s.) Arr. from Weber.

1. An other year is dawning! Dear Master, let it be
2. An other year of mercies, Of faithfulness and grace,
3. An other year of service, Of willing for thy love;

In working or in waiting, An other year with thee.
An other year of gladness, - The shining of thy face.
An other year of training For believer work and love.

www.4tons.com.br
617 ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.
(ST. GÉRTRUDE, GE & SS. D.)
S. BARING-GOULD

1. Onward, Christian soldiers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus
2. At the sign of triumph Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers,
3. Like a mighty army Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are marching
4. Crowns and thrones have perished, Kingdoms ruled and waned, But the Church of Jesus
5. Onward, then, ye pilgrims! Join our happy throng, Blend with ours your voice on

Go-ing on be-fore, Christ, the roy-al Mas-ter, Leads against the foe.
On to vic-to-ry! Hell's foundations quiver At the shout of praise.
Where the saints have trod: We are not di-vid-ed, All one bod- y we,
Constant has remained. Gates of hell can neverGain that Church prevails.
In the triump-song: Glory, praise, and hon-or Upto Christ the King;

Chorus.
Forward in-to bat-tle, See his ban-ners gleam! Brothers, lift your voices, loud your anthems raise.
One in hope and de- sire, One in char-i-ty, Oeward, Christian soldiers!
We have Christ's own promise, That can never fail.
This thro' countless ages Men and an-gels sing.

Marching as to war, With the cross of Jesus Go-ing on be-fore.

618 A MIGHTY FORTRESS.

M. L. Tr. by F. H. HEDGE
MARTIN LUTHER

1. A might-y fortress is our God, A bulwark never fail-ing;
2. Did we in our own strength confide, Our striving would be losing;
3. And tho' this world, with dev-ils filled, Should threaten to un-do us,

Our help-er be, a-mid the flood Of mor-tal ills pre-vail-ing.
Were not the right Man on our side, The Man of God's own choosing.
We will not fear, for God hath will'd His truth to triumph thro' us.

For still our ancient foe Doth seek to work his woe; His craft and
Doth ask who that may be? Christ Jesus, it is he! Lord Sabauath
Let goods and kindred go, This mortal life al-so; The bod-y

pow'r are great, And arm'd with cruel hate; On earth is not his e-qual
in his name, From age to age the same; And he must win the bat-tle.
they may kill; God's truth a-bid-eth still, His kingdom is for-ev-er.
619 CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.
WM. B. BRADBURY.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, And he will sustain thee, and strengthen thee, and comfort thee; He will sustain thee, and comfort thee; He will sustain thee, and comfort thee.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, Cast thy burden on the Lord.

620 WE LAY US DOWN TO SLEEP.
ANON.

1. We lay us calmly down to sleep When friendly night is come, and
2. As sinks the sun in western skies When day is done, and twilight
3. Why vex our souls with wearing care? Why shun the grave, for shining
4. Some other hand the task can take, If so it seemeth best— the

leave To God the rest; Whether we wake to smile or weep, Or
dim Comes silent on, So fades the world's most longing prize On
head So cool and low? Have we found life so passing fair, So
task By us begun; No work for which we need to wake In

wake no more on time's fair shore, He knoweth best, He knoweth best. eyes that close in deep repose Till wakes the dawn, Till wakes the dawn. grand to be, so sweet that we should dread to go? Should dread to go? joy or grief, for life so brief, Beneath the sun, Beneath the sun.

O Fa- ther, us in safe- ty keep! We lay us down to sleep.
621 O FOR A FAITH!

1. O for a faith that will not shrink,
The press'd by many a foe;
That will not tremble on the brink Of That will not tremble on the brink, That will not tremble
on the brink, pov-er-ty or woe, Of pov-er-ty or woe;
will not tremble on the brink

2. That will not murmur or complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod,
But in the hour of grief or pain
Can lean upon Its God.

3. A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
Then when in danger know no fear,
In darkness feels no doubt;

4. That bears unmoved the world's dread frown,
Nor heeds its scornful smile;
That sin's wild ocean cannot drown,
Nor its soft arts beguile.

2 It points to us a land of rest,
Where saints with Christ will reign,
Where we shall meet the loved of earth,
And never part again.--

3 A land where sin can never come,
Temptations no'er annoy,
Where happiness will ever dwell,
And that without alloy.

4 In that bright world no tears will flow,
Death no'er can enter there;
For all who gain that heavenly land
Will be as angels are.

5 Fly, lingering moments, fly, O fly,
Dear Saviour, quickly come!
We long to see thee as thou art,
And reach that blissful home.

622 HOW CHEERING!

1. How cheer'ing is the Christian's hope, While toiling here below!
It buoy's us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe,

2. It buoy's us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe.

It buoy's us up while passing thro' This wilderness of woe.
623  BY FAITH ALONE.
A. M. TOPLADY.  (SELVIN. S. M.)  GERMAN.

1. If, through un-ruffled seas, Calmly to¬ard bear¬n we sail,
2. But should the sur¬ges rise, And rest de¬lay to come,
3. Soon shall our doubts and fears All yield to thy control;
4. Teach us in ev¬ry state, To make thy will our own,

With grateful hearts, O God, to thee, We’ll own the fav’ring gale.
Blest be the sor¬row, kind the storm, Which drives us nearer home.
Thy ten¬der mercies shall ill¬ume The midnight of the soul.
And when the joys of sense depart, To live by faith a¬ lone.

624

1 “My times are in thy hand;” My Father’s hand will never cause His child a needless tear.
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my all I leave Entirely to thy care.
2 “My times are in thy hand;” Why should I doubt or fear?
3 “My times are in thy hand;” I’ll always trust in thee,
Till I possess the promised land,
And all thy glory see.

W. M. F. LLOYD.

625  WATCHFUL AT HIS GATE.
PHILIP DODDRIDGE.  (EL KADER. S. M.)  UNKNOWN.

1. Ye serv¬ants of the Lord, Bach in his of¬ fice wait;
2. Let all your lamps be bright, And trim the golden flame;
3. Watch, ‘sin your Lord’s com¬mand, And while we speak, he’s near;
4. O, hap¬py serv¬ant, be, In such a posture found!

Ob¬serv¬ant of his heav¬enly word, And watchful at his gate. Ob¬
Gird up your leis¬es as in his sight; His com¬ing thus pro¬claim, Gird
Mark the first signal of his hand, And read¬y all ap¬pear. Mark
He shall his Lord with rapture see, And be with honor crown’d. He

serv¬ant of his heav¬enly word, And watchful at his gate.
up your leis¬es as in his sight; His com¬ing thus pro¬claim.
the first signal of his hand, And read¬y all ap¬pear.
shall his Lord with rapture see, And be with hon¬or crown’d.

1 Bow in the morn thy seed;
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broadcast it o’er the land.

2 Thou cannot toil in vain:
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garsers in the sky.

3 Then, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel reapers shall descend,
And hear a shout—“Harvest hon¬our—”
627  HOMEWARD BOUND.

1. Out on an ocean all boundless we ride, We're homeward bound, homeward bound;
   Far from the safe, quiet harbor we've rode, Seeking our Father's celestial abode,
   Thy wings shall my petition hear
   To Him whose truth and faithfulness Engage the waiting soul to bless.
   May I thy conversation share
   Till from Mount Pinal's lofty height I view my home, and take my flight.
   In my immortal flesh I'll rise
   To seize the everlasting prize.
   And shout while passing thro' the air—"Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!"

2. Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
   We're homeward bound, etc.
   Wildly the storm sweeps us on as it roars,
   We're homeward bound, etc.

3. Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
   We're home at last, home at last;
   Into the harbor of heaven now we glide,
   We're home at last, home at last.

4. D. C.—Promise of which on us each is bestowed, We're homeward bound, homeward bound, etc.

628  SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.
W. W. WALFORD.  (L. M. D.)  W. B. BRADBURY.  End.

1. Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care,
   We're home at last, home at last;
   Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer.
   We're home at last, home at last.

2. And bids me, at my Father's throne Make all my wants and wishes known!
   Softly we drift on its bright silver tide,
   And bids me, at my Father's throne
   Softly we drift on its bright silver tide.

3. D. C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare, By thy return, sweet . . . hour of prayer.
   Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er,
   D. C.—And oft escaped the tempter's snare
   Glory to God! all our dangers are o'er;

629  GLIDING SWIFTLY BY.
D. NELSON. (SHINING SHORE. 88 & 78. P.)  G. F. ROOT.

1. My days are gliding swiftly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger, Would not detain them as they fly—Those hours of toil (Orrit.) danger;
   We stand secure on the glorified shore;
   And we shall meet at Jordan's strand, And soon we'll pass on over;
   Where golden harps are ringing.

2. We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear, Our distant home discerning;
   We shall at last, home at last;
   Our distant home discerning;

3. And should our home be cold and dark, We need not cease our singing;
   Our distant home discerning;
   We need not cease our singing;

4. D. C.—And just before, the shining shore We may almost discover.
   Where golden harps are ringing.
   Our distant home discerning;
   Where golden harps are ringing.
A STRANGER HERE.

Thos. R. Taylor. (OAK, 6s & 4s.) Lowell Mason.

1. I'm but a stranger here, Hear'n is my home;
   Danger and sorrow stand round me on every hand, Hear'n is my Fatherland, Hear'n is my home.

2. No tranquil joys on earth I know,
   No peaceful, sheltering home;
   This world's a wilderness of woe,
   And then I sigh for home.

3. When by affliction sharply tried,
   Faith tells of scenes to come—
   Those endless joys prepared above,
   This world is not my home.

Chorus.

We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes,
   We'll work, And we'll be gathered home.

I WILL NOT LET THEE GO.

J. Fawcett. (Perseverance. C. M. D.) Unknown.

1. Thou coming, Oca, our wants rehews this our evil day;
   To all thy toiled followers give a pow'r to watch
   Long as our fiery trials last,
   (And pray.)

2. Thou pow'r of interceding grace
   Give us in faith to claim;
   To wrestle till we see thy face,
   And know thy hidden name.

3. I will not let thee go, unless
   Thou tell thy name to me;
   With all thy great salvation beams,
   And make me all like thee.

Long as the cross we bear, O may our souls on thee be cast, In all-prevailing pray'r.

WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

Mrs. E. Mills. (Land of Rest. C. M.) Wm. Miller.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the moment come,
   When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell with Christ at home?

2. The pow'r of interceding grace
   Give us in faith to claim;
   To wrestle till we see thy face,
   And know thy hidden name.

3. I will not let thee go, unless
   Thou tell thy name to me;
   With all thy great salvation beams,
   And make me all like thee.

Long as the cross we bear, O may our souls on thee be cast, In all-prevailing pray'r.
633 HOW LONG?

ANON.  (WEBB. 78 & 62. D.) WEBB.

1. How long, O Lord our Saviour, wilt thou remain a-way?
2. How long, O gracious Master, wilt thou thy household leave?
3. O, wake thy slumbering people; Send forth the solemn cry;

Our hearts are growing weary Of thy so long delay.
So long hast thou now tarried, Few thy return believe.
Let all the saints repeat it— "The Saviour draweth nigh."

0 when shall come the moment, When, brighter far than morn,
Immersed in Sloan and soli- ty, Thy servants, Lord, we see;
May all our lamps be burning, Our loins well girded be.

The sunshine of thy glory Shall on thy people dawn?
And few of us stand ready With joy to wel-come thee.
Each longing heart prepar- ing With joy thy face to see.

634 SPEAK OFTEN.

1. Speak often to each other,
To cheer the fainting mind;
And often be your voices
In pure devotion joined;

2. To shall be mine, says Jesus,
In that auspicious day
When I make up my jewels,
Released from earthen clay;

3. We'll range the wide dominion
Of our Redeemer round,
And in dissolving rapture
Be lost in love profound;

To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the infinite One.

Behold, the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;

And God, our King and Pardon,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

JHN. M. NEALE.

635 BE SOBER.

1. The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate;

2. Arise, arise, O Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;

To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the infinite One.

Behold, the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;

And God, our King and Pardon,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

JHN. M. NEALE.

636 MORNING.

1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And harvest fields before us
Are ripening ev'ry hour;

3. Blest river of salvation,
Furnish thy onward way;
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.

To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the infinite One.

Behold, the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;

And God, our King and Pardon,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

JHN. M. NEALE.

The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might;
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the infinite One.

Behold, the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;

And God, our King and Pardon,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

JHN. M. NEALE.

The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might;
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the infinite One.

Behold, the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;

And God, our King and Pardon,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

JHN. M. NEALE.

635 BE SOBER.

1. The world is very evil,
The times are waxing late;
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate;

2. Arise, arise, O Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;

To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the infinite One.

Behold, the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;

And God, our King and Pardon,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

JHN. M. NEALE.

636 MORNING.

1. The morning light is breaking,
The darkness disappears,
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears:

2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And harvest fields before us
Are ripening ev'ry hour;

3. Blest river of salvation,
Furnish thy onward way;
Flow thou to ev'ry nation,
Nor in thy richness stay.

To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the infinite One.

Behold, the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;

And God, our King and Pardon,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

JHN. M. NEALE.

The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might;
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

The Judge is at the gate;
The Judge who comes in mercy,
The Judge who comes with might;
Who comes to end the evil,
Who comes to crown the right.

To light that has no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun,
The light so fair and golden,
Of Christ, the infinite One.

Behold, the morn shall waken,
And shadows shall decay,
And each true-hearted servant
Shall shine as does the day;

And God, our King and Pardon,
In fulness of his grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face.

JHN. M. NEALE.
**WHAT OF THE NIGHT?**

1. Watchman on the walls of Zion, What, O tell us, of the night? Is the day-star now arising? Will the morn soon greet our sight? O'er your vision Shine there now some rays of light? Do we truly see the heav'nly kingdom nigh?

2. Tell, O tell us, are the landmarks On our voyage all passed out? We behold the day-star rising Pure and bright in yonder sight; Let your voices Sound a-loud your holy cheer.

3. Light is beaming, day is coming! Let us sound a-loud the song: Be thou still my strength and shield. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Did my anxious fears subside: Lead me all my journey through: Strong Deliverer,

4. We have found the chart and compass, And are sure the land is near; Are we nearing now the haven? Can we see the land decay; We, the weary, are hastening, Soon the haven will appear; Saints, be joyful! Your redemption draws near.

**GUIDE ME.**

1. Guide me, 0 Thou great Jehovah! Pilgrim through this barren land:

2. Open now the crystal fountain, Whence the healing waters flow;

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan, Did my anxious fears subside:

4. Hear'n and earth at last remove,

**HE COMES.**

1. Lo! He comes, with clouds descending, Once for favor'd sinners slain;

2. Ev'ry eye shall behold him Robed in dreadful majesty!

3. Ye, amen! let all adore thee, High on thy eternal throne!

**ZION STANDS.**

1. Zion stands with walls surrounded, Zion, kept by pow'r divine:

2. Ev'ry human tie may perish; Friend to friend unfaithful prove;

3. Ye, amen! let all adore thee, High on thy eternal throne!
PILOT ME.

Edward Hopper. (Gould. 70. 6L.) John E. Gould.

1. Jesus, Saviour, pilot me over life's tempestuous sea; Unknown waves before me roll, trembling chords;
   astound the world. 
   -sus, Saviour, pilot me. 
   -sus, Saviour, pilot me. 
   murray dumb, It is only "Till He come!"
   and the tomb, Pain us only "Till He come!"
   me and the peaceful rest.
   o-cean wild; Boistrous waves obey thy will breakers roar 'Tweent me and the peaceful rest,
   eath remove, When their words of hope and cheer sorrow less? All the sharpness of the cross,
   ly. 
  .nn their golden light be seen; Let us think how 
   fall no longer on our ear, Hush! be ever'y All that tells the world is less—Death and darkness hear and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!"

642 TILL HE COME.

E. H. Bickersteth. (Eltham. 70. 6L.) Lowell Mason.

1. "Till He come!"—O let the words linger on the
   2. When the weary ones we love, From the cares of clouds and darkness round us press; Would we have one
   3. When thou say' st to them, "Be still!" Wonderous
   ing rock and treacherous shoal; Ohart and When thou say' st to them, "Be still!" Wonderous
   compass came from thee; Jesus, Saviour, pilot me. 

In their golden light be seen; Let us think how
Fall no longer on our ear, Hush! be ever'ry
All that tells the world is less—Death and darkness
hear' n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!"
mur' mur dumb, It is only "Till He come!
and the tomb, Pain us on' ly "Till He come!"

Hiding rock and treacherous shoal; Ohart and When thou say' st to them, "Be still!" Wonderous
Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I

Hiding rock and treacherous shoal; Ohart and When thou say' st to them, "Be still!" Wonderous
Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I

Hiding rock and treacherous shoal; Ohart and When thou say' st to them, "Be still!" Wonderous
Then, while leaning on thy breast, May I
643 WATCHMAN, TELL ME.
S. S. BEEVER. (DAWNING. 8s & 7s. D.) W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Watchman, tell me, does the morning Of fair Zion's glory dawn? 
   Have the signs that mark his coming Yet upon thy pathway shone? 
   D. C. Gird thy bridal robes around thee, Morning dawns, arise! arise!

Pilgrim, yes! arise, look round thee; Light is breaking in the skies;

2 Watchman, see, the light is beaming 
   Brighter still upon thy way; 
   Signs thru' all the earth are gleaming, 
   Omen of the coming day 
   When the Jubilee trumpet, sounding, 
   Shall awake from land and sea 
   All the saints of God, now sleeping, 
   Glad in immortality.

3 Watchman, hail the light ascending 
   Of the grand Sabbath year; 
   All with voices loud proclaiming 
   That the kingdom now is near: 
   Pilgrim, yes, I see just yonder, 
   Canaan's glorious heights arise; 
   Salem, too, appears in grandeur, 
   Tow'r ing 'neath its sapphire skies.

4 Watchman, in the golden city, 
   Seated on his jasper throne, 
   Zion's King, arrayed in beauty, 
   Reigned in peace from zone to zone: 
   There on eminence hills and mountains, 
   Golden beams burningly glow; 
   Pouring streams and crystal fountains, 
   On whose banks sweet flow'd the river.

5 Watchman, see, the land is nearing 
   With its varied fruits and flow'rs; 
   On, just yonder,— O how cheering! 
   Bloom forever Eden's bow'r. 
   Hark! the choral strains are ringing, 
   Wafted on the balmy air; 
   See the millions, hear them singing, 
   Soon the pilgrim will be there.

644 GUARD THY CHILDREN.
ANON. (GREENVILLE. 8s & 7s. D.) ROUSSEAU.

1. Gracious Father, guard thy children From the foe's destructive pow'r; 
   Have O save them, Lord, from falling In this dark and trying hour. 
   D. C. But thy word illumines our pathway, And in God we still confide.

Thou wilt surely prove thy people, All our graces must be tried;

2 We are in the time of waiting; 
   Soon we shall behold our Lord, 
   Waited far away from sorrow, 
   To receive our rich reward. 
   Keep us, Lord, till thine appearing, 
   Pure, unspotted from the world; 
   Let thy Holy Spirit cheer us 
   Till thy banner is unfurled.

3 Soon He comes, with clouds descending; 
   All his saints, entombed, arise; 
   The redeemed, in anthems blending. 
   Shout their vict'ry thru' the skies. 
   O, we long for thine appearing! 
   Come, O Saviour, quickly come! 
   Blessed hope! our spirits cheering. 
   Take thy ransomed children home.

4 Now the light of truth they're seeking, 
   In its onward track pursue; 
   All the ten commandments keeping, 
   They are holy, just, and true. 
   On the words of life they're feeding, 
   Precious to their taste, so sweet; 
   All their Master's precepts hallowed, 
   Bowing humbly at his feet.

5 Long upon the mountains, weary, 
   Have the scattered flock been torn; 
   Dark the desert paths, and dreary; 
   Grievous trials have they borne. 
   How the gathering call is sounding, 
   Solemn in its warning voice; 
   Union, faith, and love, abounding, 
   Bid the little flock rejoice.


646 HOW FAR FROM HOME?
Annie R. Smith.

ARRANGED.

1. How far from home! I asked, as on I bent my steps—th' watchman spake:
2. I asked th' war-rior on th' field: This was his soul-inspiring song:
3. I asked a-again; earth, sea, and sun Seemed, with one voice, to make reply:
4. Not far from home! O blessed thought! Th' traver's lonely heart to cheer;

The long dark night is a- almost gone, The morning soon will break,
With courage, bold, the sword I'll wield, Th' battle is not long,
Time's wasting sands are near-ly run, E-ter-ni-ty is nigh,
Which oft a heal-ing balm has brought, And dried the mourner's tear.

Then weep no more, but weep thy sight, With Hope's bright star thy guiding ray,
Then weep no more, but weep no more The con-flict, till thy work is done;
Then weep no more—With warning tones Portents of signs are thick'ning round,
Then weep no more, since we shall meet Where weary footsteps never roam—

Till then shall reach the realms of light, In ev - er - last - ing day,
For this we know, the prise in sure, When vic - to - ry in won,
The whole cre-a - ture, wait -ing, greets, To hear the trumpet sound.

Our tri - als past, our joys complete, Safe in our Father's home.

647 ASLEEP IN JESUS.
Margaret Mackay. (Rest. L. M.) W. B. B.

1. A-sleep in Je - sus! blessed sleep From which none ev - er wi
2. A-sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a sh
3. A-sleep in Je - sus! Peaceful rest, Whose wak ing is supr
4. A-sleep in Je - sus! Soon to rise, When the last trump shall re

A calm and un-dis-turbed re-pose, Unbroken by the last
With ho - ly con - fi-dence to rest In hope of be - ing ev
No fear, no wo, shall dim that hour That manifests the Sav
Then burst the foil - tons of the tomb, And wake in full, im-mor

648 (Music. No.646.)

1 A thrilling cry—We hear the sound;
The faithful watchmen lift their voice;
From land to land the world around—
It bids the saints rejoice:

To pilgrims, rise, break forth and sing
The glorious coming of your King;
The thrilling cry—we hear it sound,
"Prepare to meet your Lord."

2 Blow, watchmen, blow the certain sound,
For dark and dangerous is the night;
And having Warfare gather round—
The evil servants unite.

Ye faithful ones, the strict
With lamps well trimmed, and
The thrilling cry—we hear
"Prepare to meet your l
PART IV.

Home and Heaven.

WE SHALL MEET.

John Atkinson.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv-eye, By and by, by and by; And the darkness shall be o-ver, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harp of glory, By and by, by and by; We shall sing redemption's story, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall see and be like Jesus, By and by, by and by; Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
4. There our tears shall all cease flowing, By and by, by and by; And with sweetest rapture knowing, By and by, by and by;

With the toilsome jour-ney done, And the glorious bat-tle won, We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
And the strains for-ev-er-more Shall resound in sweetness o'er Yon-der ev-er-last-ing shore, By and by, by and by.
And the an-gels who ful-fill All the mandates of His will Shall attend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
All the loved ones, part-ed long, We with shoutings shall re-join In that land of life and song, By and by, by and by.

Copyright, 1909, 1928, by Hubert P. Main. Used by permission.
MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.

FANNY J. CROSBY. (May be used as male quartet, first tenor taking alto notes as if written an octave higher.)

JOHN R. SWENY.

1. When my life-work is ended, and I cross the swelling tide, When this mortal puts on immortality, I shall know my Redeemer when I reach the other side, And his kindly beam-ing eye; How my full heart will praise him for the mercy, love, and grace, That precious I recall; In the sweet vales of Eden we shall meet no more to roam, But I tears shall ever fall; In the glad song of ages I shall mingle with delight; But I

CHORUS.

smile will be the first to welcome me. I shall know him, I shall know him As prepares for me a mansion in the sky, long to see my Saviour first of all. long to meet my Saviour first of all. I shall know
MY SAVIOUR FIRST OF ALL.—Concluded.

deemed by his side I shall stand, I shall know him, I shall know him
By the print of the nails in his hands.
I shall know

NO SEAS AGAIN SHALL SEVER.

Horatius Bonar. "For now we see through a glass, darkly; but then, face to face."—1 Cor. 13:12.

D. S. Hailes.

1. No seas again shall sever, No desert intervene; No deep sad-flowing river Shall roll its tides between.
2. No dread of wasting sickness, No tho't of ache or pain; No fretting hours of weakness Shall mar our peace again.
3. No death, our home o'erhanging, Shall e'er our harps unstring; For all is life unfading In presence of our King.

CHORUS.

Joy, and unsevered union Of soul, with those we love, Nearness and glad communion Shall be our joys a-bove.

By permission of D. S. Hailes.
SOME SWEET DAY.

Dedicated to W. H. Doane, composer of the first "Some Sweet Day."

"I go to prepare a place for you; and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am there ye may be also."—John 14:2, 3.

F. E. Belden.

F. E. B.

Tenderly.

1. We shall meet beyond the skies, Some sweet day, some sweet day; Gaze no more in tearful eyes,
2. There will be no vacant chair, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Nor a mourning circle, there,
3. Winter's frost or summer's heat, Some sweet day, some sweet day, Make no harvest incomplete,

REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, some sweet day. We shall clasp our own again, Free from sorrow, sin, and pain;
Some sweet day, some sweet day. Death shall hear its note of doom, Christ shall burst the sealed tomb,
Some sweet day, some sweet day. Eden bloom is everywhere, Fadeless flow'rs perfume the air,

4. Mansion, crown, and harp of gold,
Some sweet day, some sweet day;
Songs that never shall grow old,
Some sweet day, some sweet day.
Joy shall bid farewell to Care,
Praise shall sing no more with Prayer.
Love shall lead us, over there,
Some sweet day, some sweet day.

Copyright, 1896, by F. E. Belden.
SOME SWEET DAY, BY AND BY.

Fanny J. Crosby.  
"Then shall I know."—1 Cor. 13:12.  
W. H. Doane, by per.

1. We shall reach the summer land, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall press the golden strand, Some sweet day,
2. At the crystal river's brink, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall find each broken link, Some sweet day,
3. Oh, these parting scenes will end, Some sweet day, by and by; We shall gather friend with friend, Some sweet day,

by and by; O the loving welcome there, By the tree of life so fair! How we long that joy to share,
by and by; Then the star that, fading here, Left our hearts and homes so drear, We shall see more bright and clear,
by and by; There before our Father's throne, When the mists and clouds have flown, We shall know as we are known,

REFRAIN.

Some sweet day, by and by. By and by, Some sweet day, We shall meet our lov'd ones gone, Some sweet day, by and by.
By and by, yes, by and by.

Copyright 1888, by W. H. Doane.
BEHOLD THE BRIDEGROOM.

"And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut."—Matt. 25:10.

R. E. H. HUDSON.

1. Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes? Are you ready for the Bride-groom When he comes, when he comes?

2. Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes; Have your lamps trimm'd and burning When he comes, when he comes;

3. We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes; We will all go out to meet him When he comes, when he comes;

4. We will chant al-le-lu-ias When he comes, when he comes; We will chant al-le-lu-ias When he comes, when he comes.

Be-hold, he cometh! Be-hold, he cometh! Be robed and read-y; for the Bride-groom com-eth, when he com-eth.

Be- hold, he cometh! Be-hold, he cometh! Be robed and read-y, for the Bride-groom com-eth.

Copyright, 1931, by R. E. Hudson. Used by permission.
IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

Mrs. M. A. Kidder.

"Rejoice because your names are written in heaven."—Luke 10:20.

1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would go.

2. Lord, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, O my Saviour, Is sufficient.

3. O that beautiful city, With its mansions of light, With its glorified beings In pure gold.

In the book of thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour, Is my name.

For thy promise is written In bright letters that glow, 'Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them white as snow.

Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair, Where the angels are watching,—Is my name.

CHORUS.

Is my name written there, On the page white and fair? In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name.
I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

F. H. E. B. Belden.

Softly.

May be sung as Male Quartet, 1st Tenor taking Alto an octave higher.

"I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy likeness."—Ps. 17:15.

1. Soul amid earth-sorrows dwelling,
   Sighing for the strife to cease,
   Soon shall come the Prince of Peace.
   I shall be satisfied then; when I awake, I shall be satisfied.

2. Saddened by the world’s complaining,
   Burdened with the ceaseless care,
   For the toilers over there?
   When the King of kings, with angels attending,

3. Patient wait God’s time for going,
   Murmuring not though long thy stay,
   Thou shalt dwell with him some day.
   Rends the azure sky in glowing

4. Born of God, the soul can never
   Willing here with sin abide;
   Where the soul is satisfied.
   When I awake;
I SHALL BE SATISFIED.—CONCLUDED.

scending, When the saints awake in his own likeness, I shall be satisfied then (ha-le-lujah!).

667

WHEN I SHALL AWAKE.

Horatius Bonar, S.T.

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with thy likeness."—Ps. 17:15.

F. E. Belden.

1. When I shall awake in that fair morn of morns, After whose dawning never night returns, And with whose bright glory
2. And when I shall see His glory face to face, Meet his glad welcome, feel his fond embrace, And feast on the fullness
3. And when I shall meet the friends that I have loved, Clasp to my bosom dear ones long removed, And witness how faithful
4. O soon I shall gaze up on the face of Him, Pierced to redeem me from the curse of sin, And praise him forever

rit. 

REFRAIN. D. S. — When I shall awake, in 

day eternal burns, 
of his heavily grace, 
Christ to me hath proved, I shall be satisfied then. I shall be satisfied then, I shall be satisfied then.
with the glad new hymn;

that fair morn of morns, I shall be satisfied then.

Music copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.
BEAUTIFUL ROBES.

"Arrayed in fine linen clean and white; for the fine linen is the righteousness of saints."—Rev. 19:8.

R. H. Hewitt.

W. J. Kirkpatrick.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall enter naught that may defile;
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the beauty of the King we see;
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead;

Where the daybeam ne'er declines, For the blessed light that shines Is the glory of the Saviour's smile.
Hold-ing converse full and sweet, In a fellowship complete; Waking songs of holy melody.
For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul forevermore is freed.

CHORUS.

{ Beau-ti-ful robes, . . . Beau-ti-ful robes, . . . Beau-ti-ful robes we
{ Gar-ments of light, . . . Love-ly and bright, . . . (Omit.) . . .
{ Beau-ti-ful robes, beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes, Beau-ti-ful robes we then shall wear.
{ Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, love-ly and bright,

Copyright, 1900, by W. J. Kirkpatrick. Used by permission.
BEAUTIFUL ROBES—Concluded.

then shall wear;   Walking with Jesus in white, Beautiful robes we shall wear.
Beautiful robes we then shall wear.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

ANNA B. WAHNER.

"Sir, we would see Jesus."—John 12:21

F. E. BELDEN.

1. "We would see Jesus;" for the shadows lengthen Across the little landscape of our life;
2. "We would see Jesus," Rock of our salvation, Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace;
3. "We would see Jesus;" other lights are pal ing, Which for long years we did rejoice to see;
4. "We would see Jesus;" this is all we're needing—Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight;

We would see Jesus, our weak faith to strengthen For the last conflict, the last mortal strife.
Not life, nor death, with all their agitation, Can thence remove us, gazing on His face.
The blessings of this sinful world are falling; We would not mourn them, in exchange for Thee.
We would see Jesus, dying, risen, pleading, Soon to return and end this mortal night!

Music Copyright, 1899, by F. E. Belden.
GOLDEN DAWNING.

F. E. B.

"Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ."—2 Cor. 1:7. F. E. Belden.

1. I am waiting for the morning Of the day that brings release, Waiting for the golden
2. O'er the hill-tops brightly breaking, Sun of Righteousness arise, Every soul from slumber
3. Endless joy for hours of crying, Everlasting peace for care; Immortality for

Solo prominent, one or more voices. Other parts light.

CHORUS.

dawning Of God's everlasting peace. Has ten on,

warding As God's glory gilds the skies. Has ten on, O day e-

ternal! Bid the night of sorrow cease; Ush-

day eternal! Bid the night of sorrow cease; Ush-

Copyright, 1900, by F. E. Belden.
GOLDEN DAWNING.—Concluded.

Usher in love's reign, Bring the golden dawn of peace, sweet peace.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

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

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. One sweetly solemn tho't, Comes to me o'er and o'er! I'm nearer to my home to-day, Than e'er I've been before.
2. Nearer my Father's house, Where many mansions be; Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns, Nearer the crystal sea.

CHORUS.

Nearer my home, Nearer my home; Nearer my home to-day, to-day, Than e'er I've been before.

Used by per. of The Biglow & Main Co., owners of copyright.
THE BRIGHT FOREVER.

Fanny J. Crosby.

“At thy right-hand there are pleasures for evermore.”—Ps. 16:11.

Hubert P. Main.

1. Breaking thro' the clouds that gather o'er the Christian's natal skies, Distant beams, like floods of glory,
2. Yet a little while we linger, Ere we reach our journey's end; Yet a little while of labor,
3. O the bliss of life eternal! O the long unbroken rest! In the golden fields of pleasure,

Fill the soul with glad surprise; And we almost hear the echo Of the pure and holy throng,
Ere the evening shades descend; Then we'll lay us down to slumber, But the night will soon be o'er;
In the region of the blest; But, to see our dear Redeemer, And before his throne to fall,

CHORUS.

In the bright, the bright forever, In the summer-land of song.
In the bright, the bright forever, We shall wake, to weep no more. On the banks beyond the river
There to bear his gracious welcome,—Will be sweeter far than all.

Copyright, 1896, by Hubert P. Main. Used by permission.
THE BRIGHT FOREVER.—Concluded.

We shall meet, no more to sever; In the bright, the bright forever, In the summer-land of song.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

T. C. TILDESLEY.

“For so he giveth his beloved sleep.”—Ps. 127:2.

(Solo, or Quartet.)

Slowly.

1. Sorrow and care may meet, The tempest cloud may lower, The surge of sin may beat Upon earth’s troubled shore;

2. The din of war may roll With all its raging flight; Grief may oppress the soul Thro’out the weary night;

3. In childhood’s winsome page, In manhood’s joyous bloom, In feeble-ness and age, In death’s dark, gathering gloom;

REFRAIN.

God doth his own in safety keep; He giveth his beloved sleep, He giveth his beloved sleep.
BEAUTIFUL VALLEY OF EDEN.

"He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord."—Isa. 51:3.

Rev. W. O. Cushing.

Wm. F Sherwin.

1. Beau·ti·ful val·ley of E·den, Sweet is thy noon-tide calm; O·ver the hearts of the
2. O·ver the heart of the mourner Shin·eth the gold en day, Waft-ing the songs of the
3. There is the home of my Savi·our; There with the blood·wash·eth throng, O·ver the high·lands of

REFRAIN.

wea·ry, Breath·ing thy waves of balm.
an·gels, Down from the far a·way.
Beau·ti·ful val·ley of E·den, Home of the
glo·ry Roll·eth the great new song.

pure and blest, How of·ten a·mid the wild bill·ows I dream of thy rest, sweet rest
the pure and blest.
WHEN THE KING SHALL CLAIM HIS OWN.

"For the Son of man shall come in the glory of his Father, with his angels; and then he shall reward every man according to his works." — Matt. 16:27.

L. P. SANTEE.  EDWIN BARNES.

1. In the glad time of the harvest, In the grand millennial year, When the King shall take His scepter,
   And to judge the world appear, Earth and sea shall yield their treasure, All shall stand before the throne;
   Just awards will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.

2. O the rapture of His people! Long they've dwelt on earth's low sod, With their hearts o'er turning homeward,
   Rich in faith and love to God. They will share the life immortal, They will know as they are known,
   They will pass the pearly portal, When the King shall claim His own.

3. Long they've toiled within the harvest, Sown the precious seed with tears; Soon they'll drop their heavy burdens
   In the glad millennial years; They will share the bliss of heaven, Never more to sigh or moan;
   Starry crowns will then be given, When the King shall claim His own.

4. We shall greet the loved and loving,
   Who have left us lonely here;
   Every heart-ache will be banished
   When the Saviour shall appear;
   Never grieved with sin or sorrow,
   Never weary or alone;
   O, we long for that glad morrow
   When the King shall claim His own.

Copyrighted, 1884, by EDWIN BARNES. Used by permission.
THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND.

"Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth, is mount Zion, on the sides of the north, the city of the great King."—Ps. 48:2.

1. Above the clouds that veil the blue, Beyond the stars that glimmer through,
   Above the clouds that veil the blue,

2. The stream of life with ceaseless flow, The holy joy that angels know,
   The stream of life with ceaseless flow,

3. The flow'rs that sleep neath winter's snow, The loved ones lost to us below,
   The flow'rs that sleep neath winter's snow,

There is a home unknown to care, Its gates ajar th'vite me there.
The gold-en harp, the song di-vine, The spot-less robe—Faith calls them mine.
The voices hush'd, that used to sing, We'll find them all where Christ is King.

REFRAIN.

O home of beauty, free from sorrow! O ever-lasting glad to-mor-row,

Copyright, 1904, by F. E. Bolden. Used by permission of Henry Long, owner.
THE BEAUTIFUL BEYOND.—Concluded.

Faith swings the pearly portal wide,
Faith swings the portal wide, Love calls me to my Father's side (my Father's side).

JEWELS.

Rev. W. O. Cushing. "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels."—Mal. 3:17.

Geo. F. Root.

Moderate.

1. When He cometh, when He cometh, To make up his jewels, All his jewels, precious jewels, His loved and his own.
2. He will gather, he will gather The gems for his kingdom, All the pure ones, all the bright ones, His loved and his own.
3. Little children, little children Who love their Redeemer, Are the jewels, precious jewels, His loved and his own.

CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morning, His bright crown adorning, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for his crown.

Used by permission of The John Church Co., owners of the copyright.
JESUS COMES.

Mrs. Phoebe Palmer. "Behold, the Lord cometh with ten thousands of his saints."—Jude 15. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Watch, ye saints, with eye-lids wak-ing; Lo! the powers of heav’n are shaking; Keep your lamps all trimm’d and burning, Ready for your Lord’s return-ing.

2. Lo! the prom-ise of your Sav-iour, Pardoned sin and purchased fa-vor, Blood-wash’d robes and crowns of glo-ry; Haste to tell re-dem-p-tion’s sto-ry.

3. King-dom’s at their base are crum-bling, Hark! his chariot wheels are rumbling; Tell, O tell of grace a-bound-ing, Whilst the sev-enth trump is sound-ing.

4. Na-tions wane, tho’ proud and state-ly; Christ his kingdom hasteneth great-ly; Earth her lat-est pangs is summing; Shout, ye saints, your Lord is com-ing.

5. Sin-ners, come, while Christ is pleading; Now for you he’s in-ter-ced-ing; Haste, ere grace and time di-min-ished Shall proclaim the mys-ter-y fin-ished.

REFRAIN.

Lo! he comes, lo! Je-sus com-es glorious! Jesus comes to reign vic-to-ri-ous. Lo! he comes, yes, Je-
WE KNOW NOT THE HOUR.

"But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only. Watch therefore;"—Matt. 24: 36, 42.

F. R. B. Allegretto. for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come.—F. E. Belden.

1. We know not the hour of the Master's appearing, Yet signs all fore-tell that the moment is near-ing. When he shall return, 'tis a prom-ise most cheer-ing.

2. There's light for the wise who are seek-ing sal-va-tion, There's truth in the Book of Di-vine rev-e-

3. We'll watch and we'll pray, with our lamps trimmed and burn-ing. We'll work and we'll wait till the Master's re-

D. S.—come in the clouds of his Father's bright glo-ry.—But we know not the hour.

P CHORUS.

He will come, let us watch and be ready; He will come, hal-le-lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! He will come.

Copyright, 1886. Used by permission.
THE YEAR OF JUBILEE.

1. Oh, glory to God! It is coming again, 'Tis the glad jubilee of the children of Zion.

2. 'Tis the glad an-h-type of that day long ago, When the hosts of the Lord might not gather in.

3. Yes, gladder by far is that rest 'by and by,' When on wings like the eagle we mount to God.

Then blow ye the trumpet, shout glory and sing, And join in the praises of Jesus the King.

When the minions of Israel from labor were free, And the land was to rest in the glad jubilee.

We shall dwell forevermore in that land of the blest, In that grand jubilee, in that sabbath of peace.

CHORUS.

Shout with the voice of triumph, Soon shall the saints be free (be free); Glory to the Lord! hallelujah! Hasten the jubilee.

Copyright, 1885, by the J. E. Whitcomb Pub. Co. Used by permission.
CROWN AFTER CROSS:

FRANCES R. HAVERCAL

1. Light after darkness, Gain after loss, Strength after weariness, Crown after cross.
2. Sheaves after sowing, Sun after rain, Sight after mystery, Peace after pain.

Sweet after bitter, Song after sigh, Home after wandering, Praise after cry.
Joy after sorrow, Calm after blast, Rest after weariness, Sweet rest at last.
After long agony, Rapture of bliss! Right was the pathway leading to this.

REFRAIN.

Now comes the weeping, Then the glad reaping. Now comes the labor hard, Then the reward.

From "Gates of Praise," by permission of E. S. Lorenz.

www.4tons.com.br
"WE HAVE WAITED FOR HIM.

H. L. Turner.

"Behold I come quickly."—Rev. 22:12.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is waking, When sunlight thro' darkness and shadow is breaking, That Jesus will come in the fulness of glory, To receive from the world his own.

2. It may be at midday, it may be at twilight, It may be, perchance, that the blackness of midnight Will burst into light in the blaze of his glory, When Jesus receives his own.

3. O joy! O delight! should we go without dying, Caught up through the clouds with our Lord into glory, Behold, I come quickly! With joy shout the Amen, Even so, Lord Jesus, come.

4. Speed on, glorious morn, blessed day of returning, We know not the time, while its nearness dawning, We will shout the glad song, We will shout the glad song.
"WE HAVE WAITED FOR HIM."—Concluded.

This is our God, he will save us, We have waited for him, We have waited for him.

GLEAMS OF THE GOLDEN MORNING.

S. J. Grahame, S. J. G.  They shall see the Son of man coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory.—Matt. 24:30. by per.

1. The golden morning is fast approaching; Jesus soon will come To take his faithful and happy children.
2. The gospel summons will soon be carried To the nations round; The Bridegroom then will cease to tarry
3. Attended by all the shining angels, Down the flaming sky The Judge will come, and will take his people
4. The loved of earth, who have long been parted, Meet in that glad day; The tears of those who are broken hearted:

To their promised home.
And the trumpet sound.
Where they will not die.
Shall be wiped away.

O, we see the gleams of the golden morning Piercing thro' this night of gloom! O, we see the gleams of the golden morning (Omit.) ——— That will burst the tomb.
SOMETHING TO DO IN HEAVEN.

R. S. TAYLOR

1. There'll be something in heaven for children to do; None are idle in that blessed land.
2. There'll be lessons to learn of the wisdom of God, As we wander the green meadows o'er.
3. There'll be errands of love from the mansions above, To the beautiful worlds far away;

There'll be love for the heart, there'll be thought for the mind, And employment for each little hand.
And we'll have for our teacher in that blest abode, Gentle Jesus, to love and adore.
And I'm sure that our Father the children will send Who are his cheerful helpers today.

D.S. On the bright shining shore, where there's joy evermore, There'll be something for children to do.

CHORUS.

There'll be something to do; There'll be something to do; There'll be something for children to do,
SHALL WE BE THERE?

F. E. B.  "In my Father's house are many mansions: . . . I go to prepare a place for you."—John 14:2.  F. E. Belden.

1. Angels are building fair mansions above; Shall we be there? shall we be there? Dwelling forever with those that we love? Children, shall we be there?

2. In the glad home of our Father there's room, Room for us all, room for us all; Jesus invites us, the Spirit says, Come, Come to your heavenly home. We must be there, we must be there,

3. Joyous the meeting with loved ones shall be; No farewell tears, no parting fears; From pain and sorrow the heart shall be free Thro' the eternal years.

Safe in the beautiful city of gold; We must be there, we must be there, When the bright gates unfold.
JOY BY AND BY.

F. E. I.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."—Ps. 126:5. F. E. Belden.

1. O there'll be joy when the work is done, Joy when the reapers gather home, Bringing the sheaves at set of sun To the New Jerusalem, Joy, joy, there'll be joy by and by,

2. Sweet are the songs that we hope to sing, Grateful the thank our hearts shall bring, Praising forever, Christ our King, In the New Jerusalem.

3. Pure are the joy's that await us there, Many the golden mansions fair, Jesus himself doth them prepare, In the New Jerusalem.

CHORUS.

Joy, joy, where the joys never die; Joy, joy; for the day draweth nigh When the workers gather home. Joy, joy, joy, joys never die; Joy, joy, joy,

Copyright, 1890, by F. E. Belden.
WE'LL NEVER SAY GOOD-BY.

"The voice of weeping shall be no more heard." "They shall not build and another inhabit; they shall not plant and another eat."—Isa. 65: 19, 22.

J. H. Tennyson.

1. With friends on earth we meet in gladness, While swift the moments fly, Yet ever comes the thought of sadness, That we must say "Good-by." We'll never say good-by in heav'n, peace, and gladness, We'll sing forever there.

2. How joyful is the hope that lingers, When loved ones say "Farewell," That we when all earth's toils are ended, With them shall ever dwell! We'll never say good-by, in that fair land of joy and song. We'll never say good-by.

3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In yonder home so fair, But songs of joy, and

CHORUS.

We'll never say good-by, We'll never say good-by.
HEAVEN AT LAST.

1. Angel voices sweetly singing, Echoes thro' the blue dome ring-ing, News of wondrous
2. On the jasper threshold standing, Like a pilgrim safely land-ing, See the strange, bright
3. Soft-est voices, sil-ver peal-ing, Fresh-est fragrance, spir-it heal-ing, Happy hymns a
4. Not a tear-drop ever fall-eth, Not a pleasure ever pall-eth, Song to song for
5. Christ himself, the lying splen-dor, Christ the sun-light, mild and ten-der; Praise es to the

REFRAIN.

Glad ness bring ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! Scene ex pand ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
Round us steal ing; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; O, the joyful story
ev er call eth; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!
Lamb we ven der; Ah, 'tis heav'n at last!

Small notes for final en

Heav'n at last! Heav'n at last, heav'n at last; Endless, boundless glory, in heav'n at
Sweeping Through the Gates.

"Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world." - Matt. 25:34.

T. C. O'Kane, by per.

1. Who, who are these beyond the chilly wave, Just past the borders of the silent grave, Shouting Jesus'
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Jesus early, and in wisdom's ways Proved the falseness
3. These, these are they who in affliction's woes, Ever have found in Jesus calm repose, Peace which from a
4. These, these are they who in the conflict dire, Boldly have stood amid the hottest fire, Jesus now says,
5. Safe, safe up-on the ever-shining shore, Sin, pain, and death, and sorrow all are o'er; Happy now and

Chorus.

po'wr to save? of his grace, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, Sweeping 'thru the gates to, the New Jerusalem, Washed in the pure heart flows, "Come up higher;" ever-more,

blood of the Lamb; Sweeping thru' the gates to the New Jerusalem, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, in the blood of the Lamb;
BEAUTIFUL CITY.

"Having the glory of God: and her light was like unto a stone most precious."—Rev. 21:11.

FRANKLIN E. Belden.

1. Beautiful city, haven of peace, Beautiful home where weeping shall cease; When shall thy
   2. Beautiful city, haven of joy, Heavenly praise our tongues shall employ; Glad are thy so
   3. Beautiful city, haven of rest, Beautiful mansions, home of the blest; O how I

REFRAIN.

opened to me? When shall I rest forever in thee?
never grow old, Bright are thy walls of jasper and gold. Beautiful city, haven
glories to see! Beautiful city, waiting for me.

Home of the soul, where weeping shall cease; Beautiful city, waiting for me, When shall I rest forever:
HOME AND HEAVEN.

1. When mid toil and strife I wander Far from home and those I love, Faith points out my home up yonder,
2. There I see its radiant brightness, Far out-shining light of sun; There I see the pearly whiteness,
3. Let the thought of home and heaven, Help me, Lord, to do my best; Help me struggle as 'tis given,

Refrain.

God's own home, of light and love. Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Happy place so bright and
Of the robes thro' battle won. Till thou callest me to rest. Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Happy place,

fair; Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Help me, Lord, to meet thee there (to meet thee there).
so bright and fair; Home and heav'n, home and heav'n; Help me, Lord, to meet thee there.
692

ONLY WAITING.


1. I am waiting for the morning Of the blessed day to dawn, When the sorrow and the
2. I am waiting, worn and weary With the battle and the strife, Hoping, when the warfare's
3. Waiting, hoping, trusting ever, For a home of boundless love, Like a pilgrim looking
4. Hoping soon to meet the loved ones Where the many mansions be, Longing for the happy

CHORUS.

sorrow Of this changeful life are gone.
over To receive a crown of life. I am waiting, calmly waiting, Till this weary life is
forward To the land of bliss above.
welcome When my Saviour comes for me. Waiting, waiting, Watching, working till this

over; Only waiting for my welcome, From my Saviour on the other shore.
weary life is over; Waiting, longing

*Used by permission of Fillmore Bros., Cincinnati, O.*
SOMETIMES.

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—Isa. 30:10.

F. E. Belden.

D. S. Hakes.

1. When we lay our burdens down, Sometime, sometime; When we take the harp and crown In that city.
2. We shall meet to part no more, Sometime, sometime; On that blest immortal shore, Where the reign of
3. In that bright eternal day—Sometime, sometime, Tears shall all be wiped away, And we never

Copyright, 1898, by F. E. Belden.
WE SHALL KNOW.

Annie Herbert.

1. When the mists have rolled in splendor
From the beauty of the hills,
And the sunshine, warm and tender,
Falls on the rills,
We may read love's shining letter
In the rainbow of the spray;
We shall know each other
Chorus.

2. If we err in human blindness,
And forget that we are dust,
If we miss the law of kindness
When we struggle to be just,
Snowy wings of peace shall cover
All the errors of today,
When the weary watch is

3. When the mists have risen above us,
As our Father knows his own,
Face to face with those that love us,
We shall know as we are known;
Far beyond the orient meadows
Floats the golden fringe of day;
Heart to heart we bid the

more to walk alone
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away,

Nev-er more to walk alone,
In the dawning of the morning,
When the mists have cleared away,

Used by permission S. Brinard's Sons.
WE SHALL KNOW.—CONCLUDED.

way; In the dawning of the morning, When the mists—have cleared away (have cleared away).

have cleared away; In the dawning
When the mists

“HOLD FAST TILL I COME.”

F. E. B. "Behold, I come quickly; hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—Rev. 3:11. F. E. Belden.

1. Sweet promise is giv’n to all who believe,—"Be-hold I come quickly, mine own to receive;
2. We’ll "watch un-to pray’r with lamps burning bright; He comes to all oth-ers a "thief in the night.”
3. Yes! this is our hope, ’tis built on His word,—The glo-rious ap-pear-ing of Je-sus, our Lord;

Hold fast till I come; the dan-ger is great; Sleep not as do oth-ers; be watch-ful, and wait,”
We know he is near, but know not the day,—As spring shows that summer is not far a-way.
Of prom-is-es all, it stands as the sum: "Be-hold I come quick-ly, hold fast till I come.”

D.S.—"Come, en-ter my joy, sit down on my throne; Bright crowns are in wait-ing; bold fast till I come.”

CHORUS.

"Hold fast till I come;” sweet prom ise of heav’n,—"The kingdom restored, to you shall be giv’n.”

Copyright, 1890, by F. E. Belden. Used by permission.
696  JOY TO THE WORLD.
ISAAC WATTS, SIR. (ANTIOCH. C. M.) GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. Joy to the world, the Lord is come! Let earth receive her King; Let ev'ry heart prepare him room, And heav'n and nature sing.
2. Joy to the earth, the Lord is come! Let men their songs employ; While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains, Repeat the sounding joy.
3. Sond will he rule the earth with grace, And make the nations prove The glories of his righteousness, And heav'n and nature sing. And heav'n and nature sing.

697  AWAKE, YE SAINTS.
PHILIP DODDRIDGE. (ZERAH. C. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. Awake, ye saints, and raise your eyes, And raise your voices high; A - wake, and praise that sovereign love That shows sal - va - tion night.
2. Swift on the wings of time it flies; Each cli - din - g day, Wel - come each clos - ing year; Then welcome stand revealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.
3. Not many years their round shall run, Nor each de - clin - ing day, Wel - come each clos - ing year; Then welcome glo - ries stand revealed To our ad - mir - ing eyes.

www.4tons.com.br
698 GLORIOUS THINGS.
REV. JOHN NEWTON. (AUSTRIA. 86 & 78 D.) F. J. HAYDN.

1. Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zions city of our God:
2. See! the streams of living waters, Springing from Eternal Love,

He, whose word can not be broken, Formed thee for his own abode.
Well supply thy sons and daughters, And all fear of want remove.

On the Rock of Ages founded, What can shake thy sure repose?
Who can faint while such a river Ever flows their thirst's assuage?

With salvation's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver, Never fails from age to age.

699 WHO ARE THESE?
H. T. SCHENCK. (NEANDER. 86 & 78.) JOACHIM NEANDER.

1. Who are those like stars appearing, These, before God's throne who stand?
2. These are they who have contended For their Saviour's honor long,

Each a gold-en crown is wearing, Who are all this glorious band? Wrestling on till life was ended, Foll'wing not the sinful throng:
Who in prayer full oft have striven With the God they glorified:

Al-le-lu-ia! hark, they sing, Praising loud their heavenly King.

4. These, like priests, have watched and waited Offering up to God their will;
Soul and body consecrated,
Day and night they serve him still;
Now in God's most holy place,
Blest they stand before his face.
700 O PARADISE!
F. W. Faber, D. D. \ PARADISE. P. M. \ Joseph Barnby.

1. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! Who doth not crave for rest?
2. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! The world is grow-ing old;
3. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! I want to sin no more;
4. O Par-a-dise! O Par-a-dise! I would so faith-ful be,

Who would not seek the happy land Where they that love are blest?
Who would not be at rest and free Where love is nev-er cold?
I want to be as pure on earth As on thy spot-less shore.
That when my race on earth has run That race may end in thee.

Refrain.
Where loyal hearts and true

Where loy-al hearts and true Stand ev-er in the light,

All raptu-ure thro' and thro'; In God's most ho-ly sight.

701 JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN.
Bernard of Cluny. \ EWING. 7s & 6s. d. \ Alexander Ewing.

1. Je-ru-sa-lem the gold-en, With milk and honey blest,
2. There is the throne of Da-vid, And there, from care releas'd,
3. O sweet and bless-ed coun-try, The home of God's elec-t!

Beneath thy con-tem-pla-tion Sink heart and voice oppres-s'd:
The song of them that tri-umph, The shout of them that feast;
0 sweet and bless-ed coun-try, That eag-er hearts ex-pect!

I know not, I know not What ho-ly joys are there;
And they who with their Leader, Have conquered in the fight,
Je-sus in mer-cy bring us To that dear land of rest;

What ra-dian-cy of glo-ry, What bliss beyond com-pa-re.
For-ev-er and for-ev-er Are clad in robes of white.
Who art with God the Fa-ther, And Spir-it ev-er blest.
32 LAND OF PURE DELIGHT.

Arr. from CHAS. H. RINCE.

(VARINA. C. M. D.) by G. F. ROOT.

1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints immortal reign;
2. Pure is the land the saints es-py, And all the re-gion peace;
3. O could we make our doubts remove Those gloomy doubts that rise,

In-fi-nite day excludes the night, And pleasures banish pain.
No wanton lips nor envious eye Can see or taste the bliss.
And see the Canaan that we love, With un-cloud-ed eyes;

There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And never-with-ring flowers,
Those ho-ly gates for ev-er bar Pol-lu-tion, sin, and shame;
Could we but climb where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,

And but a lit-tle space divides This heav'nly land from ours.
None shall obtain admittance there But fol-luwers of the Lamb.
Not all this world's pretended good Could ever charm us more.

703 PLACE OF SACRED REST.

Anon. (OAKLEY. C. M. D.) WM. H. OAKLEY.

1. There is a place of sa-cred rest, Far, far be-yond the skies,
2. When tossed up-on the waves of life, With fear on ev-ry side,
3. In that pure home of tear-less joy Earth's part-ed friends shall meet,

From the tempest's storm, From the tempest's storm, Where bles-sed souls re-gain,
And with the crowd un-cloud-ed eyes And view the landscape o'er,

Prepared, by hands di-vine, for all Who seek the bet-ter land,
Bright beams from my Father's house, To cheer the soul for-born.
But life and glo-rious bea-ty shine, Un-troub-led and un-stone.
THE SONG OF JUBILEE.

J. MONTGOMERY. (WATCHMAN. 7s. D.)  L. MASON.

1. Hark! the song of Ju-bil-e; Loud as might-y thun-ders roar;
2. Hal-le-lujah! hark! the sound His - es joy - ful to the skies;
3. He shall reign from pole to pole With supreme, unbounded sway;

Or the ful - ness of the sea When it breaks upon the shore:
From a - bove, beneath, around, Wake cre - a - tion's har - mo - nies:
He shall reign, when like a scroll Yonder heav'n's have pass'd away:

Hal-le - lu - jah! 'tis the Lord! Lo, he comes on earth to reign;
See Je-ho - van's ban - ner furl'd, Sheath'd his sword: he speaks, 'tis he!
Then be - neath his i - ron rod, Man's last en - e - my shall fall;

Hal-le - lu - jah! let the word Ech - o round the earth and main.
Now the kingdoms of this wold Are the king - doms of his Son.
Hal-le - lu - jah! to our God, Lo, he comes to con - quer all.

706 TO BE THERE.

ELIZABETH MILLS. (CONTRAST. 8s. D.)  LEWIS EDBUR

1. We speak of the realms of the blest, That country so bright and so
2. We speak of its freedom from sin, From serv - o, tem - pta - tion and care
3. Do Thou, midst tempta - tion and woe, For heaven my spirit prepa -

And oft are its glories confess'd, But what must it be to be there
From trials without and within, But what must it be to be there
And short-ly I al-so shall know And feel what it is to be there

We speak of its streets of pure gold, Its walls deck'd with jewels
We speak of its ser - vice of love, And robes which the glorified
Then o'er the bright fields we shall roam, In glo - ry co - les-tal and

Its won - ders and pleas - ures un - told, But what must it be to
The church of the firstborn above,—But what must it be to
With saints and with angels at home, And Jesus himself will

www.4tons.com.br
THIS SAME JESUS.

EZAL. (DEERHURST. 88 & 78. D.) LANGRAN.

This same Jesus! O how sweetly fall those words upon the ear,
This same Jesus! When the vision of that last and awful day
himself, and "not an other," He for whom our hearts have yearned

the swell of far-off music, In a night-watch still and clear,
up on the prostrate spirit, Like a midnight lightning ray,
long years of twi-light waiting, To his ransomed ones returned;

who healed the hopeless leper, He who dried the widow's tear,
we lift our hearts, adoring "This same Jesus," loved and known
this word, O Lord, we bless thee, Bless our Master's changeless name;

who changed to health and gladness Helpless, suffering, trembling fear.
our own most gracious Saviour, Seated on the great white throne,
ter-day, to-day, forever, Jesus Christ is still the same.

HE'S COMING.

ANON. (128 & 88.) ARRANGED.

1. How sweet are the tidings that greet the pilgrim's ear, As he wanders in
2. The weary old graves where the pilgrim sleep Shall be o-pen'd as
3. There we'll meet no't to part in our happy Eden home, Sweet songs of re-
4. Hal-lo-in-jah, A-men! Hal-lo-in-jah a - gain! Soon, if faithful, we

ex - ile from home! Soon, soon will the Saviour in glory appear, And
wide as be-fore, And the millions that sleep in the mighty deep Shall
demption we'll sing, From the North, from the South, all the ransom'd shall come, And
all shall be there; O, be watchful, be hopeful, be joy - ful till then, And a

Chorus.

soon will the kingdom come.
live on this earth once more.
worship our heavenly King. He's coming, coming, coming soon, I know, Coming
crown of bright glory we'll wear.

back to this earth again; And the weary pilgrims will to glory go, When the Saviour
HARK! HARK! MY SOUL.

1. Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for
3. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus
4. Angels, sing out your faithful watches keeping; Sing us sweet fragments

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
Jesus bids you come; And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring-ing,
sounds o'er land and sea; And distant souls by thousands monthly stealing,
of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping.

Chorus.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
The un-sac of the gospel leads us home.
Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
And life's long shadows break in cloud-less love.

an-gels of light, Sing-ing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Refrain.

Used by permission of Biglow & Main, owners of the copyright.

SHALL WE MEET?

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our stormy voyage
3. Shall we meet in your city, Where the towers of cypress
4. Shall we meet with Christ, our Saviour, When he comes to claim

Where, in all the bright forever, Never more shall we part
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, coastal
Where the walls are all of jasper, Built for us by him
Shall we know his blessed favor, And sit down upon

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river,
We shall meet, we shall meet, We shall, etc.

Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the surges cease
We shall, etc.
710 SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?
R. L.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

1. Shall we gather at the river Where bright angel feet have trod;
2. On the margin of the river, Washing up its silver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shining river, Lay we every burden down;
4. Soon we'll reach the shining river, Soon our pilgrim-age will cease,

With its crystal tide forever Flowing by the throne of God?
We will walk and worship ever, All the happy gold-en day.
Grace our spirits will deliv er, And prepare a robe and crown
Soon our happy hearts willquirer With the melody of peace.

Chorus.

You'll gather at the river, The beau- ti- ful, the beau- ti- ful river;
Gather with the saints at the river, That flows by the throne of God.

Lord by permission of Robert Lowry.

711 FOREVER WITH THE LORD.
J. MONTGOMERY.
I. B. WOODBURY.

1. "For- ev- er with the Lord!" A-men, so let it be; Life for the dead in
2. My Father's home on high, Home of my soul, how near At times to faith's na-
3. And when the morn shall come That ends this night of pain, Thro' grace may I en-

in that word: 'Tis im- mortal- ity. Here in this bed-y pent,
pir-ing eye, Thy gold-en gates appear! Ah, then my spir-it faints
cape the tomb, And life e- ter-nal gain; Then knowing "as I'm known,"

Ab-sent from him I roam; Yet night-ly pitch my mov- ing tent A
To reach the land I love; The bright in- her - i-tance of saints, Jo-
How shall I love that word, And oft re- pent be- fore the throne, "For

Chorus.

day's march nearer home, Nea- rer home, nearer home, A day's march nearer home.

forever with the Lord!"
712 ON THE MOUNTAIN TOP.
THOS. KELLY. (TAMWORTH. 5s & 7s. 6½.) C. LOCKHART.

1. On the moun-tain top ap-pear-ing, Let the
2. Has thy night been long and mournful? Have thy
3. God, thy God will now re-store thee; He him-

sa-cred bar-aid stands, Welcome news to Zi-on bear-ing-
friends unfaithful proved? Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
self ap-pears thy friend; All thy foes shall flee be-fore thee;

Zi-on long in hos-tile lands: Mourning cap-tive!
By thy sighs and tears un-moved? Cease thy mourning;
Here their boast and tri-umphs end: Great de-liv-rance,
Mourning cap-tive! God himself shall loose thy hands.
Cease thy mourning; Zi-on still is well be-lov’d.
Great de-liv-rance Zi-on’s king will sure-ly send.

713 DAWN.

1 O’er the distant mountain break-ing,
Comes the ro-ding dawn of day;
Rise, my soul, from sleep awak-ing,
Rise, and sing, and watch, and pray;
[1: 7 is the Sav-iour:
On his bright re-turning way.

2 O thou long-expect-ed! weary
Wait my an-gies soul for thee;
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where thy light I do not see:
[1: 0 my Sav-iour,:
Whom wilt thou return to me?

3 Long, too long, in sin and sad-ness,
Far away from thee I pine;
When, 0 when shall I the glad-ness
Of thy Spir-its foot in mine?
[1: 0 my Sav-iour,:
When shall I be whole ly free?

4 Hea-rer is my soul’s salva-tion,
Spent the night, the day at hand;
Keep me in my lowly sta-tion,
Watching for thee, till I stand,
[1: 0 my Sav-iour,:
In thy bright and promised land.

5 With my lamp well-trim’d and
burning,
Swift to bear, and slow to roam,
Watching for thy glad returning,
To restore me to my home;

[1: Come, my Sav-iour,:
O my Sav-iour, quickly come!
JOHN S. B. MONSIEU.

714 COME.

1 Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travails cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore and faith increase;
[1: Christ is coming!:
Come, thou blessed Prince of Peace!

2 Earth can now but tell the story
Of thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall soon behold thy glory,
When thou comest back to reign;
[1: Christ is coming!:
Let each heart repeat the strain.

3 Long thy exiles have been pining,
Far from rest, and home, and peace;
But, in heav’nly vesture shining,
Shall they shall thy glory see;
[1: Christ is coming!:
Haste the joyous jubilee.

4 With that “blessed hope” before us,
Let no heart remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent choral
Onward roll, from tongue to tongue;
[1: Christ is coming!:
Come, Lord, come, quickly come!
JOHN B. WACKERLY.

www.4tons.com.br
715  HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS.

THOMAS HASTINGS. (H15 & 104.)  LOWELL MASON.

1. Hail to the brightness of Zi-on’s glad morn-ing!
2. Lo, in the des-ert, rich flow-ers are spring-ing;
3. See, the dead ris-en from land and from o-cean;

Joy to the lands that in dark-ness have lain!
Streams ev-er co-pious are glid-ing a-long;
Praise to Je-ho-vah, as-cend-ing on high;

Rushed be the as-cents of sor-row and mourn-ing:
Loud, from the moun-tain-tops, sch-oes are ring-ing:
Fall’n are the en-gines of war and com-mo-tion;

Zi-on, in tri-umph, be-gins her mild reign.
Wastes rise in ver-dure, and min-gle in song.
Shouts of sal-va-tion are read-ing the sky.

716  DAUGHTER OF ZION.

FITZGERALD’S COLL. (115. P.)  UNKNOWN.

1. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, a-wake from thy sad-ness;
2. Strong were thy foes; but the arm that sub-dued them,
3. Daugh-ter of Zi-on, the power that hath saved thee,

Awake, for thy foes shall op-press thee no more.
And scat-tered their le-gions, was might-i-er far;
Ex-tolled with the harp and the tim-bral shall be:

Bright, o’er thy hills, dawns the day-star of glad-ness,
They fled like the shaf from the sorcerer that pur-sued them;
Shout: for the foe is destroyed that enslaved thee;

A-rise, for the night of thy sor-row is o’er.
In vain were their steeds and their char-iots of war.
Th’ op-press or is van-quished, and Ti...
717 SWEET BE THY REST.

F. E. Belden. (Byron. 45 & 61 D.) D. S. Hakes.

1. Sweet be thy rest, And peaceful thy sleeping; God's way is best.
2. Thy work is done, Thy sowing and reaping; Thy crown is won.
3. Sweet be thy rest; No more we may greet thee Till with the blast

Thou art in his keeping. O blessed sleep, Where ills ne'er molest.
And hush'd is thy weeping. From tears and woes, From earth's midnight
In heaven we meet thee. O union sweet, That death can not

lost thee! Why should we weep? For heaven hath blessed thee. Sweet be thy rest.
dreamy. Thine in repose Where none ever weary: Sweet be thy rest
ever! There we shall meet, Where and tears fall never: Sweet be thy rest

Copyright, 1884. Used by permission of Henry Date, owner.

718 SOON SHALL WE MEET.

A. A. Watts. (Unity. 65 & 65.) L. Mason.

1. Soon shall we meet again, Meet not to sever, Soon shall peace
2. Soon shall love freely flow; Pure as life's river, Soon shall sweet
3. Then to that world of light Take us, dear Saviour, May we all

World of joy. Blis pure without alloy, Then ne'er shall gloom annul. All
healing wings: Open joy's long-foiled spring: Reigne, O thou King of kin.
ransomed raise. Unceasing songs of praise. Thro' out b-tarnal days, in 

719 BREAK, ETERNAL DAY.

Anon. (America. 65 & 65.) H

1. Break, break, eternal day, Bid darkness flee away; Pour on our sight
2. Rise, rise, thou glorious Sun, Hasten thy race to run; At God's command:
3. Come, come, thou conqu'ring One, Reign thou

up-on thy throne. In glory bright
720  JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.
Jessie E. Strout.
Geo. E. Lee.

1. Lift up the trumpet, and loud let it ring; Je - sus is
2. Beh - o it, hill - tops, proclaim it, ye plains; Je - sus is
3. Sound it, old o - cean, in each mighty wave; Je - sus is
4. Re - veas of earth, tell the vast, word - ring thro'; Je - sus is
5. Na - tions and an - gels,—by this do we know; Je - sus is

Com - ing a - gain! Cheer up, ye pilgrims, be joyful and sing;
Com - ing a - gain! Com - ing in glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain;
Com - ing a - gain! Break on the sands of the shores that ye love;
Com - ing a - gain! Tempe - ras and whirlwinds, the anthems prolong;
Com - ing a - gain! Knowledge increases, men run to and fro;

Chorus.

At the door, At the door, At the door, yes, even at the door,
At the door, At the door,

He is com - ing, he is com - ing, He is e - ven at the door,
coming again, coming again,

Copyright, 1906. Used by permission.

721  EVEN AT THE DOOR.
F. E. Belden.

1. The coming King is at the door, Who once the cross for sinners bore;
2. The signs that show his coming near, Are fast ful - fill - ing year by year;
3. Look not on earth for strife to cease, Look not on earth for joy and peace,
4. Then, in the glorious earth made new We'll dwell the countless ages thro'.

But now the righteous ones a - lone He comes to gath - er home,
And soon we'll hail the glorious dawn Of heaven's e - ter - nal morn.
Until the Sa - viour comes again To ban - ish death and sin.
This mor - tal shall im - mor - tal be, And time, e - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

Copyright, 1906. Used by permission.
722 THE EVERGREEN SHORE. BRADBURY.

1. We are joyously voyaging over the main, Bound for
2. We have nothing to fear from the wind and the wave, Under
3. Both the wind and the wave our Commander controls, Nothing
4. In the thick murky night, when the stars and the moon, Seed set
5. Let the high-heaving billows and mountainous wave, Fear-fall

the evergreen shore, Whose inhabitants never of
our Saviour's command; And our hearts in the midst of the
can best the skill; And his voice when the thundering
a glimmering ray, Then the light of his countenance,
ly overhead break; There is One by our side that can

sickness complain, And never see death any more,
dangers are brave; For Jesus will bring us to land,
harri-cane rolls, Can make the loud tempest be still,
brighter than noon, Will drive all our terror away.
com-fort and save, There is One who will never forsake.

723 SAFE WITHIN THE VAIL. J. M. EVANS.

1. "Land a-head!" its fruits are wawing Over the hills of fade-less green,
2. Onward bark! the cape I'm rounding; See the blessed wave their hands!
3. Now we're safe from all tem-ta-tion, All the storms of life are past;

And the living wa-ters laving Shores where heav'ly forms are seen.
Hear the harps of God resounding From the bright im-mor-tal band! Praise the Rock of our sal-vation, We are safe at home at last

Chorus.
D. S.—I am safe within the vail!

Rocks and storms I'll fear no more. When on that eternal shore; Drop the anchor! furl the sail!

Chorus.
724 ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.
REV. S. STENNETT. (C. M.) T. C. O'KANE.

1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wishful eye
   2. O'er all those wide extend-ed plains Shines one e-ter-nal day.
   3. When shall I reach that happy place, And be for-ev-er blest?
   4. Fill'd with delight, my raptured soul Would here no longer stay;

Mo-ses and the Lamb by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er-more.

725 A FEW MORE YEARS.
H. BONAR. (BONAR. S. M. D.) L. MASON.

1. A few more years shall roll, A few more seasons come, And we shall meet the
   2. A few more storms shall beat On this wild, rock-y shore, And we shall be where
   3. A few more strug-gles here, A few more part-ings sore, A few more toils, a
   4. 'Tis but a lit-tle while, And He shall come a-gain, Who died that we might

Chorus.
We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, Just a-
   by and by.

Cross on the evergreen shore; Sing the song of
   ev-er-green shore;

Loved who now Are sleeping in the tomb;
   Tempests come, And surges swell no more;
   few more tears, And we shall weep no more; Then, O my Lord, pre-pare My
   live, who lives That we may with him reign;
   soul for that great day; Wash me in thy gen-erous blood And take me in

Used by permission.
726  THE TIME IS NEAR.
R. F. COTHELL  (ANVERN. L. M.)  LOWELL MASON.

1. The time is near when Zl-on's sons With hol-y joy shall
2. O open ye gates! The glorious King Approaches with a
3. 0 righteous na-tion en-ter in. That kept the law of
4. Within these walls shall they remain, Who trust-ed, mighty

sing the song For-told by seers-a-nointed ones: We have a
holy throne: O pen, ye gates! Saints, angels, sing On gold-en
thrust below, En-ter the place, all free from sin, Where life's pure
Lord! in thee: Death, their last ene-my, is alain; They have a

727  cite-y great and strong. We have a cite-y great and strong.
harps the victor's song! On gold-en harps the vic-to'r's song.
wa-ter gen-tly flow. Where life's pure waters gently flow.
right to life's fair tree. They have a right to life's fair tree.

1 When God descends with men to dwell,
And all creation wakes anew,
What tongue can half the wonders tell?
What eye the dazzling glory view?
2 Celestial streams shall gently flow,
The wilderness shall joyful be,

Lilies on parched grounds shall grow,
And gladness spring on every tree;
3 The high and low shall meet in love,
All pride shall die, and meekness reign,

728  NO ABIDING CITY HERE.
THOMAS KELLY  (ANDRE. L. M.)  UNKNOWN.

1. We've no a-bi-ding cit-y here; Sad truth, were this to
2. We've no a-bi-ding cit-y here. We seek a cit-y
3. O sweet a-bode of peace and love. Where pilgrims freed from
4. But hush, my soul! nor dare re-pine; The time my God ap-

be our home; But let this thought our spirits cheer, We seek a
out of sight; Zl-on its name, the Lord is there. It shines with
foal, are blest! Had I the pin-ions of a dove, I'd fly to
points is best: While here, to do his will be mine, And his to

729  Thy kingdom come. Thy kingdom come. When hate and strife and war shall cease
When day by day
We lift our hands to God and pray;
But who has ever duly weighed
The meaning of the words he said?

1 Thy kingdom come. 0 day of joy,
When praise shall every tongue employ;
3 Jesus shall reign on Zion's hill
And all the earth with glad
His word shall Paradise

1: And man with man shall set peace.
3: And man with man shall set peace.

730 WE’LL STAND THE STORM.
ISAAC WATTS. (C. M.) ARR. BY T. C. O’KANE.

1. When I can read my title clear, When I can read my title clear, When I’ll bid farewell to ev’ry fear; I’ll bid farewell to ev’ry fear, I’ll...

Chorus:

I can read my title clear To mansions in the skies; We will stand the storm. I will bid farewell to ev’ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes.

2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fiery darts be hurled; Then I can smile at Satan’s rage, And have a blessing world.

3. And cares like a wild deluge come, And storms of sorrow fall; May I but safely reach my home, My God, my haven, my all.

731 REST FOR THE WEARY.
S. F. HARMER. (S & 7s.) J. W. DADMUN, ARR.

1. In the Christian’s home in glory, There remains a land of rest; And my Saviour’s gone before me. (Omit.)

2. He is fitting up my mansion, Which eternally shall stand, For my stay shall not be transient In that holy, happy land.

3. Pain or sickness o’er shall enter, Grief now weep, my lot shall change, But in that celestial center, A crown of life shall wear.

4. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And its sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness, O ye ransomed! Hail with joy the rising morn.

5. Sing, O sing, ye heirs of glory, Shout your triumph to the skies, There’s gone with open eye, You shall find an entrance.
732 HARK! THAT SHOUT!

THOMAS KELLY. (HENDON. 76.) C. H. A. MALAN.

1. Hark! that shout of rapture high, Bursting forth from yonder cloud; Jesus comes,
2. Hark! the trumpet's awful voice Sounds abroad o'er sea and land; Let his people
3. See, the Lord appears in view; Hear'st and earth before him fly; Rise, ye saints, he
4. Go and dwell with him above, Where no foe can e'er molest; Happy in the

th' sky, Angels tell their joy a- loud, Angels tell their joy a- loud.
now rejoice; Their redemption is at hand, Their redemption is at hand.
comes for you; Rise, to meet him in the sky, Rise, to meet him in the sky.
Saviour's love, Ev- er bless- ing, Ev- er bless-

733 PATIENCE BIDS US WAIT.

ANON. (CHOPIN, C. M.) I. B. WOODBURY.

1. The glories of that heav'nly land I've oft-times felt be- fore; But what I
2. Had I the pinions of a dove, I'd fly and be at rest; Then would I
3. But Patience bids us wait awhile! The crown's for them that fight; The prize for

feel is just a taste, And makes me long for more, And makes me long for more.
go to Christ, my love, And dwell among the blest, And dwell among the blest.
those that win the race By faith, and not by sight, By faith, and not by sight.

734 REDEMPTION NIGHT.

REGINALD HEBER. (PLEYEL. 76.) IGNACE PFE

1. In the sun, and moon, and stars, Signs and wonders have ap-
2. Soon shall ocean's hoary deep, Toosed with stronger tempe-
3. Dread alarms shall shake the proud, Pale amusement, restless
4. But, tho' from his awful face, Heav'n shall fade, and earth abs

Earth has green'd with bloody wars, And the hearts of men have
Darker storms the mountains sweep, Fiercer lightnings rend the
And a- mid the thunder cloud Shall the Judge of men ap-
Fear not ye, his cho- sen race, Your redemption draweth

735 REST FOR THE TOILING HAND

H. BONAR. (BOYLSTON. 8. M.) L. MA

1. Rest for the toil- ing hand, Rest for the anx- ious
2. Soon shall the trump of God Give out the wel- come s
3. 'Twas sown in weakness here, 'Twill then be raised in p

Rest for the wea- ry, way- worn feet, Rest from all la- bor
That shakes thy silent chamber walls, And breaks the ter- rified
That which was sown an earthly seed, Shall rise a heav'nly 

736 WHEN THOU SHALT COME.
SHELINA, C. of H. (MERIBAH. C. P. M.) LOWELL MASON.

1. When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come, To call thy ransomed people home, Shall I among them stand? Shall such a worthless worm as I, Who sometimes am afraid to die, Be found at thy right hand?

2. I'll hear the alleluias roll From the unnumbered throng, And with a heaven-transported soul I'll join redemption's song.

3. All hail! the morn of glory's nigh The pilgrim longs to see, That dries the tear from every eye—Creation's jubilee.

738 MY REST IS IN HEAVEN.
H. F. Lyte. (xii.) LOWELL MASON.

My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here, Then why should I trample when trials are near?

737 BEAR ME ON.
C. M. ARRANGED.

1. O how I long to see that day When the redeemed shall come To Zion, glad in D. S. — O bear me on to that

2. It is not for me to be seeking my bliss, Nor building my hopes in a region like this;

3. Let doubt, then, and danger, my progress oppose, They only make heaven more sweet at its close;

But shortens my journey and hastens me home.

I look for a city that hands have not paved, I pant for a country by sin desolate.
739  WE WOULD NOT WEEP.
Dale.
(LAUREL HILL. C. M.)  UNKNOWN.

1. Dear as thou wert, and justly dear, We would not weep for thee;
2. And thus shall faith’s consoling pow’r The tears of love re-strain:
3. Angels shall guard thy sleeping dust, And, as thy Saviour rose,

One thought shall check the starting tear: From sorrow thou art free.
O, who that saw thy parting hour Could wish thee back again?
The grave again shall yield her trust, And end thy deep repose.

740  GONE TO REST.

1. She hath passed death’s chilling billow, And gone to rest;
2. When the morn of glory, breaking, Shall light the tomb,
3. Where no weary winds are blowing, No burial train,

Jesus smoothed the dying pillow, O sinner blest!
Beautiful will be thy waking In fadeless bloom;
Crown’d with life’s celestial glowing, We’ll meet again.

741  NO SORROW THERE.
F. D. Huntington. (S. M.)  E. W. Du.

1. There’ll be no grief in heav’n; For life is one glad
2. There’ll be no sin in heav’n; Behold that bless-ed
3. There’ll be no death in heav’n; For they who gain the

Ref. There’ll be no sorrow there. There’ll be no sorrow

And tears are of those former things Which all have passed a
All holy in their spotless robes, All holy in their
Have won their immortal-ity, And they can die no
In heav’n above where all is love, There’ll be no sorrow.

742  MEET AGAIN.
L. S. Hall. (78.)  L. S. I.

1. Meet again when time is o’er, Meet again to part;
2. Meet again where endless joy We shall taste without
3. Meet again, how passing sweet, Friends long lost a-gain;

Meet where songs shall never grow old, Sweetly fused to harp of god
Careworn souls, by tempests driv’n, O how sweet to meet in heav

How it cheers the drooping heart, When from friends we’re called to

| A beautiful star arose... | 219 | At the cross | 196 | Buried beneath the... | 340 | Come ye sinners poor... | 139 |
| Abide with Me... | 474 | At the door... | 7 | By faith alone... | 623 | Come ye that love... | 238 |
| Abiding and confiding... | 461 | At the feast of... | 63 | By faith alone... | 623 | Coming Saviour now... | 348 |
| Able to deliver... | 15 | A thrilling cry we hear... | 648 | By Thee we rise... | 278 | Coming to the cross... | 68 |
| Able to save and keep... | 15 | Awake my soul to joyful... | 260 | Can we forget... | 387 | Conformed to the... | 324 |
| Acanthospermum... | 676 | Awake the clouds... | 676 | Can you wait... | 472 | Consistently in the... | 334 |
| A child of the King... | 457 | Awake ye saints and... | 697 | Carry the joyful tidings... | 477 | Consistently in the... | 334 |
| A few more years shall... | 725 | Away the bowl... | 468 | Casting all your care... | 462 | Consistently in the... | 334 |
| Again the day awakes... | 814 | Be baptized into our... | 342 | Cast out the buyers... | 106 | Cross and crown... | 152 |
| Again the day returns... | 365 | Be Baptized anew with... | 116 | Cast thy bread upon the... | 468 | Crowded is your heart... | 98 |
| A glory gilds the sacred... | 322 | Bear me on... | 737 | Cast thy burden on... | 656 | Crown Him... | 183 |
| A glory in the Word... | 231 | Beautiful city haven... | 680 | Cleave mildly the erring... | 438 | Crown Him Lord of all... | 335 |
| Ais trees and my Sav. 103... | 188 | Beautiful beyond... | 678 | Chief of sinners though... | 74 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| A little light... | 491 | Beautiful flowers... | 456 | Children of the heavenly... | 549 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| All for Jesus... | 301 | Beautiful little hands... | 450 | Children's praises... | 252 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| All half the power of... | 236 | Beautiful robes... | 668 | Christ is coming let... | 714 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| All have gone astray... | 121 | Beautiful valley of... | 674 | Christ is knocking at... | 5 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| All things are ready... | 150 | Before Jehovah's awful... | 572 | Christ is risen our... | 379 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| All things are thine no... | 345 | Behold the Saviour at... | 76 | Christ is risen our... | 379 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| All my class... | 418 | Behold the Bridegroom... | 664 | Christ is receiving... | 28 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Almost persuaded... | 66 | Benediction... | 287 | Christian the morn bre... | 546 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Always with us always... | 484 | Be near us... | 550 | Closer to Thee my Faith... | 993 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| A mighty Fortress is... | 618 | Be not afraid... | 589 | Cold water is the cup... | 468 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Am I a soldier of the... | 553 | Be sober... | 636 | Come children hail the... | 163 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| And must I part with... | 136 | Be thou God exalted... | 576 | Come children hail the... | 163 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| A new song... | 180 | Beulah land... | 469 | Come every soul by slow... | 29 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Angel voices sweetly... | 656 | Blessed assurance Jesus... | 168 | Come O Thou Traveler... | 436 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Angels are building fair... | 685 | Blessed Bible how I love... | 565 | Come gracious Spirit... | 127 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Angry words, O let them... | 211 | Blessed be the fountain... | 8 | Come Holy Spirit calm... | 503 | Crowning is your heart... | 98 |
| An open Bible for the... | 408 | Blessed be the name... | 250 | Come Holy Spirit come... | 132 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Another six days' work... | 358 | Blessed Jesus meek and... | 511 | Come Holy Spirit rest... | 493 | Cross and crown... | 152 |
| Another year is dawning... | 618 | Blessed Lord how much... | 412 | Come let us join our... | 355 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Answer the call ye... | 625 | Blest are the pure... | 544 | Come let us sing... | 258 | Cross and crown... | 152 |
| Anywhere Saviour... | 598 | Blest be the tie that... | 293 | Come let us sing... | 258 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Anywhere with Jesus... | 618 | Blessed quietness... | 298 | Come let us sing... | 258 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Appearin... | 73, 598 | Blow the trumpet... | 500 | Come let us sing... | 258 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Are you Christ's light... | 404 | Blow ye the trumpet... | 858 | Come let us sing... | 258 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Are you tenting toward... | 40 | Born again... | 167 | Come me to... | 12 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Are you weary are you... | 419 | Bravely say No when... | 35 | Come, thou Fount of... | 317 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Are you ready for the... | 654 | Break up broken... | 719 | Come to Jesus... | 140 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Arose my soul arise... | 361 | Breaking thro' the cloud... | 679 | Come to Jesus... | 140 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Ashamed of Jesus... | 74 | Bravely say No when... | 35 | Comfort the dreary... | 90 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| A Shelter in the time of... | 441 | Bring in to the heave... | 144 | Come unto Me... | 12 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Ask not to be excused... | 322 | Bring in to the heave... | 144 | Come unto Me... | 12 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| As pangs the wearied... | 847 | Brotherly kindness... | 144 | Come unto Me... | 12 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |
| Attempt His praise... | 595 | Build on the Rock... | 24 | Come unto Me... | 12 | Crown Him with many... | 230 |

| 409 | | | |

www.4tons.com.br
# INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>TITLE</th>
<th>FIRST LINE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Father we thank thee</td>
<td>Go forth on wings of...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Father I stretch my</td>
<td>Go labor on spend and...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fill me now</td>
<td>Golden dawning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Firm as a rock</td>
<td>Gone to rest</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Firmly stand for God</td>
<td>Go not my soul</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
| Fleeing from destruction | Goodness within...
| Flees as a bird to your | Go preach my gospel |
| Follow all the way | Go to dark Gethsemane...
| Forbid them not the | Go ye into all the world |
| Forever with the Lord | Graceful Father guard...
| For Jesus all my | Grant thy blessing...
| For others' guilt | Guide me O thou great |
| For those at sea | Hall to the brightness of...
| For the beauty of the | Hallelujah for the cross |
| Freely give | Harm not that...
| Fresh from the throne | Happy in Him...
| From every stormy | Happy the home where...
| From every place | Happy songs...
| From every place | Hark bark my soul...
| From Greenwich's icy | Hark that shout of... |
| From the table now | Hark the song of jubilee |
| Gentle peace from | Hark the herald angels |
| Gently think and gently | Hark the voice of Jesus...
| Give me the Bible star | Harrow on glad day...
| Give thy youth to God | Have I need of aught O...
| Gladly gladly rolling | Have you any room for...
| Gleams of the golden | Hear the penncies dropp...
| Glorious things of thee | Hear the temperance...
| Glory to Immanuel | Heaven at last...
| Glory to His name | Heaven be with you till...
| God be with you till | God bids his people on...
| God bless our native | God bless our native...
| God calling yet shall I | Heaven is not far away...
| God has said forever | He giveth his beloved...
| God is all, God is all | He's able to keep you fr...
| God is our refuge and | He is calling...
| God is the refuge of his | He's coming once again...
| God loves us | He's coming...
| God make my life a | Heli of the kingdom...
| God made them | He leadeth me O blessed...
| God of light and | He loves me too...
| God of light and | He's coming again...
| God of love that hearest | He's going down the road...
| God of our salvation | He reigns the Lord the...
| God of my life whose | He will be with me...
| God shall be first in | He that goeth forth with...
| God's love demands one | He who seeks the truth...
| God's love demands one | His loving kindness...
| God's love demands one | I am coming Lord...
| I heard the voice of | I am coming to the cross...
| I heard the voice of | I am dwelling on the...
| I shall be satisfied | I am waiting for the...
| I sing the mighty power | I ask not Lord for...
| I was with a friend | I bring my sins to Thee...
| I have found the pearl | I gave my life for thee...
| I have learned the word | I go...
| I have a Saviour | I have learned the word...
| I heard a voice the | I hear...
| I heard a voice the | I heard thy welcome voice...
| I know I love thee better | I love Thee...
| I love Thee | I love Thee...
| I make the world...
| I will follow Thee my... | www.4tons.com.br
INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.
INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

O love divine of all that 296
O Master let me walk .... 503
Once more my soul the .. 293
One more new day for .. 304
One more day's work for 305
One precious boon O Lo 576
One sweetly solemn tho .. 671
One there is above all 137
One tho't I have ....... 302
O Jordan's stormy ban 724
Only one step .......... 10
Only Thee .......... 189
Only trust Him ....... 89
Only two ways .......... 46
Only waiting .......... 623
O now I see the crimson 399
On the mountain top .... 712
On time .......... 414
On the shore beyond the 396
Onward Christian soldie 617
O paradise, O paradise .. 700
O spotless Lamb I come 108
O sing the tidings rou .... 22
O sing unto the Lord .... 190
O tender and sweet ....... 20
O the bitter pain and ... 195
O there'll be joy when ... 946
O Thou who art of all .. 327
O that the Lord would ... 117
O Thou to whom in and ... 201
O Thou in whose presen 311
Our exiled fathers ....... 611
Our God is a God of love .. 192
Our King ........ 225
Our song of praise ....... 315
Our surest stay ........ 229
Our sweetest song of ... 225
Out on an ocean .......... 627
Out upon an angry ocean 399
Outside the door .......... 91
Over the line .......... 20
Our where are the reapers 411
O where shall rest be ... 124
O who is this that come .. 33
O worship the Lord in .. 201
O worship the King all .. 310
Parting hymn .......... 299
Parting with self ....... 138
Patience bids me wait .... 753
Peace be still .......... 467
Peace on the day is .... 545
Pilgrims on the day is ... 546
Pillar of fire .......... 427
Planting Sharon's rose .. 457
Poor and needy ....... 139
Power to obey .......... 518
Praise God from whom 274
Praise Him praise Him .. 204
Praise O praise our God ... 269
Praise to Him by whose .. 359
Praise ye Jehovah's nam 227
Praise ye the Father for 296
Praise ye the Lord for it 297
Praise the Lord ........ 357
Precious Name ........ 179
Prince of Peace control .. 543
Pure Gold ........ 62
Pure in heart ........ 233
Redeemed how I love to .. 194
Redemption night ........ 734
Rejoice and be glad .... 249
Remember me .......... 103, 636
Repose ........ 304
Rescue the perishing .. 368
Rest in Me ........ 411
Rest for the weary ... 731
Rest for the toiling hand ... 735
Return O wanderer .. 130
Revive us again ........ 248
Rock of agescliff for .. 473
Safe within the wall .... 753
Safe in the arms of Jesus 187
Safe through another .... 367
Saints of God to the dawn 547
Salvation free ........ 236
Saved to serve in any ... 431
Saved to the uttermost ... 175
Saviour breathe an .. 567
Saviour I follow ....... 559
Saviour keep me pure in ... 233
Saviour like a shepherd .. 570
Saviour thy dying love ... 379
Scatter smiles loving .... 424
Scouring of men .......... 589
Seeking the lost yes ... 406
Shall I lift him ....... 5
Shall our cheeks be dry .. 122
Shall we gather at the ... 710
Shall we meet beyond .. 709
Shall we be there ....... 685
She hath passed death's .. 740
Shepherd divine thou .. 814
Showers of blessing .... 54
Silent in death he lies .. 206
Silent messengers ....... 409
Sing O sing the glory of 191
Sing it o'er and o'er .... 28
Sister thou wast mild .. 666
Sitting at the feet of ... 598
Softly now the light of .. 579
Softly and tenderly Jes .. 44
Soldiers of Christ arise .. 885
Soldiers of the cross ar .. 497
So let our lips and ... 490
Solid Rock ........ 349
Some sweet day .......... 602, 653
Sometimes ........ 653
Something for Jesus .... 30, 379
Something to do in heav .. 894
Songs of praise the angel .. 243
Soon shall we meet ....... 718
Sorrow and care may .. 673
Soul amid earth-sorrows .. 666
Sound sound the truth .... 363
Sound the battle cry see .. 462
Sow in the morn thy seed .. 636
Sowing in the morning .. 463
The angel of the Lord ... 427
The beautiful beyond .... 176
The best of days ....... 285
The bright forever ....... 672
The call for reapers .... 397
The cleansing wave ........ 69
The coming King is at ... 721
The Comforter has come .. 22
The cross that He gave .. 446
The cross it standeth .. 188
The day is past and gone .. 536
The day of wrath that ... 129
The day is dead and Ery .. 452
The dove of peace .... 153
The earth rolls round on .. 414
The evergreen shore .... 723
The faithful three .. 401
The glory of Immanuel .. 191
The glories of that hear .. 733
The God that made the .. 233
The golden morning is .. 499
The gospel lived out .... 653
The gospel trump is .. 112
The great decisive day .. 57
The great Physician .. 621
The hand that made us .. 720
The handwriting on the .. 471
The haven of rest .... 199
The home where changes .. 45
The holiest Name .... 174
The Lily of the Valley .. 54
The Lord first .... 889
Sweet be thy rest .... 717
Sweet hour of prayer .... 635
Sweet promise is given .. 685
Sweet Sabbath-school .. 214
Sweet and solemn mode .. 36
Sweet the time exceedin .. 510
Sweet to-day ........ 445
Sweetly sing sweetly .. 224
Take all my sin away .... 102
Take my life and let it .. 180
Take me as I am ....... 40
Take the name of Jesus 179
Tarry by the living wate .. 42
Tell it again ........ 421
Tell it to Jesus .... 419
Tell me the old old story .. 25
Temperance call ........ 495
Thanksgiving to the ... 391
Thee. In thy hands I fl .. 690
There is none like the .. 696
Their faith was only .... 460
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
This world is not mine .. 469
INDEX OF TITLES AND FIRST LINES.

The Lord will provide... 599
The Lord is my light... 438
The Lord's our Shepherd 531
The Lord's my Rock...... 441
The Lord worketh... 133
The Lord is my Shepherd 479
The Lord in Zion reigns 238
The Lord be with us... 287
The Lord my pasture... 527
The love of Jesus... 117
The mistakes of my life 4
The morning light is... 638
The only Lord..... 385
The passover... 61
The solitude... 349
The sacred Book... 494
The spacious firmament 239
The springtide hour... 290
The sprinkled blood is... 109
The sweetest Name... 319
The tempter to my soul 586
The thought of God... 302
The time is near when... 728
The whole wide world... 509
The wonders of redemption... 77
The world's glorious bar 448
The year of jubilee... 680
There are angels hover... 142
There are lonely hearts 444
There are two ways for... 45
There is a land of pure... 702
There is a place of sacred... 703
There is a line by us... 76
There is a fountain... 81
There is sunlight on the 202
There is no love like... 65
There is never a day so... 563
There is no work too... 478
There is no name so... 319
There is beauty all... 423
There is a blessed hope... 517
There were ninety and... 57
There's a Stranger at... 7
There's a wideness in... 95
There's no name like... 178
There's sunshine in my... 174
There's life in a look... 14
There's room for you to... 80
There'll be something in... 684
They brought their gifts... 30
They call us............. 558

This is the day of rest... 285
This is the day of toil... 513
Thinking of Him...... 430
This is our best... 562
This same Jesus O how 706
Tho' your sins be as scar 17
Tho' my sins were once 171
Thou art the way.... 115
Thou came One our... 632
Throw out the Line 399
Thus far the Lord has 518
Thy holy day.... 574
Thy Kingdom come thus 729
Thy judgments abroad... 506
Thy righteousness... 277
Thy work alone... 106
Thy will be done... 739
Thy way not mine O... 573
Tidings from the battle 601
Till He come O let the... 642
'Tis by the scars... 504
'Tis light that makes us 301
'Tis I be not afraid... 516
'Tis midnight and on... 119
'Tis so sweet to trust in... 322
'Tis shining still... 219
To be living is sublime... 481
To-day the Saviour calls 148
Tolling on.... 449
Tolling for Jesus... 432
To the work to the work 449
Tossed upon life's raging... 486
Trust and obey... 443
Truth crushed to earth... 580
Twilight... 200
Two little hands to... 220
Unshaken as the sacred... 551
Unto our heavenly... 250
Urge them to come... 11
Valley lilies meek and... 217
When God descends... 727
When He cometh when... 677
When I awake... 585
When I survey... 540
When I can read my... 739
When Jesus shall gather... 96
When my Saviour shall... 154
When my life work is... 661
When my life is... 660
When peace like a river 386
When power divine in... 563
When softly fades the... 459
When softly falls the... 229
When storms of life are 558
When the King comes in... 37
When the King shall... 675
When the Judge shall... 64
When the mists have... 694
When Thou my righteou... 736
When waves of trouble... 518
When we walk with the... 443
When we lay our burd... 693
While in sweet commu... 608
While Jesus whispers... 51
While life prolongs... 149
While the days are... 444
Whiter than snow.... 8, 27
Who are these like stars 699
Who is on the Lord's... 32
Who are these beyond... 669
Who are these... 669
Wholly Thine... 247
Why do we waste on trifl... 151
Why labor for treasures... 52
Why stand with rusty... 510
Will you go..... 41
Will your anchor hold... 172
With friends on earth... 687
With reverence let the... 229
With tears full my eyes... 147
With willing hearts we... 341
Wonderful love of Jesus 196
Wonderful peace.... 196
Words of cheer from the... 601
Work for the school... 425
Work for the night... 475
Work till Jesus comes... 631
Working O Christ with... 351
Worthy worthy is the... 245
Would you share the... 407
Ye Christian heralds go 584
Ye servants of the Lord 625
Ye who long in sin have 21
Yield not to temptation 55
Your labour was... 22
Zion stands on high... 55

413
Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones

On the life of Christ, by Lillie Afsalter and F. E. Reidin, with illustrative material for mothers and teachers.

52 lessons, one for each Sabbath in the year. Suggestions accompanying:

- 30 songs and hymns, written for the lessons;
- 36 full-page pictures, 8 x 8 halftones, and colored plate;
- 32 pen drawings, showing how to use the illustrative material;
- 160 quarto pages, beautifully printed;
- 4 styles of binding, from plain board covers to elegant panel sides, with gilt edges.

"I have already gotten some very suggestive hints from it to use in my work as a teacher of teachers."—Penny.

"It is a beautiful volume. The illustrations are superb. The plan of teaching by objects seems here to be brought to perfection."—Westminster (Presbyterian) Teacher.

"The songs, well adapted to children’s voices, are an added charm."—Path Latimer.

Why the smallest room for the primary department? The largest can be filled with home heathen.

Why a teacher for eight adults, and forty “wiggles” for one teacher, with “guards” stationed around to suppress activity instead of utilizing it?

The book once bought is permanent, being designed for use year after year, one copy for each mother or teacher in the youngest primary division, so that the first lessons for every child shall be on the life and words of Jesus. No child-lessons can equal those by and about the Master. Thousands of teachers believe this to be the best plan, as proved by their continued use of "Object Lessons on the Life of Christ" during the last few years. It pays to make religious instruction delightful instead of dreary. The class method is not the “herding” method.

Prices, postpaid: board cover, $1.50; blue cloth, $2.00; lemon edge, royal edition, $2.75; gilt edge, panel sides, $3.75. Special discount in quantities.

Address the publishers of “Christ in Song.”

The Illustrative Kindergarten Material

It Pays

Direct Instruction

Suppresses

Child’s Activity

The child who

builds a less

forgets it.

THE THREE BOXES OF MATERIAL

make teaching easy. Boxes 1 and 2 contain hard blocks, cut into cubes, halves, quarters, squares, longs. Boxes are of cherry, dove-tailed corners, top, durable. Box three contains 10 miniature mounted sticks to represent people (10 of them) of green French tissue-paper for Sea of Galilee, coves, domes, and green splints for river outline and tre.

If the three boxes are ordered with book, publisher receives free a "Portfolio of Blackboard Sketches of Life of Christ," to aid in drawing.

THE ROUND TABLE

has beautiful hard top, folding legs, and inside cabinet material. Seats eight children and teacher. Advantages: 1. Each child can reach center of table to build the lesson. 2. Teacher can reach every child. 3. Table is heavy, so material is not easily shaken. 4. Can be folded and rolled away, so that any room can be used if none is permanently devoted to the children. 5. Table is varnished, easily cleaned, and will last a lifetime. Formerly felt top. Hard top is best.

8 LITTLE RED CHAIRS

for the class, and one blue chair for the teacher. 8 delightful children, and most convenient for all.

The blocks, table, and chairs being practically non-destructible, little expense attends the running of a large department after sitting up.

Table (30-lb.), express or freight extra, $2.75; 3 boxes of press paid, $1.75; 16-inch chair, 50c each; 18-inch chair, freight or express extra. Special discount in quantities.
IT MAKES TEACHING EASY.

K Street M. E. Sunday School, Fresno, Calif.

"We have been using your 'Bible Kindergarten' method during the past year. Permit me to express my appreciation of the method. When we adopted the object method we had sixteen little ones who were as hard to interest by talking as is the average boy or girl of from three to seven years of age. The boys and girls are very attentive listeners, and take an active part in answering the questions and giving the illustrations for the lessons. We have been greatly blessed in the work of our kindergarten, and are now planning for an addition to the church building that we may increase our capacity for work. Nothing that I have ever undertaken in Sunday school work has added so much to the school and church, for the labor performed, as this. May the Lord bless you abundantly."

L. A. SPENCER, Supt.

Kenwood Evangelical Sunday School, Chicago.

"Your Bible Kindergarten supplies and habits recently adopted in our Primary Department are a delight to all. Not only have the teachers been able to hold the attention of the little ones as before, but get them nearer their hearts, but the parents and other visitors have been attracted to the department. An outside interest has been awakened in the homes, and thus the Department has increased in numbers. The little ones must be reached through the eye to the heart, and these lessons are a happy means to that end. We are glad to have been able to send several visitors to you for these supplies to be used in other towns. We hope that Book No. 3 may soon be in readiness for the public, so that a continued study may be carried on after Book No. 1 is finished."

Very sincerely,

MRS. ALFRED W. HOTT, Supt. Primary Dept.

First Presbyterian Sunday School, Springfield, Ill.

"Our teachers are delighted with your Bible Kindergarten system, which we have lately introduced into the Primary Department of our Sunday School; it is beautiful to see the interest with which the children enter into each lesson, and it is safe to say the truths of God's Word thus impressed upon their young minds will never be effaced. I believe you have introduced a method that will be shortly adopted by all progressive societies for primary instruction. Wishing you God's richest blessing on your labor, I remain yours for the children."

ISAAC R. DILLER, Supt.

[TWO MONTHS LATER THE SECOND PRESBYTERIAN SUNDAY SCHOOL OF SPRINGFIELD, ILL., ALSO ADOPTED THIS KINDERGARTEN METHOD.]

Congregational Sunday School, Kansas City, Mo.

"Possibly it may interest you to know that my Sunday School is progressing very nicely in its work, and I heartily believe that the methods of kindergarten discipline are the salvation of the church. I have taken pleasure in my work, and can say the same for the children. We are beginning now to see the effectiveness of the method. I am also pleased to note that other churches in the city, who have been in charge of them, are looking into the matter somewhat."

MRS. MAYBELLE ULLERT.
Supt. Primary Dept.

[This was in her school eight round tables, eight sets of the material and ten books.]

IT FILLS THE CHURCH.

Hyde Park M. E. Sunday School, Chicago.

"We have been using your 'Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones' with the tables and materials in our Primary Department for a year and a half, and have found them very helpful with the little ones. We have eight tables, with a teacher and an average of eight children at each table. I take pleasure in recommending their use to other Primary teachers."

Mrs. A. P. POTTER.
Supt. Primary Dept.

First Baptist Sunday School, Binghamton, N. Y.

"In our school we have nine classes, and are about to form another as the school is constantly growing. Our teachers are very enthusiastic about the book, 'Bible Object Lessons and Songs for Little Ones' on the Life of Christ, and nearly every Sunday some expression is given by them as to the satisfactory results obtained by giving the children something to do and something to look at while talking about the lesson.

"Your method of dividing the school into classes of from five to ten scholars each is a blessing to the church, as it gives work to young members, and a working church is a living church. To let the entire burden fall on one or two persons is not for the best interest of either the primary department or the church."

Mrs. Henry B. Martin, Supt. Primary Dept.

M. E. Sunday School, Three Rivers, Mass.

"In teaching our children the life of Christ with your method, our anticipations have been fully realized. I can safely say that the children have learned more of Christ in the last year than in any previous year since I have been connected with the school."

F. A. PHRAM, Supt.

Leavitt St. Congregational Sunday School, Chicago.

"I write to tell you of the pleasure and profit we have derived from the use of your 'Bible Kindergarten' supplies in our Primary Department, and most heartily recommend them to all Primary schools. We have had better attendance; teachers can control their scholars, gathered about the round tables, and the truths of the lesson are made real by using the three boxes of material. I am an enthusiast in regard to the use of your object method for Bible study with young children."

Mrs. H. M. LAMPHIE, Supt. Primary Dept.

Sunday School Union, Province of Quebec.

"I am using your material in my Sunday School, and want to say I believe you have the right idea of holding the attention of the children. Our Montreal Primary teachers are using these methods frequently, and can not get along without them. Through the eye to the heart is the easiest way, and the most experienced teachers know it best."

Geo. H. Archibald,
Gen'l Sec. and Leader Montreal Primary Union.

"'Bible Object Lessons and Songs' contains suggestions, music, and a fine collection of pictures, which will be a help to any teacher or mother of young children."

Bertha Vella,
Vice-President International Union of S. S. Primary Teachers.

"I shall recommend it to our teachers here in school."

Rev. W. T. Peck, Pastor.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Call Number</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Belden, Franklin, Edson</td>
<td>M</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Christ in song hymnal</td>
<td>2131 .A3 B45</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>