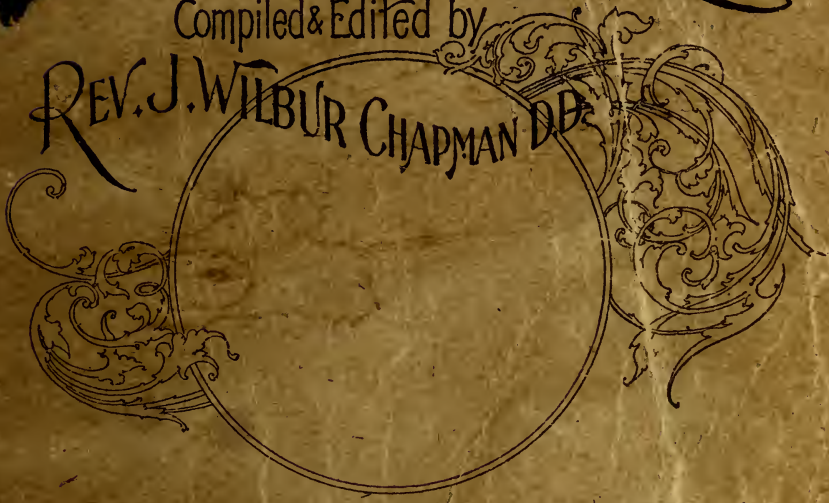


SONGS ^{of} PRAISE AND CONSECRATION

Compiled & Edited by

REV. J. WILBUR CHAPMAN D.D.



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1020 ARCH ST. PHILADELPHIA
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Card Covers,	\$10.00 per hundred.	12 c. singly.
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Sunday School Edition (board covers),	12.50	15 c. "

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OF

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PREFACE.

THIS BOOK is sent forth that it may contribute, with other Hymn Books, to the advancement of the interests of the kingdom of God.

I pray that it may be a blessing and help to very many.

J. WILBUR CHAPMAN.

Philadelphia,

January, 1899.

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 1. O HOW LOVE I THY LAW.

"The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever."—Ps. 19: 9.

Anon.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. Un-spott-ed is the fear of God, And ev - er doth en - dure ;
 2. They more than gold, yea, much fine gold, To be de - sir - ed are ;
 3. More - o - ver they, thy serv - ant warn, How he his life should frame ;
 4. Who can his er - rors un - derstand? From se - cret faults me cleanse ;
 5. And do not suf - fer them to have Do - min - ion o - ver me ;

The judgments of the Lord are truth, And righteousness most pure.
 Than hon - ey, hon - ey from the comb That droppeth, sweet - er far.
 A great re - ward pro - vid - ed is For them that keep the same.
 Thy serv - ant al - so keep thou back From all pre - sumptuous sins.
 I shall be righteous, then, and from The great transgres - sion free.

CHORUS. Psalm 119: 97.

"O how love I thy law, O how love I thy law ; It is my med - i -

ta - tion all..... the day ; O how love I thy law, O how

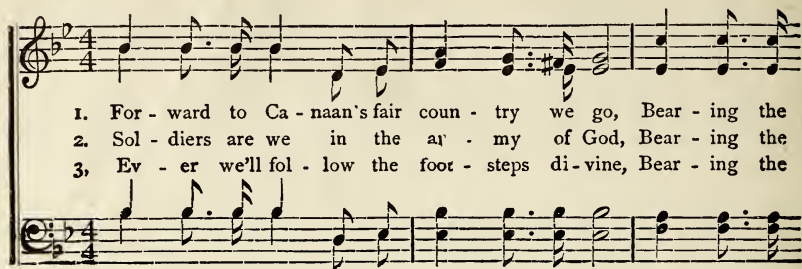
love I thy law ; It is my med - i - ta - tion all the day," (all the day.)

PRAISE SERVICE.

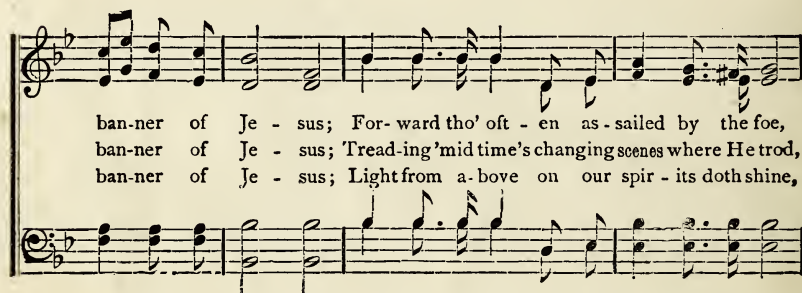
No. 2. BEARING THE BANNER OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

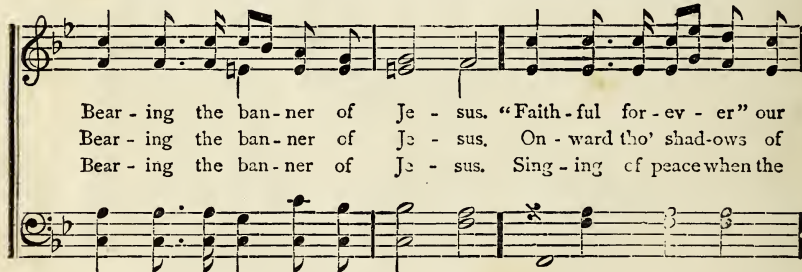


1. For - ward to Ca - naan's fair coun - try we go, Bear - ing the
 2. Sol - diers are we in the ar - my of God, Bear - ing the
 3. Ev - er we'll fol - low the foot - steps di - vine, Bear - ing the



ban - ner of Je - sus; For - ward tho' oft - en as - sailed by the foe,
 ban - ner of Je - sus; 'Tread - ing' mid time's changing scenes where He trod,
 ban - ner of Je - sus; Light from a - bove on our spir - its doth shine,

DUETT OR SEMI-CHORUS.



Bear - ing the ban - ner of Je - sus. "Faith - ful for - ev - er" our
 Bear - ing the ban - ner of Je - sus. On - ward tho' shad - ows of
 Bear - ing the ban - ner of Je - sus. Sing - ing of peace when the



watch - word shall be, Faith - ful till truth from all fet - ter - is free,
 gloom 'round us lie, On - ward when con - flict and dan - gers are nigh,
 war - fare is o'er, Sing - ing of home in the glad ev - er - more.

PRAISE SERVICE.

BEARING THE BANNER OF JESUS. Concluded.

FINE.

Faith-ful till Zi-on's bright cit- y we see, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
 On-ward to vic - to - ry won by and by, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.
 Sing-ing we march to the heav-en-ly shore, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus.

D.S.—Marching we go to the dear promised land, Bearing the banner of Je - sus.

CHORUS.
Unison.

D.S.

Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus, Bear-ing the ban-ner of Je - sus ;

No. 3. SAVED TO THE UTMOST.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Saved to the ut - termost: I am the Lord's; Je - sus, my Sav-iour, sal-
 2. Saved to the ut - termost: Je - sus is near; Keep-ing me safe - ly, He
 3. Saved to the ut - termost: this I can say, "Once all was dark-ness, but
 4. Saved to the ut - termost: cheer-ful-ly sing Loud hal - le - lu - ias to

va-tion af-fords; Gives me His Spir - it a wit-ness within, Whisp'ring of
 cast-eth out fear; Trust-ing His prom - is - es, how I am blest; Leaning up-
 now it is day; Beau - ti - ful vis - ions of glo - ry I see, Je - sus in
 Je - sus, my King! Ransomed and pardoned, redeem'd by His blood, Cleans'd from un-

REFRAIN.

par-don, and saving from sin.
 on Him, how sweet is my rest.
 brightness, re-vealed un-to me. } Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the utmost: Sav'd, sav'd, by
 righteousness, glo - ry to God.

power di-vine: Sav'd, sav'd, sav'd to the ut - termost: Je - sus, the Saviour, is mine.

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 4. WHEN THE SAINTS ARE MARCHING IN.

KATHARINE E. PURVIS.

J. M. BLACK.

1. Thro' the shin-ing gate, Where the an-gels wait, When the saints. . . . are
2. Part - ed friends shall meet On the gold-en street, When the saints. . . . are
3. Ev - 'ry tongue and race Shall ex-tol God's grace, When the saints. . . . are
4. "To the Lamb once slain, But who lives again," When the saints. . . . are

marching in, The Redeemed shall come And be crowned at home,
marching in, Spot-less robes shall wear, Victors' palms shall bear,
marching in, And the blood-washed throng Shall re-peat the song,
marching in, (are marching in) We shall of - fer praise Thro' e - ter - nal days,

CHORUS.

When the saints. are marching in. When the saints are marching
When the saints, When the saints

in, When the saints. . . . are marching in, Joy-ful
are marching in, When the saints are marching in,

songs of salvation thro' the sky shall ring, When the saints. . . . are marching in.
When the saints marching in.

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 5.

COME THIS WAY.

DAVID H. KING, D.D.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. As I drift up - on life's bil - lows, Long-ing for the light of day ;
 2. And me-thinks I hear my moth - er, Call - ing from the oth - er shore,
 3. Hark! I hear the voice of Je - sus, Waft - ed from a heav'nly land ;
 4. Oh! the bliss, the joy of meet - ing Lov'd ones in that might-y throng ;

I can al - most hear from heav - en, Lov'd ones singing, "Come this way,"
 With a voice so sweet and ten - der, Far a - bove the bil-lows roar :
 I can al - most see His glo - ry, And the beck-'ning of His hand.
 Join-ing with them in their sing - ing, Of the ev - er - last - ing song,

CHORUS.

Come this way, come this way, Here is light, and joy, and peace ;
 Come this way, come this way,

Come this way, come this way, And your sorrows all shall cease.
 Come this way, come this way,

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 6.

THE CLEANSING WAVE.

MRS. PHCEBE PALMER.

MRS. J. F. KNAPP.

1. Oh! now I see the crim-son wave, The fountain deep and wide:
 2. I see the new cre - a - tion rise, I hear the speak-ing blood;
 3. I rise to walk in heaven's own light, A - bove the world and sin,
 4. A - maz-ing grace! 'tis heav'n be-low, To feel the blood ap - plied,

Je - sus, my Lord, mighty to save, Points to His wounded side.
 It speaks! pol - lu - ted nature dies! Sinks 'neath the cleansing flood.
 With heart made pure, and garments white, And Christ enthron'd within.
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.

CHORUS.

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

Oh! praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, yes, cleanseth me!

By permission.

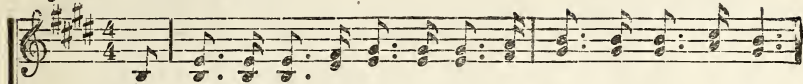
PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 7.

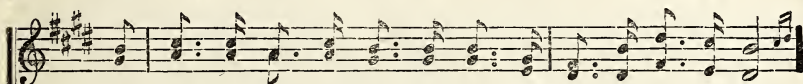
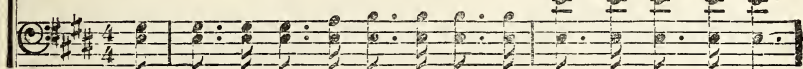
SUNLIGHT.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

W. S. WEEDEN.



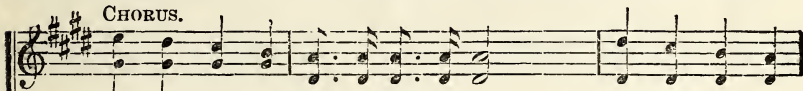
1. I wan-dered in the shades of night, Till Je - sus came to me,
2. Though clouds may gath - er in the sky, And bil - lows round me roll;
3. While walk - ing in the light of God, I, sweet com - mun - ion find;
4. I cross the wide ex - tend - ed fields, I jour - ney o'er the plain,
5. Soon I shall see Him as He is, The Light that came to me:



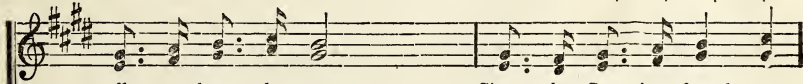
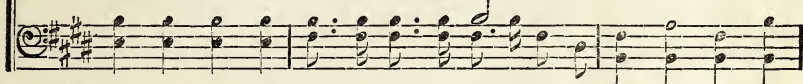
And with the sun - light of His love Bid all my dark - ness flee.
 How - ev - er dark the world may be I've sun - light in my soui.
 I press with ho - ly vig - or on And leave the world be - hind.
 And in the sun - light of His love I reap the gold - en grain.
 Be - hold the bright - ness of His face, Throughout e - ter - ni - ty.



CHORUS.



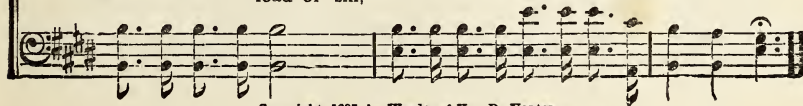
Sun - light, sun - light, in my soul to - day, Sun - light, sun - light
 to - day, yes,



all a - long the way. Since the Sav - iour found me,
 nar - row way,



took a - way my sin, I have had the sunlight of His love with - in.
 load of sin,



PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 8.

REDEMPTION.

ISAIAH TOY.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. A sin - ner though I am, Of dark - est, deep - est shade, A
 2. This love in - ef - fa - ble My heart hath pre - pos - sessed, And
 3. Well might ser - aph - ic tongues Be mute, with sa - cred awe; And
 4. Heav'n's un - ex - am - pled love To man, in Christ dis - played, Shall

right - eousness I claim, My own thro' Je - sus made, Unnumber'd worlds could
 filled my fer - vid soul With wonder un - ex - press'd; For tho't or word seeks
 heav'n's sub - lim - est songs Suspend, while an - gels saw A glimpse of what could
 end - less wonder prove, Unfathomed, un - por - trayed. E - ter - nal love! Th' Of -

not a - tone, But Je - sus bore my sins a - lone, But
 but in vain The ho - ly mys - t'ry to ex - plain, The
 not be told, Nor can e - ter - ni - ty un - fold, Nor
 fend - ed dies To bring th' of - fend - er to the skies, To

CHORUS.
 Saved, Saved,

Je - sus bore my sins a - lone.
 ho - ly myst'ry to ex - plain. } Saved, O yes, I'm saved, Saved, O yes, I'm saved;
 can e - ter - ni - ty un - fold. }
 bring th' offender to the skies.

Thro' Je - sus' blood and righteousness, I now am saved: Saved, O yes, I'm saved,

Saved, O yes, I'm saved; Thro' Jesus' blood and righteousness, I now am saved.

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 9.

COME, OH, COME.

Chorus by L. W.

Evangelist LEONARD WEAVER. Arr. by G. B.

1. Just as thou art, with-out one trace Of love or joy or in-ward grace,
 2. Burden'd with guilt, would'st thou be blest, Trust not the world, it gives no rest;
 3. Come, leave thy burden at the cross, Count all thy gains but empty Cross:
 4. Come, hith-er bring thy bod-ing fears, Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
 5. The Spir - it and the Bride say, come; Re-joic-ing saints re - ech - o, come;

Or meet-ness for the heav'n-ly place, O wea - ry sin - ner, come.
 Christ gives re-lief to hearts op - prest; O wea - ry sin - ner, come.
 His grace re-pays all earth - ly loss; O wea - ry sin - ner, come.
 'Tis mer - cy's voice sa - lutes thine ears; O wea - ry sin - ner, come.
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come; All heav-en bids you come.

CHORUS.

Come, oh, come to Jesus while you may, Come, oh, come, and come without delay:

Oh, hear Him pleading, why not to-day? All heav-en bids you come.

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 10.

JESUS TENDERLY CALLING.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—*Mat. xi: 28.*
 J. G. FOOTE. JOHN.

1. Je-sus is call - ing, ten-der-ly call - ing, Sin-ner, thy Sav - ior now
 2. Sin-ner, 'tis Je - sus, like the good Shepherd, Out on the des - ert to
 3. Prod-i - gal son, thy Fa-ther is wait - ing, Anxious and long-ing for
 4. Chiefest of sin - ners Je - sus will wel-come, Be of good cheer, He will

pleads for thee; Stand-ing and knock-ing, anx-i-ous-ly wait - ing,
 find His sheep; When He hath found it Heav-en re-joic - es;
 thy re - turn; He will for-give thee, wel-come and bless thee,
 say to thee; He will re-move your ev - 'ry transgres - sion,

D.S.—Will you not heed His ten-der en-treat-ies?

FINE. CORUS.

Long-ing to save thee and set thee free.
 Sin-ner, thy Sav - ior can save and keep. } Je-sus is call - ing,
 Glad-ly em-brace thee: then why not come? }
 Blot-ting them out, and will set thee free.

Why not re-ceive Him, His voice o - bey?

D.S.

ten-der-ly call - ing, Sin-ner, He pleads, oh, hear Him to - day;

From "New Hymns," by *per.*

PRAISE SERVICE.

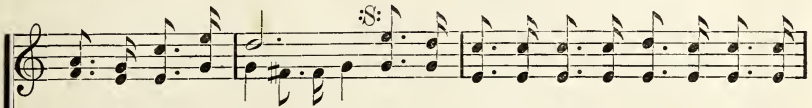
No. 11. IN THE PALACE OF THE KING.

C. A. M.

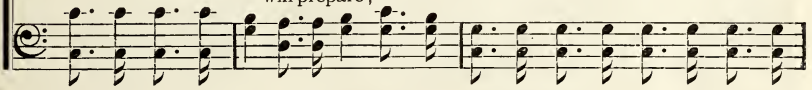
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. There's a mansion that is waiting o - ver there, 'Tis a mansion which my
 2. Soon as ransomed we'll be gathered on the shore, From our loved ones we'll be
 3. Though temptations oft assail me, I'll not fear, For I feel that my trans-
 over there,

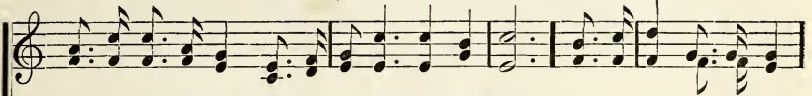


Saviour will pre - pare ; And though dark the way, and dreary, I'll press
 part - ed nev - er - more ; We will shout the glad "Hosanna !" And march
 la - tion must be near ; Just a few more years of waiting, Then I'll
 will prepare ;



D. S.—Of the precious blood of Je - sus, Our re-

Fine. CHORUS.



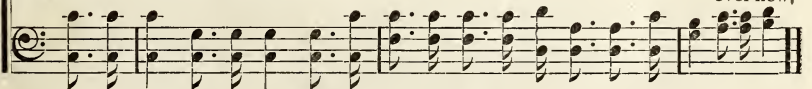
onward, while I sing Of the palace of the King. }
 upward, while we sing, To the palace of the King. } We will shout, we will sing,
 fly on "Joyful Wing" To the palace of the King. }



demption purchasing, In the palace of the King.



How our voic - es will ring, As we tell the blessed sto - ry ev - er new ;
 ever new ;



PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 12.

JESUS, MY SAVIOR.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

Arr. by GEO. BEAVERSON.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Keep me ev - 'er near Thy side,
 2. Com - fort in sor - row, In af - flic - tion be my friend;
 3. Down in the val - ley Leave me not a - lone to die,

Help me to trust Thee, In Thy love a - bide; When the storms as -
 Draw me still near - er, Lead me to the end; When the world for -
 When time is fleet - ing, Je - sus, draw me nigh. Just a lit - tle

- sail me, And the bil - lows 'round me roll, In Thy bo - som fold me,
 - sakes me, And its friendship proves untrue, In Thy ten - der mer - cy
 clos - er, Near - er to Thy lov - ing breast, When we cross the riv - er

REFRAIN. 3

Hide my troubled soul. }
 Gent - ly lead me through. } Je - sus, my Sav - ior, Leave, oh, leave me
 To the land of rest. }

not a - lone, Ev - er, for - ev - er, Make Thy presence known.

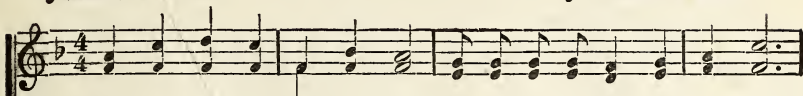
PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 13.

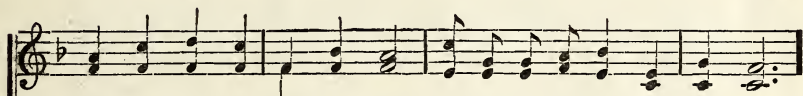
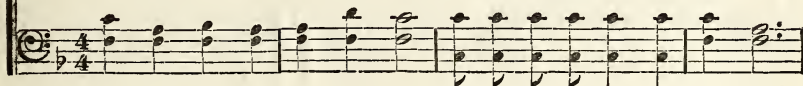
HAPPY IN THE LOVE OF JESUS.

JENNIE WILSON.

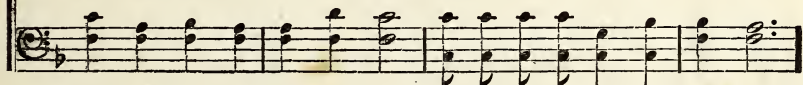
J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Home to Zi - on we are bound, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,
2. Trust - ing we will for - ward go, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,
3. We will sing sal - va - tion's song, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,
4. Soon we'll reach the home - land fair, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus,



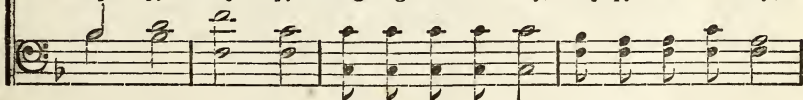
Peace a - bid - ing we have found, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.
 Tread - ing change - ful paths be - low, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.
 All our earth - ly way a - long, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.
 And shall dwell for - ev - er there, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.



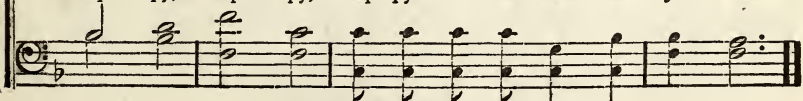
CHORUS.



Hap - py, hap - py, Sing - ing all the way, Hap - py all the day;



Hap - py, hap - py, Hap - py in the love of Je - sus.



PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 14. SINGING FOR JESUS, OUR SAVIOUR AND KING.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.

1. Singing for Jesus, our Saviour and King, Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love;
 2. Singing for Je - sus, and trying to win Many to love him, and join in the song;
 3. Singing for Jesus, our Shepherd and Guide, Singing for gladness of heart that he gives;

All ad - o - ration we joyous - ly bring, Longing to praise as we praise him above.
 Calling the weary and wandering in, Rolling the chorus of gladness along.
 Singing for wonder and praise that he died, Singing for blessing and joy that he lives.

Singing for Jesus, our Master and Friend, Telling his love and his marvellous grace;
 Singing for Jesus, our Life and our Light; Singing for him as we press to the mark;
 Singing for Jesus, oh, singing with joy! Thus will we praise him and tell of his love,

CHO. - Singing for Jesus, our Saviour and King, Singing for Jesus, the Lord whom we love;

rit. *Chorus. D.S.*
 Love from e - ter - nity, love without end, Love for the loveless, the sinful and base.
 Singing for him when the morning is bright, Singing, still singing for him in the dark.
 Till he shall call us to brighter employ, Singing for Je - sus for - ev - er a - bove.

All ad - o - ration we joyously bring, Longing to praise as we praise him above.

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 15.

LOOKING THIS WAY.

DUET.

Words and Music by J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. O - ver the riv - er fa - ces I see, Fair as the morn - ing,
 2. Fa - ther and mother, safe in the vale, Watch for the boatman,
 3. Brother and sis - ter, gone to that clime, Wait for the oth - ers,
 4. Sweet lit - tle darling, light of the home, Looking for some one,
 5. Je - sus the Savior, bright morning star, Looking for lost ones

looking for me; Free from their sorrow, grief, and despair, Waiting and
 wait for the sail, Bearing the loved ones over the tide In - to the
 coming sometime; Safe with the angels, whiter than snow, Watching for
 beckon - ing come; Bright as a sunbeam, pure as the dew, Anxiously
 straying a - far; Hear the glad message; why will you roam? Jesus is

CHORUS.

watching patiently there.
 har - bor, near to their side.
 dear ones wait - ing be - low. Looking this way, yes, looking this way;
 look - ing, mother, for you.
 cal - ling, "Sinner, come home."

Loved ones are wait - ing, looking this way; Fair as the morning,

bright as the - day, Dear ones in glo - ry looking this way.

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 16. WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED UP YONDER.

J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK.

1. When the trum - pet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more,
 2. On that bright and cloudless morning, when the dead in Christ shall rise,
 3. Let us la - bor for the Mas - ter from the dawn till set - ting sun,

And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall
 And the glo - ry of His res - ur - rec - tion share; When His chosen ones shall
 Let us talk of all His wondrous love and care, Then, when all of life is

gath - er o - ver on the oth - er shore, And the roll is called up
 gath - er to their home be - yond the skies, And the roll is called up
 o - ver, and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up

CHORUS.

yon - der, I'll be there. When the roll..... is called up yon - - der,
 When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

When the roll..... is called up yon - - der, When the
 When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,

roll..... is called up yon - der, When the roll is called up yonder, I'll be there.
 When the roll

No. 17.

PRaise SERVICE.

ON TO VICTORY!

Dedicated to Rev. B. C. Lippincott, D. D.

J. W. V.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

1. There are foes that must be conquered, There are bat - tles we must win ;
 2. There are hosts of sin be - fore us, That ex - tend from sea to sea ;
 3. There are ma - ny dear ones dy - ing, They are fall - ing ev - ' ry - where ;

There are lands that must be tak - en, That are go - ing down in sin,
 There are ma - ny still in bond - age, There are slaves that must be free ;
 Let us brave - ly go and help them, They are lost and need our care ;

Let us en - ter in the strug - gle, Ev - er march up - on our way,
 Let us all be up and do - ing, Ev - er found with - in the fray,
 Fall in line pre - pare for bat - tle, Let us fight as well as pray,

We must take the world for God and win the day.

CHORUS.
 On..... to vic - to - ry! on..... to vic - to - ry! On..... to vic - to - ry! the

foe must die! On..... to vic - to - ry we'll con - quer by and by.

PRaise SERVICE.

No. 18.

I MUST TELL JESUS.

E. A. H.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. I must tell Je - sus all of my tri - als; I cannot bear these
 2. I must tell Je - sus all of my trou - bles; He is a kind, com -
 3. Tempted and tried I need a great Sav - ior, One who can help my
 4. O how the world to e - vil al - lures me! O how my heart is

burdens a - lone; In my distress He kindly will help me; He ev - er
 passionate Friend; If I but ask Him, He will de - liv - er, Make of my
 burdens to bear; I must tell Jesus, I must tell Jesus; He all my
 tempted to sin! I must tell Jesus, and He will help me Over the

CHORUS.

loves and cares for His own.
 trou - bles quickly an end.
 cares and sorrows will share. } I must tell Je - sus! I must tell
 world the vict'ry to win.

Je - sus! I cannot bear my burdens a - lone; I must tell

Rit.
 Je - sus! I must tell Je - sus! Jesus can help me, Jesus a - lone.

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 19.

GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN.

COWPER.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
 2. The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
 3. Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood, thy precious blood, thy precious blood.
 4. E'er since by faith I saw the stream, I saw the stream, I saw the stream,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And
 The dy-ing thief rejoiced to see, That fountain in his day, And
 Thou dying Lamb, thy precious blood Shall nev-er lose its power, Till
 E'er since by faith I saw the stream, Thy flowing wounds sup-ply, Re-

sinner-plunged beneath that flood beneath that flood, beneath that flood, And
 there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, And
 all the ransomed Church of God, Church of God, Church of God, Till
 deeming love has been my theme, has been my theme, has been my theme, Re-

CHORUS.

sinner-plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
 there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a-way. } Oh, glorious
 all the ransomed Church of God Are saved to sin no more.
 deeming love has been my theme And shall be till I die.

fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev-er Wash my sins a-way.

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 20. WALKING BY THE SAVIOUR'S SIDE.

IRVIN. H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O what hap - pi - ness, O what peace I know, Sweetly walking
 2. At the break of day, Or at noon-time clear Sweetly walking
 3. At the e - ven - tide, Or in darkest night, Sweetly walking

by my Saviour's side, In his love divine, In his grace I grow,
 by my Saviour's side, I find hap - piness, With my Lord so near,
 by my Saviour's side, I have perfect peace, He's my life and light,

CHORUS.

Sweetly walking by my Saviour's side. Walk - ing, I'm walk - ing,
 Walking with Jesus, walking with Jesus,

Walking dai - ly by my Saviour's side, Walk - ing, I'm
 my Saviour's side, Walking with Jesus,

walk - ing, Walking where no harm can e'er be - tide.
 walk - ing with Je - sus,

PRAISE SERVICE.

No. 21. WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

EMILY P. MILLER.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. What are you do - ing for Je - sus, As you jour - ney thro' life?
 2. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Are you striv - ing each day,
 3. What are you do - ing for Je - sus As the days go by?
 4. What are you do - ing for Je - sus? Soon comes set - ting of sun ;

Sow - ing the grain for the har - vest, Or scat - ter - ing seeds of strife?
 By lit - tle acts of kind - ness, To bright - en some one's way?
 Tell - ing the lone and the wea - ry, Of rest be - yond the sky?
 Hast - en and tell the glad tid - ings, Lest you leave some work un - done.

CHORUS.

What are you do - - ing, Do - - ing for Je - sus?
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to - day?

What are you do - - ing, As the days go by?.....
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?

What are you do - - ing? Do - - ing, for Je - sus?
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend? What are you doing for Jesus to - day?

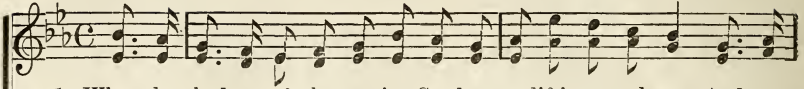
What are you do - - ing As the days go by?.....
 What are you do - ing for Je - sus your friend, As the days go by, days go by?

No. 22.

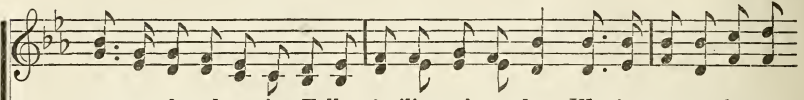
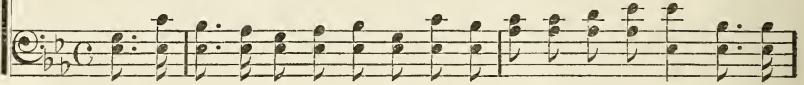
THE SOMEDAY BY AND BY.

A. E. K.

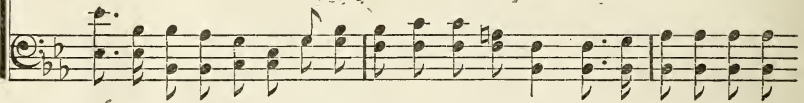
Rev. A. EDWIN KEIGWIN.



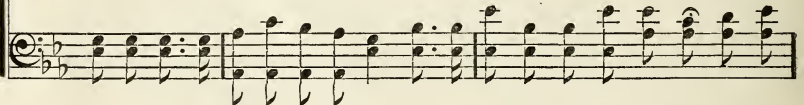
1. When the shadows of the evening Steal across life's rugged way, And up-
2. When our choicest hopes are blighted, Like a rose by winter's frost, And the
3. When the cir-cle here is broken, And the lov-ing form is gone; When we



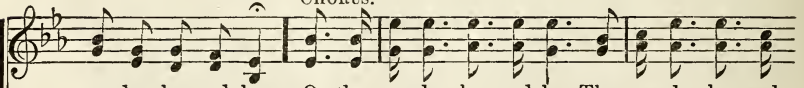
on our souls a dreaming Falls, of still anoth-er day, We for-get our heavy joys that most delighted, Seem now altogeth-er lost— Then we lift our eyes to lin-ger over tokens That are left, we hear a song Floating from the clouds of



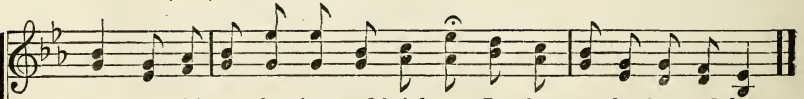
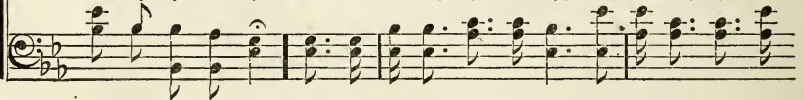
crosses, Which, the day long, made us sigh, And we look beyond our losses, To a heaven, And implore a fresh supply Of that hope to mortals giv-en, Of a sorrow That have o-ver-cast the sky; 'Tis the song of a to-morroy. And a



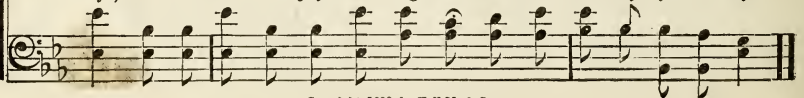
CHORUS.



someday by and by. O the someday by and by, The someday by and



by; It will all be joy and brightness In that someday by and by.



No. 23.

BENEATH THE CROSS.

MISS E. C. CLEPHANE.

J. MOUNTAIN.

Slowly and tenderly.

1. Be - neath the cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand, —
 2. Oh, safe and hap - py shel - ter! Oh, ref uge tried and sweet!
 3. There lies be - neath its shad - ow, But on the fur - ther side,
 4. Up - on that cross of Je - sus, Mine eye at times can see
 5. I take, O cross, thy shad - ow For my a - bid - ing place;

The shad - ow of a might - y Rock, With - in a wea - ry land;
 Oh, tryst - ing - place where heaven's love, And heav - en's jus - tice meet;
 The dark - ness of an aw - ful grave That gapes both deep and wide;
 The ver - y dy - ing form of One, Who suf - fered there for me;
 I ask no oth - er sunshine than The sun - shine of his face;

A home with - in the wil - derness, A rest up - on the way,
 As to the ho - ly Pa - triarch That wondrous dream was given,
 And there between us stands the cross, Two arms outstretched to save,
 And from my smitten heart, with tears, Two won - ders I con - fess,
 Con - tent to let the world go by, To know no gain nor loss,

rit.
 From the burn - ing of the noontide heat, And the bur - den of the day.
 So seems my Saviour's cross to me A lad - der up to heaven.
 Like a watchman set to guard the way From that e - ter - nal grave.
 The won - ders of his glorious love, And my own worthless - ness.
 My sin - ful self, my on - ly shame, My glo - ry all the cross.

No. 24.

CHRIST IS THE CONQUEROR.

IRVIN H. MACK.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. The Sav - iour leads His faith - ful on To bat - tle for the right;
 2. Be - fore them is the prec - ious cross; They glo - ry in its fame;
 3. Their tongues the name of Je - sus sounds; The name they love so well.

Their mot - to is "Thy will be done," The hosts of sin they'll smite.
 It lifts their thoughts from earth - ly dross, To think of Je - sus' name.
 With - in their hearts His love abounds; For - ev - er there to dwell.

No fears a - larm, no ter - rors stop, They go with stead - y tread;
 From con - quest un - to vic - to - ry, Press forth the might - y throng;
 O who will join this bright ar - ray, This arm - y of the Lord?

And none shall by the way - side drop, For Christ is at the head.
 The hosts of Sa - tan' all must flee, Be - fore the vic - tor's song.
 O who will now the call o - bey, Be gov - erned by his word?

CHORUS.

Christ is the con - quer - or, Christ is the con - quer - or,

GENERAL WORSHIP.

CHRIST IS THE CONQUEROR. Concluded.

O glo - ri - ous con - quer - or, Who leads to vic - to - ry,

No. 25. WHEN MORNING GILDS THE SKY.

German, Tr. CASWELL.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart, a - wak - ing, cries, May Je - sus
 2. To Thee, my God a - bove, I cry with glowing love, May Je - sus
 3. Does sad - ness fill my mind? A sol - ace here I find, May Je - sus
 4. When e - vil tho'ts mo - lest, With this I shield my breast, May Je - sus

Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair;
 Christ be praised! This song of sa - cred joy, It nev - er seems to cloy,
 Christ be praised! Or fades my earth - ly bliss? My com - fort still is this,
 Christ be praised! The pow'rs of dark - ness fear When this sweet chant they hear,

D.S.—A - like at work and prayer To Je - sus I re - pair;

FINE. CHORUS.

May Je - sus Christ be praised! - May Je - sus Christ be
 May Je - sus Christ be praised, be praised, May
 May Je - sus Christ be praised!

D.S.

praised, May Je - sus Christ be praised.
 Jesus Christ be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised, be praised, May Jesus Christ be praised.

GENERAL WORSHIP.

No. 26.

FOOTSTEPS OF JESUS.

Mrs. M. B. C. STADE.

1. Sweet-ly, Lord, have we heard Thee call-ing, Come, fol - low me!
 2. Though they lead o'er the cold dark mountains, Seek - ing His sheep;
 3. If they lead thro' the tem-ple ho - ly, Preach - ing the word;

And we see where Thy foot-prints fall-ing Lead us to Thee.
 Or a - long by Si - lo - am's fountains, Help - ing the weak.
 Or in homes of the poor and low - ly, Serv - ing the Lord.

CHORUS.

Foot - prints of Je - sus, that make the path - way glow;

We will fol - low the steps of Je - sus wher - e'er they go.

- 4 Though, dear Lord, in Thy pathway keeping,
 We follow Thee;
 Through the gloom of that place of weeping,
 Gethsemane!
- 5 If Thy way and its sorrows bearing,
 We go again,
 Up the slope of the hill-side, bearing
 Our cross of pain.
- 6 By and by, through the shining portals,
 Turning our feet,
 We shall walk with the glad immortals,
 Heaven's golden streets.
- 7 Then at last when on high He sees us,
 Our journey done,
 We will rest where the steps of Jesus
 End at His throne.

GENERAL WORSHIP.

No. 27.

GLORY TO GOD, HALLELUJAH!

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to God,
 2. We are lost a-mid the rap-ture of re-deem-ing love; Glo-ry to God,
 3. We are go-ing to a pal-ace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to God,
 4. There we'll shout re-deem-ing mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to God,

hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ev-er, with our faith more strong;
 hal-le-lu-jah! We are ris-ing on its pin-ions to the hills a-bove:
 hal-le-lu-jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon be-hold;
 hal-le-lu-jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng;

FINE. CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the chil-dren of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

D.S.

souls are on the wing; We are go-ing by and by to the pal-ace of a King!

GENERAL WORSHIP.

No. 28.

MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book.

A. J. GORDON.

1. My Je - sus, I love thee, I know thou art mine, For thee all the
 2. I love thee, be - cause thou hast first lov - ed me, And purchased my
 3. I will love thee in life, I will love thee in death, And praise thee as
 4. In mansions of glo - ry and end - less do - light, I'll ev - er a -

fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gracious Re - deem - er, my
 par - don on Cal - vary's tree; I love thee for wear - ing the
 long as thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death - dew lies
 dore thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing

Sav - iour art thou, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 thorns on thy brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
 crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

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No. 29.

REVIVE US AGAIN.

WM. P. MACKAY.

J. J. HUSBAND.

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

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Re - vive us a - gain.

- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night.
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
Who has borne all our sins, and has cleansed every stain.
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our way.
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

GENERAL WORSHIP.
GOD CALLING YET.

No. 30.

Tr. JANE BORTHWICK.

JOHN E. GOULD.

1. God call-ing yet! shall I not hear? Earth's pleasures shall I still hold dear?
 2. God call-ing yet! shall I not rise? Can I His lov-ing voice de-spise,
 3. God call-ing yet! and shall He knock, And I my heart the clos-er lock?
 4. God call-ing yet! I can-not stay; My heart I yield without de-lay:

Shall life's swift passing years all fly, And still my soul in slumbers lie?
 And basely His kind care re-pay? He calls me still; can I de-lay?
 He still is wait-ing to re-ceive, And shall I dare His Spir-it grieve?
 Vain world, farewell! from thee I part; The voice of God hath reached my heart.

No. 30 a.

MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

CARL M. VON WEBER, arr. H.

1. My Je-sus, as Thou wilt! Oh, may Thy will be mine! Into Thy hand of love
 2. My Jesus, as Thou wilt! Tho' seen thro' many a tear, Let not my star of hope
 3. My Jesus, as Thou wilt! All shall be well for me; Each changing future scene

I would my all re-sign; Thro' sor-row, or thro' joy, Con-duct me
 Grow dim or dis-ap-pear; Since Thou on earth hast wept, And sor-rowed
 I gladly trust with Thee: Straight to my home a-bove I trav-el

as Thine own, And help me still to say, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 oft a-lone, If I must weep with Thee, My Lord, Thy will be done!
 calm-ly on, And sing, in life, or death, My Lord, Thy will be done!

GENERAL WORSHIP.

No. 31.

BLESS THE LORD.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

Not too slow.

1. O thou my soul bless God the Lord, And all that in me is,
 2. Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God, And not for - get - ful be
 3. All thy in - iq - ui - ties who doth Most gra - cious - ly for - give:
 4. Who doth re - deem thy life, that thou To death mayst not go down,

Be lift - ed up His ho - ly name To mag - ni - fy and bless.
 Of all His gra - cious ben - e - fits He hath be - stowed on thee.
 Who thy dis - eas - es all and pains Doth heal, and thee re - lieve.
 Who thee with lov - ing - kind - ness doth And ten - der mer - cies crown.

CHORUS.

“Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, O my soul,
 Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord, Bless the Lord,

And all that is with - in me, Bless His ho - ly name.”
 Bless His ho - ly name.

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No. 32.

HIS MERCY FLOWS.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN.

1. O thank the Lord, the Lord of love, O thank the God, all gods a - bove ;
 2. Whose wisdom gave the heav'n's their birth, And on the wa - ters spread the earth.
 3. Who tho'ton us a - midst our woes, Who rescued us from all our foes.

O thank the might - y King of kings, Whose arm hath done such wondrous things.
 Who taught yon glo - rious lights their way, The radiant sun to rule the day.
 Who dai - ly feeds each liv - ing thing; O thank the heav'n's Almighty King.

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GENERAL WORSHIP.

HIS MERCY FLOWS. Concluded.

CHORUS.

His mer-cy flows an end-less stream. To all e - ter - ni - ty the same,
 To all e - ter - ni - ty, To all e - ter - ni - ty, To all e - ter - ni - ty the same.

No. 33. THE LOVE OF THE SPIRIT.

Rev. P. H. BROOKS, D. D.

FRANCOIS H. BARTHELEMON.

1. Praise the "Love of God" "our Fa-ther," Praise the love of God His Son;
2. E - qual love from e - qual per - sons, Father's shines in *all He gives*;
3. Let the soul from sin re - turn - ing, Trust the Spir - it's love no less

Praise the love of God the Spir - it "Showing" Three such Loves by One.
 Je - sus shone in *all He suf-fered*, And the Third with - in us lives.
 Than th' Father's strongest yearn - ing; Or Christ's blood and righteousness.

Halt not with a sin - gle les - son, Of His warm and wondrous love;
 Shall we be "endued with pow - er," As we pray in waiting hands?
 What His love "saith to the churches" Greet us still, if we will hear.

Nes - tle deep - er, and still deep - er In our hearts, most gen - tle dove.
 Be not slow to learn the se - cret, 'Tis *love's heart* that moves *love's hands*.
 "Teaching," "searching," "filling," "sealing," "Helping," "Guiding," loves so near.

GENERAL WORSHIP.

No. 34. BRIGHTEN THE WAY WITH A SMILE.

W. C. MARTIN.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. There are hearts that are droop-ing in sor - row to - day; There are
 2. There are bur - dens most grievous and heav - y to bear; There are
 3. When the soul is in dark - ness and wea - ry with care Comes the
 4. O, the beau - ti - ful dawn - ing of day is not far, And the

souls un - der shad - ow, the while. O, the com - fort from God you can
 souls whom the sin - ful re - vile; You can lov - ing - ly whis - per God's
 temp - ter al - lur - ing with guile. You should shine in that life like the
 gloam - ing will lin - ger a while. Let us glow like the glit - ter - ing,

CHORUS.

gen - tly con - vey, And brighten the way with a smile.
 prom - is - es rare, And brighten the way with a smile. } O, brighten the
 sun - beams so fair, And brighten the way with a smile.
 bright morning star, And brighten the way with a smile.

way with a smile, Yes, brighten the way with a smile, Some
 with a smile, with a smile, with a smile,

one's drearest days you can gently beguile, And brighten the way with a smile.

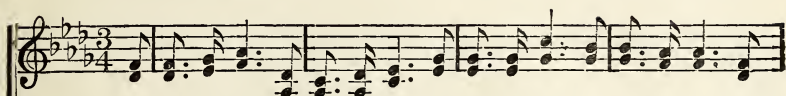
GENERAL WORSHIP.

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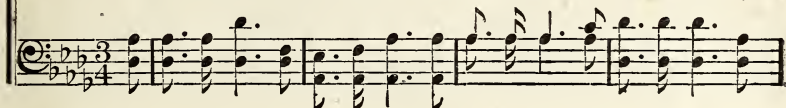
MY MOTHER'S PRAYER.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

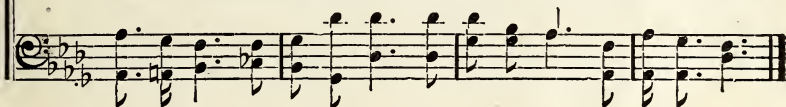
W. S. Weeden.



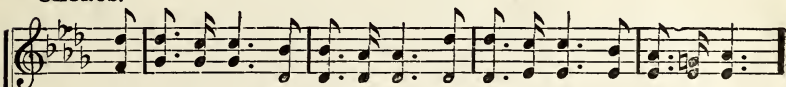
1. I nev - er can for - get the day I heard my mother kindly say, "You're
2. I nev - er can for - get the voice That always made my heart rejoice; Tho'
3. Tho' years have gone, I can't forget Those words of love—I hear them yet; I
4. I nev - er can for - get the hour I felt the Savior's cleansing power, My



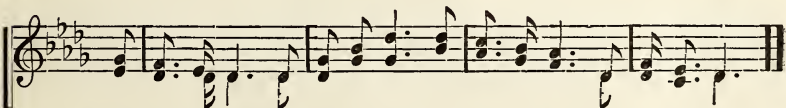
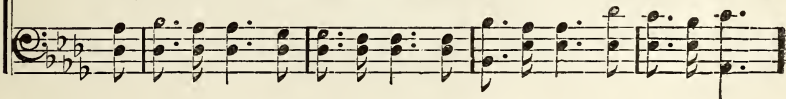
leav - ing now my tender care; Remember, child, your mother's prayer."
 I have wandered God knows where, Still I remember mother's prayer.
 see her by the old arm chair, My moth - er dear, in hum - ble prayer.
 sin and guilt He cancelled there; 'Twas there he answered mother's prayer.



CHORUS.



- 1, 2, & 3. Whene'er I think of her so dear, I feel her an - gel spir - it near;
4. Oh, praise the Lord for saving grace! We'll meet up yonder face to face



A voice comes floating on the air, Re - mind - ing me of moth - er's prayer.
 The home above to - geth - er share, In an - swer to my mother's prayer.



HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 36.

SEEKING FOR ME.

"I will both search my sheep, and seek them out."—Ezek. 34: 11.

A. N.

E. E. HASTY,

1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, to Beth-le-hem came, Born in a man-ger to
 2. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, on Cal - va-ry's tree, Paid the great debt, and my
 3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I was wan-d'ring a-
 4. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, shall come from on high—Sweet is the prom-ise as

sor-row and shame; Oh, it was wonderful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for
 soul He set free; Oh, it was wonderful—how could it be? Dying for me, for
 far from the fold, Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Calling for me, for
 wea - ry years fly; Oh, I shall see Him descending the sky, Coming for me, for

REFRAIN. For me!.....

For me!.....

me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me! Seeking for me!
 me! Dying for me! Dying for me! Dy-ing for me! Dying for me!
 me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me! Calling for me!
 me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me! Coming for me!

Oh, it was won-der-ful—blest be His name! Seeking for me, for me!
 Oh, it was won-der-ful—how could it be? Dy-ing for me, for me!
 Gen-tly and long did He plead with my soul, Call-ing for me, for me!
 Oh, I shall see Him descend-ing the sky, Com-ing for me, for me!

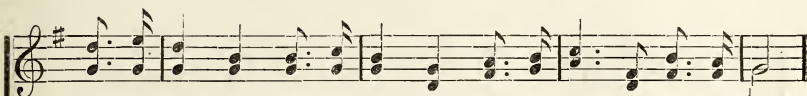
No. 37. JUST BECAUSE HE LOVED ME SO.

REV. F. L. SNYDER.

HOWARD E. SMITH.



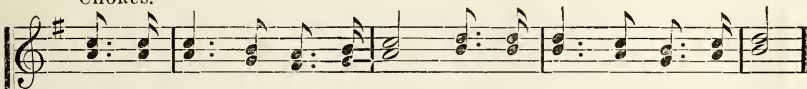
1. O the matchless love of Je - sus, Far ex - ceed - ing aught I know ;
2. O that matchless love un - measured, And the heal - ing, cleansing flow,
3. O the matchless love of Je - sus I would e'er to oth - ers show ;
4. O the matchless love of Je - sus, I would nev - er let it go ;



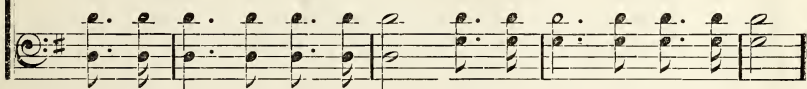
That he gave his life on Cal - v'ry, Just because he loved me so.
 From the pre - cious side of Je - sus, Just because he loved me so.
 How my sins he has for - giv - en, Just because he loved me so.
 For he promised to be with me, Just because he loved me so.



CHORUS.



Just because he loved me so, Just because he loved me so ;



Free - ly gave his life , a ran - som, Just because he loved me so .



HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 38.

OH, IT IS WONDERFUL.

E. C. GREEN. Rewritten.

Rev. ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.

1. Can it be that Jesus bought me, And on the hallowed cross atoned for me,
 2. Praise His name, He sought and found me, Saved me from wandering and brought me near;
 3. It was months He had been waiting, Waiting the dawning of the precious hour;
 4. From that hour He has been seeking, How He may fill me with His precious love;

Loved me, chose me ere I knew Him? Oh, what a precious, precious Friend is He?
 Free - ly now His grace bestowing, Jesus is growing unto me more dear.
 When I should at last be yielding, Yielding to Jesus ev'ry ransomed pow'r.
 How He may thro' grace transform me, Meet for the fellowship of saints above.

CHORUS.

Oh, it is won-der-ful, ve-ry, ve-ry won-der-ful,

1. All His grace so rich and free!
 [Omit.] All His love and grace to me!
 2.

5 As I think of all, I marvel
 Why in such patience He my good
 has sought,
 And bestowed His grace upon me,
 And in my spirit such a change
 has wrought.

6 So I cry, with love o'erflowing:
 "Unto the Savior be eternal
 praise,"
 Who redeemed me, soul and body.
 Filling with gladness all my
 earthly days.

No. 39.

PROMISES OF JESUS.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Promis-es of Jesus! How they cheer the heart Of the fainting Christian,
 2. For each precious promise Jesus Christ has made Will be kept in fullness,
 3. Tho' upon the earth his form no more we see, Words that he has spoken
 4. When he comes again, to meet the faithful here Who a-wait his presence,

and new life impart To the wea-ry trav'ler on the upward road; And
 though it seem delayed; We in faith behold-ing rich-es in his Word Will
 ne'er for-got shall be; Hear the Saviour's message, and believe 'tis true, 'I
 and with heart sincere Long for his appear-ing, may he bid us come And

CHORUS.

how they help to light-en ev-'ry load.
 sing again his praise with one accord.
 go, and I'll prepare a place for you. } He-san-na! ho-san-na! to
 dwell with him in our e-ter-nal home.

Jesus Christ, our King! Hosanna! hosanna! his praises let us sing; For blessing which he

gives us in promises so sure—Tho' heav'n and earth may pass away, they shall endure.

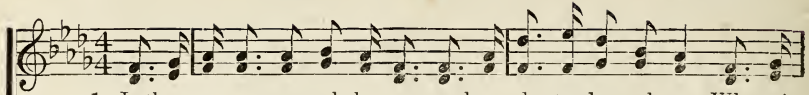
HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 40.

HE'S THE ONE.

J. B. M.

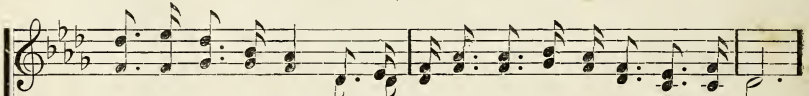
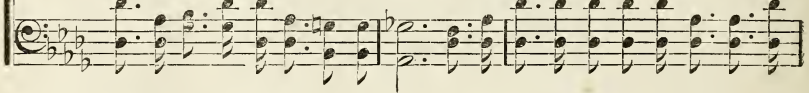
J. B. MACKAY.



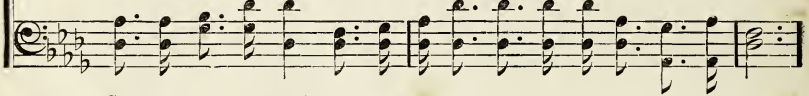
1. Is there an-y-one can help us, one who understands our hearts When the
2. Is there an-y-one can help us when the load is hard to bear, And we
3. Is there an-y-one can help us who can give a sinner peace, When his
4. Is there an-y-one can help us, when the end is drawing near, Who will



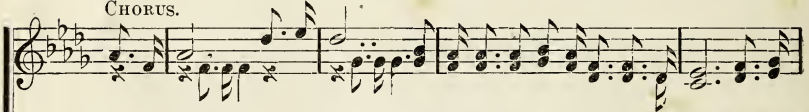
thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sympathizes with us, who in faint and fall beneath it in a-larm; Who in tenderness will lift us, and the heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon that a-go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way before us, and dis-



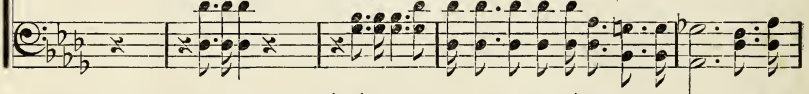
wondrous love imparts Just the ver-y, ver-y blessing that we need? heav-y bur-den share, And support us with an ev-er-last-ing arm? fords a sweet release, And whose blood can wash and make as white as snow? pel all-doubt and fear, And will bear our spir-its safely o'er the tide?



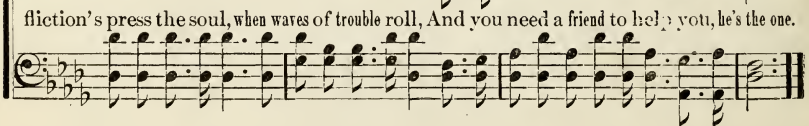
CHORUS.



Yes, there's One, on-ly One, The blessed, blessed Jesus, he's the One; When af-
Yes, there's One, only One,



fiction's press the soul, when waves of trouble roll, And you need a friend to help you, he's the one.

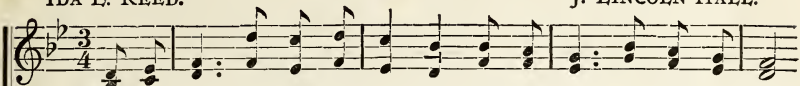


HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

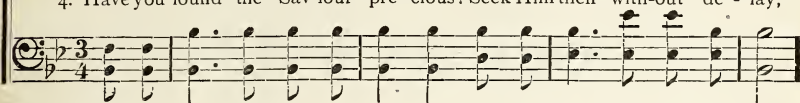
No. 41. HAVE YOU FOUND THE SAVIOUR PRECIOUS?

IDA L. REED.

J. LINCOLN HALL.



1. Have you found the Sav-iour pre-cious? More than all on earth be-side,
2. Have you found the Sav-iour pre-cious? Who for you passed thro' the grave,
3. Have you found the Sav-iour pre-cious? Do you know the peace and rest,
4. Have you found the Sav-iour pre-cious? Seek Him then with-out de-lay,



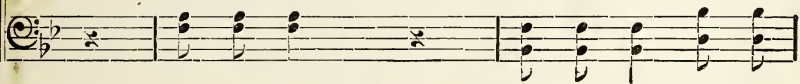
He who gave His life to save you, Who for your transgress-ions died?
 Broke the bonds of death a - sun-der, Have you "proved His pow'r to save?"
 That doth fill each soul that trusts Him; Who in His deep love is blest?
 Taste the sweet-ness of His par-don, He will take our sins a - way.



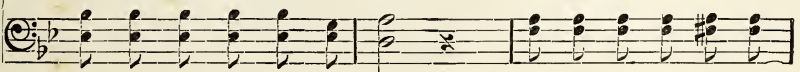
CHORUS.



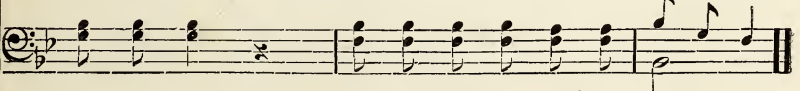
Have you found the Sav-iour pre-cious? Can you
 Have you found, found this friend? Can you



slight such love as this, Sure-ly there can be no
 slight, you slight, such love as this, Sure-ly there can be no



great-er, Would you give your life for His?
 great-er love, Would you, give your life for His? (for His?)



HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 42.

HE IS THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.

E. E. HEWITT.

HOWARD E. SMITH

1. One who will freely for-give all my sin, He is the Saviour for me;
 2. One who can turn bitter waters to sweet, He is the Saviour for me;
 3. One who is lov-ing and tender and true, He is the Saviour for me;

Bringing His precious salvation within, He is the Saviour for me.
 Peace, "perfect peace," as I wait at His feet, He is the Saviour for me.
 Able my courage and strength to renew, He is the Saviour for me.

Spread-ing His mer-cy, like sunshine, a-round, Wonder-ful grace that will
 Cleans-ing me, keep-ing me, day af-ter day, Helping me walk in His
 Lift-ing me up as His cross I shall bear, Calling me ev-er to

"much more a-bound;" Just such a Sav-our in Je-sus I've found,
 roy-al high-way, Hear-ing and ans-w'ring as hum-bly I pray,
 heights pure and fair, In His great har-vest-ing, let-ting me share,

CHORUS.

He is the Sav-our for me. }
 He is the Sav-our for me. } He is the Sav-our for
 He is the Sav-our for me. }
 for me;

HE IS THE SAVIOUR FOR ME.—Concluded.

me; (for me;) Glo - ry to him ev - er be; Just such a
Saviour in Je - sus I've found, He is the Saviour for me. (for me.)

No. 43. IN THE HOUR OF TRIAL.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

SPENCER LANE.

1. In the hour of tri - al, Jesus, plead for me; Lest by base de - ni - al
2. With forbidden pleasures Would this vain world charm; Or its sordid treasures
3. Should thy mercy send me Sorrow, toil and woe; Or should pain attend me
4. When my last hour cometh, Fraught with strife and pain, When my dust returneth

I depart from thee, When thou see'st me wav - er, With a look re -
Spread to work me harm; Bring to my re - membrance Sad Gethsem - a -
On my path be - low: Grant that I may nev - er Fail thy hand to
To the dust a - gain; On thy truth re - ly - ing, Thro' that mortal

call, Nor for fear nor fa - vor Suf - fer me to fall.
ne, Or, in dark - er semblance, Cross - crown'd Calva - ry.
see; Grant that I may ev - er Cast my care on thee.
strife, Je - sus, take me, dy - ing, - To e - ter - nal life.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 44.

HE SAVES ME.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. The dear lov - ing Sav - ior hath found me, And shattered the fet - ters that
 2. He sought me so long ere I knew Him, But fi - nal - ly winning me
 3. I nev - er, no, nev - er will leave Him, Grow wea - ry of ser - vice and

bound me. Tho' all was con - fu - sion a - round me, He came and spake
 to Him, I yield - ed my all to pur - sue Him, And asked to be
 grieve Him, I'll con - stant - ly trust and be - lieve Him, Re - main in His

peace to my soul; The bless - ed Re - deem - er that bought me, In
 filled with His grace; Al - though a vile sin - ner be - fore Him, Thro'
 pres - ence di - vine; A - bid - ing in love ev - er flow - ing, In

ten - der - ness con - stant - ly sought me, - The way of Sal - va - tion He
 faith I was led to im - plore Him, And now I re - joice and a -
 knowledge and grace ev - er grow - ing, Con - fid - ing im - pli - cit - ly,

taught me, And made my heart per - fect - ly whole.
 dore Him, Re - stored to His lov - ing em - brace. He saves me, He
 know - ing, That Je - sus the Sav - ior is mine.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

HE SAVES ME.—Concluded.

saves me, His love fills my soul, hallelu-jah! Oh, glo-ry, oh, glo-ry,
 His Spir-it a-bideth with-in; || His blood cleanseth me from all sin.

rit.

No. 45.

JOHN iii: 16.

J. MANTON SMITH.

W. H. HARPER.

1. { I love to tell the sto-ry, How Christ, the King of
 For sin-ners he re- ceives them, His blood was shed to

D. C.—You say, "How do I know it?"—John iii: six-teen will

Glo-ry, Left heav'n a-bove to come and res-cue me: }
 save them— So Je-sus died for sin-ners just like me. }

show it; That big word "who-so-ev-er" just means me.

rit.

Fine.

D. C.

Yes, yes, yes, O yes! Je-sus died to set poor sinners free;

2 So now I'll try to please him,
 My life I'll give to serve him;
 His true and faithful servant I will be;
 And when called home to glory,
 I'll sing the good old story,
 That Jesus died for sinners just like me.

3 Then, brother, won't you love him?
 And, sister, won't you trust him?
 I know he died for you as well as me:
 We need our sins forgiven,
 That we may go to heaven, [me.
 To live with Christ, who died for you and

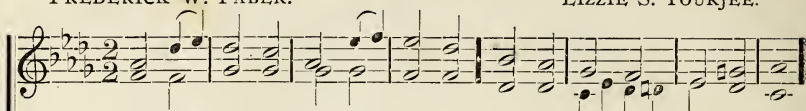
HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 46.

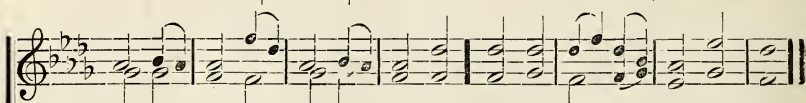
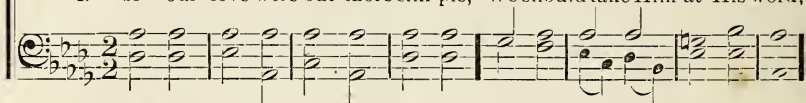
THERE'S A WIDENESS.

FREDERICK W. FABER.

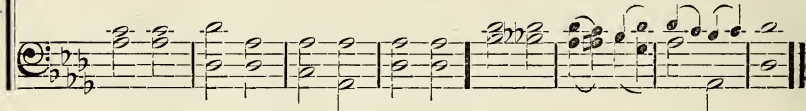
LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.



1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wideness of the sea;
2. There is welcome for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word;

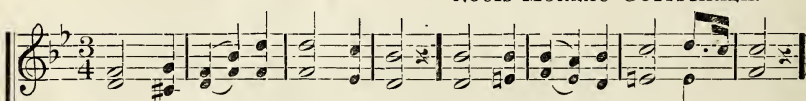


There's a kind-ness in His jus-tice, Which is more than lib-er - ty.
 There is mer - cy with the Saviour; There is heal-ing in His blood.
 And the heart of the E - ter-nal Is most won-der-ful-ly kind.
 And our lives would be all sunshine In the sweetness of our Lord.

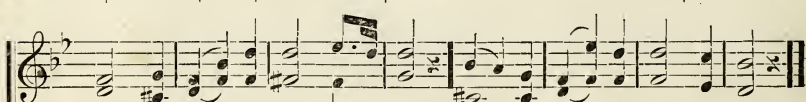
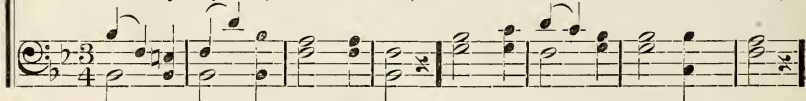


No. 46 a. HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT DIVINE.

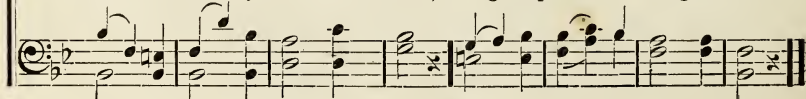
LOUIS MOREAU GOTTSCHALK.



1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light di-vine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;
2. Ho - ly Ghost, with pow'r di-vine, Cleanse this guilt-y heart of mine;
3. Ho - ly Ghost, with joy di-vine, Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
4. Ho - ly Spir-it, all di-vine, Dwell with-in this heart of mine;



Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my darkness in - to day.
 Long hath sin, with-out con-trol, Held do - min-ion o'er my soul.
 Bid my ma - ny woes de - part, Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.
 Cast down ev - 'ry i - dol-throne, Reign supreme—and reign a-lone.



No. 47. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU NOW.

M. LOUISE SMITH.

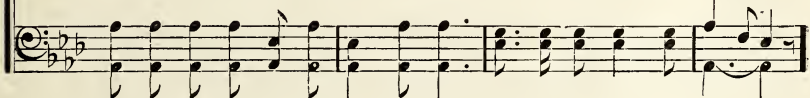
HOWARD E. SMITH.



1. Brother, give heed to the Master's call, Je- sus will save you now ;
2. What tho' your life has been stained by sin, Je- sus will save you now ;
3. No one knows more of your pain than he, Je- sus will save you now ;
4. Brother, de- fer not—this joy receive, Je- sus will save you now ;
just now;



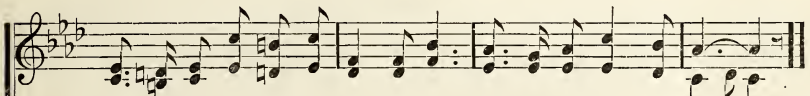
'Come and confess—he'll forgive you all, Je- sus will save you now.
Just such as you can be cleansed by him, Je- sus will save you now.
See! now he pleads to give help so free, Je- sus will save you now.
New life you'll find if you but believe, Je- sus will save you now.
just now.



CHORUS.



Yes, he will save! O yes, he will save! Je- sus will save you now ;
just now;



It was for you that his life he gave, Je- sus will save you now.
just now.



No. 48. FULL DECISION FOR CHRIST.

R. JUKES.

Joyfully. f

1. My heart is fixed, e - ter - nal God, - Fixed on thee, fixed on thee ;
 2. In him I see the Godhead shine, Christ for me, Christ for me ;
 3. Let oth - ers boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me, Christ for me ;
 4. In pin - ing sickness, or in health, Christ for me, Christ for me ;

And my im - mor - tal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me ; -
 He is the Maj - es - ty Di - vine, Christ for me, Christ for me ;
 His rich - es nev - er can be told, Christ for me, Christ for me ;
 In deep - est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me, Christ for me ;

He is my Prophet, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - vation bring,
 The Father's well - be - lov - ed Son, Co - partner of his roy - al throne.
 Your gold will waste and wear a - way, Your honors per - ish in a day ;
 And in that all - im - portant day, When I the summons must o - bey,

And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 Who did for hu - man guilt a - tone, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 My por - tion nev - er can de - cay, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 And pass from this dark world a - way, Christ for me, Christ for me.

No. 49.

JESUS SAVED EVEN ME.

M. LOUISE SMITH.

HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. My Je - sus a rock of sal - va - tion will be A
 2. Far out on the o - cean of sin and de - spair, I
 3. Oh, broth - er! oh, sis - ter! take him for thy guide, Ne'er

shel - ter and ref - uge in life's storm - y sea; I know, for he
 tossed to and fro 'mid the bil - lows of care, — My frail bark was
 stray from the shel - ter of his bleed - ing side, And thee in all

saved e - ven tempest-tossed me, Yes, Je - sus saved e - ven me.
 led to a ha - ven so fair, When Je - sus saved e - ven me.
 storms he se - cure - ly will hide, Yes, he will save e - ven thee.

CHORUS.

Yes, Je - sus saved e - ven me,..... Oh, yes, he saved e - ven me ;.....
 saved me, saved me;

He's now my strong anchor in life's troublous sea, For he has saved e - ven me.

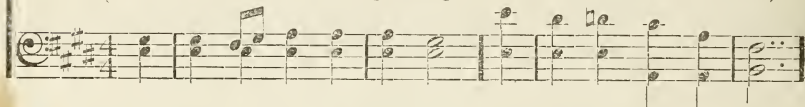
No. 50. O JESUS, THOU ART STANDING.

WM. W. HOW.

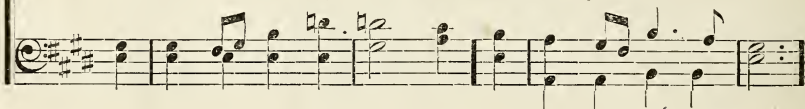
(ST. HILDA. 7s, 6s. D.) JUSTIN H. KNECHT, *et. al.*



1. O Je - sus, thou art standing Out - side the fast-closed door,
 2. O Je - sus, thou art knocking : And lo ! that hand is scarred,
 3. O Je - sus, thou art pleading In ac - cents meek and low,



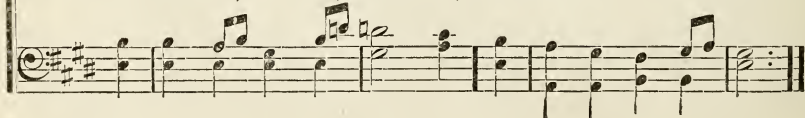
In low - ly pa - tience wait - ing To pass the threshold o'er :
 And thorns thy brow en - cir - cle, And tears thy face have marred :
 "I died for you, my chil - dren, And will ye treat me so?"



We bear the name of Chris - tians, His name and sign we bear :
 Oh, love that pass - eth knowl - edge, So pa - tient - ly to wait !
 O Lord, with shame and sor - row We o - pen now the door :



Oh, shame, thrice shame up-on us ! To keep him stand - ing there.
 Oh, sin that hath no e - qual, So fast to bar the gate !
 Dear Sav - iour, en - ter, en - ter, And leave us nev - er - more !



HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 51.

FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

W. L. T.

WILL. L. THOMPSON.

Very slow.

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing for you and for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, — Plead - ing for you and for
 3. Time is now fleet - ing, the moments are pass - ing, — Pass - ing from you and from
 4. O, for the won - der - ful love he has prom - ised, — Prom - ised for you and for

me. See on the por - tals he's wait - ing and watch - ing, —
 me? Why should we lin - ger and heed not his mercies, —
 me. Shad - ows are gath - er - ing, death - beds are com - ing, —
 me. Though we have sinned he has mer - cy and par - don, —

REFRAIN.

Watching for you and for me. Come home, ... come home,
 Mercies for you and for me? Come home, come home
 Com - ing for you and for me.
 Par - don for you and for me.

cres. *rit.* *p* *pp*
 Ye who are wea - ry, come home; Ear - nest - ly, ten - der - ly

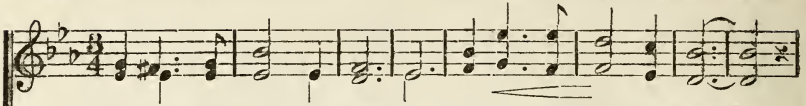
rit. *pp*
 Je - sus is call - ing, — Call - ing, O sin - ner, come home!

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

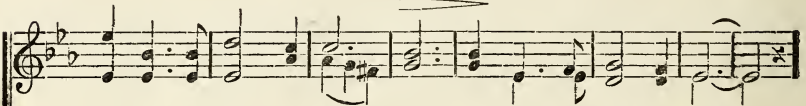
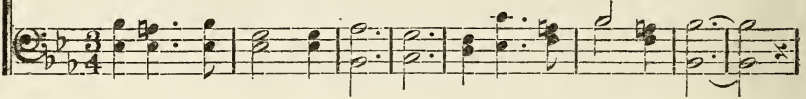
No. 52. JESUS IS NEAR, BURDENS TO BEAR.

Mrs. WYNDHAM HEATHCOTE.

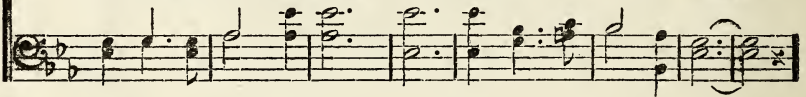
Mrs. WYNDHAM HEATHCOTE.



1. Oft-en the day is drea-ry, Oft-en the storm-clouds lower,
2. Welcome to tell my sto-ry, Tell-ing—He gives me rest;

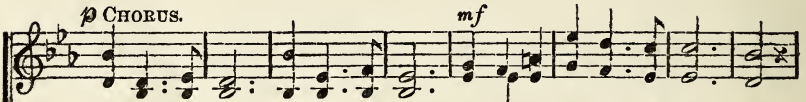


Oft-en my spir-it's wea-ry—Je-sus then speaks His power.
And, while my sor-rows shar-ing, Clasp me un-to His breast.

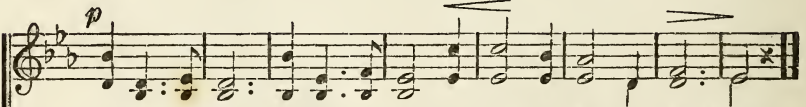
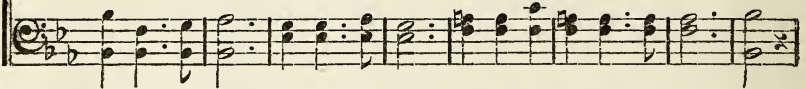


p CHORUS.

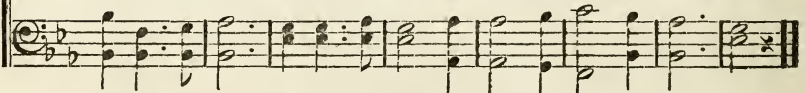
mf



Je-sus is near, burdens to bear; Wea-ry one, Je-sus will help thee;



Je-sus is near, burdens to bear; His blood from sin will cleanse thee.



3 Jesus my heart loves dearly,
All through the darkest night,
As when the sun shines clearly,
Making my pathway bright.

4 Wondrous in love is Jesus,
Sweet is the rest He gives;
Sharing in all my toiling,
While in my heart He lives.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 53.

MY REDEEMER LIVES.

Arr. by M. G. P.

Arr. by Rev. M. G. PRESCOTT.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, That He's pre-
 2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His
 3. And now be-wil-dered at the thought, I stand and
 4. I know that soon my Lord will come, I know He

D. C.—For I am on-ly wait-ing here, To hear the

pared a home for me, And crown of vic-to-ry He gives
 blood a-tones for me, I'm list-'ning for the gen-tle call
 won-der at His love, How He from heav'n to earth was brought
 will not tar-ry long, I know He soon will call me

summons, "child, come home," For I am on-ly wait-ing here,

FINE. CHORUS.

To those who would His chil-dren be.
 To say, the Mas-ter wait-eth thee. } Then ask me not to
 To die, that I might live a-bove. }
 To sing with joy the heav'n-ly song.

To hear the summons, "child come home."

min-gle on A-mid the gay and thought-less throng,

D. C.

No. 54. HE SHIELDS FROM THE STORMS OF LIFE.

E. C. MACARTNEY.

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { The Saviour's arms are opened wide, He shields from the storms of life; }
 { We fear no ill when by His side, He shields from the storms of life. }
 2. { No mat-ter where His hand may lead, He shields from the storms of life; }
 { His lov-ing care supplies our need, He shields from the storms of life. }

D.S.—endless song, He shields from the storms of life.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 He shields from the storms of life, He shields from the storms of life; We'll praise Him with an

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- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>3 Though oft our steps have gone astray,
 He shields from the storms of life;
 He brought us to the narrow way,
 He shields from the storms of life.</p> | <p>4 He is our loving Guide and Friend,
 He shields from the storms of life;
 He'll safely keep us to the end,
 He shields from the storms of life.</p> |
|---|---|

No. 55. BLESSED BE THE NAME.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 2. It makes the wounded spir-it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 3. It soothes the troubled sinner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 4. Then will I tell to sinners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
 5. There's mu-sic in the Saviour's name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

It soothes my sorrows, heals my wounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 'Tis man-na to the hun-gry soul, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 It gives the wea-ry sweet-est rest, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 What a dear Sav-iour I have found, Blessed be the name of the Lord.
 Let ev-'ry heart His love pro-claim, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

CHORUS.
 Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord, the Lord.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

RESURRECTION LIFE.

Words and Music by Rev. T. RYDER.

No. 56.

Moderate.

1. "Buried with Christ," and raised with Him too; What is there left for
 2. "Ris-en with Christ," my glo-ri-ous Head, Ho-li-ness now the
 3. Living with Christ, who "di-eth no more," Fol-low-ing Christ, who

me to do? Sim-ply to cease from struggling and strife,
 pathway I tread, Beau-ti-ful thought, while walk-ing there-in:
 go-eth be-fore; I am from bond-age ut-ter-ly freed,

CHORUS. *f*
 Sim-ply to "walk in new-ness of life."
 "He that is dead is freed from sin." } Glo-ry be to God.
 Reck-on-ing self as "dead in-deed." }

4.

From "Hymns of Consecration."

5.

Living for Christ, my members I yield,
 Servants to God, for evermore sealed,
 "Not under law," I'm now "under grace,"
 Sin is dethroned, and Christ takes its place.
 Glory be to God.

Growing in Christ: no more shall be named
 Things of which now I'm truly ashamed,
 "Fruit unto holiness" will I bear,
 Life evermore, the end I shall share.
 Glory be to God.

No. 57.

LORD, I'M COMING HOME.

W. J. K.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

With great feeling.

1. I've wandered far a-way from God, Now I'm coming home; The paths of sin too long I've trod,
 2. I've wasted ma-n-y precious years, Now I'm coming home; I now repent with bitter tears,
 3. I've tired of sin and straying, Lord, Now I'm coming home; I'll trust Thy love, believe Thy word,
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home; My strength renew, my hope restore,

D.S.—Open wide Thine arms of love.

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

Lord, I'm coming home. Coming home, coming home, Nev-er more to roam;

Lord, I'm coming home.
 5 My only hope, my only plea,
 Now I'm coming home,
 That Jesus died, and died for me,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need His cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O, wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.
JESUS SAVES ME NOW.

No. 58.

Old Melody.

Joyful.

1. { Je - sus hath died and hath ris - en a - gain, Par - don and peace to be - stow ; }
 { Ful - ly I trust Him ; from sin's guilt - y stain, Je - sus saves me now. }
 2. { Sin's con - dem - na - tion is o - ver and gone, Je - sus a - lone knoweth how ; }
 { Life and Sal - va - tion my soul hath put on : Je - sus saves me now. }
 3. { Sa - tan may tempt, but he nev - er shall reign, That Christ will never al - low ; }
 { Doubts I have bur - ied, and this is my strain, "Je - sus saves me new." }

CHORUS.

Je - sus saves me now ; Je - sus saves me now ; Yes, Je - sus saves me

all the time ; Je - sus saves me now.

- 4 Resting in Jesus, abiding in Him,
 Gladly my faith can avow,—
 Never again need my pathway be dim
 Jesus saves me now.
- 5 Jesus is stronger than Satan and sin,
 Satan to Jesus must bow ;
 Therefore I triumph without and within
 Jesus saves me now.
- 6 Sorrow and pain may beset me about,
 Nothing can darken my brow ;
 Battling in faith, I can joyfully shout ;
 "Jesus saves me now."

No. 59. ALL HAIL THE POWER.

EDWARD PERRONET.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE.

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' Name ! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Bring forth the roy - al
 2. Crown Him, ye morning stars of light, Who fixed this floating ball ; Now hail the strength of
 3. Crown Him, ye martyrs of your God Who from His al - tar call ; Ex - tol the Stem of

di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 Israel's might, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.
 Jes - se's rod, And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, Crown Him Lord of all.

- 4 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed of the fall ;
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 5 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
 The wormwood and the gall,
 Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 6 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To Him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown Him Lord of all.
- 7 O that with yonder sacred throng
 We at His feet may fall ;
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown Him Lord of all.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 60. BEHOLD A STRANGER'S AT THE DOOR.

HENRY K. OLIVER.

1. Be-hold a Stran-ger's at the door! He gently knocks, has knock'd before;
 2. Oh, love-ly at-ti-tude, He stands With melting heart and load-ed hands;
 3. But will He prove a friend in-deed? He will; the ver-y friend you need:

Has wait-ed long—is wait-ing still: You treat no oth-er friend so ill.
 Oh, matchless kindness! and He shows This matchless kindness to His foes;
 The friend of sin-ners—yes, 'tis He, With garments dyed on Cal-va-ry.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine;
 Turn out His enemy and thine,
 That soul-destroying monster, sin,
 And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit Him, ere His anger burn—
 His feet departed, ne'er return:
 Admit Him, or the hour's at hand
 You'll at His door rejected stand.

No. 61. JESUS, THY NAME I LOVE.

JAMES G. DECK.

JOSEPH P. HOLBROOK.

1. Je-sus, Thy name I love, All other names above, Je-sus, my Lord! Oh, Thou art
 2. Thou, blessed Son of God, Hast bought me with Thy blood, Je-sus, my Lord! Oh, how great
 3. When unto Thee I flee, Thou wilt my refuge be, Je-sus, my Lord! What need I
 4. Soon Thou wilt come again! I shall be happy then, Jesus, my Lord! Then Thine own

all to me! Nothing to please I see Nothing apart from Thee, Je-sus, my Lord!
 is Thy love, All oth-er loves above, Love that I dai-ly prove, Je-sus, my Lord!
 now to fear? What earthly grief or care, Since Thou art ever near? Je-sus, my Lord!
 face I'll see, Then I shall like Thee be, Then evermore with Thee, Je-sus, my Lord!

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No. 62. ART THOU WEARY?

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE.

HENRY W. BAKER.

1. Art thou weary? art thou languid? "Come to Me," saith One, "and coming."
 Art thou sore distress? Be at rest!"

2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
 If He be my guide?—
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And His side."
 3 If I find Him, if I follow,
 What His guerdon is?—
 "Many a sorrow, many a-labor,
 Many a tear."

4 If I still hold closely to Him,
 What hath He at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan passed."
 5 If I ask Him to receive me,
 Will He say me nay?
 "Not till earth, and not till heaven
 Pass away."

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 63.

WE WOULD SEE JESUS.

ANNA B. WILT.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN.

1. We would see Je - sus—for the shadows lengthen A - cross this lit - tle landscape of our life ;
 2. We would see Je - sus—the great Rock Foundation, Whereon our feet were set with sovereign grace ;
 3. We would see Je - sus—oth - er lights are pal - ing, Which for long years we have rejoiced to see :
 4. We would see Jesus—this is all we're needing, Strength, joy, and willingness come with the sight ;

We would see Je - sus our weak faith to strengthen, For the last we - ri - ness—the final strife.
 Not life, nor death, with all their ag - i - ta - tion, Can thence remove us, if we see His face.
 The blessings of our pilgrimage are fail - ing, We would not mourn them, for we go to Thee.
 We would see Je - sus, dy - ing, ris - en, plead - ing, Then welcome day, and farewell mortal night !

No. 63 a.

JESUS, THE VERY THOUGHT.

Tr. EDWARD CASWALL.

JOHN B. DYKES.

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee, With sweetness fills my breast ; But sweeter far Thy
 2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem'ry find A sweeter sound than
 3. O Hope of ev - 'ry con - trite heart ! O Joy of all the meek ! To those who fall, how

face to see And in Thy presence rest.
 Thy best name, O Saviour of man - kind !
 kind Thou art ! How good to those who seek !

4 But what to those who find ? Ah ! This,
 Nor tongue nor pen can show ;
 The love of Jesus, what it is,
 None but His loved ones know.

5 Jesus, our only joy be Thou,
 As Thou our prize wilt be ;
 Jesus, be Thou our glory now,
 And through eternity.

No. 64.

JESUS CALLS US.

CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

W. H. JUDE.

1. Je - sus calls us : o'er the tu - mult Of our life's will, rest - less sea,
 2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of the vain world's gold - en store ;
 3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
 4. Je - sus calls us : by Thy mer - cies, Sav - iour, make us hear Thy call,

Day by day His sweet voice sound - eth, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, fol - low me."
 From each i - del that would keep us, Say - ing, "Chris - tian, love Me more."
 Still He calls, in cares and pleas - ures, That we love Him more than these."
 Give our hearts to Thine o - be - dience, Serve and love Thee best of all.

HYMNS ABOUT JESUS.

No. 65.

TELL IT TO JESUS.

J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Matt. 14: 12.

E. S. LORENZ. By per.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
 2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
 3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sorrow? Tell it to Je - sus,
 4. Are you troub - led at the thought of dying? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you grieving o - ver joys de - parted?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hidden?
 Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx - ious what shall be to - morrow?
 Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming kingdom are you sighing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je - sus a - lone. Tell it to Je - sus, Tell it to Je - sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

No. 66.

THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

Rev. F. BOTTOME, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, spread the ti-dings round, wher - ev - er man is found, Wher - ev - er hu-man
 2. The long, long night is past, the morn-ing breaks at last; And hushed the dread-ful
 3. Lo, the great King of kings, with heal-ing in His wings, To ev - 'ry cap-tive
 4. O bound-less Love di-vine! how shall this tongue of mine To wond'-ring mor-tals
 5. Sing, till the ech-oes fly a - bove the vault-ed sky, And all the saints a -

D.S.—Ho - ly Ghost from

hearts and hu-man woes a-bound; Let ev - 'ry Christian tongue proclaim the joy-ful sound:
 wail and fu - ry of the blast, As o'er the gold-en hills the day ad-vanc-es fast!
 soul a full de-liv'rance brings; And thro' the va-cant cells the song of triumph rings:
 tell the matchless grace di-vine—That I, a child of hell, should in His im-age shine!
 love to all be-low re-ply, In strains of end-less love, the song that ne'er will die:

heav'n, The Fa-ther's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the ti-dings round, Wherev - er man is found—

FINE. CHORUS.

The com- fort - er has come! The Com- fort - er has come, The Com- fort - er has come! The

The Com - fort - er has come!

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No. 67.

HOLY GHOST.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, the In - fi - nite! Shine up - on our na - ture's night
 2. We are sin - ful, cleanse us, Lord; We are faint, Thy strength af - ford;
 3. Like the dew Thy peace dis - til; Guide, sub-due our way - ward will,

With Thy bless - ed in - ward light, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
 Lost, un - til by Thee re - stored, Com - fort - er Di - vine!
 Things of Christ un - fold - ing still, Com - fort - er Di - vine!

No. 68.

NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE.

1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kindling, flaming, glow-ing. } Life immor-tal I receive—
 { High-er still and ris-ing higher, All my soul o'er-flow-ing. }

THE HOLY SPIRIT.

NOW I FEEL THE SACRED FIRE. Concluded.

Oh, the wondrous sto - ry! I was dead, but now I live, Glo - ry! glo - ry! glo - ry!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven;
'Tis a glorious liberty—
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin He frees us.
Let the golden harp of God
Ring the wondrous story!
Let the pilgrim shout aloud
Glory! glory! glory!

No. 69. HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE.

M. M. W.

M. M. WELLS.

1. { Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Christian's side, }
{ Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land; }

D. C.—Whisp'ring soft - ly, wand'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet - est voice,

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near, Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear.
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er;
Whisper softly, wand'rer come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names are there;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading naught but Jesus' blood,
Whisper softly, wand'rer, come!
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

No. 70. COME, THOU HOLY PARACLETE.

Dr. J. M. NEALE.

BEETHOVEN.

Sustained.

1. Come, Thou Ho - ly Par - a - clete, And from Thy ce - les - tial seat Send Thy light and brilliancy.
2. Fa - ther of the poor, draw near; Giv - er of all gifts, be here: Come, the soul's true radiancy.

3 Come, of comforters the best,
Of the soul the sweetest guest,—
Come in toil refreshingly
4 Thou in labor rest most sweet,
Thou art shadow from the heat,
Comfort in adversity.
5 O Thou Light, most pure and blest,
Shine within the inmost breast
Of Thy faithful company!
6 Where Thou art not, man hath nought;
Every holy deed and thought
Comes from Thy Divinity.

7 What is soiled, make Thou pure;
What is wounded, work is cure;
What is parched, fructify;
8 What is rigid, gently bend;
What is frozen, warmly tend;
Straighten what goes erringly.
9 Fill Thy faithful, who confide
In Thy power to guard and guide,
With Thy sevenfold Mystery.
10 Here Thy grace and virtue send;
Grant salvation in the end,
And in heaven felicity.

CONSECRATION.

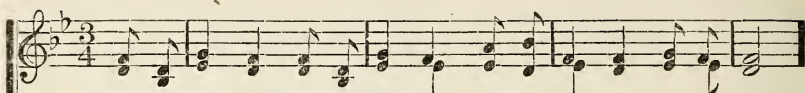
No. 71.

THE INNER CIRCLE.

Dedicated to Rev. J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D., and first sung in the
Union Meetings at Mount Vernon in November 1898.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

W. S. WEEDEN.



1. Have you heard the voice of Je - sus Whisper, "I have chosen you?"
2. As the first dis - ci - ples followed, As they went where'er he sent ;
3. Or, if he shall choose to send us On some er - rand in his name,
4. Master, at thy foot-stool kneeling, We, thy children, humbly wait ;



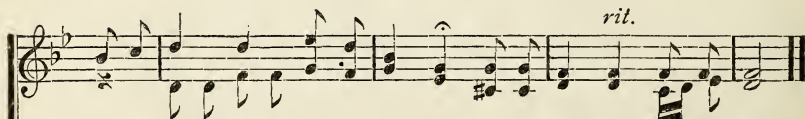
Does he tell you in commun - ion What he wish - es you to do?
So to - day we, too, may fol - low, On his lead - ing still in - tent.
We can serve him as dis - ci - ples, For our place is just the same.
Lead us, send us, bless us, use us, Till we en - ter heaven's gate.



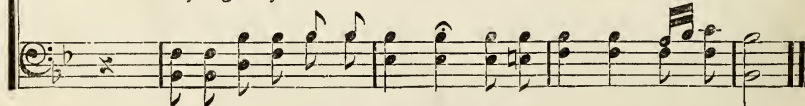
CHORUS.



Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?
Are you in the in - ner cir - cle? Have you heard the Master's call?



Have you giv'n your life to Je - sus? Is he now your All in all?
Have you giv'n your



CONSECRATION.

No. 72.

DOING HIS WILL.

C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Just to trust in the Lord, just to lean on his word, Just to feel I am
 2. When my way darkest seems, when are blighted my dreams, Just to feel that the
 3. Then my heart will be light, then my path will be bright, If I've Je - sus for

his ev-'ry day; Just to walk by his side with his Spir- it to guide, Just to
 Lord knoweth best; Just to yield to his will, just to trust and be still, Just to
 my dearest friend; Counting all loss but gain, such a friend to obtain, True and

CHORUS.

fol - low where he leads the way. Just to say what he wants me to
 lean on his bos - om and rest. what he
 faith - ful he'll be to the end.

say, And be still when he whispers to me;..... Just to
 wants me to say, when he whispers to me;

go where he wants me to go,..... Just to be what he wants me to be.
 where he wants me to go,

CONSECRATION.

No. 73. I'LL GO WHERE YOU WANT ME TO GO.

MARY BROWN.

"CONSECRATION."

CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the storm-y sea;
 2. Per - haps to-day there are lov - ing words Which Je - sus would have me speak—
 3. There's sure-ly somewhere a low - ly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the bat - tle's front My Lord will have need of me;
 There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
 Where I may la - bor thro' life's short day For Je - sus the cru - ci - fied—

But if by a still, small voice He calls To paths that I do not know,
 O Sav - iour, if Thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rug-ged the way,
 So trust - ing my all to Thy ten - der care, And knowing Thou lov - est me,

f I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in Thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
 My voice shall ech - o the mes - sage sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
 I'll do Thy will with a heart sin - cere, I'll be what you want me to be.

FINE.

D.S. —I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN. *D.S.*

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, O-ver mountain, or plain, or sea;

CONSECRATION.

No. 74. ON THEE MY HEART IS RESTING.

PASTEUR THEOD. MONOD.

J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyfully.

1. On Thee my heart is rest - ing! Ah, this is rest in - deed!
 2. My guilt is great, but great - er The mer - cy Thou dost give;
 3. Thro' me, Thou gen - tle Mas - ter, Thy pur - pos - es ful - fill!
 4. When clouds are dark - est round me, Thou, Lord, art then most near,
 5. 'Tis Thou hast made me hap - py, 'Tis Thou hast set me free,

What else, Al - might - y Sav - iour, Can a poor sin - ner need?
 Thy - self, a spot - less Of - f'ring, Hast died that I should live.
 I yield my - self for ev - er, To Thy most ho - ly will.
 My droop - ing faith to quick - en, My wea - ry soul to cheer.
 To whom shall I give glo - ry For ev - er, but to Thee?

Thy light is all my wis - dom, Thy love is all my stay;
 With Thee, my soul un - fet - tered, Has ris - en from the dust;
 What tho' I be but weak - ness? My strength is not in me;
 Safe nest - ling in Thy bo - som, I gaze up - on Thy face;
 Of earth - ly love and bless - ing Should ev - 'ry stream run dry,

Our Fa - ther's home in glo - ry Draws near - er ev - 'ry day.
 Thy blood is all my treas - ure, Thy word is all my trust.
 The poor - est of Thy peo - ple Has all things, hav - ing Thee.
 In vain my foes would drive me From Thee, my hid - ing - place.
 Thy grace shall still be with me, Thy grace, to live and die!

CHORUS. *f*

On Thee my heart is rest - ing! Ah, this is rest in - deed! What else, Al -

Slow. p

might - y Sav - iour, can a poor sin - ner need! Can a poor sin - ner need!

CONSECRATION.

No. 75.

ALL IN THY HANDS.

IDA L. REED.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

DUETT FOR SOPRANO AND TENOR OR ALTO.

1. All in Thy hands I leave, dear Lord, All of life's dai-ly fret and sting, All of my griefs what-
 2. All in Thy hands each hour, each day, Whether cares may be great or small, Jesus, dear Lord, I
 3. All in Thy hands my Lord and King, All of life's sorrow, toil and pain, All of my cares I
 4. All in Thy hands O rich reward, Peace and joy it doth bring to me, Dai-ly I rest in

CHORUS.

e'er they are, This to my soul sweet peace doth bring,
 lean on Thee, Thou art my ref-uge and my all. } All in Thy hands like a glad refrain,
 bring to Thee, Thy love my soul will e'er sus-tain.
 Thee, dear Lord, Dai-ly I'm lean-ing more on Thee.

Cometh the promise so sweet, "Bring me Thy burden, I will sustain, Give to Thee strength complete,"
 complete."

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No. 76.

STILL, STILL WITH THEE.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

J. MOUNTAIN.

Smoothly.

1. Still, still with Thee, when pur-ple morn-ing break-eth, When the bird wak-eth,
 2. A-lone with Thee, a-mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn hush of
 3. As in the dawn-ing, o'er the wave-less o-cean, The im-age of the
 4. When sinks the soul, sub-dued by toil, to slum-ber, Its clos-ing eye looks

and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love-li-er than
 na-ture new-ly-born; A-lone with Thee in breath-less a-do-
 morn-ing star doth rest, So in this still-ness Thou be-hold-est
 up to Thee in pray'r; Sweet the re- pose, be-neath Thy wings o'er-

day-light Dawns the sweet con-sci-ous-ness— I am with Thee.
 ra-tion, In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.
 on-ly Thine im-age in the wa-ters of my breast.
 shad-ow-ing But sweet-er still to wake and find Thee there.

From "Hymns of Consecration."

CONSECRATION.

No. 77. I NEED THEE, PRECIOUS JESUS.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

1. I need Thee, precious Jesus! For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and
 2. I need Thee, blessed Jesus! For I am ver-y poor; A stranger and a
 3. I need Thee, blessed Jesus! And hope to see Thee soon, Encircled with the

guilt-y, My heart is dead within; I need the cleansing fountain, Where
 pilgrim, I have no earthly store; I need the love of Je - sus To
 rainbow, And seated on Thy throne: There, with Thy blood-bought children, My

I can always flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sinner's perfect plea.
 cheer me on my way, To guide my doubting footsteps, To be my strength and stay.
 joy shall ever be To sing Thy praise, Lord Jesus, To gaze, my Lord, on Thee!

No. 77 a. I LOVE THY KINGDOM.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

GEORGE F. HANDEL.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode.
 2. I love Thy Church, O God! Her walls be - fore Thee stand,
 3. For her my tears shall fall, For her my pray'rs as - cend;

The Church our bless'd Redeem - er bought With his own pre - cious blood.
 Dear as the ap - ple of Thine eye, And grav - en on Thy hand.
 To her my cares and toils be given, Till toils and cares shall end.

No. 77 b. LORD GOD, THE HOLY GHOST.

- 1 Lord God, the Holy Ghost!
 In this accepted hour,
 As on the day of Pentecost,
 Descend in all Thy power.
- 2 We meet with one accord
 In our appointed place,
 And wait the promise of our Lord,
 The Spirit of all grace.

- 3 Like mighty rushing wind
 Upon the waves beneath,
 Move with one impulse every mind;
 One soul, one feeling, breathe.
- 4 The young, the old, inspire
 With wisdom from above;
 And give us hearts and tongues of fire
 To pray, and praise, and love.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

CONSECRATION.

No. 78. MASTER, I HAVE HEARD THEE PLEADING.

E. H. J.

J. MOUNTAIN.

1. Master, I have heard thee pleading With my inmost soul to-night! Now thy solemn
 2. Spirit, soul, and body yielding Willingly to thee, my Lord! What I give thou
 3. Now, henceforth, Lord, and forever, I am thine, yes, all for thee; Thine in service,

CHO.—Jesus, Master, search me, prove me! With thy fire try my heart: All I am and

Fine. p

message heeding, I would end the fight: Vainly hath my soul been struggling
 now art tak- ing: I believe thy word! Yes! I trust thee as my Keeper,
 or in suff' ring—Choose my path for me. Peace and joy my heart are filling;

have I yield, Lord; All I need—thou art.

rit. *p* *Chorus D.C.*

With the tyrant on its throne; Now, dear Lord, the kingdom taking, Claim me thine alone.
 'Mid temptations day by day, Trust thee as my Guide and Leader In the narrow way.
 Rest beyond all power to tell, This my ever-deep'ning portion While in thee I dwell.

No. 79. I SURRENDER ALL.

J. W. VANDEVENTER.

(DUET.)

W. S. WEEDEN.

1. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to him I free - ly give; }
 { I will ev - er love and trust him, In his presence dai - ly live. }
 2. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Humbly at his feet I bow, }
 { Worldly pleasures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now. }
 3. { All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Saviour, wholly thine; }
 { Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it, Tru - ly know that thou art mine. }

CONSECRATION.

I SURRENDER ALL.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

I sur- render all, I sur- render all, I sur- render all, I sur- render all,

All to thee, my bless- ed Saviour, I sur- ren- der all.

4 All to Jesus I surrender,
Lord, I give myself to thee,
Fill me with thy love and power,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

5 All to Jesus I surrender,
Now I feel the sacred flame ;
O the joy of full salvation !
Glory, glory to his name !

No. 80.

TAKE ME AS I AM.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON. ARR. BY W. J. K.

1. Je- sus, my Lord, to thee I cry; Unless thou help me, I must die; Oh,
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me thy blood was spilt, And
3. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full salvation I would prove, But

Fine. REFRAIN.

bring thy free salvation nigh, And take me as I am! Take me as I am,.....
thou canst make me what thou wilt, And take me as I am!
since to thee I cannot move, Oh, take me as I am! Take me as I am,

D.S.

Take me as I am!.... Oh,
Take me as I am!

4 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew ;
And work both in and by me, too,
And take me as I am !

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the vict'ry won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am !

CONSECRATION.

No. 81. I CAN, I WILL, I DO BELIEVE.

1. I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, I'm kneeling at the mer-cy-seat,
 CHO.—I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,

D. C. Chorus.

I'm kneel-ing at the mer - cy-seat, Where Je - sus an - swers pray'r.
 I can, I will, I do be-lieve, That Je - sus saves me now.

2 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Refining fire, go through my heart,
 Illuminate my soul.

3 O, that it now from heaven might fall,
 O, that it now from heaven might fall,
 O, that it now from heaven might fall,
 And all my sins consume.

No. 82. GLORY TO HIS NAME.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross wheremy Sav-iour died, Down where for cleansing from
 2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin, Je - sus so sweet-ly a
 3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have
 4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the

sin I cried; There to my heart was the blood applied; Glo - ry to His
 bides with-in; There at the cross where He took me in; Glo - ry to His
 en - ter'd in; There Je-sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to His
 Saviour's feet; Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo - ry to His

FINE. CHORUS.

name. Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name,

D. S.

CONSECRATION.

No. 83.

JUST AS I AM.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

W. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot
 3. Just as I am, tho' toss'd a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
 To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God I come, I come!
 Fightings and fears within, without, O Lamb of God I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind, Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 Because Thy promise I believe, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

No. 84.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength in-deed is small; Child of
 2. Lord, now in-deed I find Thy pow'r, and that a-lone, Can
 3. For noth- ing good have I Where- by Thy grace to claim— I'll
 4. When from my dy- ing bed My ran-somed soul shall rise, Then
 5. And when be- fore the throne I stand in Him com-plete, I'll

CHORUS.

weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.
 change the leper's spots, And melt the heart of stone.
 wash my garments white In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb. } Jesus paid it all,
 "Je- sus paid it all" Shall rend the vaulted skies.
 lay my trophies down, All down at Je- sus' feet.

All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain: He wash'd it white as snow.

CONSECRATION.

No. 85.

DEPTH OF MERCY.

CHARLES WESLEY.

FROM STEVENSON.

1. { Depth of mer-cy! can there be Mer-cy still re-served for me?
Can my God His wrath for-bear? Me, the chief of sin-ners spare? }

2. { I have long with-stood His grace, Long provoked Him to His face:
Would not hearken to His calls; Grieved Him by a thousand falls. }

3. { Now in-cline me to re-pent; Let me now my sius la-ment;
Now my foul re-volt de-plore, Weep, be-lieve, and sin no more. }

CHORUS.

God is love! I know, I feel; Je-sus lives, and loves me still;

Je-sus lives, He lives and loves me still.

No. 86.

PERFECT PEACE.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyful.

1. Like a riv-er, glo-ri-ous Is God's per-fect peace, O-ver all vic-
2. Hid-den in the hol-low Of His bless-ed hand, Nev-er foe can
3. Ev-'ry joy or tri-al Fall-eth from a-bove, Traced up-on our

to-ri-ous In its bright in-crease; Per-fect, yet it flow-eth
fol-low, Nev-er trait-or stand; Not a surge of wor-ry,
di-al By the Sun of Love. We may trust Him ful-ly

Cho.—Stayed up-on Je-ho-vah,

Chorus D.S.

Full-er ev-'ry day,—Per-fect, yet it grow-eth Deep-er all the way.
Not a shade of care, Not a blast of hur-ry Touch the spir-it there.
All for us to do; They who trust Him wholly Find Him whol-ly true.

Hearts are ful-ly blest; Finding, as He prom-ised, Per-fect peace and rest.

From "Hymns of Consecration."

CONSECRATION.

No. 87. I SHALL BE NO STRANGER THERE.

E. E. HEWITT.

A. F. BOURNE.

1. When the pearl - y gates are o - pened To a sin - ner "sav'd by grace,"
 2. Thro' time's ev - er - chang - ing sea - sons, I am pressing t'ward the goal ;
 3. There my dear Re - deem - er liv - eth, Bless - ed Lamb up - on the throne ;

When thro' ev - er - last - ing mer - cy, I be - hold my Saviour's face,
 'Tis my heart's sweet na - tive coun - try, 'Tis the home - land of my soul ;
 By the crim - son mark up - on them, He will sure - ly claim His own.

When I en - ter in the man - sions Of the cit - y bright and fair,
 Ma - ny lov'd ones, cloth'd with beauty, In those wondrous glo - ries share ;
 So, when - ev - er sad or lone - ly, Look be - yond the earth - ly care ;

I shall have a roy - al wel - come, For I'll be no stranger there.
 When I rise, redeemed, for - giv - en, I shall be no stranger there.
 Wea - ry child of God, re - mem - ber, You will be no stranger there.

CHORUS.
 I shall be no stranger there, Je - sus will my place pre - pare ;
 I shall be no stran - ger there, Je - sus will my place pre - pare ;

He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be no stranger there.
 He will meet me, He will greet me, I shall be

CLOSE OF THE DAY.

No. 88.

O LORD AT EVENTIDE.

Selected.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. O Lord! at even- ing time Let there be light! And while in
 2. The beau - ties of the day, O Lord! were Thine, The glo - ry
 3. And dark - ness tells Thy love When day is done, For Thine, the
 4. O Thou, who slumb' rest not, Thro' deep - est night! When shad - ows

twi- light falls the day, And si - lence gath - ers o'er our way,
 flashed on plain and hill, And spar - kled in the murm'ring rill.
 sil - v'ry stars that keep Their watch up - on the roll - ing deep,
 cloud the moon - lit shore, And still - ness wraps the lone - ly moor,

rit. p

O! bless all wea - ry ones, we pray, With rest this night!
 And lit the wild-wood warm and still, With light di - vine!
 Or guard the ham - let lock'd in sleep, 'Till night be gone.
 And earth's brief hour of toil are o'er Let there be light!

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No. 89.

NOW THE DAY IS OVER.

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

JOSEPH BARNEY.

1. Now the day is o - ver, Night is drawing nigh, Shad - ows of the
 2. Je - sus, give the wea - ry Calm and sweet re - pose; With Thy tend' rest
 3. Grant to lit - tle chil - dren Visions bright of Thee; Guard the sail - ors

even - ing Steal a - cross the sky.
 bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
 toss - ing On the deep blue sea.

4 Through the long night-watches,
 May Thine angels spread
 Their white wings above me.
 Watching round my bed.

5 When the morning wakens,
 Then may I arise,
 Pure and fresh and sinless
 In Thy holy eyes.

Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 90.

MIZPAH.

ELLICE LACIE.
 DUETT. TENOR & ALTO.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Yes, brief our part-ing words shall be, And few our part - ing tears;
 2. We will not fear that time nor change Our per - fect trust can dim,
 3. Be - lov - ed, when we reach a - part The val - ley lone and dread,

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CLOSE OF THE DAY.
MIZPAH. Concluded.

The Lord shall watch 'twixt me and thee, Thro' all the com - ing years.
No shad - ow of a wronges - trange The hearts that rest in Him;
Which, side by side and heart to heart, We once had tho't to tread,

TENOR SOLO. QUARTETTE.

His eyes shall be our guid - ing light Wher - ev - er we may roan,
But should they for one hour for - get, For one faint hour be cold,
His faith - ful rod, thy staff and mine, Thro' all the ways shall be

p rit

Like bea - con fires that burn at night To lure the wand'rer home.
The Lord shall watch be-tween us yet, His love our love shall hold.
The com - fort of His grace, a sign Still be-tween me and thee.

No. 91. ABIDE WITH ME.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

1. A - bide with me: fast falls the e - ven - tide; The dark - ness
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; What but Thy
4. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless; His have no

deep - ens; Lord, with me a - bide! When oth - er help - ers
dim, its glo - ries pass a - way; Change and de - cay in
grace can foil the temp - ter's power? Who, like Thy - self, my
weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness; Where is death's sting? where,

fall, and com - forts flee, Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me!
all a - round I see; O Thou, who changest not a - bide with me!
guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a - bide with me!
grave, Thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a - bide with me.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 92.

THE HOMELAND.

Rev. H. R. HAWEIS.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

mf

1. The Homeland! the Homeland! The land of the free - born, There's no night in the
 2. My Lord is in the Homeland, With angels bright and fair, —There's no sin in the

p *cres.*

Homeland, But aye the fadeless morn; I'm sighing for the Homeland, My heart is
 Homeland, And no tempta-tion there; The voic-es of the Homeland Are ring-ing

f *dim.*

ach-ing here, There's no pain in the Homeland, To which I'm drawing near.
 in my ears, And when I think of the Homeland, My eyes gush out with tears.

p *cres.*

3. For those I love in the Homeland Are calling me a - way, To the rest and peace of the

dim. *cres.*

Homeland, And the life beyond de - cay. For there's no death in the Homeland, There's no

f *dim* *p*

sor-row a - bove: Christ, bring us all to the Homeland Of His e - ter - nal love.

MISCELLANEOUS.

No. 93. I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP.

HORATIUS BONAR.

JOHN ZUNDEL.

1. I was a wand'ring sheep, I did not love the fold, I did not love my Shepherd's voice,

FINE.

I would not be con-trolled: I was a way-ward child, I did not love my home,
I loved a-far to roam.

D.S.—I did not love my Father's voice,
D.S.

2 The Shepherd sought His sheep,
The Father sought His child;
He followed me o'er vale and hill,
O'er deserts waste and wild:
He found me nigh to death,
Famished, and faint, and lone;
He bound me with the bands of love,
He saved the wandering one.

3 Jesus my Shepherd is;
'Twas He that loved my soul,
'Twas He that washed me in His blood,
'Twas He that made me whole:
'Twas He that sought the lost,
That found the wandering sheep;
'Twas He that brought me to the fold,
'Tis He that still doth keep.

No. 94. I DO BELIEVE.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY.

Unknown.

1. A - las! and did my Sav-our bleed? and did my Sov-'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done, He groan'd up-on the tree?
3. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay the debt of love I owe:

Cho.—I do be-lieve, I now be-lieve That Je-sus died for me;
D.C.

Would He de - vote that sa - cred head, For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be-yond de - gree!
Here, Lord, I give my - self to Thee, 'Tis all that I can do.

And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I shall from sin be free.

No. 95. GLORY BE TO THE FATHER.

Gloria Patri. HENRY W. GREATOREX.

Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho-ly Ghost; As it

was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end; A - men, A - men.

RESPONSIVE SERVICES.

FIRST SELECTION.

PSALM XXIII.

David's confidence in God.

A Psalm of David.

1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

SECOND SELECTION.

PSALM XXIV.

God's sovereignty over the world.

A Psalm of David.

1 The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; the world and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the hill of the Lord? Or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted up his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lifted up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this King of glory? The Lord of Hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

THIRD SELECTION.

PSALM XXXII.

The benefit of remission of sins.

A Psalm of David, Maschil.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long;

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me: my moisture is turned into the drought of Summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord;

and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found: surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

8 I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with mine eye.

9 Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding: whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

10 Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, but he that trusteth in the Lord, mercy shall compass him about.

11 Be glad in the Lord, and rejoice, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart.

FOURTH SELECTION.

PSALM LI.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy lovingkindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desirest truth in the inward parts; and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness; that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all mine iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

11 Cast me not away from thy presence; and take not thy Holy Spirit from me.

12 Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; and uphold me with thy free Spirit.

13 Then will I teach transgressors thy ways; and sinners shall be converted unto thee.

14 Deliver me from bloodguiltiness O God, thou God of my salvation: and my tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness.

15 O Lord, open thou my lips; and my mouth shall shew forth thy praise.

16 For thou desirest not sacrifice; else would I give it; thou delightest not in burnt offering.

17 The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit; a broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.

18 Do good in thy good pleasure unto Zion: build thou the walls of Jerusalem.

19 Then shalt thou be pleased with the sacrifices of righteousness, with burnt offering and whole burnt offering: then shall they offer bullocks upon thine altar.

FIFTH SELECTION.

PSALM XCI.

The security of the godly.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my fortress; my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation;

10 There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

11 For he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways.

12 They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

13 Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder: the young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample under feet.

14 Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him. I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

15 He shall call upon me, and I will answer him: I will be with him in trouble; I will deliver him and honour him.

16 With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.

SIXTH SELECTION.

PSALM CXXI.

1 I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

2 My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

3 He will not suffer thy foot to be moved; he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

4 Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

5 The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

6 The sun shall not smite thee by day nor the moon by night.

7 The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil; he shall preserve thy soul.

8. The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

SEVENTH SELECTION.—Matthew.

CHAPTER V.

Sermon on the mount.

1 And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain: and when he was set, his disciples came unto him:

2 And he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

3 Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

4 Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.

5 Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.

6 Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled.

7 Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

8 Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.

9 Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

10 Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

11 Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

12 Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

EIGHTH SELECTION.—1 Corinthians.

CHAPTER XIII.

Gifts are nothing without charity.

1 Though I speak with the tongues of men and angels and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal.

2 And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge: and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing.

3 And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

4 Charity suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up.

5 Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

6 Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

7 Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

8 Charity never faileth: but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail; whether there be tongues, they shall cease: whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away.

9 For we know in part, and we prophesy in part.

10 But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away.

11 When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things.

12 For now we see through a glass darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

13 And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

NINTH SELECTION.—Ephesians.

CHAPTER VI.

Several duties recommended.

1 Children, obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right.

2 Honor thy father and mother ; which is the first commandment with promise ;

3 That it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.

4 And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath : but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.

5 Servants, be obedient to them that are your masters according to the flesh, with fear and trembling, in singleness of your heart, as unto Christ ;

6 Not with eyeservice, as menpleasers ; but as the servants of Christ, doing the will of God from the heart ;

7 With good will doing service, as to the Lord, and not to men :

8 Knowing that whatsoever good thing any man doeth, the same shall he receive of the Lord, whether he be bond or free.

9 And, ye masters, do the same things unto them, forbearing threatening : knowing that your Master also is in heaven ; neither is there respect of persons with him.

10 Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might.

11 Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.

12 For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places.

13 Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.

14 Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness ;

15 And your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace.

16 Above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked.

17 And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God.

18 Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints ;

19 And for me, that utterance may be given unto me that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel.

20 For which I am an ambassador in bonds ; that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

TENTH SELECTION.—Philippians.

CHAPTER III.

To avoid false teachers.

1 Finally, my brethren, rejoice in the Lord. To write the same things to you, to me indeed is not grievous, but for you it is safe.

2 Beware of dogs, beware of evil workers, beware of the concision.

3 For we are the circumcision, which worship God in the spirit, and rejoice in Christ Jesus, and have no confidence in the flesh.

4 Though I might also have confidence in the flesh. If any other man thinketh that he hath whereof he might trust in the flesh, I may :

5 Circumcised the eighth day, of the stock of Israel, of the tribe of Benjamin, a Hebrew of the Hebrews ; as touching the law, a Pharisee ;

6 Concerning zeal, persecuting the church ; touching the righteousness which is in the law, blameless.

7 But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.

8 Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord : for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and I do count them but dung that I may win Christ,

9 And be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith :

10 That I may know him, and the power of his resurrection, and the fellowship of his sufferings, being made conformable unto his death :

11 If by any means I might attain unto the resurrection of the dead.

12 Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect : but I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus.

13 Brethren, I count not myself to have apprehended : but this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before.

14 I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.

15 Let us therefore, as many as be perfect, be thus minded : and if in any thing ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you.

16 Nevertheless, whereto we have already attained, let us walk by the same rule, let us mind the same thing.

17 Brethren, be followers together of me, and mark them which walk so as ye have us for an ensample.

18 For many walk, of whom I have told you often, and now tell you even weeping, that they are the enemies of the cross of Christ.

19 Whose end is destruction, whose God is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things.)

20 For our conversation is in heaven ; from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ :

21 Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious body according to the workings whereby he is able even to subdue all things unto himself.

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