

ON

JOYFUL WING

A

BOOK OF PRAISE AND SONG

BY

JOHN R. SWENEY, and WM. J. KIRKPATRICK,

... "On Joyful Wing
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly."

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I

N Joyful Wing!" Arise and sing,
Ye song birds of the soul;
Through mount and vale let songs prevail,
And where the billows roll;
Go forth on joyful wing,
Sing, sing, O sing,
Through all the world, forever,
Let widening echoes ring.

II

"On Joyful Wing!" Haste, haste to bring
High tributes of the soul,
And lay them low, with love aglow,
Where songs eternal roll;
Go forth on joyful wing,
Sing, sing, O sing,
And crown with royal gladness
YOUR OWN IMMORTAL KING.

Ocean Grove, N. J., May, 1886.

E. H. STOKES.

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ON JOYFUL WING.

1

Sing with Me.

J. P. D.

Rev. J. P. DIMMITT.

1. Sing with me of a Saviour's love, Sing how he left his throne above,
2. Sing of him who the hungry fed, And by his word restored the dead,
3. Sing, oh, sing of the thorns he wore, Sing of the load of sin he bore,
4. Sing his vic-to-ry o'er the grave, Sing of his mighty power to save,

Sing of his birth in low-ly stall, Sing how he loved us one and all.
Sing of the blind re-ceive-ing sight, Sing of his works of wondrous might.
Sing how he hung up-on the tree, Sing of his death for you and me.
Sing how he in-tercedes a-bove, Sing of his ev-er-last-ing love.

CHORUS.

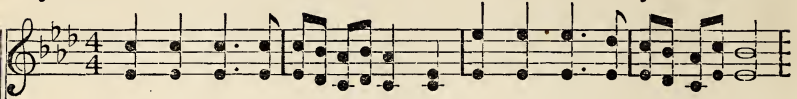
Sing, sing, ev-'ry one, sing, Sing of a Sav-iour's love;

Sing, sing of Je-sus our King, Reigning in heav-en a-bove.

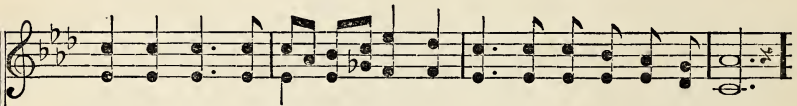
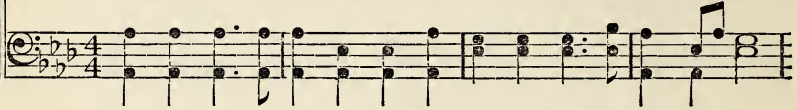
2 Praise the Lord Jehovah's Name.

JENNIE GARNETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



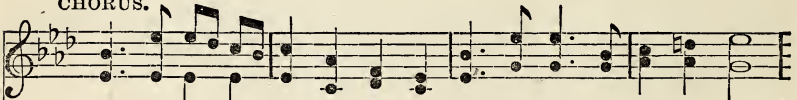
1. Hail, all hail, the Prince of glo-ry! Shout for joy, ye saints a - bove!
2. Bring our hearts, a willing off'ring, Come with songs before his throne;
3. Ev - er - last-ing are his mer-cies; Like a rock his promise stands;
4. Let our grateful souls a - dore him For his kind and gracious care;



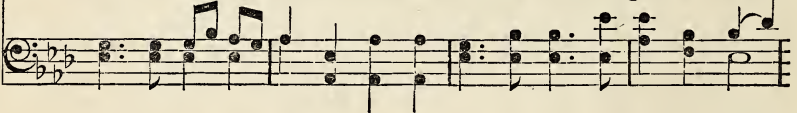
Tell, O earth, the grand old sto - ry Of Je - hovah's mighty love.
We are his, for he has made us,—We are his, and not our own.
Praise from ev - 'ry liv - ing crea - ture He by sov'reign right demands.
Let our grate - ful souls a - dore him, And our lives his truth declare.



CHORUS.



Hal - le - lu - jah! winds and waters Send a - far the glad ac - claim;



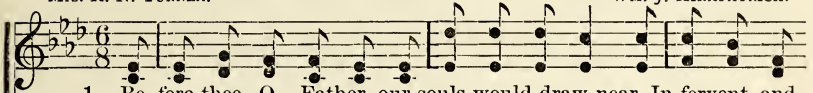
Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! Praise the Lord Jehovah's name!



Hear us, O Father.

Mrs. R. N. TURNER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



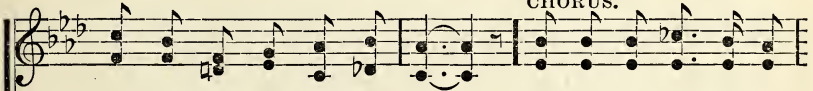
1. Be-fore thee, O Father, our souls would draw near, In fervent and
2. How sweet to approach with our burden of sin, And feel it roll
3. We drink from the fountain unfathomed and clear, That flows from the
4. Oh, bliss without measure! the light of the throne By faith we can



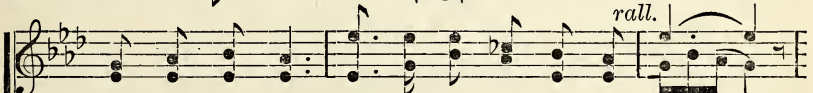
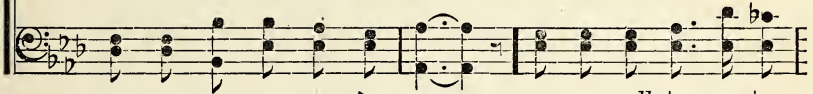
sup-pliant prayer; O bend from the throne of thy mercy and hear The
light-ly a-way! How sweet to be filled with thy presence within, While
heart of our King; And reaching us, kneeling in suppli-ance here, Its
joy-ful-ly see; In glad conse-ration thy glo-ry we own, And



CHORUS.



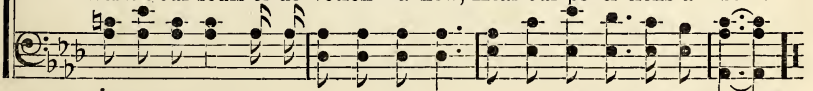
ear-nest pe-ti-tions we bear. Hear us, O Fa-ther, Al-
low at thy foot-stool we stay!
sweet-est re-freshment doth bring.
yield our de-vo-tion to thee.



might-y and true, Throned in thy in-fin-ite love;

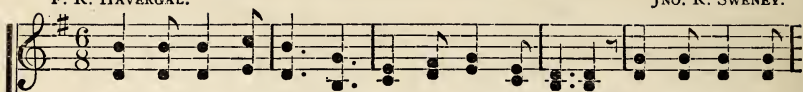
*a tempo.*

Waken our souls to de-votion a-new, Hear our pe-ti-tions a-bove.

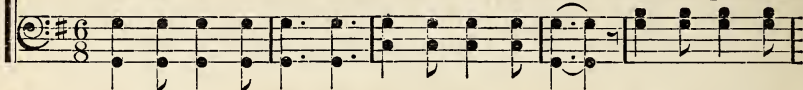


F. R. HAVERGAL.

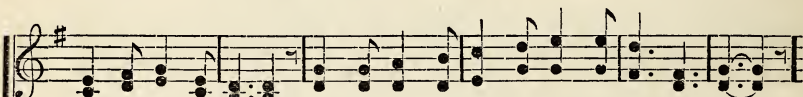
JNO. R. SWENEY.



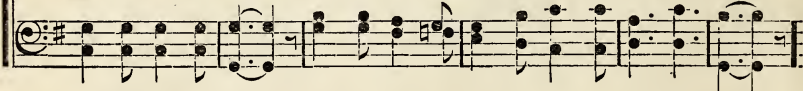
1. Looking un - to Je - sus, Nev - er need we yield, O - ver all the
2. Look a - way to Je - sus, Look a - way from all, Then we need not
3. Looking un - to Je - sus, Wond'ringly we trace Heights of power and
4. Looking up to Je - sus, On the em'rald throne, Faith shall pierce the



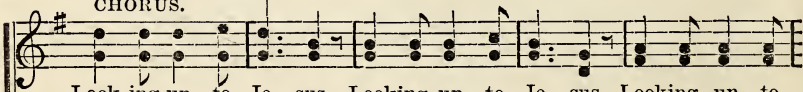
ar - mor Faith the bat - tle - shield; Stand - ard of sal - va - tion,
stum - ble, Then we shall not fall; From each snare that lur - eth,
glo - ry, Depths of love and grace; Vis - tas far un - fold - ing
heavens, Where our King is gone; Lord, on thee de - pend - ing,



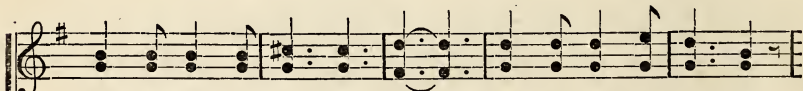
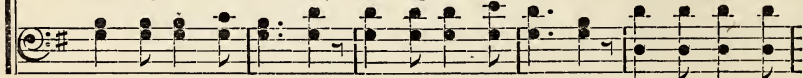
In our hearts unfurled; Let its el - e - va - tion O - vercome the world.
Foe or phantom grim, Safe - ty this ensueth,—Look away to him.
Ever stretch be - fore As we gaze, beholding Ev - er more and more.
Now contin - ual - ly, Heart and mind ascending, Let us dwell with thee.



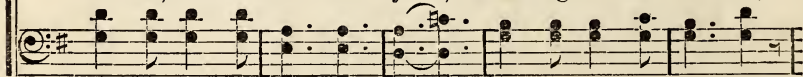
CHORUS.



Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Look - ing un - to Je - sus, Look - ing un - to



Je - sus, Nev - er need we yield; Look - ing un - to Je - sus,



Looking unto Jesus.—CONCLUDED.

Looking un-to Je-sus, O-ver all the armor Faith the battle shield.

5 I will Trust in Thee.

In answer to question of leader at Ocean Grove "Who will trust?"
 W. H. G. many rose, saying, "I will." W. H. CRISTWEIT.

1. Blessed Saviour, my sal- vation, I will trust in thee; I am saved from
2. Sanctify and cleanse me, Saviour, I will trust in thee; Let me know thy
3. Here I stand and thee confessing, I will trust in thee; Pour up-on my

CHORUS.

condemn- a- tion, I will trust in thee. Yes, I will, yes, I will,
 lov- ing fa- vor, I will trust in thee.
 heart thy blessing, I will trust in thee.

I will trust in thee; Thou, my Strength and Song forever, I will trust in thee.

6 We are Marching Home to Zion.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. We are marching home to Zi-on, We are marching day by day ;
 2. We shall see the King in beau-ty, We shall see him on his throne ;

We are marching home to Zi-on, We are pil-grims on the way :
 He shall shine, a sun in splendor That a guid-ing light has shown ;

In the name of God our banners In the morning light we raise,
 Day by day his grace increas-es, Bright-er hopes our spir - its fill ;

D. S.—We are marching home to Zi-on, We are marching day by day ;

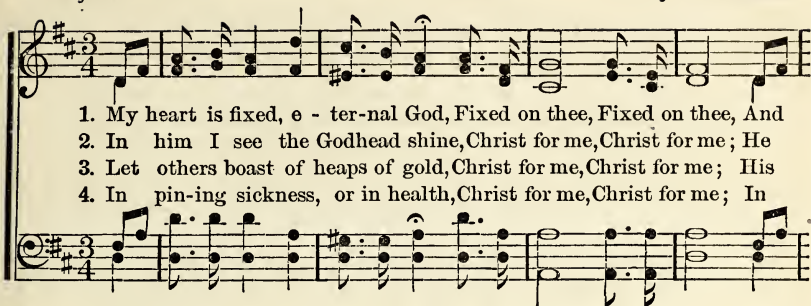
Fine.
 And with bursts of glad ho-san-nas Ev - 'ry day we end in praise.
 Day by day our songs of triumph Near - er draw to Zi - on's hill.

We are marching home to Zi-on, We are pil-grims on the way.

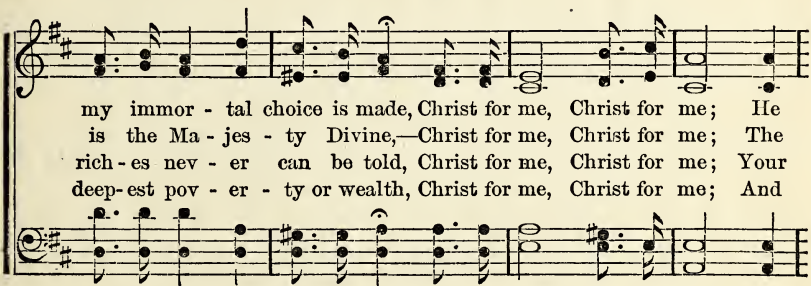
CHORUS. *D. S.*
 Marching on - ward, marching onward, Marching onward day by day ;
 Marching onward, marching onward, Marching day by day, day by day ;

R. JUKES.

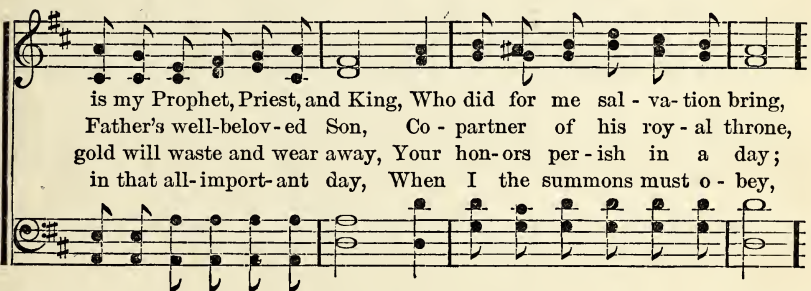
JNO. R. SWENNY.



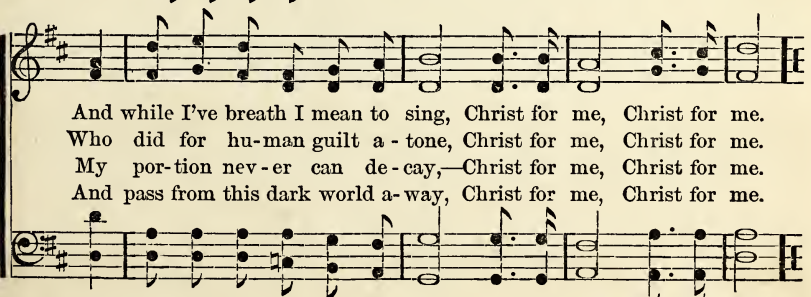
1. My heart is fixed, e - ter - nal God, Fixed on thee, Fixed on thee, And
 2. In him I see the Godhead shine, Christ for me, Christ for me; He
 3. Let others boast of heaps of gold, Christ for me, Christ for me; His
 4. In pin - ing sickness, or in health, Christ for me, Christ for me; In



my immor - tal choice is made, Christ for me, Christ for me; He
 is the Ma - jes - ty Divine, — Christ for me, Christ for me; The
 rich - es nev - er can be told, Christ for me, Christ for me; Your
 deep - est pov - er - ty or wealth, Christ for me, Christ for me; And



is my Prophet, Priest, and King, Who did for me sal - va - tion bring,
 Father's well - belov - ed Son, Co - partner of his roy - al throne,
 gold will waste and wear away, Your hon - ors per - ish in a day;
 in that all - import - ant day, When I the summons must o - bey,

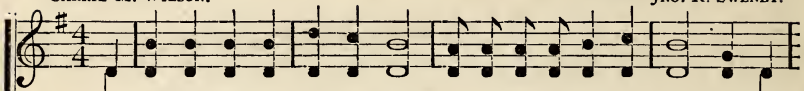


And while I've breath I mean to sing, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 Who did for hu - man guilt a - tone, Christ for me, Christ for me.
 My por - tion nev - er can de - cay, — Christ for me, Christ for me.
 And pass from this dark world a - way, Christ for me, Christ for me.

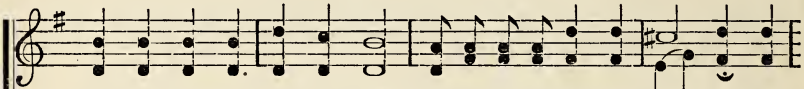
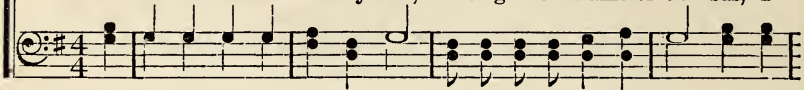
Trusting in the Name of Jesus.

CARRIE M. WILSON.

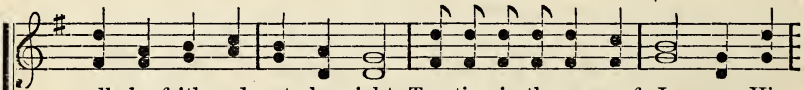
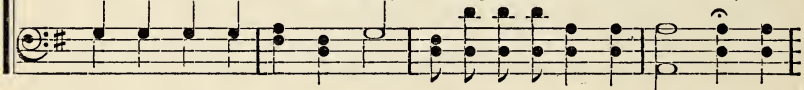
JNO. R. SWENEY.



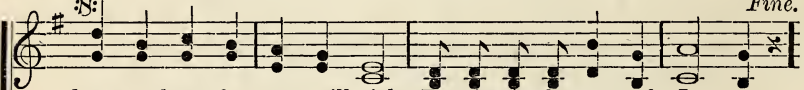
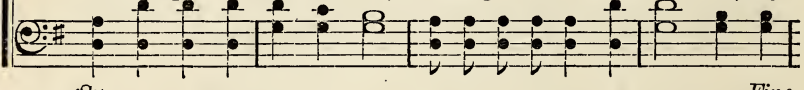
1. In perfect peace I now can say, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, I
2. I came with guilt and sin oppressed, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, I
3. Beneath the hallowed mercy-seat, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, I



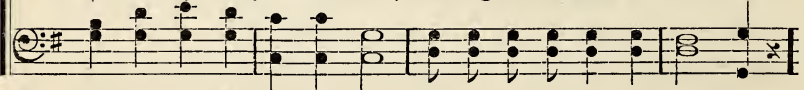
walk with God from day to day, Trusting in the name of Je - sus; I
took his yoke and found sweet rest, Trusting in the name of Je - sus; How
sit en - raptured at his feet, Trusting in the name of Je - sus; And



walk by faith and not by sight, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, His
light my burdens now ap - pear, Trusting in the name of Je - sus; I
when my span of life is o'er, Trusting in the name of Je - sus, My

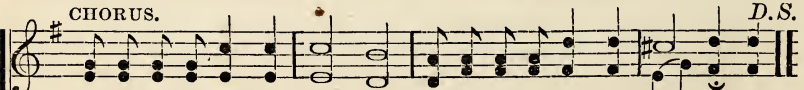


love my theme from morn till night, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.
have no time for doubt or fear, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.
soul shall fly to yon - der shore, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.

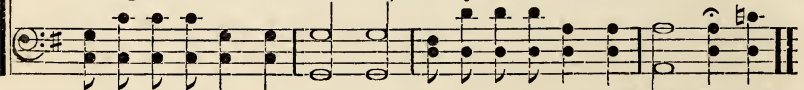


D.S.—walk with God from day to day, Trusting in the name of Je - sus.

CHORUS.



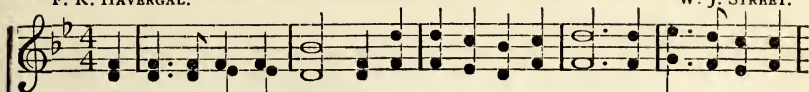
Trusting in the name of Je - sus, On - ly in the name of Je - sus, I



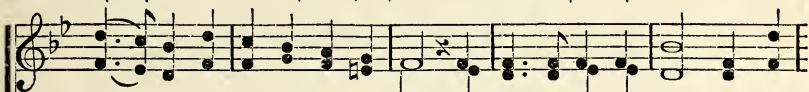
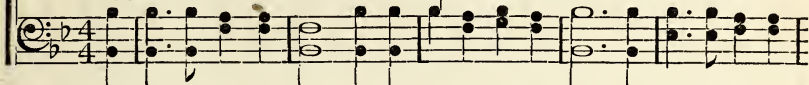
Lift Up Your Voice.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

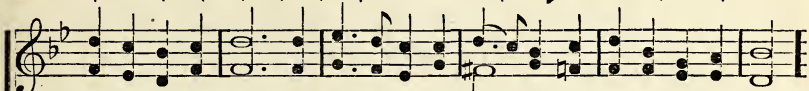
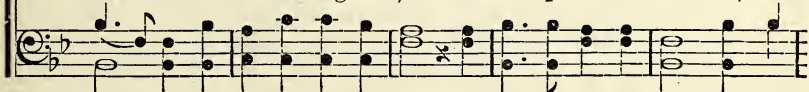
W. J. STREET.



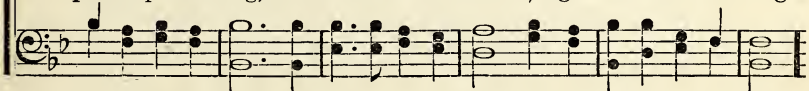
1. O Saviour, precious Saviour, Whom yet unseen we love, O name of might and
2. O Bringer of salvation, Who wondrously hath wrought, Thyself the reve-
3. In thee all fulness dwelleth, All grace and power divine; The glory that ex-
4. Oh, grant the consumma-tion Of this our song above, In end-less ad-o-



fa - vor, All oth-er names a-bove; We worship thee, we bless thee, To
lation Of love beyond our thought; We worship thee, we bless thee, To
cel - leth, O Son of God is thine; We worship thee, we bless thee, To
ra - tion And everlasting love; Then shall we praise and bless thee, Where



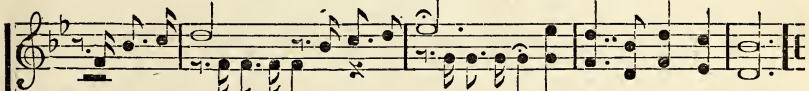
thee alone we sing; We praise thee and confess thee, Our holy Lord and King.
thee alone we sing; We praise thee and confess thee, Our gracious Lord and King.
thee alone we sing; We praise thee and confess thee, Our gracious Lord and King.
perfect praises ring, And evermore confess thee, O gracious Lord and King.



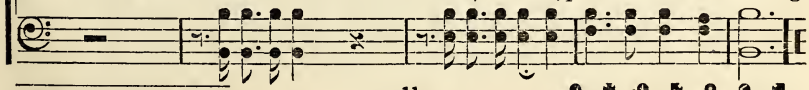
CHORUS.



Lift up your voice and praise him. Lift up your voice and praise him,



With thankful heart and cheerful voice, Oh, praise our God and King.



Precious Blood of Jesus.

F. R. HAVERGAL

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Precious, precious blood of Je - sus, Shed on Cal - va - ry;
 2. Precious blood that hath redeemed us! All the price is paid;
 3. Precious, precious blood of Je - sus! Let it make thee whole;

Shed for reb - els, shed for sin - ners, Shed for me!
 Per - fect par - don now is of - fered, Peace is made.
 Let it flow in might - y cleans - ing O'er thy soul.

CHORUS.

Precious, precious blood of Jesus, 'Tis flowing, ev - er flowing free;

Oh, believe it, oh, receive it, 'Tis for thee.

- 4 Though thy sins are red like crimson,
 Deep in scarlet glow,
 Jesus' precious blood can make them
 White as snow.
- 5 Precious blood! by this we conquer
 In the fiercest fight;
 Sin and Satan overcoming
 By its might.

Rest by and by.

MAY L. CLAYTON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I've been to the field with the reapers, And there I have gleaned all day;
 2. O sweet was the song of the reapers, And bright was their golden grain.
 3. And still by the side of the reapers I ask that my place may be,

But my task was light, and my heart was glad, For I heard the Master say:
 As it waved in the light of the mid-day sun, And it smiled o'er the harvest plain.
 Till the sun shall set, and my work is done, And the Master calls me home.

CHORUS.

Rest by and by, rest by and by, Rest in the field a - bove; There is

rest by and by, happy rest by and by, And a crown of e - ter - nal love.

They are Coming.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. See the faithful now returning From the battle and the strife, They have
2. See the reapers in the distance From the summer harvest-plain, To the
3. Then the grand old ship of Zion Drops her anchor in the bay, Where her
4. Oh, the meeting with the loved ones That were parted many years! Oh, the

held their post with val-or, And have reached the gate of life; There a-
feet of their Redeem-er Bear-ing sheaves of golden grain; And a-
thousands and her millions She has car-ried man-y-a day; And the
bright, ce-les-tial dawning That shall nev-er set in tears! O, to

mid the shout of an-gels, While they ent-er one by one, Robe and
mid the joy-ful welcome, With the ransomed host they sing, Hal-le-
ar-mies of the faithful, And the reap-ers as they come, To the
join that countless number In a land of fadeless flowers, Who would

CHORUS.

crown, and palm of triumph, Tell of du-ties no-bly done. They are
lu-jah! hal-le-lu-jah! Till the hallowed arch-es ring.
mar-in-ers re-turn-ing Shout a-gain the welcome home.
mind the cares and heart-aches In this fleeting world of ours?

com-ing, they are com-ing To the kingdom and the mansions of the blest;

They are Coming.—CONCLUDED.

They are coming, they are coming, Hallelujah! they are coming home to rest.

13

Ever Singing.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH. "With songs and everlasting joy"—Isa. xxxv. 10.

S. J. ROBSON.

1. On my way to Zi - on Songs my lips em - ploy; Ev - er fresh the
2. Songs of joy be - fore me Shall my soul in - cite, For I'm pressing
3. God my hand is hold - ing, And a song he gives, With the sweet as -
4. When with foes I'm fighting For the vic - to - ry, Songs of great de -

CHORUS.

good - ness, Ev - er new the joy. I am ev - er sing - ing,
 on - ward To the gold - en light.
 sur - ance, My Redeem - er lives.
 liv - rance Set my spir - it free.

Singing all the way; Singing thro' the darkness, Singing thro' the day.

ELLEN LAKSHMI GORCH,
A native of India.

Rev. D. C. JOHN.

1. In the se-cret of his presence How my soul delights to hide! Oh, how
2. When my soul is faint and thirsty, 'Neath the shadow of thy wing There is
3. Only this I know, I tell him All my doubts and griefs and fears; Oh, how
4. Would you like to know the sweetness Of the secret of the Lord? Go and

precious are the lessons Which I learn at Jesus' side! Earthly cares can never
cool and pleasant shelter, And a fresh and crystal spring; And my Saviour rests be-
patiently he listens! And my drooping soul he cheers. Do you think he ne'er re-
hide beneath his shadow And received this blest reward. But whene'er you leave the

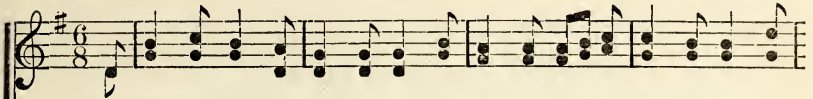
vex me, Neither tri-als lay me low; For when Sa-tan comes to
side me, As we hold commun-ion sweet; If I tried I could not
proves me? What a false friend he would be, If he nev-er, nev-er
si-lence Of that hap-py meet-ing place, You must always bear the

tempt me To the secret place I go, To the se-cret place I go.
utter What he says when thus we meet, What he says when thus we meet.
told me Of the sins which he must see, Of the sins which he must see.
im-age Of the Mas-ter in your face, Of the Master in your face.

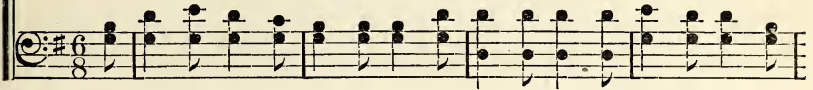
15 Dear Saviour, Cleanse Me Now.

FRANK GOULD.

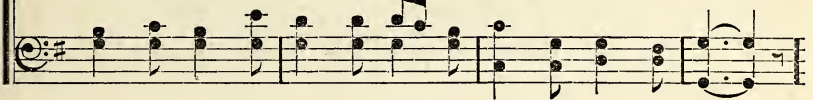
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. A trembling soul I come to thee, And, if there yet is room for me In
2. I come in sim-ple faith alone, To plead thy merits,—not my own; I
3. I long to feel thy power divine, To see thy light around me shine, And
4. My life and breath, my heart and soul, I gladly yield to thy control; Oh,



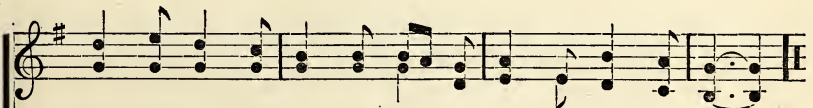
yon - der fount so full and free, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.
 lay my heart be-fore thy throne, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.
 know henceforth that I am thine, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.
 let the heal - ing wa - ters roll, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.



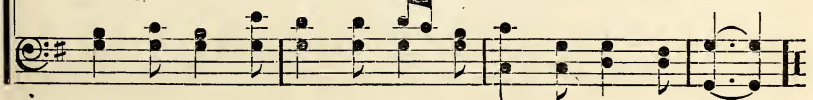
CHORUS.



Cleanse me now, cleanse me now, Bles-sed Saviour, cleanse me now; A

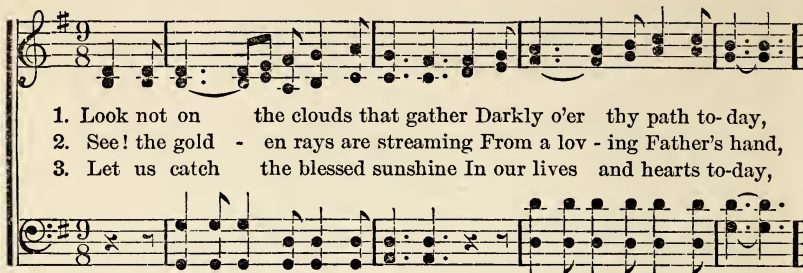


trembling soul I come to thee, Dear Saviour, cleanse me now.

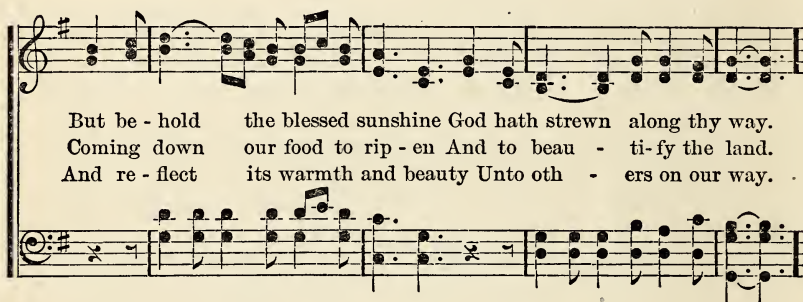


ALEXCENAH THOMAS.

JNO R. SWENEY.



1. Look not on the clouds that gather Darkly o'er thy path to-day,
 2. See! the gold - en rays are streaming From a lov - ing Father's hand,
 3. Let us catch the blessed sunshine In our lives and hearts to-day,

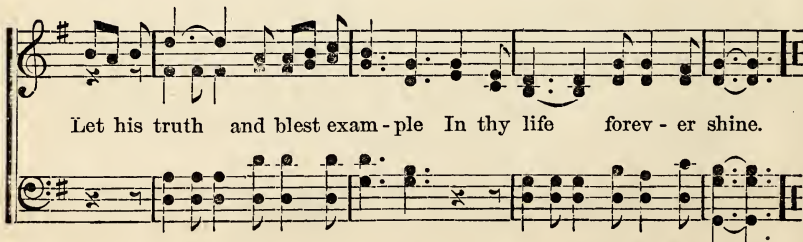


But be - hold the blessed sunshine God hath strewn along thy way.
 Coming down our food to rip - en And to beau - ti - fy the land.
 And re - flect its warmth and beauty Unto oth - ers on our way.

CHORUS.



Catch the ra - diant beams of beauty, Emblem of his life di - vine;



Let his truth and blest exam - ple In thy life forev - er shine.

The Home-Land.

"To bring them unto a goodly land."—Ex. iii. 8.

Rev. H. R. HAWEIS, M. A. (altered.)

W. A. OGDEN.

1. The home-land! oh, the home-land! The land of the free-born;
 2. My Lord is in the home-land, With an-gels bright and fair;
 3. For loved ones in the home-land Are wait-ing me to come,

No gloom-y night is known there, But aye the fade-less morn.
 No sin-ful thing nor e-vil Can ev-er en-ter there;
 Where neith-er death nor sor-row In-vade their ho-ly home;

p
 I'm sigh-ing for the home-land, My heart is ach-ing here;
 The mu-sic of the home-land Is ring-ing in my ears,
 O dear, dear na-tive coun-try! O rest and peace a-bove!

No pain is in the home-land To which I'm draw-ing near.
 And when I think of home-land, My eyes grow dim with tears.
 Lord, bring me to the home-land Of thy e-ter-nal love!

Sound the Jubilee.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sound, sound' the jub - i - lee, God is our King! Hail him, ye
 2. Sound, sound the jub - i - lee, Wake and re-joice! Laud his re-
 3. Bright - ly the morning star Breaks from the skies, O ye de-

sons of men, His glo - ry sing; He has de - liv - ered us,
 deeming grace With heart and voice. Great is the mighty Lord,
 sponding ones, Lift up your eyes; Come to his tem - ple gates,

Fine.
 Praise ye his name; Let ev - 'ry mor - tal tongue His love proclaim.
 Great is our King, Now and for - ev - er - more His praise shall ring.
 Come, come a - way; Haste, let his courts be filled With praise to - day.

a little slower.

Our wonder - ful, wonder - ful Lord and Sav - iour,
 Oh, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly come u - nit - ed,
 He ten - der - ly comforts the wea - ry - heart - ed,
 Our wonder - ful, wonder - ful Lord, our wonder - ful Lord and Sav - iour,
 Oh, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly come, oh, joy - ful - ly come u - nit - ed,
 He ten - der - ly comforts the wea - ry, comforts the wea - ry - heart - ed,

Sound the Jubilee.—CONCLUDED.

Who rul-éth and reigneth from shore to shore,
 To hon-or and worship the Prince of Peace;
 His mer-cy en-dur-eth for - ev - - er - more;

Who ruleth and reigneth, who rul-éth and reigneth from shore to shore,
 To hon-or and worship, to hon-or and worship the Prince of Peace;
 His mer-cy en-dureth for - ev - er, en - dureth for - ev - er - more;

To him shall the princes of earth be gath - ered,
 Oh, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly spread his tri - umph,
 Oh, wonder - ful, wonder - ful love of Je - sus!

To him shall the princes of earth, the princes of earth be gath - ered,
 Oh, joy - ful - ly, joy - ful - ly spread, oh, joy - ful - ly spread his tri - umph,
 Oh, wonder - ful, wonder - ful love, oh, wonder - ful love of Je - sus!

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.

And ag - es e - ter - nal his name a - dore.
 And get him the glo - ry that ne'er shall cease.
 We'll sing of its rapture when time is o'er.

And ag - es e - ter - nal, and ag - es e - ter - nal his name a - dore.
 And get him the glo - ry, and get him the glo - ry that ne'er shall cease.
 We'll sing of its rapture, we'll sing of its rap - ture when time is o'er.

Waiting for You and Me.

A. T. GORHAM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The gold - en spires are gleaming Just on the oth - er side! I
 2. The fade-less flowers are blooming Just on the oth - er side, And
 3. With joy we soon shall gath - er Just on the oth - er side, While
 4. Yes, wait - ing, ev - er wait - ing Just on the oth - er side— Be-

see the turrets glis - ten Hard by the flowing tide; The pearly gates are
 down life's shining riv - er The crystal waters glide; The sons of glo - ry
 endless songs of triumph Come floating o'er the tide; In Eden's star - lit
 yond the roll - ing riv - er, Across the surging tide; Yes, waiting, ev - er

o - pen, The highway's large and free, And angel bands are wait - ing To
 lin - ger Beneath each spreading tree, And angel bands are wait - ing To
 mansions Our home shall ever be, And angel bands are wait - ing To
 wait - ing Up - on the Jas - per Sea, The angel bands are wait - ing To

CHORUS.

welcome you and me. Wait - ing, wait - ing, beautiful forms I
 Waiting for you, waiting for me,

see, The an - gel bands are wait - ing To welcome you and me.

I Want to be a Worker.

I. B.

"The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27.

I. BALTZELL.

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

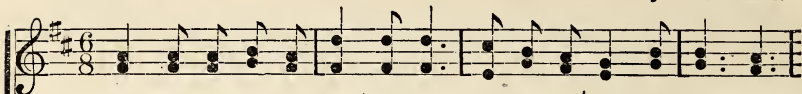
word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu-sy ev-'ry day In the
 way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love In the
 save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the
 word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die In the

CHORUS.

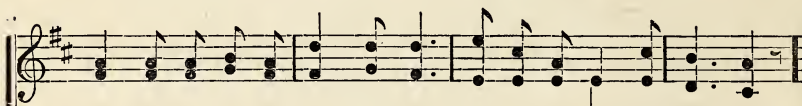
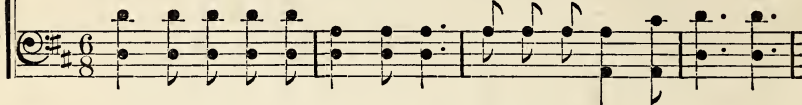
1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
 2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

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

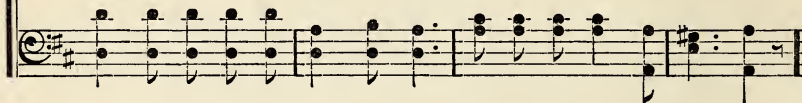
pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.



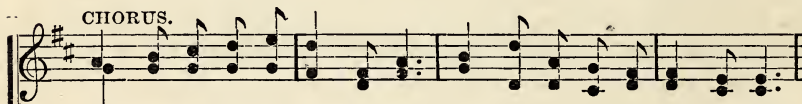
1. Who - so - ev - er will come to me, — Wonder - ful words of Je - sus!
2. Who - so - ev - er! oh, there I cling, Trusting a - lone in Je - sus;
3. Who - so - ev - er a - thirst may be, Come with thy heart to Je - sus,
4. Who - so - ev - er will faithful prove, Do - ing the will of Je - sus,



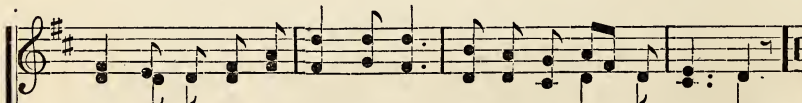
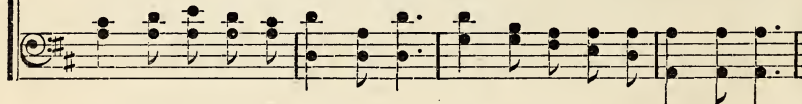
Shall not per - ish, but saved shall be; — Wonderful words of Je - sus!
 There my comfort and help I bring, Trusting a - lone in Je - sus.
 Drink the wa - ter of life so free, Come with thy heart to Je - sus.
 Life e - ter - nal shall reap a - bove, Hid in the life of Je - sus.



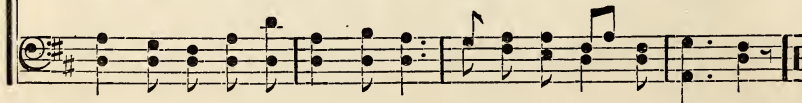
CHORUS.



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



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



Call and I will Answer Thee.

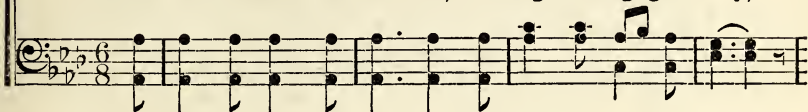
"Call unto me and I will answer thee."—Jer. xxxiii. 2.

E. A. BARNES.

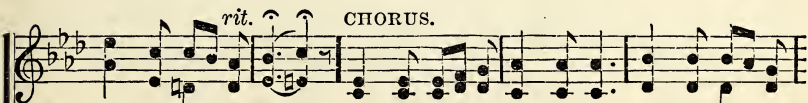
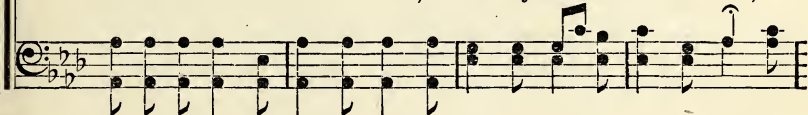
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



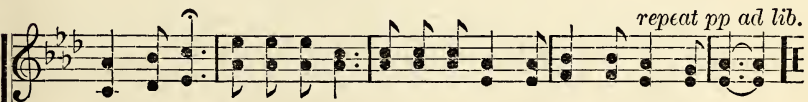
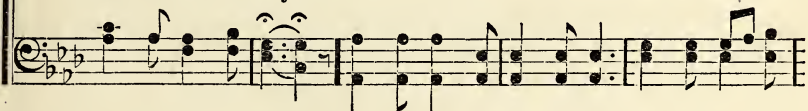
1. A - mid these cares and sor - rows, When courage sinks a - way,
2. A - mid these toils and tri - als, When I am worn and weak,
3. To com - fort and sus - tain me, A - long this rug - ged way,



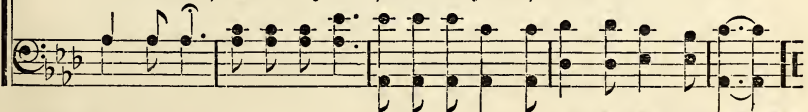
Out of the words that are divine, And sweetly to this heart of mine, I
Out of the words of hope and love, That I may look to him above, I
Out of the truths that ever shine, To sweetly win this soul of mine, I



hear the Saviour say: Call and I will answer thee, Call and I will
hear the Saviour speak:
hear the Saviour say:



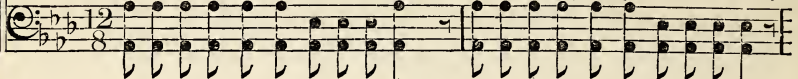
answer thee; Call in thy faith, call in thy love, And I will answer thee.





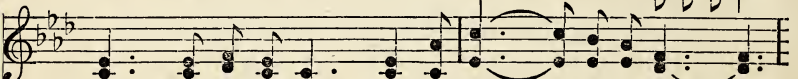
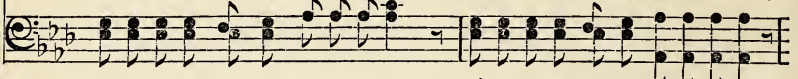
1. Wea - - ry and thirst - y, oh, why wilt thou roam?
2. All the day long by the way - side he stands,
3. Why wilt thou slight him, so faith - - ful and true?
4. Ask him to help thee just now to be - lieve;

1. Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam? Weary and thirsty, oh, why wilt thou roam?
2. All the day long by the wayside he stands, All the day long by the wayside he stands,
3. Why wilt thou slight him, so faithful and true? Why wilt thou slight him, so faithful and true?
4. Ask him to help thee just now to believe, Ask him to help thee just now to believe?



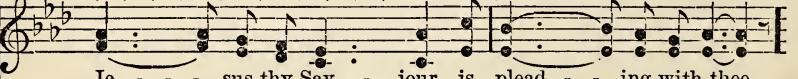
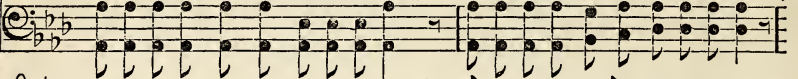
Why wilt thou wand - er, an ex - - ile from home?
 Show - ing the print of the nails in his hands;
 Night is approach - ing, and what wilt thou do?
 Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to re - ceive;

Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home? Why wilt thou wander, an exile from home?
 Showing the print of the nails in his hands, Showing the print of the nails in his hands;
 Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do? Night is approaching, and what wilt thou do?
 Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to receive, Ask him in mer - cy thy heart to receive;



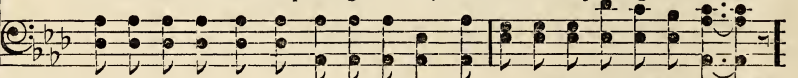
Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,
 Come, or for - ev - er too late it may be,
 Deep - - er and deep - er the dark - ness will be,
 Come, and this mo - ment his child thou wilt be,

Come to the waters that sparkle so free, Come to the waters that sparkle so free,
 Come, or forev - er too late it will be, Come, or forev - er too late it will be,
 Deeper and deeper the darkness will be, Deeper and deeper the darkness will be,
 Come, and this moment his child thou wilt be, Come, and this moment his child thou wilt be,



Je - - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.
 Now thy Redeem - - er is plead - - ing with thee.
 Haste, while the Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.
 Grieve not the Sav - iour now plead - - ing with thee.

Je - sus thy Sav - iour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is plead - ing with thee.
 Now thy Redeem - er is pleading with thee, Re - deem - er is plead - ing with thee.
 Haste, while the Saviour is pleading with thee, the Saviour is plead - ing with thee.
 Grieve not the Saviour now pleading with thee, the Saviour now pleading with thee.



Pleading with thee.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Plead - - ing with thee, plead - - ing with thee,
Pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee, pleading with thee,

Wait - - ing so pa - tient - ly, plead - ing with thee;
Wait - ing so patient - ly, pleading with thee, Waiting so patient - ly, pleading with thee;

Come to the wa - ters that spar - kle so free,
Come to the wa - ters that sparkle so free, Come to the waters that sparkle so free,

Je - - - sus thy Sav - iour is plead - - ing with thee.
Je - sus thy Sav - iour is pleading with thee, thy Saviour is plead - ing with thee.

E. A. BARNES.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I will sing when morning cometh, And the shadows drift a - way,
 2. I will sing when I am bu - sy, Toil-ing on in hope and cheer,
 3. I will sing when evening cometh, And the light it steals a - way,

And I wake with grateful spir-it To be-hold an-oth-er day;
 Hap-py in the ma-ny blessings That a-long my path ap-pear;
 And I rest a-mid the shadows, From the du-ties of the day;

'Tis the Lord who watches o'er me Thro' the night so still and long,
 I will sing when I am wea-ry With the burdens that I bear,
 To the Lord who reigns forev-er 'Mid the glad ce-les-tial throng,

And to him who ev-er hear-eth I will lift a morning song.
 For the Lord will ev-er keep me In his ten-der love and care.
 To the Lord, my hope of heav-en, I will sing an evening song.

CHORUS.

I will sing, I will sing, Making melo-dy unto the Lord, the Lord,

Making Melody.—CONCLUDED.

Repeat pp.

I will sing, I will sing, Making melo - dy un - to the Lord.

25

Care for the Desolate.

FRANK GOULD.

J. R. S.

1. Care for the des - o - late, Homeless and cold, Out in a
2. Go to them lov - ing - ly, Go in his name; Oh, what a
3. Plead with them pa - tient - ly,—Faith can - not fail; Pray for them
4. Leave not the work undone,—Toil with your might; "Rest aft - er

CHORUS.

wil - derness, Far from the fold. Hark! 'tis the Master calls,
bles - sed work, Souls to re - claim!
ear - nest - ly,—Prayer will pre - vail.
la - bor comes, Morn aft - er night." Hark!

Hear and o - bey: Care for the per - ish - ing,—Seek them to - day.

WM. R. LANDON.

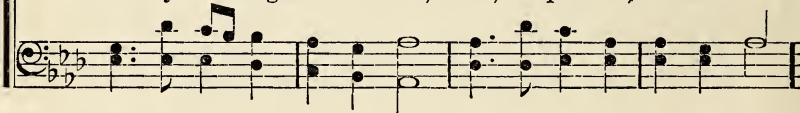
JNO. R. SWENEY.



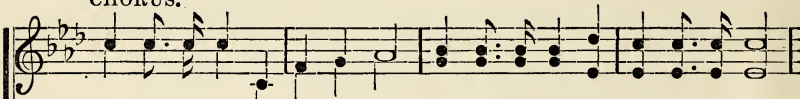
1. Saviour, break this heart of mine, Melt it now with love di-vine;
2. Bend thine ear and hear my cry, Leave me not in sin to die:
3. Reach thy hand and lift my soul From the waves that o'er me roll;
4. Save me now and ev - er - more; Lord, I would thy name a - dore;



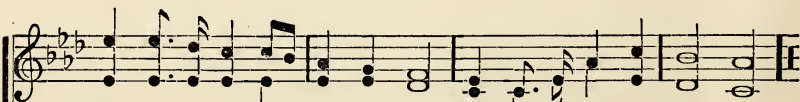
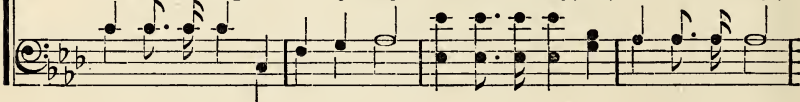
On - ly thou my help must be, On - ly thou canst set me free.
 This my hope, my on - ly plea,—Thou didst come to res - cue me.
 Where for ref - uge can I flee? Lord, I per - ish; save thou me.
 Hide my trembling soul in thee; Lord, I per - ish; save thou me.



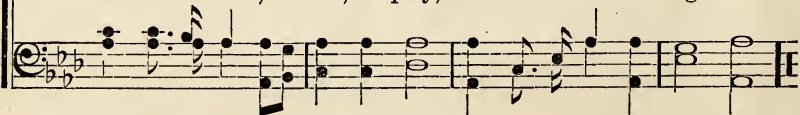
CHORUS.



Out of the deep and mi-ry clay Take me a-way, oh, take me a-way;



Show me the Rock, O Lord, I pray, Rock of e - ter - nal ag - es.



Andante.

1. Je - sus, my on - ly hope, Friend ev - er dear, Bend to my
 2. Je - sus, my on - ly hope, Grant me thy grace,—Teach me in
 3. Je - sus, my on - ly hope, Je - sus, my King, Help me with
 4. Je - sus, my on - ly hope, Be thou my guest,—Un - der thy

earnest prayer Thy gracious ear; Come from thy throne above, Come and my
 joy or pain Thy hand to trace; Keep thou my heart in peace, Bid ev-'ry
 heart and voice Thy praise to sing; Now let thy beams divine Bright o'er my
 might-y wings, O, let me rest, Rest till the angel band—Home to the

dross re-move, Fill me with per-fect love, Sav-iour, to thee.
 mur-mur cease, Come and my faith increase, Sav-iour, in thee.
 pathway shine, Draw me, O Sav-iour mine, Clos-er to thee.
 promised land—Bear me at thy command, Sav-iour, to thee.

From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.

28

Nearer, my God, to Thee.

Tune above.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee!
 Nearer to thee,
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me;
 Still all my song shall be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 2 Though like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let the way appear,
 Steps unto heaven;
 All that thou sendest me,
 In mercy given;

- Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise,
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!
 - 5 Or if on joyful wing
 Cleaving the sky,
 Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
 Upward I fly,
 Still all my song shall be
 Nearer, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee!

Rev. J. DEMSTER HAMMOND

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. The whole wide world for Jesus, This shall our watch word be, Upon the highest
 2. The whole wide world for Jesus, Inspires us with the thought That ev'ry son of
 3. The whole wide world for Jesus, The marching order sound, Go ye and preach the
 4. The whole wide world for Jesus, In-the Father's home above Are many wondrous

mountain, Down by the widest sea. The whole wide world for Je - sus, To
 Adam Hath by the blood been bought. The whole wide world for Jesus, O
 gos - pel Wherev - er man is found. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Our
 mansions, Mansions of light and love. The whole wide world for Je - sus, Ride

him all men shall bow, In-ci - ty or on prairie, The world for Jesus now.
 faint not by the way! The cross shall surely conquer In this our glorious day.
 banner is unfurled, We bat-tle now for Jesus, And faith demands the world.
 forth, O conquering king, Thro' all the mighty nations, The world to glory bring.

CHORUS.

The whole wide world, the whole wide world, Proclaim the gos-pel

tid-ings thro' the whole wide world, Lift up the cross for Je - sus, His

The Whole Wide World.—CONCLUDED.

banner be unfurled, Till ev'ry tongue confess him, thro' the whole wide world.

30

From This Hour.

RACHEL ELLIOT.

JNO R SWENEY.

1. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, For a clos - er walk with thee;
2. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, That thy will in us be done,
3. We are praying, bles - sed Saviour, That our lives thy praise may show,
4. And at last, when all is ov - er, And our languid eyes we close,

Fine.

We are pray - ing that thy spir - it In our hearts may ev - er be.
 We are ask - ing for a un - ion That in thee shall make us one.
 And thy gracious hand di - rect us In the way that we should go.
 May our souls a - wake re - joicing Where the crys - tal riv - er flows.

With a per - fect love a - dore thee, Con - se - crated through thy word.

CHORUS.

D.S.

From this hour, O gracious Lord, May each wak - ing heart be - fore thee

Lead Me to Jesus.

E. D. M.

"And Jesus stood and commanded him to be brought unto him."

Luke xviii. 40.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul is so weary, Wea - ry of bearing the
 2. Mountains impassa - ble, sins rise around me, Hiding the light of the
 3. Lead me to Je - sus, my soul now returning, Seeks in its bo - som its

yoke of sin; Dark clouds above me, my path - way is drea - ry,
 Fa - ther's face; Sit - ting in darkness, sin fet - ters have bound me,
 rest - ing - place; Lead me to Je - sus, my heart now is burning,

CHORUS.

Joy nev - er dwells my sad heart with - in. Lead me to Je - sus,
 Vain - ly I strug - gle without his grace.
 Long - ing for mer - cy, and love, and grace.

lead me to - day; Lead me to Je - sus, lead me, I pray;

Tender - ly, careful - ly, Loving - ly, prayerfully, Lead me to Je - sus.

1. From the gloom of un - be - lief, Ho - ly Spir - it, hear my cry,
 2. Doubt dispelled and faith complete, Full of hope I trav - el on;
 3. Glo - ry be to God on high, To the Fa - ther and the Son,

Send to me thy sweet relief, Send, oh, send it, or I die; Send the gospel's
 Sol - id rock beneath my feet, Life e - ternal shall be won! Spirit, help me
 And the Spir - it; an - gels cry, Worship the Almighty One! Thus I worship

light and love, Send it quickly from above, Light of blessed hope and joy,
 on my way, Spir - it, help me ev - 'ry day; Then, if doubt or sin assail,
 ev - 'ry day; Blessed hope comes in to stay, Peace abides, a joy - ful guest,

CHORUS.

Such as doubt can ne'er destroy. Halle - lu - jah! light comes in; Hallelu - jah!
 With thy help I shall prevail.
 And my soul has perfect rest.

free from sin! Hal - le - lujah! hope and joy Such as doubt can ne'er destroy!

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Leading souls to Jesus who are sad and lost, Who upon life's waters have been
 2. Leading souls to Jesus, telling them the way Out of nature's darkness into
 3. Leading souls to Jesus from their want and sin, Setting up his kingdom with its
 4. Leading souls to Jesus, as the stars to shine, In some humbly station, Master,

tempest-tossed; All the heavy-laden, burdened with their load, Whisp'ring of sal-
 God's own day; Kneeling with the sinner at the Saviour's feet, Even angels
 peace within; Till the Spirit witness in them o'er and o'er, Cleans'd are thy trans-
 be it mine; With forgiven sin-ners, not alone, to stand When I rise to

CHORUS.

vation thro' the Lamb of God. Leading souls to Jesus! oh, may this be mine,
 can not know of work more sweet.
 gressions: go, and sin no more.
 glo-ry in the bet - ter land.

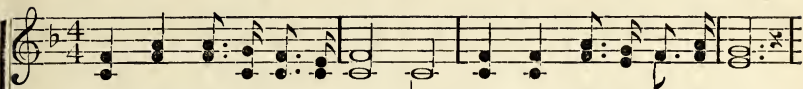
Till I cross the riv - er to that home divine; Sowing by all wa - ters,

till the great day come, When with joy the reapers shout the harvest home.

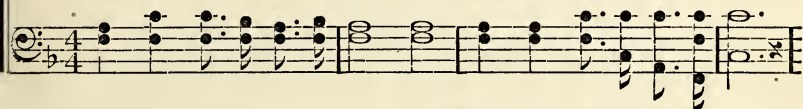
34-216 Drinking at the Fountain.

MATILDA C. DAY.

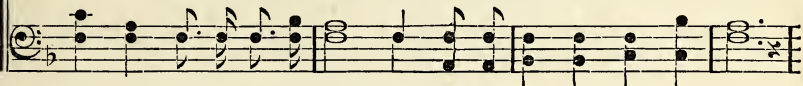
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



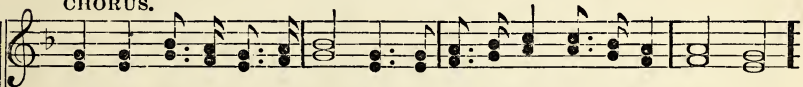
1. We are drinking at the fount - ain Of redeeming, precious love ;
2. We are drinking at the fount - ain That for all so free - ly flows,
3. At the blessed, living fount - ain, Ev - er flowing, bright and clear,
4. When we reach our Father's Kingdom, And our pilgrim life is o'er,



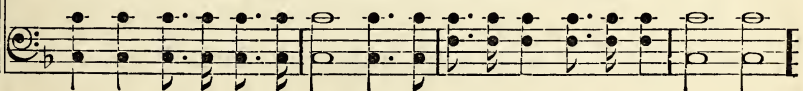
At the crystal fountain flow - ing From our Father's throne a - bove.
 In the murmur of its wa - ters There's a balm for mor - tal woes.
 There is joy for ev - 'ry sor - row, And a smile for ev - 'ry tear.
 At the fountain pure and sparkling We will drink, and thirst no more.



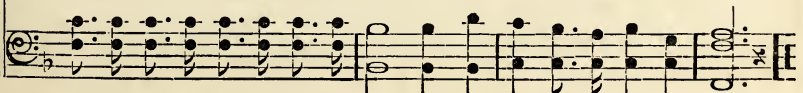
CHORUS.



Yes, we're drinking at the fountain, The wonderful, wonderful fount - ain,



Drinking full salva - tion at the fount - ain Of life and redeeming love.



Only Remembered.

H. BONAR, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Up and away, like the dew of the morning, Soaring from earth to its
 2. Shall I be missed if an-oth-er succeed me, Reaping the fields I in
 3. Oh, when the Saviour shall make up his jewels, When the bright crowns of re-

home in the sun; Thus would I pass from the earth and its toil-ing,
 spring-time have sown? No, for the sow-er may pass from his la-bors,
 joic-ing are won, Then will his faith-ful and wea-ry dis-ci-ples,

CHORUS.

On - ly remembered by what I have done. On - ly remembered,
 On - ly remembered by what he has done.
 All be remembered for what they have done.

only remembered, Only remembered by what I have done, Only remembered,

rit.

on - ly remembered, On - ly remem-bered by what I have done.

Never Delay.

W. G. TOMER.

With earnestness.

1. Ling - er not, ling - er not, let us seek him in our prayer, Let us
 2. Ling - er not, ling - er not, let us seek him now, to-day, If we
 3. Ling - er not, ling - er not, we can nev - er find a rest, For we

bow at his feet, he will surely meet us there; At the foot of the cross in the
 knock at the door he will never turn away; Oh, the riches of grace that in
 seek a new country, a home where dwell the blest; We will toil till our work of pro-

dust we all must fall; If we ask for his love he will answer one and all.
 Christ is always found! With the fulness of joy we forev - er may abound.
 bation here is done, For the crown is not ours till the victo - ry is won.

CHORUS.

Nev - er, no, never de - lay, Nev - er, no, never de - lay,
 no, nev - er de - lay, no, nev - er de - lay,

Repeat pp.
 Up and be do - - ing, And never, no, never de - lay.
 Up and be do - ing, yes, up and be do - ing,

Jesus at the Door.

Written for W. H. D.

"I am the door."—John x. 9.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Hear the gen - tle voice that calls thee, Come and see, come and see;
 2. Art thou hun - gry? he will give thee Liv - ing bread, liv - ing bread;
 3. Art thou thirst - y? cool - ing wa - ter, Pure and free, pure and free,
 4. Art thou wea - ry? lay thy bur - den At the cross, at the cross;

Je - sus at the door of mer - cy Waits for thee, waits for thee.
 Lo! a ta - ble now be - fore thee, Rich - ly spread, rich - ly spread;
 From the spring of life e - ter - nal, Flows for thee, flows for thee,
 Count the world and all its plea - sures On - ly dross, on - ly dross;

To a kind - ly shel - ter nigh, Haste, O, haste thee, quickly fly.
 When such heavenly food is thine, Wilt thou in a des - ert pine?
 Trav'ler, drink, O, drink a - gain, Heal - ing balm for ev - 'ry pain.
 Come to Je - sus, wounded soul, He a - lone can make thee whole.

CHORUS.

Oh! the Sav - iour is standing at the door, at the door, Oh! the

Sav - iour is standing at the door— Wilt thou en - ter in, he will
 at the door,

Jesus at the Door.—CONCLUDED.

cleans thy sin, Oh! the Sav - iour is standing at the door.

38

Dropping Pennies.

Mrs. FIDELIA H DEWITT.

WM J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the pennies dropping, Listen while they fall, Ev-'ry one for Je - sus,
2. Dropping, dropping ever, From each little hand, 'Tis our gift to Je - sus,
3. Now, while we are little, Pennies are our store, But, when we are older,
4. Tho' we have not money, We can give him love, He will own our off'ring,

REFRAIN.

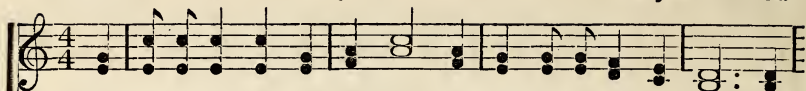
He will get them all.
 From his lit - tle band. Drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping, drop - ping,
 Lord, we'll give thee more.
 Smil - ing from a - bove.

Hear the pennies fall; Ev-'ry one for Je - sus, He will get them all.

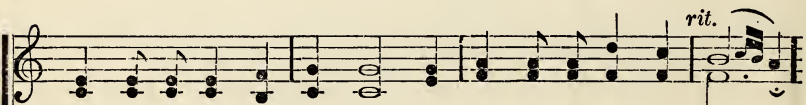
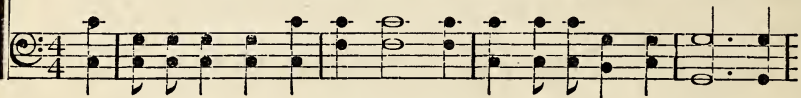
I'll Never Let Go the Anchor.

S. MARTIN.

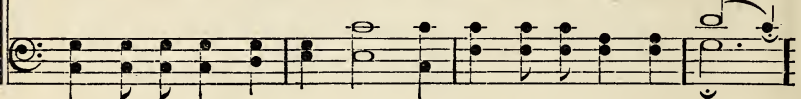
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



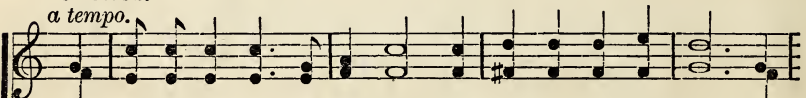
1. I'll nev-er let go the anchor, Where Jesus hath brought my soul, But
2. My anchor that stood for ag - es, No changes nor time can move; 'Twill
3. Oh, glo-ry to God! I'm hap-py; My trust in his word is strong; I
4. Oh, glo-ry to God! I'm hap-py; I'll praise him on yonder shore; For



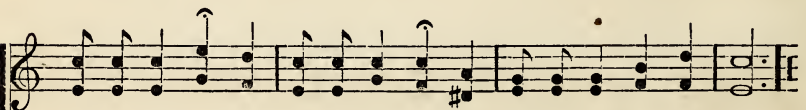
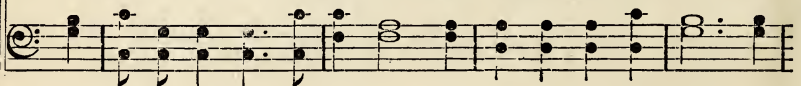
cling to it still with firm-ness, Though billows around me roll.
 sure-ly a-bide for-ev-er; 'Tis fixed on a Sav-iour's love.
 know that his hand up-holds me, And crowneth my life with song.
 now I can brave the tem-pest, And smile when the surges roar.



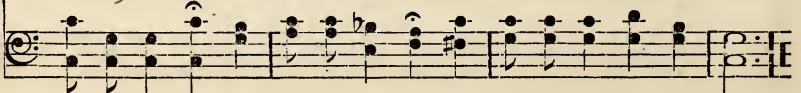
CHORUS.

a tempo.

I'll nev-er let go the anchor, Though heart and strength may fail; I'll

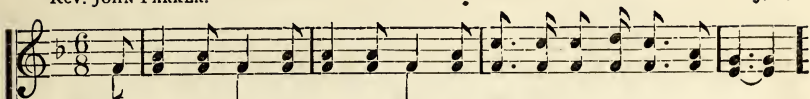


nev-er let go, I'll nev-er let go, Till gathered within the vale.

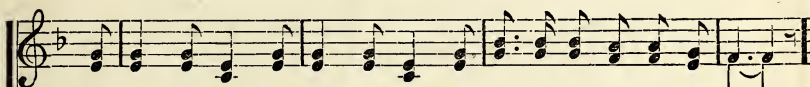
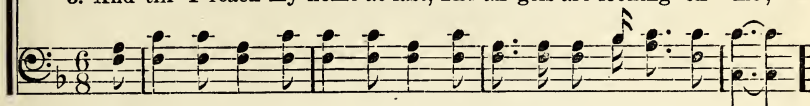


Rev. JOHN PARKER.

J. P.



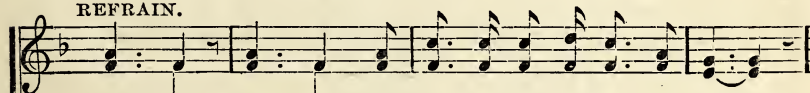
1. Like Ja-cob, in his Beth-el rest, The an-gels are looking on me;
2. Each night I lay me down to sleep, The an-gels are looking on me;
3. And when I wake, new toils to meet, The an-gels are looking on me;
4. A pil-grim to the heav'nly land, The an-gels are looking on me;
5. And till I reach my home at last, The an-gels are looking on me;



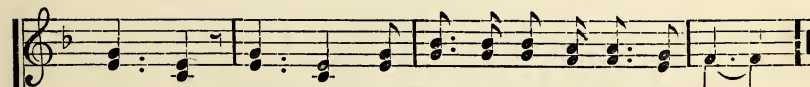
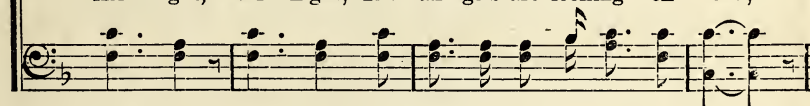
They watch my pil-low—I am blest, The an-gels are looking on me.
 I know I'm safe, for an-gels keep, The an-gels are looking on me.
 God's presence makes my joy complete, The an-gels are looking on me.
 My steps are kept by God's command, The an-gels are looking on me.
 With ev - 'ry tear and tri - al past, The an-gels are looking on me.



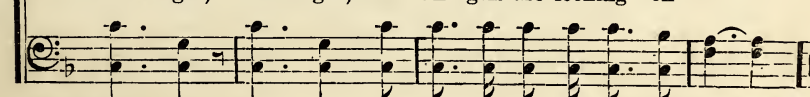
REFRAIN.



All night, all night, The an-gels are looking on me;



All night, all night, The an-gels are looking on me!



Calvary.

"The place which is called Calvary, there they crucified him."

Rev. W. M'K. DARWOOD.

Luke xxiii. 33.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On Calv'ry's brow my Saviour died, 'Twas there my
2. 'Mid rending rocks and dark'ning skies, My Saviour
3. O Je-sus, Lord, how can it be, That thou shouldst

Lord was cruci - fied: 'Twas on the cross he bled for
bows his head and dies; The opening vail reveals the
give thy life for me, To bear the cross and ag-o-

me, And purchased there my par-don free.
way To heaven's joys and endless day.
ny,— In that dread hour on Cal - va - ry!—

mf CHORUS. *p* *m* *pp*
O Cal - va - ry! dark Calva - ry! Where Jesus shed his blood for me, for me;

mf *ff* *mf* *rit. p*
O Cal - va - ry! blest Cal - va - ry! 'Twas there my Saviour died for me.

42-224 God so Loved the World.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

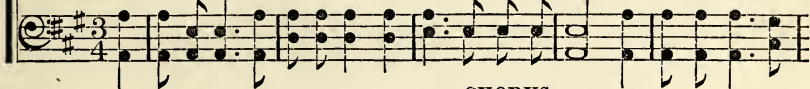
John iii. 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

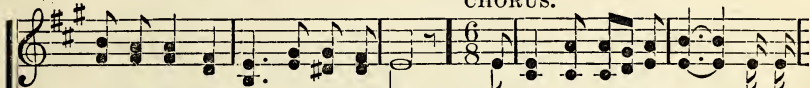
Solo ad lib.



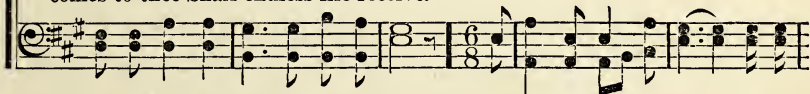
1. God loved the world so tenderly His only Son he gave, That all who on his
 2. Oh, love that only God can feel, And only he can show! Its height and depth, its
 3. Why perish, then, ye ransom'd ones? Why slight the gracious call? Why turn from him
 4. O Saviour, melt these hearts of ours, And teach us to believe That whosoever [whose



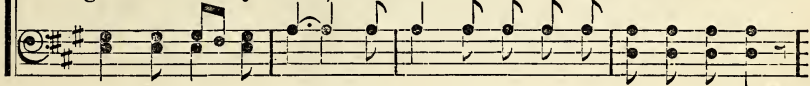
CHORUS.



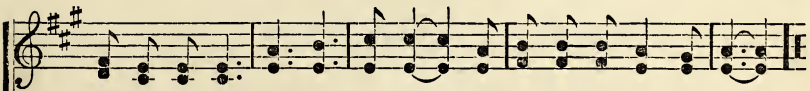
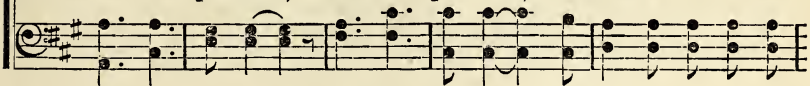
name believe Its wondrous pow'r will save. For God so loved the world that he
 length and breadth Nor heav'n nor earth can know!
 words proclaim E-ter - nal life to all?
 comes to thee Shall endless life receive.



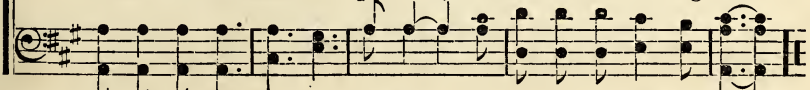
gave his on - ly Son, That who - so - ev - er be - lieveth in him

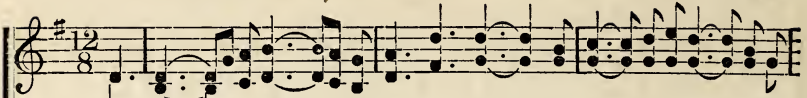


Should not per - ish, should not per - ish; That who - so - ev - er be -



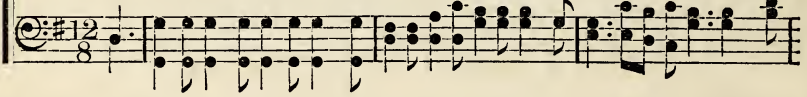
lieveth in him Should not per - ish, but have ev - er - last - ing life.





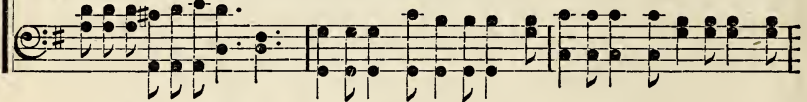
1. The Spir - it and the Bride say, "Come! And drink of the water of
 2. "O, Come!" Let ev - 'ry one who hears To all who are near him now
 3. Who - ev - er will, come, taste and see! Your longings the Saviour can

1. The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come!" The Spirit and the Bride say, "Come! And drink of the water, and
 2. "O, Come!" Let ev'ry one who hears, "O, Come!" Let ev'ry one who hears, To all who are near him, and
 3. Whoever will, come, taste and see! Whoever will, come, taste and see! Your longings the Saviour, your

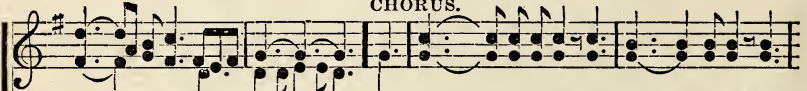


life." O, bles - sed call, Good news for all, Who
 say, "I heard the sound, The stream I found, Be-
 fill! The stream is free To you and me, And

drink of the water of life." O, blessed call, Good news to all, O, blessed call, Good news to all, Who
 all who are near him now say, I heard the sound, The stream I found, I heard the sound, The stream I found, Be-
 longings the Saviour can fill! The stream is free To you and me, The stream is free To you and me, And

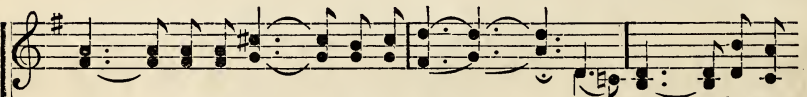
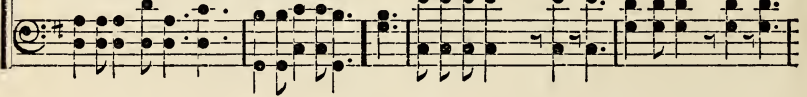


CHORUS.

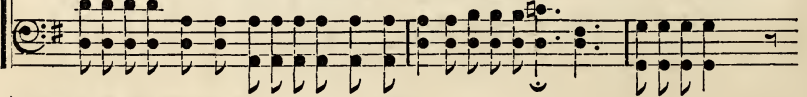


tire of sin and strife. . . The Spirit says, Come, The Bride says, Come, And
 hold the living way!" . .
 who - soev - er will! . . .

tire of sin and strife, Who tire of sin and strife. The Spirit says come, come, The Bride says come, come, And
 hold the living way!" Behold the living way!"
 whosoever will! And whosoever will!



drink of the wa - ter of life; The Spir - it says,
 drink of the water, and drink of the water of life, the water of life; The Spirit says, come,



The Universal Call.—CONCLUDED.

Come, The Bride says, Come, And drink of the water of life.
 come, The Bride says, come, come, And drink of the water of life, And drink of the water of life.

44

Each Heart Thy Temple.

LAURA MILLER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Thou chief among ten thousand, More love-ly far than all,
 2. We come, as thou hast taught us, Thy mer-its, Lord, we plead,
 3. We know that thou art with us, We feel thy power di-vine;
 4. Our souls, and all with-in us, We con-se-crate to thee,

Fine.

Re-veal thyself in glo-ry, While on thy name we call.
 Be-cause thou liv-est ev-er, For us to in-ter-cede.
 Thy Spir-it bear-eth wit-ness That we through grace are thine.
 And pray that in our weak-ness Thine arm our strength may be.

D. S.—Now make each heart thy tem-ple, And there henceforth a-bide.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Thou chief a-mong ten thousand, Our on-ly faith-ful Guide,

A Trust in Thee Alone.

R. KELSO CARTER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus, my faith I now confess, Thy presence doth my spirit bless, Thou
 2. No strength of mine I dare to claim, Be thine the glory and the fame, I
 3. When dangers thicken round my way, And foes engage in bloody fray, Thou,

art my peace and righteousness; I trust in thee a-lone, O Lord.
 rest on thine e - ter - nal name; I trust in thee a-lone, O Lord.
 thou alone can win the day; I trust in thee a-lone, O Lord.

CHORUS.

O Lord, I stand upon the rock, Thy precious blood has washed my sins a-
 O Lord, I stand up - on the rock,

way; With thee I walk in liv - ing light, That shineth
 With thee I walk in liv - ing light,

4 'Mid friends that doubt and foes that
 mock,
 When lightnings fall and thunders shock,
 Thou art my fortress and my rock;
 I trust in thee alone, O Lord.
 more and more to perfect day.

5 O, soon I'll stand on heaven's height,
 Be crowned a victor in the fight,
 Thyself my everlasting light;
 I trust in thee alone, O Lord.

Meeting and Gathering Home.

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Trav-'ling onward from day to day Ov - er the vale of time,
2. Trav-'ling onward, our course we keep, Ov - er the vale of time;
3. What-if through trials our lot may be, Ov - er the vale of time?
4. We are nearing the gold - en strand Ov - er the vale of time;



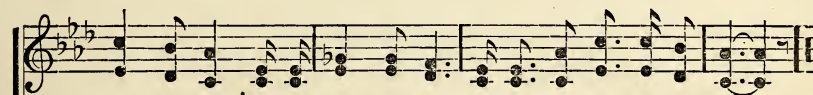
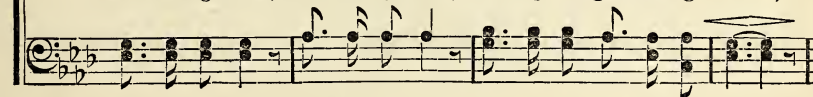
We will follow the King's highway Ov - er the vale of time.
 Now we scatter and now we reap, Ov - er the vale of time.
 Rest remaineth be-yond the sea, Ov - er the vale of time.
 Soon we'll enter the soul's bright land, Ov - er the vale of time.



CHORUS.



Gath - ering home, Gath - ering home, Meeting and gath - ering home;



One by one, when our work is done, Meeting and gath - ering home.



Come, ye Sinners.

JOSEPH HART.

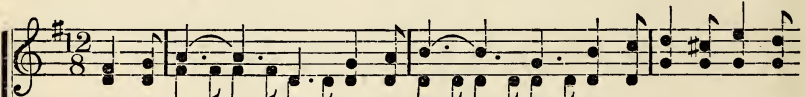
JNO. R. SWENNY.



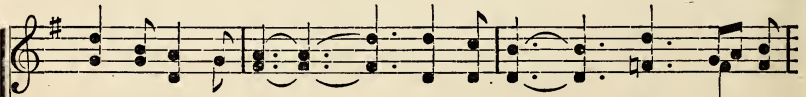
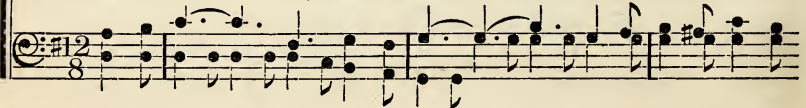
1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
2. Now, ye need-y, come and welcome; God's free bounty glo - ri - fy;
3. Come, ye wea-ry, heav-y-la - den, Bruised and mangled by the fall;
4. Lo! th'incarnate God, ascend-ing, Pleads the mer - it of his blood:



Je-sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pi - ty, love, and power:
 True be-lief and true repent-ance, Ev -ry grace that brings you nigh,
 If you tar - ry till you're better, You will nev - er come at all;
 Ven-ture on him, ven-ture free-ly; Let no oth - er trust in-trude;



He is a - - ble, He is will - - ing, He is a - ble, He is
 He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is willing, He is willing,
 Without mon - - ey, Without mon - - ey, Without money, Come to
 Not the right - - eous, Not the right - - eous, Not the righteous, —Sinners
 None but Je - - sus, None but Je - - sus, None but Je-sus Can do



will-ing: doubt no more; . . . He is a - - - ble, He is
 doubt no more; He is a - ble, He is a - ble, He is
 Je-sus Christ and buy; . . . Without mon - - ey, Without
 Je-sus came to call; . . . Not the right - - eous, Not the
 helpless sin-ners good; . . . None but Je - - - sus, None but



Come, ye Sinners.—CONCLUDED.

will - - ing, He is a - ble, He is willing: doubt no more.
 will - ing, He is will - ing, He is will - ing: doubt no more.
 mon - - ey, Without money, Come to Jesus Christ and buy.
 right - - eous, Not the righteous,—Sinners Jesus came to call.
 Je - - sus, None but Je - sus Can do helpless sin - ners good.

48

Remember Calvary.

CHAS WESLEY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. { Lamb of God, whose dy - ing love We now re - call to mind, }
 { Send the ans - wer from a - bove, And let us mer - cy find: }

Think on us who think on thee, And ev - 'ry struggling soul re - lease;

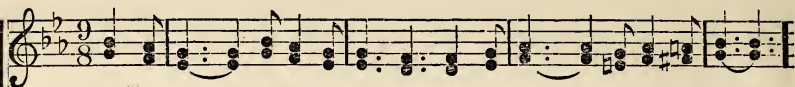
O re - mem - ber Cal - va - ry, And bid us go in peace!

2 By thine agonizing pain,
 And bloody sweat, we pray,
 By thy dying love to man,
 Take all our sins away:
 Burst our bonds, and set us free;
 From all iniquity release;
 O remember Calvary,
 And bid us go in peace!

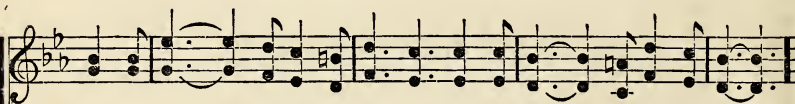
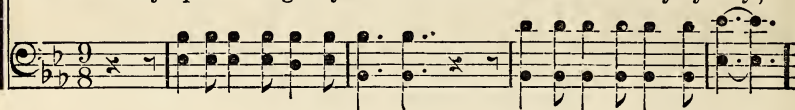
3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,
 The sinner's pardon seal;
 Speak us freely justified,
 And all our sickness heal:
 By thy passion on the tree,
 Let all our griefs and troubles
 O remember Calvary, [cease:
 And bid us go in peace!

Mrs. J. P. R. PERRY.

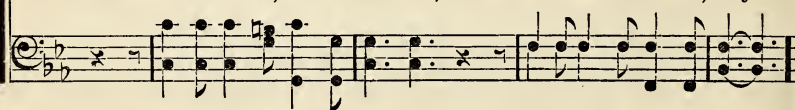
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. When the clouds were dark above me, And I heard the billows roll,
2. When the fiercest storms were raging, And I found no earthly rest,
3. Let me hear thy voice, my Saviour, While I tread the vale of life;
4. Let my spir - it gladly fol - low Where thou lead - est day by day;



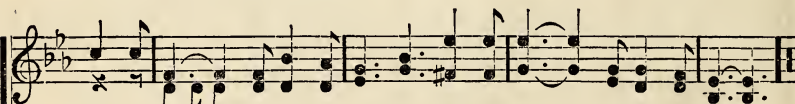
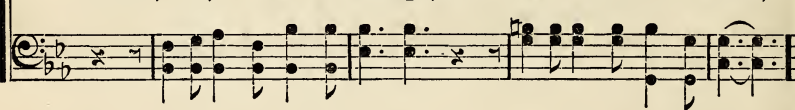
How the lov - ing voice of Je - sus Whispered com - fort to my soul!
 Then my wea - ry head he pillowed On his kind and faithful breast.
 Let me hear its tones so gentle 'Mid the con - flict and the strife.
 When thou call - est, blessed Saviour, Let me nev - er answer, nay.



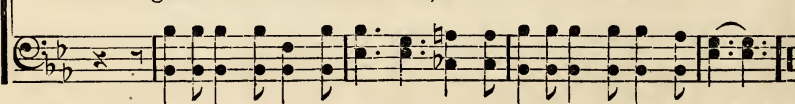
CHORUS.

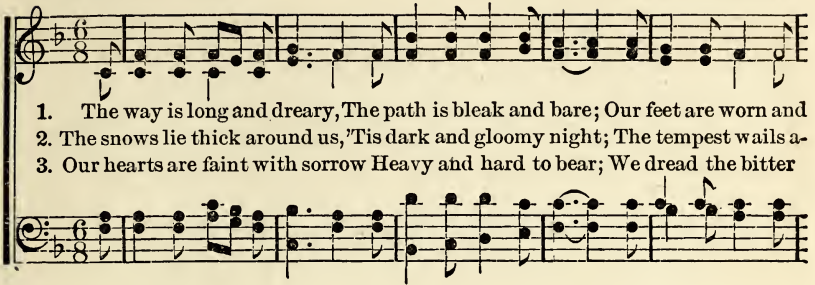


Onward, then, I'll move in triumph, Till I reach the oth - er shore,

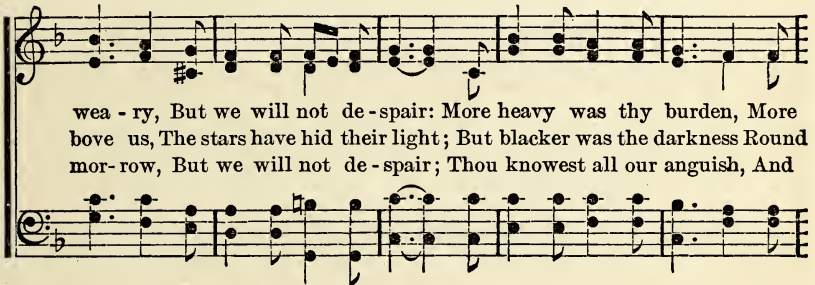


There to gath - er with the faithful, When the storms of life are o'er.

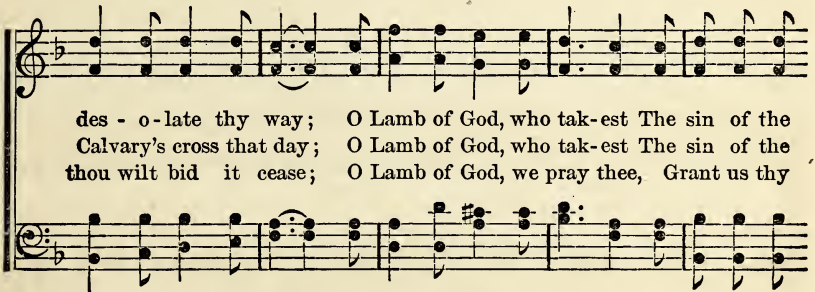




1. The way is long and dreary, The path is bleak and bare; Our feet are worn and
 2. The snows lie thick around us, 'Tis dark and gloomy night; The tempest wails a-
 3. Our hearts are faint with sorrow Heavy and hard to bear; We dread the bitter

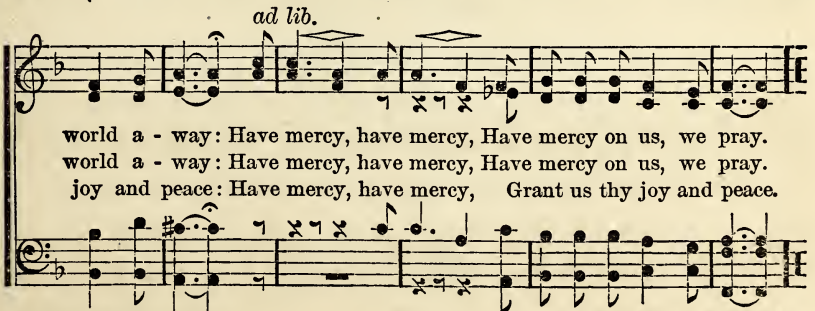


wea - ry, But we will not de - spair: More heavy was thy burden, More
 bove us, The stars have hid their light; But blacker was the darkness Round
 mor - row, But we will not de - spair; Thou knowest all our anguish, And



des - o - late thy way; O Lamb of God, who tak - est The sin of the
 Calvary's cross that day; O Lamb of God, who tak - est The sin of the
 thou wilt bid it cease; O Lamb of God, we pray thee, Grant us thy

ad lib.

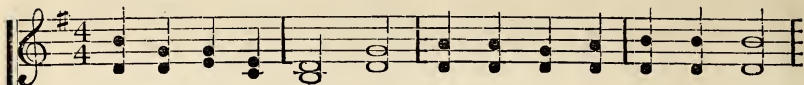


world a - way: Have mercy, have mercy, Have mercy on us, we pray.
 world a - way: Have mercy, have mercy, Have mercy on us, we pray.
 joy and peace: Have mercy, have mercy, Grant us thy joy and peace.

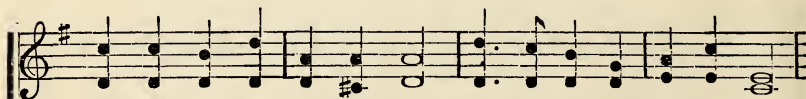
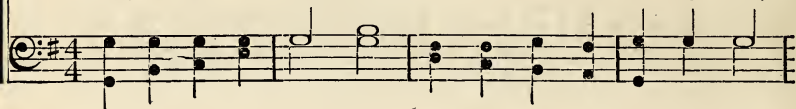
Lord, I Come Repenting.

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.

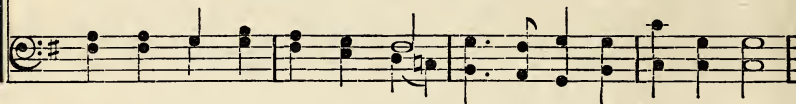
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. Lord, I come re - pent - ing; Self and sin I long have sought,
2. Lord, I come be - liev - ing; Ev - 'ry prom - ise hum - bly claim,
3. Lord, I come o - bey - ing; Lo, I come to do thy will,



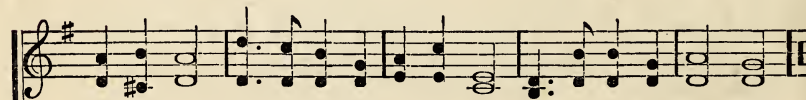
Wick - ed works my life has wrought, Sins of speech and secret thought,
Trust the one and on - ly Name, Yes - ter - day, to - day the same,
And, through seeming good or ill, Fol - low in thy footsteps still:



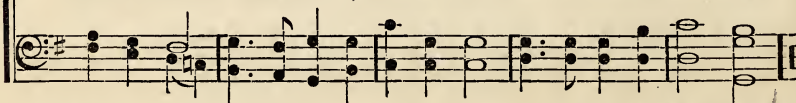
CHORUS.



Now I come re - pent - ing. Bowing low before thy throne, Trusting in thy
Now I come be - liev - ing.
Now I come o - bey - ing.



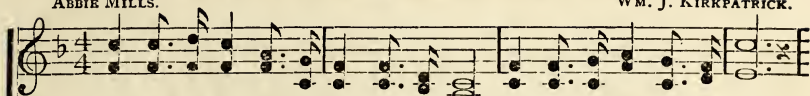
blood a - lone, Own me, Saviour, as thine own, While I come repent - ing.



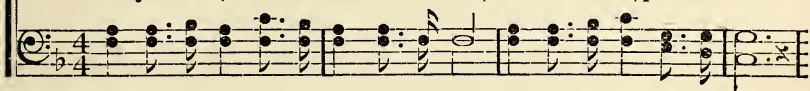
52-234 Redeemed, Praise the Lord.

ABBIE MILLS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



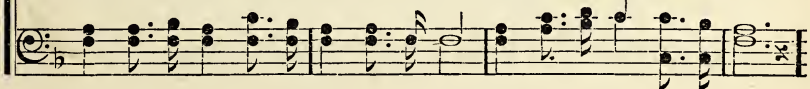
1. O happy day! what a Sav-iour is mine! I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
2. O clap your hands, all ye people of God, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
3. Thanks be to God for the great vict'ry given, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
4. Glory to God, I would shout ev - ermore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



Fine.



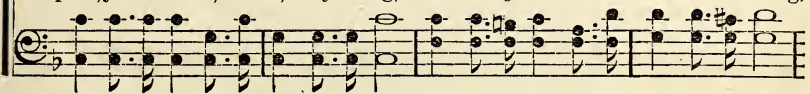
All to his pleasure I glad - ly re - sign, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Let ev'ry tongue speak his mercy abroad, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Now I am free; ev'ry chain has been riven,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 O for a voice that could reach ev'ry shore, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



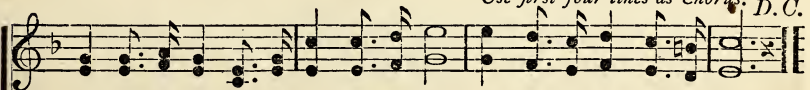
Key C.



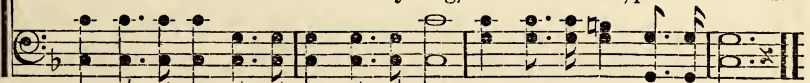
Jesus has taken my burden away; Jesus has turned all my night into day;
 His loving-kindness is better than gold; He doth bestow more than my cup can hold;
 Out of the pit, and the mire, and the clay, Jesus has borne me in triumph away;
 Help me, ye ransom'd, awake, ev'ry string, Let earth rejoice and the whole heavens ring,



Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.



Jesus has come to my heart,—come to stay,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Wondrous Salvation, that ne'er can be told,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 Safe on the rock I am standing to-day,—I am redeemed, praise the Lord!
 While we the chorus u - ni - ted - ly sing, I am redeemed, praise the Lord!



Rev. C. H. YATMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY

1. I know that my Redeem-er lives, I know he died for
 2. I know there is a crown of life, And robes of white to
 3. I know his blood for me was spilt, The wine press he hath
 4. I know that soon there will be rest For ev - 'ry wea - ry

me, I know that he salva-tion gives, I know his face I'll see.
 wear, I know that at the end of strife The victor's palm I'll bear.
 trod; I know that mansions have been built For all the sons of God.
 heart, I know that I with all the blest Shall have a glo - rious part.

CHORUS.

I know that my Redeem-er lives, I know his grace is full and

free; What joy 'twill be with him to dwell Thro' all e-ter - ni - ty.

The Strong One.

"Who is this from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah?"

Rev. DWIGHT WILLIAMS.

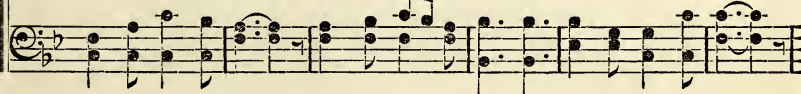
Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.



1. Who is this from Edom With his garments dyed, In his strength and greatness,
2. Red is his appar - el; All the stains he wears Cover our transgressions—
3. Hail the Lord of glo - ry! Hail the Saviour King; Let the people praise him;



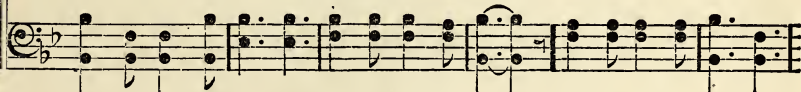
By the world denied? This is Christ the mighty, Strong alone to save,
Sin of men he bears. From the wine-press trodden, Where he went alone,
Let them tribute bring. Now the path is o - pen To the pearly gate;



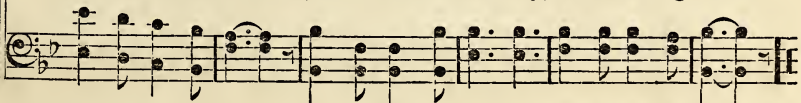
CHORUS.



All his foes are conquered,—Victor o'er the grave. Give him praise forever;
He hath brought salvation,—Grace to ev'ry one.
Go, ye ransomed sinners, For the price was great.

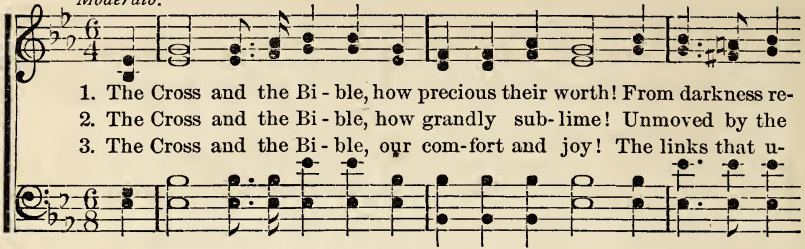


Give him throne and crown; Tell the world the story, Give the King renown!

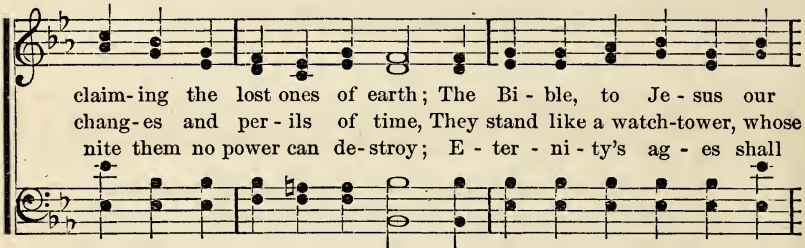


MATILDA C. DAY.

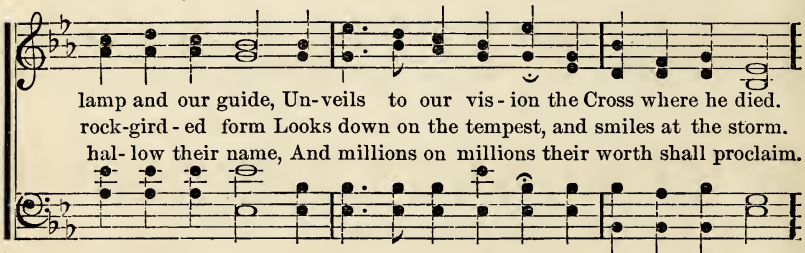
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.


1. The Cross and the Bi - ble, how precious their worth! From darkness re -
 2. The Cross and the Bi - ble, how grandly sub - lime! Unmoved by the
 3. The Cross and the Bi - ble, our com - fort and joy! The links that u -

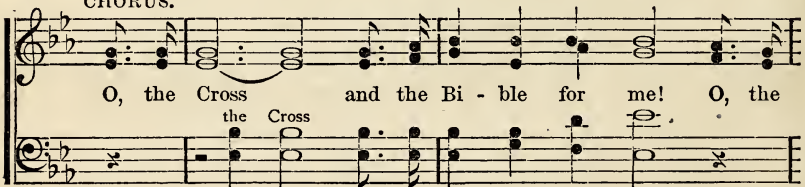


claim - ing the lost ones of earth; The Bi - ble, to Je - sus our
 chang - es and per - ils of time, They stand like a watch - tower, whose
 nite them no power can de - stroy; E - ter - ni - ty's ag - es shall

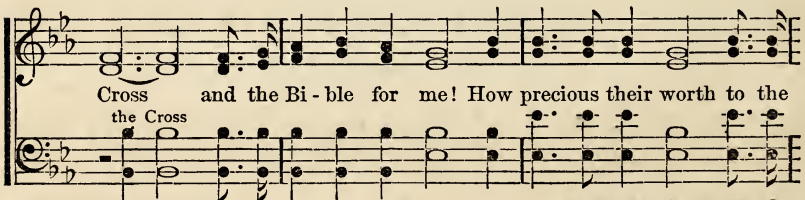


lamp and our guide, Un - veils to our vis - ion the Cross where he died.
 rock - gird - ed form Looks down on the tempest, and smiles at the storm.
 hal - low their name, And millions on millions their worth shall proclaim.

CHORUS.



O, the Cross and the Bi - ble for me! O, the
 the Cross



Cross and the Bi - ble for me! How precious their worth to the
 the Cross

The Cross and the Bible.—CONCLUDED.

ad lib.

lost ones of earth! O, the Cross . . . and the Bi-ble for me.

O, the Cross

56

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me.

E. D. MUND.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps. xl. 17.

E. S. LORENZ.

1. A-mid the tri - als which I meet, Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
 2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up-on my soul their shadow cast;
 3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,

Fine.

One thought remains supreme - ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom reminds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con- tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!

D. S.—What need I fear since thou art near, And thinkest, Lord, of me.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, of me;

Pray for the Fallen.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Pray for the fal-len! oh, think of them kindly, Take them to Jesus, his
 2. Pray for the fal-len! oh, do not forsake them, Slaves to the tempter who
 3. Pray for the fal-len, the world has renounced them! Keen are its glances, its
 4. Pray for the erring! oh, think of them kindly They are our neighbors, tho'

mercy implore; Tho' they have wander'd, and sad their condition, Prayer and our
 laughs at their pain; Fast in the fet-ters he forged to deceive them, Pi-ty and
 censure is cold; Yet the dear Saviour will gently receive them, He will not
 far they have stray'd; They are our brothers: go forth to their rescue! Give them our

CHORUS.

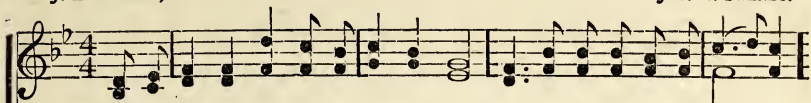
efforts their souls may restore. Pray for them earnestly, pray for them faithfully,
 help them again and a-gain.
 turn them away from his fold.
 friendship, our comfort, our aid. Pray earnest-ly, pray faith-ful-ly,

Prayers will be answered thro' Je-sus' dear name; Pray for them fervent-ly,
 Pray fer-vent-ly,

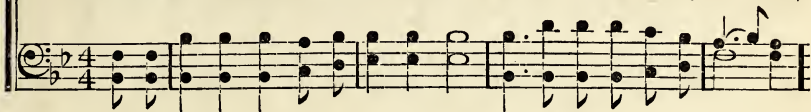
lov-ing, and tenderly,—Prayer and our ef-forts the lost may reclaim.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

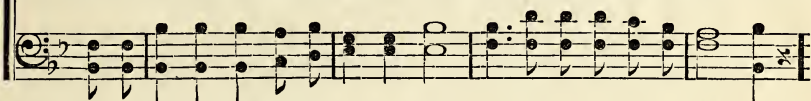
JNO. R. SWENEY.



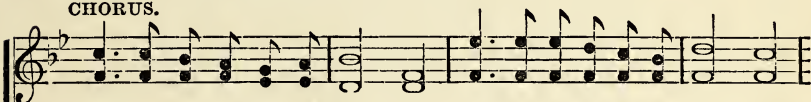
1. I have found a place for my weary head, In the bosom of my Sav-iour;
2. I have found a place for my broken heart, In the bosom of my Sav-iour;
3. I have found a place where I fain would lie, In the bosom of my Sav-iour,



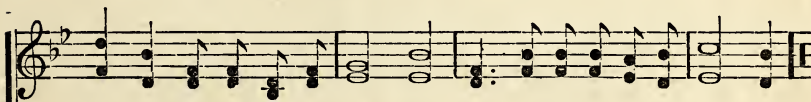
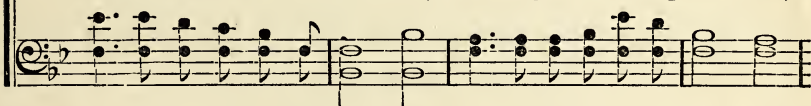
Where my sins I tell, and my tears I shed, In the bosom of my Sav-iour.
 When I see the things I have loved depart, In the bosom of my Sav-iour.
 When my work is done, and I come to die, In the bosom of my Sav-iour.



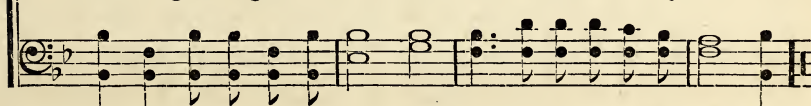
CHORUS.



'Neath his shadow safe he hides me, All things needful he provides me,



Precious gifts of grace divides me, In the bosom of my Sav-iour.



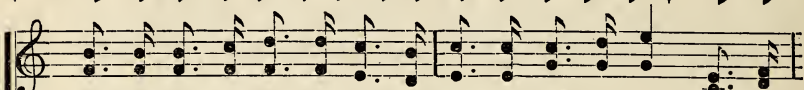
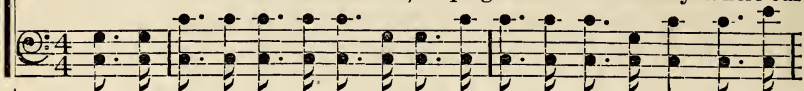
59-241 By the Grace of God we'll Meet.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



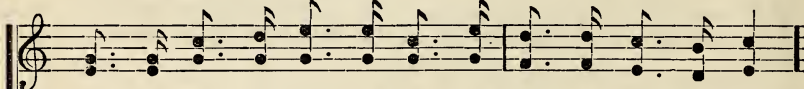
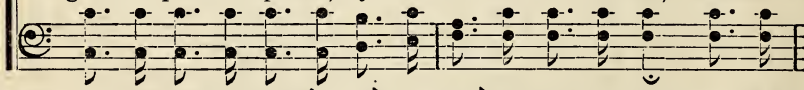
1. Thro' the gates of pearl and jasper To the ci-ty paved with gold, When the
2. When the harvest work is ended, And the summer days are past, When the
3. Let us fol- low on with firmness, keeping ev- er in the way Where our



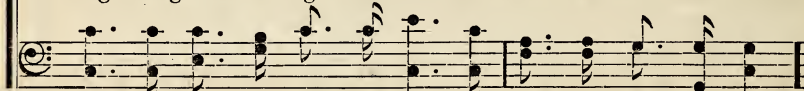
ransomed host shall en- ter, And their gracious Lord be- hold, When they reap- ers go re- joic- ing To their bright re- ward at last; When the bles- sed Lord has taught us, To be faith- ful, watch and pray; Then, in



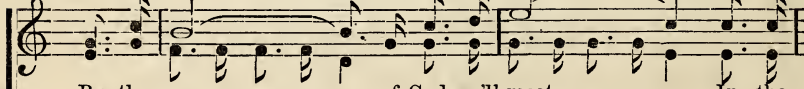
meet in bliss- ful triumph By the tree of life so fair Shall we white- robed an- gel leads them to the gates of joy so fair, Shall we garments pure and spotless, By the tree of life so fair, We shall



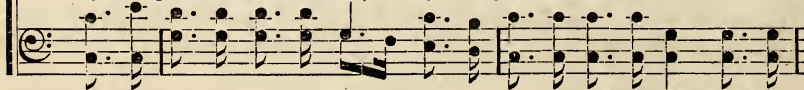
join the no- ble arm- y, And re- ceive a wel- come there? join their hap- py num- ber? Will they bid us wel- come there? sing through endless ag- es With the count- less mil- lions there.



CHORUS.



By the grace of God we'll meet In the
By the grace of God we'll meet, By the grace of God we'll meet In the



By the Grace of God, etc.—CONCLUDED.

ci - - ty's golden street, Shouting, glo - - - ry! hal-le-
ci - ty's gold - en street, golden street, Shouting, glo-ry! hal-le-lu - jah! Shouting,

lu - - - jah! At the dear - - - - Redeem-er's feet.
glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! At our dear Re-deem-er's feet, Re-deem - er's feet.

60

Jesus Lives Forever.

REV. JAMES MORROW, D. D.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sing, ye people, loud and high, Jesus lives forever! He is Lord of earth and sky,
2. Come, ye people, here is rest—Jesus lives forever; As the birds return to nest,
3. Pray, ye people, night and day, Jesus lives forever; Mountains, nations may decay,
4. Hope, ye people, fear no doom, Jesus lives forever; Sunlight glints o'er pain and gloom,

To his people ever nigh; We must suffer, we must die, But Jesus lives forever.
Souls find answer to their quest Leaning on his welcome breast, Our Jesus lives forever.
Golden thrones become as clay, Art and science pass away, But Jesus lives forever.
Faith will triumph, tho' we soon touch the shadows of the tomb, For Jesus lives forever.

61 Do you Wonder that I Love Him?

E. D. MUND.

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

E. S. LORENZ.

D.C. 1. Do you wonder that I love him? That he is so dear to me?
 D.C. 2. Do you wonder at the pleasure That in Je-sus' name I find?
 D.C. 3. Do you wonder that I la-bor 'Mid the hed-ges on the way?
 D.C. 4. Do you wonder that I'm yearning In my heavenly home to be?

Fine.
 That I hold no friend a - bove him? That I strive his child to be?
 That I count it dear - er trea - sure Than the joys of earth combined?
 That I seek my friend and neighbor Who has gone in sin a - stray?
 That my heart is ev - er turn - ing To that ci - ty o'er the sea?

He's the dear - est friend to me That my soul shall ev - er see;
 'Tis the dear - est name to me That in earth or heaven can be;
 'Tis the dear - est work to me That in earth or heaven can be;
 'Tis a home pre - pared for me Where from sin I shall be free;

D. C.
 For he died, I know, to save from woe A wick - ed wretch like me.
 When I take my care to God in prayer, That name is am - ple plea.
 When from sin they cease, accept God's peace, 'Tis joy enough for me.
 I shall see his face and prize the grace; In - his likeness I shall be.

1. I will bless the Lord at all times For his goodness unto me, For the
 2. I will bless the Lord, my Father, For his kindness day by day, For his
 3. I will bless the Lord, my Saviour, For he died to ransom me, That he
 4. I will bless the Ho - ly Spir - it, That my soul is sancti - fied, For his

CHORUS.

joys of his sal - va - tion, For his love so full and free. I will
 lov - ing arms a - round me, For his sunshine on my way.
 lives and reigns for - ev - er, And his glo - ry I shall see.
 prom - ise and his pres - ence, Ev - 'ry day my lov - ing guide.

bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord at all times, And praise him, praise him,

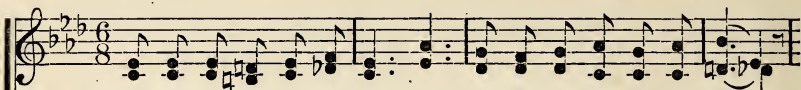
Praise him o'er and o'er, I will bless the Lord, bless the Lord, bless the Lord at

all times! Till I strike my harp in Zion With his saints forev - er - more.

Keep Thy Faith Steady.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Shedding its beauti - ful ray,
2. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Firm as a rock let it be;
3. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Looking to Je - sus a - lone;
4. Keep thy faith steady, my brother, Souls by its light may be won;



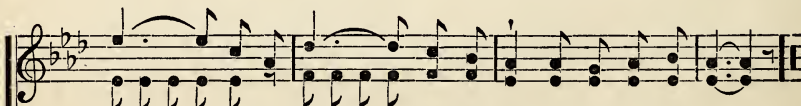
Clear as the brow of the morn - ing, Bright as the eye of the day.
 Pray, and believe when thou prayest, Love hath an answer for thee.
 Then will the blessing thou seekest Drop like the dew from his throne.
 Trust till thy journey is o - ver, Trust till thy life-work is done.



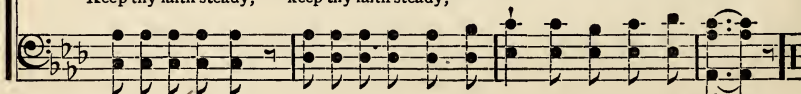
CHORUS.



Tran - - quil - ly shin - ing, nev - - er de - clin - ing,
 Tranquil - ly, tran - quil - ly shin - ing, nev - er, no, nev - er de - clin - ing,



Keep . . . thy faith stead - - y, and wait, oh, wait on the Lord.
 Keep thy faith steady, keep thy faith steady,



LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

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

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

CHORUS.

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

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

Fall into Line.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.

1. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! Hearken to me, to the
 2. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! See how the hosts of the
 3. Fall in - to line, brother, fall in - to line! God is om - ni - po - tent

mes - sage di - vine! Je - sus invites you to join in the fray,
 foe - man com - bine! Join in the con - flict and rush to the field,
 and he shall win! On - ly be true to thyself and the Lord,

CHORUS.

Gives you as - sur - ance of vic - t'ry to - day. Fall in - to
 Till we shall crush and compel them to yield.
 And you shall share the e - ter - nal re - ward. Fall in - to line,

line, soldiers, fall in - to line! On to the
 fall in - to line, Fall in - to line, soldiers, fall in - to line! On to the bat - tle,

bat - - tle, for Je - sus shall win! Fierce is the war - fare with
 fall in - to line!

Fall into Line.—CONCLUDED.

Sa - tan to-day; Arm for the con - flict and march to the fray.

rit.

66

Eternity!—Where?

A young man was working alone in a large room in which was a big clock, the loud ticking of which seemed to frame itself into the words, "Eternity!—where?" Unable to endure any longer the reflections thus awakened, he arose and stopped the clock; but the question, "Eternity!—where?" still so haunted him, that he threw down his work, and hurrying home, determined that he would not allow anything to engage his thoughts till he could satisfactorily answer that searching question, "Eternity!—where?"

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. "E - ter - nity!—where?" It floats in the air; Amid clam - or or
2. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! Eternity!—where? With redeemed ones in
3. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! how can you share The world's giddy
4. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! friend, have a care; Soon God will no
5. "E - ter - nity!—where?" Oh! Eter - nity!—where? Friend, sleep not, nor

si - lence it ev - er is there! The ques - tion so solemn—"E - glo - ry? or fiends in de - spair? With one or the oth - er—"E - pleasures, or heed - less - ly dare Do aught till you set - tle—"E - long - er his judgment for - bear; This day may de - cide your "E - take in the world an - y share, Till - you answer this question—"E -

rit. e dim.

ter - nity!—where?" The question so solemn—"E - ter - nity!—where?"
 ter - nity!—where?" With one or the oth - er—"E - ter - nity!—where?"
 ter - nity!—where?" Do aught till you settle—"E - ter - nity!—where?"
 ter - nity!—where?" This day may decide your "E - ter - nity!—where?"
 ter - nity!—where?" Till - you answer this question—"Eternity!—where?"

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

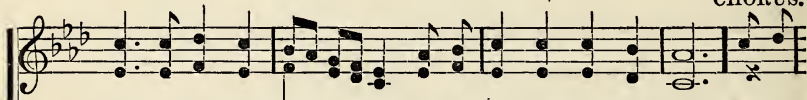
JNO. R. SWENEY.



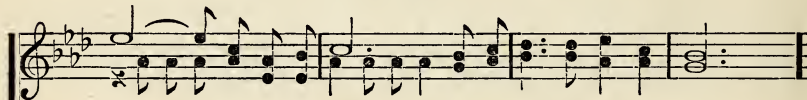
1. Pe - ter on the trou-bled sea, Heedless of the tempest shock,
2. Walk-ing thro' the storm and strife, Wailing winds and billows roar,
3. Walk-ing thus and all is well, With my eyes on help divine,—



CHORUS.



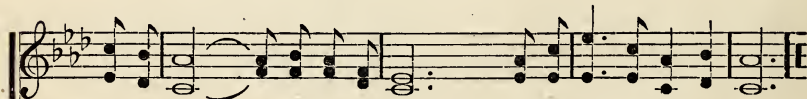
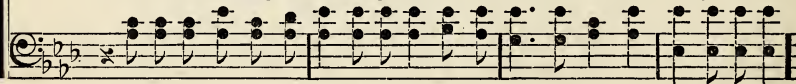
Walks the waters stead - i - ly, As up - on the gran - ite rock. Tho' the
Bles - sed promis - es of life Bear me up for - ev - er - more.
Yea, in death my lips shall swell Songs triumphant and sublime.



howl - ing tempest raves, Jesus, mighty Je - sus, saves;

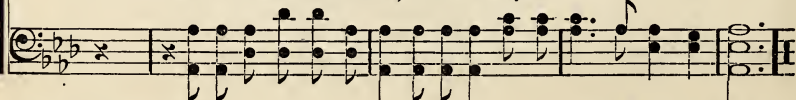
Tho' the howling tempest raves, tempest raves,

Jesus saves;



While I walk . . . the troubled waves, Jesus, mighty Je - sus, saves.

While I walk the troubled waves, troubled waves,



Refuge.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"God is a refuge for us."—Ps. lxii. 8.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

Tenderly.

1. In the dark - est hour That my heart may know
 2. Here there is no ref - uge For the soul op - pressed;
 3. Poor, and weak, and wretch - ed, Full of fears and woe,
 4. Bound in cords of an - guish, By my sins dis - mayed;
 5. Joy in trib - u - la - tion! Hope that sets me free!

Out of Sa - tan's power With - er shall I go?
 With - er shall I jour - ney? With - er seek for rest?
 To be free from tor - ment, With - er can I go?
 With - er, then, ah, with - er Can I look for aid?
 Je - sus, my sal - va - tion, Lo! I turn to thee.

CHORUS. Cheerfully.

To Je - sus! to Je - sus! On - ly un - to Je - sus, The

p Sav - iour so com - pas - sionate, *cres.* The sin - ner's on - ly Friend, The

p Sav - iour so com - pas - sionate, *f* The sin - ner's on - ly Friend.

Joy Bells.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Pretty, golden sunbeams, Looking from the sky, Call us now to wake and sing
 2. Pretty birds that carol From the waving trees, Hiding in the branches green,
 3. Shall our tongues besilent? Have we naught to say, When our hearts can feel his love

Praise to God on high; Song and beauty ev'rywhere, On the earth and in the air,
 Cradled on the breeze, Thro' the laughing summer days Still their great Creator praise;
 Better far than they? Like the beams that sparkle bright, Like the birds on pinions light,

CHORUS.

Still the blessed truth declare, God, our God, is love. Joy bells, joy bells,
 In the simple tones they raise Telling God is love.
 Like the bells, let all u-nite, Singing, God is love. Joy bells, joy bells, merry joy bells,

Repeat pp.

Hear them ringing, sweetly ringing; Hear the joy bells, joy bells Echo God is love.
 joy bells, joy bells, merry joy bells

1. What if your own were starving, Fainting with fam-ine pain, And
 2. What if your own were thirsting And never a drop could gain, And
 3. What if your own were darkened, Without one cheering ray, And

yet you knew where golden grew Rich fruit and ripened grain? Would you
 you could tell where a sparkling well Poured forth melodious rain? Would you
 you alone could show where shone The pure, sweet light of day? Would you

hear their wail As a thrice told tale, And turn to your feast again? feast again?
 turn aside, While they gasped and died, And leave them to their pain? to their pain?
 leave them there In their dark despair, And sing on your sunlit way? sunlit way?

4 What if your own were wand'ring
 Far in a trackless maze,
 And you could show them where to go
 Along your pleasant ways?
 Would your heart be light,
 Till the pathway right
 Was plain before their gaze?

5 What if your own were prisoned
 Far in a hostile land,
 And the only key to set them free
 Held in your safe command?
 Would you breathe free air,
 While they stifled there,
 And wait, and hold your hand?

6 Yet, what else are you doing,
 O ye by Christ made free, [well,
 If you'll not tell what you know so
 To those across the sea,
 Who have never heard
 One tender word
 Of the Lamb of Calvary?

7 "They're not our own," you answer,
 "They're neither kith nor kin."
 They are God's own: his love alone
 Can save them from their sin;
 They are Christ's own:
 He left his throne
 And died their souls to win.

The Handwriting on the Wall.

K. S.

"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote."

Dan. v. 5.

KNOWLES SHAW.

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

While they drank from golden ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords,
 And rebuked the haughty monarch for his might-y deeds of wrong,
 Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might;
 Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to his roy-al mandate bow,

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

They were seized with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the Hand up-on the wall.
 For the kingdom now was finished—said the Hand up-on the wall.
 He un-derstood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.
 When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.

The Handwriting, etc.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

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

hand of God on the wall; Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or
writing on the wall;

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

72

O for a Closer Walk.

C. WESLEY.

Tune,
ORTONVILLE.

1. O for a closer walk with God, A calm and heavenly frame; A light to
2. Where is the blessedness I knew, When first I saw the Lord? Where is the

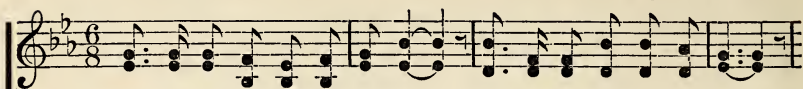
shine upon the road That leads me to the Lamb! That leads me to the Lamb!
soul-refreshing view Of Jesus and his word? Of Jesus and his word?

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left an aching void
The world can never fill.</p> <p>4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.</p> | <p>5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.</p> <p>6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.</p> |
|--|--|

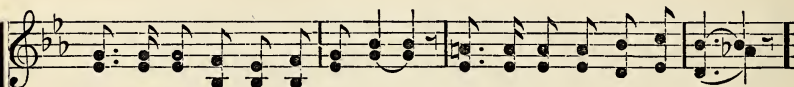
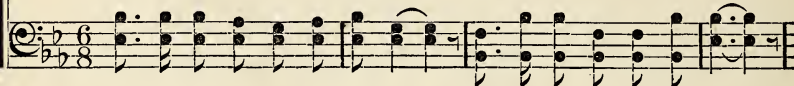
73 Far as the East from the West.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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



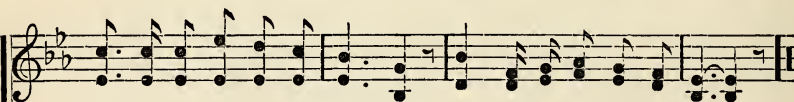
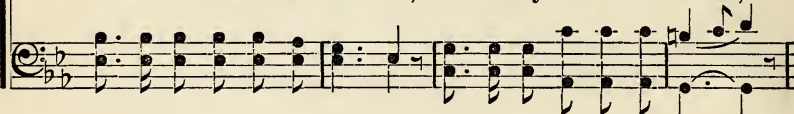
Where is thy hope in his mer - cy? Where is thy trust in his love?
 Think of each wonderful prom - ise Je - sus has left in his Word.
 Hast thou, o'ercome by the tempter, Wandered away from thy Guide?



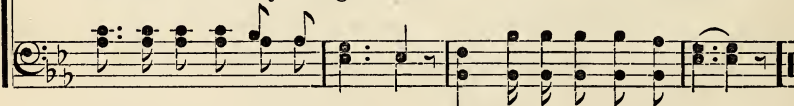
REFRAIN.



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



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



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

I am Coming.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

ALLIE STARBRIGHT.

Matt. xix. 28.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Sad and wea-ry, lone and drea-ry, Lord, I would thy call o - bey;
 2. Thou, the Holy, meek and low - ly, Je - sus, un - to thee I 'come;
 3. Here a - bid - ing, in thee hid - ing, Seeks my wea - ry soul to rest,
 4. Be thou near me, keep and cheer me, Thro' life's dark and stormy way;

Thee be - liev - ing, Christ receiv - ing, I would come to thee to - day.
 Keep me ev - er, let me nev - er From thy bles - sed keeping roam.
 Till the dawning of the morning, When I wake among the blest.
 Turn my sadness in - to gladness, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Com - ing, Sav - iour, to be blessed;

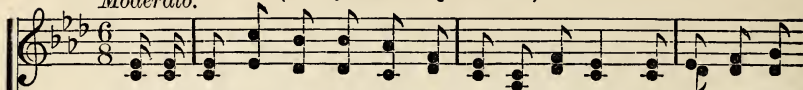
I am com - ing, I am com - ing, Coming, Lord, to thee for rest.

Shining for Thee.

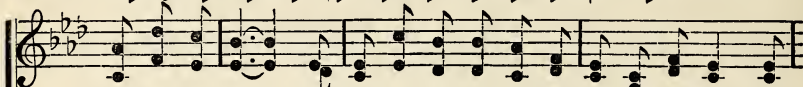
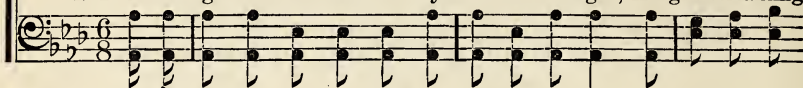
MARTHA J. LANKTON.

(SOLO, DUET OR QUARTET.)

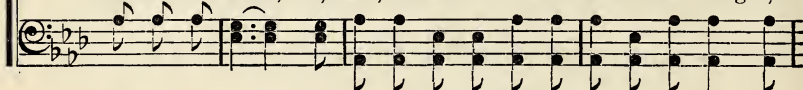
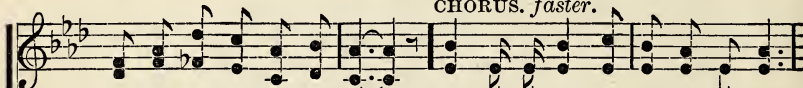
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Moderato.

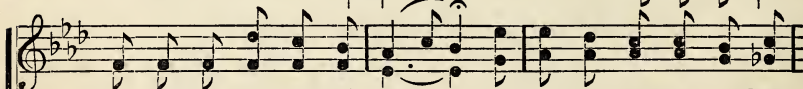
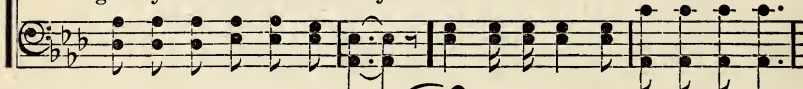
1. There's a light at the por-tal of mer-cy to-night, That shines, weary
2. There is light in the ark of sal-va-tion to-night, And room in its
3. There is light in the house of thy Father to-night: Then why at a
4. There is light at the cross of thy Saviour to-night, A light streaming



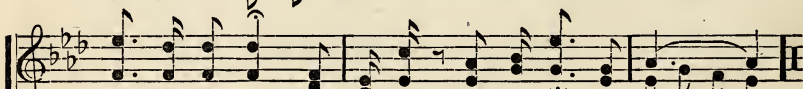
trav'ler, for thee; And, if thou wilt turn and behold it to-night, The shelter for thee; Make haste and be there, weary trav'ler, to-night, Where distance art thou, When love and parent-al af-fec-tion to-night Are down from the skies; Oh, haste, lest the darkness of death comes to-night, Its

CHORUS. *faster.*

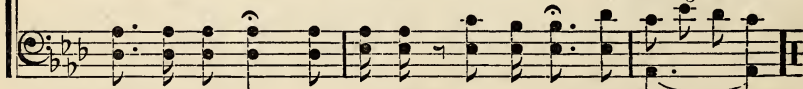
way to the cross thou wilt see. Turn to the light that shineth so bright, safe from the storm thou wilt be. waiting to welcome thee now? glo-ry to hide from thine eyes.



Turn, wea-ry trav'-ler, and see: . . . The lamp thy Redeem-er has



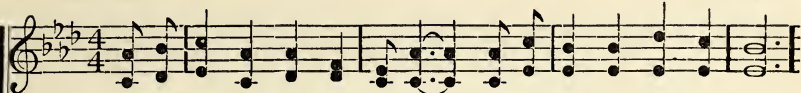
placed at the gate, 'Tis shining, still shining for thee. 'tis shin-ing for thee.



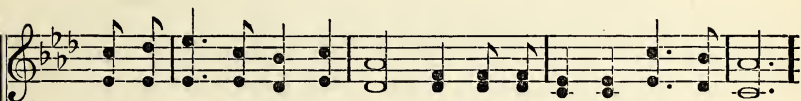
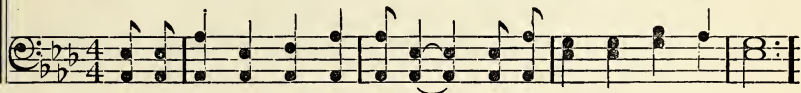
I have entered Beulah Land.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

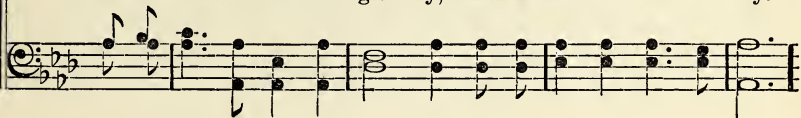
JNO. R. SWENEY.



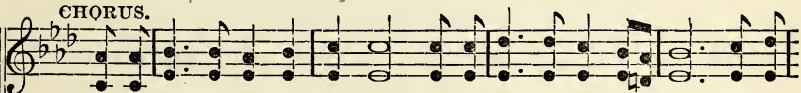
1. Oh, my cup is ov - er - flow - ing With the goodness of the Lord ;
2. From the sighing and the long - ing, That so oft my heart oppressed,
3. There's a pal - ace o'er the riv - er And its jas - per walls I see,
4. I have climbed the rugged mountain, But my Sav - iour led the way ;



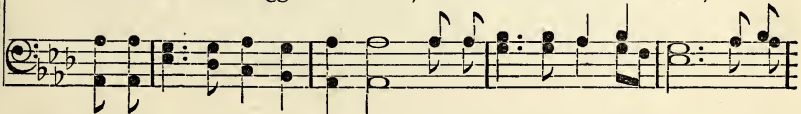
I am trust - ing in his mer - cy, And re - joic - ing in his word.
 With my Saviour and Re - deem - er Now in per - fect peace I rest.
 And among its ma - ny mansions There is one prepared for me.
 Un - to him shall be the glo - ry, When I reach e - ter - nal day.



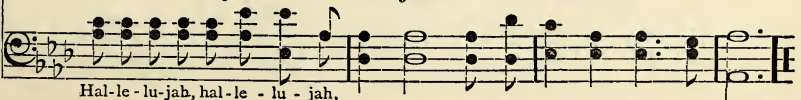
CHORUS.



I have climbed the rugged mountain,—On its summit now I stand; Hal - le -



lu - - - jah! hal - le - lu - jah! I have entered Beau - lah land.



Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah,

Nature's Praise.

JENNIE GARNETT.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. In the murmur of the breeze There is mu - sic low and sweet,
 2. And the bird on air - y wing Seems in mer - ry tones to say,
 3. Let our hearts take up the strain, Let us praise him o'er and o'er,

In the gen - tly wav - ing trees, And the flow'rs be - neath our feet.
 God has taught me how to sing, I must praise him all the day.
 Let us join the glad re - frain, Till we sing on earth no more.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Is the language of the skies;
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, Nature's hap - py voice re - plies.
 Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! Hear him say - ing, "follow me;"
 2. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! In the ear - ly morning bright,
 3. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! Through the conflict firmly stand;
 4. Up for Je - sus! up and onward! He will guide us with his eye;

In the no - ble christian arm - y Faithful sol - diers let us be.
 With the watchword on our ban - ner, Brave defend - ers of the right.
 For we can - not lose a bat - tle With our lead - er in command.
 He has promised if we trust him, We shall con - quer by and by.

CHORUS.

Marching on with singing, Sweetest music bringing Unto him that shall reign;

Let the world before us Hear the joyful chorus, Hal - le - lu - jah, a - men.

Is there Any One Here.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Is there an-y one here that is will-ing to-day On Je - sus the
 2. Is there an-y one here that is try-ing to-day The fet - ters of
 3. Is there an-y one here that is wea-ry to-day, Or la - den, or
 4. Hear the Saviour's sweet voice while he calls thee again, O come, and be-

Lord to be-lieve? Is there an-y poor soul that is long-ing to-day The
 e - vil to break? An-y read-y to fol-low the Saviour to-day, And
 sor-row oppressed? Is there any sad heart that is praying to-day To
 lieve and o - bey; He is waiting to bless, he will comfort thee now! He

CHORUS.

gift of his grace to re-ceive. Come un - to me,
 take up the cross for his sake.
 find in the Sav-iour a rest. Come un - to me, come un - to me,
 nev - er turned an - y a - way.

Come un - to me; Je - sus is call - ing,
 Come un - to me, come un - to me;

ad lib.
 call-ing now to thee, Come, oh, come un - to me, un - to me.

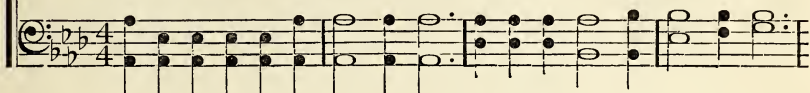
Follow Thou Me.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON, D. D.

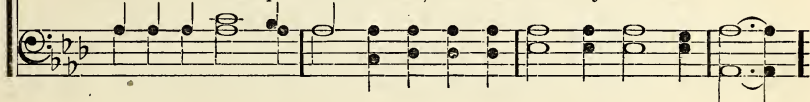
JNO. R. SWENEY.



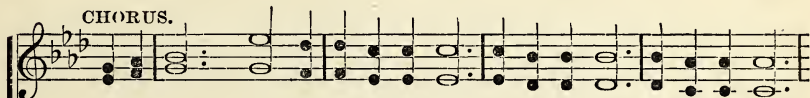
1. Follow thou me, says a gentle voice, Be my commands your highest choice;
2. Follow thou me is the Master's word, Hast thou the gentle message heard?
3. Follow thou me and take up thy cross, And for his sake count all things loss;
4. Follow thou me; if for good or ill, Choose thou the blessed Master's will;



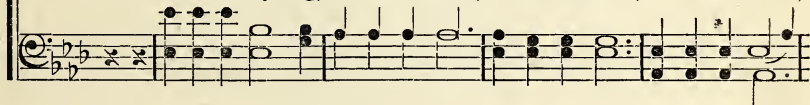
Follow my footsteps, they will guide To the home where I a - bide.
Lo, he now waits to hear thee say, If thou wilt his words o - bey,—
Follow him now! why shouldst thou stray From thy God another day?
Close in his footsteps fearless tread, Blest the soul by Je - sus led.



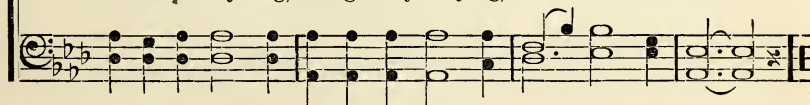
CHORUS.



It is I say-ing, Follow thou me, Follow thou me, Follow thou me;



No more delay-ing, Straightway obeying, Fol - low thou me!



5 Follow thou me! though obscure the
Upward it leads to endless day; [way,
He who with Christ the cross will bear
Shall his crown in glory share.

6 Follow thou me: then shalt thou be
From every sin and stain made free;
Till thou shalt reach the home above,
Dwell with him in perfect love.

1. To the house of his Father the prod-i-gal came, All wounded and sore, in
 2. I have wasted my substance in ri-ot and sin; I weep as I think of
 3. Oh, this word is for thee, sinner, hasten and come, 'Tis time to remem-ber

rags and in shame; He had said in his sorrow, with tears and with prayer, The
 what I have been; Here I perish with hunger, but will not despair, The
 that heav'n is home; It is time to remem-ber, with pen-itent prayer, The

CHORUS.

house of my Father has bread and to spare. Oh, why do I lin-ger in
 Oh, why do I linger, oh, why do I linger in

sor - - row and care? The house of my Fa - ther has
 sorrow. in sorrow and care? The house of my Father, the house of my Father has

bread and to spare, has bread and to spare, has
 bread, has bread and to spare, has bread and to spare, has bread and to spare, has

Bread and to Spare.—CONCLUDED.

bread and to spare, The house of my Father has bread and to spare.
bread, has bread and to spare,

82

The Lord of Life.

Mrs. WM. FAWCETT.

Dr. H. L. GILMOUR.

1. What glorious truth is this, That fills the soul with bliss, The Lord is risen,—a
2. The Lord is risen indeed, Come, sorrowing ones and feed On this life-giving,
3. The Lord is risen indeed, Bright gem of Christian creed, Shine on our souls and
4. The Lord is risen indeed, Strength for our time of need Are in these words that

vic-tor o'er the grave, a victor o'er the grave; The stone is now unsealed, And
blessed truth to-day, this blessed truth to-day; Hope o'er your cherished dead, Hope,
ban-ish ev-'ry fear, and banish ev'ry fear, For death's dark tomb is riven By
give us life and light, that give us life and light; Rejoice, my soul, and sing, with

Death is made to yield: The Lord of life! he lives! might-y to save.
though your hearts have bled, The Lord of life! he lives! might-y to save.
Christ, the King of heaven, The Lord of life! he lives! might-y to save.
earth's returning spring, The Lord of life! he lives! he lives! might-y to save.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On let us go where the val-ley of Ed - en fair Blooms on the
 2. On let us go where the beauti- ful realms above Ring with the
 3. On let us go where the weary and toil-oppressed Soon shall for-
 4. On let us go where the loving and loved shall meet, Meet on the

bank of the riv - er; On where the fields, in the beautiful robe they wear,
 time-honored sto - ry: Saved thro' the might of a blessed Redeemer's love,
 get ev -'ry sor - row; On where the soul to a happy and golden rest
 bank of the riv - er; There shall they sing at the blssed Redeemer's feet

CHORUS.
 Wave in the sunlight for-ev - er. On let us go,
 His be the praise and the glo-ry.
 Wakes in e - ter - ni - ty's mor - row. On, march on, to the beau - ti - ful land we go,
 Songs that shall echo for-ev - er.

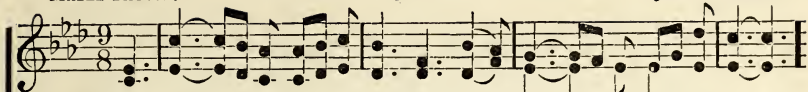
On let us go, On let us
 On, march on, to the beau - ti - ful land we go, On, march on, where the

go, On where the hap - py ones are call - ing.
 riv - ers of pleasure flow,

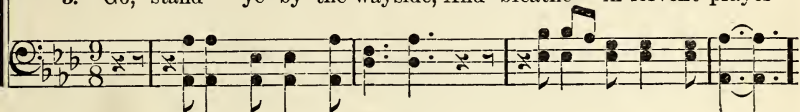
A Little Word.

MABEL TAYLOR.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

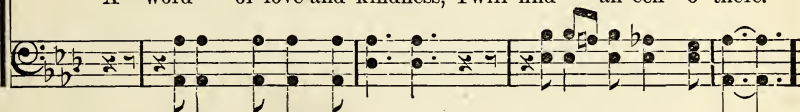


1. 'Twas spok - en by the wayside, A lit - tle, trembling word,
2. 'Twas spok - en by the wayside, Where man - y came and passed,
3. Go, stand ye by the wayside, And breathe in fervent prayer



Fine.

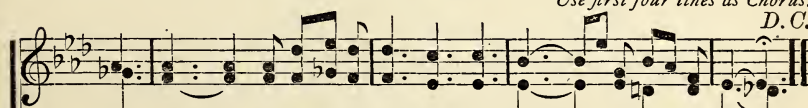
And, though 'twas but a whisper, It did not fall unheard;
 And, swift - ly as an ar - row, It reached its mark at last;
 A word of love and kindness, 'Twill find an ech - o there.



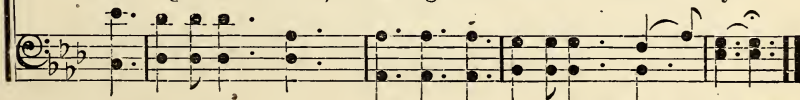
It bade the night of sor - row From weep - ing eyes de - part,
 'Twas spok - en by the wayside, When eve - ning shades were dim,
 Ye know not who may lis - ten, Or what that word may do;



Use first four lines as Chorus.
D. C.



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



His Child I want to be.

Rev. C. H. YATMAN.

FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

Jno. R. SWENEY.

1. The children to Je-sus may come And life and sal-va-tion re-ceive;
 2. My name will he write in his book, And call me a lamb of his fold;
 3. I read in his own blessed word How lit-tle ones use-ful may be.

New hearts will he give ev-'ry one, If on him they on-ly be-lieve.
 When Satan shall seek to devour, Then me in his hands will he hold.
 I'll stand with my face to the cross, That oth-ers the Saviour may see.

CHORUS.

I will love him, I will love him, For his child I want to be;

On the cross he died for sin-ners, On the cross he died for me.

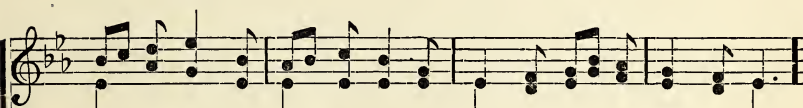
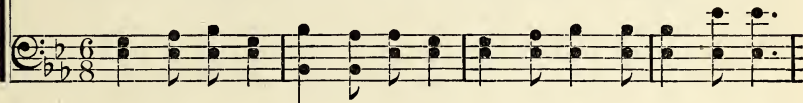
More and More.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

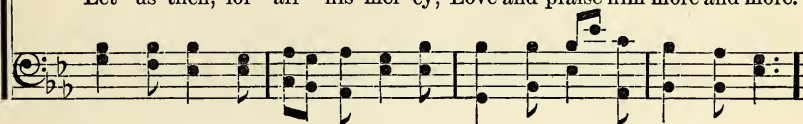
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Animated.

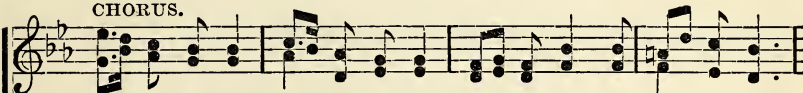
1. God is giving, large - ly giving, Though we ask him o'er and o'er;
2. God is giving, rich - ly giving, Precious treasures new and old;
3. God is giving, free - ly giving, Par-don, peace, and joy divine;
4. God is giving, ev - er giving,—Once for us the cross he bore;



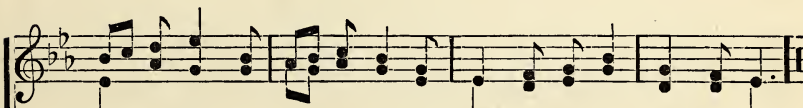
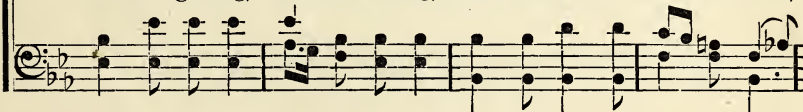
Yet his Word of Life assures us More is com-ing, more and more.
 He has said, from those who trust him, No good thing will he withhold.
 Per-fect love, all fear dis - pelling, Grace with constant light to shine.
 Let us then, for all his mer-cy, Love and praise him more and more.



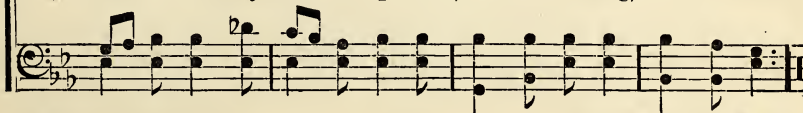
CHORUS.



God is giv-ing, we receiv-ing, From his full and bounteous store;



Yet our faith may claim each promise,—More is coming, more and more.



Always Abounding.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. BARNES.

WM. J. KIRKIATRICK.

1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be active in reaping and
 2. Be ready, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seeking the erring and
 3. Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend, And unto all nations the

sow-ing the seed; And thus in the vineyard, with Je-sus to lead, Be
 show-ing the way; And thus as his servants, remem-ber, we pray, Be
 gos-pel to send; And thus, till the harvest in glo-ry shall end, Be

REFRAIN.

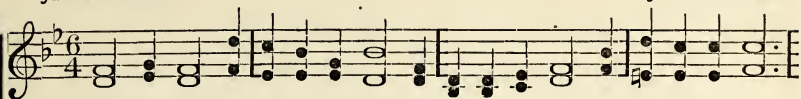
always abounding in the work of the Lord. Be always abounding in the

work of the Lord, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord; Be earnest, be

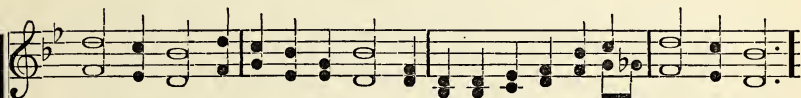
active, re-lying on his word, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

JENNIE GARNETT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



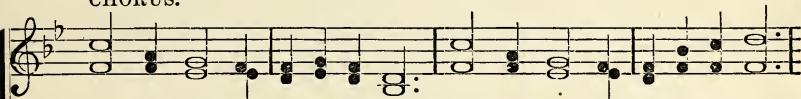
1. 'Tis the Lord who leadeth me still, 'Tis he who controls and governs my will,
2. 'Tis the Lord who whispers to me, I offered myself a ransom for thee;
3. Safe in him, I will not repine, Though trials and cares may sometimes be mine;
4. Safe in him, my hope and my all, Who tenderly hears whenever I call;



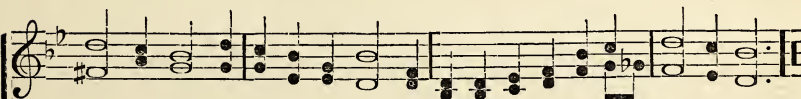
Crowns my life with holy delight, And giveth me songs in the calm, still night.
 Say, what mean thy doubtings and fears; I carry thy sorrows and count thy tears.
 He, I know, will guide me aright, Who giveth me songs in the calm, still night.
 Safe in him, my burden is light, He giveth me songs in the calm, still night.



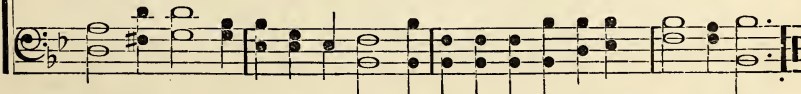
CHORUS.



O my soul, how favored thou art, Thus to come so near to his heart;



There by faith I walk in his light, Who giveth me songs in the calm, still night.



Our Reaping Song.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lo! the day is break-ing, Heathen lands are wak-ing, Com-ing to the
 2. Still the trumpet sounding, Loud and clear resounding, Bids the nations
 3. Gold and wheat is grow-ing, Earnest hearts are glow-ing, Looking to the

Saviour from a - far; Songs of rapture singing, Grateful homage bringing,
 from their chains be free; Truth its light is shedding, Far and wide 'tis spreading,
 harvest fields above; Soon they'll come with singing, Fruits of labor bringing,

CHORUS.

Guid-ed by the bright and Morning Star. Glo-ry! glo-ry! halle - lu - jah!
 Spreading like the waters of the sea.
 Welcomed by a Saviour's tender love.

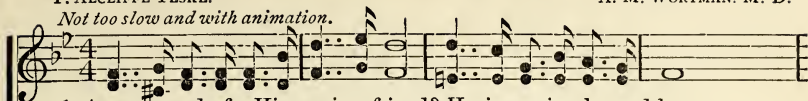
Glo - ry! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Oh, the bles - sed reap - ing!

God the seed is keep - ing, Scattered by the faithful from his word.

Are you ready for His coming?

T. ALCLIFFE TESKE.

A. M. WORTMAN, M. D.

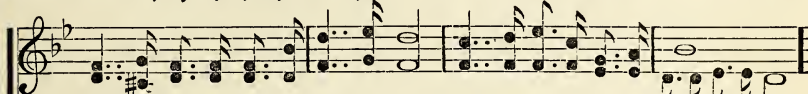
Not too slow and with animation.

1. Are you ready for His coming, friend? He is coming by and by;

He's coming by and

2. Are you ready for His coming, friend? Are your garments clean and white?

your garments clean and



For he said he would not tarry long In his Father's house on high.

by; He

his house on high.

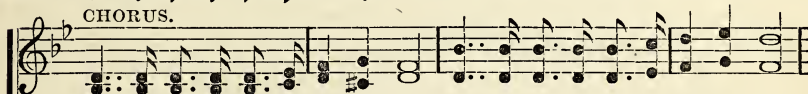
Will you gladly greet the Bridegroom now? He may come for you to-night.

white? Oh,

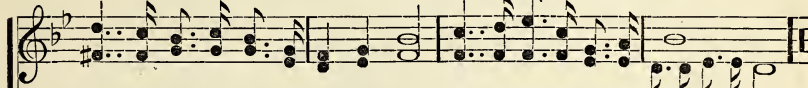
for you to-night.



CHORUS.



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



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

as white as snow?



3 He will come in all his glory bright,

As upon the mount he stood;

upon the mount he stood;

Can you } sing the glad hosanna loud,

Oh, }

I am washed in Jesus blood?

4 Oh, the day draws nearer, nearer still,

When the saints he will redeem;

the saints he will redeem;

Now the } light of morn is breaking fast,

The }

We can see its golden beam.

5 Yes, we're ready for his coming now

And we watch, and wait, and pray,

we watch, and wait, and pray,

For the } day to dawn in glory bright,

The }

And the night to roll away.

6 We are ready should he come for us,

Ready now in peace to go;

yes, now in peace to go;

We are } watching, and we're waiting

We're }

[still,

With our robes as white as snow.

1. When our ves - sel is rocked on the o - cean of life, And our
 2. As we drift on the bil - low, far, far from the shore, How we
 3. Look a - loft! look a - loft! o'er the dark ocean's foam, Look a -

hearts have grown weary of toiling and strife, Oh, how welcome the voice that like
 tremble with fear at the wild breakers' roar; But the voice still assures us they
 loft! look a-loft to the mar - iners' home, Where the roll of the surges for -

mu - sic we hear, As it ten - der - ly whispers the words in our ear,
 can - not o'erwhelm, For the hand of our Saviour is guid - ing the helm.
 ev - er shall cease, Where the loved and the loving shall gather in peace.

CHORUS.

Look a - loft! there's a star in the sky, Keeping watch o'er the
 Look a - loft!

waves, when the storm - cloud is nigh: 'Tis the bright star of faith, and its

Look Aloft.—CONCLUDED.

beams ev - er blest Will conduct the frail bark to the hav - en of rest.

92 Gentle Shepherd, Save Me Now.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Far a-way my steps have wandered, On the rugged mountain's brow ;
2. Thou hast borne my weight of sorrow, At thy feet I humbly bow ;
3. Though thy love I long have slighted, Though ungrateful I have been,
4. Though thy love I long have slighted, O'er my wasted years I weep ;

Fine.

But to thee my heart is cry-ing, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!
 And my heart with thee is pleading, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!
 To thy fold my faith has brought me; Let my weary soul come in.
 In thy blessed arms of mer - cy Shield and save thy wand'ring sheep.

D.S.—Un - to thee my heart is cry-ing, Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Save me now! save me now! Gen - tle Shepherd, save me now!

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

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

CHORUS.

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

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

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

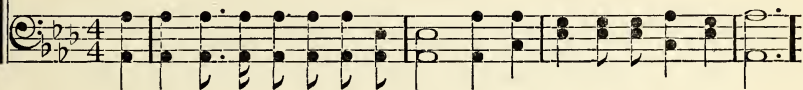
My Soul Shall Rejoice.

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

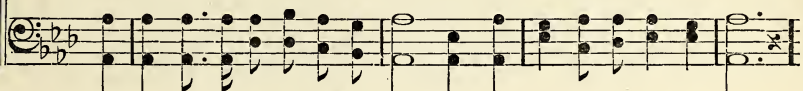
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. My soul shall rejoice in thy sal-va-tion, O Jesus my Lord and King;
2. My soul shall rejoice in thy sal-va-tion, With joy that can ne'er be told;
3. My soul shall rejoice in thy sal-va-tion, For strong is thine arm to save;
4. My soul shall rejoice in thy sal-va-tion When time and its cares are o'er;



My heart shall awake in early dawning, And praise to thy name shall sing.
 My tongue shall repeat the loving kindness That drew me within thy fold.
 The chain of the tempter now is broken, And conquered the boasting grave.
 Thy grace, that to perfect peace hath brought me, I'll sing on the golden shore.



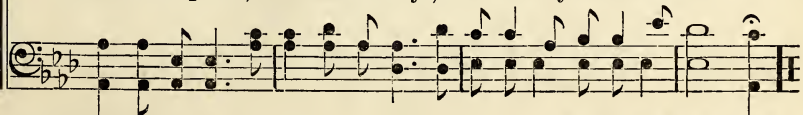
CHORUS.

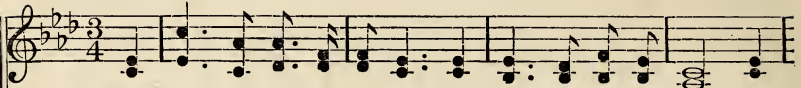


Glory to thee! salvation is free, And flowing like a mighty, mighty river;



Thee will I praise, O Ancient of Days, Whose mercy endureth forev - er.

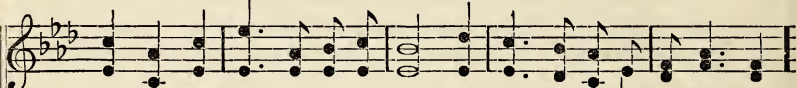
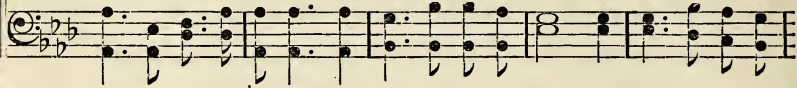




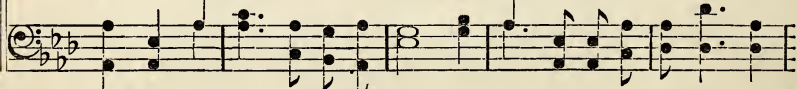
1. A lit - tle while togeth - er We tread life's onward way, And
 2. A lit - tle while togeth - er For so - cial prayer we meet, And
 3. Oh, who would dwell forev - er In this bleak world of care, A -



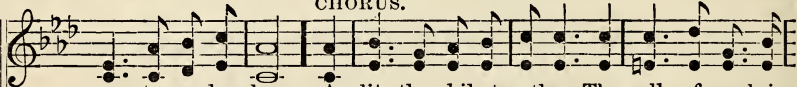
gath - er up its roses, — Frail blossoms of a day, — And then a place is
 blend our happy voices Around the mercy-seat; Then hands are clasped in
 way from him who calls us To mansions bright and fair? Where years and countless



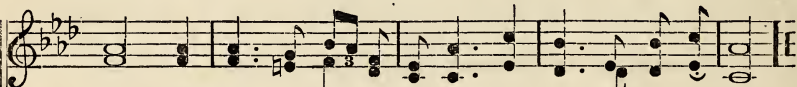
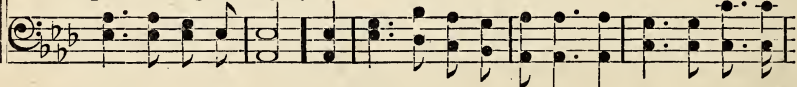
va - cant, A step is heard no more, And one, and then anoth - er, We
 silence, And, when we meet again, We miss a link that sparkled In
 ag - es Flow on in ceaseless joy, And songs of praise and glory Our



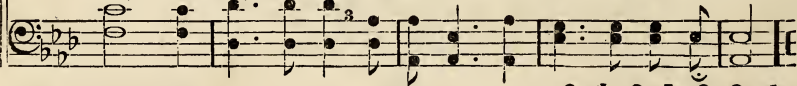
CHORUS.



cross to yonder shore. A lit - tle while together, Then all of earth is
 friendship's hallowed chain.
 raptured tongues employ?



o'er, And one, and then an - oth - er, We cross to yon - der shore.



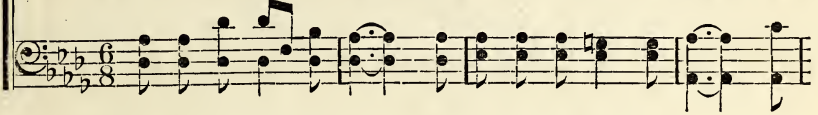
The Great Beyond.

SALLIE MARTIN.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. In - to the great be - yond, Fair land of the morning bright, Where
2. In - to the great be - yond, Whose gates are of pearl and gold, Where
3. In - to the great be - yond, Where summer e - ter - nal reigns, And
4. In - to the great be - yond, Where voices I love so well, Sweet



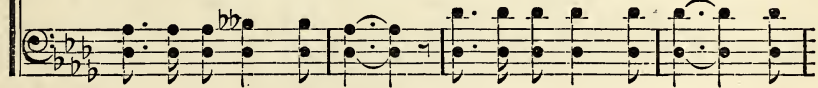
ris - eth the glo - ry of God most high O'er shadowless realms of light.
 murmur the waters of life so clear, That sparkle with joy untold.
 covers with li - lies of fadeless bloom The beautiful smiling plains.
 voices that car - ol the glad new song Are calling me home to dwell.



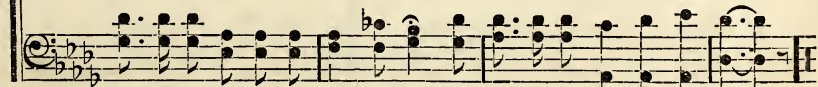
CHORUS.



In - to the great be - yond, O - ver a wave - less sea, Bright

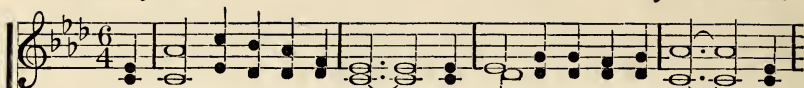


angels will carry my soul away, With Jesus for - ev - er to be.



FANNIE L. JONES.

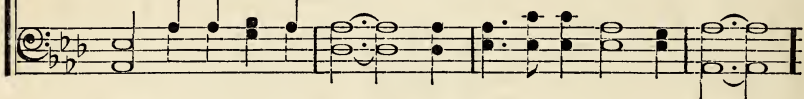
JNO. R. SWENEY.



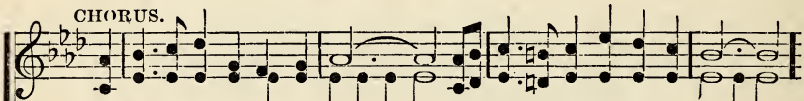
1. My way is dreary and cold, My heart o'erburdened with sin, I
2. I stand outside of the fold, I gaze and fain would draw near; But
3. I stand outside of the fold, But light is breaking at last; My
4. No more by sorrow op - pressed I stand outside of the fold, My



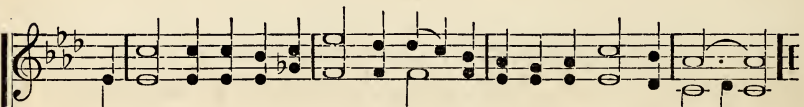
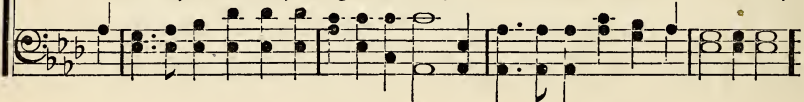
stand outside of the fold; But how shall I en - ter in.
 oh, my faith is so weak, I trem - ble and shrink with fear.
 Saviour bids me come in, — My bur - den on him I cast.
 soul is hap - py and blest, Its rap - ture can ne'er be told.



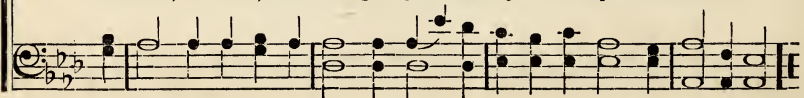
CHORUS.



O Saviour, I long to be thine; . . . My poor heart is clinging to thee;
 O Saviour, dear Saviour, I long to be thine; to thee;



For thou, I know, in the long a-go Didst lay down thy life for me. for me.



Christ Arose!

R. L. By per.

"He is not here, but is risen."—Luke xxiv. 6.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY.

Slow.

1. Low in the grave he lay—Je-sus, my Sav-iour! Waiting the coming day—
 2. Vainly they watch his bed—Jesus, my Sav-iour! Vainly they seal the dead—
 3. Death cannot keep his prey—Jesus, my Sav-iour! He tore the bars away—

CHORUS. *faster.*

Je - sus, my Lord! Up from the grave he a-rose, he a-rose, With a

might-y triumph o'er his foes; he a-rose! He a-rose a Victor from the

dark do-main, And he lives for - ev - er with his saints to reign: He a-

rose! he a-rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
 He a-rose! he a-rose!

1. Though there may be shades of sadness Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day, There are
2. You may have your little crosses Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; You may
3. Seek to lighten some one's sorrow Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; This will
4. Life may have its ho -ly pleasures Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; And the

golden gleams of gladness Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day; There is joy a -mid the
meet with little loss -es Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; Never mind! each cross will
bring a sweeter morrow Ev -'ry day, ev -'ry day; Faint, it may be, yet pur -
heart find richest treasures Ev'ry day, ev -'ry day; See, the skies are growing

sighing, Laughter ringing thro' the crying, Love to love with smiles replying, Ev'ry
lighten, Grief in all your losses brighten, If your hold on God shall tighten Ev'ry
suing, All the christly graces wooing, And some little good be doing, Ev'ry
clearer, Dear ones all becoming dearer, And our home is so much nearer, Ev'ry

CHORUS.

day, ev -'ry day. Ev -'ry day, . . . while on our way Thro' the

while on our way

world, . . . let come what may; Going forth with strong desire, To the

let come what may,

Every Day.—CONCLUDED.

greatest good aspire, From the high, still rising higher, Ev'ry day, ev'ry day.

rit.

100

Jesus, I come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Long - ing for rest; Fold thou thy
 2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I
 3. Now let the rolling waves Bend to thy will, Say to the
 4. Swift - ly the part - ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon - der thy

CHORUS.

we - ry child Safe to thy breast. Rocked on a storm - y sea,
 per - ish, Lord, Save or I die.
 troubled deep, Peace, peace be still.
 how ap - pears, Love - ly and bright.

Oh, be not far from me. Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

Face the Other Way, Boys.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Solo ad lib.

1. Now, boys, attend : should miscalled friend Some tempting treat display,
 2. The so - cial glass you must not pass, But God and truth o - bey ;
 3. Should lovely maid, your mirth to aid, Pre - sent the glass and say,
 4. The li - quor host with all their boast Must not your hearts dis - may ;
 5. Let oth - ers hear your words of cheer ; Go, bid the souls a - stray

By tav - ern sign or homemade wine, Just face the oth - er way.
 And ne'er turn back on du - ty's track, But face the oth - er way.
 Be - hold, the wine I've brought is thine ; Just face the oth - er way.
 Fear not de - feat, nor once re - treat, But face the oth - er way.
 Their steps re - trace, by God's free grace, And face the oth - er way.

CHORUS.

Face the other way, boys, Face the other way, In spite of censure or applause,

rall. Face the oth - er way ; Face, *a tempo* Face the oth - er way, In
 Face the oth - er way, Face the oth - er way, Face the oth - er way, In
 Face the oth - er way,

spite of censure or applause, Face the oth - er way. Face the oth - er way.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKMER.

1. When we enter the portals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransom'd we see,
 2. When we see all the saved of the ages, Who from cruel death partings are free,
 3. When we stand by the beautiful river, 'Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
 4. When we look on the form that redeem'd us, And his glory and majesty see,

As the numberless sand of the sea-shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 Greeting there with a heavenly greeting, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 Gazing out o'er the fair land of promise, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 While as King of the saints he is reigning, What a wonderful sight that will be!

CHORUS.

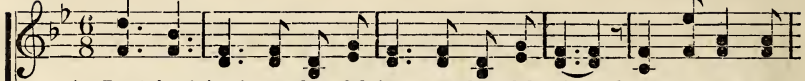
Numberless as the sand of the sea - shore, Numberless as the sand of the shore;
 Numberless as the sand, as the sand of the shore;

Oh, what a sight 'twill be, When the ransom'd host we see,
 As numberless as the sand of the sea-shore.

Christ Shall Reign.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

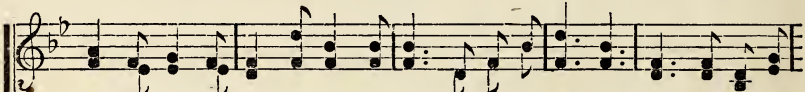
JNO. R. SWENEY.



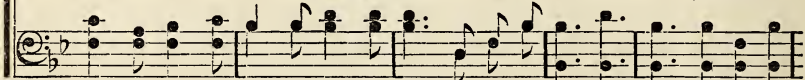
1. Joy! joy! joy! wonder-ful joy, wonder-ful joy, Onward moves the
 2. Hope, hope, hope, glo-ri-ous hope, glo-ri-ous hope, Earth is reaching,



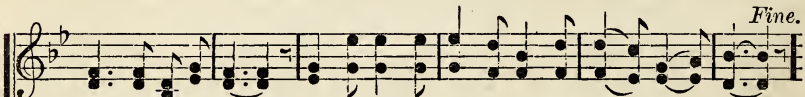
CHO.—Joy! joy! joy christians rejoice, christians re-joice, You may share with



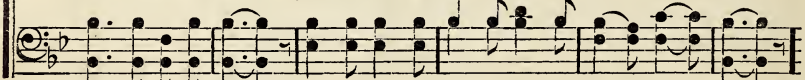
cross our banner, Darkness to destroy. Over the world's long night, Shining so
 hands beseeching, Where the nations grope; Morning thy hills shall climb, Music shall



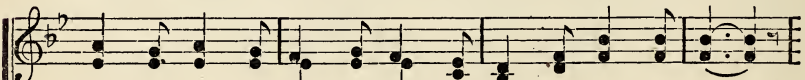
your Redeemer, Make his work your choice. You may shine lights for God, Never to



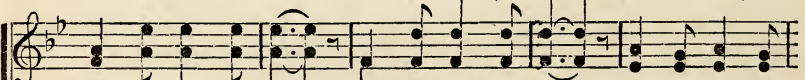
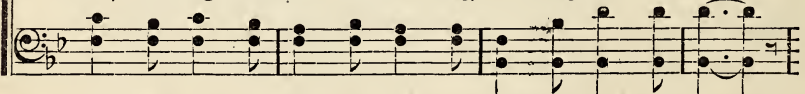
bright, shining so bright, Hope's bright angel, blest evangel, Takes her flight.
 chime, music shall chime, Christ shall waken lands forsaken, Soon 'tis time.



wane, never to wane, Till the whole earth, joins the chorus, Christ shall reign.



Speed thee, ev - er - last - ing gos - pel, Glad - ly on - ward go,
 List, the songs from heav - en fall - ing, Sooth - ing all our woe,



glad - ly on - ward go, glad - ly on - ward go, Waves of life are
 sooth - ing all our woe, sooth - ing all our woe, Hark! the joy - ous



Christ Shall Reign.—CONCLUDED.

swift - ly glid - ing, Earth to o - ver - flow, earth to o - ver - flow,
ech - oes call - ing, Peace and truth shall grow, peace and truth shall grow,

earth to o - verflow, Loose the soul from error's pinion, Bowed in sin and pain,
peace and truth shall grow, Oh, this work is God's appointed, Hands of might sustain;

Break the i - dol's stern do - min - ion, Christ on - ly shall reign.
Fol - low Christ the Lord's anoint - ed, Christ on - ly shall reign. *D. C.*

104 LE. EDWARDS. Christmas Carol.—Hope's Bright Star.

Tune above.

I Hail, hail, hail, beautiful sky, beautiful sky,
Yonder comes the queen of morning,
Night is gliding by;
Over the world once more, folding her wings, folding her wings,
Peace, her gentle harp awaking,
Smiles and sings.
Sweet as when the joyful tidings
||: Sounded long ago, :|| [them
Sweet as when the shepherds heard
||: Still their numbers flow, :||
Unto us is born a Saviour,
He is born to-day;
Come, behold the meek and lowly,
Come quickly away.

Making all so bright; [ing afar,
Beautiful light of God, shining afar, shin-
Every eye may see its glory,
Hope's bright star.

2 Come, come, come, tripping along trip-
Carol o'er the sacred story [ping along,
All have loved so long;
List to the chiming bells, merry and clear,
merry and clear,
Happy Christmas, happy Christmas,
Welcome, welcome here.
Graceful boughs of green are waving,
||: Hearts with rapture beat, :||
Love and mercy bending o'er us
||: Precious words repeat, :||
Where the royal Prince of glory
In a manger lay,
Faith will lead and gently guide us,
Come quickly away.

CHORUS.—

Hail, hail, hail, beautiful light, beautiful
Thro' the birth of our Redeemer [light,

Praise the Lord.

R. L. By per.

"All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord."—Ps. cxlv. 10.

Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Lift the voice in ho-ly song, Awake, ye
2. Crowd his courts with loft-y praise, And sing the

r. Lift the voice in ho-ly song,

saints who love the Lord ; Gath-er now in happy
works that he hath done ; Songs of love and honor
Wake, ye saints who love the Lord ; Gath-er now

throng, And praise his name with one ac-cord ;
raise To Christ the Lord, the e-qual Son ;
in hap-py throng, Praise his name with one accord ;

Ye who know the great sal-va-tion, Sing the triumphs of his grace,
Shout a-loud, ye souls in glo-ry ; Swell the song, ye saints be-low ;

And with highest ad-o-ra-tion, Come be-fore Je-ho-vah's face.
Till the heav'n's shall tell the sto-ry, And the earth the strain shall know.

Praise the Lord.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Praise the Lord, ye sons of light; Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly
 Praise the Lord, ye sons of light; Praise the Lord,
 host; Praise the Lord for all his mighty acts In all the
 ye heav'nly host; Praise the Lord
 places of his wide dominion; Praise Father, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

106

Infant Praises.

FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

Arranged.

1. Je - sus, high in glo - ry, Lend a listening ear; When we bow be -
 2. We are lit - tle chil - dren, Weak and apt to stray; Saviour, guide and
 fore thee, In - fant prais - es hear.
 keep us In the heavenly way.

3 Save us, Lord, from sinning,
 Watch us day by day;
 Help us now to love thee,
 Take our sins away.

4 Then, when Jesus calls us
 To our heavenly home,
 We will answer gladly,
 "Saviour, Lord, we come."

LIZZIE EDWARDS.
Andante.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I will tell the world around me How my blessed Saviour found me, How he
2. From the cold and barren mountain To the precious, cleansing fountain How he
3. In his mer-cy I am hiding, In his shadow still a-biding: He is

broke the chains that bound me, And my sins he washed away; Oh, my
led me like a shepherd, When my soul was far a-way; To the
teach-ing me with patience, How to la - bor, watch, and pray. I am

grateful heart is glowing, And with joy is overflowing; I will praise my dear Re-
cross I now am clinging, And my happy song is ringing; I will praise my dear Re-
trusting and believing, I am asking and receiving; I will praise my dear Re-

CHORUS.

deem-er, I will praise him all the day. I am glad, I am glad, I am

glad that Je-sus found me! With his pre-cious blood he bought me: Halle-

I am glad.—CONCLUDED.

lu-jah to his name! I enjoy a perfect blessing, And his constant love pos-

sess-ing, Ev - 'ry promise he has left me For my-self I now can claim.

108

FANNY L. JOHNSON.

Away to Jesus.

J. R. S.

1. A lit-tle while to sow and reap, And then a-way to Je - sus; A
 2. A lit-tle while on earth to meet, And then a-way to Je - sus; To
 3. A lit-tle while our crown to win, And then a-way to Je - sus; A
 4. A lit-tle while to part in tears, And then a-way to Je - sus; A

Fine.

lit-tle while our watch to keep, And then a-way to Je - sus.
 feel the bliss of un-ion sweet, And then a-way to Je - sus.
 few more vic-t'ries o-ver sin, And then a-way to Je - sus.
 few more days, a few more years, And then a-way to Je - sus.

D. S.—feast the soul, while ag - es roll, And shout the love of Je - sus.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

To Je - sus, to Je - sus, A - way, a - way to Je - sus, To

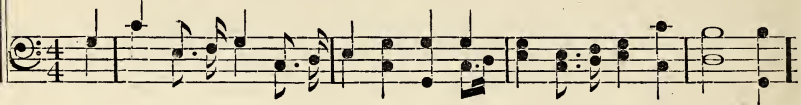
The Cross Forever!

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

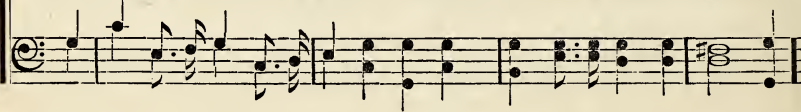
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



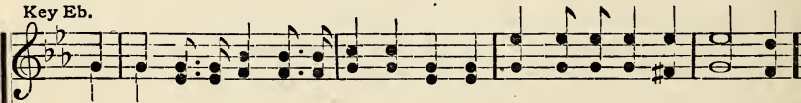
1. We march to the field with the sword and shield Of him who has gone before us,
2. We march one and all at the Saviour's call, Defending the cause we cherish,
3. We think of the rest of the pure and blest, We think of the joyful sto - ry



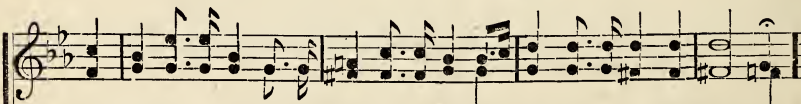
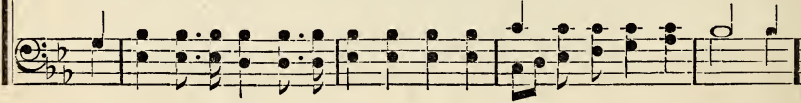
We walk in the light of his smile so bright, His ban - ner of love is o'er us ;
We tell how he came in his Father's name To rescue the souls that per - ish ;
That all may repeat at the Saviour's feet, And thank him for homes in glo - ry ;



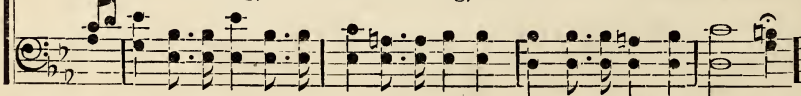
Key Eb.



We march to the strife and the toil of life, Assured he will leave us nev - er ;
We know from the love of the Lord above There's naught in the world can sever,
Then on to the land of the shining band, From dear ones no more to sev - er:



Our standard we raise to his honor and praise, Our watchword "the cross forever."
Then on to the foe like the brave let us go, Our watchword "the cross forever."
The Lord is our King; unto him we will sing, Our watchword "the cross forever."



The Cross Forever!—CONCLUDED.

Key C. CHORUS.

We march to the field with the sword and shield Of him who has gone before us,

We walk in the light of his smiles so bright, His banner of love is o'er us.

110

Room for my Saviour.

Mrs. J. C. YULE.

Rev. iii. 20.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. Room for my Saviour here, Heart, open wide thy door! Hence, un-belief, and
 2. Oh, ent-er, gracious Lord, If thou canst stoop so low, Come in, and bid each
 3. Come in and keep thy feast, And let me feast with thee; For on thy sa-cred
 4. No crumb have I, my Lord, The feast must all be thine; Thine are the viands

REFRAIN.

doubt, and fear, Hence, and return no more. Come in, come in, My Lord, come in.
 guest abhorred Forth from thy temple go.
 pledge I rest That thou wilt sup with me.
 of the board, And thine the hallowed wine. come in, come in,

5 And I shall feast with thee,
 And thou with me this day;
 And e'en at eventide with me
 Thou wilt prolong thy stay.

6 Nor yet at eventide
 Wilt thou from me depart,
 Eternity shall not divide
 My Saviour from my heart!

WM. R. LANDON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a thought that comes when, my day's work done, I sit in the
 2. There's a thought that comes when the sparkling dew On the sleep - ing
 3. There's a thought that comes when the earth is still, And the night with its

twilight gray, 'Tis a thought that tells of a reap - ing - time On the
 flower I see, For it tells of rest in my Father's home, That his
 train draws nigh: And it tells of a crown that the just shall wear In a

CHORUS.

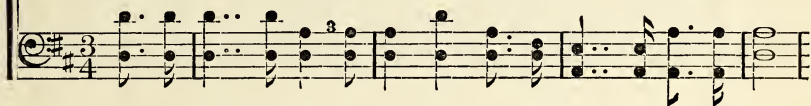
hills of the far a - way. There my soul shall rise on her snow white wings,
 love has prepared for me. And
 beau - ti - ful world on high.

fly, when her toil is o'er, Where the skies are bright with the morning light

4 I will watch and wait till my
 Saviour comes,
 For I know 'twill not be long
 Till I pass with him through the
 gates of life,
 And be welcomed with joyful
 song.



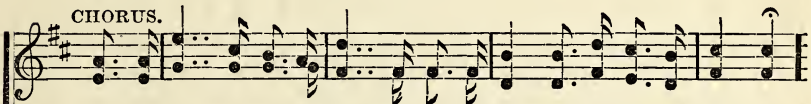
1. Go and preach the blessed gos - pel, Tell of Christ the Cru - ci - fied ;
2. Go and tell to ev - 'ry creature That the bles - sed Lord will save ;
3. Go and tell in all your weekness, Christ will give you strength and pow'r ;
4. Go and tell of peace and par - don Purchased by a Saviour's love ;



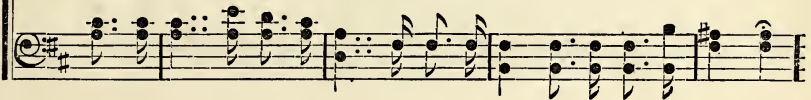
Go and bring men to the Sav - iour,—He who for us all has died.
 Go and tell them of his goodness,—How his life he free - ly gave.
 Go and tell how Je - sus loves them,—That he saves this ver - y hour.
 Go and tell of rest for - ev - er In your bles - sed home a - bove.



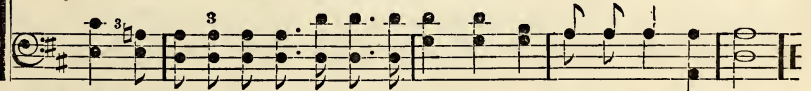
CHORUS.



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



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



113 Hung'ring and Thirsting for Thee.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. My Lord and my Saviour, my Brother and Friend, Oh, when will this
 2. I drink of earth's waters and thirst soon a - gain, I eat of earth's
 3. To thee, the one fountain, to thee, the one bread, My soul in her
 4. O Man - na of heav - en, O Wa - ter of life, To thee would I

con - flict with - in me have end? My spir - it is rest - less, no
 bread and still keep my pain; Earth's cisterns are bro - ken, earth's
 thirst and her fam - ine has fled; My bread and my wa - ter of
 flee and end all my strife; Thy bo - dy is bro - ken, thy

peace can there be, Dear Mas - ter, I'm hung'ring and thirsting for thee.
 cis - terns are dry, She yields not the man - na, the bread of the sky.
 life thou must be, Dear Mas - ter, I'm hung'ring and thirsting for thee.
 blood has been shed, Why go I then thirsting? and hung'ring for bread?

CHORUS.

I'm hung - - 'ring and thirst - - ing, I'm hung - - 'ring and
 I'm hung'ring and thirsting, dear Mas - ter, for thee, I'm hung'ring and thirsting, dear

Hung'ring and Thirsting, etc.—CONCLUDED.

thirst - - ing, Dear Mas - - - ter, I'm hung - 'ring and
Mas - ter, for thee, I'm hung'ring and thirst-ing, dear Mas - ter, I'm

thirst - - - ing for thee; I have not a
hung'ring and thirst-ing for thee; I have not a ref - uge to

ref - - uge to which . . . I can flee, Dear
which I can flee, I have not a ref - uge to which I can flee, Dear

Mas - - ter, I'm hung - 'ring and thirst - - ing for thee.
Mas - ter, I'm hung'ring, I'm hung - 'ring, I'm hung'ring and thirsting for thee.

Hark, Hark, My Soul.

Rev. F. W. FABER.

Arr. from C. C. CONVERSE by IRA D. SANKEY.

Moderato.

1. Hark, hark, my soul, angelic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and
 2. Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je - sus
 3. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, weary souls, for

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 sounds o'er land and sea, And la - den souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Jesus bids you come;" And thro' the dark, its echoes sweetly ring - ing,

CHORUS.

Of that new life when sin shall be no more. Angels, sing on! your faithful watches
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.

keep - ing; Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above, Till morning's joy shall

end the night of weeping, And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.

Healing for Thee.

FRANK GOULD.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus the Sav - iour is pass - ing this way, Come, there is
 2. Je - sus is pa - tient - ly call - ing to - day, Come, there is
 3. Je - sus is pass - ing, oh, fall at his feet, Come, there is
 4. Je - sus will save thee if thou wilt be - lieve, Come, there is

healing for thee; . . . Rise at his bidding: oh, why wilt thou stay?
 healing for thee; . . . Now he is waiting, no long - er de - lay, —
 healing for thee; . . . Fly to thy refuge, thy on - ly re - treat,
 healing for thee; . . . Haste, and the rapture of pardon re - ceive,
 yes, healing for thee;

Fine. CHORUS.
 Come, there is healing for thee. . . . Healing for thee, sinner, for thee,
 yes, healing for thee.

D.S.
 Now there is healing for thee; . . . Jesus the Saviour is passing this way,
 yes, healing for thee;

1. Je-sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
 2. Je-sus was nailed to the cross for me, Shall I be saved to-night?
 3. Je-sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
 4. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?

If I believe, he will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
 How can my heart so un-grate-ful be? Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if his Spir-it should now de-part? Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o-pen this bolt-ed door, Save me, O Lord, to-night!

Tender-ly, sad-ly I hear him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 Now he will save me by grace di-vine, Now, if I will, I may call him mine;
 O-ver and o-ver his voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pi-ty my sorrow, forgive my sin,

Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
 Can I the pleasures of earth re-sign? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Shall I re-ject him—a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 Now let thy work in my soul be-gin, For I will be saved to-night?

It is Well with My Soul.

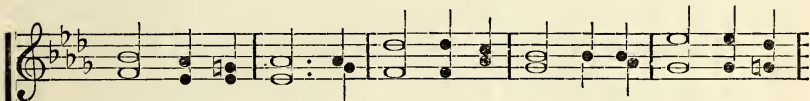
H. G. SPAFFORD.

"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. lv. 18.

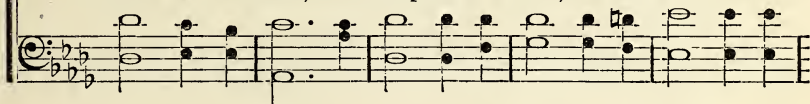
P. P. BLISS.



1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like
2. Though Satan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin—oh, the bliss of this glo - rious thought—My sin—not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be rolled



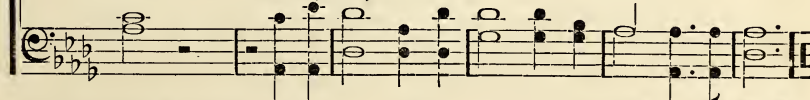
sea - bil - lows, roll ; What - ev - er my lot, thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -
part, but the whole, Is nailed to his cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall de -



say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is well
tate, And hath shed his own blood for my soul.
more, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! It is
scend, "Ev - en so"—it is well with my soul.



. with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.
well with my soul,



My Redeemer.

P. P. BLISS.

"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. xix. 14. JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. I will sing of my Redeem-er, And his wondrous love to me;
 2. I will tell the wondrous story, How my lost es-tate, to save,
 3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri-umphant power I'll tell,
 4. I will sing of my Redeem-er, And his heav'n-ly love to me;

On the cru-el cross he suffered, From the curse to set me free.
 In his boundless love and mercy, He the ran-som free-ly gave.
 How the vic-to-ry he giv-eth O-ver sin, and death, and hell.
 He from death to life hath brought me, Son of God with him to be.

CHORUS.

Sing, oh, sing of my Redeem-er, With his
 sing of my Redeem-er, Sing, oh, sing of my Redeem-er,

blood he purchased me, On the
 blood he pur-chased me, he pur-chased me, he pur-chased me; On the

With his blood he pur-chased me;

cross he sealed my par-don, Paid the
 cross he sealed my par-don, On the cross he sealed my par-don,

My Redeemer.—CONCLUDED.

Repeat pp after last verse.

debt, and made me free. and made me free.

and made me free, and made me free.

119

Receive Him.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

FOR PRIMARY CLASS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Lit-tle voic - es, hap-py voic - es, Sing of Je - sus and his love,
2. Lit-tle voic - es, hap-py voic - es, While we praise him day by day,
3. Lit-tle voic - es, hap-py voic - es, While we breathe his name so dear,
4. Lit-tle voic - es, hap-py voic - es, With our teachers while we sing;

Fine.

While the an - gels bending o'er us Whisper soft-ly from a - bove,—
 Lo! the an - gels hov-er round us; In our hearts we hear them say,—
 From the Bi - ble, ho - ly Bi - ble, Still the gen-tle words we hear,—
 They are tell - ing, sweetly tell - ing, Of the Lord, our Saviour-King.

D. S.—How he loves you! yes, he loves you More than all your friends can do.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Oh, be-lieve him, Oh, re-ceive him, Your Redeem - er kind and true!

Along the River of Time.

G. F. R.

"Remember how short time is,"—Ps. lxxxix. 47.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the river, along the river, The
 2. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the river, along the river; A
 3. Along the River of Time we glide, Along the river, along the river; Our

swiftly flowing, resistless tide, The swiftly flowing, the swiftly flowing, And
 thousand dangers its currents hide, A thousand dangers, a thousand dangers, And
 Saviour only our bark can guide, Our Saviour only, our Saviour only, But

soon, ah, soon the end we'll see: Yes, soon 'twill come, and we will be
 near our course the rocks we see: O dreadful thought! a wreck to be,
 with him we se- cure may be: No fear, no doubt, but joy to be

p
 Float-ing, float-ing Out on the sea of e-ter-ni-ty!

pp *rit.*
 Float-ing, float-ing Out on the sea of e-ter-ni-ty!

1. Not here! not here! not where the sparkling waters Fade into mocking sands as
 2. There is a land where ev'ry pulse is thrilling With rapture earth's sojourners
 3. Shall they be satisfied, the soul's vague longings, The aching void which nothing

we draw near; Where in the wil - derness each footstep falters, I shall be
 nev - er know; Where heav'n repose the weary heart is stilling And peaceful-
 earth - ly fills? O, what desires up - on my soul are thronging As I look

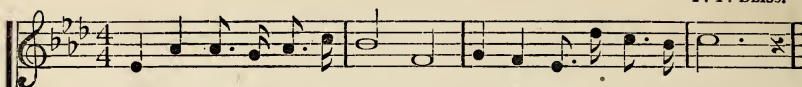
sat - is - fied; but O, not here! Not here where, ev'ry dream of bliss deceives us,
 ly life's time-toss'd current's flow, Far out of sight, while yet the flesh infolds us
 upward to the heav'nly hills, Thither my weak and weary steps are tending,

Where the worn spir - it nev - er gains its goal; Where haunted ev - er
 Lies the fair coun - try, where our hearts abide, And of its bliss is
 Saviour and Lord, with thy frail child abide; Guide me t'wards home where

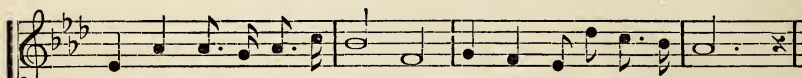
by the thought that grieves us Across us floods of bitter mem - 'ry roll.
 naught more wondrous told us Than these few words, "I shall be satis - fied."
 all my wand'ring ending I then shall see thee and be "sat - is - fied."

Meet Me at the Fountain.

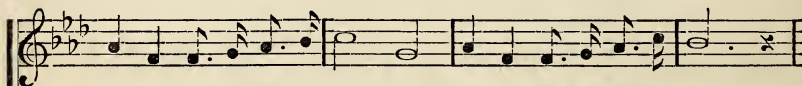
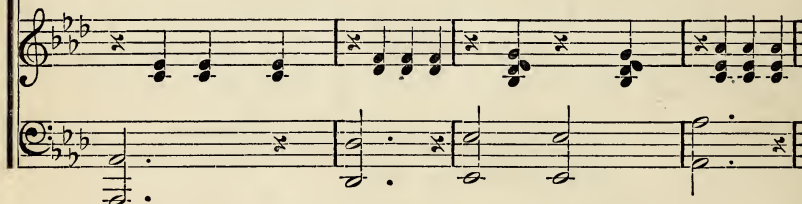
P. P. BLISS.



1. Will you meet me at the fountain, When I reach the glo-ry-land?
2. Will you meet me at the fountain, For I'm sure that I shall know
3. Will you meet me at the fountain? I shall long to have you near,



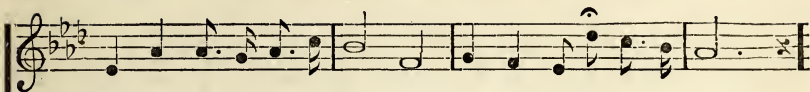
Will you meet me at the fountain, Shall I clasp your friendly hand?
 Kindred souls and sweet communion, More than I have known below.
 When I meet my lov-ing Sav- iour, When his welcome words I hear.



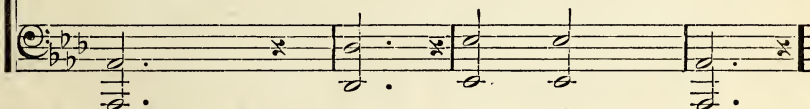
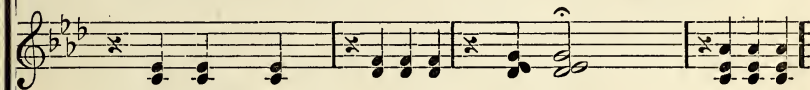
Other friends will give me welcome, Oth- er lov-ing voices cheer;
 And the chorus will be sweet- er, When it bursts upon my ear,
 He will meet me at the fountain, His embrac-es I shall share,



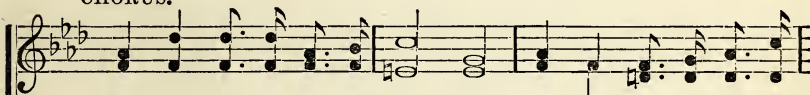
Meet Me at the Fountain.—CONCLUDED.



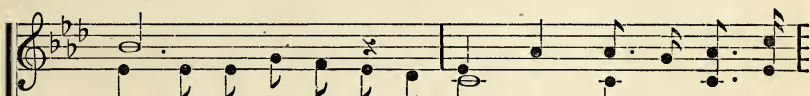
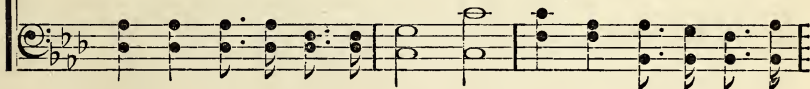
There'll be mu-sic at the fountain, Will you, will you meet me there?
 And my heaven seem complet - er, If your happy voice I hear.
 There'll be glo - ry at the fountain, Will you, will you meet me there?



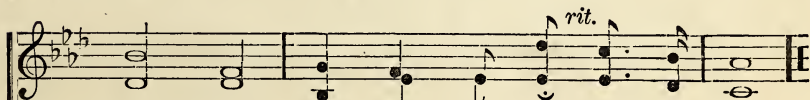
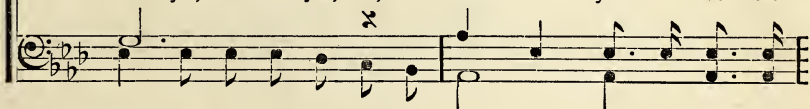
CHORUS.



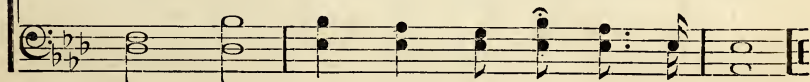
Yes, I'll meet you at the fount - ain, At the fountain bright and



fair, Oh, I'll meet you at the
 yes, I'll meet you, oh, I'll meet you at the



fount - ain, Yes, I'll meet you, meet you there.



Oh, to be over Yonder.

"In thy presence is fulness of joy."

MISS FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG.

Ps. xvi. 11.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der,
 2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fond - er
 3. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! A - las! I sigh and won - der
 4. Oh, when shall I be dwell - ing Where an - gel voic - es, swell - ing
 5. Oh, I shall soon be you - der, Tho' lone - ly here I wan - der,

Where the an - gel voic - es min - gle, And the an - gel harp - ers ring;
 Of look - ing to the east, to see The blessed day - star bring
 Why clings my poor, weak, sin - ful heart To an - y earth - ly thing;
 In triumphant hal - le - lu - jahs, Make the vaulted heavens ring?
 Yearning for the welcome sum - mer—Longing for the bird's fleet wing;

To be free from pain and sor - row, And the anxious, dread to - mor - row,
 Some tid - ings of the wak - ing, The cloudless, pure day breaking;
 Each tie of earth must sev - er, And pass a - way for - ev - er;
 Where the pearly gates are gleaming, And the morning - star is beam - ing?
 The midnight may be drea - ry, And the heart be worn and wea - ry,

To rest in light and sunshine In the presence of the King.
 My heart is yearning—yearning For the com - ing of the King.
 But there's no more separ - a - tion In the presence of the King.
 Oh, when shall I be yon - der, In the presence of the King?
 But there's no more shadow yon - der In the presence of the King.

Oh, to be over Yonder.—CONCLUDED.

Oh, . . . to be o - ver yon - der, In . . . that land of won - der,
 Oh, to be o - - ver yon - der, yon - der, In that land, that land of wonder,

There . . . to be for - ev - er In the presence of the King.
 There to be for - - ev - er

124 C. J. B.

A Sinner like Me.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I - was once far away from the Saviour, And as vile as a sinner could be,

I wondered if Christ the Redeemer Could save a poor sinner like me.

2 I wandered on in the darkness,
 Not a ray of light could I see, [ness,
 And the thought filled my heart with sad-
 There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
 And oh, what a joy came to me;
 My heart was filled with his praises,
 For saving a sinner like me.

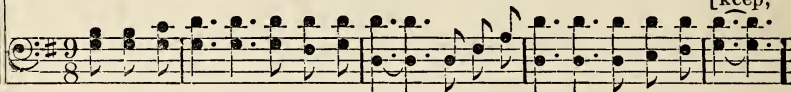
4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
 For the light is now shining on me,
 And now unto others I'm telling,
 How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,
 And I the dear Saviour shall see,
 I'll praise him for ever and ever.
 For saving a sinner like me.



1. Light in our darkness, hope in our fear, Joy in our sorrow, still thou art near;
2. Gifts that with morning fall like the dew, Still with the evening cheer us anew;
3. What tho' the night clouds frown on the deep? Watch o'er thy loved ones thine eye will

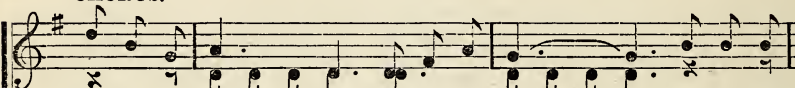
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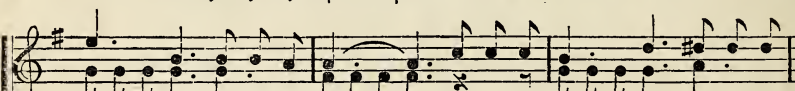
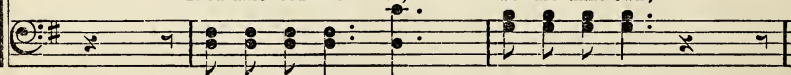
Constant, unchanging, praise to thy name, Now and forever thou art the same.
Songs of rejoicing, anthems of praise, Lord, for thy goodness help us to raise.
Rocked on the billow, weak and dismayed, Thy voice wilt whisper, be not afraid.



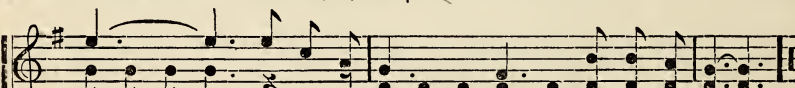
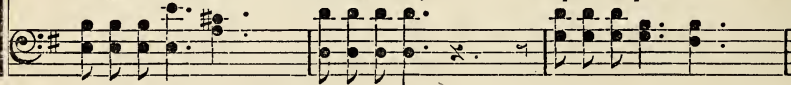
CHORUS.



Thou hast redeemed us,— we are thine own; Thou wilt not
Thou hast redeemed us,— we are thine own;



leave us friendless a-lone; Hope to the promise trusting-ly
Thou wilt not leave us friendless alone; Hope to the promise



clings, Thou wilt defend us un-der thy wings.
trust-ing-ly clings, Thou wilt de-fend us



1. Sin-ner, to the Saviour clinging, Trembling, trusting, hoping, singing,
2. Tar-ry not to count thy treasure; He will deal it with-out measure

Hark! a - gain his voice is ring - ing: "Forward, for - ward, march!"
As thou do - est his good pleasure—"Forward, for - ward, march!"

3 Art thou faint? He stands beside thee;
He shall help thee, guard thee, guide thee;
In his shadow he shall hide thee—
"Forward, forward, march!"

4 Through th'allurements of temptation,
Through the fires of tribulation,
Holding forth the great salvation,
"Forward, forward, march!"

5 By ten thousand foes surrounded,
Mocked, opposed, assaulted, wounded,
Thou shalt never be confounded,
"Forward, forward, march!"

6 Till thy bending head be hoary,
Till shall close thine earthly story,
Till thou step from grace to glory,
"Forward, forward, march!"

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Victory. 7s.

Fine.

D. C.— Oh, how hap - py we shall be When we've gained the vic - to - ry!

CHORUS. *D. C.*

Vic - to - ry! vic - to - ry! We shall gain the vic - to - ry;

1 WHAT are these arrayed in white,
Brighter than the noon-day sun?
Foremost of the sons of light;
Nearest the eternal throne?

2 These are they that bore the cross;
Nobly for their Master stood;
Sufferers in his righteous cause;
Followers of the dying God.

3 Out of great distress they came;
Washed their robes by faith below
In the blood of yonder Lamb,
Blood that washes white as snow:

4 Therefore are they next the throne;
Serve their Maker day and night:
God resides among his own;
God doth in his saints delight.

5 He that on the throne doth reign,
Them the Lamb shall always feed;
With the tree of life sustain;
To the living fountains lead;

6 He shall all their sorrows chase
All their wants at once remove;
Wipe the tears from every face;
Fill up every soul with love.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

QUESTION.

1 John v. 5, 4. 1. Who, who is he? Who, who is he? Who, who is he that o-ver-
 Rev. iii. 5. 2. What shall he wear? What shall he wear? What shall he wear that over-
 Rev. ii. 7. 3. What shall he eat? What shall he eat? What shall he eat that o-ver-
 Rev. iii. 12. 4. What shall he be? What shall he be? What shall he be that o-ver-

RESPONSE.

com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He that be-liev-eth and is
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be clothed in
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall eat of the
 com-eth by the blood of the Lamb? He shall be a pil-lar in the

born of God, He that be-liev-eth and is born of God,
 rai-ment white, He shall be clothed in rai-ment white,
 tree of life, He shall eat of the tree of life,
 tem-ple of God, He shall be a pil-lar in the temple of God,

He that believeth and is born of God, Shall overcome by the blood.
 He shall be clothed in raiment white, That overcomes by the blood.
 He shall eat of the tree of life, That overcomes by the blood.
 He shall be a pillar in the temple of God, That overcomes by the blood.

"Overcomers."—CONCLUDED.

O, the precious, precious blood! O, the cleansing, healing flood!

O, the pow'r and the love of God, Thro' the blood of the Lamb!

5: What shall we hear?:|| that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
||: He shall hear his name con- fessed in
heaven, :||
That overcomes by the blood.

6: What shall he have?:|| that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
||: God will give him all things, and |
make him his son, :||
That overcomes by the blood.

7: Where shall he sit?:|| that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
||: He shall sit with | Jesus, on his
throne, :||
That overcomes by the blood.

8: What is the victory?:|| that over-
By the blood of the Lamb? [cometh
||: Faith is the victory that | over-
cometh, :||
By the blood of the Lamb.

129 **All the way long it is Jesus.**

1. { O good old way, how sweet thou art! All the way long it is Je - sus; }
{ May none of us from thee de-part; All the way long it is Je - sus. }

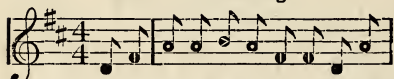
CHORUS.

Je - sus, Je - sus, Why, all the way long it is Je - sus.

2 But may our actions always say | 3 This note above the rest shall swell,
We're marching in the good old way. | That Jesus doeth all things well.

130

What a Gathering.



1 AT the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gathered home,
We will greet each other by the crystal sea,
With the friends and all the loved ones there—
awaiting us to come,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

Cho.—What a gathering, gathering,
At the sounding of the glorious jubilee!
What a gathering, gathering,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

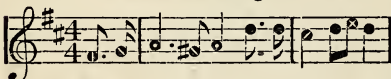
2 When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, [see,
We shall gather, and the saved and ransom'd
Then to meet again together, on the bright celestial shore,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

3 At the great and final judgment when the hidden comes to light,
When the Lord in all his glory we shall see,
At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye blessed, to my right,"
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

4 When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim,
In triumphant strains, the glorious jubilee,
Then to meet and join to sing the song of Moses and the Lamb,
What a gathering of the faithful that will be!

131

The New Song.



1 There are songs of joy that I loved to sing
When my heart was as blithe as a bird in spring;
But the song I have learned is so full of cheer,
That the dawn shines out in the darkness drear.

Cho.—O, the new, new song! :||
I can sing it now with the ransomed throng;
Power and dominion to him that shall reign,
Glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

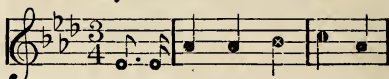
2 There are restraints of home that are dear as life,
And I list to them oft 'mid the din of strife;
But I know of a home that is wondrous fair,
And I sing the psalm that is singing there.

3 Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad,
When the gracious Master hath made me glad?
When he points where the many mansions be,
And sweetly says, "There is one for thee"?

4 I shall catch the gleam of its jasper wall
When I come to the gloom of the evenfall,
For I know that the shadows, dreary and dim,
Have a path of light that will lead to him.

132

Is my Name written There?



1 LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

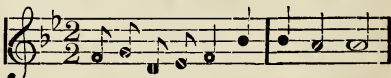
Cho.—Is my name written there,
On the page white and fair?
In the book of thy kingdom,
Is my name written there?

2 Lord, my sins they are many,
Like the sands of the sea,
But thy blood, O my Saviour,
Is sufficient for me;
For thy promise is written,
In bright letters that glow,
"Though your sins be as scarlet,
I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
With its mansions of light,
With its glorified beings,
In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh
To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching,—
Is my name written there?

133

The New Name.



1 WE shall have a new name in that land,
In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
When we meet the bright angelic band,
In that sunny land. [there;

A new name, a new name we'll receive up
A new name, a new name, all who enter there.

Cho.—We shall have a new name in that land,
In that land, that sunny, sunny land,
When we meet the bright angelic band,
In that sunny land.

2 We'll receive it in a pure, white stone,
And no one will know the name therein;
Only unto him who hath 'tis known,
When we're free from sin. [there;

A white stone, a white stone we'll receive up
A white stone, a white stone, all who enter there.

3 Don't you wonder what that name will
Sweeter far than aught on earth can be,
We will be quite satisfied when we
Shall that new name know.

I wonder, I wonder what that name will be,
I wonder, I wonder, what he'll give to me.

Draw me to Thee.

"And I will cause him to draw near, and he shall approach unto me."

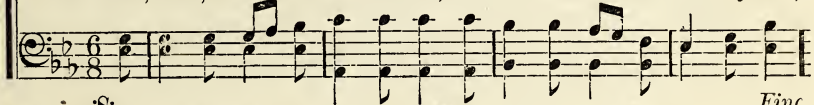
M. A. W. COOK.

Jer. xxx. 21.

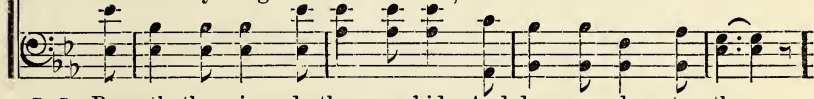
E. S. LORENZ.



1. Lord, weak and im-po-tent I stand, As fettered by an unseen hand;
2. In vain I strug-gle to be free; I would, but cannot, fly to thee;
3. Oh, bring me near-er, near-er still, That thine own peace my soul may fill,
4. Here, Lord, I would for-ev - er bide, And nev - er wan - der from thy side;



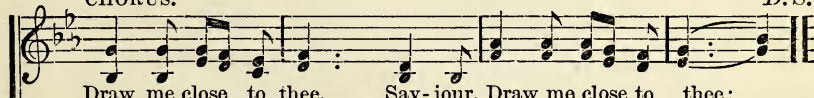
Break thou the strong and sub - tle band, And draw me close to thee.
 Ope thou the pris - on door for me, And draw me close to thee.
 And I may rest in thy sweet will; Lord, draw me close to thee.
 Beneath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.



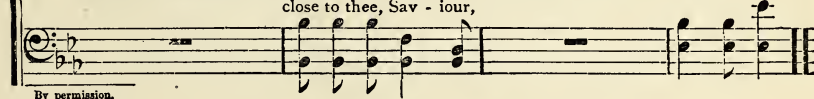
D. S.—Beneath thy wing do thou me hide, And draw me close to thee.

CHORUS.

D. S.

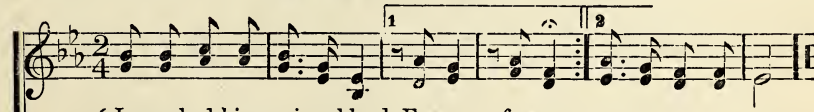


Draw me close to thee, Sav - iour, Draw me close to thee;
 close to thee, Sav - iour,

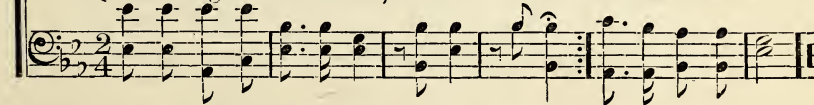


By permission.

For me, for me.



1. { Jesus shed his precious blood, For me, for me;
 Jesus brings me back to God, Jesus saves me now.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>2 There for me the Saviour stands,
 Showshis woundsandspreadshishands.</p> <p>3 God is love, I know, I feel,
 Jesus lives and loves me still.</p> | <p>4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Let the healing showers abound.</p> <p>5 Rock of ages cleft for me,
 Now I hide myself in thee.</p> |
|--|---|

1. Stand at your post, ye watchmen, Dark tho' the night; See afar, bright and clear,
 2. Stand at your post of du - ty, Be not dismayed, Christ the Lord rideth on
 3. Stand at your post of du - ty, Truth must prevail, Joyful news, welcome news,
 4. Stand at your post of duty, Cheer, watchmen, cheer; Lo, the time, promised time,

Dawns the morning light; Sound, sound the trump of Zion O'er land and sea;
 Now in strength arrayed; Lift up the gos-pel banner, Watchmen, proclaim
 Comes with ev'ry gale; Lo! at the feet of Jesus Proud monarchs fall:
 Now is drawing near; Bright o'er the distant mountain On rolls the day,

CHORUS.

Tell a-gain the happy tidings, Grace is free. Bright Star of the
 Peace and life to ev -'ry creature Thro' his name.
 They have heard the gospel message, Joy to all.
 Driving ev -'ry mist and shadow Far a - way. Bright, bright Star,

morn - ing, Thou bles-sed Star of glo - ry, bles-sed Star of glo - ry,
 bright, bright Star,

Stand at Your Post.—CONCLUDED.

Shine on in thy beau - ty, And bear the joy - ful news to ev - 'ry
Shine, shine on, shine, shine on,

clime; Soon to Je - sus shall the heathen na - tions come,

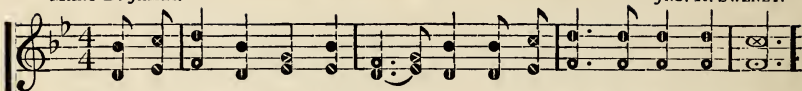
Soon to Jesus shall the world be gathered home; Cry aloud, ye watchmen,

o - ver land and sea, Tell that Je - sus lives and reigns forev - er.

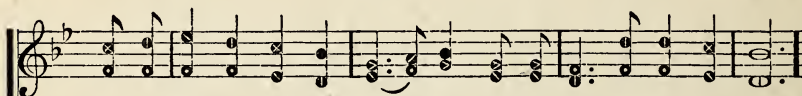
Are You Ready?

MARY D. JAMES.

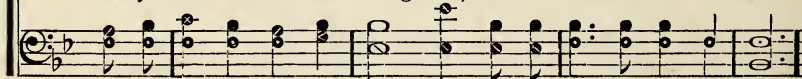
JNO. R. SWENEY.



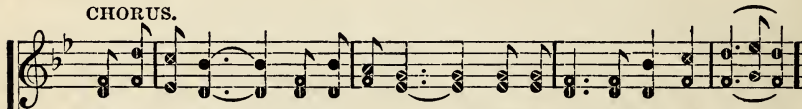
1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye vir - gins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls surprise!



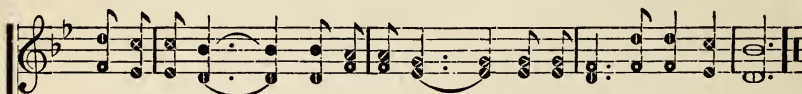
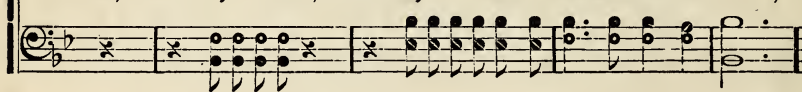
Lo! the heavenly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls appal?
 Are your lamps all trimm'd and burning? Should the Bridegroom now appear?
 Are they wash'd in-the cleansing fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
 Lest ye fail to meet the Bridegroom, When he cometh from the skies.



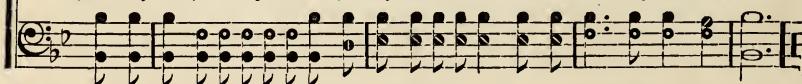
CHORUS.



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



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

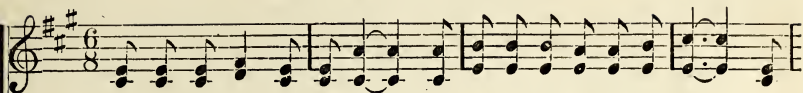


Why do You Wait?

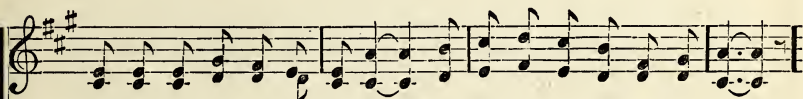
G. F. R.

"Arise, he calleth thee."—Mark x. 49.

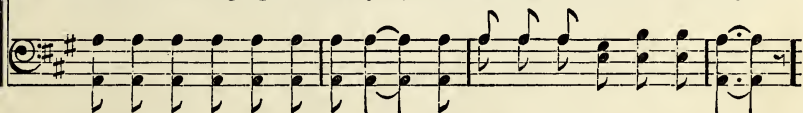
GEO. F. ROOT.



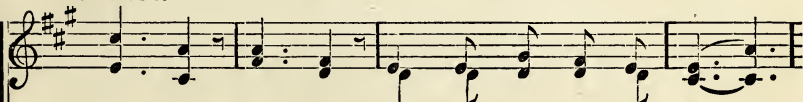
1. Why do you wait, dear brother, Oh, why do you tarry so long? Your
2. What do you hope, dear brother, To gain by a further de-lay? There's
3. Do you not feel, dear brother, His Spirit now striving within? Oh,
4. Why do you wait, dear brother, The harvest is passing a-way, Your



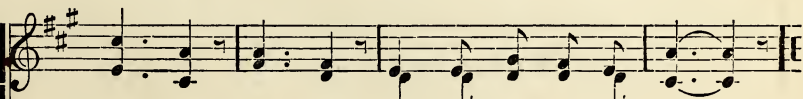
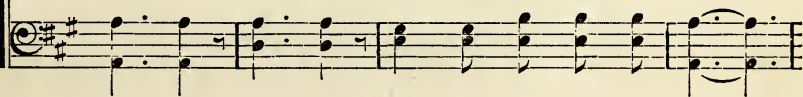
Saviour is waiting to give you A place in his sanc-ti-fied throng.
 no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but his way.
 why not accept his sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
 Saviour is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in delay?



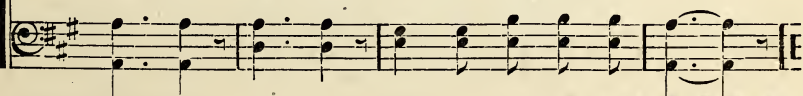
CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?



Why not? why not? Why not come to him now?



Leaning on Jesus.

Rev. W. F. CRAFTS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Wea-ry with walking a - lone, Long heavy - laden with sin;
2. Fearing to stand for my Lord, Trembling for weakness in prayer;

Toil-ing all night with-out Christ,—Rest for my soul shall I win,
Yet on the bo - som di - vine Los - ing each sor-row and fear,

CHORUS.

Lean - ing on Je - sus, I walk - at his side; . .
Leaning on Je - sus, in him I a - bide, Leaning on Je - sus, I walk at his side;

Lean - - ing on Je - - sus, I trust him, my Shepherd and Guide.
Leaning on Je - sus, what-ev - er be - tide,

- 3 Anxious no longer for self,
Shrinking no longer from pain;
Leaning on Jesus alone,
He all my care will sustain.
Leaning on Jesus, etc.
- 4 Leaning, I walk in "The Way,"
Leaning, "The Truth" I shall know;
Leaning on heart-throbs of Christ,
Safe into "Life" I may go.
Leaning on Jesus, etc.

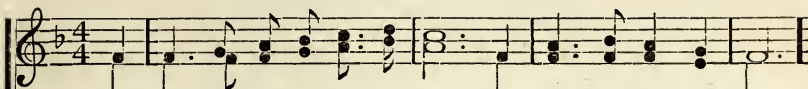
From "Leaflet Coms, No. 2," by *per.*

The Half was Never Told.

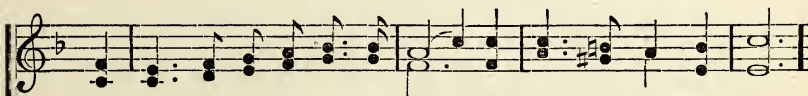
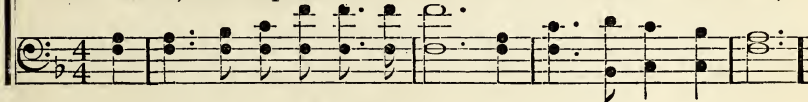
P. P. B.

"Behold, the half was not told."—Kings x. 7.

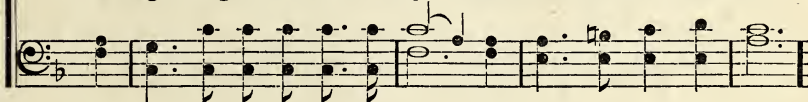
P. P. BLISS.



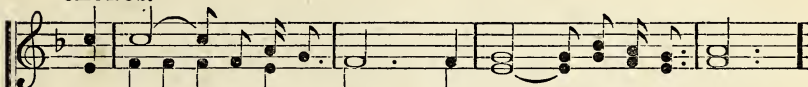
1. Re-peat the sto-ry o'er and o'er, Of grace so full and free;
2. Of peace I on-ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest
3. My high-est place is ly-ing low At my Redeem-er's feet;
4. And oh, what rapture will it be With all the host a-b-ove,



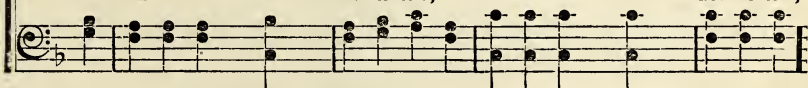
I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has res-cued me.
 Un-til the sweet-voiced angel came To sooth my wea-ry breast.
 No re-al joy in life I know, But in his ser-vice sweet.
 To sing through all e-ter-ni-ty The won-ders of his love!



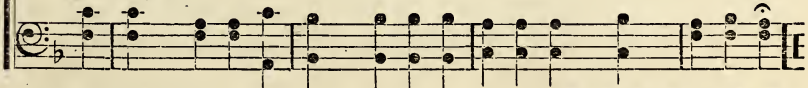
CHORUS.



The half was never told, The half was never told,
 nev-er told, nev-er told,

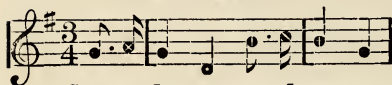


1. Of grace divine, so wonder-ful, The half was never told.
 2. Of peace, etc.
 3. Of joy, etc.
 4. Of love, etc.
- nev-er told.



142

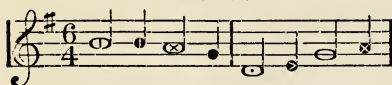
Come to Jesus.



- 1 COME to Jesus, come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now,
Just now come to Jesus,
Come to Jesus just now.
- | | |
|----------------------|-------------------------|
| 2 He will save you. | 9 He will hear you. |
| 3 Oh, believe him. | 10 He'll have mercy. |
| 4 He is able, | 11 He'll forgive you. |
| 5 He is willing. | 12 He will cleanse you. |
| 6 He'll receive you. | 13 He'll renew you. |
| 7 Flee to Jesus. | 14 He will clothe you, |
| 8 Call unto him. | 15 Jesus loves you. |

143

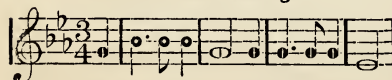
Fill me now.



- 1 HOVER o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- Cho.*—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come and fill me now,
Fill me with thy hallowed presence.—
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 2 Thou canst fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.
- 3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with pow'r, and fill me now.
- 4 Cleanse and comfort; bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

144

The Child of a King.



- 1 MY Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his
hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold
His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.
- Cho.*—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour
I'm the child of a King,

2 My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men;
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of
But now he is reigning forever on high, [them,
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth! [down,—
But I've been adopted, my name's written
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there!
Though exiled from home, yet still I may sing:
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

145

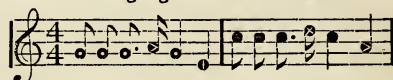
The Rock that is Higher.



- 1 OH, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.
- Cho.*—Oh, then to the rock let me fly,
To the rock that is higher than I.:||
- 2 Oh, sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
- 3 Oh, near to the Rock let me keep,
Or blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain-way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale.

146

Bringing in the Sheaves.



- 1 Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kind-
ness,
Sowing in the noon-tide, and the dewy eyes;
Waiting for the harvest, and the time of reaping,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.
- Cho.*—Bringing in the sheaves, bringing in the
sheaves, [sheaves.:||
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the sha-
dows, [breeze;
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling
By and by the harvest, and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the
sheaves.
- 3 Go, then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often
grieves;
When our weeping's over he will bid us wel-
come, [sheaves.
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the

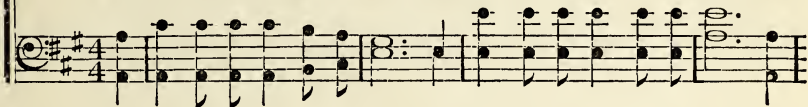
O Prodigal, Don't Stay Away.

J. E. RANKIN, D. D. "I will arise and go unto my Father."—Luke xv. 18.

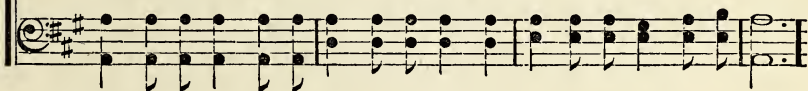
J. W. BISCHOFF.



1. O prod-i-gal, don't stay away! The Fa-ther is wait-ing to-day; There's
2. O prodigal brother, come home! Why longer in wretchedness roam? You're
3. O prodigal, what will you do? Love's ta-ble is wait-ing for you; For-
4. O prod-i-gal brother, a - rise! For pardon, look up to the skies; No



room and to spare, There is raiment to wear, O prod-igal, don't stay a-way.
 lone-ly and lost, You are driven and toss'd, O prod-igal brother, come home.
 giveness so sweet, Sure, your coming will greet, O prodigal, what will you do?
 longer then stray From thy Father away, O prod-i-gal brother, a - rise.



CHORUS.



Will you come? Will you come? Will you come, come home to-day? There is



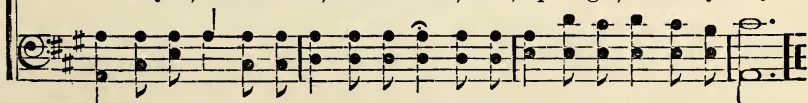
Will you come?

Will you come?

Will you come?



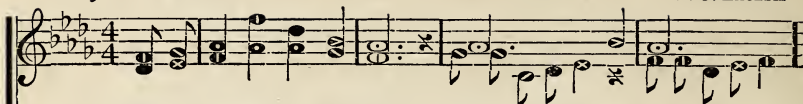
welcome for you, There's a kiss, kind and true, Then, O prodigal, don't stay away.



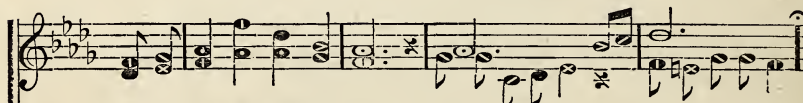
Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. ARCHINSON.

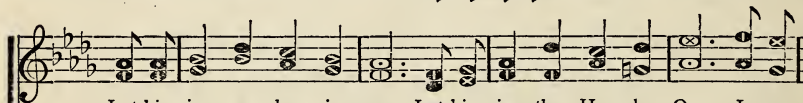
E. O. EXCELL.



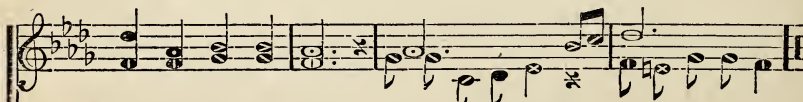
1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
 2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
 3. Hear you now his loving voice? Let him in,
 4. Now ad-mit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,



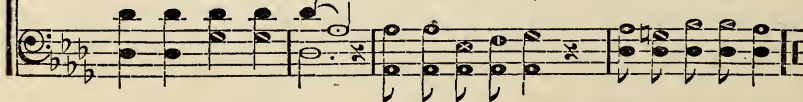
- He has been there oft be-fore, Let him in;
 If you wait he will de-part, Let him in;
 Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
 He will make for you a feast, Let him in,
 Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,



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



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



Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

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

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Weary pil - grim on life's path-way, Struggling on beneath thy load;
 2. Are thy tir - ed feet un - stead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
 3. Are the ties of friendship sev - ered? Hushed the voices fond - ly heard?

Hear these words of con - sol - a - tion,—“Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.”
 Is thy cross too great and hea - vy? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
 Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

CHORUS.

f Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord, And he will
p
Cres.

p *Ad lib.*
 strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
 Does thy mind forget his word?
 Does thy strength succumb to weakness?
 Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
 He will guide thy steps aright;
 He will strengthen each endeavor;
 He will keep thee by his might.

Ah! 'tis the old, old Story.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Tempted and led a - stray, . . .
2. Robbing the heart of lightness, . . . Los-ing the bloom of youth, . . .
3. But, in an old, old stor - y, . . . Full of a grace di - vine, . . .

Leaving the path of dut - y, . . . Choosing the e - vil way, . . .
Dimming the eyes' glad brightness, . . . Stilling the voice of truth, . . .
There is a - bun - dant par - don, . . . Ev - en for sin like thine, . . .

Breaking the hearts of moth - ers, . . . Slighting their fer - vent prayers, . . .
Missing the pride of manhood, . . . Missing a no - ble aim, . . .
Now, with a con - trite spir - it, . . . Turn from the ways of sin, . . .

Sowing the seed which bringeth . . . On - ly a wealth of tares, . . .
Gaining a ship-wrecked nature, . . . Gaining a sul - lied name, . . .
Knock at the gate of heav - en, . . . Entrance thy soul shall win, . . .

CHORUS.

Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y,
Last cho. - Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y, Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y,

Ah! 'tis the old, old Story.—CONCLUDED.

Ah! 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Tempted and led a - stray. .
 Yes, 'tis the old, old stor - y, . . . Full of a grace di - vine. .

151

Light after Darkness.

DUET.

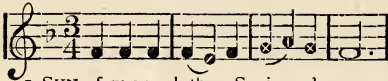
JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Light af - ter darkness, Gain af - ter loss, Strength af - ter
 2. Sheaves af - ter sow - ing, Sun af - ter rain, Sight af - ter
 3. Near af - ter dis - tant, Gleam af - ter gloom, Love af - ter

weakness, Crown af - ter cross, Sweet af - ter bit - ter,
 mys - tery, Peace af - ter pain, Joy af - ter sor - row,
 loneliness, Life af - ter tomb; Af - ter long a - go - ny,

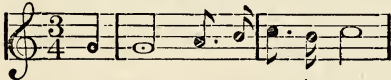
Song af - ter fears, Home af - ter wander - ing, Praise af - ter tears.
 Calm af - ter blast, Rest af - ter wear - i - ness, Sweet rest at last.
 Rap - ture of bliss; Right was the path - way Leading to this!

152 Sun of My Soul.



- 1 SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.
- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.
- 4 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

153 Sing of His Mighty Love.

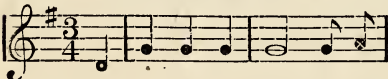


- 1 OH, bliss of the purified, bliss of the free,
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for me;
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I stand,
And point to the print of the nails in his hand.

Cho.—Oh, sing of his mighty love,
||: Sing of his mighty love, :||
Mighty to save.

- 2 Oh, bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of his grace,
Who lifteth upon me the light of his face.
- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified, bliss of the pure,
No wound hath the soul that his blood cannot
cure; [rest,
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast.
- 4 O Jesus the crucified, thee will I sing,
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;
My soul filled with rapture shall shout o'er
the grave,
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save."

154 Revive Thy Work.



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

Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah!
amen;
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive us again.

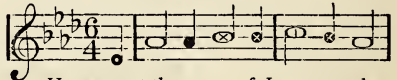
- 2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light!
Who has shown us our Saviour and scatter-
tered our night.

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

- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and
guided our ways.

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

155 How Sweet the Name.



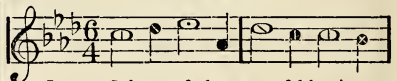
- 1 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

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

- 3 Jesus, my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend;
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,—
Accept the praise I bring.

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

156 Even Me.



- 1 LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
Thou art scattering full and free—
Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
Let some droppings fall on me.

Cho.—Even me, even me,
Let thy blessing fall on me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
Sinful though my heart may be;
Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.

- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
Thou can'st make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

Wont You Love My Jesus?

SALLIE SMITH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have found a friend di - vine, Wont you love him too?
 2. Oh, how dear his name to me, Wont you love him too?
 3. Heav - y - lad - en, care - oppressed, Wont you love him too?
 4. Cast your bur - den at his feet, Wont you love him too?

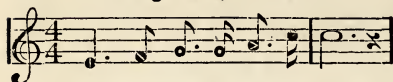
I am his and he is mine, Wont you love him too?
 None can save your soul but he, Wont you love him too?
 How he longs to give you rest, Wont you love him too?
 There is par - don pure and sweet, Wont you love him too?

CHORUS.

Wont you love my Je - sus, My pre - cious, precious Je - sus?

Wont you love my Je - sus? He is waiting now for you.

158 Trusting Jesus, that is all.



- 1 SIMPLY trusting every day;
Trusting, though a stormy way;
Even when my faith is small,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

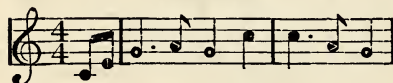
Cho.—Trusting him while life shall last,
Trusting him till earth is past,—
Till within the jasper wall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 2 Brightly doth his Spirit shine
Into this poor heart of mine;
While he leads, I cannot fall,
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 3 Singing, if my way is clear;
Praying, if the path is drear;
If in danger, for him call—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

- 4 Trusting as the moments fly,
Trusting as the days go by,
Trusting him whate'er befall—
Trusting Jesus, that is all.

159 Fountain.



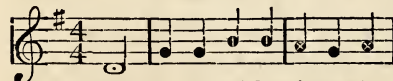
- 1 THERE is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

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

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

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

160 Coronation.



- 1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all,

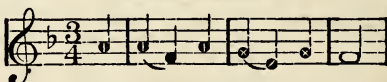
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 3 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.

- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

- 5 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

161 Blest be the tie.



- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

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

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

162 How Gentle. Same tune.

- 1 HOW gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears all nature up
Shall guard his children well.

- 3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
And sweet refreshment find.

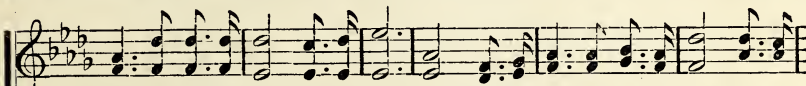
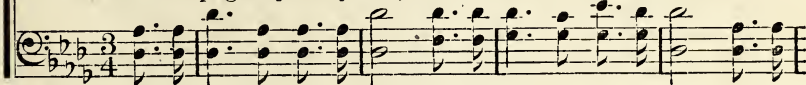
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day:
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

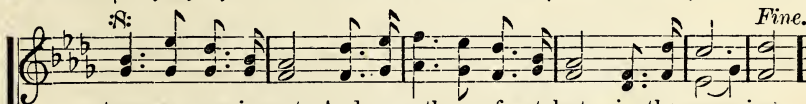
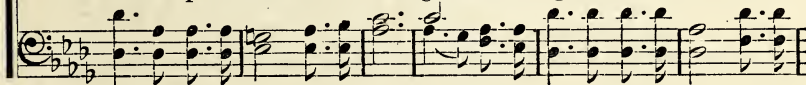
JNO. R. SWENEY.



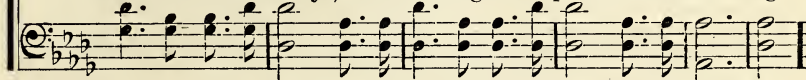
1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and weary oft we roam, But we
2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us



know'twill all be well in the morning; When our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry
jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our
hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the
watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the

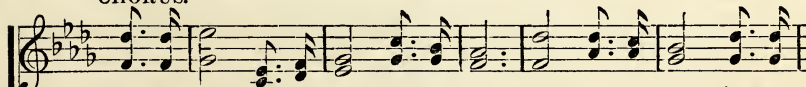


storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.
robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.

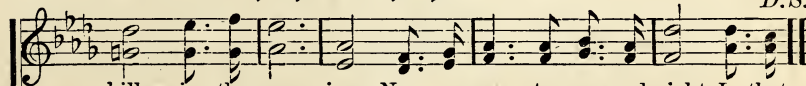


D. S.—sun - ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.

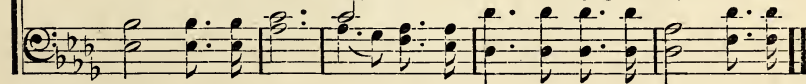
CHORUS.



When we all meet a-gain in the morn - ing, On the sweet blooming

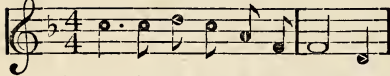


hills in the morn - ing; Nev - ermore to say good night In that



164

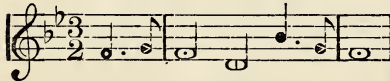
What a Friend.



- 1 WHAT a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer!
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

165

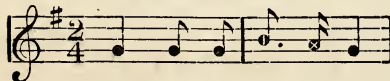
Rock of Ages.



- 1 ROCK of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.
- 2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know;
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

166

Before the Cross.

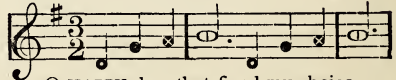


- 1 MY faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine:
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my guilt away,
O let me from this day
Be wholly thine.

- 2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As thou hast died for me,
O may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,—
A living fire.
- 3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

167

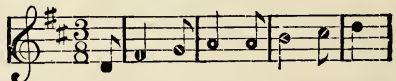
Happy Day.



- 1 O HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its rapture all abroad.
- Cho.*—Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day;
Happy day, happy day,
When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.
 - 3 Now rest, my long divided heart:
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With him of every good possessed.

168

Sweet Hour of Prayer.



- 1 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care,
And bids me at my Father's throne
Make all my wants and wishes known!
In seasons of distress and grief
My soul has often found relief,
And oft escaped the tempter's snare
By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.
- 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
Thy wings shall my petition bear
To him, whose truth and faithfulness
Engage the waiting soul to bless:
And since he bids me seek his face,
Believe his word, and trust his grace,
I'll cast on him my every care,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation,"
new words by Rev. W. A. SPENCER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;

Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!

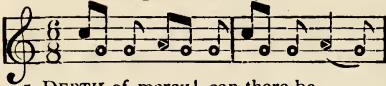
Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

170

Depth of Mercy.



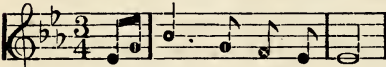
1 DEPTH of mercy! can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God his wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

Cho.—God is love! I know, I feel;
Jesus lives, and loves me still.
Jesus lives,
He lives and loves me still.

2 I have long withstood his grace,
Long provoked him to his face:
Would not hearken to his calls;
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Now incline me to repent;
Let me now my sins lament;
Now my foul revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

171 I Hear Thy Welcome Voice.



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

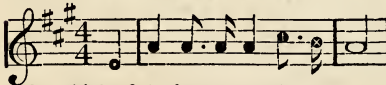
Cho.—I am coming, Lord,
Coming now to thee!
Wash me, cleanse me in the blood
That flowed on Calvary.

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

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on
To perfect faith and love,
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,
For earth and heaven above.

4 All hail, atoning blood!
All hail, redeeming grace!
All hail, the gift of Christ our Lord,
Our Strength and Righteousness!

172 The Home Over There.



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

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

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

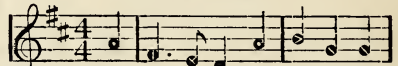
Ref.—Over there, over there,
Oh, think of the friends over there.

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

4 I'll soon be at home over there,
For the end of my journey I see;
Many dear to my heart, over there,
Are watching and waiting for me.
Ref.—Over there, over there,
I'll soon be at home over there.

173

He Leadeth Me!



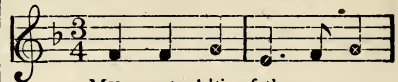
1 HE leadeth me! O blessed thought!
O words with heavenly comfort fraught!
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Cho.—He leadeth me, he leadeth me,
By his own hand he leadeth me:
His faithful follower I would be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

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

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

174 My Country! 'tis of Thee.



1 MY country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing:
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble, free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King!

FRANK GOULD.

JNO R. SWFNEY.

1. One more day its twilight brings, One more day its shadow
 2. One more day of conflict passed, One more vic - t'ry gained at
 3. One more day of reaping o'er, One more sheaf to crown our
 4. Saviour, when as now we rest, Leaning, trust - ing on thy

flings; One sweet hour of grate-ful prayer, Calling to
 last; One sweet hour in praise to spend, While at a
 store; One sweet hour to bathe the soul Here in the
 breast, We shall cross the nar - row sea Still may we

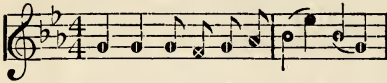
CHORUS.

rest . . . from toil and care. One day near - - er the land of
 throne . . . of grace we bend.
 streams . . . of joy that roll.
 sing, . . . inspired by thee:—

song, One day near - er the white-robed throng; There at the

gate they watch and wait For a meeting that shall last forever.
 they watch and wait,

176 Saviour, like a Shepherd.



- 1 SAVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
 Much we need thy tend'rst care,
 In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
 For our use thy folds prepare;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast bought us, thine we are.:||
- 2 We are thine, do thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep thy flock, from sin defend us,
 Seek us when we go astray;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.:||
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be;
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and power to free;
 ||: Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to thee.:||

177 I Love to Tell the Story.

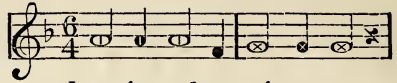


- 1 I LOVE to tell the Story
 Of unseen things above,
 Of Jesus and his glory,
 Of Jesus and his love;
 I love to tell the Story,
 Because I know it's true;
 It satisfies my longings,
 As nothing else would do.

Cho.—I love to tell the Story!
 'Twill be my theme in glory,
 To tell the Old, Old Story
 Of Jesus and his love.

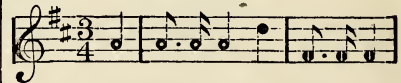
- 2 I love to tell the Story!
 More wonderful it seems,
 Than all the golden fancies
 Of all our golden dreams;
 I love to tell the Story!
 It did so much for me;
 And that is just the reason
 I tell it now to thee.
- 3 I love to tell the Story!
 For those who know it best
 Seem hungering and thirsting
 To hear it, like the rest;
 And when, in scenes of glory,
 I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,
 'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY
 That I have loved so long.

178 Jesus, Lover of My Soul.



- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high.
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 O, receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none;
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me:
 All my trust on thee is stayed,
 All my help from thee I bring;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing!
- 3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
 More than all in thee I find;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
 Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness:
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.
- 4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin;
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee:
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

179 There is a Land.



- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Eternal day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain;
 There everlasting Spring abides,
 And never-whit'ring flowers;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between;
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er, [flood
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
 Should fright us from the shore.

180 I Hope to Meet You All in Glory.

EMMA PITT.

[From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.]

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When the storms of life are o'er;
 2. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, By the tree of life so fair;
 3. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, Round the Saviour's throne above;
 4. I hope to meet you all in glo - ry, When my work on earth is o'er;

I hope to tell the dear old sto - ry, On the bles - sed shin - ing shore.
 I hope to praise our dear Redeem - er For the grace that brought me there.
 I hope to join the ransomed arm - y Singing now redeem - ing love.
 I hope to clasp your hands rejoic - ing On the bright e - ter - nal shore.

CHORUS.

On the shin - ing shore, On the gold - en strand, In our

Father's home, In the hap - py land: I hope to meet you there, I

hope to meet you there,—A crown of vict - ry wear,—In glo - ry.

More Faith in Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. While struggling thro' this vale of tears I want more faith in Je - sus; A -
 2. To war against the foes with-in I want more faith in Je - sus; To
 3. To brave the storms that here I meet I want more faith in Je - sus; To
 4. I want a faith that works by love, A constant faith in Je - sus; A

D. S.—And

Fine. CHORUS.
 mid tempta-tions, cares, and fears, I want more faith in Je - sus. I
 rise a - bove the powers of sin I want more faith in Je - sus.
 rest con - fid - ing at his feet I want more faith in Je - sus.
 faith that mountains can remove, A liv - ing faith in Je - sus.
 this my cry, as time rolls by, I want more faith in Je - sus.

D. S.

want more faith, I want more faith, A clearer, brighter, stronger faith in Jesus;

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182

Beulah Land.

1 I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
 And all its riches freely mine;
 Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
 For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
 As on thy highest mount I stand,
 I look away across the sea,
 Where mansions are prepared for me,
 And view the shining glory shore,
 My heaven, my home, for evermore!

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
 And sweet communion here have we,
 He gently leads me by his hand,
 For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
 Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
 And flowers that never-fading grow
 Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
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 As angels with the white-robed throng
 Join in the sweet redemption song.

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Now Ready!

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