



THE
Odds of

Salvation

BY
JNO. R. SWENEY
AND

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

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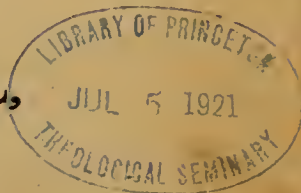
Section

2982

THE WELLS OF SALVATION:

SONGS FOR THE

SABBATH SCHOOL,



BY

JOHN R. SWENEY & W. M. J. KIRKPATRICK.

(Authors of "The Quiver," "The Garner," Etc.)

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◀ P R E F A C E ▶

In that day there shall be a Fountain opened to the house of David for sin and for uncleanness.

Zech. xiii. 1.

I will pour water on him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground.

Isa. xlv. 3.

With joy shall ye draw water out of the Wells of Salvation.

Isa. xii. 3.

The fear of the Lord is a fountain of life.

Pr. xiv. 27.

The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life.

Jn. iv. 14.

Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

Rev. xxii. 17.

He leadeth me beside the still waters.

Ps. xxiii. 2.

May the eternal truths contained in these Songs and Hymns, as rills from the Wells of Salvation, carry joy and refreshing to many souls.

JOHN R. SWENEY.
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

FOR an explanation of HOOD'S NOTATION, adopted in this work, the musical student is referred to *The Quiver of Sacred Song*, page 3.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE.

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JOHN J. HOOD,
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THE WELLS OF SALVATION.

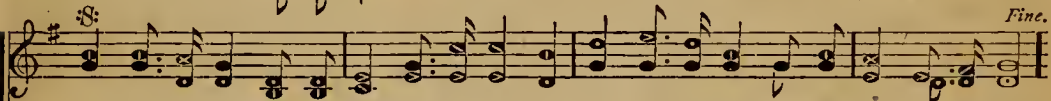
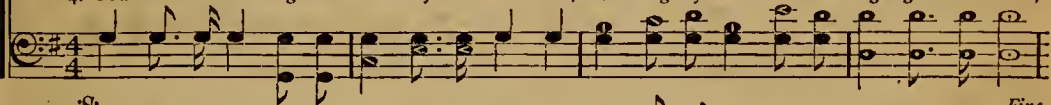
FANNY J. CROSBY.

"With joy shall ye draw water out of the wells of salvation."—Isa. xii. 3.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

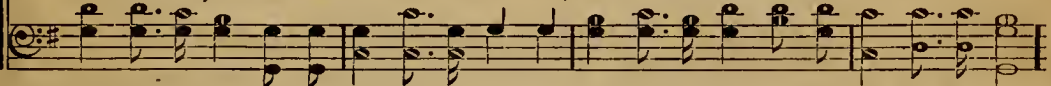


1. On - ward, ye pil-grims that jour - ney to Zi - on, Sing and be joy - ful, what - ev - er be - tide;
2. On - ward, ye work - ers that toil in the vine - yard, Bear - ing the bur - den and heat of the day;
3. Ye that are thirst - y and faint in the des - ert, Come to the wells of sal - va - tion so free;
4. You who are near - ing the val - ley and sha - dow, Look - ing by faith to the bright gold - en shore,



Fine.

Trust in Je - ho - vah, your Lord and your Shepherd, All that is need - ful his love will pro - vide.
Nev - er grow wear - y, but la - bor with pa - tience, Heed not the thorns that are strewn in your way.
Drink of their wa - ters, their life - giv - ing wa - ters; Come, there's a wel - come for you and for me.
Pre - cious to you are the wells of sal - va - tion, Sweet - er their wa - ters than ev - er be - fore.



D. S. They shall draw wa - ter from wells of sal - va - tion, — Beau - ti - ful prom - ise, more pre - cious than gold.

CHORUS.



D. S.

Sing unto God.

F. J. C.

W. J. K.

D.C. 1. Sing un - to God, our hope and our de - liv - 'rer; He is the Lord, the might - y theme prolong:
 2. Sing un - to God, for he a - lone is worth - y, Sing un - to God, for he a - lone is King;
 3. Sing un - to God, ye ransomed ones in glo - ry, Ye who have reach'd the shining realms of peace,

Fine.
 Pour out your hearts in mu - sic's sweetest num - bers, Pour out your hearts in mel - o - dy and song.
 Come, O ye lands, and trust - ing his sal - va - tion, Sing un - to God, in grateful cho - rus sing.
 Ye who are safe with - in the bles - sed king - dom, Safe in that land where praise shall never cease.

Key A.

Seek ye the gates, the love - - - ly gates of Zi - - - on,
 Seek ye the gates, seek ye the gates, Seek ye the love - ly gates, the love - ly gates of Zi - on,
 Great is the Lord, is the Lord, and won - - - der - ful his mer - - - cy,
 Great is the Lord, great is the Lord, Great is the Lord, and great and won - der - ful his mer - cy,
 Sing un - to God, ye an - - - gels that be - hold him,
 Sing un - to God, sing un - to God, Sing un - to God; O sing, ye an - gels that be - hold him,

Now let his courts with ho - - - ly rapture ring;
 Now let his courts, now let his courts, Now let his courts with ho - ly rapture ring;
 Strong is his love, is his love, a - - - bid - - - ing ev - er - more;
 Strong is his love, strong is his love, Strong is his love, a - - - bid - ing ev - er more;
 Sing as ye fly, as ye fly, to do your Sov'reign's will,
 Sing as ye fly, sing as ye fly, Sing as ye fly to do your Sov'reign's will,

Wake, wake a - gain the si - - - lent harp of Ju - - - - dah;
 Wake, wake a - gain, wake, wake a - gain, Wake, wake a - gain the harp, the si - len^{ce} harp of Ju - dah;
 Sing un - to God, un - to God, and let the voice of glad - - - - ness
 Sing un - to God, sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, and let the voice, the voice of glad - ness,
 Sing un - to God, un - to God, let an - - - - thems cv - er roll - - - - ing,
 Sing un - to God, sing un - to God, Sing un - to God, let an - thems, an - thems ev - er roll - ing,

Break forth ye hills, and let . . . the des-ert sing. *D. C.*
 Break forth ye hills, break forth ye hills, Break forth ye hills, and let the des-ert sing.
 Break from our hearts, and spread . . . from shore to shore. [*First 4 lines as Chorus.*
 Break from our hearts, break from our hearts, Break from our hearts and spread from shore to shore.
 Earth and the sky, with joy and gladness fill. *Key D.*
 Earth and the sky, earth and the sky, Earth and the sky with joy and gladness fill.

The Ten Commandments.

W. H. FLAVILLE.

Exodus xx. 3-17.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Thou shalt not have,— so says the Lord,—Be- fore me any oth- er God. 2. Thou shalt not make, nor
3. Thou shalt not take the hallowed name Of God upon thy lips in vain. 4. Remember always,
5. Honor thy father,— To mother too,— To them be duti- ful and true. 6. Thou shalt not kill,—but
7. Adultery do not commit, For has not God for- bidden it. 8. Thou shalt not steal, nor
9. False witness thou must never bear, The word of God does so de- clare. 10. Thou shalt not covet,—

CHORUS.

wor- ship one, Save the Almighty God a - lone. Ten com - mand - ments,—all di - vine,—
and o - bey, To holy keep the Sab - bath day.
rath - er love,— This is God's message from a - bove.
make too free With what does not be- long to thee.
'tis a wrong,— What to thy neighbor may be - long.

Ev - 'ry one of them are mine; Ev - 'ry one,—the whole complete,—Ev'ry one for me to keep.
Ev'ry one are mine.

Opening Hymn.

7

F. J. C.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. An - oth - er Sabbath day has come, An - oth - er week is o'er; And we, a grate - ful,
 2. Our Sun - day-school, our Sunday-school; No place on earth so dear! How man - y pre - cious
 3. Oh, may the seed thus ear - ly sown Spring up on good - ly ground, And in our hearts, our

hap - py throng, Are gath - ered here once more: We meet to sing of Je - sus' love, And
 souls have found The way to glo - ry here; And now a - round the shin - ing throne They
 souls and lives May fruit of grace a - bound, — Im - mor - tal fruit, that yet shall bloom In

CHORUS.—O Sav - iour, let thy Spir - it now A -
Rit.

bow to him in prayer, We meet to read his ho - ly word, And learn our du - ty there.
 wait for us to come And share with them the fadeless joys Of their e - ter - nal home.
 par - a - dise a - bove, Where we, with those now gone be - fore, Shall sing re - deem - ing love.

bide in ev - 'ry heart; And help us, sit - ting at thy feet, To choose the bet - ter part.

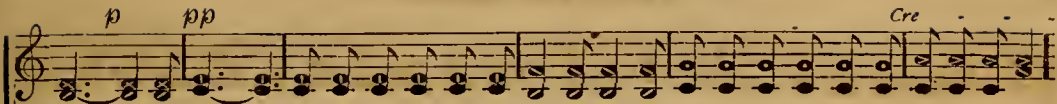
Master, the Tempest is Raging.

1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The billows are tossing high! The sky is o'ershadowed with blackness, No
 2. Master, with anguish of spir - it I bow in my grief to - day; The depths of my sad heart are troubled—Oh,
 3. Master, the ter - ror is ov - er, The el - e - ments sweetly rest; Earth's sun in the calm lake is mirrored, And

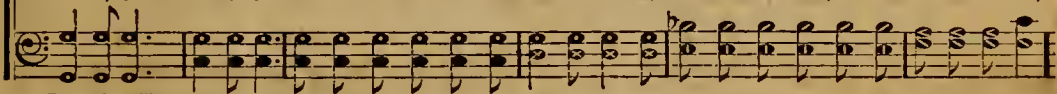
shel - ter or help is nigh; "Carest thou not that we per - ish?" How canst thou lie a - sleep, When each
 wak - en and save, I pray! Torrents of sin and of an - guish Sweep o'er my sinking soul; And I
 heaven's with - in my breast; Lin - ger, O bless - ed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone no more; And with

CHORUS.

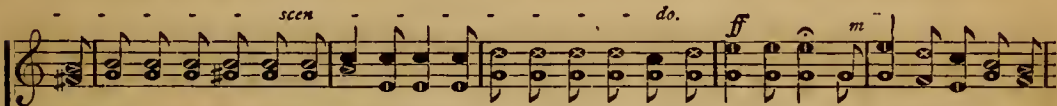
moment so mad - ly is threatening A grave in the an - gry deep? The winds and the waves shall obey thy will,
 per - ish! I per - ish; dear Master—Oh, hasten, and take con - trol!
 joy I shall make the blest harbor, And rest on the blissful shore.



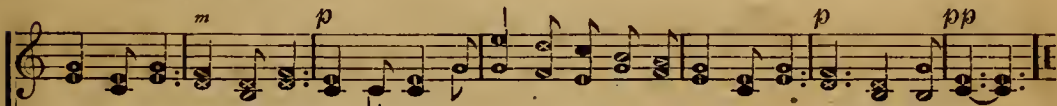
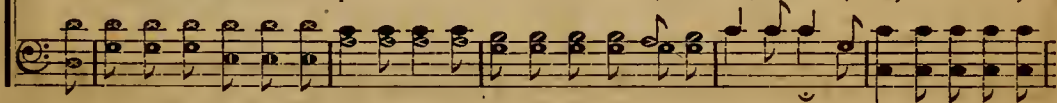
Peace, . be still! . Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or demons or men, or what-ev - er it be,



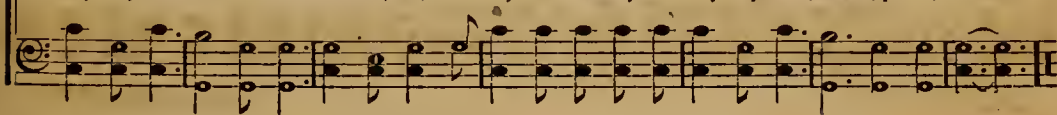
Peace, be still! peace, be still!



No waters can swallow the ship where lies The Master of o - cean, and earth, and skies; They all so sweetly o -



bey thy will, Peace, be still! Peace, be still! They all so sweetly o - bey thy will, Peace, peace, be still!



Only His Love.

F. J. C.

W. J. K.

1. Oh, to be near - er, near - er The feet of my Lord and King! Oh, to en - joy his
 2. Oh, to be near - er, near - er, Commun - ing with him in prayer! Oh, to be strong - er,
 3. Oh, to be near - er, near - er My Ref - uge, my Hope, my All! Oh, to be al - ways
 4. Oh, for a faith still bright - er, And clear - er from day to day! Oh, to be more like

CHORUS.

Pres - ence, And on - ly his love to sing! On - ly his love, on - ly his love, Ev - er my
 strong - er, My bur - den of toil to bear! read - y To an - swer my Sav - our's call!
 Je - sus, In all that I do and say!

song shall be: † His won - der - ful love, pre - par - ing a - bove A robe and a crown for me.

The King's Highway.

1. Wher-ev - er you may be, Whatev - er you may see That would lead you into e - vil, say you nay, *say you nay,*
 2. The meadows may be green, Where bypath stile is seen, Turn aside, the little flowers seem to say, *seem to say;*
 3. For on enchanted ground, There's danger all around, And a thousand pleasant voices bid you stay, *bid you stay;*
 4. Our God will guide us right, And walking in the light, We shall win a crown of glo - ry in the day, *in the day*

Fine.
 I will not turn a - side; Whatev - er may be - tide, I'll keep a - long the middle of the King's highway.
 Be sure you take no heed, — They're trying to mislead, — Just keep along the middle of the King's highway.
 With fingers stop your ears, And never mind the jeers, Just keep a - long the middle of the King's highway.
 When Jesus calls his own Together round the throne, Who keep a - long the middle of the King's highway.

D.S. I will not turn a - side, Whatev - er may be - tide, I'll keep a - long the middle of the King's highway.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 The King's high - way, The King's high - way, I'll keep a - long the mid - dle of the King's highway;
 The King's highway, The King's high - way,

Come, oh, come.

Mrs. EDWARD ANDERSON.

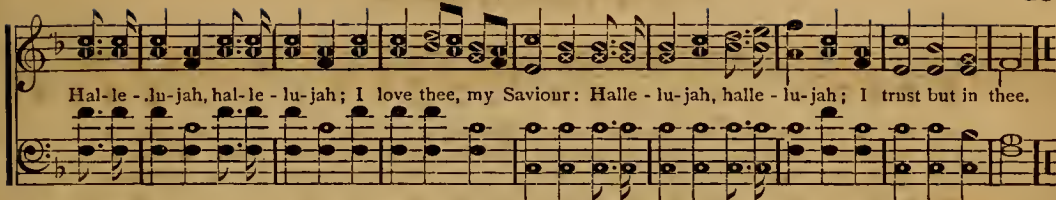
J. R. S.

1. Come, oh, come with me where love is beam - ing, Come, oh, come with me where light is stream - ing,
 2. Come with all your sins, al - though a moun - tain, Come un - to the cross, from whence a foun - tain
 3. None can be too vile for love so beam - ing, None can be too dark for light so stream - ing,
 4. Come and let us kneel where Je - sus meets us, Let us ev - er stay where Christ re - ceives us,
 5. Come, oh, come with me where love is beam - ing, Come, oh, come with me where floods are stream - ing

Light and love di - vine, in Christ re - veal - ing God him - self to you and me.
 Flows, di - vine - ly clear, to heal the na - tions; Come and wash, and make you clean,
 Christ will make you whole, through faith re - veal - ing Full sal - va - tion un - to you.
 Safe with - in the fold no harm can reach us; Hast - en, hast - en to the fold.
 From his wounded side, our souls re - deem - ing; Sing with me - re - deem - ing love!

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah; I love thee, my Saviour: Halle - lu - jah, halle - lu - jah; I trust but in thee:

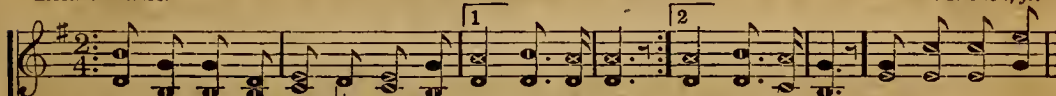


Hal-le - Ju-jah, hal-le - lu-jah; I love thee, my Saviour: Halle - lu-jah, halle - lu-jah; I trust but in thee.

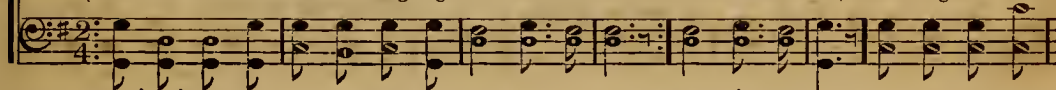
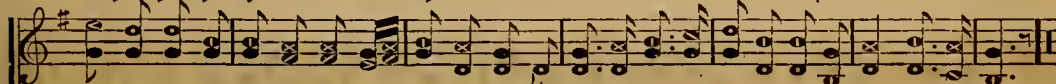
LIZZIE EDWARDS.

So would I be.

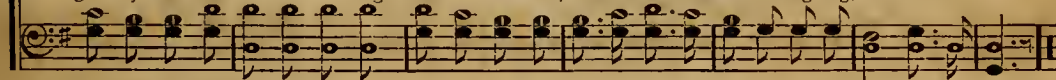
WM. CHURCH, JR.



1. Like a pret-ty sunbeam shin-ing, So would I be;
All a-round with pleasure twin-ing, . . . So would I be; Chas-ing ev - 'ry
 2. Like a mer - ry brook-let flow-ing, So would I be; . . . So would I be; Glid-ing on and
 3. Like a lit - tle bird - ie sing-ing, So would I be; . . . So would I be; Prais-ing God who
- Sweet-est mu - sie ev - er bring-ing, So would I be; Prais-ing God who

cloud of sadness, Fill-ing ev - 'ry heart with gladness, Like a pret-ty sunbeam shining, So would I be,
on for - ev - er, Always hap - py, wea - ry nev - er, Like a mer - ry brooklet flowing, So would I be.
gent-ly folds me In his lov - ing arms and holds me; Like a lit - tle bird - ie sing - ing, So would I be.



I'm a Little Pilgrim.

J. C. M.

J. C. MACY.

1. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, And I'll march along, Do - ing what I can for Je - sus; For he loves me
 2. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, Working for the right, Do - ing lit - tle deeds for Jesus; Won't you come and
 3. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, Tell - ing ev' - ry one All a - bout the love of Je - sus; When my journey's

CHORUS.

dear - ly, And he'll make me strong, If I put my trust in him. I'm a lit - tle pil - grim, yes, yes, yes I
 help me, Walking in the light? Come, and put your trust in him.
 end - ed, And my work is done, Christ will take me home to him.

Come and see, come and see How the heav'n - ly Father loves to bless Lit - tle chil - dren just like me!

Hallelujah, He Saves Us.

15

FRANK M. DAVIS.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

1. Sing glo - ry to God in the high - est, For won - der - ful things he hath done; He so loved the
 2. Oh, per - fect re - demp - tion to sin - ners, The pur - chase of Je - sus' own blood; The vil - est of -
 3. Re - joice, then, re - joice all ye peo - ple, The wondrous transac - tion is done, The life gate is

CHORUS.

world that he gave us His on - ly be - got - ten dear son. Hal - le - lu - jah! he
 fend - er is pardoned, Is saved thro' the prom - ise of God.
 o - pened; come, en - ter, Thro' Je - sus the Cru - ci - fied One. Hal - le - lu - jah!

saves us Thro' the death of his Son; Halle - lu - jah! he saves us Thro' the Cru - ci - fied One.
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

Break Forth, O Joyful Heart.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Break forth, break forth, O joy - ful heart, And make his goodness known, Who all thy life, though undeserved, Such
 2. T'was Je - sus sought my wand'ring soul, And with a shepherd's care He brought me kindly to his fold, And
 3. He is my Ad - vo - cate with God, My Saviour and my Friend, His mercies new with ev - 'ry morn Like
 4. My soul shall mag - ni - fy the Lord, My voice his love proclaim, And ev - 'ry power within me join To

CHORUS.

love to thee has shown. Break forth, break forth, break forth, O joyful heart, Break forth, no longer si - lent be ;
 still protects me there.
 balm - y showers descend,
 bless and praise his name.

Break forth, break forth, break forth in grate - ful praise to him Who came to ran - som me.

The Royal Road.

17

EDGAR PAGE.

THOS. ERVIN.

1. The King's highway, that royal road That leads through earth to peace and God; The King's highway of holiness, That
 2. This well-worn road is safe and sure To all who per - severe, endure, But he that fails to watch and pray May,
 3. 'Tis not a road the world to please, 'Tis not a road of constant ease; You must be bold to dare and do, If
 4. But when the tiresome march is done, All battles fought, all vict'ries won, Then lay thy trusty armor down, And

CHORUS.

ends with-in the "Port of Peace." Who dares to walk this roy - al way? . . . Come,
 spite of all, be cast a - way.
 you would jour - ney safe - ly through.
 take a harp, a robe, a crown.

this roy - al way,

he who will, enlist to - day,

Who marches 'neath the blood-stain'd cross Can never, never suffer loss.

Words arranged.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, stud - y it care - ful - ly, Think of it prayerful - ly, Deep in thy heart let its pure precepts dwell;
 2. Ac - cept the glad tidings, The warnings and chidings, We find in this volume of heav - en - ly lore;
 3. With fervent de - vo - tion, And thankful e - mo - tion, Oh, hear the blest welcome, respond to its call;
 4. May - this message of love From the Triune a - bove To each na - tion, and kindred, and peo - ple be given

O, slight not its his - to - ry, Ponder its mys - ter - y, None can e'er prize it too fond - ly or well.
 With faith that's un - fail - ing, And love all - pre - vail - ing, Re - ly on its promise of life ev - er - more.
 Life's pur - est ob - la - tion, The heart's a - dor - a - tion, Be - stow on the Saviour, who died for us all.
 Till the ransomed shall raise Joyous anthems of praise, Singing loud hal - le - lu - jahs on earth and in heaven!

CHORUS.

O the Bi - - ble, blessed Bi - - ble, God's truth is re - vealed in its pa - ges;
 Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, the bles - sed old Bi - ble.

It strengthens the young and it com-forts the old, It stands like a rock through the a - ges.

This musical system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Answered Prayer.

FLORA B. HARRIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We waited by the wayside When came the thronging crowd; We knew the Master's footstep, And cried to him aloud;
2. They raised rebuking voices, But could not still our cry; For Jesus' sweet compassion Refused to pass us by.
3. He deigned to ask our longing, So tender in his might; "Lord, bid our eyes be opened, To see thy glorious light."
4. He heard, and softly touched us, And, miracle of grace! We raised our eyes, ador-ing The heaven of his face.

This musical system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

CHORUS.

How rich thy loving-kindness Heals of sin and blindness, He calls Son of David! Once blind we now can see

This musical system consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F-sharp) and a 3/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the upper staff.

Work To-day.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt. xxi. 28.

WM. M. MORRIS.

1. Go work in my vineyard to-day, Why stand ye so i-dle around? The day is far gone and the
 2. Go work in my vineyard to-day, Be earnest, be ac-tive, be strong; Go forth in his might who will
 3. Go work in my vineyard to-day, Precious souls may be brought by thy love From the darkness of night to his
 4. Go work in my vineyard to-day, Go hon-or thy Mas-ter and Lord; All thy talents improve by thy

CHORUS.

night cometh on, Why not with the lab-'ers be found? Why not to-day? why not to-day? Work in my
 hon - or the right, And give thee thy wa - ges ere long.
 mar - vellous light, To-a home with the ransom'd a - bove.
 la - bor of love, And heav-en shall be thy re-ward.

vineyard to - day; For the day is far gone and the night cometh on, Go work in my vineyard to-day.

Give to Jesus Glory.

21

W. H. CLARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. From mountain top and dew - y vale, From temples old and hoar - y, Proclaim re -
2. From break of day to star - ry night, Ring out sal - va - tion's stor - y; And when re -
3. High in the heav'n of heav'n's a' - bove, Where an - gels' hosts a - dore thee, We'll sing the
4. Oh, sin - ner, ere per - di - tion's waves Shall roll in fu - ry o'er thee, Come un - to

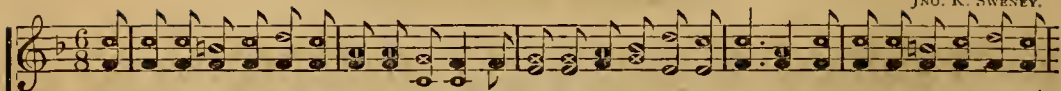
CHORUS.

demption's wondrous tale, And give to Je - sus glor - y. Give to Je - sus glor - y,
turns the morn - ing light, Still give to Je - sus glor - y.
Fath - er's matchless love, And give to Je - sus glor - y.
Je - sus Christ who saves, And give to him the glor - y.

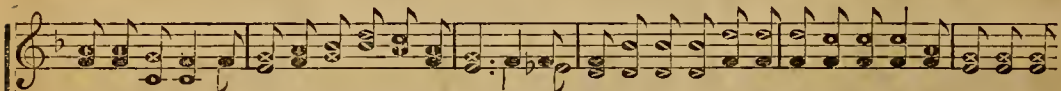
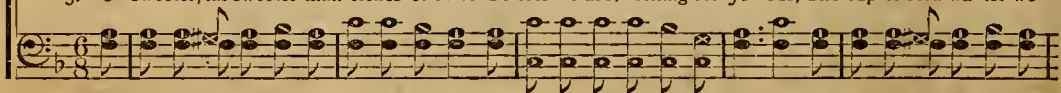
Give to Je - sus glor - y. Proclaim redemption's wondrous tale. And give to Je - sus glor - y.

We all can do Something for Jesus.

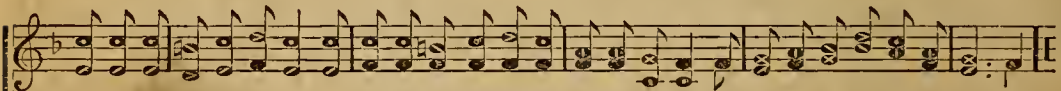
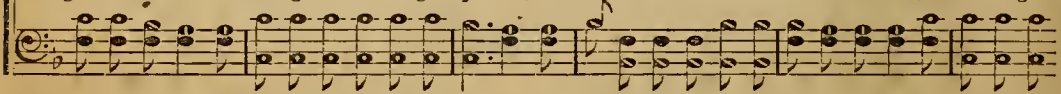
JNO. R. SWENEY.



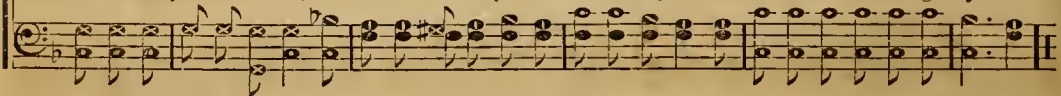
1. Our school is a vineyard, a garden of truth, We all can do something for Je-sus; And tho' we are just in the
2. A word to the erring of kindness and love May often remind them of Je - sus, A song of our beau- ti- ful
3. O sweeter, far sweeter than riches or fame To feel we are working for Je - sus, The cup of cold wa-ter we



morning of youth, We all can do something for Je - sus; The deep rolling riv - er that flows to the sea Is made of the
 mansion above May lead a poor wand' rer to Je - sus; The acorn when planted, tho' small it may be, How quickly it
 give in his name Will bring us the blessing of Je - sus; The brook and the ocean, the leaf and the tree, Are teaching a



brooklets that sparkle so free; A lesson, dear schoolmates, for you and for me We all can do something for Je - sus.
 grows to a wide-spreading tree, A lesson, dear schoolmates, for you and for me We all can do something for Je - sus.
 les-son to you and to me, No matter how simple the ef- fort may be, We all can do something for Je - sus.



Watch and Pray.

1. Christ - ian, seek not yet re - pose; Cast thy dreams of ease a - way; Thou art in the
 2. Gird thy heav'n - ly ar - mor on; Near thee ev - er, night and day, Am - bused lies the
 3. Hear the vic - tors who o'er - came; Still they mark each warrior's way; All with warning
 4. Hear a - bove all—hear thy Lord! Him thou lov - est to o - bey; Hide with - in thy

CHORUS.

midst of foes:—Watch and pray, watch and pray. Watch and pray, Oh,
 ev - vil one;—Watch and pray, watch and pray.
 voice ex - claim—"Watch and pray, watch and pray."
 heart his word—"Watch and pray, watch and pray." Watch and pray, watch and pray,

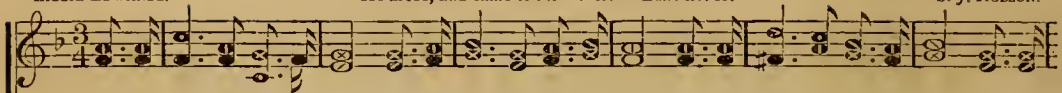
watch and pray; Ev - er, a - long life's dang'rous way, Watch, watch and pray!
 watch and pray, watch and pray;

To thy Father Rise and Go.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

"He arose, and came to his father."—Luke xv. 20.

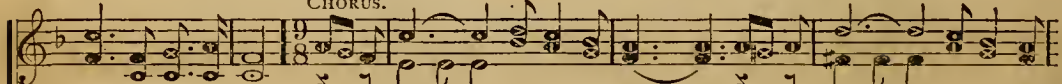
S. J. ROBSON.



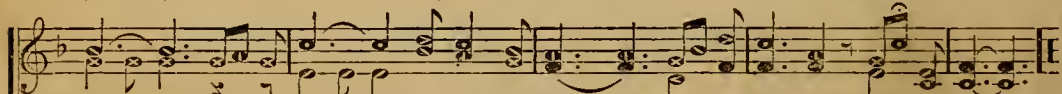
1. Wand' rer from thy Father's house, On the mountains wild and drear, Wherefore wilt thou longer roam From his
2. Wand' rer from the bles- sed fold, Wand' rer from a Shepherd's care, Thou art hung- ry, faint and cold; He has
3. Think how once that Shepherd came, Gave his life for such as thou; To thy Fath- er, in his name, Go and
4. Wand' rer, turn, thy steps retrace, Turn, while yet the pow' r is thine; Seek a Fath- er's smiling face, Thro' a



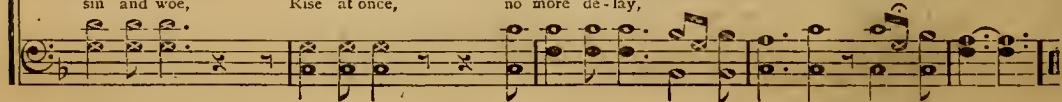
CHORUS.



lov- ing arms so dear. Hast e a- way, . . . oh, haste a- way, . . . Wea- ry child . . . of sin and
bread, and bread to spare.
ask forgiveness now.
Saviour's love di- vine.



woe, . . . Rise at once, . . . no more de- lay, . . . To thy Fath- er rise and go.
sin and woe, Rise at once, no more de- lay,



The Old Ship.

"The ship was now in the midst of the sea."—Mat. xiv. 24.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. We are on the deep, we are sail-ing to our home In the land be-yond the shores of time,
 2. We are on the deep, see our sails how full they swell, And our standard float-ing proud-ly high
 3. Are you on the deep? in the sin-ner's bark so frail? You will per-ish—leave with-out de-lay;

Fine.
 Where the wea-ry rest, and no sor-rows ev-er come, In that brighter, bet-ter, hap-pier clime.
 'Tis the blood-stained ban-ner of King Imman-u-ek, We will sail be-neath it—"live or die."
 Come on board with us, and at once for glo-ry sail, And be saved while you are called to-day.

D.S.—"We will stand the storm," we will safe at an-chor ride, In the port on Canaan's peace-ful shore.

CHORUS. *D.S.*
 In the old ship Zi-on we are sail-ing on the tide; Tho' the waves may dash, and bil-lows roar,

The Children May Come.

W. H. FLAVILLE.

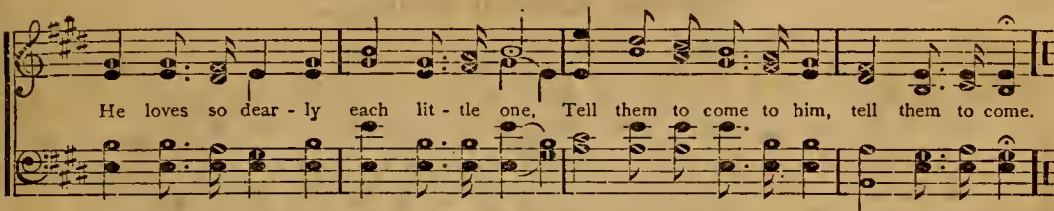
JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The children may come to the Saviour to-day, He would not have one lit-tle one stay a-way, He
 2. The children may come, for his Word has it so, How dear-ly he loves them we nev-er can know; He'll
 3. The children may come and partake of his love, "Of such is the kingdom of heav-en" above,—His
 4. The children may come,—they are coming to him, To himself he is sweet-ly now bringing them in, The

loves them so dear-ly,—each dear lit-tle one, Oh, tell them to come to him, tell them to come.
 save them so sweet-ly,—each dear lit-tle one, Oh, tell them to come to him, tell them to come.
 grace all-suf-fi-cient for each lit-tle one, Oh, tell them to come to him, tell them to come.
 lambs of the fold, he will bless ev-'ry one, Oh, tell them to come to him, tell them to come.

CHORUS.

Tell them to come, tell them to come, Oh, tell the lit-tle ones they all may come;
 come to him, come to him,

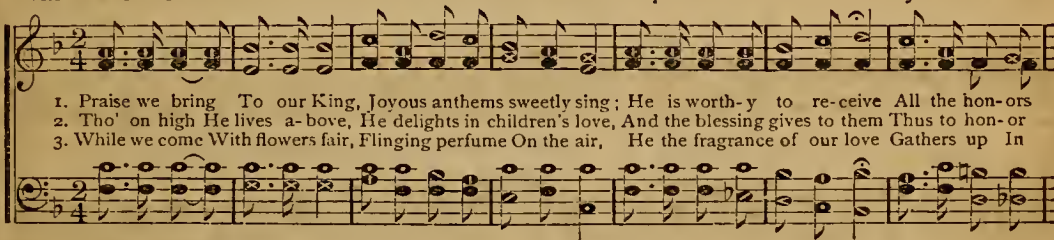


He loves so dear-ly each lit-tle one, Tell them to come to him, tell them to come.

Mrs. A. M. CHANCE.

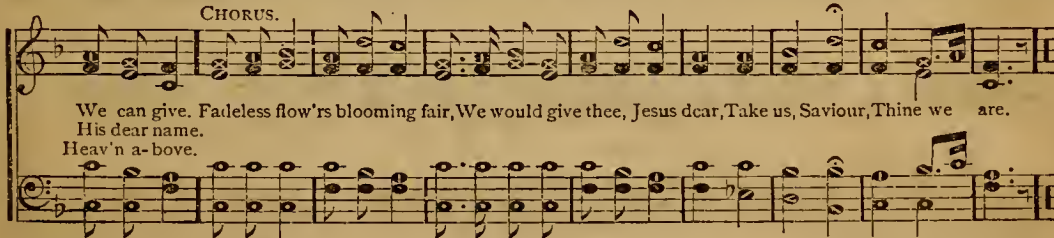
Fadeless Flowers.

JNO. R. SWANEY.



1. Praise we bring To our King, Joyous anthems sweetly sing; He is worth-y to re-ceive All the hon-ors
 2. Tho' on high He lives a-bove, He delights in children's love, And the blessing gives to them Thus to hon-or
 3. While we come With flowers fair, Flinging perfume On the air, He the fragrance of our love Gathers up In

CHORUS.



We can give. Fadeless flow'rs blooming fair, We would give thee, Jesus dear, Take us, Saviour, Thine we are.
 His dear name.
 Heav'n a-bove.

Calling, Gently Calling.

"And the Lord came, and stood and called as at other times, Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered, Speak; for thy servant heareth." 1 Sam. iii. 10.

Rev. J. M. LYONS.

JOHN J. HOOD.

1. In the midnight si - lent watch - es, What a wondrous voice I hear! Charming accents, sweet and
 2. Blessed Lord, O great Cre - a - tor, How I wonder can it be, He that built the star - ry

CHORUS.

tender, Music-like sal - ute mine ear. Calling, gently calling, Wondrous accents, sweet and mild!
 mansion, Doth regard a child like me.

Calling, for he loves me: He loves a lit - tie child.

3 There again I hear thee calling,
 In such tender accents near;
 Her am I! oh, yes, I listen;
 Speak, and I will gladly hear.

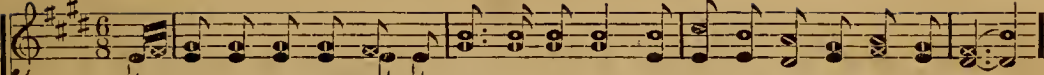
4 Speak, O Lord, thy servant heareth;
 Help thou me to understand;
 Here I wait to do thy errands,
 And obey, Lord, thy command.

We all can do Good.

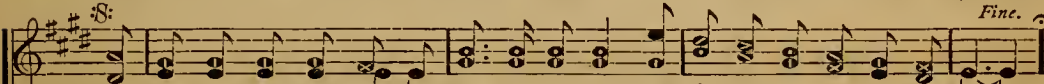
29

F. J. C.

J. R. S.

- 
1. Our lives we are told are but fleet-ing at best, Like ros-es they fade and de-cay;
 2. A look, or a smile, that in kindness we give, May com-fort a des-o-late heart;
 3. How man-y a-round us are strangers to God, How man-y poor children we see;
 4. We all can do good, and we all can be-stow Some gift for the sake of our Lord;

Fine.

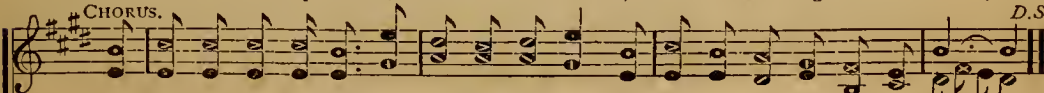


Then let us do good while the pres-ent is ours, Be use-ful as long as we stay.
 May sweet-en a life that is lone-ly and sad, And hope to the wea-ry im-part.
 If such we could bring to the foot of the cross, How grate-ful and glad we should be.
 If on-ly a cup of cold wa-ter we give, Our souls will not lose their re-ward.

D.S.—Re-mem-ber the pro-verb, re-mem-ber it now, We all can do good if we try.

CHORUS.

D.S.



Do good un-to oth-ers, do good while we can,—Our moments how quickly they fly;
 how quickly they fly.

Come to thy Father.

FLORA B. HARRIS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Wand'rer from thy "Father's Mansion, Soft, as dews at ev - en fall - ing Hear his gracious
 2. All thy guilt shall be forgiv - en, Fes - tal joys his grace will of - fer, Ring and robe his
 3. There shall be a sound of mu - sic, Chim - ing sweet with an - gel's voic - es; Ev - ery harp in
 4. Send, O send the joy - ful tid - ings, To thy Fa - ther's heart of yearning; Say, with foot-steps

CHORUS.

Spir - it call - ing, "Rise and come to me." Come, come, come to thy Fa - ther,
 hand will prof - fer, Rise and seek his face.
 heav'n re - joic - es, When the lost is found.
 homeward turn - ing, "I will rise and go."

Thou wilt welcome be; Come, come, come to thy Fa - ther, Love will wel - come thee.

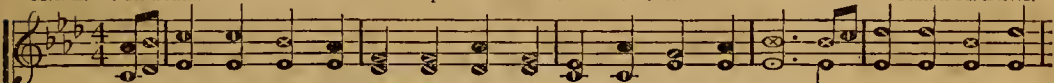
Our Great High Priest.

31

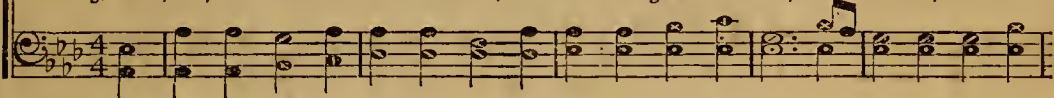
“Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need.”—Heb. iv, 16.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

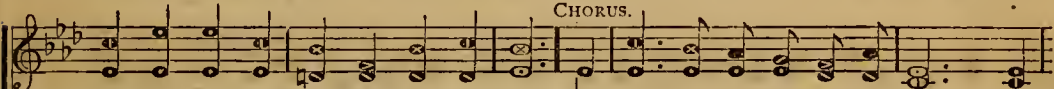
FRANK M. DAYS.



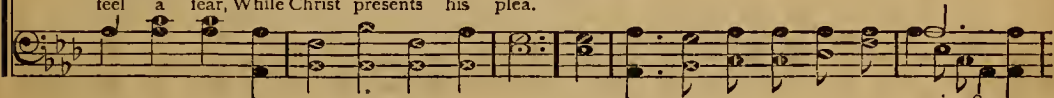
1. Come bold - ly to the throne of grace, What'er thy want may be, The Fath-er shows a
2. For thee he shows his bleeding side, With God his plea prevails; The Fath-er sees the
3. Come, then, with boldness now draw near, Here is the grace for thee, And nev - er, nev - er



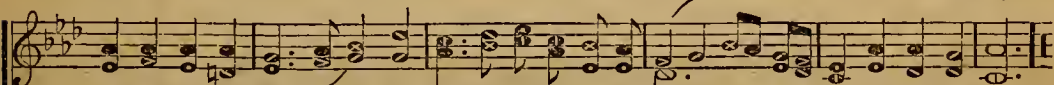
CHORUS.



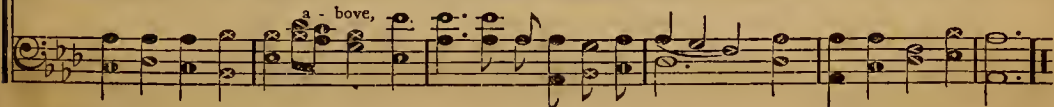
smiling face When Christ presents his plea. All glo - ry to the ris - en Son, Our
crimson tide, And print of cru - cl nails.
feel a fear, While Christ presents his plea.



risen Son,



great High Priest a - bove, . . . He in - tercedes before the throne . . . With sym - pa - this - ing love.



True-hearted, Whole-hearted.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

W. J. K.

1. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted, faith - ful and loy - al, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be!
 2. True-heart-ed, whole-hearted! Full - est al - le-giance Yield-ing henceforth to our glo - ri - ous King;
 3. True-heart-ed! Saviour, thou know-est our sto - ry; Weak are the hearts that we lay at thy feet,
 4. Whole-hearted! Sav-iour, be - lov - ed and glo - rious, Take thy great pow - er, and reign thou a - lone,

Fine.
 Un - der thy stand - ard, ex - alt - ed and roy - al, Strong in thy strength, we will bat - tle for thee.
 Val - iant endeav - our and lov - ing o - be-dience Free - ly and joy - ous - ly now would we bring.
 Sin - ful and treacher - ous! yet, for thy glo - ry, Heal them, and cleanse them from sin and de - ceit.
 O - ver our wills and af - fec - tions vic - to - rious, Free - ly sur - ren - dered, and whol - ly thine own.

D.S.—"True-hearted, whole-hearted, now and for - ev - er, King of our lives, by thy grace we will be!"

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Peal out the watchword, and si - lence it nev - er, Song of our spir - its, re - joic - ing and free!

At our Post.

33

J. JACKSON.

S. J. ROBSON.

1. At our post, as valiant sol-diers, Bearing each our sword and shield; This our watchword now and
 2. At our post, no step must fal-ter, At our post, no time to sleep; We must guard the roy-al
 3. At our post in ac-tive du-ty When so e'er the Lord shall call; At our post and faithful

CHORUS.

ev - er, We will die but nev - er yield, At our post, no step must fal - ter, Let us
 stan - dard, Ev' - ry eye a watch must keep.
 ser - vants May he find us one and all.

stand with one ac - cord, . . . Beat-ing back the wa-ry tempt - er, In the name of Christ the Lord.

Calling for You.

F. J. C.

W. J. K.

1. Oh, come to the Saviour, his arms are ex-tend-ed, Oh, come to the Saviour so lov-ing and true;
 2. Oh, come to the Saviour, for why will you wan-der? The world and its pleasures no lon-ger pur-sue;
 3. A - way to the fountain, the life-giv-ing fountain, Its soul-cheering wa-ters your strength will re-new;
 4. A - way, for the shadows of night are ap-proach-ing, Then lose not his blessings that fall like the dew;

Be - hold, he is call-ing in ten-der com-pas-sion, O brother, the Saviour is calling for you.
 A - gain he is call-ing: how can you re-ject him? O brother, the Saviour is calling for you.
 Then come while the day-beams of mer-cy are shin-ing, O brother, the Saviour is calling for you.
 Still, still he is wait-ing and ten-der - ly call-ing, O brother, the Saviour is calling for you.

CHORUS.

Call - ing for you, (he is) call - ing for you, Broth-er, the Sa-voir is call - ing for you,

Call - ing, call - ing, Broth - er, the Sa - viour is call - ing for you.
Call - ing for you, he is call - ing for you,

The image shows a musical score for the song 'Calling for You'. It consists of two staves: a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment line begins with a bass clef and provides harmonic support. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

ANNA M. MILLER.

Something for Christ.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Something for Christ, Some soul to win From the downward path Of woe and sin—Some heart to cheer, Some fear to quell;
2. Something for Christ, Some one to guide To the open Fount At the Saviour's side; with earnest zeal To tell of him
3. Something for Christ, Some word of Love To point the way To heaven above, That all, O Lord, May feel and see
4. Something for Christ—Let us begin This day, this hour, Some word for him,—“The fields are white, The lab' rers few.”

The image shows the beginning of the musical score for 'Something for Christ'. It features a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line starts with a treble clef and includes four numbered verses of lyrics. The piano accompaniment line starts with a bass clef. The score ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

CHORUS.

Ad. lib.

Oh, may each day some blessing tell, Something for Christ, Something for Christ, Something for Christ.
Something each day who saves from sin.
That we each day have been with thee.
Whate'er thy will, Lord, help us do.

The image shows the chorus of the musical score for 'Something for Christ'. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 6/8. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment line begins with a bass clef. The chorus concludes with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

There's Joy in the Day.

MARIANNE FARNINGHAM. "Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening to rejoice."—Ps. lxxv. 8.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The day is God's blessing, Oh, welcome the day, When the fair dawn has banished The darkness a - way,
 2. The day is for la - bor, The night has brought rest, But, a - ris - ing from slumber, By si - lence refreshed,
 3. The day is for trust - ing; We cannot yet see If our path through green pastures Or stony roads be;
 4. The day is for hop - ing, We go to a land Where no sor - row toucheth The bright, blissful band;

And we may go forward To meet the swift hours, Whether storm shall come with them, Or sunshine or flowers.
 We take the day's duties That cluster around, And, faith - ful - ly patient, In service abound.
 But God's hand shall help us When hill - sides are rough; His love will last ev - er, And that is enough.
 And there the glad morning Shall pass not a - way— God, let us wake ear - ly To welcome that day.

CHORUS.

There's joy in the day, There's joy in the day, There's joy in the day, All
 There's joy, there's joy in the day, in the day; There's joy, there's joy in the day, in the day,

na - ture is sing - ing, with glad voic - es ring - ing, We give thee, our Saviour, glad praises to - day.

He Loved me so.

E. O. E.

"God so loved the world."

E. O. EXCELL.

1. By faith the Lamb of God I see Ex - pir - ing on the cross for me; He paid the mighty debt I owe:
2. For me the Fath - er sent his Son; For me the vic - tor - y he won; To save my soul from endless woe,
3. So glad I am that he is mine,—So glad that I with him shall shine; I'll trust in him, for this I know,
4. O Lamb of God, that made me free, I con - se - crate my all to thee: My all,—for this I sure - ly know,
5. And when my Lord shall bid me come To join the lov'd ones 'round the throne, I'll sing, as thro' the gates I go,

REFRAIN.

He died because he loved me so. He loved me so, he loved me so, He died because he loved me so.
He loved . . . me so,

Pray for Reapers.

Words arranged.

W. J. K.

1. Saints of God! the dawn is bright'ning, Tok-ens of our coming Lord; O'er the earth the field is whitening;
 2. Feeb-ly now they toil in sad-ness, Weeping o'er the waste around, Slowly gath'ring grains of glad-ness,
 3. Now, O Lord, ful-ful thy pleas-ure, Breathe up-on thy chosen band, And, with pente-cost-al meas-ure,
 4. Soon shall end the time of weep-ing, Soon the reaping time will come,—Heav'n and earth together keeping

CHORUS.

Louder rings the Master's word: Pray for reapers, faithful reapers, Pray for reapers in the
 While their echoing cries resound:
 Send forth reapers o'er our land:
 God's e-ter-nal Harvest Home: Pray for reapers, faithful reapers,

harvest of the Lord, Pray for reapers, faithful reapers, Pray for reapers in the harvest of the Lord.
 Pray for reapers, faithful reapers,

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It features a treble and bass clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a 6/8 time signature. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are printed below the notes.

I. I was once far a - way from the Sav - iour, And as vile as a sin - ner could be,
I wondered if Christ the Re - deem - er, Could save a poor sin - ner 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 And then, in that dark lonely hour,
A voice sweetly whispered to me,
Saying, Christ the Redeemer has power
To save a poor sinner like me.

4 I listened, and lo! 'twas the Saviour
That was speaking so kindly to me:
I cried, I 'm the chief of sinners,
Thou canst save a poor sinner like me.

5 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.

6 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.

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

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COME, YE SINNERS, POOR AND NEEDY.*

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,
Weak and wounded, sick and sore:
Jesus ready stands to save you,
Full of pity, love and power:
He is able,
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;

True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till your better,
You will never come at all;

Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.
4 Lo! the incarnate God, ascending,
Pleads the merit of his blood:
Venture on him, venture freely;
Let no other trust intrude:
None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

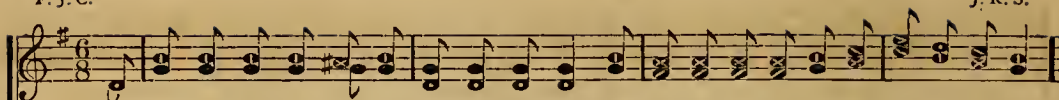
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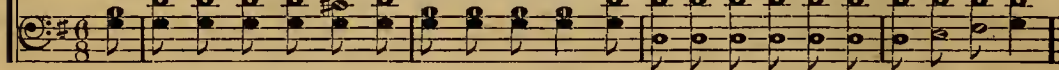
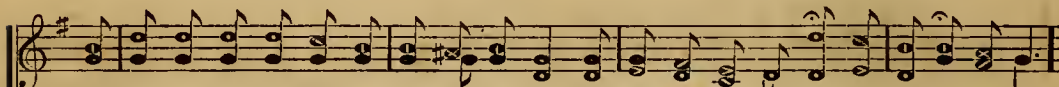
Work in my Vineyard.

F. J. C.

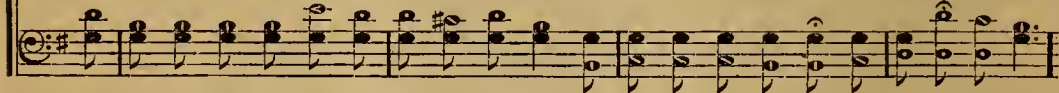
J. R. S.



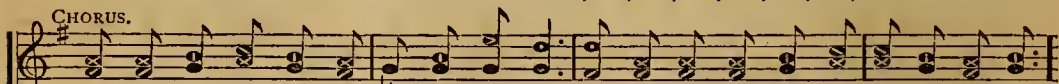
1. Go work in the vine- yard, tis Je- sus commands, Then why are we i- dle and folding our hands?
 2. Go forth to the vine- yard, how ear- nest the call, There's work for the children there's plenty for all:
 3. Go work in the vine- yard, how glad we should be, That Je- sus is say- ing to you and to me,
 4. Go forth at his bid- ding our plac- es to fill, Go forth at his bidding and work with a will;

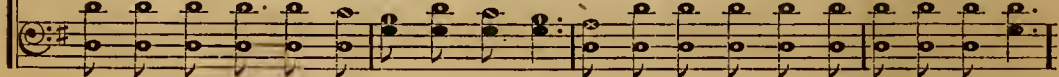
He speaks to the children and we must o - bey, Go work in the vineyard, go la - bor to - day.
 Too precious the moments to squander a - way, Go work in the vineyard, go la - bor to - day.
 The har - vest is com - ing, a - rise! and a - way, Go work in the vineyard, go la - bor to - day.
 Grieve not the dear Sav - iour by lon - ger de - lay, Go work in the vineyard, go la - bor to - day.



CHORUS.



Sow in the morning the seed of the word, Sow in the morning and trust in the Lord;



He of our la - bor a re - cord will keep; Life ev - er - last - ing and joy we shall reap.

Art thou in Darkness.

A. Z. G.
DUET.

W. J. K.

1. Art thou in darkness? He is the Light: Hast suffered wrongly? He is the Right:
2. Art thou so hun - gry? He is thy food: Art thou as noth - ing? He is all good:
3. Wouldst thou find labor? This is His land; Ask - est thou whith - er? On ev - 'ry hand:

rit.
Hast thou lost all things? He hath all won: And hast thou wander'd? He lead - eth on.
Art thou sore wounded? He heal - eth all: Hast none to love thee? He hears thy call.
Art thou so wea - ry? He is thy Rest; Art thou so long - ing? In Him be blest.

By Simple Faith.

EDGAR PAGE.

THOS. ERVIN.

1. 'Tis sim - ple faith that breaks the power And sets us free from sin, 'Tis sim - ple faith un -
 2. Just sim - ple faith in Christ will save The humblest trembling soul; There's none so poor, and
 3. By sim - ple faith we bring to him, Not wondrous words of prayer, But bumbly bring a
 4. Thus sim - ple faith and per - fect love Shall lift my soul so high, T'will give a crown the

CHORUS.

locks the gate Of heav'n and lets us in. Ful - ly be - liev - ing, always re - ceiv - ing Blessing we
 none so sick, But he will make them whole,
 contrite heart, And trust, and leave it there.
 stars above, A home beyond the sky.

ask of the Lord, Gifts without measure, pour'd from his treasure,—Answers to faith in his word.

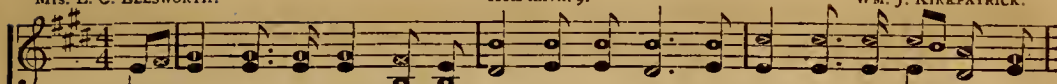
Waiting for Day.

43

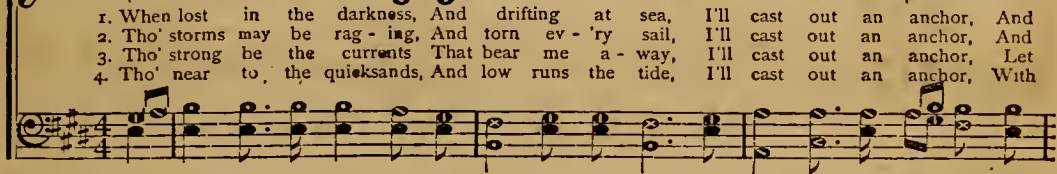
Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

"And they cast out four anchors, and wished for day."
ACTS xxvii. 9.

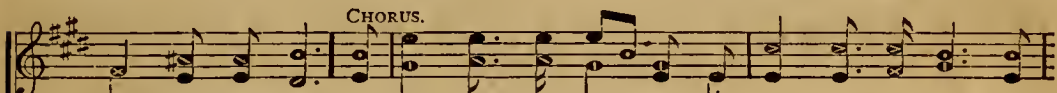
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



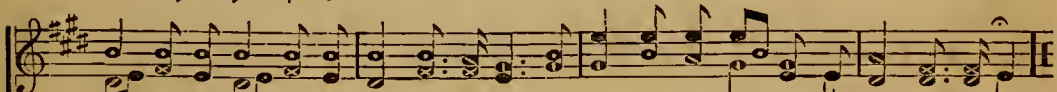
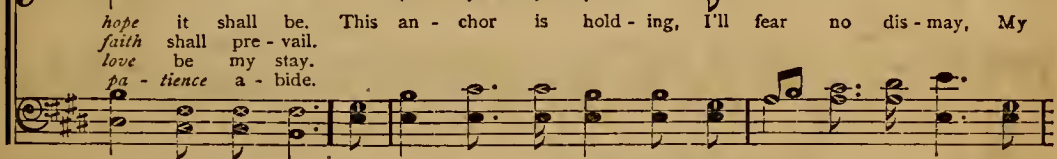
1. When lost in the darkness, And drifting at sea, I'll cast out an anchor, And
2. Tho' storms may be rag - ing, And torn ev - 'ry sail, I'll cast out an anchor, And
3. Tho' strong be the currents That bear me a - way, I'll cast out an anchor, Let
4. Tho' near to the quicksands, And low runs the tide, I'll cast out an anchor, With



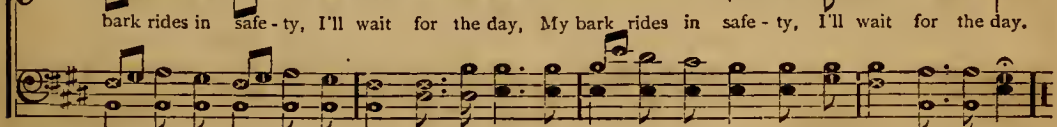
CHORUS.



hope it shall be. This an - chor is hold - ing, I'll fear no dis - may, My
faith shall pre - vail.
love be my stay.
pa - tience a - bide.



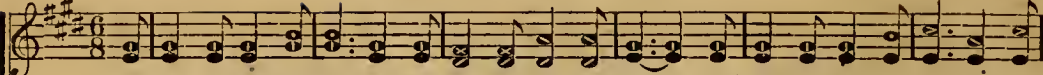
bark rides in safe - ty, I'll wait for the day, My bark rides in safe - ty, I'll wait for the day.



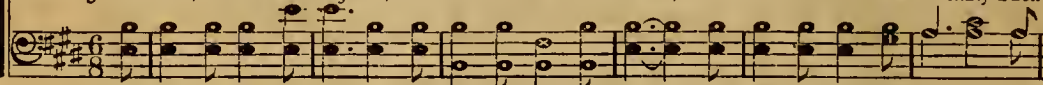
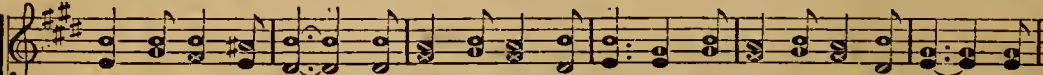
A Smile from Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

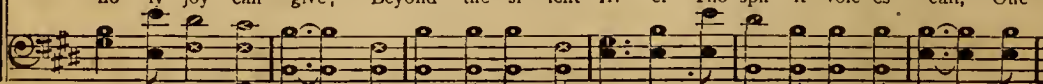
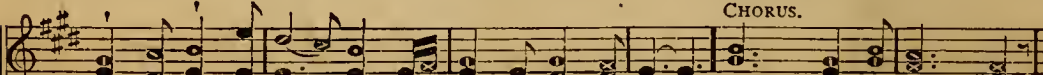
JNO. R. SWENBY.



1. Tho' kindred ties around us Like i - vy branches twine, Tho' life has ma - ny pleasures That
 2. We meet in Christian converse, We speak of joys to come, We lift our eyes expect - ant To
 3. One look, one smile from Jesus, For whom our souls would live, Not heav'n's transcendant beauty Such

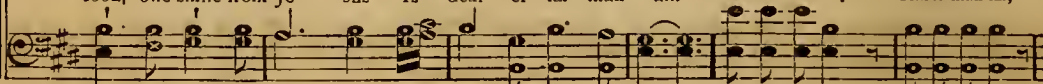



o'er my path - way shine, Tho' words to friendship sa - cred More sweet than music fall, One
 E - den's bliss - ful home; Tho' sweet and precious blessings With ev - 'ry moment fall, One
 ho - ly joy can give; Beyond the si - lent riv - er Tho' spir - it voic - es call, One

CHORUS.

look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all. Dear - er, yes, dear - er,
 look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all. Dearer than all, dearer than all,
 look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.



Dear - er far than all, One look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.
 Dearer, yes, dear - er far than all.

In the Cross of Christ I Glory.

W. J. K.

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'r - ing o'er the wrecks of time;
 2. When the woes of life o'er - take me, Hopes de - ceive and fears an - noy,
 3. When the sun of bliss is beaming Light and love up - on my way,
 4. Bane and bless - ing, pain and pleas - ure, By the cross are sanc - ti - fied;

All the light of sa - cred sto - ry Gath - ers round its head sub - lime.
 Ne - ver shall the cross for - sake me; Lol - it glows with peace and joy.
 From the cross the ra - dianc e streaming Adds more lus - tre to the day.
 Peace is there that knows no measure, Joys that through all time a - bide.

The Fount of Mercy.

1. Come to the fount of mer - cy, Come with a brok - en heart; Je - sus will there re-
 2. Je - sus has borne thy sor - row, Je - sus for thee has died; Think of the nails that
 3. Come to the fount of mer - cy, Why wilt thou yet de - lay? Yon - der a light is

CHO.—Come to the fount of mer - cy, Come with a brok - en heart; Je - sus will there re-

Fint.

ceive thee, Come to him as thou art,— Sin - ful and poor and need - y, Helpless and
 pierced him, Think of his wounded side, Now while his Spir - it plead - ing Points to the
 beam - ing, Fol - low its gold - en ray; Come to the fount of mer - cy, There in con-

ceive thee,— Come to him as thou art.

weak and blind, Come to the fount of mer - cy, Par - don thy soul shall find,
 nar - row gate, Come to the fount of mer - cy, Come, ere it be too late.
 tri - tion bow; Je - sus thy Lord is wait - ing, Wait - ing to save thee now.

I am Thine.

47

REV. JOHN PARKER.

W. J. K.

1. My God, thy mer - cies gird me round, Thy help is ev - er near, And all thy gifts to
 2. By day by night, by shade by light I have thy shelt'ring wing; And in thine all sur-
 3. I'll praise the Lord for mer - cies past, For mer - cies yet to come, For sure thy good - ness
 4. Home, where my hopes are anchored fast, Home, where my friends have gone, And where I too shall

CHORUS.

me a - bound; I have no cause for fear. For I am thine and thou art mine,
 roun - ding might, I trust, I rest, I sing.
 still shall last Till thou shalt bring me home.
 rest at last, When toils and tears are done.

Sav - iour, ev - er near; O fill this heart with per - fect love, Ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.

D.C. 1. Be in earn-est, Christian Soldier, Batt'ling with the hosts of sin, Christ, your Captain, goes be-
 2. Be in earn-est, pa-tient searcher For the precious gems that lie Wide-ly scattered, dark-ly
 3. Husbandman, be thou in earn-est! Let thy ploughshare deep be driven; So, at length, the plenteous

Fine.
 fore you, Fear-less fight and you shall win; Be in earn-est on the watch-tower, Till the
 hid-den From the care-less seek-er's eye; Climb the heights, ex-plore the val-leys, Traverse
 har-vest Shall look smil-ing up to heaven; Sow the seed at ear-ly morning, Nor at

D.C.
 dawn brings back the day, Earn-est, at the out-post wait-ing For the bat-tle's stern ar-ray.
 mount, and cliff, and cave; Thread the ci-t'y's lanes and al-leys, Plunge beneath the darkling wave.
 even-ing stay thy hand; Precious fruits, the earth a-dorn-ing, Shall ere long a-round thee stand.

Choose Ye To-day.

E. R. Latta.

Joshua xxiv. 15.

Wm. Church, Jr.

1. Servants of Sa - tan or of the Lord, Do - ing their will ev - er are we: Death is approaching, —
 2. Trust not to Sa - tan, vain is his word, All of his paths lead to dis - may; Flee from his bondage, —
 3. Lay up your trea - sure not on the earth; Naught 'twill avail when life is past; Like un - to Ma - ry, —
 4. Sin - ner, the Sa - viour asks you to come; Do not re - fuse, — do not de - lay; Je - sus has suffered, —

CHORUS.

which will ye serve? Choose ye to - day whose ye will be. Je - sus in - vites you now to be his,
 turn to the Lord; Which will ye serve? choose ye to - day.
 choose ye the Lord, Serve him in truth un - to the last.
 suffered for you, Give him your hearts, — choose him to-day.

Satan would ev - er lead you astray; Flee from his pow'r before 'tis too late, Turn to the Lord to - day.

The Living Way.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

NELLIE M. JEFFERIS.

1. My man - y sins I now can see, How black they all ap - pear I O what a dreadful his - tor - y; It
2. In years that now are past and gone The prophet gave a call, And this was it—"ho, ev - 'ry one;" That

D. S. in thy bles - sed Word I've read A - bout a "liv - ing way," And that the blood of Christ was shed To

Fine.

fills my soul with fear: I'm sor - ry, Lord, for what I've done, I cry for help to thee, Now, for the sake of
sure - ly must mean all, And if he called to ev - 'ry one I'm sure - ly counted in; My doubts and fears are

wash my sins a - way.

CHORUS.

thy dear Son, Have mer - cy, Lord, on me. Lord,
al - most gone. To trust I now be - gin. *D. S.*

- 3 He bade them, "to the waters come,"
He spoke of "milk and wine;"
I'm thirsty, Father, give me some,
What Jesus bought is mine:
• I drink, I drink by living faith,
I feel my sins forgiven;
The merits of my Saviour's death
Makes me an heir of heaven.

Sweet Story of Jesus.

51

F. J. C.

J. R. S.

1. Oh, beau-ti-ful sto-ry of Je-sus our Lord, That brightens and hallows each page of his Word;
 2. How full of com-pas-sion was Je-sus our Lord, The sick and afflicted to health he re-stored,
 3. But when in that sto-ry we read how he prayed A-lone in the garden, beneath its dark shade,
 4. But now he has triumphed o'er death and the grave, He lives our Redeem-er, and mighty to save;

It tells us how hum-ble and low-ly his birth, How ma-ny his tri-als and sorrows on earth.
 The poor he remembered, the hungry he fed, And gave to the weeping their friends from the dead.
 How, scorned and insulted, he died for our sake, Our hearts at his anguish are rea-dy to break.
 To him who ex-al-ted for-ev-er shall live, All hon-or, do-min-ion, and glo-ry we give.

D.S. Sweet sto-ry of Je-sus! tho' oft it is told, We love it, we love it,—it nev-er grows old.

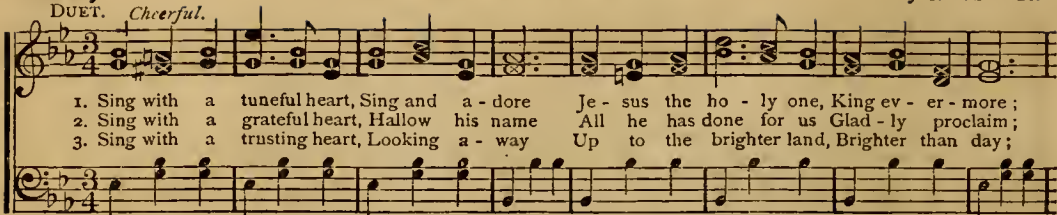
CHORUS.

Sweet sto-ry of Je-sus, the ten-der and meek, Who came in his mer-cy lost sinners to seek;

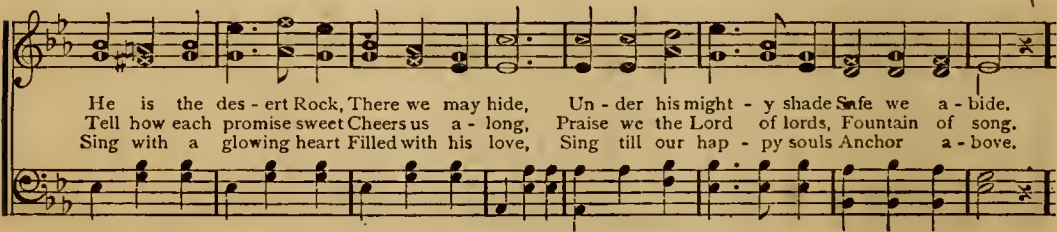
Joyfully Sing.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

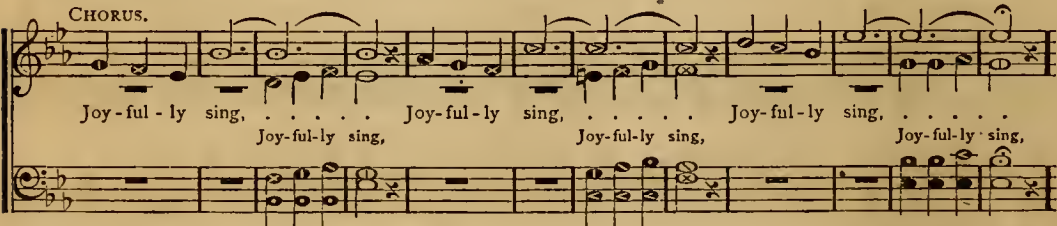
DUET. *Cheerful.*


1. Sing with a tuneful heart, Sing and a-dore Je-sus the ho-ly one, King ev-er-more ;
 2. Sing with a grateful heart, Hallow his name All he has done for us Glad-ly proclaim;
 3. Sing with a trusting heart, Looking a-way Up to the brighter land, Brighter than day;



He is the des-ert Rock, There we may hide, Un-der his might-y shade Safe we a-bide.
 Tell how each promise sweet Cheers us a-long, Praise we the Lord of lords, Fountain of song.
 Sing with a glowing heart Filled with his love, Sing till our hap-py souls Anchor a-bove.

CHORUS.



Joy-ful-ly sing, Joy-ful-ly sing, Joy-ful-ly sing,
 Joy-ful-ly sing, Joy-ful-ly sing, Joy-ful-ly sing, Joy-ful-ly sing,

Light of e - ter - ni - ty, Hon - or and praise to thee Now and for - ev - er be, Je - sus our king.

J. E. H.

The New Name.

J. E. HALL.

1. We shall have a new name in that land, In that land, that sunny, sunny land, When we meet the bright angelic band,
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,
3. Don't you wonder what that name will be, Sweeter far than aught on earth can be, We will be quite satisfied when we

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

Fine. *To Chorus, D. C.*

In that sunny land. A new name, a new name We'll receive up there; A new name, a new name, All who enter there.
When we're free from sin. A white stone, a white stone We'll receive up there; A white stone, a white stone, All who enter there.
Shall that new name know. I wonder, I wonder What that name will be, I wonder, I wonder What he'll give to me.

In that sunny land.

The Gospel Army.

E. R. LATTI.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark, I hear the gos-pel arm-y, As they grand-ly move a-long; And the Lord of
 2. Hark, I hear the gos-pel arm-y, And their shin-ing ar-mor see; On-ward gainst the
 3. Hark, I hear the gos-pel arm-y, With their leg-ions strong and true; And the ranks are

life and glo-ry, Is the cap-tain of the throng! Not for earth-ly pow'r or honor, They are
 hosts of e-vil, They are marching val-iant-ly! Now I hear the shouts of triumph Mingled
 ev-er swelling, And the banners bright to view! They will ne'er give up the struggle, Till the

moving on the foe; But to conquer all for Jesus, Who has loved the sin-ner so.
 with the trumpets sound! Ev-en where the foe is strongest, They will make it ho-ly ground.
 vic-to-ry is won! They will take the world for Jesus,—They are grandly marching on!

CHORUS.

Hark! hark! I hear the gos - pel arm - y, Press - ing on by land and sea;

Hark! hark! I hear the gos - pel arm - y, Marching on to vic - to - ry.

I Want to go there too.

Arr. by Ed.

CHORUS.

1 I want to go, I want to go, I want to go there too,
 I want to go where Je - sus is, I want to go there too.

2 go there too.

1 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain.

2 There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers:
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly land from ours.

3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
 Stand dressed in living green;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between

4 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

By and by.

ANNA H. C. HOWARD.

JNO. R. SWENKY.

1. There will be no sin nor pain By and by, by and by, All that's dark will be made plain By and
 2. Then life's les-sons we shall learn By and by, by and by, Je - sus' voice we shall discern By and
 3. We shall see him eye to eye By and by, by and by, We shall meet him in the sky By and

by, by and by; For the Lord will come a - gain, Oh, how glo - ri - ous his reign!—Like the sunshine
 by, by and by. He will ban - ish ev - 'ry sigh; Let us lift our heads on high, Our redemption
 by, by and by. We shall hear his ten - der tone, We shall be no more a - lone, He is coming

CHORUS.

af - ter rain, By and by, by and by. By and by, by and by, With our lov'd ones we shall
 draweth nigh By and by, by and by.
 to his own By and by, by and by.

yes,

meet, and the sto - ry oft re - peat, Cast our crowns at Je - sus' feet, By and by, by and by.

Dr. H. BONAR.

My Pilgrimage.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Trust - ing - ly, trust - ing - ly, Je - sus, to thee Come I; Lord, lov - ing - ly Come thou to me;
2. Peace - ful - ly, peace - ful - ly, Walk I with thee; Je - sus, my Lord, thou art All, all to me;
3. Hap - pi - ly, hap - pi - ly, Pass I a - long, Ea - ger to work for thee, Earnest and strong;

Then shall I lov - ing - ly, Then shall I joy - ful - ly Walk here with thee, . . . Walk here with thee.
Peace thou hast left with us, Thy peace hast giv - en us, So let it be, . . . So let it be.
Life is for ser - vice true, Life is for bat - tle too, Life is for song, . . . Life is for song.

Arise and Shine.

H. BONAR.

J. J. HOOD.

1. { Out of darkness in - to light Je - sus calls the sons of night,
Out of midnight in - to day Je - sus bids us come a - way.

CHORUS.

A-rise, a-rise, a-rise and shine; Arise, a-rise, thy light is come;
A-rise, a-rise, arise and shine; A-rise, a-rise, thy light is come;

A-rise and shine, thy light is come, The glo-ry of the Lord is ris'n up - on our gloom.
A-rise and shine, thy light is come,

2 From this world's alluring snares,
From its perils and its cares,
From its vanity and strife,
Jesus beckons us to life.

3 From the vanities of youth,
Into rest, and love, and truth,
Into joy that never palls,
Jesus in his mercy calls.

1. I'll praise my Maker while I've breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My
 2. Happy the man whose hopes rely On Israel's God; he made the sky, And earth, and seas, with all their train; His
 3. The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind; The Lord supports the fainting mind; He sends the lab'ring conscience peace; He
 4. I'll praise him while he lends me breath, And when my voice is lost in death, Praise shall employ my nobler powers; My

days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty endures,
 truth for - ev - er stands secure; He saves the oppressed, he feeds the poor, And none shall find his promise vain.
 helps the stranger in distress, The wid - ow and the fa - ther - less, And grants the prisoner sweet release.
 days of praise shall ne'er be past, While life, and thought, and being last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty endures.

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EASTER HYMN.*

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

1 CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
 Sons of men and angels say;
 Raise your joys and triumphs high;
 Sing, ye heavens,—and earth, reply.

CHORUS.

He rose, he rose, he vanquished hell,
 The victor-song in triumph swell;
 No pow'r hath death, we too shall rise
 To share with him immortal bliss be-
 yond the skies.

2 Love's redeeming work is done;
 Fought the fight, the battle won:
 Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er;
 Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
 Christ has burst the gates of hell -
 Death in vain forbids his rise;
 Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King;
 Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
 Once he died our souls to save;
 Where's thy victory, boasting Grave?

5 Soar we now where Christ has led,
 Follow our exalted Head;
 Made like him, like him we rise;
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.

*Music on opposite page.

The True Vine.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Fa - ther, in Christ the liv - ing vine En - graft - ed I would be; Then may I per - fect
 2. Like as the ten - der branch that thrives, Draws richness from the vine, So may I, Lord, from
 3. As on the thrif - ty branches grow The fruit so rich and fair, So if through me thy
 4. The branch whereon no fruit is found Is sev - ered from the vine; Oh, may I then with

CHORUS.

thy de - sign In bear - ing fruit for thee. A liv - ing branch in Christ the Vine, Oh,
 thee de - rive, New life and strength di - vine.
 life shall flow, Then precious fruit I'll bear,
 fruit abound, And be for - ev - er, thine.

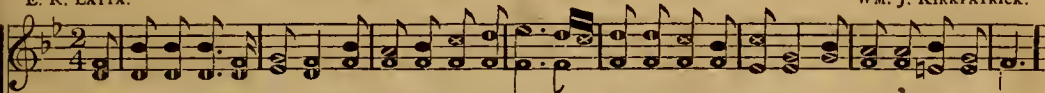
Fath - er, may I be, Then will I glo - ri - fy thy name In bear - ing fruit for thee.

Oh, Praise His Name Forever.

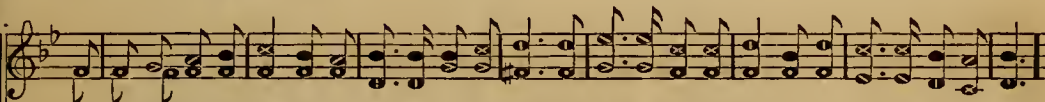
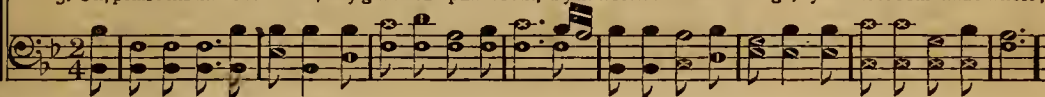
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E. R. LATTA.

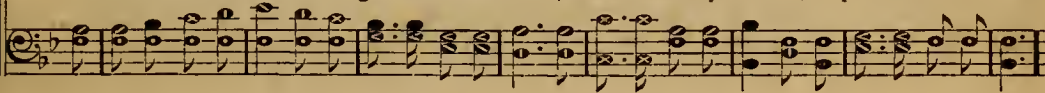
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



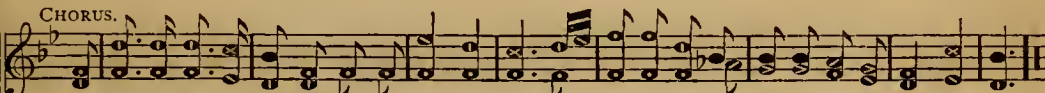
1. Oh, praise his name fore-er! The wondrous story tell, He laid a-side his glor-y In human form to dwell;
2. Oh, praise his name fore-er! His life and death behold! Of all his love and pit-y How lit-tle can be told!
3. Oh, praise his name fore-er, My glad triumphant soul, -By him set free from bondage, By him from sin made whole;



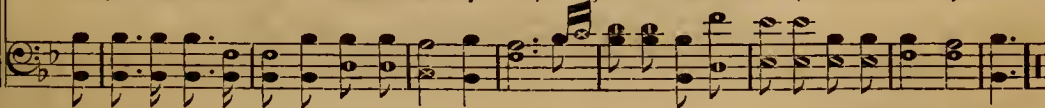
Up- on the world's redemption The angels gaze in vain, But to repent-ant sinners The Spir-it makes it plain.
Oh, sinner, will you own him, That he may ransom thee? Or will you still de-ny him, And lost for-ev-er be?
When I have earth forsak-en, And gain'd the further shore, I'll tell the stor-y bet-ter, I'll praise him ever-more.



CHORUS.



Oh, praise his name forev-er, Praise his ho-ly name; His goodness faileth never, Praise his ho-ly name.



The Star of Hope is Beaming.

Mrs. C. L. SHACKLOCK.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. On the sea my bark is' toss - ing, And the storm is fierce and wild; But I fear not, for my
 2. Tho' the waves may o - verwhelm me, I will trust his mer - cy still, I shall rise a - bove the
 3. Soon I'll see, with joy and rap - ture, Glimpses of the bet - ter land; Soon my bark will safe - ly

CHORUS.

Fath - er Still will keep his trusting child. Still the Star of Hope is beaming, Though it
 bil - lows, If it be his gracious will.
 an - chor On the bright and gold - en strand.

oft is clouded o'er; It will lead me, it will guide me 'Till I reach the distant shore.

Jesus will Help You.

63

WM. STEVENSON.

"Grace to help in time of need."—HEB. iv. 16.

R. LOWRY.

1. The Saviour is calling you, sin-ner— Urg-ing you now to draw' nigh; He asks you by faith to re-
2. Thro' him there is life in be-liev-ing; Sin-ner, O why will you die? Ac-cept him by faith as your
3. There's danger in lon-ger de-lay-ing, Swift-ly the moments pass by; If now you will come, there is

REFRAIN.

ceive him; Je - sus will help if you try. Jesus will help you, Jesus will help you, Help you with grace from on
Saviour; Je - sus will help if you try.
mercy; Je - sus will help if you try.

high; The weak-est and poorest the Saviour is call-ing; Je - sus will help if you try.

Wonder of Wonders.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. The love that my Father bestowed up - on me, When I of his wrath was de - serv - ing,
 2. Oh, why should he love such a be - ing as I, Who of - ten his laws am transgress - ing?
 3. Whenev - er I think what a Saviour I have; So kind and so true and so lov - ing,

To give his own Son my soul's ransom to be, How can I be cught but re - ceiv - ing.
 And why should he stoop from his glo - ry on high, To grant so 'a - maz - ing a blessing?
 I feel to his service my life I would give, And his mercy and grace would be tell - ing.

CHORUS.

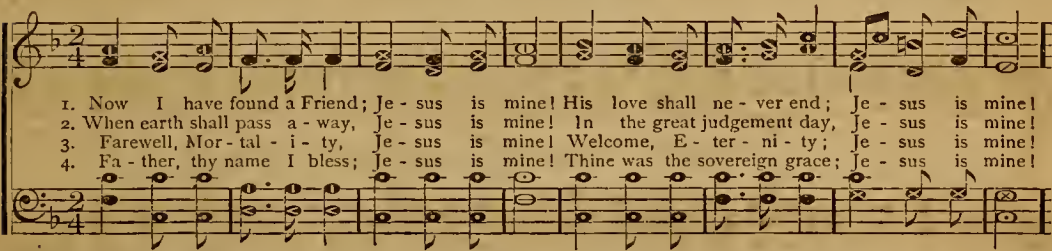
Oh, won - der of wonders that Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, yes, Je - sus loves me;



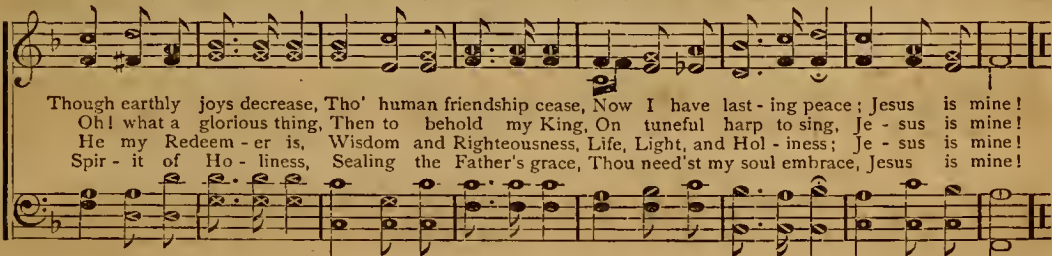
He left his bright home my soul's ran - som to be,— Yes, yes, Je - sus loves me.

Jesus is Mine.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Now I have found a Friend; Je - sus is mine! His love shall ne - ver end; Je - sus is mine!
 2. When earth shall pass a - way, Je - sus is mine! In the great judgements day, Je - sus is mine!
 3. Farewell, Mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, E - ter - ni - ty; Je - sus is mine!
 4. Fa - ther, thy name I bless; Je - sus is mine! Thine was the sovereign grace; Je - sus is mine!



Though earthly joys decrease, Tho' human friendship cease, Now I have last - ing peace; Jesus is mine!
 Oh! what a glorious thing, Then to behold my King, On tuneful harp to sing, Je - sus is mine!
 He my Redeem - er is, Wisdom and Righteousness, Life, Light, and Hol - iness; Je - sus is mine!
 Spir - it of Ho - liness, Sealing the Father's grace, Thou need'st my soul embrace, Jesus is mine!

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Redeemed, and with the price of blood Which thou hast shed for me, I stand, a mon - u - ment of grace, A
 2. Redeemed, no long - er dead to sin, But rais'd by pow'r di - vine, My tongue, rejoic - ing, cries a - loud, All

CHORUS.

wit - ness, Lord, for thee. Redeemed, and made by sim - ple faith An heir of heaven a - bove! Oh,
 glor - y, Lord, be thine.

love surpass - ing human thought! Oh, vast unmeasured love!

3 Redeemed, my heart is filled with praise,
 My soul true comfort knows,
 And daily feels the calm of peace
 That like a river flows.

4 Redeemed, I'll tell it o'er and o'er;
 Redeemed my song shall be,
 My watchword through the vale of death,
 My passport home to thee.

We'll Know Each Other.

67

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, we'll meet, and know each oth-er, In the light of full-orbed day, Where the splendofs of the
2. Wrongs that have our hearts witholden Stand aghast when light they see, Doubts that have a brother
3. Oh, that bright and last up - lifting Of the mists which hide the true! Heart to heart shall quickly
4. O that faith might nev - er waver, O that love would long for - bear, Hope should point to yonder

CHORUS.

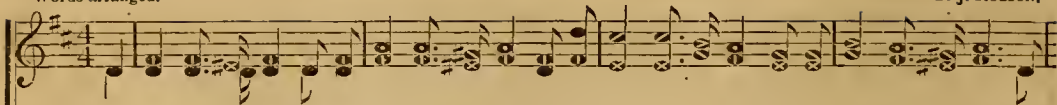
morning Chase the shadows all a - way. Yes, we'll meet, and know each oth - er, Griefs no
questioned, There be - fore the day - light flee.
an - swer When our love is stirred a - new.
meeting, Per - fect love and trust are there.—

more shall hid - den lie, Brother grasp the hand of brother, Face to face and eye to eye.

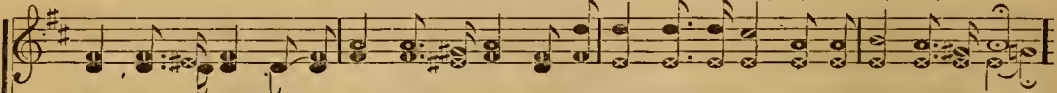
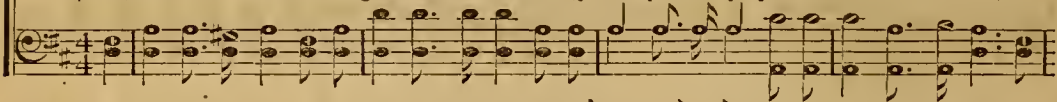
Come to the Fountain.

Words arranged.

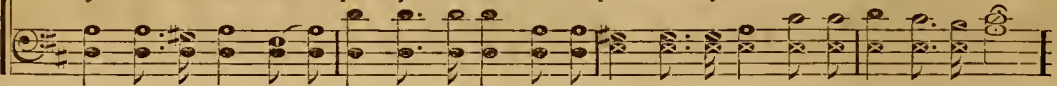
S. J. ROBSON.



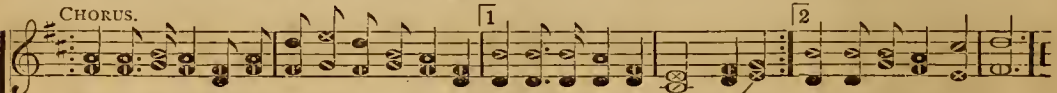
1. Oh, come to the fountain when morning is breaking, And life all around thee is up on the wing; Oh,
2. The Fount which above thee in freshness is gushing, Is Je - sus, the giv - er of life and of truth; While
3. Oh, come to the fountain at noontide, while bearing The burden and heat of life's wear - i - some day; For
4. Oh, come to the fountain if guilt should distress thee; 'Twas opened on purpose for sinners like thee; here



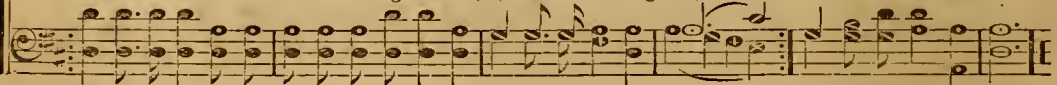
come, quench thy thirst up - on thy first waking, At heaven's own pure, in - ex - hausti - ble spring.
 oth - ers to ru - in so mad - ly are rushing, Oh, give thou to him the first love of thy youth.
 Je - sus will les - sen them both by still sharing Each trou - ble and sor - row thou meet'st by the way.
 Je - sus himself will in pit - y address thee: "Ye poor, heav - y - la - den ones, come un - to me."



CHORUS.



Come to the fountain, the ev - er - flowing fountain, Come, for 'tis flowing still; . . . Come, who - so - ev - er will.



I will give you rest.

69

Mrs. A. M. CHANCE.

THOS. ERVIN.

1. Thy lov - ing words, dear Saviour, Have drawn us close to thee, So full of grace and fa - vor To
2. Thou bid'st the heav - y lad - en Come un - to thee and rest, Lay down each wear - y burden, And
3. Thou fill - est us with gladness, A - noint - est us with oil, Joy takes the place of sadness, Rest
4. We'll take thy yoke and wear it, Dear, precious Lord, for thee, And ever at thy feet will sit, And

CHORUS.

sinners such as we. Rest, rest, glo - ri - ous rest! In thy serv - ice joy and peace, Light thy burden,
sit a welcome guest.
comes for care and toil.
thy sal - va - tion see.

short the strife, Heav'n our goal and end - less life; Light thy burden, short the strife, Heav'n our goal and endless life.

How should We Spend our Time?

MAGGIE METCALF,

Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.—Eph. v. 16.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How should we spend our time? In fol - ly and in sin? Nay, rather let us seek while here Some souls for Christ to win.
 2. How should we spend our time? In heaping wordly gains? Oh, no, we'll lay our treasure up In heav'n where Jesus reigns.
 3. How should we spend our time? To gain th' applause of man; No, no, we'll work and always seek to praise the Great I Am.
 4. Then let us treasure time, And live in doing good, Rememb'ring that to God we owe Our lasting gratitude.

CHORUS.

Then, up and be do - ing, Go, work while you may; Life swiftly is fleet - ing; Why longer de - lay?

Press onward to bat - tle; Be strong in the Lord; He'll bear you up brave - ly; Go, trusting his word.

Revive Thy Work.

71

ALBERT MIDLANE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare; Speak with the voice that
 2. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Dis - turb this sleep of death; Quicken the smould'ring
 3. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul - thirst for thee; And hung - ring for the
 4. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt thy pre - cious name; And by the Ho - ly

CHORUS.

wakes the dead, And make thy peo - ple hear. Re - vive thy work, O Lord, And
 em - bers now By thine al - might - y breath.
 bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be!
 Ghost our love For thee and thine in - flame.

give re - fresh - ing showers; The glo - ry shall be all thine own, The blessing shall be ours.

What shall I do with Jesus?

JAMES NICHOLSON.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. "What shall I do then with Je - sus?" Thus the wick - ed Pi - late said, When the Lord of
 2. "What shall I do now with Je - sus?" Who was set at naught for me, Crowned with thorns, and
 3. "What shall I do now with Je - sus?" Shall I still his cause ne - glect? I must now ac -
 4. "What shall I do now with Je - sus?" When he comes my judge to be What shall I do

CHORUS.

life and glo - ry Came to suf - fer in my stead. Ho - ly Ghost in - dite the ans - wer Which I
 in his bod - y Bore my griefs upon the tree.
 cept his mer - cy, Or that mer - cy now re - ject.
 then with Je - sus? What will Je - sus do with me?

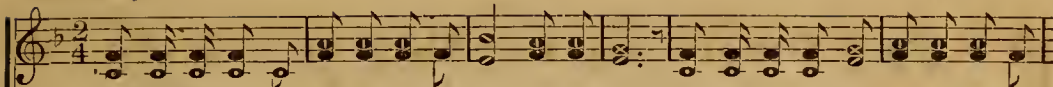
shall this moment give, — Help me, bles - sed Spir - it, help me That I may on Christ believe.
 help me, help me,

He Loves us Still the Same.

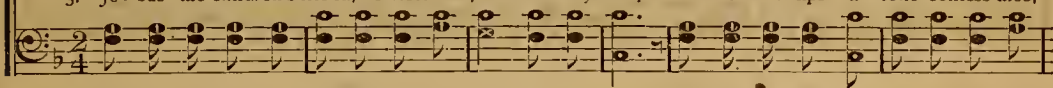
73

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

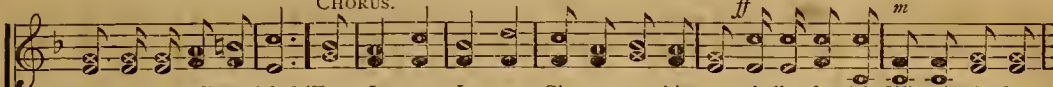
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



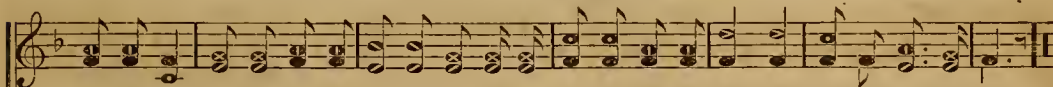
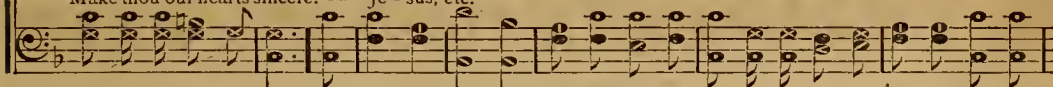
1. Who left for us a throne in heav-en, Glo-rious and bright? Whose precious life for us was giv-en,
2. Who loved us when for-lorn and dreary, By sin o'ercome? Who sought us when we wandered weary,
3. Who gathered lit-tle children round him, With blessings kind? Who now, tho' glory bright has crown'd him,
4. Who watches us when lone-ly straying, By night or day? Who list-ens when our hearts are praying,
5. Je-sus the children's friend, we bless thee, Teach us thy fear; Let not our lips a-lone confess thee,



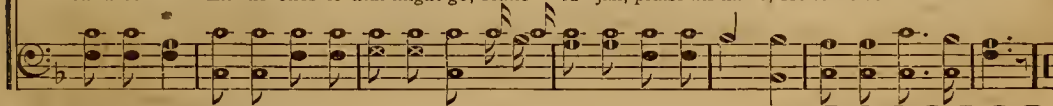
CHORUS.



That we might live aright? 'Twas Je-sus, Je-sus, Glo-ry to his name, halle-lu-jah; When he dwelt on
 Far from our heavenly home?
 Faithful we always find? 'Tis
 Hears every word we say?
 Make thou our hearts sincere. — Je-sus, etc.



earth be-low Lit-tle ones to him might go, Halle-lu-jah, praise his name, He loves us still the same.

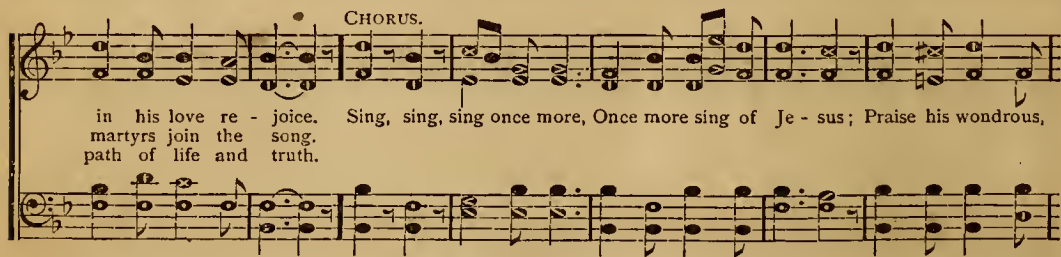


Sing Once More of Jesus.

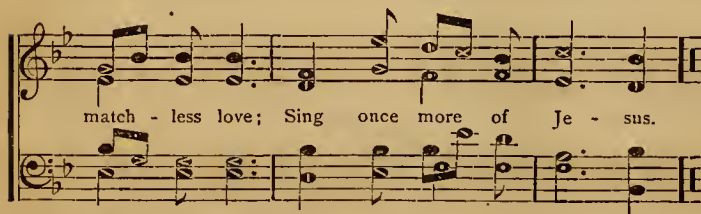


1. Oh, sing once more of Je - sus, Tune ev - 'ry heart and voice, Proclaim his tender mer - cy, And
 2. Oh, sing once more of Je - sus, The joy - ful strain pro - long, While an - gels ho - ver round us, And
 3. Oh, sing once more of Je - sus, And now in ear - ly youth, Come let us walk to - geth - er, The

CHORUS.



in his love re - joice. Sing, sing, sing once more, Once more sing of Je - sus; Praise his wondrous,
 martyrs join the song.
 path of life and truth.



match - less love; Sing once more of Je - sus.

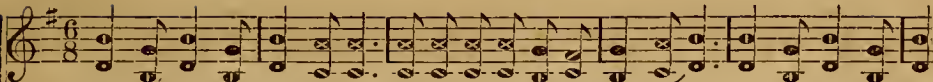
- 4 Oh, sing once more of Jesus,
 Our best and truest friend,
 Whose hand from snares of evil
 Will still our hearts defend.
- 5 Oh, sing once more of Jesus,
 Who bends a listening ear,
 From yonder world of glory,
 The children's song to hear.

Will You be Washed in the Blood.

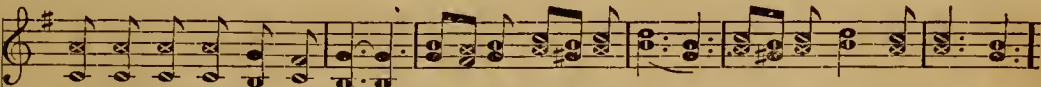
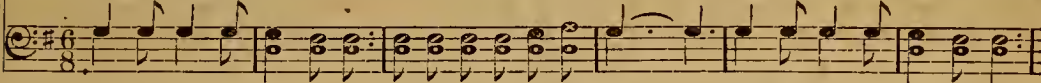
E. O. E.

Rev. i. 5.

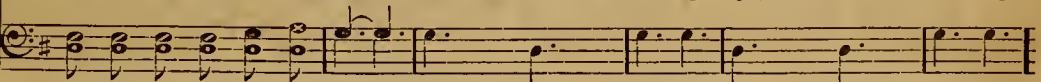
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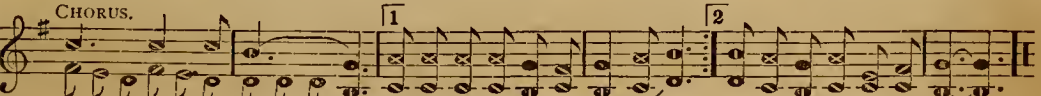
1. List, the Spir - it calls to thee, Will you be washed in the blood? Je - sus died to make you free,
 2. Sin - ner, now this blessing claim, Will you be washed in the blood? Thro' the dear Redeem - er's name,
 3. He can wash you white as snow, Will you be washed in the blood? And the witness you may know,
 4. Christ did drink that cup for all, Will you be washed in the blood? Don't re - ject the Spir - it's call,



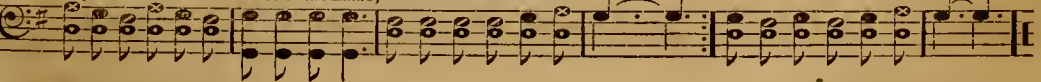
Will you be washed in the blood? Par - don free - ly giv - en, Cleansing you for heav - en.
 Will you be washed in the blood? Claim him as your Saviour, He can save for - ev - er.
 Will you be washed in the blood? You can know this hour, Of his dy - ing pow - er,
 Will you be washed in the blood? Grace is all about - ing, Joy thro' heav'n resound - ing.



CHORUS.



Will you be washed, Washed in the blood of the Lamb, || Washed in the blood of the Lamb.
 Will you be washed in the blood of the Lamb,



For Jesus.

MERLE MURRIE.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



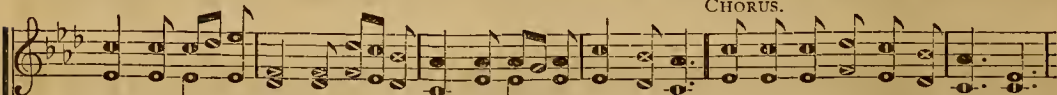
1. Lit - tle hands can work for Je - sus, Faithful, honest work, Lit - tle deeds of love and mer - cy,
 2. Lit - tle voices sing for Je - sus In each happy hour, Praise his tender, lov - ing mercies,



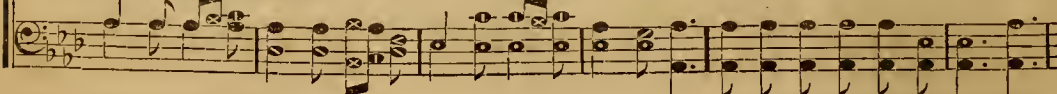
Ne - ver, ne - ver shirk; Je - sus loves the lit - tle children, Folds them to his bos - om warm,
 Praise his wondrous power; For your sake he left his dwelling In the 'skies and came to man,



CHORUS.



Gives them all things sweet and needful, Guards their lit - tle lives from harm, Singing and working and praying,
 Suf - fer'd, died, O let us glad - ly, In re - turn do all we can.



Working while shineth the day, Singing thro' daylight and starlight, While singing and working, pray.

We come to Thee, Dear Saviour.

FABER.

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

J. J. HOOD.

1. We come to thee, dear Saviour, Just because we need thee so, No other name can save us, Oh, what bliss that name to know!
 2. We come to thee, dear Saviour, It is love that makes us come; We're certain of a welcome, Of our Father's welcome home.
 3. We come to thee, dear Saviour, For to whom Lord shall we go, The words of life eternal From thy lips forever flow.
 4. We come to thee, dear Saviour, And thou wilt not ask us why; We cannot live without thee, And still less without thee die.

CHORUS.

O bountiful salvation! O life e - ternal won! O plen - ti - ful redemption, Thro' God's eternal Son.

The Shining Shore.

Mrs. EMMA PITT.

S. J. ROBSON.

1. I long to reach the shining shore And wear the victor's crown ; When conflicts, toils and sorrows o'er To
 2. O when I reach my heavenly home I'll glor - y sweetly sing, And hear the welcome plaudit come From
 3. When Jordan's rolling waves I've crossed My happy home I'll view, And there with loved ones gone before I'll
 4. The mu - sic of the golden harp Doth greet my spir - it ear, And Je - sus speaks with loving voice, Come

CHORUS.

lay my ar - mor down. On the shore— . . the shin - ing shore, A - cross the golden
 my Redeem - er King.
 praise my Saviour too.
 home—thy rest is here. on the shore, the shining shore,

riv - er, Our lov'd ones meet, . . . at Je - sus' feet, To part no more for - ev - er.
 our lov'd ones meet, at Je - sus' feet,

On the Altar.

79

Mrs. A. M. CHANCE.

THOS. ERVIN.

1. Con - se - crate me, Lord, to thee, Thine and on - ly thine to be, Ev - ery pow'r and
 2. Ho - ly Spir - it, be my guide, Ev - ermore with me a - bide, Turn the darkness
 3. Help me glo - ri - fy thy name And thy dy - ing love proclaim, Let my life an

CHORUS.

thought em - ploy, Make thy service all my joy. My heart's on the al - tar, Dear Je - sus, for thee;
 in - to day, Lead me in thy per - fect way.
 offering be, Bles - sed Je - sus, now to thee.

Love shall not fal - ter, My life, thine shall be; Love shall not fal - ter, My life, thine shall be.

Trust in Jesus.

MISS MAGGIE METCALF.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweetly trusting in the Saviour, He who did so much for me; Led my wayward,
 2. Sweetly trusting in the Saviour, Tho' the world be dark and drear; In - to ports of
 3. Sweetly trusting in the Saviour, On his bos - om I can lean; Like a shepherd

CHORUS.

er - ring footsteps In - to peace and pi - e - ty. Trust in Je - sus, Trust in Je - sus,
 peace and safe - ty He my lit - tle bark will steer.
 he will lead me In - to pastures liv - ing green.

Weary, sin - sick, burdened soul, Trust in him, your great Redeem - er, He who died to make you whole.

The Christian Mariner.

81
J. R. S.

Rev. A. W. BLAKESLEY. (Chorus added).

1. Both by day and by night, Both in dark - ness and light, Must the mar - i - ner keep on his way;
2. Is not Christ on the deep? Is he not in the ship? Says he not, do not fear, it is I?
3. With our Je - sus thus near Let us ban - ish each fear, Tho' earth's hopes round us blasted may lie;
4. Soon the prize will be won, And life's voyage will be done, And with Je - sus' own flock we shall roam;

By his com - pass must steer, Mid all dan - ger and fear, Till the dark - ness and storm pass a - way.
At his word storm and tide Shall in si - lence subside, And each child safe - ly land - ed on high.
Tho' the storm down may pour, And loud thunders may roar, And the sur - ges may dash to the sky.
By life's wa - ters be led, In its green pastures fed, And we'll rest in our heav - en - ly home.

When we an - chor a - bove we will meet those we love On that beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful shore.

CHORUS.

Then we'll sing, then we'll sing, Tho' the storm mad - ly round us may roar; madly roar.
Then we'll sing, then we'll sing

Comfort He hath Spoken.

ANON.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Psa. li. 17.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Brok - en heart - ed, weep no more! Hear what com - fort he hath spok - en, Smoking
 2. Lamb of Je - sus' blood-bought flock, Brought a - gain from . sin and stray - ing, Hear the
 3. Brok - en heart - ed, weep no more; Far from con - so - la - tion fly - ing; He who

flax who ne'er hath quench'd, Bruised reed who ne'er hath brok - en:— Ye who wander here be - low,
 Shep - herd's gen - tle voice—'Tis a true and faithful say - ing; Greater love, how can there be
 calls hath felt thy wound, Seen thy weeping, heard thy sigh - ing; Bring thy brok - en heart to me;

Heav - y - lad - en as you go, Come, with grief and sin oppressed, Come to me and be at
 Than to yield up life for thee? Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh, Turn and live; why will ye
 Welcome off - 'ring it shall be; Streaming tears and burst - ing sighs, Mine ac - cept - ed sac - ri -

rest; Come, with grief and sin . op - pressed, Come to me and be at rest.
die? Bought with pang, and tear, and sigh; Turn and live; why will ye die?
fice; Streaming tears and bursting sighs, Mine ac - cept - ed sac - ri - fice.

Mrs. R.

I'm With Thee Every Hour.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I'm with thee every hour, My word is ev - er sure; I'll cleanse thee by my power, And keep thee always pure.
2. I'm with thee every hour, I am the living bread; If thou but test its power, Thou art forev - er fed.
3. I'm with thee every hour, I living waters give; Flee, then, to faith's strong tower, Stoop thou, and drink, and live.
4. I'm with thee every hour, My flesh is meat indeed; My blood's all cleansing power Is suited to all need.
5. I'm with thee every hour, Thou wear - y, lad - en, comel A mansion is thy dower, My Father's house is home.

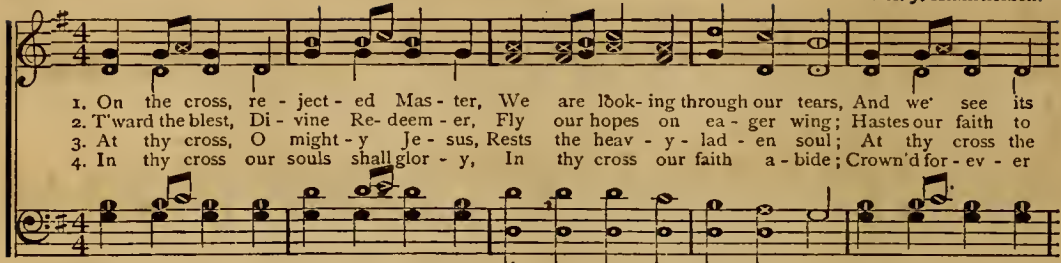
CHORUS.

I'm with thee, O, I'm with thee! Thy ne - ver failing friend; Lo! I am with thee always, Un - to the end.

Hail, King Jesus!

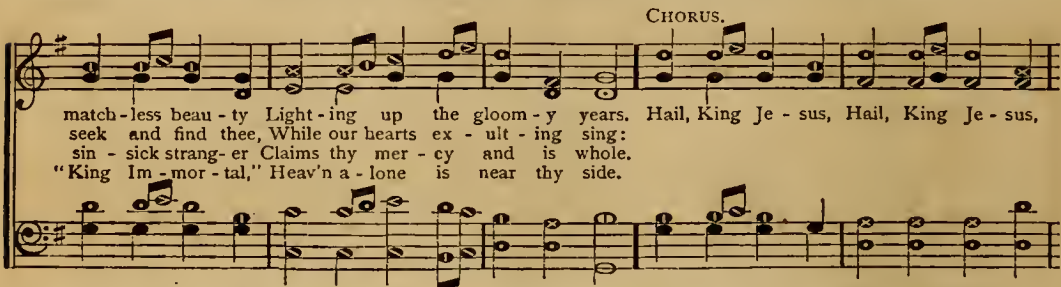
FLORA B. HARRIS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

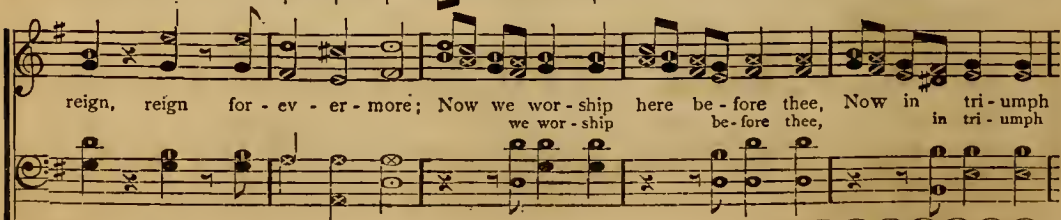


1. On the cross, re - ject - ed Mas - ter, We are look - ing through our tears, And we see its
 2. T'ward the blest, Di - vine Re - deem - er, Fly our hopes on ea - ger wing; Hastes our faith to
 3. At thy cross, O might - y Je - sus, Rests the heav - y - lad - en soul; At thy cross the
 4. In thy cross our souls shall glor - y, In thy cross our faith a - bide; Crown'd for - ev - er

CHORUS.



match - less beau - ty Light - ing up the gloom - y years. Hail, King Je - sus, Hail, King Je - sus,
 seek and find thee, While our hearts ex - ult - ing sing:
 sin - sick strang - er Claims thy mer - cy and is whole.
 "King Im - mor - tal," Heav'n a - lone is near thy side.



reign, reign for - ev - er - more; Now we wor - ship here be - fore thee, Now in tri - umph
 we wor - ship be - fore thee, in tri - umph

we a - dore thee, Hail, King Je - sus, Hail, King Je - sus, Reign, reign for - ev - er - more.

a - dore thee,

In the Light.

WM. G. TOMER.

1. { Pleasant is the Sabbath bell, In the light, in the light, Seeming much of good to tell, In the light of God ;
But a music richer far, In the light, in the light, Breathes where angel spirits are, In the light of God.

2. { Shall we ev - er rise to dwell, In the light, in the light, Where immortal praises swell, In the light of God ;
Yes, that bliss our own shall be, In the light, in the light, All the good shall Jesus see, In the light of God.

CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

Let us walk in the light, In the light, in the light, Let us walk in the light, In the light of God.

We March to Victory.

G. MOULTRIE.

J. BARNBY.

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With his lov - ing

eye look - ing down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us.

1. We come in the might of the Lord of light, With ar - mor bright to meet him; And we put to
 2. Our sword is the Spir - it of God on high, Our hel - met his sal - va - tion; Our ban - ner the
 3. And the choir of an - gels with song a - waits Our march to the gold - en Zi - on; For our Cap - tain has

fight the armies of night That the sons of the day may greet him, The sons of the day may greet him.
 cross of Cal - va - ry, Our watchword—the In - car - na - tion, Our watchword—the Incar - na - tion.
 brok - en the brazen gates, And burst the bars of i - ron, And burst the bars of i - ron.

CHORUS.

We march, we march to vic - to - ry, With the cross of the Lord be - fore us, With his lov - ing eye look - ing

down from the sky, And his ho - ly arm spread o'er us, His ho - ly arm spread o'er us. o'er us.

1st and 2d, || last time.

I Live but in Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God."—Col. iii. 3.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O light of my spir - it and joy of my heart, Thou Chief among thousands, how love - ly thou art!
 2. I care not for treasures that rust and decay, I seek not for pleasures that van - ish away,
 3. Thus far hast thou led me, I'll trust thee for all, I know thou wilt ev - er' respond to my call;

I think of thy goodness where'er I may be, My Rock and sal - va - tion, I live but in thee.
 Enough that my Sav - iour my por - tion will be, O lov - ing Redeem - er, I live but in thee.
 I feel that thy grace is suf - fi - cient for me, O Sav - iour of sin - ners, I live but in thee.

CHORUS.^o

I live but in thee, I live but in thee, My Rock and sal - va - tion, I live but in thee;
 I live but in thee, I live but in thee, My Rock and sal - va - tion, I live but in thee,

Musical score for the hymn "I Live But in Thee". It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the treble staff. The score includes several triplet markings (indicated by a '3' above a group of notes) and rests.

I live but in thee, I live but in thee, My Rock and sal-va-tion, I live but in thee.
I live but in thee, I live but in thee, My Rock and sal-va-tion, I live but in thee.

- 4 In seasons of trial thy hand will defend,
And cover my path till my journey shall end:
Thou hast in thy kingdom a welcome for me;
O Friend of the friendless, I live but in thee.

COWPER.

Heal us, Immanuel.

WILLISFORD DRY.

Musical score for the hymn "Heal us, Immanuel". It features a treble and bass clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, with a bass line accompaniment. The score includes various rhythmic values and rests.

- 1 Heal us, Immanuel, here we stand,
Waiting to feel thy touch;
To wounded souls stretch forth thy hand,
Blest Saviour, we are such.
- 2 Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"Oh, help my unbelief."

- 3 She too, who touched thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole,
Was answered, "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."
- 4 Like her, with hopes and fears we come
To touch thee if we may;
O send us not despairing home,
Send none unhealed away.

*Sweet Sabbath School.

Words arranged.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Sweet Sab - bath-school, place dear . . to me, Where'er through life I roam,
 2. Within . . thy courts of him . . I've heard Whose birth . . the angels sang,

1. Sweet Sabbath-school, place dear to me, Sweet Sabbath-school, place dear to me, Where'er thro' life I roam, Where'er thro' life I roam,
 2. Within thy courts of him I've heard, Within thy courts of him I've heard, Whose birth the angels sang, Whose birth the angels sang,

My heart . . will of - ten turn . . to thee, My child-hood's Sab-bath home. . . .
 When o'er . . the shep-herds, filled . . with fear, The star of glo - ry shone. . . .

My heart will of - ten turn to thee, My heart will often turn to thee, My childhood's Sabbath home, My childhood's Sabbath home.
 When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear, When o'er the shepherds, filled with fear, The star of glory shone, The star of glory shone.

O, ho - - ly place! where first . . we shed . The pen - i - ten - tial tear;
 O, ho - ly place! where first we shed, O, holy place! where first we shed The peniten - tial tear, The pen - i - ten - tial tear;

Where youth-ful steps . . are taught to tread . . In paths of peace and prayer. . . .

Where youthful steps are taught to tread, Where youthful steps are taught to tread In paths of peace and prayer, In paths of peace and prayer.

3 Sweet Sabbath school, place dear to me,
Where'er through life I roam,
My heart will often turn to thee,
My childhood's Sabbath home.

When all our wanderings here shall cease,
And care and life shall end,
In God's eternal Sabbath home
May we our anthems blend.

To-day the Saviour Calls.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH,

"Harden not your hearts."—Heb. iii. 8.

LOWELL MASON.

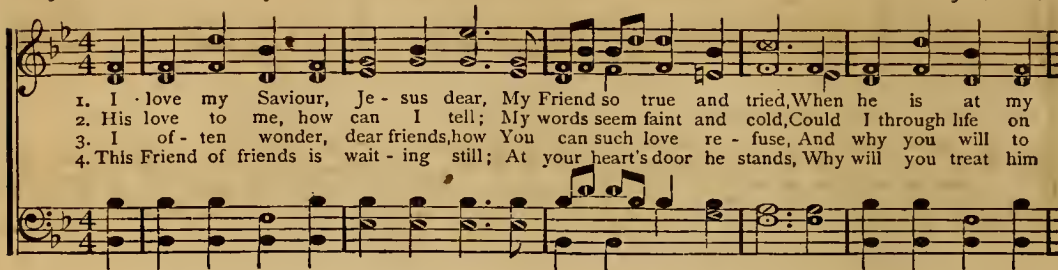
1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wanders, come; O ye benight-ed souls, Why long-er roam?
2. To - day the Saviour calls; O hear him now; With - in these sacred walls To Je - sus bow.
3. To - day the Saviour calls; For refuge fly; The storm of justice falls, And death is nigh.
4. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to his power; O grieve him not a - way, 'Tis mer - cy's hour.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

The Friend of Friends.

J. E. H.

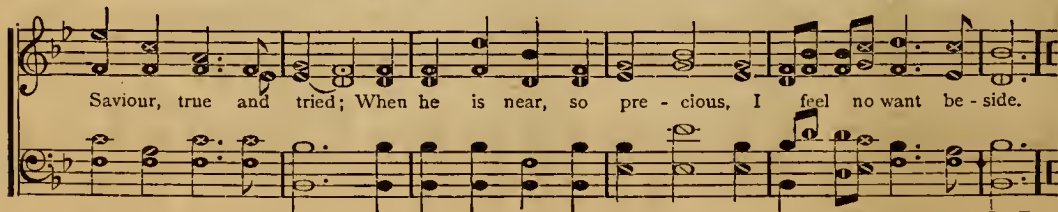
J. E. HALL.



1. I love my Saviour, Je - sus dear, My Friend so true and tried, When he is at my
 2. His love to me, how can I tell; My words seem faint and cold, Could I through life on
 3. I of - ten wonder, dear friends, how You can such love re - fuse, And why you will to
 4. This Friend of friends is wait - ing still; At your heart's door he stands, Why will you treat him



side so near, I feel no want be - side. You need this Friend, blest Je - sus, My
 this theme dwell, Then 't would not all be told.
 Sa - tan bow, And heaven and glor - y lose.
 thus, so ill! O yield to love's demands.



Saviour, true and tried; When he is near, so pre - cious, I feel no want be - side.

O Come where Love is Bending.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O come with hearts re-joic-ing, And full of grateful praise, For this return-ing Sab-bath; The
 2. O come and learn the Bi-ble, That book whose every page Is bright with words of com-fort For
 3. O come and learn of Je-sus, Believe and serve him now, Let ev-ery one be-lieve him In
 4. O come, and if we ask him He'll take us in his care, And bring us to his king-dom, E-

CHORUS.

best of all our days. O come where love is bend-ing The chil-dren's song to
 childhood, youth, and age.
 sweet-est rap-ture and ter-nal life to share. O come, yes come where love is bend-ing The children's, the children's song to

hear, And Je-sus with his bless-ing crowns Our Sab-bath home so dear.
 hear, to hear, And Je-sus, Je-sus Sab-bath, Sab-bath

Hold up thy Light.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hold up thy light, thy lit - tle light, Perchance its fee - ble ray May cast a cheering
 2. Hold up thy light, thy lit - tle light, The night is dark and drear, Some wand'ring soul may
 3. Hold up thy light, thy lit - tle light, Its cheering beams may fall, Where will - ing hands would
 4. In ev' - ry hand a lit - tle light, U - ni - ted let them shine, Till thro' this darksome.

CHORUS.

gleam of hope, Across thy neighbor's way. Hold up thy light, hold up thy light, Ne'er
 cross thy path, Some lost one may be near.
 work for God, Should light re - veal the call.
 sin - ful world, Shall beam the light di - vine.

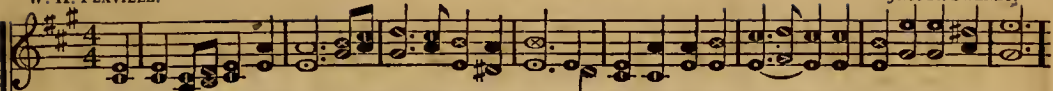
hide a sin - gle ray; Tho' but a glimmer in the dark, Hold up thy light for aye.

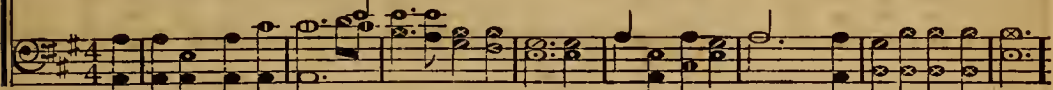
Jesus Loves Me So.

95

W. H. FLAVILLE.

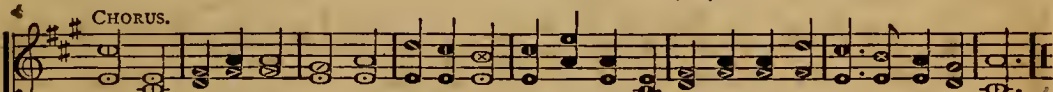
JNO. R. SWENEY,

- 
1. I love my Saviour dear,—How much can never tell; He comes so very near, And with him all is well;
 2. I love his own dear word, The book of books to me, In ev-'ry land is heard Its gospel full and free.
 3. I love his ho - ly day, The day he calls his own, That keeps me on the way To my celes - tial home.
 4. I love the Sunday school, Oh, who can stay away; Its teachings be my rule Of life from day to day,

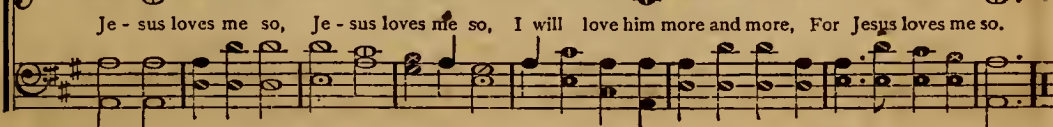


I love my Saviour dear, How much can never show; He makes my pathway clear, And ever loves me so,
 I love his own dear word, With love 'tis all a - glow, My ve - ry heart is stirr'd, For Jesus loves me so.
 I love his ho - ly day, That gives me grace to grow, And ever watch and pray, For Jesus loves me so.
 I love the Sunday school, Oh, would that all might know Its joys so rich and full, For Jesus loves me so.

CHORUS.



Je - sus loves me so, Je - sus loves me so, I will love him more and more, For Jesus loves me so.



Come to Me.

1. Wea - ry of earth - ly care, I yearn for heaven and rest, And long to see that land where
 2. Oh, doubt - ing, trembling soul, quick to thy ref - uge flee, Thy sins on Cal - va - ry were
 3. His par - don he will give, if thou wilt trust his love, His blood the deep - est guilt forth
 4. And when thy pil - grim steps draw near their jour - ney's end Some an - gel mes - sen - ger thy

all are tru - ly blest; But sin - de - filed and stained, how shall I reach that home?
 nailed up - on the tree; And Je - sus paid thy debt and bought thy gold - en crown,
 ev - er can re - move; His grace he will be - stow each day to strengthen thee,
 lov - ing Lord will send, To lead thee safe - ly through Death's swelling, trou - bled sea,

CHORUS.

Oh, heav - y - lad - en soul, 'tis Je - sus bids thee come. Hear . . . the Saviour's voice
 He won for thee thy life, his own by lay - ing down.
 So thou, o'er Sin and Death shall win the vic - to - ry.
 To God, and home, and rest, which all are wait - ing thee. Hear, oh, hear the Sav - iour's voice

Plead - - - ing in ten-d'rest tone, Come to me, O wea - ry one, Come, oh, come.
 Pleading with thee wea-ry one, come.

Mrs. A. M. CHANCE.

Children Invited.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Come to Je - sus, Chil - dren dear, He'll re - ceive you; Do not fear.
 2. For he loves you, And he died; On the cross Was cru - ci - fied.
 3. Je - sus suf - fered Pain and woe, For you, chil - dren, Here be - low.
 4. That his chil - dren Happy might be, — Saved in heav - en, From sin set free.

CHORUS.

Wont you love and serve him, Wont you love and serve him, Wont you, wont you love and serve him.
 Wont you love and serve him, Wont you love and serve him,

Suffer the Children to come unto Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY,

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. Sav - iour, we ask to be al - ways thine own, Look on us ten - der - ly, now from thy throne;
 2. Earth has no friend - ship so ho - ly as thine, Care for us lov - ing - ly, Shep - herd di - vine,
 3. Sav - iour, we thank thee that faith brings us near, Just as the lit - tle ones came to thee here;
 4. Tak - ing our cross if we fol - low thee still, Meek - ly and cheerful - ly do - ing thy will;

Lambs of thy fold thou can'st make us to - day, Lead us, Dear Sav - iour, and show us the way.
 Smile on our pathway wherev - er we go, Teach us thy truth and thy wis - dom to know.
 If we are will - ing to an - swer thy call Thou hast a bless - ing, dear Sav - iour, for all.
 Then in the beau - ti - ful mansions a - bove We shall be wel - comed and crown'd with thy love.

CHORUS.

Prec - - - ious the words that were spok - - - en by thee,
 Precious the words spoken by thee, Precious the words spoken by thee

Suf - - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me.
 Suf - fer the chil - dren to come un - to me, Yes, suf - fer the children now to come un - to me.

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 goodness, Ev - er new the joy.
 2. Songs of joy be - fore me Shall my soul in - cite, For I'm press - ing on - ward 'To the golden light.
 3. God my hand is holding, And a song he gives, With the sweet as - sur - ance, My Redeemer lives.
 4. When with foes I'm fighting For the vic - tor - y, Songs of great de - liv - rance Set my spir - it free.

CHORUS.

I am ev - er sing - ing, Singing all the way; Sing - ing thro' the darkness, Singing thro' the day.

I will Praise Him.

Mrs. H. E. BROWN.

Eph. iii. 18, 19.

W. J. K.

1. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un-to the Lord; For his plenteous, free com-
 2. I will praise him, I will praise him, Witness to his love for me; How he chose, and sought, and
 3. I will praise him, I will praise him, I will sing un-to the Lord; For the joy of his sal-

pas - sion, Round the earth like floods outpoured; Reaching ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion, To the
 found me, With his grace so full and free; How he leads me on with bless - ing, Close - ly
 va - tion Shin - ing from his ho - ly word; Am - ply freight - ed with his mer - cy ' Is each

earth's re - mot - est line, Touching, cleansing, healing, sav - ing,—Oh, the *breadth* of love di - vine!
 holds this hand of mine, Keeps me when I shrink and fal - ter,—Oh, the *length* of love di - vine!
 sa - cred page and line, Ev - en to the chief of sinners,—Oh the *depth* of love di - vine!

CHORUS.

I will praise him, I will praise him, Ev - er be his name a - dored;
I will praise him, I will praise him, Ev - er be his name a - dored;

Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord.
Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Praise the Lord.

4 I will praise him, I will praise him,
I will sing unto the Lord;
Loud extol the royal bounty
His full treasures afford;
Half his goodness was not told me!
Oh, what glories in him shine!
I can never, never tell it,
All the *height* of love divine!

5 I will praise him, I will praise him,—
Holy Ghost, my song indite,—
For the love that passeth knowledge,
Length and breadth and depth and height;
Sing, O earth! let every creature
Help this feeble tongue of mine
To declare a love so precious,
Endless, infinite, divine!

Have I not Loved Thee?

J. R. S.

1. Have I not loved thee? thee, for whom in anguish, Grieving, I trode earth's thorny wastes and lone,
 2. Have I not loved thee? I, who bore thy sor - row Deep and uncheered in sad Gethsem-a - ne,
 3. Have I not loved thee? calling, urging, pleading, Stretching out long my wounded hands to thee,

Patient in toil, content in want to languish, Thee to re - deem, and make thee all my own?
 Shrank not to meet the scorner's cru - el ar - row, Braved the sharp thorn, the nail, the cross, for thee?
 Long, for thy life, still praying, in - ter - ced - ing, Thus, thus to bring thee to my rest and me?

CHORUS.

Have I not loved thee? Have I not loved thee? Thee to re - deem, and make thee all my own.

4 Have I not loved thee? oh, that thou wouldst hearken,
 Late though it be, to my most urgent call,
 Ere the thick clouds of ruin round thee darken,
 Ere the drear midnight shroud thee in its fall!

5 Have I not loved thee? what can love do ever
 More than my love hath done and borne for thee,
 Cast it not from thee, lest it cease forever;
 Come and be saved, O sinner, come to me!

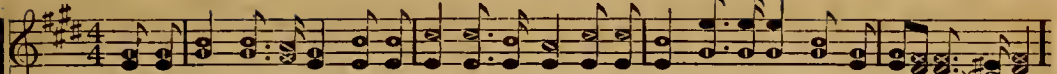
To the Race.

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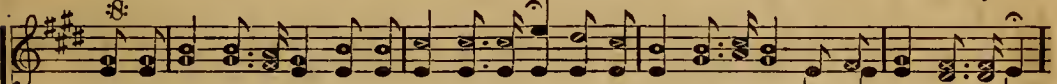
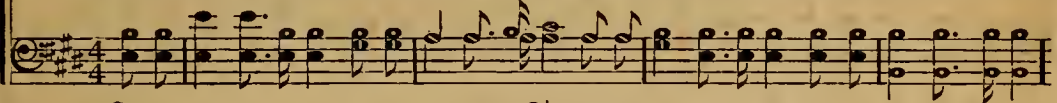
LIZZIE EDWARDS.

"So run that ye may obtain."—1 Cor. ix. 24.

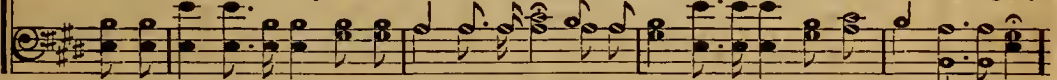
NELLIE M. JEFFERIS.



1. To the race, to the race, are we read- y to run? Cast a- side ev- 'ry weight, there's a prize to be won,
2. There are crowds looking down from the isles of the blest, Where with glory untold with the Saviour they rest;
3. To the race, to the race, and whatev- er assail, Let our hope nev-er droop and our faith nev- er fail;
4. To the race, to the race, turn away from the world, Lift our eyes to the cross and its banner unfurl'd;



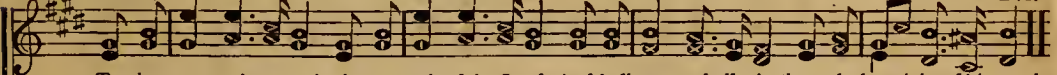
Cast a- side ev- 'ry weight that our speed would delay, And the sins that like thorns may be strewn in our way. They have finished their course, they have fought a good fight, And their faith to the last was unclouded and bright. For the prize at the end will be last- ing and sure, Un- to those who shall run and with patience endure. There are crowns, there are palms that will more than repay For the toils and the strife of a fast fleeting day.



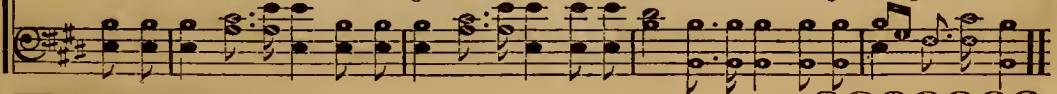
D.S.—Let us on in the path that our fath-ers have trod, Let us on in the work of our call- ing in God.

CHORUS.

D.S.



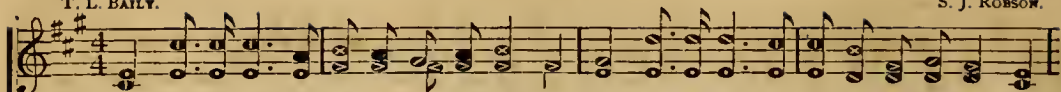
To the race, to the race, in the strength of the Lord, And believe we shall win through the might of his word,



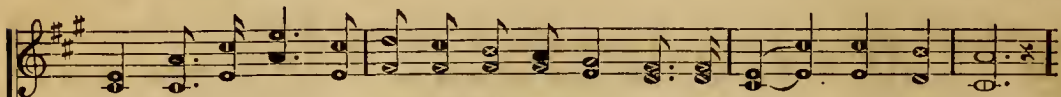
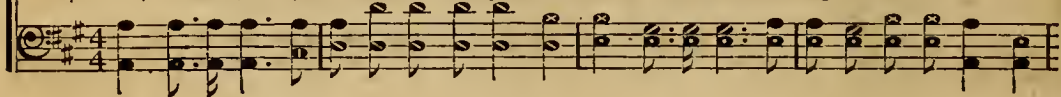
Wake, Brothers, Wake.

T. L. BAILY.

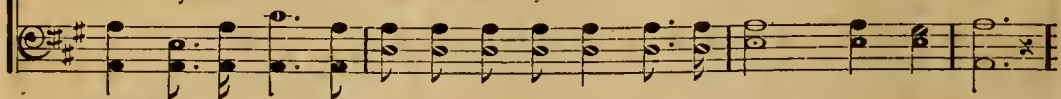
S. J. ROBSON.



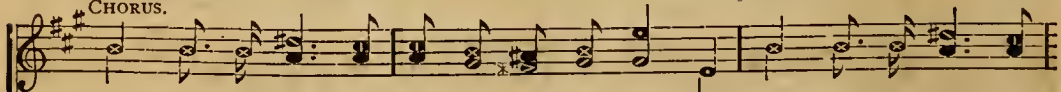
1. Wake, brothers, wake, the dawn is now ap-pear - ing, Light o'er the earth makes all so bright and cheering,
 2. March, comrades, march, the foe is draw-ing near - er, Look o'er the field—their legions showing clear - er,
 3. Stand, soldiers, stand, the foe is grow-ing bold - er, Raise up the cross, and shoulder put to shoulder,
 4. Cheer, Christians, cheer, the word at last is spok - en, Hell and its host no long - er stand unbroke - en,



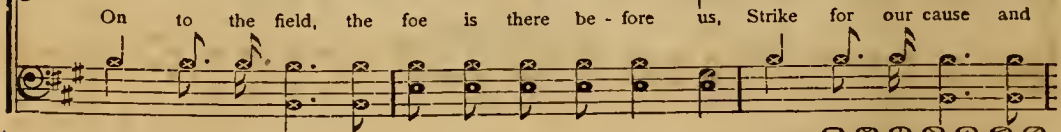
Loud sound the cry—the con - flict now is near - ing—For God and the right,
 Armed for the fray—O what have we that's dear - er Than God and his cause?
 Shout for our King, nor let our love grow cold - er, For God and his truth,
 Vict - 'ry is ours—be this our on - ly tok - en; In God is our trust.



CHORUS.



On to the field, the foe is there be - fore us, Strike for our cause and



Two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

sing a-loud our cho-rus, Point to the flag that waves in triumph o'er us; Je-sus is our King.

ANON.

Safety.

JNO. R. SWENBY.

Two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

1. In the shadow of the Rock Let me rest, Let me rest When I feel the tempest's shock Thrill my breast, Thrill my breast;
 2. I in peace will rest me here Till I see, Till I see That the skies again are fair O-ver me, O-ver me;
 3. Then my pilgrim staff I'll take, And once more, And once more I'll my onward journey make, As before, As before;

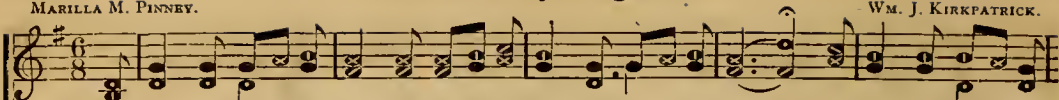
Two staves of music. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb and Eb) and a 3/4 time signature. The bottom staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the top staff.

All in vain the storm shall sweep, While I hide, While I hide, And my tranquil station keep By thy side, By thy side.
 That the burning heats are past, And the day, And the day Bids the weary one at last Go his way, Go his way.
 And with joyous heart and strong I will raise, I will raise Unto thee, O Rock, a song Glad with praise! Glad with praise!

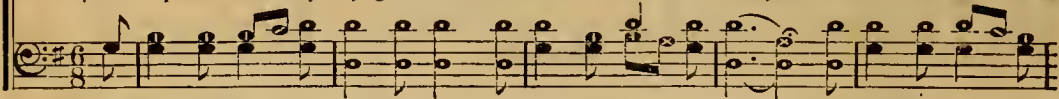
Heavenly Light.

MARILLA M. PINNEY.

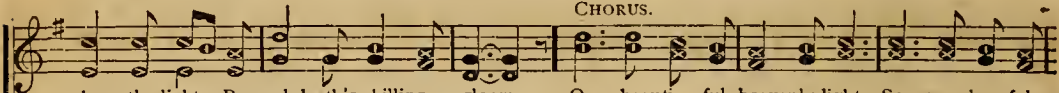
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



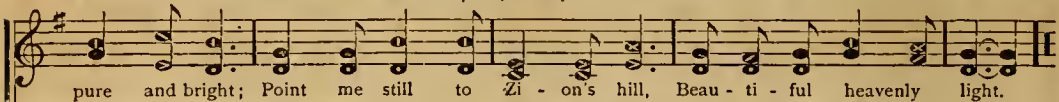
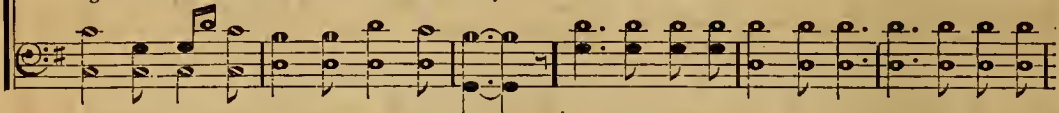
1. O precious flowers | O glorious bowers | O blest, immor - tal bloom, How wondrous bright must cheer;
 2. O land divine, such wealth of thine Comes down my soul to cheer; Though tangled thorn my
 3. The fogs may rise to dim the skies, And night's chill dews may fall, Through ev' - ry ill, my
 4. O keep me still, by thy good will; Yea, lead me all the way, To that blest shore where



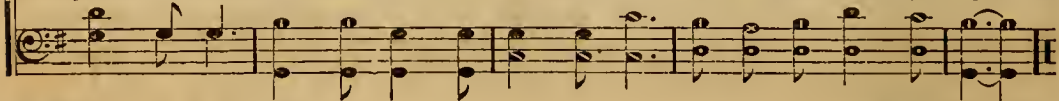
CHORUS.



be the light Beyond death's chilling gloom. O beauti - ful heavenly light, So wonder - ful,
 heart hath torn, Still, still thy light is near.
 soul, be still: Christ reigneth o - ver all.
 night no more Shall veil the brow of day.



pure and bright; Point me still to Zi - on's hill, Beau - ti - ful heavenly light.



My Hand in Thine.

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F. J. C.

J. R. S.

1. Sing - ing, sing - ing, day by day, All thy mer - cy Lord to me, Bright - er, bright - er,
 2. Sing - ing, sing - ing, o'er and o'er, What thy grace has done for me, On the wings of
 3. Sing - ing, sing - ing, so I stand, Gaz - ing forth with joy - ful eyes, On the bliss - ful
 4. Sing - ing, sing - ing, oh, how sweet Will that song in glo - ry be, When the ransomed

CHORUS.

grows the way while my soul communes with thee. Thou hast banished ev - 'ry fear With thy precious
 faith I soar Where my spirit soon will be.
 bor - der land, Lost in won - der and sur - prise.
 host I meet, When thy face, O Lord, I see.

love di - vine; Lord, through all my jour - ney here, Hold as now my hand in thine.

Oh, Speak to Me, my Saviour.

Rev. J. M. ENGARD.

W. J. K. 1

1. Oh, speak to me, my Saviour, Some words of ho - ly cheer, That I in joy or sorrow May
 2. Oh, speak to me, my Saviour, And tell me of thy grace,—Suf - fi - cient for thy peo - ple, For
 3. Oh, speak to me, my Saviour, I long to hear thy voice, For when I am de - spondent It

know that thou art near; O Lord how con - de - scend - ing To stoop and talk with me! I
 ev - 'ry time and place; Oh, speak to me in trou - ble Some con - so - la - tions dear, Be
 makes my heart re - joice; Thou lov - est me, my Sav - iour, Thy love I feel,—I know, But

CHORUS.

know I am un - worth - y, But hear my humble plea. Oh, speak to me, my Sa - viour, I
 with me in the con - flict, And I shall feel no fear.
 oh, my soul is wait - ing To hear thee tell me so.

wait with listening ear, Thy words, so full of com- fort, My soul delights to hear.

Dismiss us with Thy Blessing.

J. R. S.

1. Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy love possessing,
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ration, For thy gos-pel's joyful sound; May the fruits of thy sal - vation
3. So, whene'er the sig-nal's given Us from earth to call a-way, Borne on angel's wings to heaven,

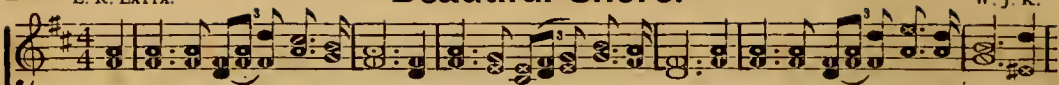
CHORUS.

Repeat pp.

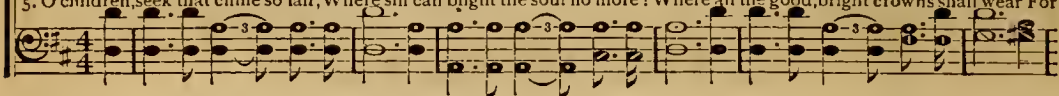
Triumph in redeeming grace; O refresh us, O refresh us, Traveling thro' this wil-der-ness.
In our hearts and lives abound; May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.
Glad the summons to o - bey, May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in endless day.

Beautiful Shore.

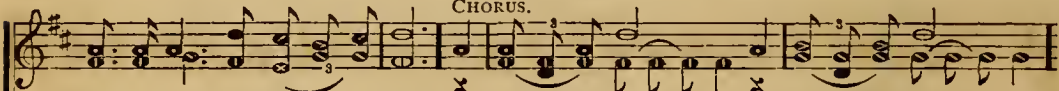
W. J. K.



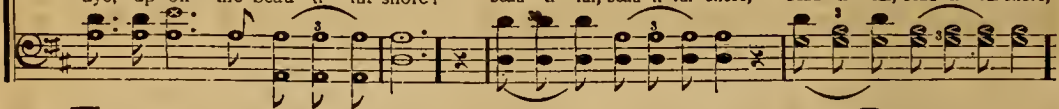
1. Beyond the crumbling banks of life, Where angry tempests beat no more, And where there is no care nor strife, There
2. Its skies are ever bright and clear, And spirits blest their Lord adore! The weary pilgrim findeth rest, Whose
3. There age no wrinkles e'er can know, And pain and sickness both are o'er! No burning tears can ever flow, No
4. Bright eyes no more in death shall close, The winds of winter never roar! No biting frost shall blast the rose That
5. O children, seek that clime so fair, Where sin can blight the soul no more! Where all the good, bright crowns shall wear For



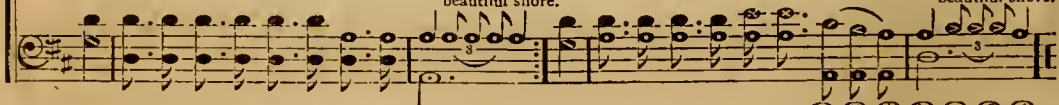
CHORUS.



lies outstretched the beauti - ful shore! O beau - ti - ful shore, O beau - ti - ful shore,
 feet have touch'd the beauti - ful shore!
 sighs e'er reach the beau - ti - ful shore!
 blooms up - on the beau - ti - ful shore!
 aye, up - on the beau - ti - ful shore!



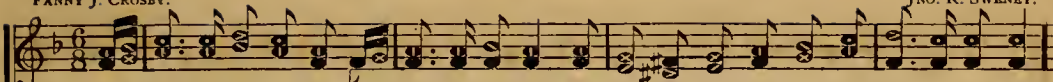
Where trees of life are blooming ev - er - more. Thy joys are joys e - ter - nal, beauti - ful shore.
 beautiful shore. beautiful shore.



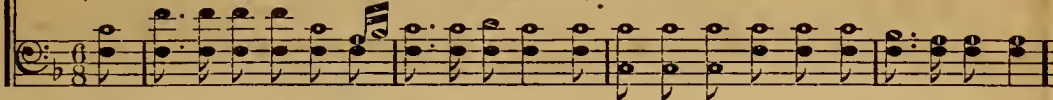
Clear is my Title.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

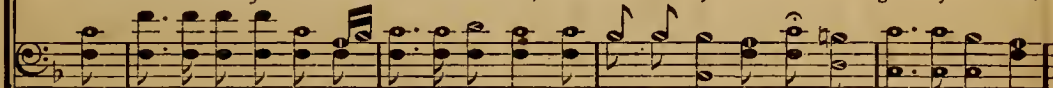
JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. My heart is with Je-sus, All praise to his name, Whose mercy redeems me, Whose mer-its I claim;
 2. My life is with Je-sus, 'Tis hid in his own, And oft with his spir-it eom-muning a-lone;
 3. My all is with Je-sus, Though troubles may roll Like surges of o-ccean, 'Tis well with my soul,
 4. Then welcome the shadow And welcome the vale; My steps will not fal-ter, My faith will not fall;

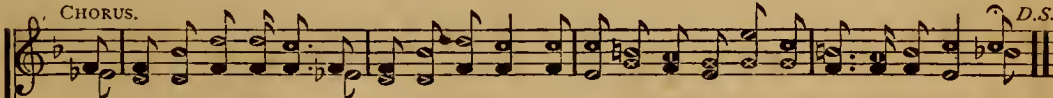


I lean on his promise, Con-fide in his love, And clear is my ti-tle To man-sions above.
 He brings from those man-sions A vi-sion so near, I know to their glo-ry My ti-tle is clear.
 His voice o'er the bil-low Like mu-sic I hear, And know that my ti-tle To glo-ry is clear.
 The waves of the Jordan For me have no fear, Assured that my ti-tle To glo-ry is clear.

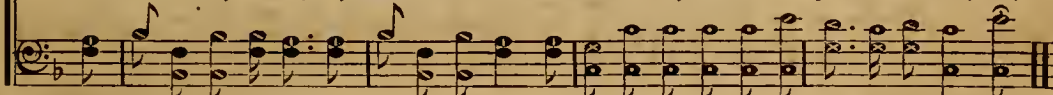


D. S.—clear is my ti-tle, 'Tis sealed with his love, My ti-tle to en-ter The man-sions a-b-ove.

CHORUS.



Yes, clear is my ti-tle, By faith I can see A home that my Saviour Has purchased for me; Yes,



Jesus Died to Save Me.

IRA ORWIG HOFFMAN.

Lively.

1. Je - sus died up - on the tree, From my sins to set me free, From my sins to
 2. He hath made an end of sin, And his blood has washed me clean, Yes, his blood has
 3. Trusting his al - might - y aid, I will ne - ver be dis - mayed, No, I will not
 4. With the saints in heav'n a - bove I will sing his dy - ing love, I will sing his
 5. Oh, let ev' - ry ransomed soul Sound his praise from pole to pole, Sound his praise from

CHORUS.

set me free, He is my Re - deem - er. Pre - cious love! won - drous love!
 washed me clean, He is my Re - deem - er.
 be dis - mayed, He is my Re - deem - er.
 dy - ing love, He is my Re - deem - er.
 pole to pole, He is my Re - deem - er.

His own life he gave me; On the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Je - sus died to save me,

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Je - sus is the children's friend! He will love them to the end; He will lead them by the hand, Safe-ly
 2. Je - sus is the children's friend! Un - to him their prayers ascend; He will bless each ten - der heart, And his
 3. Je - sus is the children's friend! He will all their steps at - tend; He will wash a - way their sin; Make each

CHORUS.

to the promised land. Je - sus, Je - sus, bles - sed, bles - sed Je - sus, Je - sus is the children's friend,
 peace and love impart,
 guilty conscience clean.

Their unchang - ing, lov - ing friend; And he loves them with a love That will nev - er, nev - er end.

Crown Him With Many Crowns.

MATTHEW BRIDGES.

W. J. K.

1. Crown him with many crowns, The Lamb up-on his throne; Hark, how the heav- en-ly anthem drowns All
 2. Crown him the Lord of love! Be- hold his hands and side, Rich wounds, yet vis- i- ble a-bove, In
 3. Crown him the Lord of peace! Whose power a scepter sways From pole to pole that wars may cease, And
 4. Crown him the Lord of years, The Po- ten- tate of time, Cre- a- tor of the roll- ing spheres, In-

mu- sic but its own! A- wake, my soul, and sing Of him who died for thee, And
 beau- ty glo- ri- fied: No an- gel in the sky Can ful- ly bear that sight, But
 all be prayer and praise: His reign shall know no end, And round his pier- ced feet Fair
 ef- fa- bly sub- lime! All hail! Re- deem- er. hail! For thou hast died for me; Thy

CHORUS.

hail him as thy matchless King Thro' all e- ter- ni- ty. Crown him with man- y crowns,
 downward bends his burn- ing eye At mys- te- ries so great.
 flowers of par- a- dise ex- tend Their fragrance ev- er sweet.
 praise shall nev- er, nev- er fail Throughout e- ter- ni- ty. ma- ny crowns, O

crown him with man-y crowns; . He liv-eth a-gain who once was slain, Crown him with man-y crowns.
 man-y crowns;

H. BONAR.

Glory to the King of Kings.

W. J. K.

1. Glory be to God the Father, Glory be to God the Son, Glory be to God the Spir-it, Great Je-ho-vab,
2. Glory be to him who lov'd us, Wash'd us from each spot and stain; Glory be to him who bought us, Made us kings with
3. Glory to the King of Angels, Glory to the Church's King, Glory to the King of Nations, Heaven and earth your
4. Glory, blessing, praise eter-nal, Thus the choir of angels sings; Honor, riches, power, dominion, Thus its praise cre-

mp Three in One; Glo-ry, glo-ry, While eter-nal a-ges run; Glo-ry, glo-ry, While eter-nal a-ges run.
 him to reign: Glo-ry, glo-ry To the Lamb that once was slain, Glo-ry, glo-ry To the Lamb that once was slain.
 praises bring: Glo-ry, glo-ry To the King of Glory bring, Glo-ry, glo-ry To the King of Glory bring.
 a-tion brings: Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry to the King of Kings, Glo-ry, glo-ry, Glo-ry to the King of Kings.
 Glory, glory, Glory, glory,

Bind up the Sheaves.

Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Oh, gather the gold-en grain, For yonder the fields are white; Oh, let them not wait in vain, But
 2. Oh, precious the gold-en grain, For none but our Lord can know The price that he paid to gain The
 3. Oh, let not the grain be lost! Not so has the Mas-ter willed; Oh, save, whatsoe'er it cost, His

CHORUS.

work thro' the day 'till night. Then gather it in, yes, gather it in, A-way, to the fields a-
 field where his reapers go.
 garner shall thus be filled.

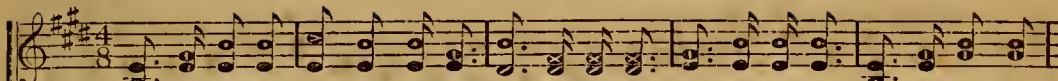
way, To gath-er the grain, the bright, golden grain; Go, bind up the sheaves to-day.

Help a Little.

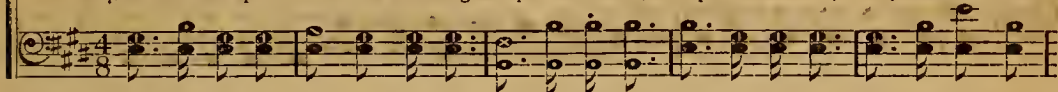
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Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

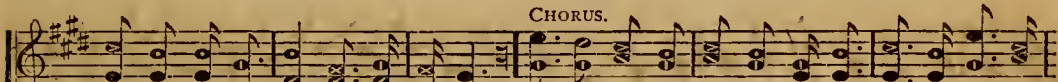
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



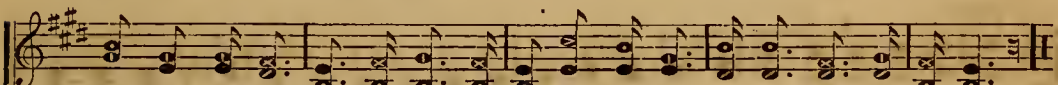
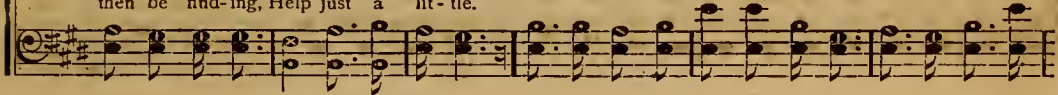
1. In this world of bur - den - bearing Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle; For thy wea - ry
2. In the work a - round us pressing Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle; Let thy la - bor
3. In the seed-time's ear - ly sow - ing Help a lit - tle, help a lit - tle; On the soil some
4. When the reapers sheaves are bind - ing Help a lit - tle; help a lit - tle; Oh, some handfuls



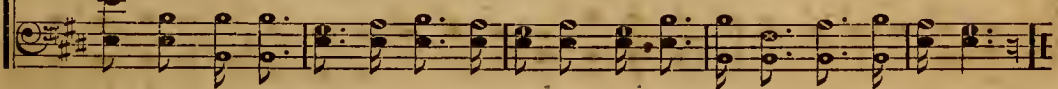
CHORUS.



broth - er car - ing, Help just a lit - tle. Oh, the shoulders we might lighten! Oh, the paths that
prove a blessing, Help just a lit - tle.
care be - stowing, Help just a lit - tle.
then be find - ing, Help just a lit - tle.



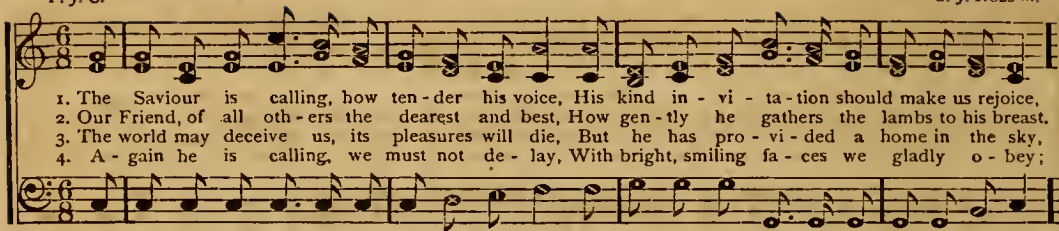
we might brighten! Oh, the wrongs that we might right - en! Helping just a lit - tle.



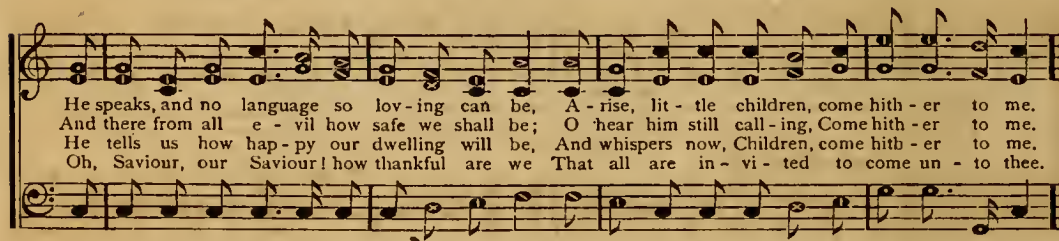
Come Hither to Me.

F. J. C.

S. J. ROBSON.

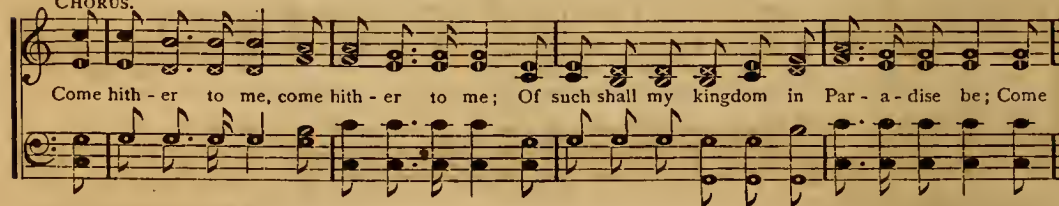


1. The Saviour is calling, how ten-der his voice, His kind in - vi - ta - tion should make us rejoice,
 2. Our Friend, of all oth - ers the dearest and best, How gen - tly he gathers the lambs to his breast.
 3. The world may deceive us, its pleasures will die, But he has pro - vi - ded a home in the sky,
 4. A - gain he is calling, we must not de - lay, With bright, smiling fa - ces we gladly o - bey;



He speaks, and no language so lov - ing can be, A - rise, lit - tle children, come hith - er to me.
 And there from all e - vil how safe we shall be; O hear him still call - ing, Come hith - er to me.
 He tells us how hap - py our dwelling will be, And whispers now, Children, come hith - er to me.
 Oh, Saviour, our Saviour! how thankful are we That all are in - vi - ted to come un - to thee.

CHORUS.



Come hith - er to me, come hith - er to me; Of such shall my kingdom in Par - a - dise be; Come

hith - er to me, come hith - er to me, A - rise, lit - tle children, come hith - er to me.

Mrs. ANNIE E. THOMSON.

The Shadow of the Rock.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In a wear - y land I wander, And with falt'ring steps I walk ; But I soon shall rest up yonder,
2. Here my toils are un - a - bating, And rude cares about me mock ; But my rest is yonder waiting,
3. In these pastures fair and vernal, With my Shepherd's chosen flock, I shall feast on joys e - ternal.
4. By these wa - ters gen - tly flowing, I shall fear no tempest's shock ; And no want or grief be knowing,
5. So with pa - tient faith I'll wander, And with lov - ing trust will walk, For I'll soon be resting yonder,

D. S. soon be resting yonder,

D. S.

Fine. CHORUS.

In the shadow of the rock, In the shadow of the rock, In the shadow of the rock, I will

In the shadow of the rock.

Keep Looking unto Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

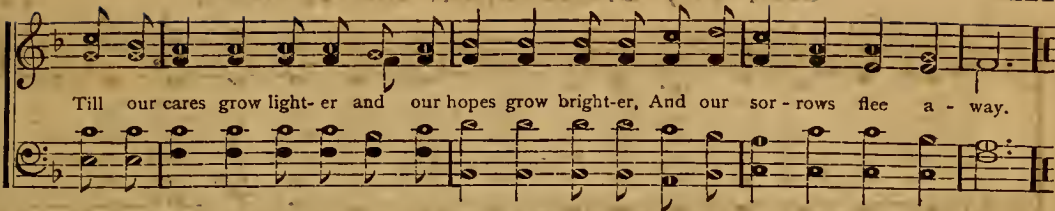
W. J. K.

1. Keep look-ing un - to Je - sus as we march a - long, Keep looking un - to Je - sus all the day,
 2. Keep look-ing un - to Je - sus with the night a - round, Keep looking un - to Je - sus, Star and Sun,
 3. Keep look-ing un - to Je - sus, when the storms are out, Keep looking un - to Je - sus, sore - ly tried;
 4. Keep look-ing un - to Je - sus, Au - thor of our faith, Keep looking un - to Je - sus as we move,

When our hopes are stead - fast and our hearts are strong, We can tread the nar - row way.
 We shall yet be - hold him with full glo - ry crowned, When the fi - nal vic - t'ry's won.
 We shall win the bat - tle with a song and shout, We shall find new strength sup - plied,
 We shall share his tri - umph ov - er sin and death, We shall reign with him a - bove.

CHORUS.

Keep look-ing un - to Je - sus, looking un - to Je - sus, Looking un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry day.

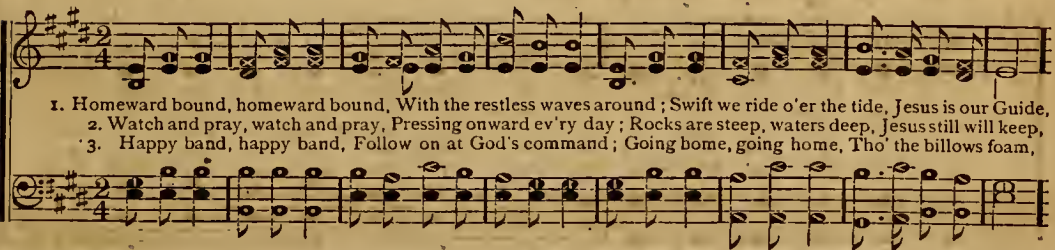


Till our cares grow light-er and our hopes grow bright-er, And our sor-rows flee a-way.

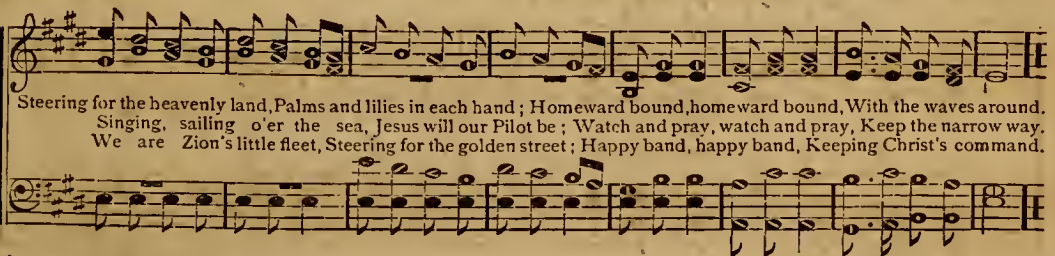
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

Homeward Bound.

W. J. K.



1. Homeward bound, homeward bound, With the restless waves around ; Swift we ride o'er the tide, Jesus is our Guide,
2. Watch and pray, watch and pray, Pressing onward ev'ry day ; Rocks are steep, waters deep, Jesus still will keep,
3. Happy band, happy band, Follow on at God's command ; Going home, going home, Tho' the billows foam,



Steering for the heavenly land, Palms and lilies in each hand ; Homeward bound, homeward bound, With the waves around.
Singing, sailing o'er the sea, Jesus will our Pilot be ; Watch and pray, watch and pray, Keep the narrow way.
We are Zion's little fleet, Steering for the golden street ; Happy band, happy band, Keeping Christ's command.

Cast Thy Bread upon the Waters.

**

1. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have but scant sup - ply,
 2. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Poor and wea - ry, worn with care,—
 3. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Ye who have a - bun - dant store;
 4. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Far and wide your treas - ures strew;
 5. Cast thy bread up - on the wa - ters, Waft it on with pray - ing breath,

An - gel eyes will watch a - bove it;— You shall find it by and by;
 Of - ten sit - ting in the sha - dow, Have you not a crumb to spare?
 It may float on many a bil - low, It may strand on many a shore;
 Scat - ter it with wil - ling fin - gers, Laugh for joy to see it gol
 In some dis - tant, doubt - ful mo - ment It may save a soul from death;

He who in his right - eous bal - ance Doth each hu - man ac - tion weigh,
 Can you not to those a - round you Sing some lit - tle song of hope,
 You may think it lost for - ev - er, But as sure as God is true,
 For if you do close - ly keep it, It will on - ly drag you down;
 When you sleep in sol - emn si - lence, 'Neath the morn and eve - ning dew,

Will your sac - ri - fice re - mem - ber, Will your lov - ing deed re - pay.
 As you look with long - ing vi - sion Thro' faith's migh - ty tel - e - scope?
 In this life or in the oth - er, It will yet re - turn to you.
 If you love it more than Je - sus, It will keep you from your crown.
 Stran - ger hands, which you have strengthened May strew lil - ies ov - er you.

J. H. K.

Happy in the Lord.

J. H. KURZENKNABE.

D.C. 1. Lit - tle children come to - day, Hap - py in the Lord; We u - nite to sing and pray, Happy in the Lord.
 2. Je - sus loves to hear our praise, Happy in the Lord; He will keep us all our days, Happy in the Lord.
 3. By the Saviour's pard'ning blood, Happy in the Lord; We are cleans'd from ev'ry spot, Happy in the Lord.
 4. Then when done with mortal praise, Happy in the Lord; We shall worship face to face, Happy in the Lord.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Here with tuneful voic - es, All in sweet ac - cord; Ev' - ry one re - joic - es, Hap - py in the Lord.

Victorious.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.
Animato.

Easter Hymn.

W. J. K.

SEMICHORUS.

1. Vic - to - ri - ous! Vic - to - ri - ous! Christ has a - ris - en glo - ri - ous; Where the fun'ral knell was tolled
 2. Vic - to - ri - ous! Vic - to - ri - ous! Christ has a - ris - en glo - ri - ous; Where the heavy tomb was sealed
 3. Vic - to - ri - ous! vic - to - ri - ous! Christ has a - ris - en glo - ri - ous; On his brow the conqueror's wreath,

rit.

Be the hymn of triumph rolled, Let the palm's green branches wave O'er the slumber of the grave;
 Gates of Par - a - dise revealed, Where the mourners wept around, Faith looks up, with glo - ry crowned,
 In his hand the keys of death, He shall bur - ied hopes re - store, He shall live for - ev - er - more,

FULL CHORUS. *Allegro.*

From its gloom vic - to - ri - ous, Christ has ris - en glo - ri - ous, Christ has ris - en glo - ri - ous.
 O'er the grave, vic - to - ri - ous, Christ has ris - en glo - ri - ous, Christ has ris - en glo - ri - ous.
 Ov - er death vic - to - ri - ous, Christ has ris - en glo - ri - ous, Christ has ris - en glo - ri - ous.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, Christ has risen glo - ri - ous.

Our Welcome Song.

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F. J. C.

J. R. S.

1. Our hearts are full of joy and song, While here once more we come, And warmly greet the many friends With-
2. Oh, welcome, welcome, ev-'ry one, Where purest pleasures dwell; Where faith and hope whene'er we meet Their
3. Oh, welcome, welcome, ev-'ry one, To this our home so dëar; Where we are taught the way of life, That
4. Oh, welcome, welcome, ev-'ry one, And this shall be our prayer, That each of us at God's right hand A

CHORUS.

in our Sabbath home. Thrice welcome, glad welcome to all; We're happy, as happy can be; Of
precious sto-ry tell.
blessed way so dear.
robe and crown may wear.

yes, we're happy; Of

Je - sus we sing, our Re - deem - er and King; For who is so lov - ing as he?

Glory to His Name.

Rev. ELISNA HOFFMAN.

"I will glorify thy name forevermore."—Ps. lxxiii. 4.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Sa - viour died, Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried ;
 2. I am so wondrous - ly sav'd from sin, Je - sus so sweet - ly abides with - in ;
 3. Oh, precious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - ter'd in ;
 4. Come to this foun - tain, so rich and sweet ; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet ;

CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied ; Glo - ry to his name. Glo - ry to his name,
 There at the cross where he took me in, Glo - ry to his name.
 There Je - sus saves me and keeps me clean, Glo - ry to his name.
 Plunge in to-day, and be made complete ; Glo - ry to his name.

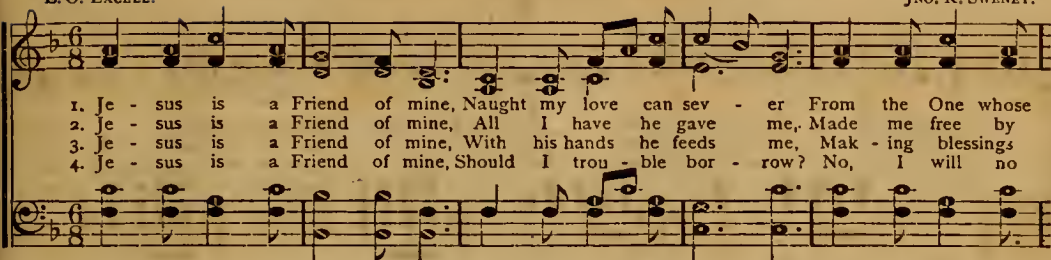
Glo - ry to his name, There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo - ry to his name.

Jesus is a Friend of Mine.

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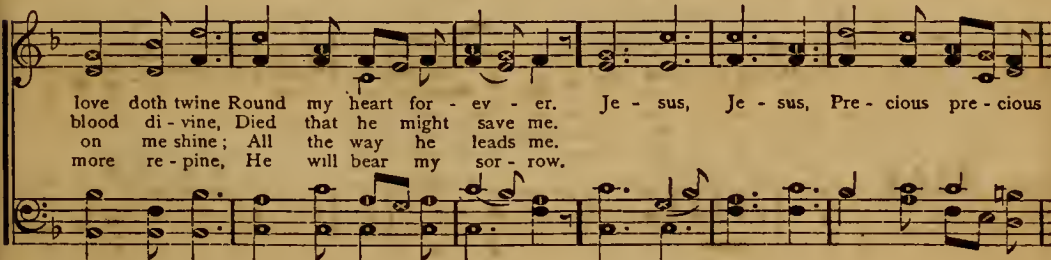
E. O. EXCELL.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

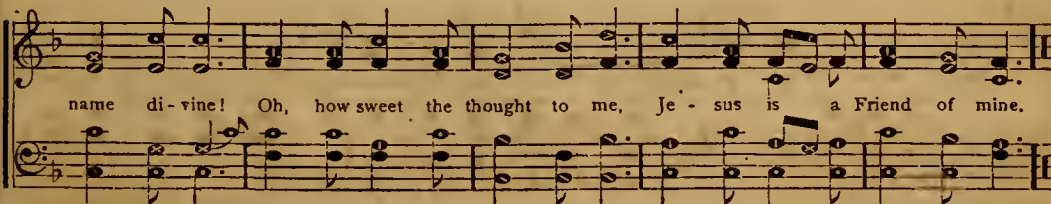


1. Je - sus is a Friend of mine, Naught my love can sev - er From the One whose
2. Je - sus is a Friend of mine, All I have he gave me, Made me free by
3. Je - sus is a Friend of mine, With his hands he feeds me, Mak - ing blessings
4. Je - sus is a Friend of mine, Should I trou - ble bor - row? No, I will no

CHORUS.



love doth twine Round my heart for - ev - er. Je - sus, Je - sus, Pre - cious pre - cious
blood di - vine, Died that he might save me.
on me shine; All the way he leads me.
more re - pine, He will bear my sor - row.



name di - vine! Oh, how sweet the thought to me, Je - sus is a Friend of mine.

Little Ones May Come to Thee.

F. J. C.

J. R. S.

SOLO.

DUET.

SOLO.

1. I would seek . . . and find thee now, Blessed Sav - iour, teach me how, I would
 2. Thou did'st leave thy crown of light, Thou did'st leave thy home so bright, Thou did'st
 3. Precious Sav - iour, Friend divine, Take and keep my hand in thine; Then how

lay . . . my heart to rest On thy gen - tle, lov - ing breast. Thou art pure . . . and un - de -
 leave . . . them all for me, That my soul might live with thee. Thou art pure and un - de -
 hap - py I shall be, Step by step to walk with thee.

filed, un - de - filed, I a weak . . . and help - less child; Yet thy
 I a weak and help - less child, help - less child;

Word has said to me, Lit - tle ones may come to thee, Yes, the lit - tle ones may come to thee.

HEBER.

Holy, holy, holy!

J. B. DYKES.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y! Grate - ful - ly a - dor - ing our song shall rise to thee;
2. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! all the saints adore thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! though the darkness hide thee, Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,
4. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! Lord God Almighty, All thy works shall praise thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;

Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and migh - ty, God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty.
 Cher - u - bim and Sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore thee, Who wert and art and ev - er - more shall be,
 On - ly thou art ho - ly, there is none besides thee, Per - fect in power, in love and pur - i - ty.
 Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly! mer - ci - ful and migh - ty; God in Three Persons, blessed Trin - i - ty!

Tell it out

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

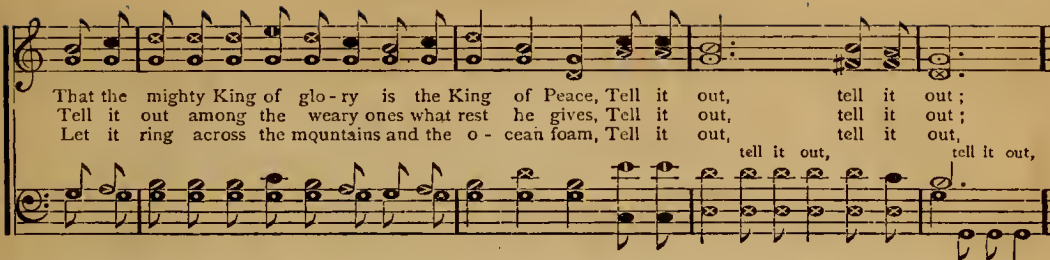
Ps. xciv. 10.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

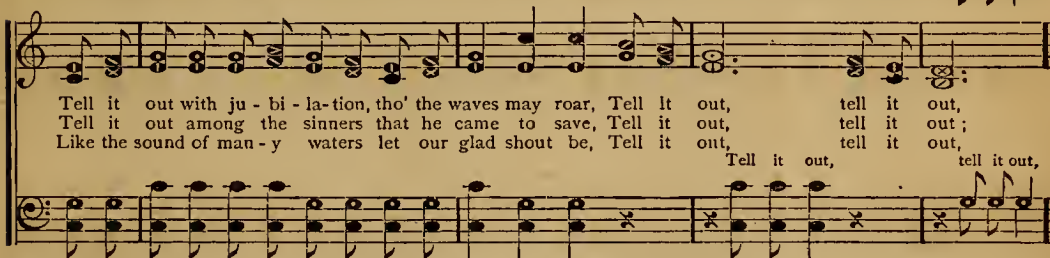
1. Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King, Tell it out, tell it out,
 2. Tell it out among the nations that the Sav-our reigns, Tell it out, tell it out,
 3. Tell it out among the heathen, Je-sus reigns a-bove, Tell it out, tell it out,

Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out among the nations, bid them shout and sing, Tell it out, tell it out;
 Tell it out among the heathen, bid them burst their chains, Tell it out, tell it out;
 Tell it out among the nations that his name is love, Tell it out, tell it out,

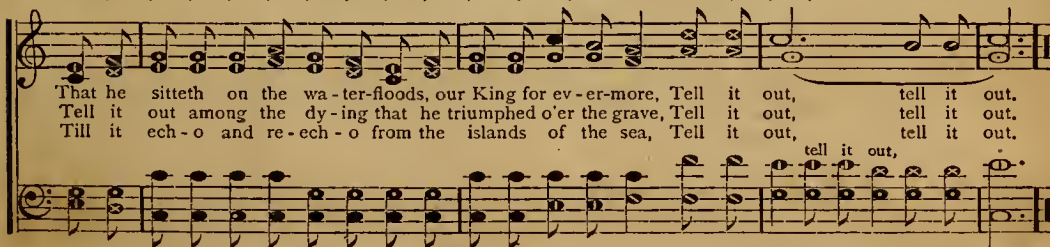
Tell it out with ad-o-ration, that he shall increase, Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out among the weeping ones that Je-sus lives, Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out among the highways and the lanes at home, Tell it out, tell it out,



That the mighty King of glo-ry is the King of Peace, Tell it out, tell it out ;
 Tell it out among the weary ones what rest he gives, Tell it out, tell it out ;
 Let it ring across the mountains and the ocean foam, Tell it out, tell it out,
 tell it out, tell it out,



Tell it out with ju-bi-lation, tho' the waves may roar, Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out among the sinners that he came to save, Tell it out, tell it out ;
 Like the sound of many waters let our glad shout be, Tell it out, tell it out,
 Tell it out, tell it out,



That he sitteth on the water-foams, our King for ever-more, Tell it out, tell it out.
 Tell it out among the dying that he triumphed o'er the grave, Tell it out, tell it out.
 Till it ech-o and re-ech-o from the islands of the sea, Tell it out, tell it out.
 tell it out,

Consecration Hymn.

1. Saviour, on thy word re - ly - ing, We have gathered in thy name; Thou hast told us ev - 'ry
 2. Lo, our gift is on the altar, Let the fire consume its dross; Bind, oh, bind our hearts af -
 3. More in earnest in our labor, More u - nit - ed let us be: Thou the vine and we the
 4. Thus to - gether may we journey To our Father's home above; Patient, faithful, per - se -

CHORUS.

promise We by sim - ple faith may claim. Come, oh, come, thou grac - ious Spir - it, Come, oh,
 fections, Clos - er, clos - er to the cross.
 branches, Make and keep us one in thee.
 ver - ing, — Armed with zeal and filled with love.

come, in power and might; Con - se - crate a - new, we pray thee, Con - se - crate our souls to - night.

The Life-giving Fountain.

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F. J. C.

W. J. K.

1. Come, oh, come to the foun-tain so free; Why wilt thou thirst on the mountain? Je-sus, thy Saviour, is
 2. Come, oh, come, art thou long-ing for rest, Weary, and lad-en with sor-row? Come, and this moment be
 3. Come, oh, come from the gloom and the night, Long thy worn spirit op-press-ing; Come to the fountain that
 4. Fly, oh, fly to thy Sav-iour a-way, Break ev'ry chain that has bound thee, Then will the arms of his

CHORUS.

waiting for thee, Come to the life giving foun-tain. Haste, haste to the fountain that flows Pure from e-
 hap-py and blest, Trust not the dawn of to-mor-row.
 sparkles with light, Fountain of joy and of bless-ing.
 mer-cy to-day Lov-ing-ly cir-cle a-round thee. Haste, haste, haste,

-ter - ni-ty's riv - er, On its beau-ti-ful mar-gin re-pose, Drink of its wa-ters for - ev - er.

Abiding in Jesus.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWANEY.

1. I car - ried it all to Je - sus, The sor - row I long had borne, And soft - ly I heard him
 2. I car - ried my wants to Je - sus, I told him my doubts and fears, Con - fess - ing my ev - 'ry
 3. I car - ried my wants to Je - sus, I prayed for a faith more bright, The clouds from my sky de -

whis - per, How ble - sed are they that mourn; I car - ried it all to Je - sus, — My
 weak - ness In 'pen - i - tent, heart - felt tears; I asked him for strength to help me The
 part - ed, My spir - it was filled with light; He prom - ised to walk be - side me, My

bur - den of toil and care, — I car - ried it all to Je - sus, And trust - ing, I left it there.
 tri - als of life to bear, I car - ried my will to Je - sus, And trust - ing, I left it there.
 com - fort in ev - 'ry care, I car - ried my all to Je - sus, And trust - ing, I left it there.

D. S. know I a - bide in Je - sus, And Je - sus a - bides in me.

CHORUS.

Yes, trust - - - ing the grace that saves me, The song of my heart shall be: I

Yes, trust - ing grace that saves,

Assurance.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

CHARLES WESLEY.

1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise; Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacri - fice In my behalf ap - pears:
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - tercede; His all - redeeming love, His precious blood to plead;

Be - fore the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on his hands, My name is written on his hands.
His blood atoned for all our race, And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds he bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me:
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransomed sinner die."

4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One:
He cannot turn away
The presence of his Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled;
His pard'ning voice I hear:
He owns me for his child;
I can no longer fear:
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

Hail, glorious Company.

Arr. from BECHER.

In march time.

Hail! glorious com- pa- ny, to Zion's ci- ty bound! While marching on your way let songs of praise resound!
D.C. Hail! glorious com- pa- ny! the crowns for you to wear, Await you at the throne beyond the golden stair.

On, then, to heav'n above, Firm in faith and love; Trust in God; naught shall stay Our triumphant way!
 On, then, to reach the prize; Let loud anthems rise! Praise the Lord! he will guide; May your faith abide!

On, then, to heav'n a - bove, Firm in faith and love; Trust in God, naught shall stay our glorious way.

● ⊗ ○ ○ ○ ○ ○
 DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

p Rest and peace in - vite us; Joy and love á - wait us. Thus in happy com - pa - ny, *f*

Press we on to our home, Press we on our joy - ful way To heaven our home. *Fine. Key. F.* { Je - sus waits to
There the weary

D. C. al Fine. welcome all Who o - bey his gen - tle call; Who believe he'll receive In his heavenly home. *Key C.*
soul shall rest In the love of Je - sus blest, And a - dore ev - ermore Christ the Lord and King. }

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Hark, Hark My Soul.

FABER.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hark, hark, my soul! an - gel - ic songs are swelling O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
 2. Onward we go, for still we hear them singing, "Come, wear - y souls, for Jesus bids you come!"
 3. Far, far a - way, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Je - sussesounds o'er land and sea.
 4. Rest comes at length, tho' life be long and drear - y; The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;

How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell - ing Of that new life when sin shall be no more!
 And thro' the dark, its ech - oes sweetly ringing, The mu - sic of the gospel leads us home.
 And lad - en souls by thousands, meekly stealing, King Shepherd, turn their wear - y steps to thee.
 All journeys end in welcome to the wear - y, And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.

CHORUS.

An - gels of Je - sus, an - gels of light, Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night!

O to be Like Him.

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Mrs. E. C. ELLSWORTH.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

DUET.

1. O to be like him, Ten-der and kind, Gen-tle in spir - it, Low-ly in mind;
 2. O to be like him, Quick to o - bey, Child-like and truth - ful, Read - y to say,
 3. O to be like him, Tempted in vain, Dwelling with sin - ners, Yet with-out stain;

More like to Je-sus Day af - ter day, Filled with his spir - it Now and al - way.
 "I and my Father Pur-pose have one, Thine, not my will, Ev - er be done."
 Giv - ing our life-work Sin-ners to save, Triumph-ing o - ver Death and the grave.

CHORUS.

Yes, to be like him We must a - bide Near to our Sav-iour, Close by his side.

His Garment's Hem.

MERLE MURRIE.

THOS. ERVIN.

1. When the love - ly hues of sunset Kissed the bright Jude - an hills, Je - sus walked along the borders Of those
2. Words of wisdom, love and meekness, Mingled with the brooklet's song, As he slowly walked at ev - en, From the

rippling, lim - pid rills, Could I then have soft - ly followed, Knowing he would not con - demn, I had
ea - ger, waiting throug; From the Bi - ble hear those ac - cents, Ev - ery word a priceless gem; Here I

treasured ev - ery sentence, — Gently touched his garment's hem. The garment's hem! the garment's hem! Of
bring my sin - ful spir - it, Just to touch his garment's hem!

CHORUS.

him who wears a di - a-dem, O Rul - er great of earth and sky, Just let me touch thy garment's hem.

God of the Weary.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. J

1. The lit - tle birds now seek their nest; The ba - by sleeps on mother's breast; Thou giv - est all thy
2. The sail - or pray - eth on the sea; The lit - tle ones at mother's knee; Now comes the pen - i-
3. The orphan puts a - way his fears: The troubled hopes for hap - pier years; Thou dri - est all the

children rest, God of the wea - ry.
tent to thee, God of the wea - ry.
mourner's tears, God of the wea - ry.

- 4 Thou sendest rest to tired feet;
To little toilers, slumbers sweet;
To aching hearts, repose complete;
God of the weary.
- 5 In grief, perplexity, or pain,
None ever come to thee in vain;
Thou makest life and joy again,
God of the weary.
- 6 We sleep that we may wake renewed,
To serve thee as thy children should,
With love, and zeal, and gratitude,
God of the weary.

We Come, a Happy Throng.

1. We come with smil-ing fac - es, We come with hap - py song, We blend our hearts and voic - es With
 2. We sing of him who taught us The pure and per - fect way, Of him whose hand has brought us To
 3. We sing of our Cre - a - tor, Our Lord and Sa - viour King, Who robes the earth in beau - ty, And
 4. We thank our gra - cious Sa - viour For ev' - ry gift we share, For all his lov - ing kindness, His
 5. Oh, may he still pro - tect us Through all our vears to come, And fit our souls to praise him In

CHORUS.

na - tures min - strel throng. We come, . . . we come, . . . we come with smil - ing fa - ces, We
 wor - ship here to - day.
 crowns the gen - tle spring.
 ten - der, watchful care.
 yon - der peaceful home. we come, we come,

come, (we come,) we come, (we come,) we come with hap - py song, We blend, . . . we blend, . . . we

blend our hearts and voices With nature's song, a happy throng, We come, a happy throng.

Mrs. E. CODNER.

Even Me.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

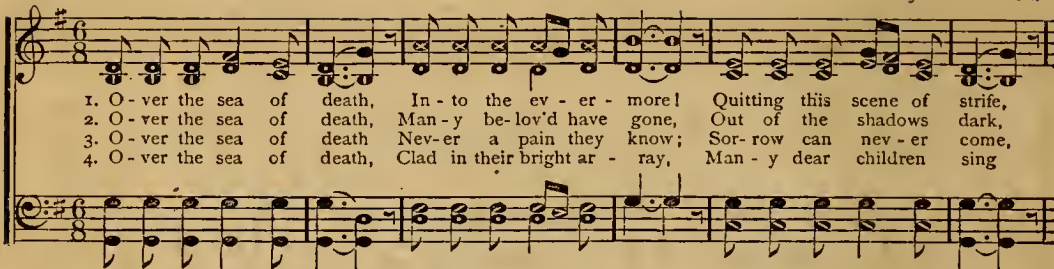
1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of blessing, Thou art scatt'ring full and free—Show'rs, the thirsty land re-
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Father! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be; Thou might'st leave me, but the
 3. Pass me not, O ten-der Saviour! Let me live and cling to thee; I am longing for thy

freshing; Let some drops now fall on me.— E-ven me, E-ven me,
 rather Let thy merc-y fall on me.—
 favor; Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me.—
p Yes, e-ven me, *p* Yes, e-ven 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,—Even me, etc.

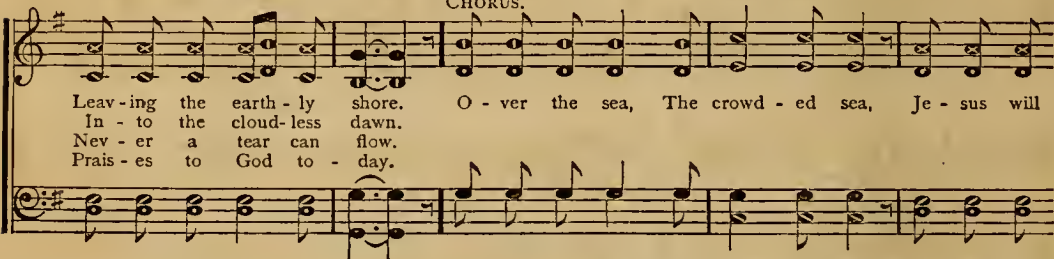
5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me,—Even me, etc.

Over the Sea.

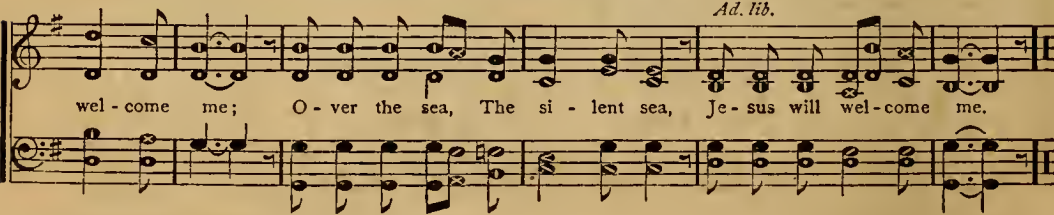


1. O - ver the sea of death, In - to the ev - er - more! Quitting this scene of strife,
 2. O - ver the sea of death, Man - y be - lov'd have gone, Out of the shadows dark,
 3. O - ver the sea of death, Nev - er a pain they know; Sor - row can nev - er come,
 4. O - ver the sea of death, Clad in their bright ar - ray, Man - y dear children sing

CHORUS.



Leav - ing the earth - ly shore. O - ver the sea, The crowd - ed sea, Je - sus will
 In - to the cloud - less dawn.
 Nev - er a tear can flow.
 Prais - es to God to - day.

Ad. lib.


wel - come me; O - ver the sea, The si - lent sea, Je - sus will wel - come me.

The Unfinished Prayer.

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JNO. R. SWENEY.

Andante.

1. "Now I lay"—re - peat it, dar - ling— "Lay me," lisped the tin - y lips
 2. "Down to sleep"—"To sleep," she murmured, And the curl - y head bent low; I
 3. "Pray the Lord"—the sound came faint - ly, Faint - er still—"my soul to keep
 4. But the dew - y eyes half o - pened When I clasped her to my breast,
 5. O, the trust - ing, sweet con - fid - ing Of the child - heart! Would that I

Of my daugh - ter, kneel - ing, bend - ing O'er her fold - ed fin - ger tips,
 pray the Lord," I gent - ly add - ed, "You can say it all, I know."
 Then the tired head fair - ly nod - ded, And the child was fast a - sleep,
 And the dear voice soft - ly whis - pered—"Mamma, God knows all the rest,"
 Thus might trust my Heavenly Fath - er; Him who hears my feeblest cry!

The Wonderful Name.

1. What did the angels say? hymning their joyous lay, While the dark midnight grew brighter than morn;
2. Earth heard the welcome sound; long had the nations round Waited in darkness, this light draw - ing near,
3. Van-ish, ye funeral train,—shadows of grief and pain,—This is Death's victor, as sin was Death's sting;

Glo-ry came blaz-ing thro', gilding the stars a-new, List the glad tid-ings, a Saviour is born,
Waited be-side the tomb, weeping In deepest gloom, Life rose in sor-row and ended in fear.
Mourner, put by thy tears, trembler, dismiss thy fears; Come home, ye banished, and welcome your King.

Key A. ALTO SOLO.

What shall we call his name, whom angel hosts proclaim? How shall earth's children his praises begin?
But over vale and height, joy, like a beacon light, Rose upward, fanned by that heaven-drawn breath:
Sin, death, and hell o'erthrown, glory is all his own, In-to his mansions bright, leading us in:

Key D. DUET.

Wondrous and Might-y One, God's own E - ter - nal Son, Call his name Jesus, the Saviour from sin.
 "Lo, we have found our Lord, this is the promised Word," Call his name Jesus, the Saviour from death.
 O - ver the plains above ech-oes his name of Love, Je - sus, our Saviour from death and from sin.

CHORUS. *Allegretto.**rit.*

Call his name Je - sus, Call his name Je - sus, Call his name Je - sus, the Sav - iour from sin.

Good Tidings.

Luke ii. 8-14.

Arr. by JOHN J. HOOD.

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding
 in the field keeping watch over their flock by night. || And,
 lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of
 the Lord shone round about them; and they were sore
 a - fraid.

2 And the angel said unto them, Fear— not: || for be-
 hold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be

to | all— | people.

3 For unto you is born this day in the | city of | David |
 A | Saviour, which is | Christ the | Lord.

4 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of
 the heavenly host, praising | God and | saying, || Glory to
 God in the highest, and on earth | peace, good | will toward
 | men.

Music of the Angels.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. The ev - er-green branches are wav - ing around us, And sweetly our car - ols in harmon - y ring,
 2. How gracious - ly favored the shepherds of Ju - dah, Who guarded their flocks on that wonder - ful morn,
 3. How humble his birth - place, how lowly his cra - dle, O ten - der com - pas - sion, O in - fi - nite love!
 4. The sweet chiming bells with our car - ols are blending, A glad, mer - ry Christmas they joy - ful - ly ring,

While here we are gathered to welcome with rapture The birth of our Saviour, Re - deem - er, and King.
 When le - gions descend - ed, pro - claiming the tid - ings That Je - sus, the promised Re - deem - er, was born.
 The Son of the Highest our na - ture as - suming That we might in - her - it the mansions a - bove.
 While here we are gathered to welcome with rapture The birth of our Saviour, Re - deem - er, and King.

CHORUS.

Hark! the mu - sic of the an - - - gels Float - ing on - ward still we hear;
 Hark! the mu - sic of the an - gels, still we hear;

Bles - sed mu - sic, sweet - est cho - - - rus Ev - er sung to mor - tal ear.
cho - rus, sweetest cho - rus.

F. J. C.

Save Me Now.

W. J. K.

1. Lord, my wayward heart is brok - en, May I come to thee? In thy gen - tle arms of mer - cy
2. Tho' I long have grieved thy Spirit, Long re - fused thy grace, Do not cast me from thy presence,
3. Could my faith but touch thy garment Healed my soul would be; Let thy smile of sweet for - giveness
4. Save me now, or I must per - ish, Save me, I im - plore; Speak those loving words so ten - der,

D.S.—Hear my humble sup - pli - ca - tion,*D.S.*

Fine. CHORUS.

Hast thou room for me? Save me! save me! Weep - ing at the cross I bow;
Do not hide thy face.
Shed one beam for me.
Go and sin no more.

Je - sus, save me now.

Anniversary Song of Praise.

Mrs. A. M. CHANCE.

JNO. R. SWENNY.

1. God has bless'd us with - out meas - ure, Crown'd our years with rich - est treas - ure, Join'd our hearts in
 2. And our school to - day re - joic - es, While we praise with hap - py voic - es, On this An - nl -
 3. Thanks to God, our Heavenly Fath - er, Who has bless'd and kept us ev - er, With u - nit - ed

CHORUS.

love to him, That we all might praise his name. Praise him, praise him,
 ver - sary Day We would bring our grate - ful lay,
 heart and tongue May his praise by us be sung.

Praise his ho - ly name; Praise him, praise him, Praise his ho - ly name.

Marching Song.

151

W. H. CLARK.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We come, we come, a might-y host, An arm-y with our banners spread, King Je-sus is our
 2. We'll raise our songs of tri-umph high, And on to vic-to-ry pur-sue, Re-solved to con-quer
 3. The trum-pet sounds, ad-vance, ad-vance, Our Great Commander leads the way; The fier-y darts a-
 4. We mean the hosts of sin to rout, And plant the banner of our King On Sa-tan's ramparts,

CHORUS.

on - ly boast, We'll follow him wher-ev-er led. We are marching on, we come, an arm-y strong, The raging
 tho' we die; For Je-sus valiant things to do. side will glance, If we the shield of faith dis-play,
 with a shout That will thro' all his em-pire ring. We are marching on, an arm-y strong, The

foe to tram-ple down; With sword and shield, And a triumph song, We'll win the field and wear the crown.
 rag-ing foe to trample down,

Anniversary Hymn.

Rev. J. MORROW.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hail, day of joy and pleas - ure,—Our an - ni - ver - sary day,—Let praises without
 2. To - day, a grateful peo - ple Meet where the man - na falls, Moved by di - vine e -
 3. Here when the heart is wea - ry, May saddened pilgrims come, Here, when earth's ways are

meas - ure Swell to a rapturous lay; A year of gladsome sunshine, Sweet peace without, with - in;
 mo - tion, Within these hallowed walls; O place of thoughtful rest - ing, O time of prayer and praise;
 drear - y, May wanderers find a home, Here may the blessed Saviour Light and Salva - tion bring,

CHORUS.

To thee, O Lord, be glo - ry, Who did the work be - gin. Then hail, hail, hail, This
 Our songs, like dews dis - till - ing, From earth to heaven we raise.
 And souls renewed, for - giv - en, Loud hal - le - lu - jahs sing.

hap - py, blith - some day, Our prais - es will not fail, While we pray, While we pray.

FANNY CROSBY.

Jesus Makes us Shine.

WILLISFORD DEY.

1. Je - sus makes us shine like a lamp at night, When he sees us doing what we know is right ;
 2. Je - sus makes us shine when we all can say, We have heard him whisper loving - ly to - day ;
 3. Je - sus makes us shine ; as the sun's clear light Gives the pretty ros - es all their colors bright,
 4. Je - sus makes us shine when his own dear light, Smiling down up - on us, makes our fa - ces bright ;

Com - ing ev' - ry Sun - day first in the school, Helping one an - oth - er to mind each rule.
 On - ly in - fant scholars though we may be, Younger ones have found him, and so can we.
 Like the mer - ry sunbeams so let us be, Making all around us as glad as we.
 All of us can love him now if we try, You can shine for Je - sus and so can I.

Come to the Saviour To-day.

W. H. FLAVILLE.

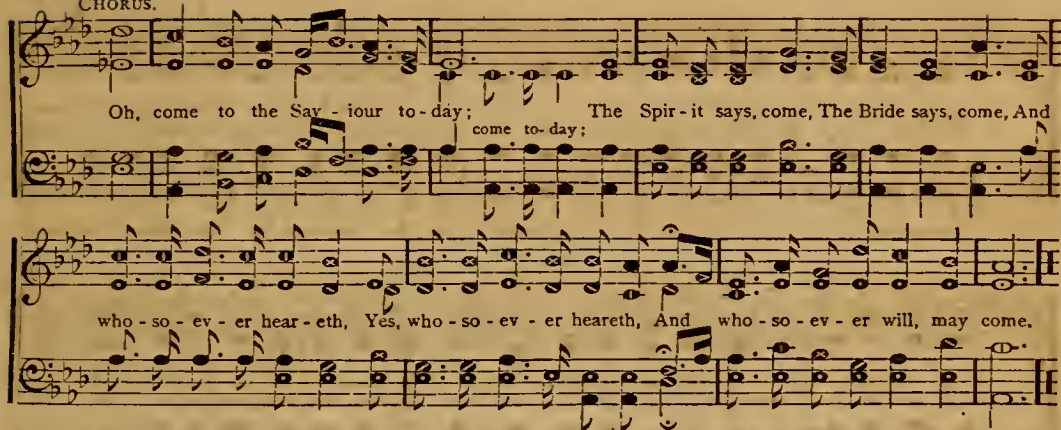
J. R. S.

1. Oh, come to the Sav - iour to - day, Why will you, how can you re - fuse? Oh, come, he is
 2. Oh, come to the Sav - iour to - day, He pit - ies your fol - ly and sin, And oh, he's so
 3. Oh, come to the Sav - iour to - day, To - day you may come if you will; To - mor - row can

call - ing you now. — No long - er his mer - cy a - buse; He o - pens his arms to re - ceive Who -
 will - ing that you Should now to his fav - or come in; His call can you long - er ig - nore, Or
 an - y - one say What pur - pos - es he may ful - fil? Then come, while the Spir - it says, come, Oh,

ev - er will come un - to him; Oh, can you the Spir - it grieve By quenching his pleadings with - in?
 turn from his Spir - it a - way? He calls you, he calls you once more: Oh, why will you long - er de - lay?
 come, he is wait - ing for you; Oh, come to him, pen - i - tent one, And let him be your Sav - iour too.

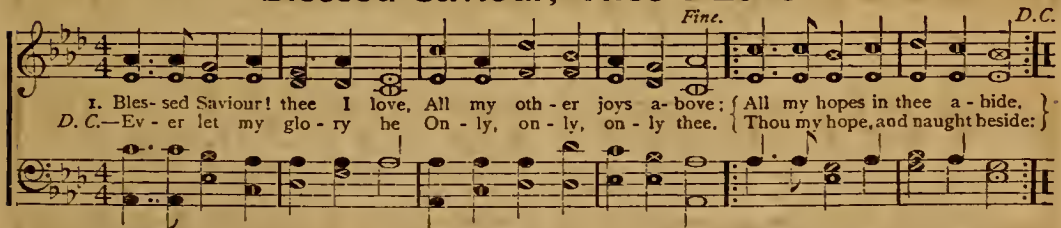
CHORUS.



Oh, come to the Sav-iour to-day; The Spir-it says, come, The Bride says, come, And
 come to-day;

who-so-ev-er hear-eth, Yes, who-so-ev-er heareth, And who-so-ev-er will, may come.

Blessed Saviour, Thee I Love.



Fine. *D.C.*

1. Bless-ed Saviour! thee I love, All my oth-er joys a-bove; { All my hopes in thee a-hide, }
D.C.—Ev-er let my glo-ry be On-ly, on-ly, on-ly thee. { Thou my hope, and naught beside: }

2 Once again beside the cross,
 All my gain I count but loss;
 Earthly pleasures fade away,—
 Clouds they are that hide my day:

Hence, vain shadows! let me see
 Jesus crucified for me.

3 Blessed Saviour, thine am I,
 Thine to live, and thine to die;

Height or depth, or earthly power,
 Ne'er shall hide my Saviour more;
 Ever shall my glory be
 Only, only, only thee!

Praise ye the Lord.

F. J. C.

W. J. K.

1. Praise ye the Lord, the hope of our sal - va - tion; Praise ye the Lord, our soul's a - bid - ing trust;
2. Praise ye the Lord, whose throne is ev - er - last - ing; Praise ye the Lord, whose gifts are ev - er new;

CHO.—Praise ye the Lord, for good it is to praise him; O let the earth his ma - jes - ty proclaim,

Great are his works and won - der - ful his coun - sels; Praise ye the Lord, the on - ly wise and just.
Praise ye the Lord, whose ten - der mer - cy fall - eth Pure as the rain and gen - tle as the dew.

Shout, shout for joy and bow the knee be - fore him; Sing to the harp and mag - ni - fy his name.

Praise ye the Lord, our strength and our Redeem - er, Praise ye the Lord, his might - y love re - call,—
Praise ye the Lord, oh, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! Praise ye the Lord, whose kingdom has no end;

Tell how he came from bon-dage to de-liv - er, Tell how he came to purchase life for all.
Praise ye the Lord, who watcheth o'er the faith - ful, Praise ye the Lord, our nev-er chang-ing Friend!

Rev. M. SORIN, D.D.

Jesus Died for All.

W. J. K.

Quick.

1. Raise the Christian ban - ner high, Flashing crim - son through the sky, Shout the Christian bat - tle - na - tions
2. Thro' this world of sin and woe Let the oheer - ful tid - ings go; Let the ransomed na - tions

3 While the hand can hold a sword, While the tongue can lisp a word, Publish loud with one accord, Jesus died for all.
4 Lo, the signs upon the sky, Victory's coming—victory's nigh, The nations catch the battle-cry, Jesus died for all.

5 Soon the triumph will begin, Soon he'll make an end of sin, Soon he'll bring his kingdom in; Jesus died for all.
6 O'er the land and o'er the sea, To the bondman and the free, Sound the holy jubilee, Jesus died for all.

Lift Me to the Rock.

MERLE MURRIE.

J. R. S.

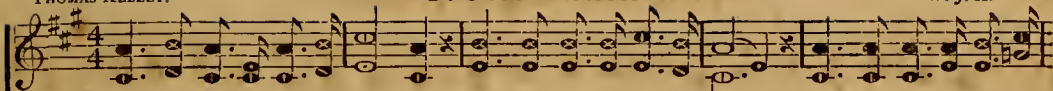
1. I scarce can whisper a prayer, Nor tell when the day begins, I am lad-en so hea-ry with doubting,—
 2. Oh, lift me out of the shadows, The shadows of sin and care, And fill my soul with thy presence,
 3. Oh, lift me out of the highway, Its ter-ri-ble, blinding heats, To those calm, far heights, where never

CHORUS.

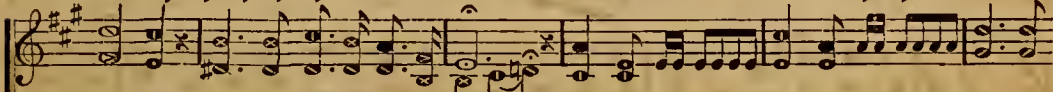
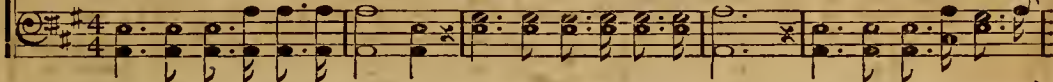
So wea-ry with fighting my sins. Oh, lift me up to the Rock, Is my
 And show me where hideth a snare. Oh, lift me up to the Rock, to the Rock,
 The sun of tempta-tion beats.

weak heart's pleading cry; Firmly plant my feet on the Rock, The Rock that is higher than I.
 on the Rock,

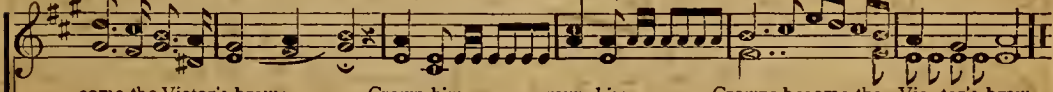
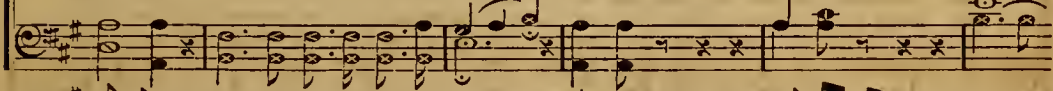
Crown Him.



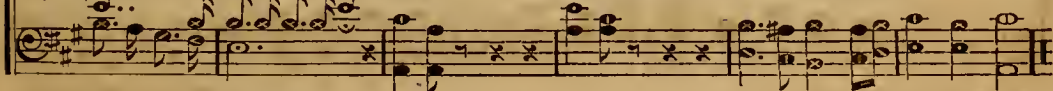
1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glo-rious, See the Man of sorrows now; From the fight return'd vic-
 2. Crown the Saviour, an-gels, crown him: Rich the trophies Je-sus brings: In the seat of power en-
 3. Sin - ners in de-ri-sion crown'd him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim; Saints and angels crowd a-
 4. Hark, those bursts of accla - tion! Hark, those loud triumphant chords! Je-sus takes the highest



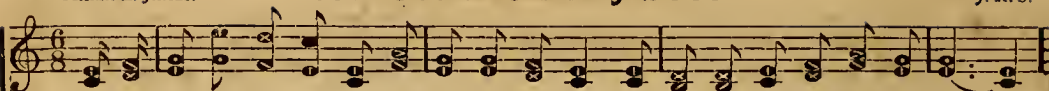
to - rious, Ev - 'ry knee to him shall bow; Crown him, crown him; Crowns be-
 throne him, While the vault of heav-en rings: Crown him, crown him; Crown the
 round him, Own his ti - tle, praise his name: Crown him, crown him; Spread a-
 sta - tion: Oh, what joy the sight af - fords! Crown him, crown him King of



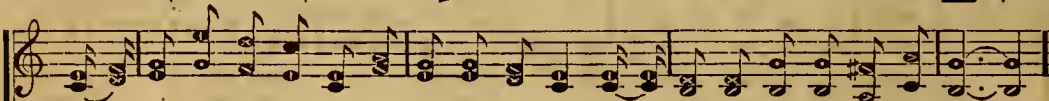
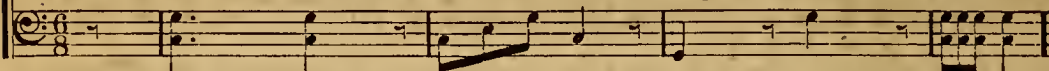
come the Vic-tor's brow; . . . Crown him, crown him; Crowns become the Vic-tor's brow.
 Saviour King of kings; . . . Crown him, crown him; Crown the Saviour King of kings.
 broad the Vic-tor's fame; . . . Crown him, crown him; Spread abroad the Vic-tor's fame.
 kings, and Lord of Lords; . . . Crown him, crown him King of kings, and Lord of lords.



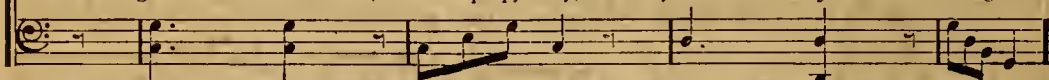
Let me lean on Thy bosom.



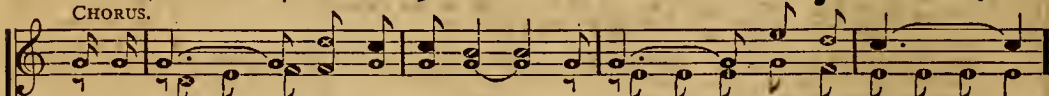
1. Let me lean on thy bos-om, dear Sav-iour, I pray, Tho' worthless and wea-ry at heart;
2. Let me lean on thy bos-om, dear Sav-iour, I pray, Tho' er-ring, and sin-ful, and vile;
3. Let me lean on thy bos-om, dear Sav-iour, I pray, For there I new strength shall ob-tain,
4. Let me lean on thy bos-om, dear Sav-iour, I pray, Fold-me close in thy lov-ing em-brace;
5. Let me lean on thy bos-om, dear Sav-iour, I pray, Place-my hand in thine own while I sing



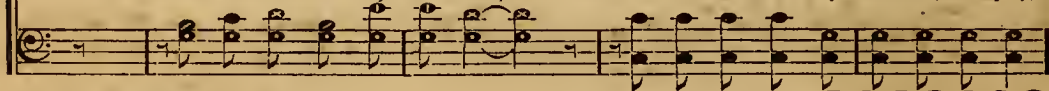
Let me come! Give me shelt-er; oh, turn not a-way, Bid my gloom and my sor-row de-part.
 Tho' I've wandered, forgive me, I come back to-day, And en-treat for thy fav-or and smile.
 To meet ev-ry tri-al that pass-es this way, To bear with-out murmur all pain.
 Nor leave me, no, no, lest I wand-er and stray, And a-gain shall lose sight of thy face.
 Of the grace which hath saved me, of this hap-py day, When my heart owns that Je-sus is King.



CHORUS.



Let me lean . . . on thy bo-som, dear Sav-iour, I pray, . . .
 Let me lean on thy bos-om, Let me lean on thy bos-om, I pray,



Let me lean . . . on thy bos - - - om, dear Sav - - iour, I pray.
 Let me lean on thy bos-om, I pray, Let me lean on thy bos-om, dear Sav-iour, I pray.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Yield, O Yield.

R. LOWRY.

Tenderly.

1. Yield, O yield! O yield yourself to Je-sus! Yield, O yield! the Saviour calls a-gain, In mer-cy in-ter-
 2. Yield, O yield! O yield yourself to Je-sus! Yield, O yield! while now 'tis called to-day; For you we still are
 3. Yield, O yield! O yield yourself to Je-sus! Yield, O yield! while Truth and Mercy meet; O step in-to the
 4. Yield, O yield! O yield yourself to Je-sus! Yield, O yield! the Reaping Time has come; The mid-day sun, now
 ced - ing, So gent - ly with you pleading; The Spir - it will not always strive, And strive in vain.
 pray - ing; Oh, why this long de - lay - ing? Be - hold the bleeding Lamb who takes Your guilt a - way.
 wa - ters, Ye wait - ing sons and daughters! Sal - vation's waves are flowing now Be - fore your feet.
 shin - ing, Full soon will be de - clin - ing; O come! and let us swell the song Of Har - vest Home.

Wonderful Mercies.

MERLE MURRIE.

W. J. K.

1. O sing of the Lord, of his mer-cies so sure, His won-der-ful mercies that ev-er en-dure;
 2. He brightens my path with the pres-ence of friends, In times of dis-tress-es he com-fort-ing sends,
 3. Ac-cept of this tri-bute, O Sav-iour di-vine, Up-on my dark heart let thy righteousness shine;

Like heaven's pale stars, or like sands of the sea, So countless his won-der-ful mercies to me.
 He gives me all good things of life to en-joy: To praise him for-ev-er shall be my em-ploy.
 Oh, praise ye the Lord, for his mercies sq sure, His won-der-ful mer-cies, that ev-er en-dure.

CHORUS.

Sing prais-es to God for his mercies so free, Sing prais-es for all of his goodness to thee; Sing

prais-es, glad prais-es; make na-ture to ring With prais-es to Je-sus, our Mer-ci-ful King.

MERLE MURRIE.

Bless Me, Father, ere I go.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.

1. Heav'nly Father, I am wait-ing Thro' life's weary ebb and flow, Waiting, waiting for thy blessing,—
 2. In the dust I lay my spir-it, Faint and doubting, troubled so, Waiting humbly, Heav'nly Father,
 3. All my good deeds are but ash-es, All my efforts weak and vain, Doing always things I should not,
 4. Bless me, bless my feeble ef-forts, Help me all thy love to show; I am waiting for thy blessing;

CHORUS.

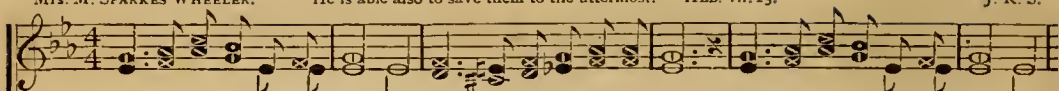
For thy blessing ere I go. { I am waiting, Heav'nly Father, All thy wondrous grace to know,
 For thy blessing ere I go. { At thy footstool meekly waiting, Bless, oh, bless me ere I . . . go.
 Sinking 'neath sin's dreary pain.
 Bless me, Father, ere I go.

To the Uttermost.

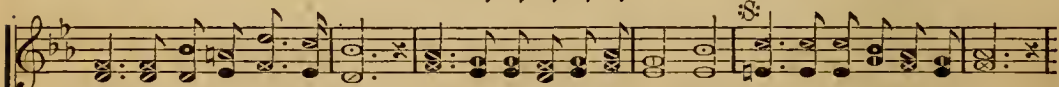
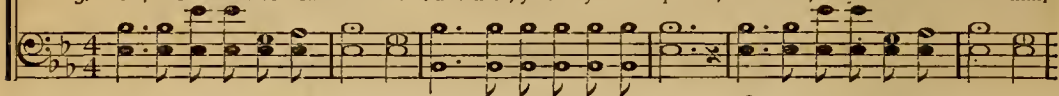
Mrs. M. SPARKES WHEELER.

"He is able also to save them to the uttermost."—HEB. vii. 25.

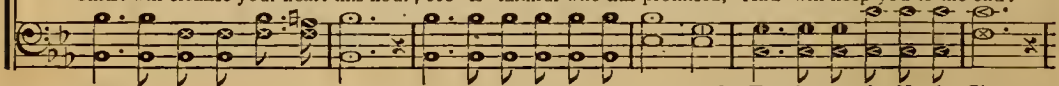
J. R. S.



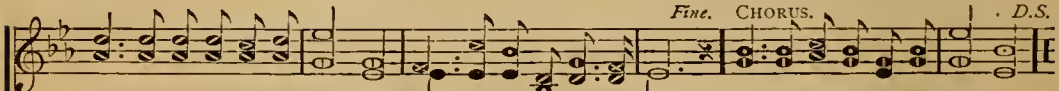
1. Christian, are you mourning, sighing, O'er a load of inbred sin? God will sancti- fy you whol-ly,
 2. Are you seeking for this blessing, For the pearl of perfect love? Je- sus is a mighty Saviour,
 3. Oh, this wonderful sal- va- tion! Broth-er, you may feel its power, Sis- ter, if you will but trust him,



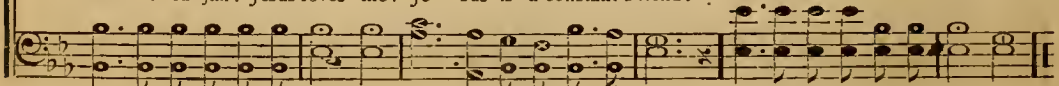
Christ will come and reign within; To procure this great salva- tion Je- sus died on Cal-va- ry,
 You his matchless grace may prove; Je- sus' blood is all vic- to- rious, It will conquer ev'-ry foe;
 Christ will cleanse your heart this hour; He is faithful who has promised, And will keep you to the end;



D.S.—To bestow the Ho-ly Ghost;
Fine. CHORUS. *D.S.*



Opened up the crimson fountain, Which is flowing full and free. Christ is waiting now to cleanse you,
 Tho' your sins may be as scar-let, He can wash them white as snow.
 Hal- le- lu- jah! Jesus loves me! Je- sus is a constant Friend!



Now believe, and he will save you,—Save you to the ut- ter- most.

He Knows Best.

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REV. H. B. HARTZLER.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Let Je - sus lead thee: sure-ly he knows best Which way is saf - est for thy earn - est soul;
 2. Let Je - sus help thee: sure-ly he knows best What is thy strength, and what thy toil and need;
 3. Let Je - sus teach thee: sure-ly he knows best What les - sons thou dost need to make thee wise;
 4. Let Je - sus keep thee: sure-ly he knows best What hid - den dan - gers lie a - long thy way;

Walk where he leads, and trust him for the rest, And he will bring thee to the high - est goal.
 Do what thou canst, and leave to him the rest, And he will make thy trust thy nob - lest deed.
 Re - ceive what he makes plain and leave the rest Till thou shalt see him with im - mor - tal eyes.
 Go, watch and fight and pray, and leave the rest To him who is thy ev - er - last - ing stay.

D.S.—Be - lieve, o - bey, and he will do the rest, And so thy faith e - ter - nal life shall win.

CHORUS.

Let Je - sus save thee: sure-ly he knows best How great the curse, how deep the woe of sin;

Beyond.

ANON.

W. J. K.

1. Be-yond these chill - - ing winds and gloomy skies, Beyond death's cloudy por - tal, There
 2. A land whose light is never dimm'd by shade, Whose fields are ev-er ver - nal, Where
 3. And some - times when adown the western sky The fier - y sun - set lin - gers, Its
 4. And while they stand a moment half a - jar, Gleams from the in - ner glo - ry Stream

is a land where beau - ty nev - er dies, And love be - comes im - mor - tal,
 noth - - ing beau - - ti - ful can ev - er fade, But blooms for aye, e - ter - nal.
 gold - - en gates swing in - ward noiseless - ly, Unlocked by un - seen fin - gers.
 bright ly through the a - zure vault a - far, And half re - veal the sto - ry.

CHORUS.

Oh, land un - known; oh, land of love di - vine! Fath - er all - wise, e - ter - nal, Guide
 Oh, land, oh, land unknown; Guide,

guide, oh, guide these wand'ring, wayworn feet of mine, To those sweet vales su - per - nal,
 guide, oh, guide these wand'ring feet, these wayworn feet of mine,

Jerusalem, the Golden.

EWING.

1. Je - rusalem the golden, With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contemplation Sink heart and voice oppressed :
 2. They stand, those halls of Zion, All jubilant with song, And bright with many an angel, And all the martyr throng :
 3. There is the throne of David; And there, from care released, The song of them that triumph, The shout of them that feast ;
 4. O sweet and blessed country, The home of God's elect ! O sweet and blessed country, That eager hearts expect !

I know not, oh, I know not What social joys are there ; What radiancy of glo - ry, What light beyond compare.
 The Prince is ev - er in them, The daylight is serene ; The pastures of the blessed Are decked in glorious sheen.
 And they who, with their Leader, Have conquer'd in the fight, Forever and for - ev - er Are clad in robes of white.
 Je - sus, in mercy brings us To that dear land of rest ; Who art, with God the Father, And Spirit, ev - er blest.

Coming By and By.

R. L.

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

R. LOWRY.

1. A bet - ter day is com - ing, A morn - ing prom - ised long, When gird - ed Right, with
 2. The boast of haugh - ty Er - ror more will fill the air, But 'Age and Youth will
 3. Oh! for that ho - ly dawn - ing We watch, and wait, and pray, Till o'er the height the

ho - ly Might, Will o - ver - throw the Wrong; When God the Lord will lis - ten To
 love the Truth, And spread it ev - 'ry - where; No more from Want and Sor - row Will
 morn - ing light Shall drive the gloom a - way; And when the heav'n - ly glo - ry Shall

ev - 'ry plain - tive sigh, And stretch his hand o'er ev - 'ry land, With jus - tice by and by.
 come the hope - less cry; And strife will cease, and per - fect Peace Will flour - ish by and by.
 flood the earth and sky, We'll bless the Lord for all his word, And praise him by and by.

Com-ing by and by, com-ing by and by! The bet-ter day is com-ing, The morning draweth nigh;

Coming by and by, com-ing by and by! The welcome dawn will hasten on, 'Tis com-ing by and by.

J. BURTON.

Holy Bible, Book Divine.

R. R. CHOPIN.

1. Holy Bible, book divine; Precious treasure, thou art mine; Mine, to tell me whence I came: Mine, to teach me what I am.
 2. Mine, to chide me when I rove; Mine, to show a Saviour's love; Mine art thou to guide my feet, Mine, to judge, condemn, acquit.
 3. Mine, to comfort in dis-tress, If the Ho-ly Spirit bless; Mine, to show by living faith Man can triumph over death.
 4. Mine, to tell of joys to come, And the rebel sinners doom; Holy Bible, book divine, Precious treasure, thou art mine.

Come Home.

W. J. K.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My Father's voice was call - ing In sweetest tones of love, Like dew at ev - en fall - ing, 'Twas
 2. At first I made no an - swer, I was so full of sin, My heart was cold and ston - y, No
 3. "I've nothing good to bring thee," At length my soul re - plied, "I can - not love and serve thee With
 4. O'ercome by love I pondered Oh all my Father said, — My heart resolved to hast - en Wher -

waft - ed from a - bove; It bade me cease my stray - ing, No more in sin to roam, "I
 lov - ing power with - in; But still I heard him call - ing, A - mid the deep'ning gloom, "My
 heart un - pur - i - fied, I know thou canst not need me;" But still he answered, "Come, My
 e'er his Spir - it led; I bowed in con - se - cra - tion, His son - ship to as - sume; He

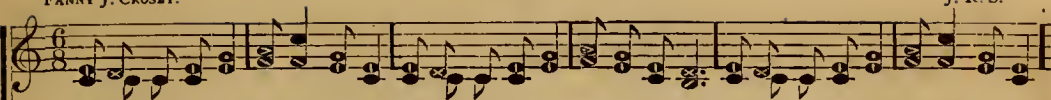
watch and wait to greet thee; Oh, child, come home, Come home, come home, Oh, wand'ring child, come home."
 Spir - it waits to guide thee; Oh, child, come home, Come home, come home, Oh, guilty child, come home."
 blood was shed to cleanse thee; Oh, child, come home, Come home, come home, Oh, doubting child, come home."
 whispered, "Now I bless thee, My child, come home, Come home, come home, My trusting child, come home."

Coming To-day.

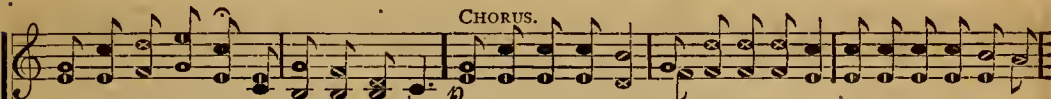
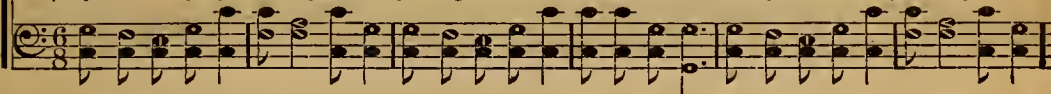
171

FANNY J. CROSBY.

J. R. S.

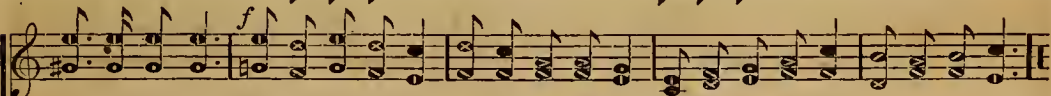
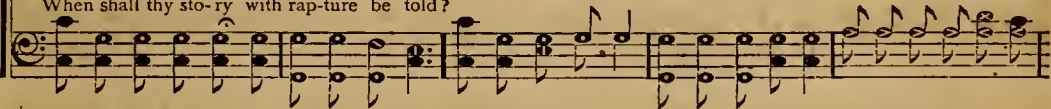


1. Out on the des-ert, looking, looking, Sinner, 'tis Je- sus looking for thee; Tender- ly call-ing, call-ing, calling,
2. Still he is wait-ing, waiting, waiting, O what compassion beams in his eye; Hear him repeat-ing gently, gen-tly,
3. Lovingly plead-ing, plead-ing, plead-ing, Mercy, tho' slighted, bears with thee yet; Thou canst be happy, happy, happy,
4. Spir-its in glory, watching, watching, Long to behold thee safe in the fold; Angels are waiting, waiting, waiting,

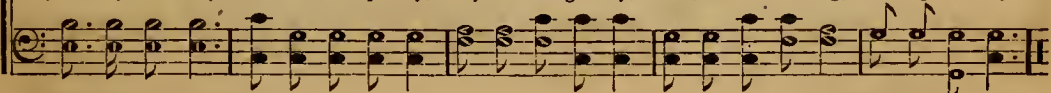


CHORUS.

Hith-er, thou lost one, O come un-to me. Je- sus is look-ing, Je- sus is calling; Why dost thou linger, why
 Come to thy Saviour, O why wilt thou die.
 Come, ere thy life star for- ev- er shall set,
 When shall thy sto-ry with rap-ture be told?



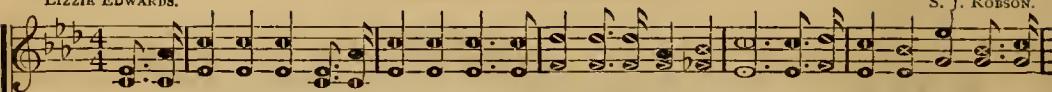
tar-ry a- way? Run to him quickly, say to him glad-ly, Lord, I am com-ing, com-ing to-day.



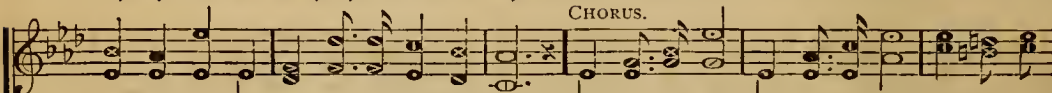
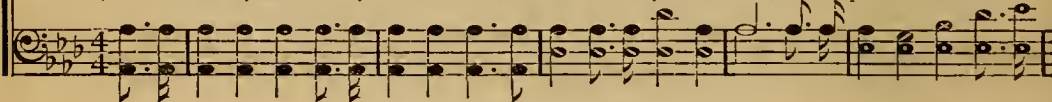
Thy Word have I hid in My Heart.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

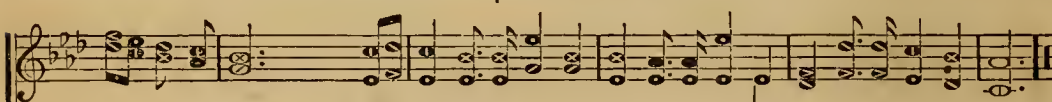
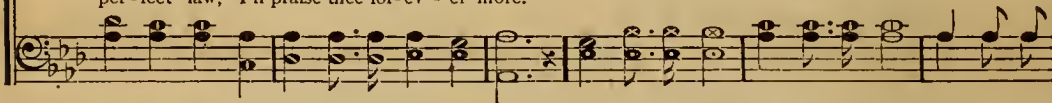
S. J. ROBSON.



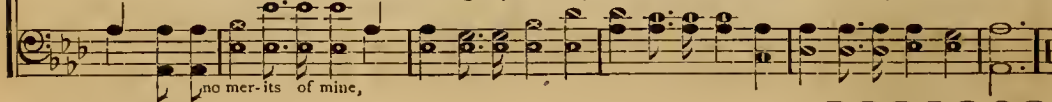
1. I have hid thy word in my heart, O Lord, To guard with a jealous care, For it placed my feet on a
2. I have hid thy word in my heart, O Lord, And sweet is its truth to me; As I read it o'er how my
3. I have hid thy word in my heart, O Lord, And there shall it still a-bide, For it leads me safe thro' a
4. I have hid thy word in my heart, O Lord, And oh, when my work is o'er, For the peace I found in its



sol - id rock, And now I am rest - ing there. Rest - ing in faith, on - ly in faith, Plead - ing no
 soul is blest, For then I commune with thee.
 world of toil, And cheers when my soul is tried.
 per - fect law, I'll praise thee for - ev - er - more.



mer - its of mine, But trusting thy love, thy in - fi - nite love, I lean on thy word di - vine.



no mer - its of mine,

Angels all around us.

173

EMMA J. STILLWELL.

"He shall give his angels charge over thee."—Ps. xci. 11.

J. R. S.

DUET.

1. An - gels, an - gels All a - round us,— Tho' we hear no an - gel wing,—
 2. An - gels, an - gels, Dear, God - giv - en! Noth - ing else could heal - ing bring,
 3. An - gels, an - gels Gath - 'ring round us, Gird - ing us with lov - ing care,

Sweet and si - lent They sur - round us, And we feel their com - fort - ing.
 When the dear - est, Tru - est, near - est, Hu - man hearts, un - con - scious, sting.
 Help - ing glad - ly Hearts that sad - ly Strive to raise to heav'n a prayer.

CHORUS.

Sweet and si - lent They sur - round us, And we feel their com - fort - ing.
 When the dear - est, Tru - est, near - est Hu - man hearts, un - con - scious, sting.
 Help - ing glad - ly Hearts that sad - ly Strive to raise to heav'n a prayer.

Wait on the Lord.

F. J. C.

J. R. S.

1. Wait on the Lord, thy Redeem - er, Wait and be still, Wait and be still; Follow his footsteps with gladness,
 2. Faithful is he to his promise, Faithful and true, Faithful and true; They who delight in his ser - vice,
 3. Tho' he may sometimes with sorrow Mingle thy cup, Mingle thy cup, Precious the love that will fol - low:
 4. Be of good courage, good pilgrim, Be of good cheer, Be of good cheer; Soon will thy journey be o - ver;

CHORUS.

Bend - ing thy soul to his will. Wait on the Lord and take cour - age, Cling to his word,
 He will their vig - or re - new.
 Nev - er, oh, nev - er give up.
 Thou to the hav - en art near.

rit.
 Cling to his word; Wait on the Lord and be joy - ful; Pa - tient - ly wait on the Lord.

Waiting on the Other Side.

175

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

WM. CHURCH, Jr.

1. Like the leaves that fade and with-er, In the Autumn's chil - ly breath, We have watch'd our friends de-
 2. Hearts that help'd us bear our burden, Hands that toil'd from day to day, From the field of ear-nest
 3. While we dwelt on earth to-geth-er, Precious moments we have seen; Friendship's tears, like dews of
 4. Where the tree of life is wav-ing, By the riv-er bright and clear, Soon with Je-sus we shall

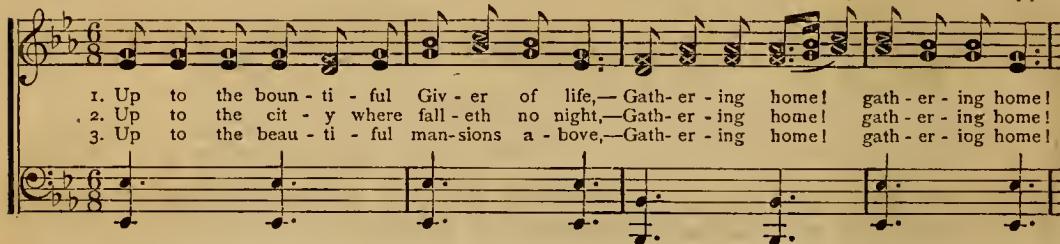
CHORUS.

part-ed, Pass-ing thro' the vale of death. One by one, one by one They have
 la - bor Now have borne their sheaves a-way.
 morn-ing, Keep their mem'ry fresh and green.
 gath-er, Soon their voic-es we shall hear. One by one, one by one

crossed . . . the rolling tide, But our footsteps they are waiting, . . . Waiting on the other side.
 They have crossed the rolling tide, they are waiting,

Gathering Home.

MISS MARIANA B. SLADE. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth."—Rev. xiv. 13. R. N. M'INTOSH. By per.

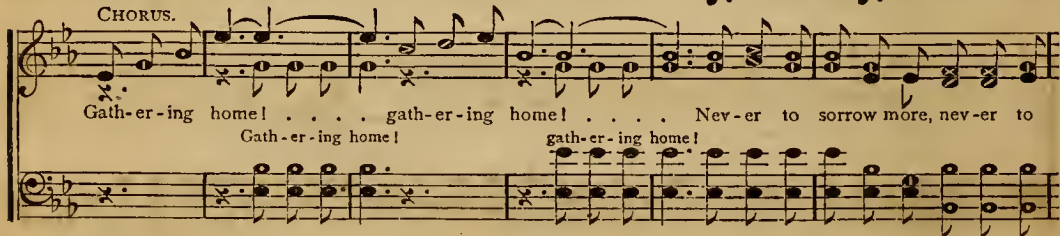


1. Up to the boun - ti - ful Giv - er of life, — Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!
 2. Up to the cit - y where fall - eth no night, — Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!
 3. Up to the beau - ti - ful man - sions a - bove, — Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!



Up to the dwell - ing where com - eth no strife, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home.
 Up where the Sav - iour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home.
 Safe in the arms of his in - fi - nite love, The dear ones are gath - er - ing home.

CHORUS.



Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home! Nev - er to sorrow more, nev - er to
 Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!

room; Gather-ing home! gather-ing home! God's children are gathering home.
 Gath-er-ing home! gath-er-ing home!

WM. H. CLARK.

The Children's Gospel.

W. J. K.

1. Let lit-tle children come to Me, The bles-sed Je-sus said; As lov-ing-ly he placed his hands Up-
 2. For-bid them not, for such as these May my dis-ci-ples be; But guide their young and tender feet In
 3. 'Twas thus the blessed Saviour spoke, With heart so full of love, That would the children all embrace, And
 4. And all who come like lit-tle ones, And bow them at his feet, Will find in him a Friend in-deed, In

CHORUS.

on each lit-tle head. { Blessed Saviour, hear the praise,
 paths that lead to Me. { Little ones to thee would raise, While the story they repeat, Of thy wondrous love so sweet,
 bear with him a-bove.
 goodness all re-plete.

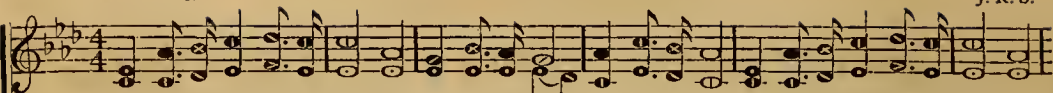
Copyright, 1881, by JOHN J. HOOD.

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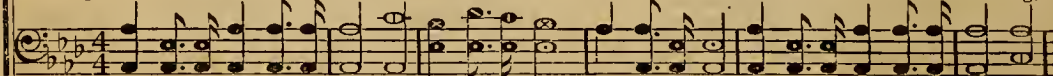
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Safe on the Rock.

J. R. S.

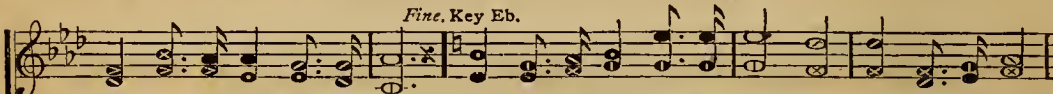


1. Safe on the Rock I have anchored, There will I cling, There will I cling, Trusting a-lone my Redeem - er,
2. Safe on the Rock I have anchored, Je - sus is mine, Je - sus is mine; Strong is my heart and rejoic - ing,
3. Safe on the Rock in the des - ert, There I a - bide, There I a - bide; Rock where the waters refresh - ing,

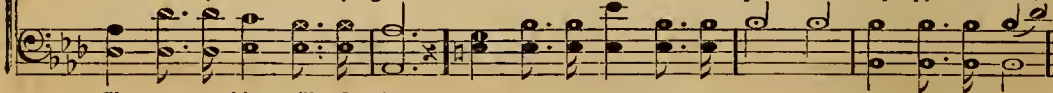


CHO.—Safe on the Rock I have anchored, There will I cling, There will I cling, Trusting a-lone my Redeem - er,

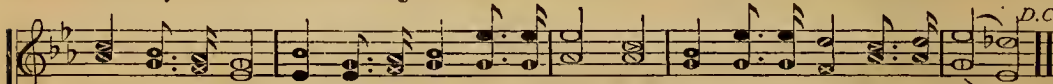
Fine, Key Eb.



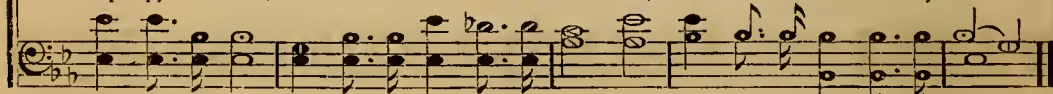
Glo - ry, to him will I sing; Safe, tho' the waves of temp - ta - tion Dark - ly may roll,
 Filled with his full - ness di - vine; Oh, what in - ef - fa - ble splen - dor Breaks on my sight,
 Peaceful - ly, ten - der - ly glide; Safe in the watch care of Je - sus Hap - py and blest,



Glo - ry to him will I sing.



Dark - ly may roll; Safe where no ev - il can harm me,—Safe on the Rock of my soul.
 Breaks on my sight; Vis - ions of home o - ver Jor - dan,—Vis - ions of ho - ly de - light. **Key Ab.**
 Hap - py and blest; Safe on the bos - om that loves me,—Now and for - ev - er my rest.



Precious Saviour.

179

F. J. C.

THOS. H. ERVIN.

1. Precious Sav - iour, Lord of all, Thou dost mark the sparrow's fall, Thou dost clothe the li - ly
 2. Precious Sav - iour, bless us now, While be - fore thy throne we bow; Give our teach - ers, Lord, we
 3. Precious Sav - iour, as we go From thy earth - ly courts be - low, With thy pres - ence still de -

CHORUS.

fair, Sure - ly thou wilt hear our prayer. Smile up - on us from a - bove, Fill our
 pray, Sirength suf - fi - cient for their day.
 fend Ev - 'ry soul till time shall end.

hearts with ten - der love, Near - er draw our hearts to thee, Thine for - ev - er let us be.

LIZZIE EDWARDS.

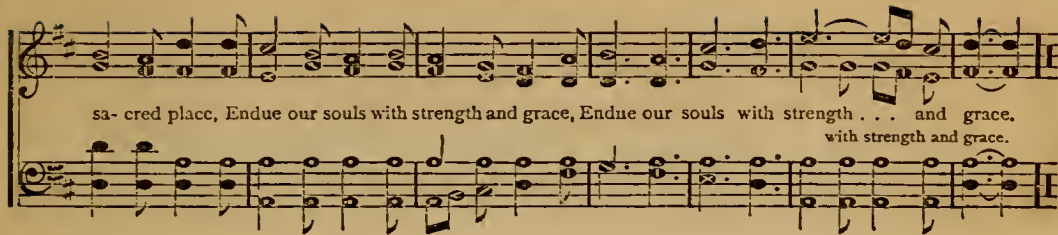
J. R. S.

1. O thou, in whom we move and live, Our grate-ful thanks to thee we give For this sweet hour of
 2. May those who teach be filled with zeal; Oh, help them each and all to feel That, while our youthful
 3. May those who learn at-ent-ive be, And may our kind in-struct-ors see, By our o-bedi-ence
 4. Go with us, Lord, and guard our way, Defend our hearts from day to day, To each thy Ho-ly

CHORUS.

praise and pray'r, And hallowed rest from worldly care. Our heav-en - ly Fath - er, through thy
 hearts they train, Their labor will not be in vain.
 to thy Word, That we have treasured what we've heard.
 Spir - it give, And make us use - ful while we live. Our heavenly Fath - er, thro' thy Son, Be - hold and bless us,

Son, . . . Be - hold, . . . and bless us, ev - - - 'ry one, . . . And as we leave this
 ev - 'ry one, Our Heavenly Fath - er, thro' thy Son, Be - hold, and bless us, ev - 'ry one,

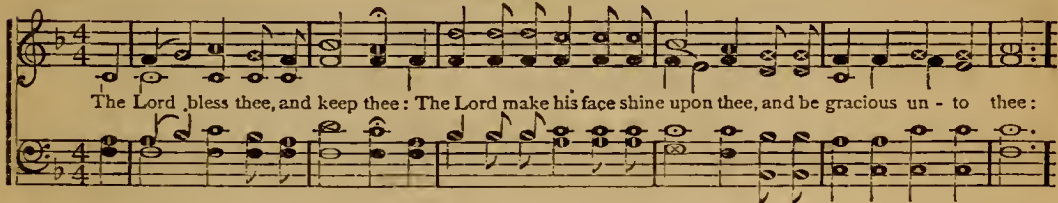


sa- cred place, Endue our souls with strength and grace, Endue our souls with strength . . . and grace,
with strength and grace.

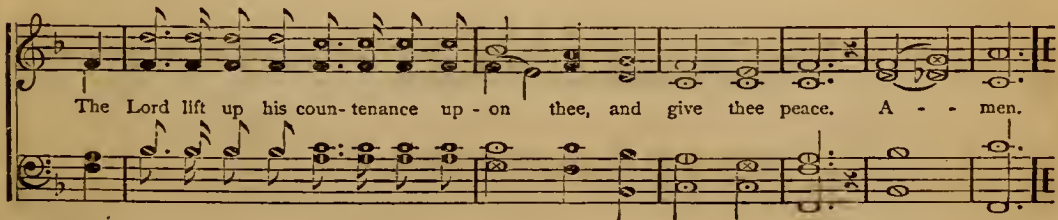
Blessing.

NUM. vi. 24-26.

W. J. K.



The Lord, bless thee, and keep thee: The Lord make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious un - to thee:



The Lord lift up his coun-tenance up - on thee, and give thee peace. A - - men.

The Apostles' Creed.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

I believe in God the Father Almighty, | Maker of Heaven and Earth; | And in Jesus Christ his only Son our Lord; | Who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, | Born of the Virgin Mary; |

Suffered under Pontius Pilate, | Was crucified, dead, and buried; | He descended into Hell, | The third day he rose from the dead; | He ascended into Heaven, |

And sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty; | From thence he shall come to judge the quick and the dead. | I believe in the Holy Ghost; | The Holy Catholic Church; |

The Communion of Saints; | The Forgiveness of sins; | The Resurrection of the body, | And the Life everlasting. | A - men, a - men.

Gloria.

Words arr. by B. M. A.

Melody by J. R. S.

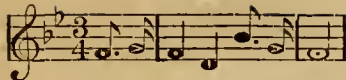
Harmony by W. J. K.

Slow, with dignity.

Glo - ry be to the FATH-ER, Glo - ry be to the SON, Glo - ry be to the HOLY GHOST;

As it was in the be - ginning, Is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men, a - men.

184 Rock of Ages.

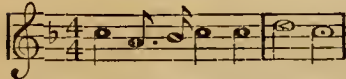


1 ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side that flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

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.

185 Work for the Night.

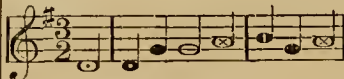


1 WORK, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work, while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work, when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.

2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
Rest comes sure and soon.
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store:
Work, for the night is coming
When man works no more.

3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies;
While their bright tints are glowing,
Work, for daylight flies.
Work till the last beam fadeth,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

186 Shining Shore.



1 MY days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

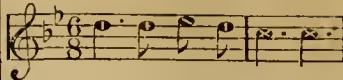
Cho.—

For O we stand on Jordan's strand,
Our friends are passing over;
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

3 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says, Come, and there's our
Forever! O forever! [home,

187 Yield not to temptation.



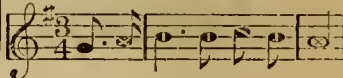
1 YIELD not to temptation, for yielding is sin,
Each vict'ry will help you some other to win;
Fight manfully onward, dark passions subdue,
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

Cho.—Ask the Saviour to help you,
Comfort, strengthen, and keep you,
He is willing to aid you,
He will carry you through.

2 Shun evil companions, bad language disdain,
God's name hold in rev'rence, nor take it in
vain; [true,
Be thoughtful and earnest, kind-hearted and
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

3 To him that o'ercometh, God giveth a crown,
Through faith we will conquer, though often
cast down; [new,
He who is our Saviour our strength will re-
Look ever to Jesus, he'll carry you through.

188 Safely thro' another week.

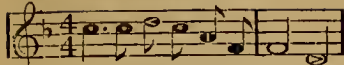


1 SAFELY through another week
God has brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best:
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 Here we come thy name to praise;
Let us feel thy presence near:
Make thy glory meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear;
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

189 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.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer;
In his arms he'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a solace there.

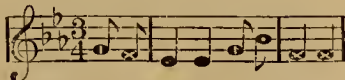
2 Was it for crimes that I had done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

191 Come, thou Fount.

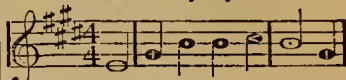


1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise;
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above
Praise the mount—O fix me on it,
Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home;
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee;
Proned to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Proned to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal
Seal it for thy courts above. [it,

192 Missionary Hymn.

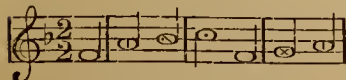


1 FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand;
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand;
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we, to men benighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! Oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

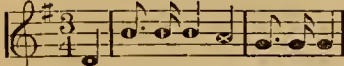
190 Alas! and did.



1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

193 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.

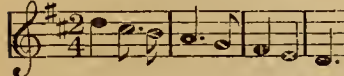
CHO.—O Beulah Land, sweet Beulah Land,
As on thy highest mount I stand
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,—
My heaven, my home, forevermore!

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
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

194 O for a thousand tongues.



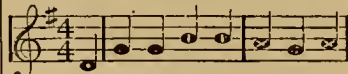
1 O FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise;
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God
Assist me to proclaim,—
To spread, through all the earth a-
The honors of thy name. [broad,

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

4 He breaks the power of cancelled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

195 Coronation.



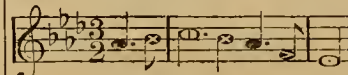
1 ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

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.

196 Blessed Bible.



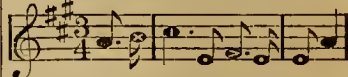
1 BLESSED Bible! how I love it!
How it doth my bosom cheer!
What an earth like this to covet?
Oh, what stores of wealth are here

Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
Not one ray of light or bliss
Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
Till his way was cheered by this.

2 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious Word, I'll hide thee here,
Sure my very heart will bless thee,
For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
Speak, poor heart, and tell thy pood'riogs,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wand-
Speaking life as from the dead. [rings.

3 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep—yes, deeper in this heart;
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
Part in death I no, never! never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, forever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.

197 Shall we meet beyond the river.



1 SHALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

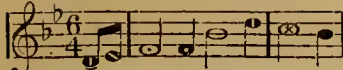
Cho.—Shall we meet, shall we meet,
Shall we meet beyond the river?
Shall we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the bright celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

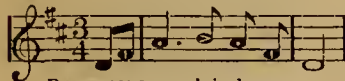
FAMILIAR HYMNS.

198 Must Jesus bear the Cross.



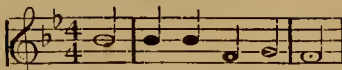
- 1 MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.
- 2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went sorrowing here;
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.
- 3 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free;
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

199 Redeeming work is done.



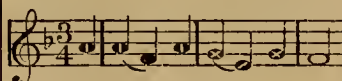
- 1 REDEEMING work is done,
The debt of sin is paid;
The precious Lamb of God,
My sacrifice is made.
Ref.—Jesus paid it all;
All to him I owe;
Sin had left a crimson stain;
He washed it white as snow.
- 2 I'll bow at Jesus' feet,
And plead his grace so free;
I'll wash me in his blood,—
That blood was shed for me.
- 3 Yes, Jesus paid it all;
To him the glory be;
His love my pardon seeks,
And grace has set me free.

200 Blow ye the trumpet.



- 1 BLOW ye the trumpet, blow
The gladly solemn sound;
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Has full atonement made;
Ye weary spirits, rest;
Ye mourning souls, be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 3 Exalt the Lamb of God,
The sin-atonement Lamb;
Redemption by his blood
Through all the world proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

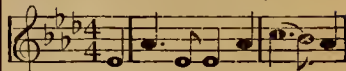
201 Blest be the tie that binds.



- 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 sympathizing tear.

202 I love to tell the Story.



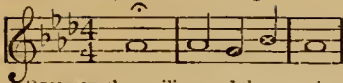
- 1 I LOVE to tell the Story
Of unseen things above,
Of Jesus and his glory,
Of Jesus and his love;
I love to tell the Story,
Because I know it's true;
It satisfies my longings,
As nothing else would do.

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 STORY,
'Twill be the OLD, OLD STORY,
That I have loved so long.

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

203 Beyond the smiling.

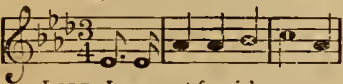


1 BEYOND the smiling and the weeping
I shall be soon;
Beyond the waking and the sleeping,
Beyond the sowing and the reaping,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

2 Beyond the parting and the meeting
I shall be soon;
Beyond the farewell and the greeting,
Beyond the pulse's fever beating,
I shall be soon;
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

3 Beyond the frost-chain and the fever
I shall be soon;
Beyond the rock-waste and the river,
Beyond the ever and the never,
I shall be soon.
Love, rest and home! Sweet home!
Lord, tarry not, but come.

204 Is My Name Written There.



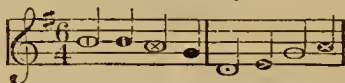
1 LORD, I care not for riches,
Neither silver nor gold;
I would make sure of heaven,
I would enter the fold.
In the book of thy kingdom,
With its pages so fair,
Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
Is my name written there?

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?

205 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;

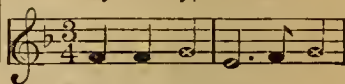
Cho.—Fill me now, fill me now,
Jesus, come, and fill me now;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou can't 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 power, 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.

206 My Country, 'tis of thee.



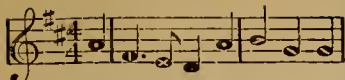
1 MY country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring.

2 My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Our father's 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!

FAMILIAR HYMNS.

207 He Leadeth Me.

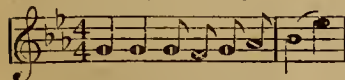


1 HE leadeth me | O blessed thought |
O words with heavenly comfort fraught |
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

REP.—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 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.

208 Saviour, like a Shepherd.

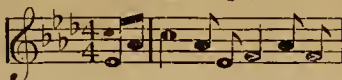


1 SAVIOUR, like a Shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tend'rst care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

2 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,
We will early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord, and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosom fill;
Blessed Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

209 The Rock that is higher than I.



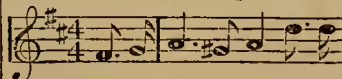
1 OH, sometimes the shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, how often they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul.

CHO.—F: 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.

210 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; [cheer
But the song I have learned is so full of
That the dawn shines out in the darkness
drear.

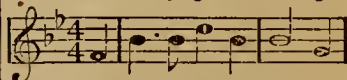
CHO.—Oh, the new, new song! Oh, the new,
new song, [throng:
I can sing it now with the ransomed
Power and dominion to him that shall
reign; [was slain.
Glory and praise to the Lamb that

2 There are strains 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 they are 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.

211 The morning light is breaking.



1 THE morning light is breaking
The darkness disappears;
The sons of earth are waking
To penitential tears;
Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
Brings tidings from afar
Of nations in commotion,
Prepared for Zion's war.

2 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Saviour's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay;
Stay not till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home
Stay not till all the holy
Proclaim, "The Lord is come!"

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