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Rose of Sharon Hymns

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By The
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of the
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of Pennsylvania



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or
Mennonite Brethren in Christ
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INTRODUCTORY NOTE

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The thanks of the Committee are due and herewith tendered to Rev. D. Wesley Myland, Prof. Thoro Harris, Hall-Mack Co., C. M. Alexander, Prof. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick, Dr. H. L. Gilmour, Mrs. L. E. Sweeney, and others, for valuable assistance and for the use of their copyrights in this publication.

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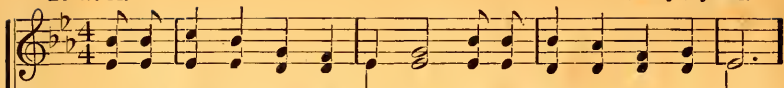
Rev. C. H. Brunner

Rev. E. N. Cassel

1. SING HIS PRAISE.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.



1. Sing His praise, ye heav'ns resounding, Sing of Je-sus, Lamb of God;
2. Sing ye an-gels, high and ho-ly, Who be-hold His pow'r a-bove;
3. Sing His praise, ye saints a-dore Him, Saviour, Lord and coming King;
4. Sing His praise, all tribes and nations, Crown Him King of kings and Lord;



Sing, O earth, of grace a-bound-ing, Of re-demp-tion thro' His blood.
Tell of Christ who stooped so low-ly, To ex-press His sav-ing love.
We will cast our crowns be-fore Him, To His feet our trib-utes bring.
Join the Heavenly ju-bi-la-tions, Praise His name with one ac-cord.



REFRAIN.



Sing His praise, Sing
Sing, O sing His praise, Sing His wondrous praise, Sing the praise of Je-



His praise; Tell the precious love of
sus, O mag-ni-fy His grace;



Je-sus; Sing our dear Re-deem-er's praise.
His glorious praise.



2. TELL JESUS.

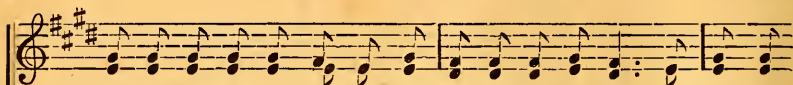
D. W. M. (**)

("Went and told Jesus.")

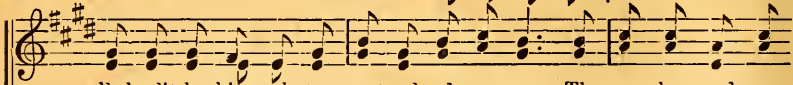
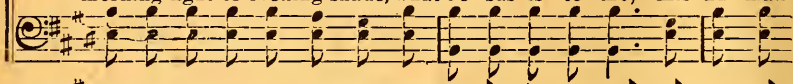
Rev. D. W. MYLAND.



1. Tell Je - sus when the bur - den seems too great for you to bear; Go
2. Tell Je - sus all there is to tell a - bout your daily needs; A -
3. If you could know how ten - der - ly He makes our cares His own, You
4. I tell Him all the sto - ry now—no oth - er friend can be, In



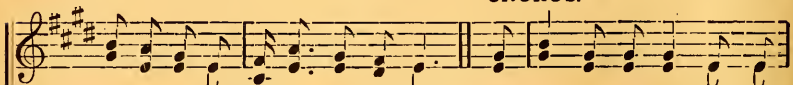
lay it at the feet of Christ, and know that He will care; And tell Him
bout the dim uncertainties thro' which your pathway leads; A - bout the
would not stand a - part a - gain and bear the pain a - lone; You would not
morning light or evening shade, what Je - sus is to me; His hu - man



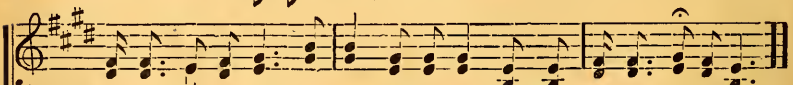
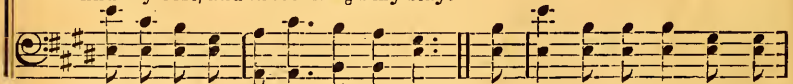
all the little things that come to cloud your way. The puzzles and per -
cherished hopes that lie crushed lifeless at your feet, The golden dreams left
miss the joy and peace of walking at His side, Of find - ing tem - pest
heart is still the same to - day as yes - ter - day, And in His love I



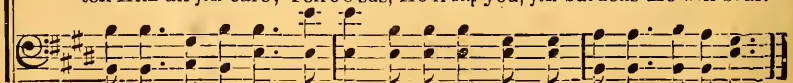
CHORUS.



plex - i - ties that trouble you to - day. Tell Je - sus; He lis - tens; Go
unfulfilled, the la - bor in - com - plete. changed to calm, and sorrow sanctified.
find my rest, and in His strength my stay.



tell Him all your care; Tell Je - sus, He'll help you, your burdens He will bear.



3. CHRIST IS MINE.

D. W. M.

(S. S., 2 : 16.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

Arr. by J. M. KIRK

1. I have heavenly gladness in my soul to-day Which all earth-ly
 2. Oth-er friends may help me, be most kind and true, And their love I'll
 3. He is with me when no earth-ly friend is near, He can feel my
 4. The sweet sunshine of His grace re-fresh-es me As I walk life's

joys out-shine, Driv-ing all my sad-ness, doubts and fears a-way;
 ne'er re-sign, But my Sav-iour is the best I ev-er knew—
 soul's deep need, And His ten-der love my fainting heart doth cheer;
 path with Him; At the journey's end His bless-ed face I'll see,

CHORUS.

It is this that Christ is mine. He is mine, His joy I
 Precious friend! I know He's mine.
 O He is a friend in-deed. He is mine,
 Where no shad-ows ev-er dim.

know,.... He a-bides with me where'er I go; And His
 His joy I know, wher-e'er I go;

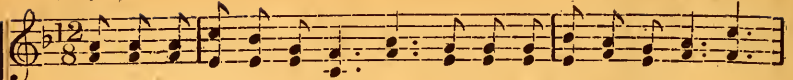
gen-tle presence doth my heart en-twine, Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ is mine.

4 THE CITY OF GOD.

(Heb. 11:10. Rev. 21:2-4.)

D. W. M.,

Rev. D. W. MYLAND,



1. There is a Cit - y of Glo - ry Pictured in God's sacred sto - ry,
2. There will be no more heart-sighing, No weeping eyes and no cry - ing;
3. No more un-hallowed dis-un - ion, But an un-bro-ken com-mun-ion;
4. No vain re-grets nor re-pin - ing, Then knowing well God's designing



Built for the young and the hoar - y; 'Tis the fair Cit - y of God.
 Nev - er - more sickness nor dy - ing In that fair Cit - y of God.
 O, what a glo - rious re - un - ion In that fair Cit - y of God.
 Works for his glo - ry forth - shin - ing In that fair Cit - y of God.



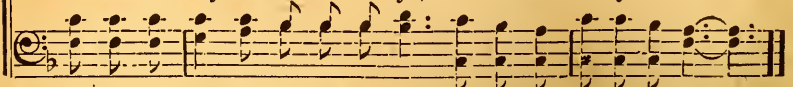
CHORUS.



In that fair Cit - y a - bove, . . . In that glad Cit - y of love;
 In that fair Cit - y, fair Cit - y a - bove, In that glad Cit - y, glad Cit - y of love;



There we shall stay with Je - sus for aye, In that fair Cit - y a - bove.



- 5 No more temptation nor sinning, Promised repose—the beginning;
 Joy with the souls we are winning
 For that fair City of God.
- 6 There can be loneliness never
 For the glad souls by the river—
 Reigning with Jesus forever
 In that fair City of God.

5. SAVIOUR OF MY SOUL.

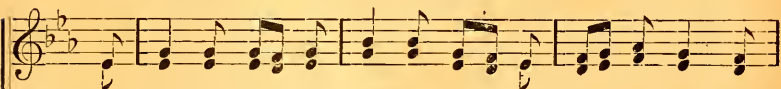
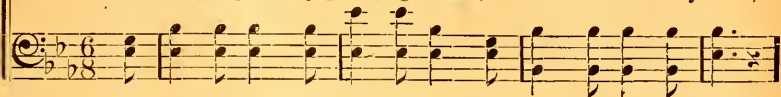
D. W. M.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

Arr. by JAS. M. Kirk.



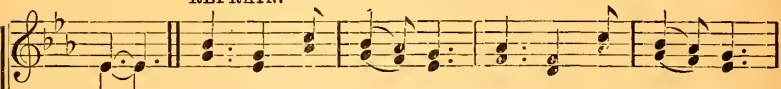
1. When Je - sus down from Glo-ry came, 'Twas to re-deem my soul ;
2. His wond'rous Grace, so full and free, 'Twas to re-deem my soul ;
3. Thro' His a - ton - ing death and blood, He will re-deem my soul ;
4. My sins are past, my groanings cease, For He redeems my soul ;



Be - came as man, and suffer'd shame, 'Twas to re - deem my
 He bore my sins up - on the tree, 'Twas to re - deem my
 By faith in this, I come to God, And He re - deems my
 My heart is filled with love and peace, Christ *has* redeemed my



REFRAIN.



soul. Je - sus, I'll trust Thee, Thou hast re - deem'd me ;



Rit......



My heart I give to Thee, Thou Sav-iour of my soul.



6. BANNER OF SALVATION.

ADA BLENKHORN.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Glo-rious ban-ner of sal - va - tion! Let it be un - furled,
2. What tho' e - vil's count - less le-gions 'Gainst the right com-bine,
3. Soon our might-y Lord all - glo-rious, Bless-ed Prince of peace,
4. Ev - 'ry tongue shall own him Mas - ter, Ev - 'ry knee shall bend:



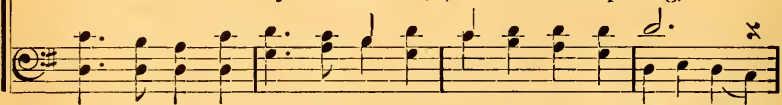
Till it wave o'er ev - 'ry na - tion, Honored by the world.
God's own king - dom, in all re - gions, Shall in splen - dor shine.
O'er His foes shall reign vic - to - rious, Con - flicts all shall cease.
His, than earth - ly king - doms vas - ter, King - dom with - out end.



CHORUS.



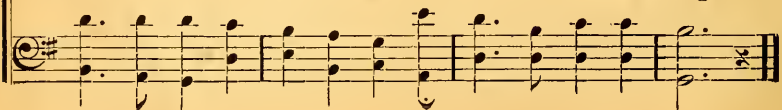
Bear a - loft His roy - al ban - ner, Je - sus' tri - umph sing,



sing, O sing.



Till the na - tions shout ho - san - na To our Lord and King.



7. HE IS MY SAVIOUR TO-DAY.

ALICE J. CLEATOR.

THORO HARRIS.

1. I trust in my gra-cious Re-deem-er, Tho' shadows oft
 2. I see not what li-eth be-fore me, If sun-shine, or
 3. The pow'r of the Lord is un-fail-ing To help me in

dark-en my way; I fear not the clouds of to-mor-row, For
 shadows so gray; What-ev-er may come, I'm re-joic-ing, For
 life's troubled way; I'm find-ing His serv-ice so pre-cious, And

CHORUS.

He is my Saviour to - day. Yes, Christ is my Sav-iour to-
 He is my Saviour to - day. Yes, Christ..... is my
 He is my Saviour to - day.

day, My ref-uge, my strength and my stay; I'll
 Sav iour to-day, com-fort and stay;

fear not the clouds of to-mor-row, For He is my Saviour to-day.
 my Sav-iour to-day.

8. YIELDED TO GOD.

J. M. K.

Rom. 6 : 13.

JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I've yield-ed to God, and I'm saved ev'ry hour; I've yielded to God, and I
 2. I've entered the rest of the peo-ple of God, The ho-ly of holies made
 3. I've reckoned my-self to be dead un-to sin, And risen with Christ, and now

feel His sweet pow'r; I've trusted His prom-is-es, not one has failed Of
 pure by His blood; His law is with-in, I de-light in His will, I've
 He lives with-in; 'The life more abundant' He gives un-to me, This

CHORUS

all His good word, tho' the temp-ter as-sailed. Sweet, qui - et
 learned how to wait up - on God and be still.
 o - ver - flow life gives me full vic - to - ry.

yield - ed life, Bless - ed rest from all storm and strife; God's own

peace now fills my soul, As on Him my way I roll.

9 The Lily of the Valley.

J. R. MURRAY.

Arr. by THORO HARRIS

1. I've found a friend in Je-sus, He's ev-'ry-thing to me, He's the fairest of ten
 2. He all my griefs has tak-en, and all my sorrows borne; In temp-ta-tion He's my
 3. He'll nev-er, nev-er leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

thousand to my soul; The Lil-y of the Val-ley in Him a-lone I see, All I
 strong and mighty tow'r; I've all for Him forsaken, I've all my idols torn From my
 do His bless-ed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With His

need to cleanse and make me fully whole. In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my
 heart, and now He keeps me by His pow'r. Tho' all the world forsake me, and Satan tempts me
 manna He my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glory, we'll see His blessed

CHORUS.— *In sorrow He's my comfort, in trouble He's my*

stay, He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. Hallelujah! He's the Lil-y of the
 sore, Thru Je-sus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the Lil-y of the
 face, Where rivers of delight shall ev - er roll. He's the Lil-y of the

stay; He tells me ev-'ry care on Him to roll. (Hallelujah!) He's the Lil-y of the

D. S.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

Valley, the bright and morning Star, He's the fairest of ten thousand to my soul.

10. REJOICE, MY SOUL.

D. W. M.

("There was great joy in that City.")

D. Wesley Myland.

1. Re - joice, my soul, to - day! Be hum - ble, watch and pray ;
 2. The powers of hell may rage, Yet shall my soul en - gage
 3. My Je - sus con - quers all, As on His name I call,
 4. Then for - ward let us go, Our souls with love a - glow;

The Lord thy light will be thy might; Be - lieve and Him o - bey.
 To do God's will and trust Him still This ho - ly war to wage.
 No foe I fear while He is near; Preserved from ev - 'ry fall.
 With tongues of fire, and strong de - sire That all God's truth may know.

CHORUS.

Rejoice, my Soul, re - joice! Praise God with heart and voice; The precious

blood in cleansing flood sweeps o'er my soul to - day; The Spir - it's

ful - ness is outpoured, And I am free in Christ my Lord.

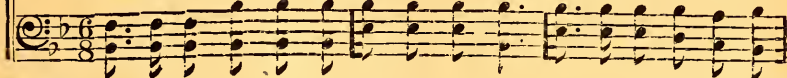
11. TELL IT ABROAD.

J. W. H.

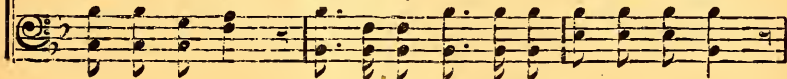
J. W. HOLTON.



1. Haste with the sto - ry, go, tell it a - broad; Tell of the Saviour, His
 2. "Go, preach my gospel," the Saviour hath said, Give un - to oth - ers of
 3. Strengthen thy brother, go, give him thy hand, Point him to heaven, that



cross and His blood. Tell how He freed Thee from sin's weary load—
 His liv - ing bread, Comfort the sad, let the hun - gry be fed—
 beau - ti - ful land, Tell of thy Saviour, ful - fil! His command—



REFRAIN.



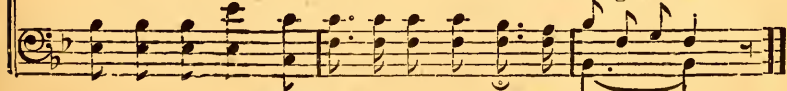
Spread the glad tidings a - broad. Tell it abroad! Tell it abroad;



Spread the glad tidings a - broad, When thou art saved, show
 the tidings a - broad,



oth - ers the road. And spread the glad tidings a - broad. . .
 the tidings abroad,



12. WALKING AND TRUSTING.

NELLIE A. MYLAND.

NELLIE A. MYLAND,
Arr. by JAS. M. KIRK.

1. Walking with Je-sus, He is my guide, He is my strength and my
 2. Trusting in Je-sus, He is my trust, What joy and what com-fort it
 3. Walking and trusting and resting in Christ, This is my life and my

stay; Will-ing to fol-low, what-ev-er be-tide, Since
 brings; Con-fid-ing so sweet-ly in Je-sus my Lord. My
 song; This my a-bid-ing thro' Je-sus I have, The

CHORUS.

Je-sus is with me al-way. Walk-ing with Je-sus,
 heart now with rapture can-sing.
 vic-to-ry all the day long. Walking with Jesus, I'm walking with Jesus, Yes,

He is my guide; Trust-ing in
 walking with Je-sus, with Jesus my guide; Trusting in Je-sus, I'm

Je-sus, Trusting what-ev-er be-tide.
 trust-ing in Je-sus, Yes, trusting what-ev-er be-tide.

13. ALL IN ALL.

1. In God I trust and rest so sweet, My great Redeem-er He;
2. In paths of peace He guides my feet, My hands with work He fills;
3. He leads, He keeps me all the way, He dwells with-in my soul;

He saves and sanc-ti - fies my soul, From sickness sets me free.
And hum - bly walking with my God, I joy in what He wills.
I'll praise His name and wor-ship Him, While endless a - ges roll.

CHORUS.

'Tis so sweet . . . to trust the Lord, And to
'Tis so sweet to trust the Lord, to trust the Lord,

rest . . . up-on His word, While His Spir - it fills my
And to rest upon His word, upon His word, While His Spirit fills my

soul, And His power . . . now, makes me whole.
soul, yes, fills my soul. And His power now ma'kes me whole, now makes me whole.

14. JESUS WILL HELP YOU.

D. W. M.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. When you are wea - ry, Je - sus will help you, He all your
 2. When in the con - flict, Je - sus will help you, O - ver the
 3. When in the dark - ness, Je - sus will help you, He is the
 4. If you lack wis - dom, Je - sus will help you, He will en -

tri - als and sorrows will bear; He is a kind, com - pas - sion - ate
 for He has triumphed for you; Claim - ing the vic - t'ry, you may go
 Day - Star of life un - to thee; Fol - low - ing Him the light - shades will
 light - en the sub - mis - sive mind; And in life's du - ties, you may be

Sav - iour, You may in faith cast on Him all your care.
 for - ward, Christ, in each con - quest, your strength will re - new.
 van - ish, Thou in God's morn - ing His glo - ry shall see.
 guid - ed In - to the paths where sweet peace you will find.

CHORUS.

Je - sus will help you, ten - der - ly help you, Help you with grace in your soul;

Je - sus will help you, faith - fully help you; On Him your bur - dens now roll.

15. HEALING FOR A LOOK.

J. M. K.

(Num, 21; 9, Jno, 3; 14.)

JAS. M. KIRK.

1. There is healing for a look at the Cru - ci - fied One, If you
 2. Is - ra - el in an - cient days, raised the serpent up on high, All when
 3. Bless the Lord Oh, my soul, yes - ter - day to - day the same, Sing for

look and be - lieve it is done; Then look suff'ring one
 bit - ten, that looked did not die, E - ven so the Son of man,
 joy all ye dumb, leap ye lame, Bless the Lord for Cal - va - ry

Cho. D. S. There is heal - ing for a look

un - to Him and be healed, Unto Him who has borne all for thee.
 has been nailed upon the tree, Bearing sickness and sorrow for thee.
 all my debt was settled there, Suff'ring one cast upon Him your care.

at the Cru - ci - fied One, If you look and believe it is done.

FINE.

CHORUS.

Then look

Then look,

D. S.

Look and be healed, Look and be healed, Then look unto Him and be healed.

16. GIVE THYSELF FULLY TO GOD.

D. W. M.

D: Wesley Myland.

1. Give thy-self ful - ly to God! This is the time of His call;
 2. Give thy-self ful - ly to God, Noth-ing re-serv-ing this hour;
 3. Give thy-self ful - ly to God; Quit you like men in the fight;
 4. Give thy-self ful - ly to God, Thus shall thy service be blest;

Thou art redeemed by His blood, Yield to His serv-ice thy all.
 Love in thy heart shed a - broad, Thou shalt be filled with His pow'r.
 Marshalled where Je-sus has trod, Stand for the Truth and the right.
 Led by the "Good Shepherd's" rod, Souls shall find comfort and rest.

CHORUS.

Give thy-self ful-ly to God! Fear not the Cross and the Rod,
 to God! the Rod,

Hearts must be sift - ed, Souls must be lift - ed, Lives must

be lightened of sin's heav-y load; Love thou the sin - ner,

be a soul-win-ner; Give thy-self ful - ly to God!

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17. BE STRONG.

M. D. Babcock, D. D.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. Be strong! We are not here as men, to play, to dream, to drift,
2. Say not, "The days are e - vil now, and who is there to blame?"
3. Be strong! It matters not how deep entrenched may be the wrong,

We have hard work to do, and loads to lift, Shun not the struggle;
 And fold the hands and ac-qui-esce, O shame! Stand up, speak out, and
 How hard the bat-tle goes, the day, how long, Faint not, fight on! To-

face it, 'tis God's gift. Be strong! Be strong! Be strong! Be strong!
 brave-ly in God's name Be strong! Be strong! Be strong! Be strong!
 mor-row comes the song, Be strong! Be strong! Be strong! Be strong!

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18. POWER IN THE CROSS.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.



1. There is pow'r in the Cross to re-deem from sin, There is pow'r
2. There is pow'r in the Cross all my debts to pay, Pow'r to ban-
3. There is pow'r in the Cross to pre-serve my soul In this e-
4. There is pow'r in the Cross, let us lift it high, Straying souls



in the Cross to make pure with-in, There is pow'r in the Cross
ish my doubtings and fears each day, And the light from the Cross
vil world, keep-ing sweet con-trol O-ver all my foes,
thro' the blood, Are to God brought nign, Finding par-don and peace,



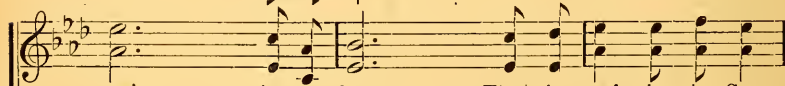
the good fight to win; There is pow'r in the Cross of Christ.
will il-lume my way; There is pow'r in the Cross of Christ.
till I reach the goal Thro' the pow'r of the Cross of Christ.
as to Him they cry; For there's life in the Cross of Christ.



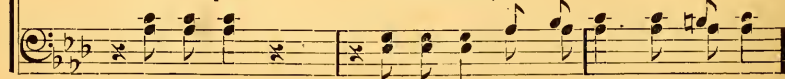
CHORUS.

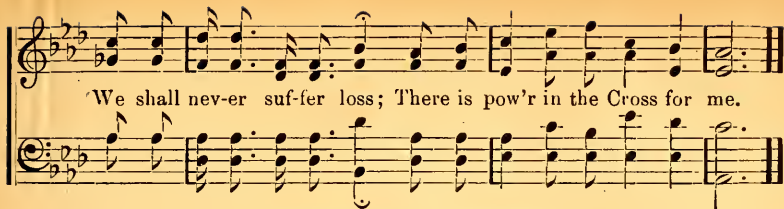


There is pow'r in the Cross, There is
There is pow'r in the Cross,



pow'r in the Cross. There is pow'r in the Cross
There is pow'r in the Cross,





We shall nev-er suf-fer loss; There is pow'r in the Cross for me.

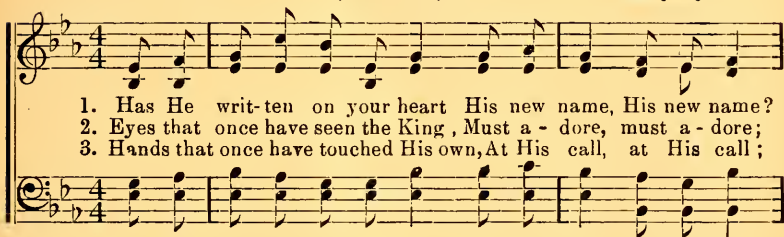
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19. NOT THINE OWN.

Arr. from H. Divall.

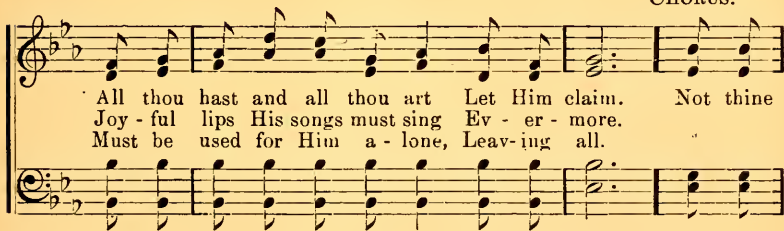
(1 Cor. 6: 19.)

D. Wesley Myland.

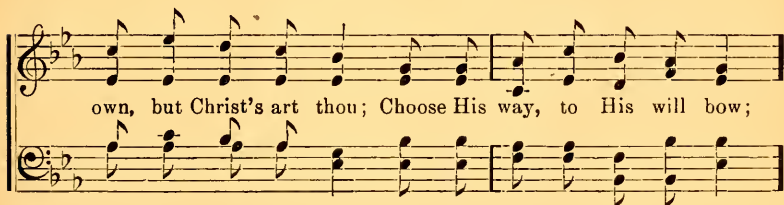


1. Has He writ-ten on your heart His new name, His new name?
 2. Eyes that once have seen the King, Must a-dore, must a-dore;
 3. Hands that once have touched His own, At His call, at His call;

CHORUS.



All thou hast and all thou art Let Him claim. Not thine
 Joy-ful lips His songs must sing Ev-er-more.
 Must be used for Him a-lone, Leav-ing all.



own, but Christ's art thou; Choose His way, to His will bow;



Fol-low in His foot-steps now, Day by day, day by day.

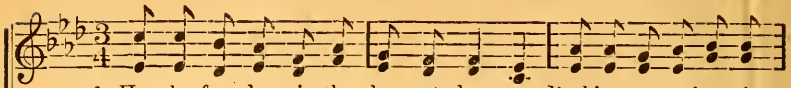
Copyright, 1911 by D. W. Myland.

20. KEPT AS THE APPLE OF HIS EYE.

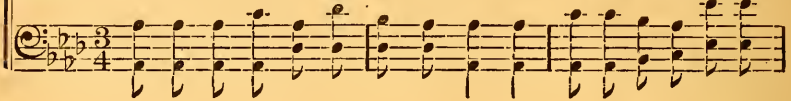
D. W. M.

Deut. 32: 10,

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.



1. He who found me in the des-ert drear-y, By his great sal-va-tion
 Deut. 32: 12. 2. God a-lone my lead-er, he shall guide me, On his prom-is-es I
 Psa. 17: 8. 3. Tho' the en-e-my may sore-ly try me, Sometimes force my fainting
 Prov. 7: 2. 4. When Thy holy word to me is dear-er Than these organs which my
 Zech. 2: 8. 5. When He comes in judgment on the nations We shall share his glory



brought me nigh, He will lead me, and when I am wea-ry Keep me
 will re-ly, For I know He will, what-e'er be-tide me, Keep me
 heart to sigh, Still the God of grace and strength is nigh me, Keeps me
 sight sup-ply, Then Thy presence than all else is near-er, Keep-ing
 in the sky, Gathered home 'mid heaven's ju-bi-la-tions; Precious



CHORUS.



as the ap-ple of his eye. Keep me as the ap-ple of Thine eye,
 as the ap-ple of his eye.
 as the ap-ple of the eye.
 as the ap-ple of mine eye.
 as the ap-ple of his eye.



'Neath thy ten-der shel-ter let me lie; Till I'm safe with-in my



Kept as the Apple of His Eye.—Concluded.

Rit......

home on high, Keep me as the ap-ple of thine eye.

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21. THE HEALING WINGS.

D. W. M.

(Mal. 4: 2.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. I have found the place of healing, In the righteous-ness of God;
2. In His glorious name I'm trusting, With the ho - ly fear of love;
3. 'Tis the way life's ills to right-en Thus to trust and serve the Lord,
4. I will trust Him, without "feeling," From Him life and strength to bring;

Life Di-vine to me re-veal-ing, Thro' the Saviour's precious blood.
 And His truth my life's ad-just-ing, So that naught my soul can move.
 While His joy our path will brighten, Bring us heal-ing thro' His word.
 There is par-don, peace and heal-ing Un-der Je-sus' sheltering wing.

CHORUS.

There is heal-ing, yes, there's heal-ing, There is heal-ing in His wings;

Rit......

Life a - bun-dant for my bod - y, While my hap-py spir - it sings.

"I will come again, and receive you to myself."—John 15: 3.

H. L. Turner.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a-wak-ing, When sun-light thru
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twi-light, It may be, per-
 3. While hosts cry "ho-san-na," from heav-en de-scend-ing, With glo-ri-fied
 4. O joy! O de-light! should we go with-out dy-ing, No sick-ness, no

dark-ness and shad-ow is break-ing, That Je-sus will come in the
 chance, that the black-ness of mid-night Will burst in-to light in the
 saints and the an-gels at-tend-ing, With grace on His brow, like a
 sad-ness, no dread and no cry-ing; Caught up thru the clouds with our

CHORUS.

full-ness of glo-ry, To re-ceive from the world His own.
 blaze of His glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive His own. O Lord Je-sus,
 ha-lo of glo-ry, Will Je-sus re-ceive His own.
 Lord in-to glo-ry, When Je-sus re-ceive His own.

how long, how long Ere we sing this ex-ult-ant song: Hal-le-lu-jah! A-

men, Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men; Christ has come to our world a-gain.

23. HE KNOWETH THE WAY.

D. W. M.

(Job 28 : 7-8. Job 23 : 10-11.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND,



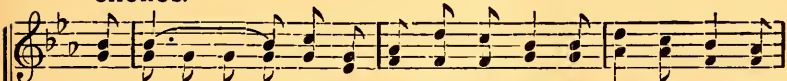
1. Sometimes life's path is hard to tread, And oft-en drear-y, too,
2. Of-times it is a se-cret path, All hid-den and a-lone;
3. A way of ho-ly sol-i-tude, Deep in the heart of God,
4. A place in low-li-ness to lie, Safe from the pride of man;
5. It is a way of mys-ter-y, I can-not un-der-stand;
6. And when, thro' faith, I've walked with thee O'er all this pil-grim way,



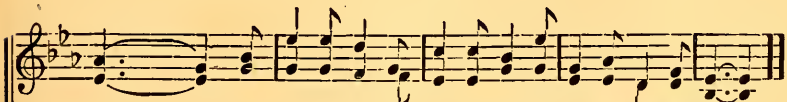
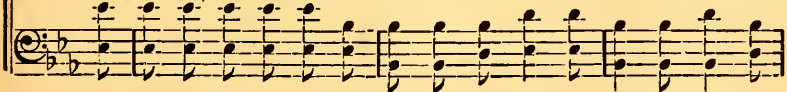
But to my heart the Lord hath said, 'Fear not, I'll bring thee through.'
 A way no stealthy li-on hath Yet trod-den, neith-er known.
 And feet of mer-cy have pursued Where trusting saints have trod.
 Way of tri-umph-ant faith, so high, No ea-gle's eye can scan.
 But this I know, God lead-eth me, I'm safe in his strong hand.
 Grant, Lord, these longing eyes may see The end in fade-less day.



CHORUS.



He know - eth the way that I take, My Fa-ther leads a-
 He knoweth, He knoweth He



right; And thro' the trials He will make My faith, like gold, shine bright.
 leadeth a-right;



24. WAITING FOR AN ANSWER.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

1. When you pray, do you wait for an an-swer, As you hum-bly and
 2. Do not press in - to bat-tle be - fore Him, And to rush to the
 3. Till He bids you move for-ward to du - ty, At the foot-stool of
 4. Not in tu - mult Je - bo - vah is call-ing, Not in strife and con-

fer-vent-ly plead For the full-ness of bless-ing He of-fers,
 field nev-er dare; Till the Cap-tain says "Go," tar-ry, wait-ing
 mer-cy a - bide; Sim-ply rest and be si - lent be - fore Him,
 fu - sion of noise; Storm and tem-pest the mountain are rend-ing—

CHORUS.

And the grace to sup-ply ev - 'ry need? Do you wait for the
 His commandment in an-swer to pray'r.
 Gaz-ing long at thy Lord cru - ci - fied.
 Stand a - side and give heed to His voice.

answer from heaven, As a - lone in your clos-et you pray? If you

wait till He speaks He will tell you What He wants you to do day by day.

Rit......

W. A. O.

COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY W. A. OGDEN.

W. A. Ogden.

1. Sweet are the prom - is - es, Kind is the word; Dear - er far than
 2. Sweet is the ten - der love Je - sushath shown, Sweet - er far than
 3. List to His lov - ing words, "Come un - to me!" Wear - y, heav - y -

an - y mes - sage man ev - er heard; Pure was the mind of Christ,
 an - y love that mor - tals have known; Kind to the err - ing one,
 lad - en, there is sweet rest for thee; Trust in His prom - is - es,

Sin - less, I see; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful is He; He the great ex - am - ple is, and pat - tern for me.
 Faith - ful and sure; Lean up - on the Sav - ior, and thy soul is se - cure.

CHORUS.

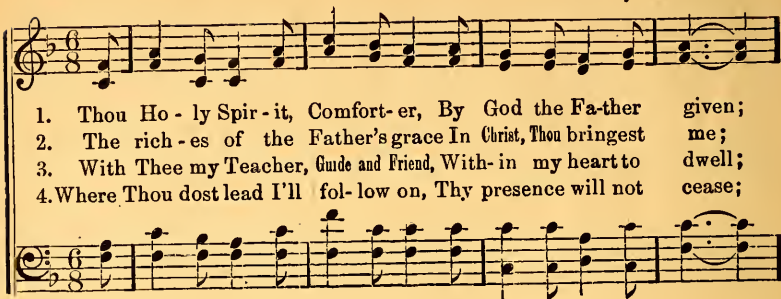
Where . . . He leads I'll fol - - - low,
 Where He leads I'll fol - low, Where He leads I'll fol - low,

Fol - - low all the way; Follow Jesus ev - 'ry day.
 Fol - low all the way. yes, fol - low all the way;

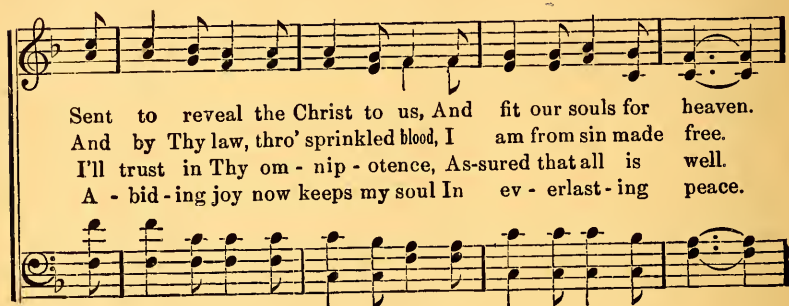
26. DIVINE COMFORTER.

Rev. D. W. M.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.
Arr. by Jas. M. Kirk.




1. Thou Ho - ly Spir - it, Comfort - er, By God the Fa - ther given;
2. The rich - es of the Father's grace In Christ, Thou bringest me;
3. With Thee my Teacher, Guide and Friend, With - in my heart to dwell;
4. Where Thou dost lead I'll fol - low on, Thy presence will not cease;

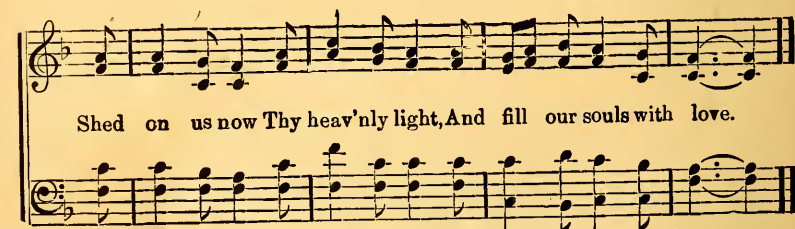


Sent to reveal the Christ to us, And fit our souls for heaven.
And by Thy law, thro' sprinkled blood, I am from sin made free.
I'll trust in Thy om - nip - otence, As - sured that all is well.
A - bid - ing joy now keeps my soul In ev - erlast - ing peace.

CHORUS.



O Com - fort - er! blest Comfort - er! We wait Thy pow'r to prove,

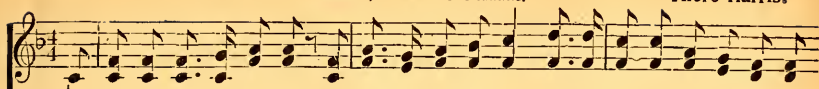


Shed on us now Thy heav'nly light, And fill our souls with love.

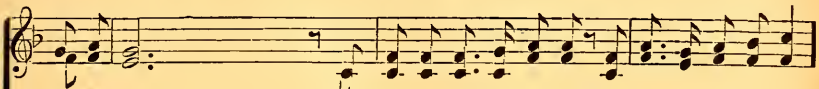
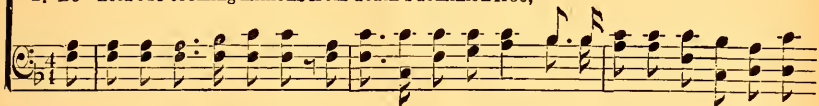
T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1916. BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.



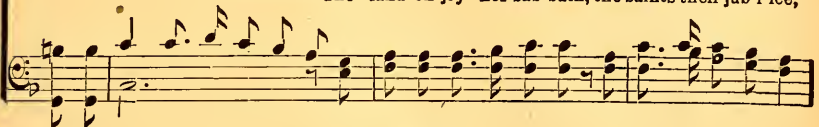
1. Our Sav-ior soon is com-ing, at-tend-ed by a throng, In the res-ur-rec-tion morning
2. Old earth shall yield her increase, a na-tion in a day;
3. Then friends whom death had sever'd, shall meet to part no more;
4. Be - hold the teeming millions from death's dominion free;



we will rise;

(We will rise a-gain;)

That gold-en dawn is breaking, the time will not be long;
 Till then this gen - er - a - tion can nev - er pass a - way;
 We'll see in all His beauty the King whom we a-dore;
 The land en-joy her sab-bath, the saints their jüb-i-lee;



CHORUS.



In the resurrection morning we will rise. In the resurrection morning we will rise,

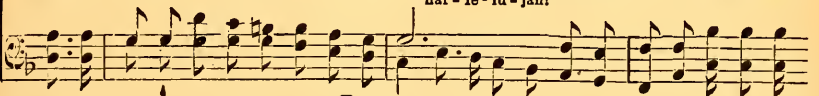
we will rise,



Made im - mor-tal; O 'tis marv'ulous in our eyes!

When the trump of Gabriel shall

hal - le - lu - jah!



sound, If we're sleeping under the ground, In the res - ur-rec-tion morning we will rise.



28. DWELLING IN CANAAN.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

JAS. M. KIRK.



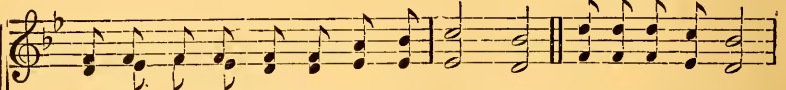
1. I was so wea - ry, sad and sore distressed, By un - be - lief and
2. Wait - ing, I heard the Spir - it sweetly say, Yield self, and all to
3. I've yielded all un - to His blessed will, And He my wait - ing
3. The Jordan's cross'd and I have entered in, The land of rest from



ma - ny fears oppressed; Yet longed to reach the "promised land of rest,"
 Christ thy Lord to - day; He'll cleanse and keep you in the ho - ly way,
 heart just now doth fill; Now Je - sus comes to reign within my soul,
 self and inbred sin; Now in fair Ca - naan ev - er - more I sing,



REFRAIN.



O - ver in the promised land of Ca - naan. O - ver in the land,
 Dwelling in the promised land of Ca - naan. } Dwelling in the land,
 Dwelling in the promised land of Ca - naan. } Dwelling in the land,
 Dwelling in the promised land of Ca - naan. }



o - ver in the land, O - ver in the promised land of Ca - naan.
 dwelling in the land, Dwelling in the promised land of Ca - naan.



29. THE COMFORT OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Acts 9; 31.

Words by Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

Music by MRS. D. W. MYLAND.
Arranged by JAS. M. KIRK.

1. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, Walking with the Lord
 2. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, Oh! what peace my heart
 3. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the ho - ly Ghost, How sweet is my life
 4. Walk-ing in the com-fort of the Ho - ly Ghost, Free from all sin, all

day by day; Go - ing step by step, in the light of His word,
 now doth know; Liv - ing in His light, sing - ing in His joy!
 in the Lord! List - ning to His voice, do - ing His good - will,
 care and pain; Pray - ing, work - ing, trust - ing sweet - ly all the way,

CHORUS.

Com - pa - ny and strength all the way. Walking, yes, I'm walking in the
 Mu - sic in my soul all a - glow.
 Con - quering thro' faith in His word.
 Wait - ing 'till my Lord comes a - gain.

Rit.
 Spir - it of my Lord! Liv - ing, yes, I'm liv - ing now by faith in His word;

p So He keeps me still, strong to do His will; Walking in His comfort day by day.
f

30. HIS APPOINTMENT.

MRS. L. W. K.

MRS. L. W. KUNKEL.



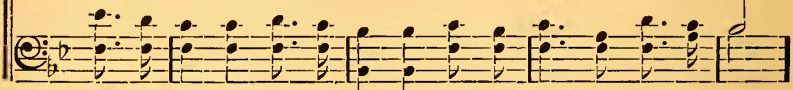
1. Tho' the storm is rag-ing o'er me, Tho' the wind is cold and bleak,
 2. Thou dost lead me, bless-ed Spir-it, I can nev-er walk a-lone,
 3. Let my faith shine out more brightly, May my love be strong and pure;



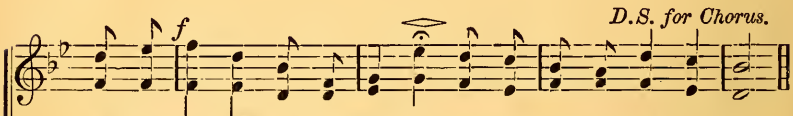
Yet be-yond, a sil-ver lin-ing Shineth where my faith doth seek;
 And I know that Thou dost guide me, And will keep me for Thine own;
 Thou art work-ing in and thro' me, Thou wilt help me to en-dure,



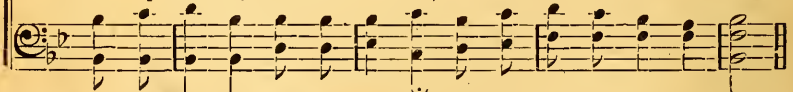
O! I love Thee, precious Saviour, Thou dost wind and storms con-trol,
 Let my faith be nev-er shak-en, Tho' the storms en-com-pass me,
 When at last all storms are o-ver, And dost call me home to Thee,



CHO.—O! I love Thee, precious Saviour, Thou dost wind and storms control,



I can nev-er, nev-er doubt Thee, Thou dost love and keep my soul.
 Let me feel it is my Fa-ther, Who per-mit-teth them for me.
 Then my Saviour, Friend and brother, I shall dwell in heav'n with Thee.



I can nev-er, nev-er doubt Thee, Thou dost love and keep my soul.

31. WHEN HE COMES IN GLORY.

D. W. M.

(Rev. 1; 7.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. There's a morning breaking o'er this night of sin, And the day of right-
 2. What a day of ter-ror to the unsaved soul, When the heav'ns shall roll
 3. What an hour of triumph and of glo-ry grand For the "true and faith-
 4. So the saints are toil-ing on in faith and prayer, Cleansed and waiting to

eous-ness will soon be-gin; 'Tis the promised dawning of the glad time
 to-geth-er like a scroll, And the light of Je-sus shining all a-
 ful" who with Christ shall stand; Blessed time of freedom when all care and
 meet Je-sus in the air; Brother, are you read-y, for the time is

CHORUS.

when Je-sus Christ will come a - gain. When He comes in glo-ry ev-'ry
 broad Shall consume the foes of God.
 pain, When with Christ they come to reign.
 near When our Je - sus shall ap-pear.

eye shall see Him, And the hearts will wail who have not received him; When He

comes in glory, then we shall be like Him, Je-sus Christ for sinners slain.

32. "HE KNOWS."

C. E. S.

CELIA E. STANTON.

1. He knows earth's deepest sor - row, He knows our high-est joy;
 2. He knows a - long life's path-way Are tri - als for His sake;
 3. He knows the heart that trusts Him In these dark try - ing hours;

The deep-est, dark-est sins of years, He's a - ble to de - stroy.
 But tho' they dim our vis - ion still, He knows the way we take.
 When thorns are in life's pathway here, Or when its strewn with flow'rs.

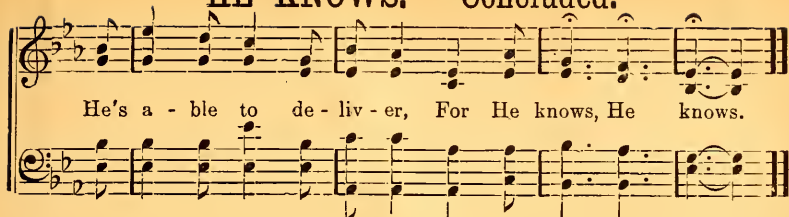
He knows the deep heart-longings, The hid - den tears that flow;
 In His own way He leads us, Be - cause He loves us so;
 He knows His own and leads them In pastures of ten - der green,

There's noth - ing o - ver-takes us, But what our Lord doth know.
 And when the heart grows wea-ry, He knows, our Lord doth know.
 Has treasures laid up for loved ones, By mor - tal eye un - seen.

CHORUS.

He knows, He knows, He knows, yes, Je - sus knows;
 He knows, He knows, He knows,

"HE KNOWS."—Concluded.



He's a - ble to de - liv - er, For He knows, He knows.

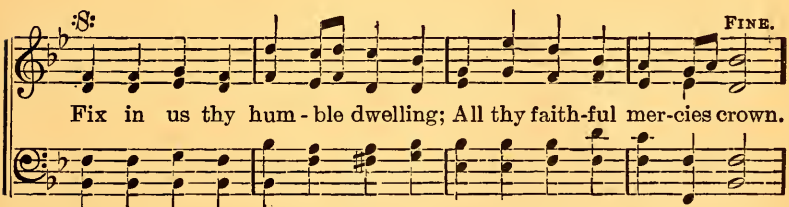
33. LOVE DIVINE.

CHARLES WESLEY.

Tune, LOVE DIVINE. 8, 7, D.

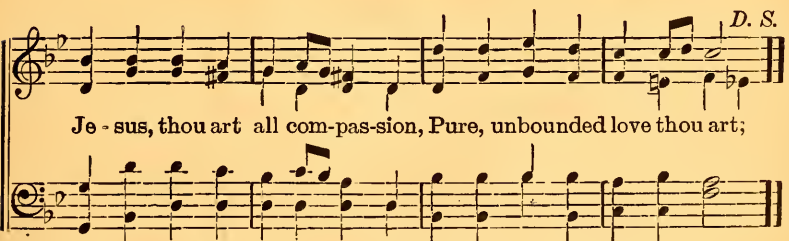


1. Love di-vine, all love ex-cel-ling, Joy of heav'n to earth come down!



Fix in us thy hum-ble dwelling; All thy faith-ful mer-cies crown.

D. S.—Vis-it us with thy sal - va - tion. En-ter ev - 'ry trembling heart.



Je - sus, thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, unbounded love thou art;

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>2. Breathe, O breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast!
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our bent to singing;
 Alpha and Omega be;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.</p> | <p>3. Finish then thy new creation;
 Pure and spotless let us be;
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee;
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place,
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.</p> |
|---|---|

34. HAPPY SOUL.

D. W. M.

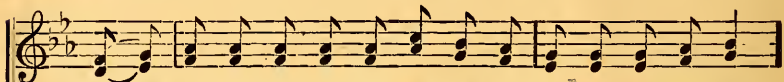
Last verse by J. M. K.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

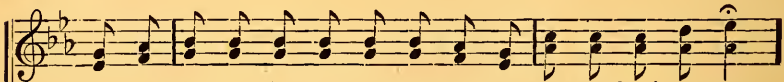
Arr. by Jas. M. Kirk.



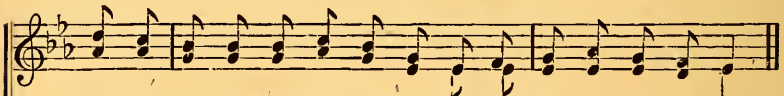
1. Oh, my gracious, dear Re-deem-er, how my soul delights in Thee,
2. Ev - 'ry question He will answer, ev' - ry foe He'll o - ver-come;
3. Oh, so long I wondered if I could be hap - py *all* the time,



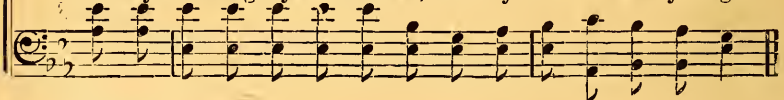
For the Ho - ly Spir - it cleans-es, fills and ful - ly sets me free.
He will guide, up-hold and keep me, as I make my heart His home.
Or must I wait till Je - sus takes me to that sun - lit clime.



As I wait-ed in sub-mis-sion, how He answered ev'-ry cry;
Now I count it all as set-tled, and His word is true to me;
But He gave His word, "the Lord shall be thy ev - er - last-ing light;"



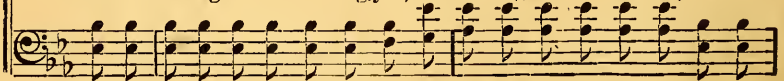
And I trust He will each mo-ment All my fu-ture needs sup-ply.
He's my peace, I have received Him, Christ my all in all to be.
Now my mourning days are end-ed, in my soul 'tis always bright.



CHORUS.



So I'm trust - - ing and I'm rest - - ing, As I
So I'm trusting and I'm resting, yes, I'm trusting and I'm resting; As I



HAPPY SOUL.—Concluded.

in . . . my Lord a-bide; And my soul . . . is
in my Lord abide, as I in my Lord abide; And my soul is very happy,
ve-ry hap - - py, Resting in the Cru - ci - fied.
yes, my soul is ve - ry hap - py,

I'll Live for Him.

Per. C. R. DUNBAR.

35 HE'S ALL TO ME.

- 1 Dear Saviour, come and set me free,
That Thine forever I might be,
To walk in fellowship with Thee
Through all eternity.
- 2 Dear Saviour, come, Thy love impart
To this Thy captive willing heart,
That I in sweetness may depart
To fill another soul.
- 3 O, glorious joy, to know I'm Thine,
O, blessed thought, that Thou art mine,
I bow before Thy holy shrine,
And yield my will to Thee.
- 4 Keep Thou this gift, so sweet to Thee
Its yielding up has set me free,
Thy face, Thy glory, now I see,
And Thou art all to me.

G. B. ALLDRIDGE.

36 I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.

- 1 My life, my love I give to Thee,
Thou Lamb of God, who died for me,
O, may I ever faithful be,
My Saviour and my God.

REFRAIN.

- I'll live for Him who died for me,
How happy then my life shall be;
I'll live for Him who died for me,
My Saviour and my God.
- 2 I now believe Thou dost receive,
For Thou hast died that I might live,
And now henceforth I'll trust in Thee,
My Saviour and my God.
 - 3 Oh, Thou who died on Calvary,
To save my soul and make me free,
I consecrate my life to Thee,
My Saviour and my God.

37. LEANING ON JESUS.

FANNY LONSDALE.

Songs of Solomon 8: 5. John 13: 23.

JAS. M. KIRK

1. I have been alone with Je - sus,
 2. Shall I tell you what I told Him,
 3. Shall I tell you what He told me,
 4. Then He told me I was welcome,

My head up-on His breast,
 While I was waiting there?
 While I was waiting there?
 To stay with Him for aye,

For I was so ve - ry wea - ry,
 I told Him all my trou - ble,
 For it took a - way my trou - ble,
 And He said that He would never

I wanted there to rest.
 I told Him all my care.
 It took a - way my care.
 Cast His lov - ing child away.

I have been alone with Je - sus,
 I told Him Satan's whisperings
 He told me how He loved me,
 "Hark!" he said, "I am your Saviour,

He bid me stay a - while,
 Oft called me in - to sin,
 His wayward, erring child,
 Firm as a rock I stand,

And I felt it ve - ry pre - cious,
 And I asked Him if I might not
 And I felt so ve - ry hap - py.
 Come and rest beneath my shadow,

The sun - shine of His smile.
 For - ev - er stay with Him.
 For still on me He smiled.
 When weary in the land."

LEANING ON JESUS.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.



For I was wea-ry, wea-ry, And longed to be at rest,

After last verse—

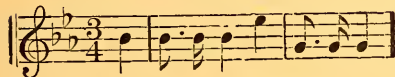
Oh, 'tis precious, ve-ry precious, To lean on Je-sus' breast,



And oh! it was so peaceful there, While lean-ing on His breast.
For when the heart is wea-ry, 'Tis the on-ly place of rest.



38 VARINA. (C. M.)



1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest,
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon my breast!"

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary, and worn, and sad,
I found in Him a resting-place,
And He hath made me glad.

2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink, and live!"
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream; [lived,
My thirst was quenched, my soul re-
And now I live in Him.

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
And all the day be bright!"

I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk,
Till all my journey's done.

39 RETREAT. (L. M.)



1 From every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat—
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads;
A place than all beside more sweet—
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
And friend holds fellowship with
friend;
Tho' sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 Ah! whither could we flee for aid,
When tempted, desolate, dismayed?
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat.

5 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more;
And heaven comes down, our souls
to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

40. IN HEAVENLY PLACES.

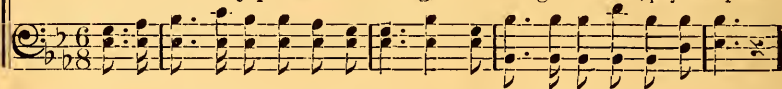
D. W. M.

(Eph. 2. 6.)

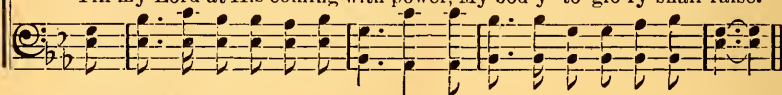
REV. D. W. MYLAND.



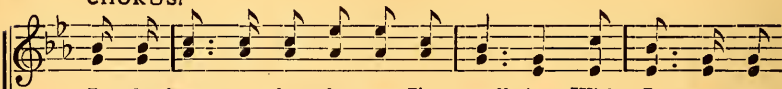
1. In the heavenly places with Je - sus, The Spir-it has taken my soul;
2. In the heavenly places with Je - sus, There I live in the spir-it of love,
3. In the heavenly places with Je - sus, Beyond the fierce tempter's a-larm;
4. In the heavenly places with Je - sus, Ful-fill-ing life's duties I go;
5. In the heavenly places a - bid-ing, Let me linger in faith, prayer and praise



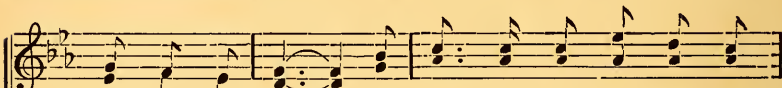
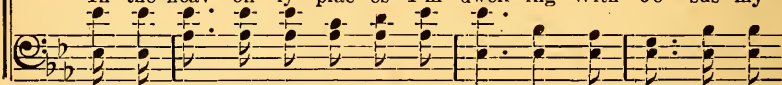
Redeemed by the blood of a-tone-ment, I am sanctified, healed and made whole.
 Tho' around me on earth be commotion, Faith's calm in the regions above.
 Tho' the vessel on earth he may buffet, The spirit in Christ cannot harm.
 And tho' earth and hell may oppose me, His presence and power I know.
 Till my Lord at His coming with power, My bod-y to glo-ry shall raise.



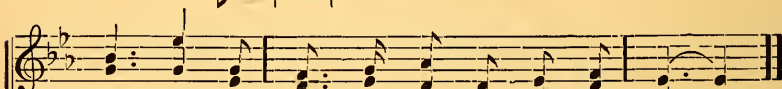
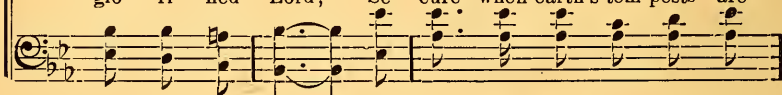
CHORUS.



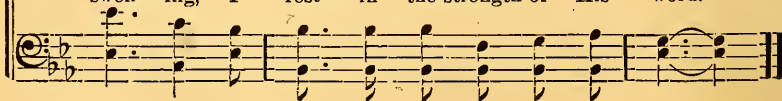
In the heav - en - ly plac - es I'm dwell - ing With Je - sus my



glo - ri - fied Lord; Se - cure when earth's tem-pests' are



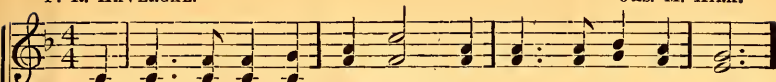
swell - ing, I rest in the strength of His word.



41. LIVE OUT THY LIFE WITHIN ME.

F. R. HAVERGAL.

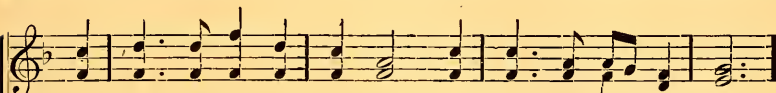
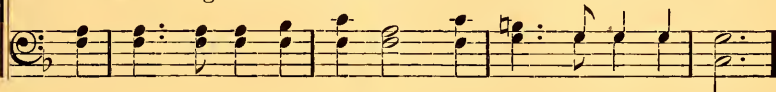
JAS. M. KIRK.



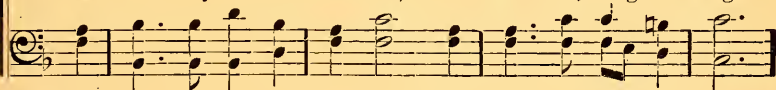
1. Live out Thy life with - in me, Oh, Je - sus, King of kings;
2. The tem - ple has been yield - ed, And pu - ri - fied of sin;
3. Its mem - bers ev' - ry mo - ment Held sub - ject to Thy call;
4. But rest - ful, calm and pli - ant, From bend and bi - as free;



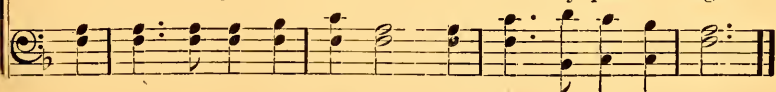
Be Thou Thyself the an - swer To all my ques - tion - ings.
 Let Thy She - ki - nah glo - ry Now flash forth from with - in.
 Read - y to have Thee use them, Or not be used at all.
 Per - mit - ting Thee to set - tle When Thou hast need of me.



Live out Thy life with - in me, In all things have Thy way;
 And all the earth keep si - lence, The bod - y henceforth be
 Held with - out rest - less long - ing, Or strain, or stress or fret,
 Live out Thy life with - in me, O Je - sus, King of kings.



I, the trans - par - ent me - di - um, Thy glo - ry to dis - play.
 Thy si - lent, do - cile serv - ant, Moved on - ly as by Thee.
 Or cha - fings at Thy deal - ings, Or thoughts of vain re - gret.
 Be Thou the glorious an - swer, To all my ques - tion - ings.



42. UNTO THE COMING OF THE LORD.

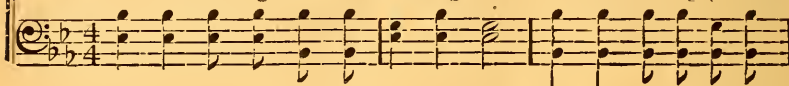
D. W. M.

(2 Peter 3: 10-14.)

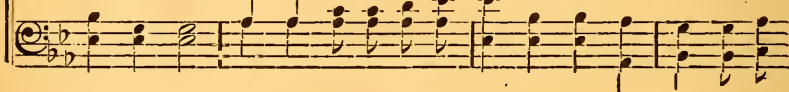
Rev. D. W. MYLAND.



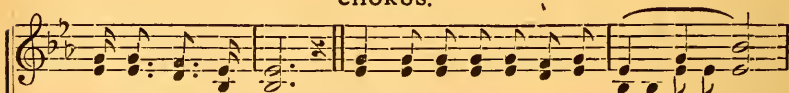
1. These are days when trusting souls are glad, When no tri - al can our
2. Bit - ter cups of sor - row love must take, Wrongs endured in peace for
3. All our la - bors—all our faith and love, All our life, now hid with
4. All our wit - ness - ing in ev - 'ry land, Thus ful - fill - ing Je - sus'
5. All the promised time of joy and peace For this troubled world, when
6. All our wait - ing and our work - ing here, All our watch - ing (with the



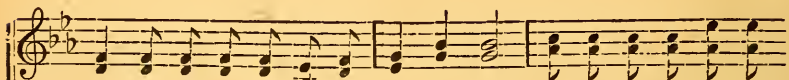
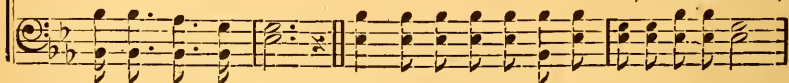
hearts make sad; All our liv - ing now in deed and word Is "un - to the
 Je - sus' sake; The deep proving which such times afford Is "un - to the
 Christ a - bove, With the pray'rs and offerings here outpoured Is "un - to the
 last command, Send - ing Gospel light to those ignored Is "un - to the
 sin shall cease, And all things in Je - sus be restored, Is "un - to the
 time so near) For Him whom our hearts have long adored Is "un - to the



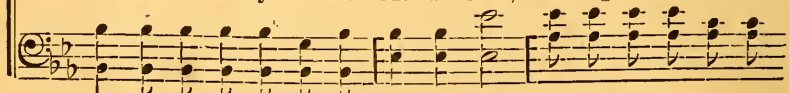
CHORUS.



com - ing of the Lord." "Un - to the coming of the Lord,"
 Lord, the blessed Lord,



Oh, let us read - y be with - out dis - cord; Looking for and hast - en -



Unto the Coming of the Lord.—Concluded.

ing with one ac - cord Un-to the coming of the Lord.....
 speed - y. com-ing of the Lord.

43. DAY BY DAY.

D. W. M.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Walk-ing with Je - sus day by day, As I life's pathway tread;
2. Walk-ing with Je - sus day by day, Rough places smooth be-come;
3. Walk-ing with Je - sus day by day, Dark-ness be-com-eth light;
4. Walk-ing with Je - sus day by day, All will be well with me;

I would o - be-di-ent be al-way, Trust-ing my Liv-ing Head.
 Crooked things change to a plain straight way, While we thus journey home.
 And the ef-ful-gence of love's sweet ray, Makes all my pathway bright.
 I shall go home, with him to stay, And like my Sav-iour be.

CHORUS.

Day by day, in the way, Help me God's will to know;

Hour by hour, by His pow'r, Where He may lead I'll go.

44. WE SHALL OVERCOME.

D. W. M.

(Rev. 3: 21.)

REV. D. WESLEY MYLAND.

1. Christian sol-dier, here a-mid life's con-flicts, When the en-e-
 2. There are cross-es to be borne for Je-sus, There is work to
 3. If you love Him, then o-bey your Sav-iour, Give his sav-ing
 4. Let us ful-ly count the cost of serv-ice, Then with glad-ness

my op-press-eth thee; Look a-bove, there's help in Christ thy
 do for Christ our Lord; But the cross will not out-weigh His
 gos-pel to all men; Rise in prayer and faith this work to
 join the heav'n-ly race; There's a crown for ev-'ry faith-ful

CHORUS.

Sav-iour, Thou shalt con-quer and a vic-tor be. We shall
 mer-cy, And our la-bor have its full re-ward.
 hast-en, When 'tis finished, Christ will come a-gain.
 sol-dier Who will tri-umph thro' re-deem-ing grace.

o-ver-come, and shall vic-tors be, We shall wear the bright and

star-ry crowns that we have won; We shall o-ver-come and shall

WE SHALL OVERCOME.—Concluded.

vic - tors be; Then we'll reign with Je - sus on His roy - al throne.

45. FOUNTAIN OF BLOOD.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. From Calv'ry's mount there flows a stream Of Christ's a-ton-ing blood; And
 2. I came to this most precious fount With all my guilt and sin; Sal-
 3. A fountain for the soul de-filed, Where heal-ing wa-ters flow, It

CHORUS.

they who wash are saved from sin, And re-con-ciled to God. This precious
 va-tion in its depths I found, His blood hath made me clean.
 pu - ri - fies me from all sin, And wash - es white as snow.

blood by faith I know, Can wash my soul as white as
 precious blood by faith I know, Can wash my soul as

snow; By faith in Christ I en-ter in, And Je-sus saves from sin.
 white as snow,

46. TRUSTING JESUS ALONE.

D. W. M.

(Eph. 1. 12-14.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Trust-ing in Je - sus, His blood doth a - tone, Filled with His
 2. Trust-ing in Je - sus, my spir - it is blest, He in sweet
 3. Trust-ing in Je - sus, our cross - es grow light, Walk - ing with
 4. Trust-ing in Je - sus 'mid tri - als and care, All things com -
 5. Trust-ing in Je - sus, the best of all friends, With us in

Spir - it, no long - er my own, His, till I meet Him up -
 ten - der - ness giv - eth me rest, With Him I am of all
 Him, all our path - way is bright, And thro' o - be - dience, He
 mit - ting to Je - sus in prayer, He will my bur - dens so
 spir - it till life's journey ends, Then a glad wel - come to

on His bright throne; Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone.
 good things pos - sessed; Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone.
 makes all things right; Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone.
 ten - der - ly bear; Trust-ing in Je - sus a - lone.
 heav'n He ex - tends To those who trust Him a - lone.

CHORUS.

Trust - ing in Je - sus, When.... earth's hopes are dim;
 Trusting, yes, trusting in Jesus, He's mine, When earthly hopes are all blighted and dim;

Trusting Jesus Alone.—Concluded.

Trusting a-lone in my Sav - iour, There is no friend like Him....
Sav-iour di-vine, no friend like Him.

47. ROLLING OVER ME.

D. W. M.

Rev. D. WESLEY MYLAND.

1. Like a might-y o - cean breaking o'er the lea, Rolls the love of
2. O - cean, deep and precious, filled at Calvary's side, Cleansing ev-'ry
3. Flow till ev - 'ry creature in its tide has laved, Roll in deep-er
4. Then in realms of glo - ry, on the glass-y sea, We shall know more

CHORUS.

Je - sus, reaching e - ven me. Rolling, roll - ing, Like the deep blue
sin - ner bath - ing in its tide.
bil - lows till the world is saved.
ful - ly God's great love so free.

sea; Comes God's love and mer - cy, Roll - ing o - ver me.
mighty sea;

49. ALL THE WAY.

D. W. M.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. O I have a *pleading* Saviour, He's my *friend*; To my sin-ful
 2. O I have a *per-fect* Saviour, He's my *power*; By his love and
 3. O I have a *pre-cious* Saviour, He's my *joy*; He delights my
 4. O I have a *pres-ent* Saviour, He's my *guide*; He is with me
 5. O I have a *promised* Saviour, He's my *hope*; Making clear my

heart his love he did ex - tend; Since I sought his kind embrace, He has
 truth preserves me ev-'ry hour; Fills me with the Spirit's might, Keeps me
 soul, when earthly cares an-noy; He with sunshine fills my heart, Gladness
 to protect, when ills be - tide; Sweet-ly leads me day by day As I
 vis-ion like a tel - e - scope; Hope of coming dawn of day When sin's

saved me by his grace, And will keep my soul in peace—to the end,
 walk-ing in the light, My de-fense by day and night—my high tow'r.
 brings to ev-'ry part, And from him I'll ne'er de-part—sweetest joy.
 walk this pil-grim way, And he tells me he will stay—at my side.
 night shall pass a-way, For He's com-ing back to stay—blessed hope!

CHORUS.

All the way, ev-'ry day, My Saviour leads me gently
 All the way, ev-'ry day,

All the Way.—Concluded.

all the way, So I trust my blessed Je-sus all the way.
the blessed way;

Musical score for 'All the Way' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is divided into two systems. The first system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

50. LIFT YOUR EYES.

H. V. ANDREWS.

(John 4; 35.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Lift your eyes and look a-bout you, O ye ser-vants of the Lord!
2. See the might-y things tran-spir-ing, Doors are opening near and far;
3. See the fields, by God made ready; Millions feel-ing af-ter God,

Musical score for 'Lift Your Eyes' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is divided into two systems. The first system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

See the fields of rich-est har-vest; Lis-ten, 'tis the Saviour's word:
War and pes-ti-lence and fam-ine God's mys-te-ri-ous a-gents are:
Blind-ly sac-ri-fic-ing, suffer-ing, In the way their fa-tthers trod.

Musical score for 'Lift Your Eyes' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is divided into two systems. The first system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

Say not ye 'tis not yet har-vest, Wait not for a sea-son fair;
God is car-ing, lov-ing, working, Could the Church but march a-pace
How can we be so in-ac-tive, While the ri-pened har-vest falls?

Musical score for 'Lift Your Eyes' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is divided into two systems. The first system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

See the fields so white and read-y, Few, so few, the reapers there.
Soon the glo-ri-ous Gos-pel sto-ry Would be heard in ev-'ry place.
Millions per-ish—none to gath-er; Christ for reap-ers loud-ly calls.

Musical score for 'Lift Your Eyes' in G major, 3/4 time. The score consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp. The music is divided into two systems. The first system contains the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The second system contains the piano accompaniment. The vocal line ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

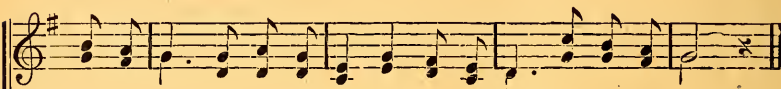
52. CLEANSE AND HIDE ME.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

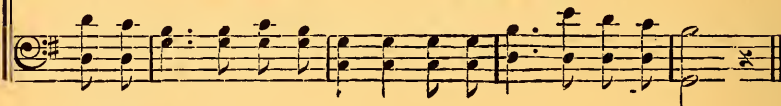
Rev. D. W. MYLAND,
Arr. by JAS. M. KIRK.



1. Cleanse me, oh, my Saviour, cleanse me, From the stain of in-bred sin;
2. This the end of all my proneness, Now my wand'rings all shall cease;
3. Oh! the love and joy of serv-ice in this life of rest to know;



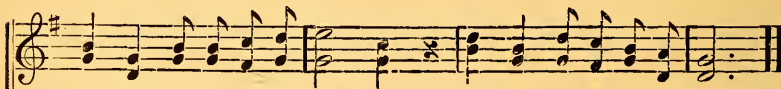
Make my heart all pure and ho - ly, Throne of Thine a - bid - ing reigr.
Heart renewed and mind o - be - dient, Gar - risoned by His sweet Peace.
Glad - ly do - ing all He bid - eth, Days of Heaven while here be - low.



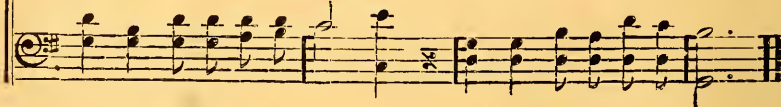
CHORUS.



Cleanse me, hide me, From all sin and self set free:
Cleanse, oh cleanse me; hide, oh hide me;



Life of Jesus, guide and keep me, Giv - ing constant vic - to - ry.



53. THINE IS THE KINGDOM.

D. W. M.

After the Syriac.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. Our Fa - ther in Heav - en, we hal - low Thy name; Thy
 2. For - give us our sins, as we oth - ers for - give; And

King - dom is com - ing, its bless - ings we claim, Thy will, be it
 grant that in mer - cy and love we may live, Lead us far a -

done here on earth as in Heaven, And our dai - ly bread in Thy
 way from temp - ta - tion's dark hour, De - liv - er from e - vil, its

REFRAIN.

mer - cy be given. For Thine is the Kingdom, the pow'r and the
 fear and its power.

glo - ry; For - ev - er and ev - er; A - men! A - men!

54. MORE ABOUT JESUS.

Mrs. ARABELLA GRAVES.

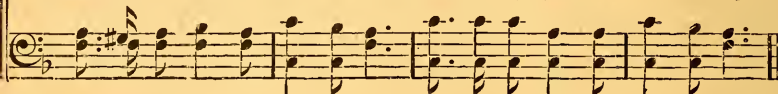
JAS. M. KIRK.



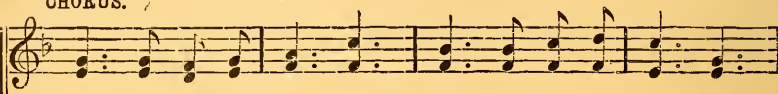
1. More about Je-sus would I know, On His errands of love to go;
2. More of His Presence in my heart, Love and mer-cy to im - part;
3. More in my ear His lov-ing voice, Mak - ing His paths my on - ly choice;
4. More on heaven my words to be, More on wings my thoughts to flee;



More in His Ho - ly Word to scan, Tell-ing it out to dy-ing man.
 More of His Ho - ly Spir - it feel, Fill-ing my soul with heav'nly zeal.
 More of His con - se - crat-ing pow'r Com-ing to me in ev' - ry hour.
 Less of this world to think each day, Having my eyes the oth - er way.



CHORUS.



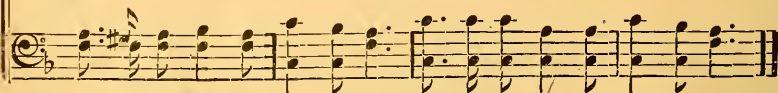
More, more a - bout Je - sus, More, more a - bout Je - sus,



More of His sav-ing ful-ness see, More of His love who died for me.

Last verse.

More of His healing power to know, More of His life in me to show.



55. HE WILL BE TRUE FOREVER.

D. W. M.

(Heb. 13 : 8.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.



1. I have a Friend on whom I de-pend, Naught from His love can
 2. Oth-ers may fail, His love will pre-vail, He *can-not* fail, no,
 3. Fain would I rest on His lov-ing breast, Wea-ry from life's en-
 4. When one by one my friends have all gone, Je-sus and I to-



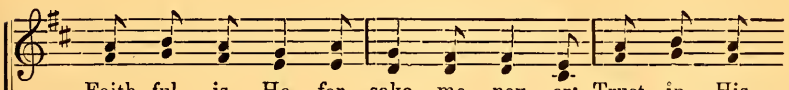
sev-er; He is so dear, this Friend ev-er near: He will be
 nev-er; Con-stant and sure, His love shall en-dure: He will be
 deav-or; There, like a dove, re-freshed in His love, Prov-ing Him
 geth-er Still will a-bide, and walk side by side, Faith-ful and



CHORUS.



true for-ev-er. He will be true, yes, true for-ev-er,



Faith-ful is He, for-sake me nev-er; Trust in His



love all else a-bove: He will be true for-ev-er.



56. ALL THINE OWN.

D. W. M.

(Rev. 3: 21.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Melt my soul, dear Je - sus, Break this heart of stone;
 2. Change my sin - ful na - ture By thy grace di - vine;
 3. Make my faith o - be - dient To thy truth and power;
 4. Grant me grace to con - quer, With thy Spir - it fill
 5. Then when thou hast finished All thy work in me,

Oh, re - new my spir - it, Make me all thine own.
 Cleanse my heart and fill it With the love of thine.
 Let thy will con - trol me Ev - 'ry day and hour.
 All my soul, and make me Strong to do thy will.
 I shall be per - fect - ed— Sat - is - fied in thee.

CHORUS.

All thine own, O Ho - ly One! Make me all thine own;

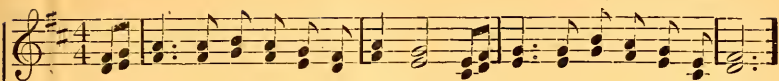
Safe - ly keep me till I meet thee In thy Father's throne.

57. COMMITTED.

REV. D. W. MYLAND.

2 Tim. 1, 12.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.
 Arr. by Jas. M. Kirk.



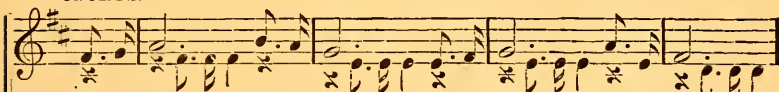
1. I know in whom I have be-liev-ed, On this assurance I re-ly;
2. I know in whom I have be-liev-ed, Com-mit-ted to an All-wise God;
3. I know in whom I have be-liev-ed, No foe I fear, or tempest wild;
4. I know in whom I have be-liev-ed, In time of trouble He's my stay;
5. I know in whom I have be-liev-ed, And so "the vic-to-ry" is mine;
6. I know in whom I have be-liev-ed, This "Hope of glory" fills my soul;



In Christ's sweet presence I am guarded, Se-cure I rest while He is nigh.
 Who knows our ev'ry human weakness, Car-ries our burdens, bears our loads,
 The Christ in whom I hide is a-ble To keep in peace His trusting child.
 And when the tempter strong assails me, Secure I'm kept against that day.
 Not by the world, nor man, nor an-gel, But by this mighty faith Di-vine.
 O, joy of life! and light of Heaven, My Christ! while endless ages roll.



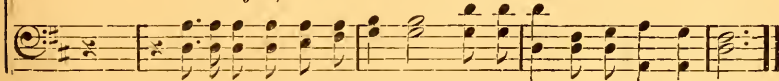
CHORUS.



I believe in the Lord, And I rest on His word;
 I believe in the Lord, And I rest on His word;



Hal-le-lu-jah, how I praise Him, Jesus Christ is my all to-day.
 Hallelujah,



Copyright, 1894, by MYLAND & KIRK.

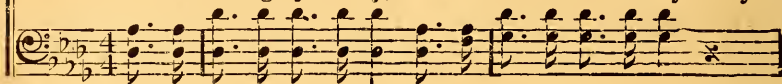
58. JESUS SAVES TO-DAY.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

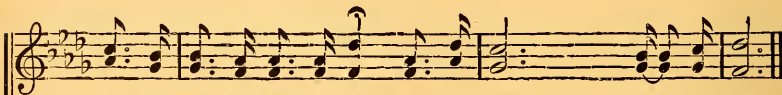
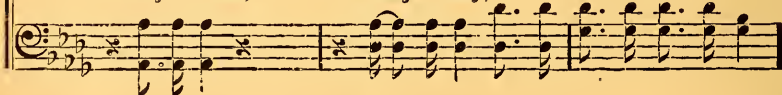
NELLIE A MYLAND,
Arr. by JAS. M. KIRK.



1. Je - sus died on Calv'ry's brow, And from sin can save you now; Will you
2. May the fire from heaven fall, To con - sume my sins and all, Pu - ri -
3. Je - sus sanc - ti - fies my soul, Heals me - ev' - ry whit made whole; I from
4. He is com - ing by and by, We shall meet Him in the sky: "Go ye



come,	while you may?	Now the crimson blood doth flow,
fy	my heart to-day:	Come, oh come, thou Ho-ly Ghost,
sin	and sickness free;	And He liv - eth in me now,
forth,"	He is nigh,	Watch and work, believe and pray
Will you come,	while you may,	



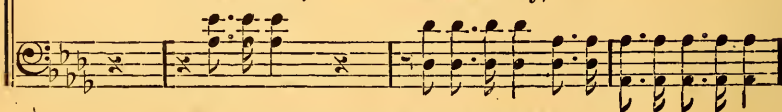
It will cleanse you white as snow. Now be-lieve,	Je - sus saves.
Give us now a Pen - te - cost; Blessed Lord,	come in and save.
Sweetly keeps, I know not how; Life of Christ,	how it saves.
Hast'ning in the glorious day, When the Lord	will come to save.
	Now believe,



CHORUS.



Christ of God, . . . He comes to-day,	Seeking those who've gone astray,
Christ of God, He comes to-day,	



JESUS SAVES TO-DAY.—Concluded.



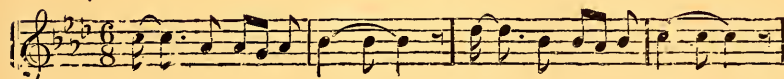
Sav- ing souls a- long the way; Hal- le - lu - jah, hal - le -
Hal - le - lu - jan,



lu jah, Je - sus saves, . . . He saves to - day.
Hal - le - lu - jah, Jesus saves, He saves to - day, to - day.



Blessing.



59 MERCY FOR ME.

- 1 Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Will the Father hear the plea
I make in Jesus' name?
- 2 I have long withstood His grace,
And have grieved Him to His face,
Wandered far from His right ways,
But I return this hour.
- 3 Here my many sins lament,
Now sincerely I repent,
God to serve, with true intent,
My Saviour I receive.

REV. D. W. MYLAND.

60 I TAKE HIM AS I AM.

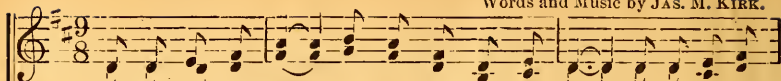
- 1 Here I give myself to Thee,
Thou dost set my spirit free,
And the blood now cleanses me,
According to His Word.

CHO.—I take Him as I am,
I take Him as I am,
This is my plea, He promised me,
I take Him as I am.
- 2 Now I know that it is done,
Though the feeling's not begun,
But 'tis promised in the Son,
And I rest upon His Word.

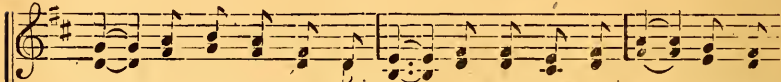
REV. D. W. MYLAND.

61. TRUST FOR BODY AND SOUL.

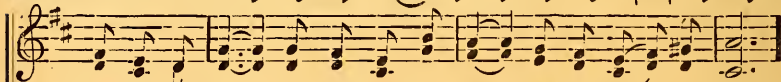
Words and Music by JAS. M. KIRK.



1. I read the sweet sto - ry a - gain and a - gain, Of Je - sus, the
2. I wished I could know it was al - ways His will, To heal our dis -
3. Oh, how I did hun - ger to hear Him just say, My child, I will
4. Is an - y one sick, His word plain - ly does say, "To call for the
5. Then come, my dear broth - er, I know He'll heal you, For sure - ly He's



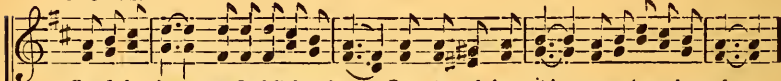
Heal - er, while here a - mong men ; But since He has suf - fered and
 eas - es and sick - ness when ill ; I will, be thou clean, to the
 bear all your sick - ness a - way ; But when I first saw that to -
 borne - ers," for you they will pray : A - noint you with oil "in the
 borne all your sick - ness - es too ; Come, plead His sweet prom - is - es,



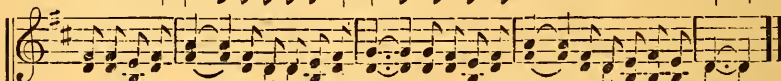
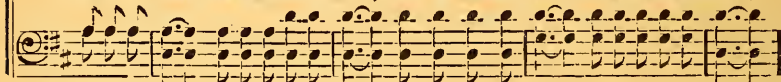
now gone a - way, I wondered if He was the same to - day.
 lep - er said He, But oh, is His will just the same un - to me ?
 day He's the same, I ceased from my works, and His own healing came.
 name of the Lord," "The prayer of faith" saves you, for this is word.
 at His feet fall ! He heal - eth my sick - ness, I know He'll heal all.



CHORUS.



Now I do know our Lord died on the tree, From sin and from sick - ness to thus make me free ;



On Him all my cares and my burdens I roll, I trust for my bod - y as well as my soul.



62. SOWING PRECIOUS SEED.

MRS. S. A. RAMSEY. Last two verses by J. M. H. Arr. by D. WESLEY MYLAND.
Cheerful.

1. Je - sus has told me if I would go and work, The reaping time is com - ing
2. Meeting with tri - als, that would my way retard, The reaping time is com - ing
3. Je - sus will pay me for ev - 'ry tear or sigh, The reaping time is com - ing

by and by, In the vineyard of the Lord he would pay me what was right,
by and by; In the hottest of the fight, I am on - ly see - ing God;
by and by; In the cit - y of the Lord, where there is no sin or night,

CHORUS.

O the reaping time is coming bye and bye. Sow - ing pre - cious seed,

sow - ing precious seed, The reaping time is coming bye and bye; Sow - ing pre -

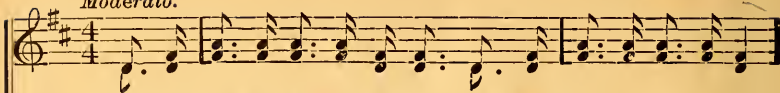
cious seed, sowing precious seed! O the reaping time is coming bye and bye.

63. JESUS HEALS TO-DAY.

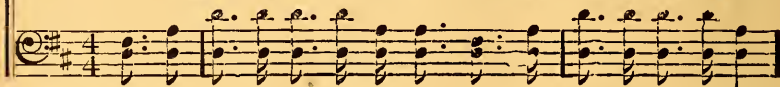
J. M. K.

JAS. M. KIRK.

Moderato.



1. Have you found the great Physician, Je - sus Christ of Gal - i - lee?
2. Con - secrate your life to Je - sus, Spir - it, soul, and bod - y too;
3. Do you doubt God's will to heal you? Take His word and ask for light;
4. Oh! I'm glad to tell you, suf - f'rer, Christ has more than healing too;



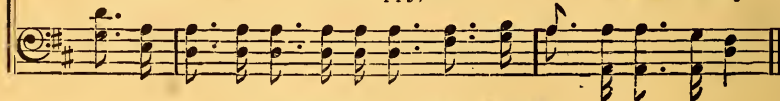
He who bore our pain and sorrow, On the shameful, cru - el tree?
 For "the Lord is for the bod - y," Ev' - ry pow'r He gave to you.
 If you seek in deep contri - tion, He will guide your heart aright.
 Life a - bun - dant o - ver - flow - ing, He will glad - ly give to you.



Still He heals the sick and suf - f'ring, As be - fore He went away;
 Let there be no res - er - va - tion, Give the Lord full right of way;
 Do not fear to claim His promise, He will not your trust betray;
 Step out bold - ly, claim His fullness, Let your sad - ness flee away;



For His word most plainly tells us, "He is just the same to - day."
 He will come and heal His temple, For He is the same to - day.
 When on earth He gladly heal'd them, And He is the same to - day.
 When on earth He made them happy, And He is the same to - day.



CHORUS, JESUS HEALS TO-DAY.—Concluded.

Faster.

He is just . . . the same to-day; As be-
He is just the same to-day, As be-fore He went a-way, As be-

fore . . . He went a-way.
fore He went away, As be-fore He went away. Look to Him, believe and pray;

Rit.
Trust His word and then o-bey. "Praise God, He is just the same to-day."

64. COME, YE DISCONSOLATE.

T. MOORE.

11, 10.

1. Come, ye dis-con - solate, wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the
2. Joy of the des - o-late, light of the stray-ing, Hope of the
3. Here see the bread of life, see waters flow-ing Forth from the

mer - cy-seat, fer - vent-ly kneel; Here bring your wounded hearts,
pen - i - tent, fade - less and pure, Here speaks the Com - fort - er,
throne of God, pure from a - bove. Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n can not heal.
ten - der-ly say - ing, "Earth has no sorrow that Heav'n can not cure."
come, ev - er know-ing, Earth has no sorrow but Heav'n can remove.

65. LET US STAND.

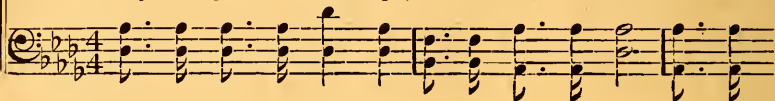
D. W. M.

(Judges 7 : 20, 21.)

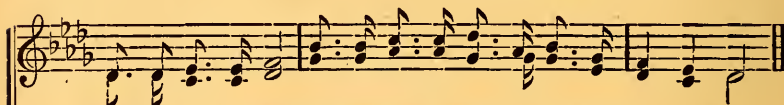
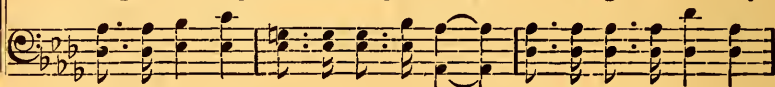
Rev. D. W. Myland.



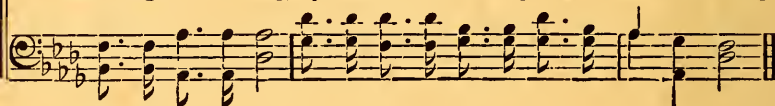
1. Let us stand for Je - sus, soldiers true and bold, Clad in
2. All a - round us ly - ing, foes both fierce and strong, But in
3. In the time of dan - ger came we to the front, And to
4. Day of promised tri - umph, who would falt - er here? When the



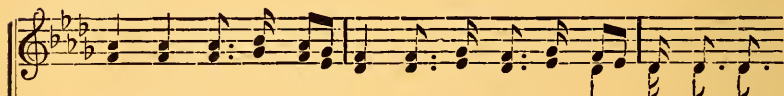
gos - pel ar - mour like the saints of old; Drinking of the fountain,
 faith we're marshal'd as a fearless throng; Not by might or numbers
 save God's people, bear the bat - tle's brunt; 'Tis a day propitious
 King is com - ing and the Kingdom near: On we go to vic - t'ry



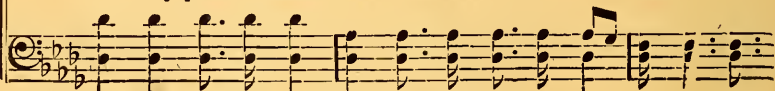
watching un-to prayer, Proved, and ready for life's conflict anywhere.
 go we to the fray, But thro' Christ our Captain we shall win the day.
 victors crowns to gain, Overcome with Jesus- in His Kingdom reign.
 shouting for our King, By His Sword we'll conquer and deliverance bring.



CHORUS.



In my place I'll stand, like Gideon's faith - ful band, Ready for



LET US STAND.—Concluded.

the bat-tle at my Lord's cammand; Holding forth the Word, the

Spirit's mighty Sword, We shall triumph o'er the foe and victors stand.

E. PERRONET.

(MELODY ONLY.)

Tune, CORONATION.

66 ALL HAIL THE POWER.

1 All hail the pow'r of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall,
:Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all. :||

2 Let ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
:To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all. :||

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall,
:We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all. :||

67 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 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.

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

68. WHO WILL GO AND WITNESS FOR JESUS?

J. M. K.

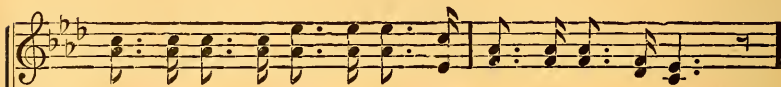
JAS. M. KIRK.



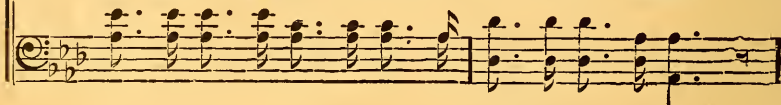
1. "Ye shall be my wit - ness-es," was Je - sus' last command, To
2. Je - sus has commissioned you and I to go or send A
3. God has said be of good cour-age, neith-er be a-fraid, Tho'
4. Hear the suf-fring mil-lions cry-ing for the Liv-ing Bread, When



ev' - ry kindred tongue and tribe, in ev' - ry clime and land; Go,
mes - sen-ger in His dear name, His glorious cross de-fend; And
mountains seem to hedge the way, He says be un - dismayed; For
Christ was here His words were, "Let the mul - ti-tudes be fed." Then



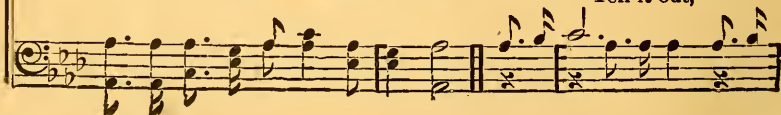
tell them of our Christ and say His kingdom is at hand,
He has promised to be with us, ev - en to the end,
Je - sus is our Cap - tain and will al - ways be our aid,
haste wher - ev - er man is found, for all His blood was shed,



CHORUS.



Who will go and wit-ness for Je - sus? Tell it out, Tell it
Tell it out,



C. P. J.

C. P. JONES.

1. Deep-er, deep - er in the love of Je - sus Dai - ly let me go;
 2. Deep-er, deep - er! bless - ed Ho - ly Spir - it, Take me deep - er still,
 3. Deep-er, deep - er! tho' it cost hard tri - als, Deep - er let me go!
 4. Deep-er, high - er, ev - 'ry day in Je - sus, Till all con - flict past,

High - er, high - er in the school of wis - dom, More of grace to know.
 Till my life is whol - ly lost in Je - sus, And his per - fect will.
 Root - ed in the ho - ly love of Je - sus, Let me fruit - ful grow.
 Finds me con - qu'ror, and in his own im - age Per - fect - ed at last.

CHORUS.

O deep - er yet, I pray, And
 O deep - er yet, I pray, deep - er yet, I pray, And

high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er,
 high - er ev - 'ry day, high - er ev - 'ry day, And wis - er, bless - ed Lord,

bless - ed Lord, In thy pre - cious, ho - ly word.
 . wis - er, bless - ed Lord.

73. I TAKE, HE UNDERTAKES.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. I clasp the hand of Love divine, I claim the gractous promise mine, And
2. I take sal-va-tion full and free, Thro' Him who gave His life for me, He
3. I take the promised Ho-ly Ghost, I take the power of Pen-te- cost, To
4. I take Him for this mortal frame, I take my healing thro' His name, And
5. I simply take Him at His word, I praise Him that my prayer is heard, And



this e - ter - nal coun - ter - sign, "I take, He un - der - takes."
 un - der - takes my All to be, "I take, He un - der - takes."
 fill me to the ut - ter - most, "I take, He un - der - takes."
 all His ris - en life I claim, "I take, He un - der - takes."
 claim my an - swer from the Lord. "I take, He un - der - takes."



CHORUS.



I take Thee, blessed Lord, I give my-self to Thee, And



Thou, ac-cord-ing to Thy word, Dost un - der - take for me.



74. TEACH ME, O LORD!

D. W. M.

(PSA. 25 : 4, 5.)

REV. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Teach me, O Lord, to-day, Cause me to know Thy way,
 2. Teach me how Je - sus' blood Wash - es my soul for God,
 3. Teach me Thy will to know, And in Thy way to go,
 4. Teach me to bear my cross, Will - ing to suf - fer loss,

Teach me, Lord, how to pray, Ful - ly to trust in Thee;
 How, thro' the cleans - ing flood, I am made white and pure;
 Teach me Thy love to show; Re - veal - ing grace Di - vine;
 Take from me all the dross, Make me like Christ to be;

Teach me my sins to leave, No more thy heart to grieve,
 Teach me the Ho - ly Ghost, Give me my Pen - te - cost,
 Teach me thy child to be, Meek - ly to live for Thee,
 Teach me to save the lost, To help the tem - pest-tossed,

Teach me how to re - ceive Par - don and peace so free.
 Fill to the ut - ter - most With love that will en - dure.
 Grant me Thy face to see, Con - sci - ous - ly know I'm Thine.
 And, at what - ev - er cost, Fin - ish Thy work in me.

75. KEEP ON BELIEVING.

M. D. *Con espress.*

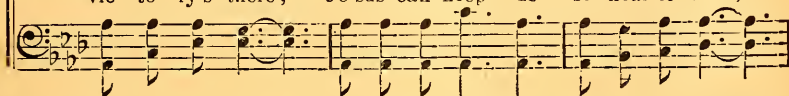
L. M. B.



1. When you feel weak-est, dan-gers sur-round; Sub-tle temp-ta-tions,
2. If all were ea-sy, if all were bright, Where would the cross be?
3. God is your wis-dom; God is your might; God's ev-er near you
4. Let us press on then; nev-er des-pair; Live a-bove feel-ing,

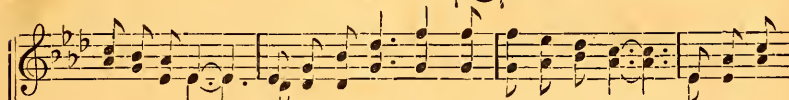
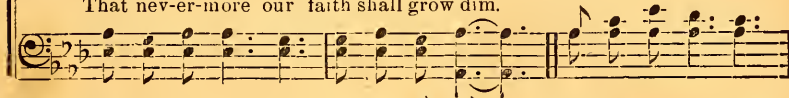


trou-bles a-bound; Nothing seems hope-ful, nothing seems glad,
 where would the fight? But in the hard-ness, God gives to you,
 guid-ing you right; He un-der-stands you, knows all your need:
 vic-to-ry's there; Je-sus can keep us so near to Him,



CHORUS.

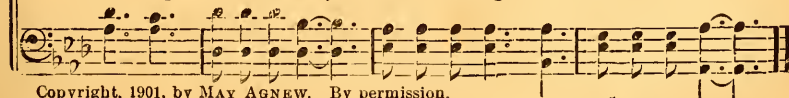
All is des-pair-ing, oft-en-times sad. 1. Keep on be-liev-ing,
 Chances for prov-ing what He can do. 2. Keep on *re-joic-ing*,
 Trusting in Him you'll sure-ly suc-ceed.
 That nev-er-more our faith shall grow dim.



Je-sus is near, Keep on believing, there's nothing to fear; Keep on be-



liev-ing, this is the way, Faith in the night as well as the day.



76. HOLDING STEADILY ON.

D. W. M.

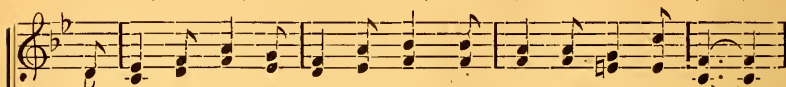
(Heb. 10; 23.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

Andante.



1. A might-y bat-tle now is on, Our foes are fierce and strong,
 2. We went in - to the bat-tle-field Not at our charge at all,
 3. The Dev-il's shoot-ing hard to kill With poisoned shafts of hell,
 4. Thus will we win this glorious fight, Tho' oft-en pressed se - vere,



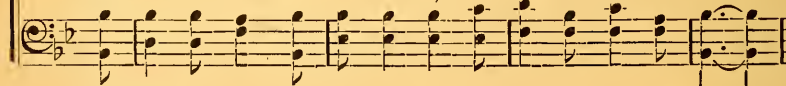
It is a time of con-flict here 'Twi'x pow'rs of right and wrong;
 But thro' the Spir-it's mus-ter-ing And our Com-man-der's call;
 Well knowing if he wounds the saints, He's served his purpose well;
 For Je - sus Christ is Con-quer-or, We need not shrink or fear;



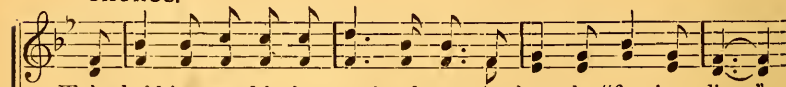
But we've a glo-rious Cap-tain, brave, Who nev - er lost a fight,
 So in the strength of Je - sus and The arm - a - ments of Truth, -
 'Gainst his masked bat-ter-ies of hate Which thunder at God's sons,
 Then up the steeps of glo - ry soon We'll march at Je - sus' call, -



And so we're bound to con-quer, For our cause is just and right.
 With Spir-it's sword and shield of Faith We'll smite the foe for-sooth.
 We'll hurl the bombshells of God's truth And si-lence all his guns.
 Meet our Com-man-der in re-view, And crown Him Lord of all.



CHORUS.



We're hold-ing stead-i - ly on, broth-er; A - long the "fir - ing line;"



Holding Steadily On.—Concluded.

From *faith* de - liv - ered to the saints We nev - er will de - cline;

The first system of musical notation for the first system of the piece. It consists of a treble clef staff and a bass clef staff, both in a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody is written in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff.

The whole pure Gos - pel we be - lieve, The blood of Je - sus won,

The second system of musical notation, continuing the melody and accompaniment from the first system. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff.

Thro' all the fray we'll win the day: We're holding stead-i-ly on.

The third and final system of musical notation for this piece. It concludes with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff.

Copyright, 1902, by D. W. MYLAND.

77. GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

I be - lieve God answers prayer; I am sure God answers prayer;

The first system of musical notation for the second piece. It is in 2/2 time and has a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff.

I have proved God an - swers prayer;— Glo - ry to His name!

The second system of musical notation for the second piece, concluding with a double bar line. The lyrics are written below the treble clef staff.

78. OUR LORD'S RETURN TO EARTH AGAIN.

J. M. K.

JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I am watching for the com-ing of the glad mil-len-nial day,
 2. Je-sus' com-ing back will be the an-swer to earth's sor-rowing cry,
 3. Yes, the ran-som'd of the Lord shall come to Zi-on then with joy,
 4. Then the sin and sor-row, pain and death of this dark world shall cease,

When our bless-ed Lord shall come and catch His wait-ing Bride a-way;
 For the knowl-edge of the Lord shall fill the earth and sea and sky;
 And in all His ho-ly moun-tain noth-ing hurts or shall de-stroy;
 In a glo-ri-ous reign with Je-sus of a thou-sand years of peace;

Oh! my heart is filled with rap-ture as I la-bor, watch and pray,
 God shall take a-way all sick-ness and the suf-ferer's tears will dry,
 Per-fect peace shall reign in ev'-ry heart, and love with-out al-loy,
 All the earth is groan-ing, cry-ing for that day of sweet re-lease,

CHORUS.

For our Lord is coming back to earth a-gain. Oh! our Lord is coming
 When our blessed Jesus shall come back a-gain.
 Af-ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.
 For our Je-sus to come back to earth a-gain.

OUR LORD'S RETURN TO EARTH.—Concluded.

back to earth a-gain,
is com-ing back to earth a-gain,

Yes, our Lord is coming back to
is

earth a-gain,
com-ing back to earth again.

Sa-tan will be bound a thousand years, we'll

have no tempter then, Af-ter Je-sus shall come back to earth a-gain.

OLIVET. (6.4.)

RAY PALMER.

79 MY FAITH LOOKS UP.

- 1 My faith looks up to Thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary;
Saviour divine,
Now hear me while I pray,
Take all my sins away;
Oh, let me, from this day,
Be wholly Thine.
- 2 May Thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart,
My zeal inspire;
As Thou hast died for me,
Oh, may my love to Thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire.

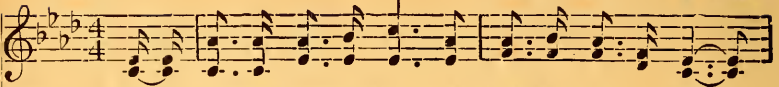
80 COME, HOLY GHOST.

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, in love,
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray!
Divinely good Thou art,
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each heart:
Oh, come to-day!
- 2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best;
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power:
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us this hour!

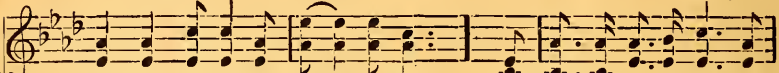
81. JESUS IS COMING AGAIN.

Acts I; 11.

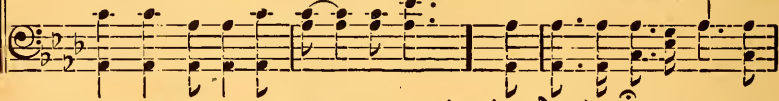
Words and Music by JAS. M. KIRK.



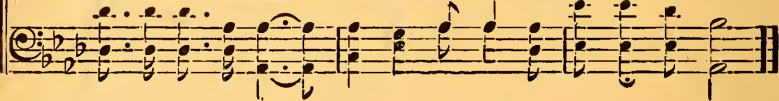
1 Peter 1: 8 1. Our Lord, whom we've not seen, yet whom we dear-ly love,
 Titus 2: 13. 2. Oh, bless-ed, glo-rious hope, when Je-sus shall ap-pear,
 Matt. 24: 14. 3. This Gos-pel of the King to all the world shall go,
 1 Cor. 15: 51, 52. 4. He said we shall be changed in the twink-ling of an eye,
 Rev. 5: 10. 5. We shall reign up-on the earth with Christ a thousand years,



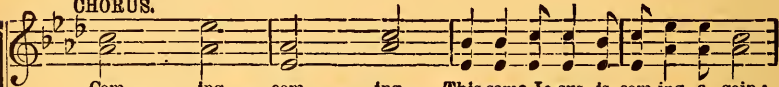
This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain. The an-gels left us word just
 This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain. Oh! 'Bride of Christ, a-wake! sure-ly
 E'er this same Je-sus shall come a-gain. He said the end shall come, when
 When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain. 1 Thess. 4: 17. Yes, soul-in-spir-ing hope, to
 When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain. Rev. 7: 17. In the mil-len-nial day there



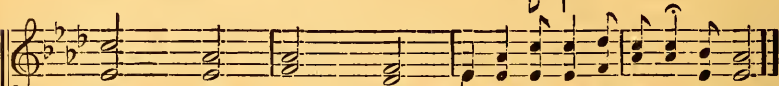
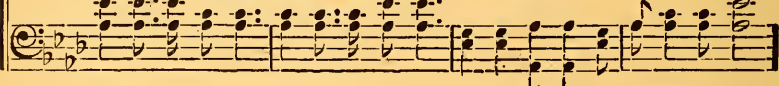
as He went a-bove, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.
 ly the time is near, When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain.
 ev'-ry tongue shall know, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.
 see Him and not die, When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain.
 will be no more tears, When this same Je-sus shall come a-gain.



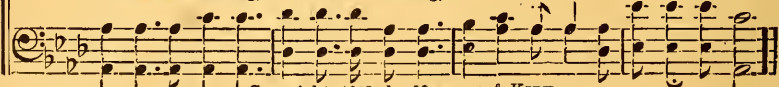
CHORUS.



Com-ing, com-ing, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain;
 Je-sus is com-ing, Je-sus is com-ing,



Com-ing, com-ing, This same Je-sus is com-ing a-gain.
 Je-sus is com-ing, Je-sus is com-ing,



82. FOLLOW ME.

D. W. M.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing by His Spir - it, "O wea - ry sin - ner,
 2. Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing by the promise, "I will receive who -
 3. Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing by the bless - ing, Rich - es of grace which
 4. Je - sus is call - ing, call - ing to His service: "Whom shall I send, and

come and fol - low me." Why dost thou lin - ger? Trust His sav - ing mer - it,
 ev - er comes to me." Oh, precious word! That voice of peace takes from us
 He in love be - stows; Pleading His mer - cy and His name con - fess - ing,
 who will go for me?" Oh, take us, Lord! And in Thy way preserve us,

CHORUS.

In Him there is pardon, peace and rest for thee. Fol - low me, and sing Re -
 All our fears and doubtings when we come to Thee.
 Thro' my soul His goodness like a riv - er flows.
 Here we give ourselves, to live or die for Thee.

demption's sto - ry, Fol - low me, and thou shalt wear a crown; Fol - low me,

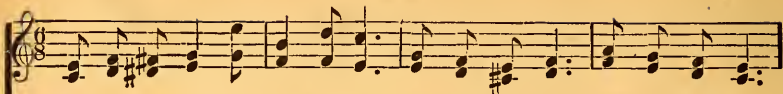
and gain a home in glo - ry, Fol - low me, and on my throne sit down.

Walking With Him.

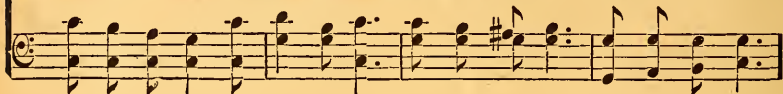
L. C. H.

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L. C. Hall.



1. Beau-ti-ful path my feet shall tread, Walk-ing with Him, Walk-ing with Him;
2. Beau-ti-ful truth my heart shall know, Walk-ing with Him, Walk-ing with Him;
3. Beau-ti-ful life to me is giv'n, Walk-ing with Him, Walk-ing with Him;
4. Beau-ti-ful robe I soon shall wear, Walk-ing with Him, Walk-ing with Him;



Beau-ti-ful peace with-out a dread, Walk-ing with Christ my Lord.
 Beau-ti-ful cleans-ing, white as snow, Walk-ing with Christ my Lord.
 Beau-ti-ful hope se-cure in heav'n, Walk-ing with Christ my Lord.
 Beau-ti-ful home in man-sions fair, Walk-ing with Christ my Lord.



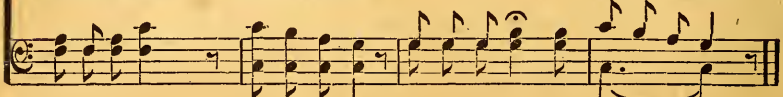
REFRAIN.



Walk - ing with Him,..... Walk - ing with Him:.....
 Walking with Him, Je-sus my Lord, Walk-ing with Him, Trust-ing His word;



Walk - ing with Je - sus, Walking with Christ my Lord.....
 Walk-ing in light, ho-ly and bright, glo-ri-ous Lord.



REGINALD HEBER.

(All Saints, C. M. D.)

HENRY S. CUTLER.

1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A king - ly crown to gain;
 2. The mar - tyr first, whose ea - gle eye Could pierce be - yond the grave,
 3. A no - ble band, the chos - en few, On whom the Spir - it came,
 4. A no - ble arm - y, men and boys, The ma - tron and the maid,

His blood - red ban - ner streams a - far: Who fol - lows in His train?
 Who saw his Mas - ter in the sky, And called on Him to save:
 Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew And mock'd the torch of flame;
 Shall round the throne of God re - joice, In robes of light ar - rayed;

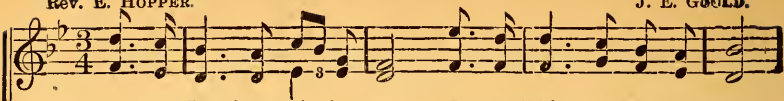
Who best can drink His cup of woe, Tri - umphant o - ver pain,
 Like Him, with par - don on His tongue, In midst of mor - tal pain,
 They met the tyrant's brandished steel, The li - on's go - ry mane,
 They climb the steep as - cent of heav'n Thro' per - il, toil and pain;

Who pa - tient bears his cross be - low—He fol - lows in His train.
 He prayed for them that did the wrong; Who fol - lows in His train?
 They bowed their necks the stroke to feel; Who fol - lows in their train?
 O God, to us may grace be given, To fol - low in their train!

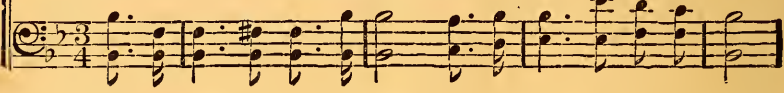
85. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

Rev. E. HOPPER.

J. E. GOULD.



1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver life's tem - pestuous sea;
 2. As a moth - er stills her child, Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the fear - ful breakers roar;



Unknown waves be - fore me roll, Hid - ing rock and treach'rous shoal;
 Boist'rous waves o - bey Thy will, When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
 'Twixt me and the peaceful rest, Then, while leaning on Thy breast,

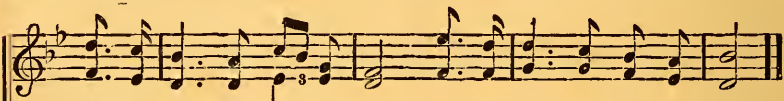
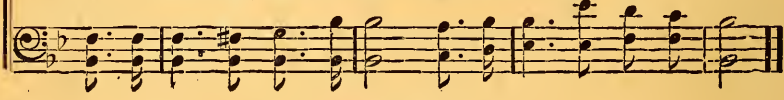


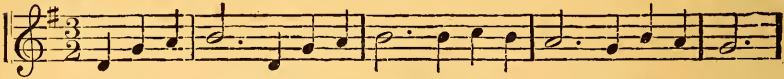
Chart and compass come from Thee, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
 Wondrous Sov reign of the sea, Je - sus, Sa - viour, pi - lot me.
 May I hear Thee say to me, "Fear not" I will pi - lot thee!"



86. HAPPY DAY.

P. DODDRIDGE.

English Melody.



<p>1 O happy day, that fixed my choice On Thee, my Saviour and my God! Well may this glowing heart rejoice, And tell its raptures all abroad.</p> <p>CHO.—Happy day, happy day, When Jesus washed my sins away! He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing ev'ry day.</p> <p>2 'Tis done! the great transaction's done! I am my Lord's, and He is mine;</p>	<p>He drew me, and I followed on, [vine. Charmed to confess that voice di-</p> <p>3 Now rest, my long-divided heart, Fixed on this blissful center, rest; Nor ever from thy Lord depart, With Him of every good possessed.</p> <p>4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow, That vow renewed shall daily hear, Till in life's latest hour I bow, And bless in death a bond so dear.</p>
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Eben E. Rexford.

BY PERMISSION.

Geo. F. Root.

1. O where are the reap-ers that gar-ner in The sheaves of the good
 2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,
 3. The fields are all ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait-
 4. So come with your sick-les, ye sons of men, And gath-er to-geth-

from the fields of sin? With sick-les of truth must the work be done,
 tho' the weeds are tall; Then search in the high-way, and pass none by,
 ing the har-vest tide; But reap-ers are few, and the work is great,
 er the gold-en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the har-vest come,

CHORUS.

And no one may rest till the "har-vest home."
 But gath-er from all for the home on high. "Where are the reapers? O
 And much will be lost should the har-vest wait.
 Then share ye His joy in the "har-vest home."

who will come And share in the glo-ry of the "har-vest home?" O

who will help us To gar-ner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin?

89. DWELLING IN HIS PRESENCE.

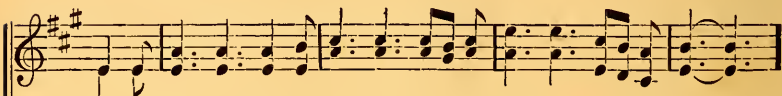
Mrs. WESLEY RICE.

Psa. 15; 11.

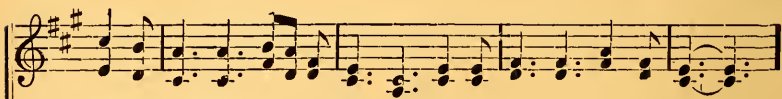
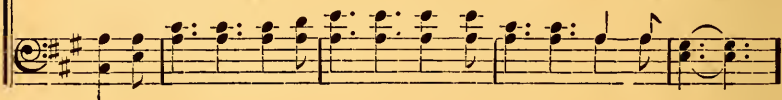
JAS. M. KIRK.



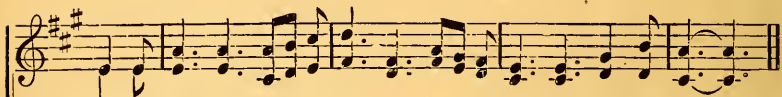
1. Blessed Je - sus! how He saves me! Keeps me un-derneath the blood;
2. Day by day my heart grows lighter, For He dwells supreme with-in;
3. If I would I could not tell you, Of the hours of perfect rest;



Sat-is-fies my soul's deep longing, Fills me with the peace of God.
Reigning there triumphant o - ver All the pow'rs of self and sin.
When He draws me gently to Him, Folds me closely to His breast.



Peace which passeth un-derstanding, Joy unspeak-a - ble di - vine;
Oh, the precious, precious moments, When I lie low at His feet;
Whisp'ring words I dare not ut - ter, Mes-sa-ges of tend'rest love;



Thrills my soul with heav'nly rapture, When He whispers, "Thou art mine."
Feasting on the hidden man-na Of communion calm and sweet.
Till my soul, en - wrapp'd in glo-ry, Shares the bliss of saints a - bove.



DWELLING IN HIS PRESENCE.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Glory! glo - ry! hal - le - lu - jah! Thro' the blood . . . I
 Glory! glory! halle-lujah! hallelujah! Thro' the blood I

now am free; . . . I am sat - is - fied with
 now am free, I now am free; I am sat - is - fied, yes,

Je - sus, He is all . . . the world to me.
 sat-isfied with Jesus, He is all the orld to me, yes, all to me.

Jewett. (7s. D.)

90 MY JESUS, AS THOU WILT.

- 1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
 Oh! may Thy will be mine,
 Into Thy hand of love.
 I would my all resign;
 Through sorrow or through joy,
 Conduct me as Thine own,
 And help me still to say,
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."
- 2 My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
 All shall be well for me,
 Each changing future scene
 I gladly trust with Thee;
 Straight to my home above
 I travel calmly on,
 And sing in life or death,
 "My Lord, Thy will be done."

JANE BORTHWICK.

91 IT IS THY WILL.

- 1 My Jesus, as Thou wilt,
 I come, dear Lord, to Thee,
 I know that 'tis Thy will,
 For Thou hast said to me,
 "Come unto me, dear child,
 And I will give you rest."
 Oh, gladly now I come,
 Obeying Thy behest.
- 2 In sickness Thou hast said,
 If I will come to Thee,
 Thou'lt hear the prayer of faith,
 And healing give to me;
 Oh, help my faith to take
 This blessing at Thy hand,
 I know it is Thy will,
 Because 'tis Thy command.

W. H. LAUGHLIN.

92. LOOKING UNTO JESUS.

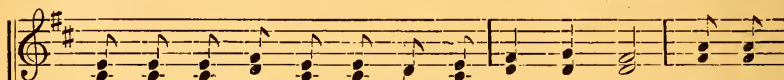
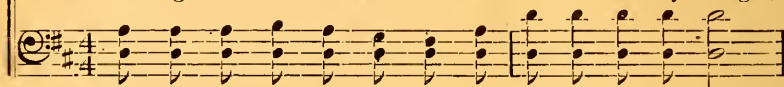
D. W. M.

(Heb. 12: 1, 2.)

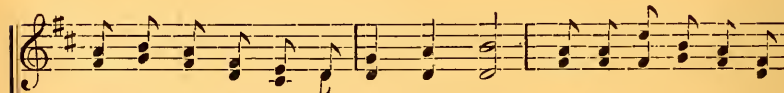
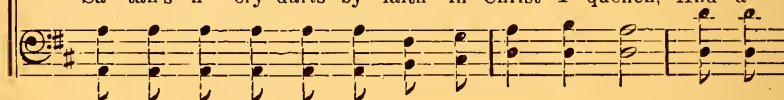
Rev. D. WESLEY MYLAND.



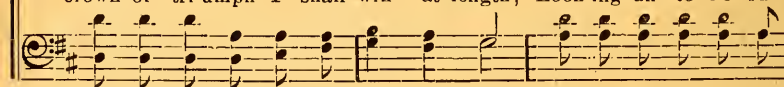
1. Look-ing un - to Je - sus, all my load of sin I see
2. Look-ing un - to Je - sus, I can ev - er lay a - side
3. Look-ing un - to Je - sus, on my path-way light doth shine,
4. Look-ing un - to Je - sus is the se - cret of my strength,



Laid up - on the Lamb of God, who died for me, And His
E - vils which be - set me, and the sin of pride; All the
For His spir - it dwells with - in this soul of mine; And my
Sa - tan's fi - ery darts by faith in Christ I quench, And a



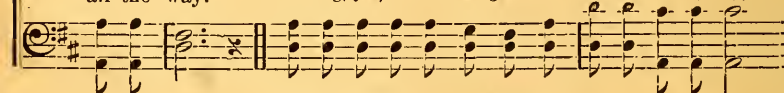
blood doth cleanse and keep me pure and free; Look-ing un - to Je - sus
storms of Sa - tan's hate I shall out - ride, Look-ing un - to Je - sus
heart is gar - ris-oned by peace di - vine; Look-ing un - to Je - sus
crown of tri-umph I shall win at length; Look-ing un - to Je - sus



CHORUS.



all the way. Look - ing un - to Je - sus,
all the way.
all the way.
all the way. Looking, yes, we're looking un - to Je - sus ev - 'ry day,



Looking Unto Jesus.—Concluded.

While we walk life's pil-grim way; Look - - ing
While we walk life's ho - ly, hap - py pil-grim way; Looking un - to Je - sus

un - to Je - - sus, Till we reach e - ter - nal day....
as we la - bor, watch and pray, Till we reach the por - tals of e - ter - nal day.

93. MUST JESUS BEAR THE CROSS.

THOS. SHEPHERD.

Tune, MAITLAND. C. M.

1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con - se - crat - ed cross I'll bear Till death shall set me free;
3. Up - on the crystal pavement, down At Je - sus' pierced feet,
4. Oh, precious cross! oh, glorious crown! Oh, res - ur - rec - tion day!

No, there's a cross for ev - ry one, And there's a cross for me.
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.
With joy I'll cast my golden crown, And His dear name re - peat.
Ye an - gels from the stars come down, And bear my soul a - way.

96. TRUST AND REST.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

JAS. M. KIRK.

Tenderly.

1. Trust and rest in Christ for - ev - er, Lean thy
 2. Trust and rest in hours of sor - row, Ev - 'ry
 3. Trust and rest when all a - round thee Puts thy
 4. Trust and rest with heart a - bid - ing, Like a
 5. Trust and rest till gen - tle fin - gers Fold thy

head up - on His breast; Noth - ing from His love can
 wrong shall be re - dressed, In some hap - py, bright to -
 faith to sor - est test; Let no fear or foe con -
 bird - ling in its nest, Un - der - neath His feath - ers
 hands a - cross thy breast, While the ech - o soft - ly

sev - er, Those who sim - ply trust and rest.
 mor - row, If you on - ly trust and rest.
 found thee, Wait for God, and trust and rest.
 hid - ing; Fold thy wings, and trust and rest.
 lin - gers, Ev - er - last - ing trust and rest.

TRUST AND REST.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



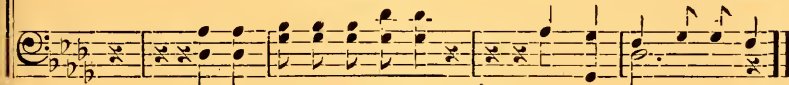
Trust and rest, Trust and rest,

Trust and rest in Christ for-ev-er, Trust and rest in Christ for-ev-er,



Ev - er - last - ing, Trust and rest.

Ev - er - last-ing trust and rest, Trust and rest, trust and rest.

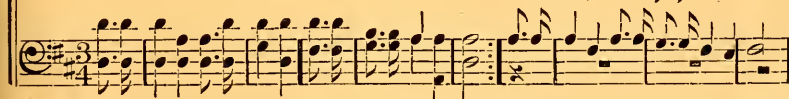


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97. GUIDE ME, GREAT JEHOVAH.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS.

Tune: ZION. 8, 7, 4.



1. Guide me O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2. Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3. When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current;
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Song of praises
I will ever give to Thee.

98. THE JOY OF THE LORD.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.



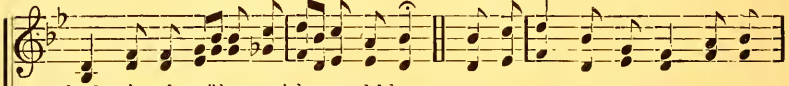
1. The joy of the Lord is the strength of His people, The sunshine that scatters their
2. The joy of the Lord is the strength for life's trials, And lifts the crushed heart above
3. The joy of the Lord is the strength of our body, The gladness of Jesus, the
4. The joy of the Lord is the hope of our calling, And oh, for His coming, how



sadness and gloom: The fountain that bursts in the desert of sorrow, And sorrow and care; Like the night-in-gale's notes, it can sing in the darkness, And re-balm for our pain; His life and His fullness our fountain of healing, His fond-ly we pray! When we shall return with re-joic-ing to Zi-on, And



CHORUS.



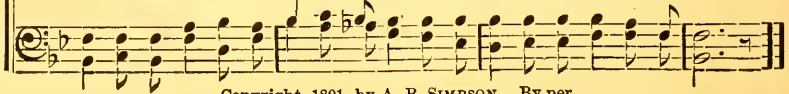
sheds o'er the wilderness, gladness and bloom.
 joyce when the fig-tree is fruitless and bare. O the joy of the Lord is my
 joy our el-ix-ir for body and brain.
 sorrow and sighing shall vanish away.



strength and my song. Our sor-row and sigh-ing are o'er; We'll re-



joice in the Lord, We'll rejoice in the Lord, We'll rejoice in the Lord evermore.



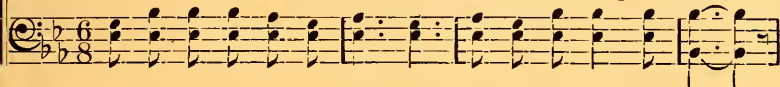
99. CHRIST IN ME.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.



1. This is my won-der-ful sto - ry, Christ to my heart has come ;
2. I am so glad I re-ceived Him, Je-sus my heart's dear King ;
3. How can I ev - er be lone - ly, How can I ev - er fall ;
4. Now in His bo-som con - fid - ing, This my glad song shall be ;



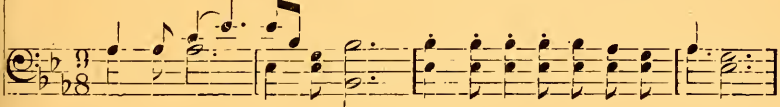
Je-sus, the King of Glo - ry, Finds in my heart a home.
 I who so often have grieved Him, All to His feet would bring.
 What can I want, if on - ly Christ is my all in all?
 I am in Je-sus a - bid - ing, Je - sus a - bides in me.



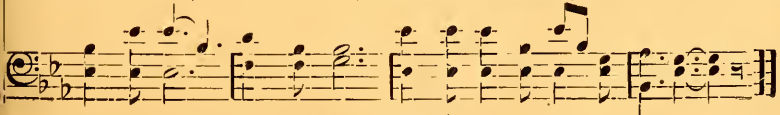
CHORUS.



Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me, O won-der-ful sto-ry:



Christ in me, Christ in me, Christ in me the hope of glo-ry.

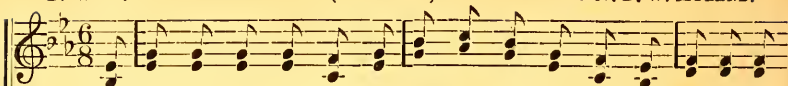


100. WE'RE LOOKING FOR JESUS.

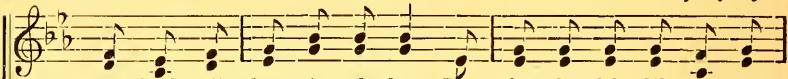
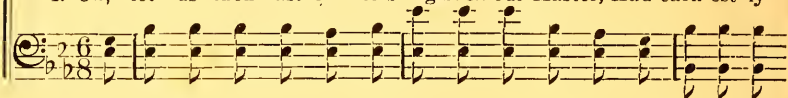
D. W. M.

(Heb. 9: 28.)

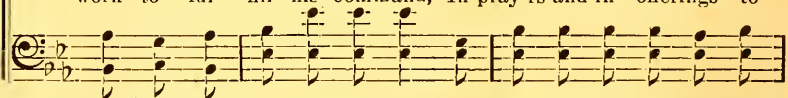
Rev. D. W. MYLAND.



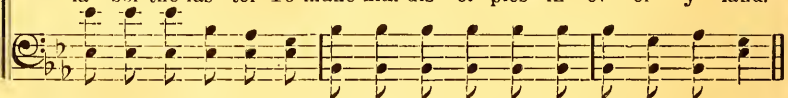
1. We're look-ing for Je - sus to come in his glo - ry, And bring the long-
 2. We need his strong presence earth's troubles to righten, And set-tle the
 3. We long for his com-ing, for why should he tar-ry? Ex-cept that his
 4. Oh, let us then hast-en to bring back our Master, And earn-est-ly



prom-ised mil - len - i - al day; But e'er the ful - fill-ment of
 ques-tions which vex men to-day; The "Day-Star" of hope the dense
 peo - ple should la - bor and pray To send forth the Gos - pel, his
 work to ful - fill his command, In pray'rs and in offerings to



that blessed sto - ry His "Bride" who are read-y will be caught a - way.
 dark-ness to light-en And gladden the world with his heav-en - ly ray.
 mes-sage to car - ry To those who in dark-ness sit, far, far a - way.
 la - bor the fas - ter To make him dis - ci - ples in ev - er - y land.



CHORUS.



Then we shall be with our Re - deem - er in
 Then we who are his



rap - - tures of glo - ri - fied bliss; For we shall be
 heav-en - ly rap - tures For we shall be trans-fig - ured,



like..... Him, And see.... Him as He is,.....
and be made like Him, And see our dear Lord as He is, as He is.

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101. "YOUR FATHER KNOWETH."

D. W. M.

(Luke 12: 30.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Your Father knoweth, He knows thy care, He feels thy longings, He hears thy
2. Your Father knoweth, He knows thy need, Will, as the sparrows, His children
3. Your Father knoweth, He understands Life's deepest trials—its stern de-
4. Your Father knoweth; this faithful friend Will guide and keep you till life shall

pray'r; And all thy burdens in love He'll bear: He knoweth, your Father knows.
feed; Then be not anxious, trust Him indeed: He knoweth, your Father knows.
mands, Thy times are safe in His loving hands: He knoweth, your Father knows.
end, On His compassion you may depend: He knoweth, your Father knows.

CHORUS.

He know - eth your care,.... He hear - eth your prayer;

He knoweth your troubles and cares, He heareth and answereth prayer;

He counteth the sigh, He wipeth the eye; He knoweth, your Father knows.

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103. ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD.

D. W. M.

(Rom. 8 : 28)

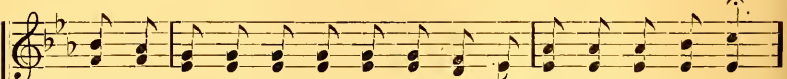
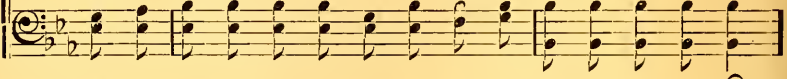
Rev. D. WESLEY MYLAND.



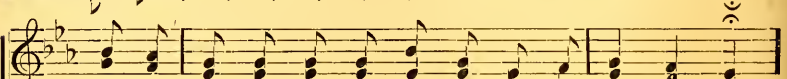
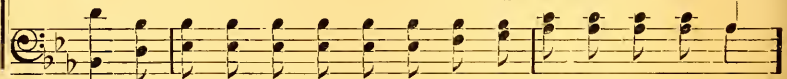
1. There's a sweet and wondrous message writ-ten in God's book Divine,
2. In our press-ing dai - ly du - ties there are tri - als to be borne,
3. Tho' we're hindered in our serv - ice by some cir - cum - stan - tial test,
4. I be - lieve this bless - ed prom - ise, and I rest up - on the word,



'Tis a com - fort to God's pil - grim, and by faith I make it mine;
 There are min - is - tries of suffering when our hearts are faint and torn;
 Then be still to see God's prov - i - dence, and "en - ter in - to rest;"
 When I can - not ful - ly un - der - stand, I sim - ply trust the Lord;



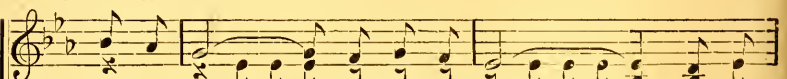
Hear this pre - cious promise of God's grace which ev - er true has stood :
 Let us all these life "ne - ces - si - ties" es - teem as grate - ful food,
 Nev - er question, doubt or wor - ry, when we've done the best we could,
 If we walk in true o - be - dience, do - ing as our Mas - ter would,



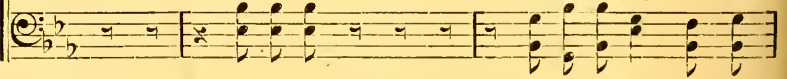
"And we know that all things work to - geth - er for our good."
 Know - ing this, that all things work to - geth - er for our good.
 Wait, and God will work all things to - geth - er for our good.
 We shall prove that "all things work to - geth - er for our good."



CHORUS.



Yes, we know, wher - e'er we go, Come to
 Yes, we know, wher - e'er we go,



ALL THINGS WORK FOR GOOD.—Concluded.

pass what may, still in faith we say: "When we're in God's purpose, love Him as we should, He will work all things to-gether for our good."

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104. THE LORD IS KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

Laura E. Newell.

D. W. Crist. By per.

1. The Lord of life is knocking at the door, Knock - - ing
2. The Lord of life is calling un - to thee, Call - - ing
3. 'Tis Je - sus gent - ly knocking at the door Knock - - ing

Knocking at the door,

at the door, The Lord of life is knocking at the
un - to thee, The Lord of life is calling un - to
at the door, 'Tis Je - sus gent - ly knocking at the
Knocking at the door,

D.S.—The Lord of life is knock-ing at the

FINIS. CHORUS.

D.S

door, And He has knocked before. Oh, will you let Him in, and quit the paths of sin? thee, "My child, come unto Me." door, Receive Him, sin no more.

door, And He has knocked before.

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ADA BLENHORN.

NELLIE BARNES.

1. Je - sus left his home in glo - ry, lived and labored here be - lew,
 2. He as - cend - ed to his Fa - ther, dwell - eth now at God's right hand,
 3. One by one to that fair cit - y he will call his chil - dren home;

On the poor, the sick and sin - ful, countless blessings did be - stow;
 There the glo - ri - fied be - hold him, in that fair and hap - py land;
 To the pearl - y gates to meet them, Christ the Lord, himself will come;

When I read the Gos - pel sto - ry, on the page of truth I see
 Ma - ny mansions he pre - par - eth, fair and beau - ti - ful to see,
 O what joy to meet the Sav - ior, and his bless - ed face to see!

That our bless - ed Lord and Sav - ior lived on earth for e - ven me.
 And his precious Word de - clar - eth, he will have a place for me.
 And I know, for he has told me, he will come some day for me.

CHORUS.

For me, for me, he left his glo - rious home a - bove, To

For Me.

live on earth, O what won-drous love! For me, for me, he doth pre-pare a
home on high, Where I shall dwell be - yond the star - ry sky.

106

The Hour of Prayer.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. How sweet the hour of pray'r, When we each other greet, And friends endeared
2. How sweet the hour of pray'r, When Christ him-self draws near, On us a bless-
3. How sweet the hour of pray'r, When hearts are joined in one, An off'-ring of
4. How sweet the hour of pray'r, When from the world a - part, With our dear Sav-

CHORUS.

thro' Christian love, In ho - ly con-verse meet.
ing to be-stow, And bring us joy and cheer. O ho - ly place of pray'r! O
his love to bring, And worship at his throne.
ior we com-mune, And love fills ev'-ry part.

precious hour of pray'r! How sweet the fellowship of saints Who gather there!

107. STILLING THE STORM.

"And He saw them toiling in rowing; for the wind was contrary unto them; And He went up unto them into the ship, and the wind ceased."—Mark vi: 47-54.

D. W. M.

REV. D. WESLEY MYLAND.

Duet.—Sop. & Ten.
Con Expressio.

1. When you are wea-ry and troubled in soul, When o'er thy spir-it
2. Winds of temp-ta-tions thy spir-it may sweep, Like a frail bark on
3. Storms of af-flic-tion may break o-ver thee, Toss-ing thy soul like
4. So, thro' life's journey, by sea or by land, Let us trust ful-ly

the storm-bil-lows roll; Look un-to Je-sus, who winds can con-trol—
the dark, stormy deep; Then, tho' the eye of thy God seems to sleep,
the waves of the sea; Yet, in the tempest, the Lord you may see,
our Saviour's strong hand; Knowing the voyage is at his own command,

CHORUS. *p*

calm-ing the sea by His word. Still - - ing the
trust in His *presence* to save.
bring-ing thee com-fort and rest.
and He will bring us safe home. Still-ing, yes, still-ing the

tem - pest, o'er life's troubled sea, Comes
tempest to calm, o-ver life's troubled, tem-pest-u-ous sea, Je-sus, my

STILLING THE STORM.—Concluded.

f *p* *Ritard.*

Je - sus, my Sav - iour, Speak - ing sweet peace to me.....
 Sav - iour, now cometh in love, Speak - ing His wondrous peace to me.

108. FAREWELL!

D. W. M.

(2 Cor. 13: 11)

D. WESLEY MYLAND.

Farewell, Farewell! Be - lov - ed ones, farewell! As forth you go the

grace of God to tell; Be ' per - fect in God's will from day to day, And

in good comfort walk the heavenward way; Be of ' one mind, in peaceful

Cres......*Ritard.*

spir - it dwell; The God of love and peace shall be with you: Farewell!

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109. HIDDEN.

C. E. S.

CELIA E. STANTON.

Duet.—Alto and Tenor.

1. Hid with Christ, in God the Fa-ther, Seeking joys that are a - bove,
 2. Not a care, for Je - sus car-eth, Wea-ry trust-ing one for thee;
 3. Ev - 'ry dart that would destroy me, On - ly strikes my hiding tower;
 4. Oh, the bliss of sweetly rest-ing On the arms of Je - sus' love;
 5. Hearing now the soft-est whispers Of my precious Lord and King;

Feed-ing on the 'hid-den manna, Sat - is - fied and lost in love.
 When his darts the tempter hurl-eth, To thy ref-uge quick-ly flee.
 And I rest, unharmed within Him, Hidden from the tempter's power.
 Where all care and dis-appoint-ment Ne'er thy trusting heart can move.
 In the se - cret of His presence, 'Neath the shadow of His wing.

CHORUS.

Un - der - neath His shad - ow hid - ing, Where the
 Un - der - neath His shad - ow hid - ing,

soul can know no harm; In the se - cret
 Where the soul can know no harm;

HIDDEN.—Concluded.

Rit.....

place a - bid - ing, Sheltered by His might-y arm. might-y arm.

Sheltered by His might-y arm.

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of musical notation for the piece 'HIDDEN.—Concluded.'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'place a - bid - ing, Sheltered by His might-y arm. might-y arm.' The word 'might-y' is written above the second staff. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

110. HENLEY. 11, 10.

LOWELL MASON.

1. Come un - to me, when shadows dark-ly gath - er, When the sad
2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwell-ing, Glad are the
3. There, like an E - den blos-som-ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of musical notation for 'HENLEY. 11, 10.'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: '1. Come un - to me, when shadows dark-ly gath - er, When the sad', '2. Large are the mansions in thy Father's dwell-ing, Glad are the', and '3. There, like an E - den blos-som-ing in glad-ness, Bloom the fair'. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

heart is wea - ry and dis-tress'd, Seek-ing for com-fort from your
homes that sor-rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly
flow'rs the earth too rude-ly press'd; Come un - to me, all ye who

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of musical notation for 'HENLEY. 11, 10.'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'heart is wea - ry and dis-tress'd, Seek-ing for com-fort from your', 'homes that sor-rows nev - er dim; Sweet are the harps in ho - ly', and 'flow'rs the earth too rude-ly press'd; Come un - to me, all ye who'. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.

heavenly Fa-ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.
mu - sic swell-ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.
droop in sad-ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.

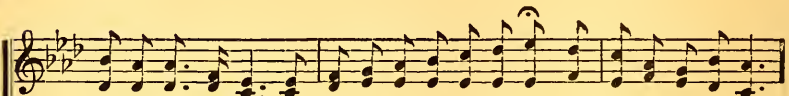
Detailed description: This block contains the third system of musical notation for 'HENLEY. 11, 10.'. It features a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are: 'heavenly Fa-ther, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.', 'mu - sic swell-ing, Soft are the tones which raise the heavenly hymn.', and 'droop in sad-ness, Come un - to me, and I will give you rest.'. The system concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots.



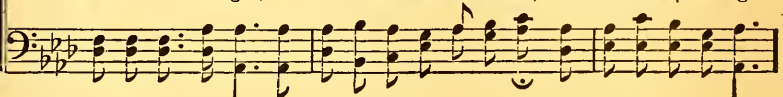
1. O, brother, keep on shining, Keep shining on the way, When scoffers mock and
2. If we'll keep shining, shining, A - shining on the road, When trials come to
3. Then we'll keep shining, shining, While the devil loads his gun, He'll waste his ammu-



laugh at you, Just shine at what they say. They know not what they're doing, Our you and me, He'll bear our heavy load. We'll say "A - men" to Je - sus, What ni - tion, And his imps will have to run. We'll stand where the battle's hottest, With



Saviour bore the same, O, just go on till golden dawn And shine in Je - sus' name. e'er He bids us do, And tho' the cross may heavy be, We'll shine and bear it too faces toward the right, When free from sin and Christ within, We'll shine both day and night.



CHORUS.



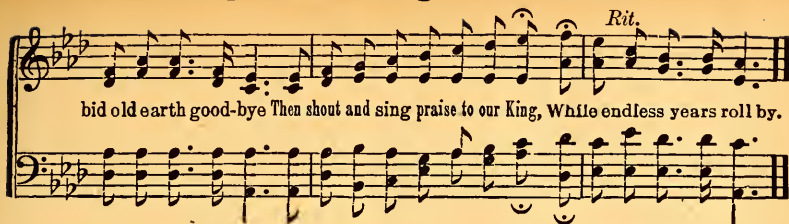
Yes, we'll keep shining, shining, We'll shine the clouds away; O, shine on, Shine on,



shine on, Shine till the judg - ment day; When Gabriel sounds his trumpet we'll shine on,



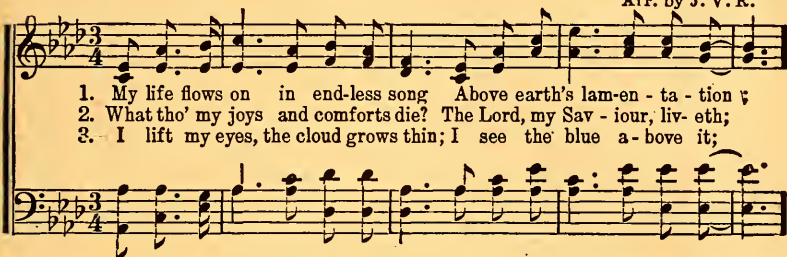
Keep On Shining. Concluded.



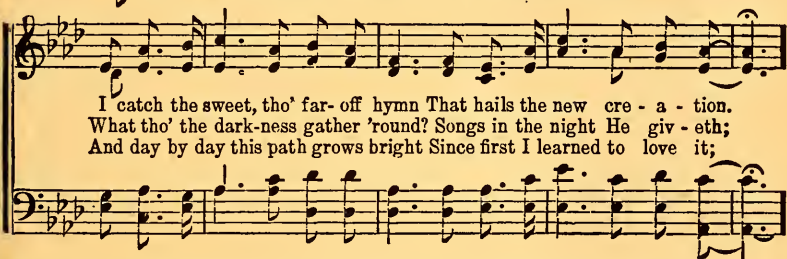
Rit.
bid old earth good-bye Then shout and sing praise to our King, While endless years roll by.

112 How Can I Keep From Singing?

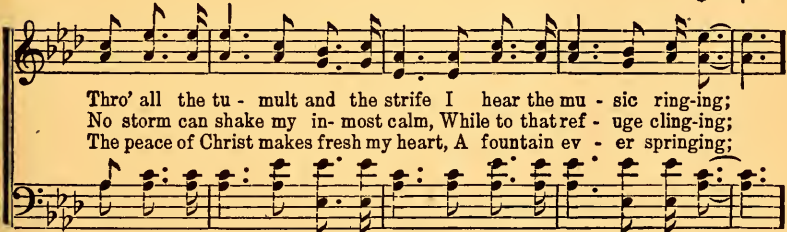
Arr. by J. V. R.



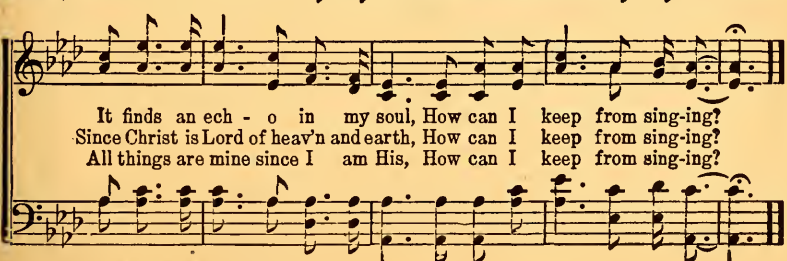
1. My life flows on in end-less song Above earth's lam-en - ta - tion ;
2. What tho' my joys and comforts die? The Lord, my Sav - iour, liv - eth;
3. I lift my eyes, the cloud grows thin; I see the blue a - bove it;



I catch the sweet, tho' far-off hymn That hails the new cre - a - tion.
What tho' the dark-ness gather 'round? Songs in the night He giv - eth;
And day by day this path grows bright Since first I learned to love it;



Thro' all the tu - mult and the strife I hear the mu - sic ring-ing;
No storm can shake my in-most calm, While to that ref - uge cling-ing;
The peace of Christ makes fresh my heart, A fountain ev - er springing;



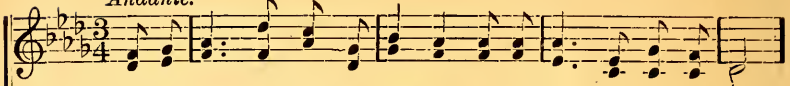
It finds an ech - o in my soul, How can I keep from sing-ing?
Since Christ is Lord of heav'n and earth, How can I keep from sing-ing?
All things are mine since I am His, How can I keep from sing-ing?

113. SATISFIED.

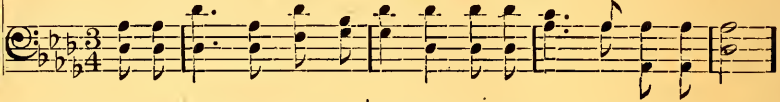
"I shall be satisfied, when I awake with Thy likeness."—Psa. 17 : 15.

Andante.

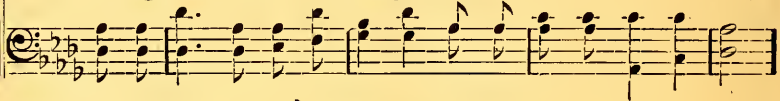
Rev. D. WESLEY MYLAND.



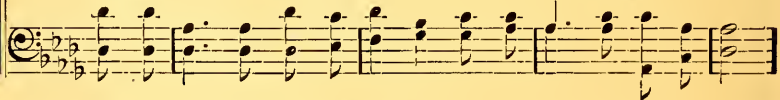
1. Ev - en now my heart is ravished With my Saviour's precious love ;
2. Many a song He gives to brighten All the long and drear-y night ;
3. For with Him, I know, are treasured Rarest things, both new and old ;
4. Soon the day-dawn will be breaking, And the shad-ows flee a - way ;
5. Lo! He tells me *now* His se-cret, Cheering with His heavenly smile ;



And, as hast - ing on to glo - ry, Dai - ly, I His sweetness prove,
 Many a cup of joy He gives me, For in me He has de - light,
 But His love,—His heart's affection, Choic - er is than fin - est gold ;
 Now, by faith, in joy and glad - ness, I a - wait the com - ing day,
 Tell - ing me, in love's low whisper, It is but "a lit - tle while,"



Tho' He leads to liv - ing pastures, And I taste a flow - ing tide ;
 Sure - ly, with such love a - bound - ing, I could give up all be - side ;
 Changeless, too ; than death e'en stronger, For my Lord was cru - ci - fied ;
 For I know my soul is safe - ly Hid - den in His wounded side ;
 Yes, for soon, to brightest glo - ry, He will catch a - way His bride,



Yet, un - til I see His beau - ty, I shall ne'er be sat - is - fied.
 Still, I'm sure, un - til I see Him, I can ne'er be sat - is - fied.
 And, un - til these eyes be - hold Him, I can ne'er be sat - is - fied.
 And a - non He sweetly tells me I shall soon be sat - is - fied.
 Then I'll shine in His own likeness, And be ev - er sat - ts - fied.



Yet, un - til I see His beau - ty I shall ne'er be sat - is - fied.
 Still, I'm sure, un - til I see Him, I can ne'er be sat - is - fied.
 And, un - til these eyes be - hold Him, I can ne'er be sat - is - fied.
 And a - non He sweet - ly tells me I shall soon be sat - is - fied.
 Then I'll shine in His own like - ness, And be ev - er sat - is - fied.

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114. COUNTED WORTHY.

ADA BLENKHORN.

Rev. D. WESLEY MYLAND.

1. Worthy for Christ to bear the Cross, Worthy for Christ to suf - fer loss;
2. Worthy to be dis - ci - ples, true, Worthy the Master's work to do;
3. Worthy to be His special care, Worthy His ho - li - ness to share;
4. Worthy to hold communion sweet, Worthy to learn at Je - sus' feet;
5. Worthy to walk with Him in white, Worthy to share His glo - ry bright;

Worthy to suf - fer grief and shame, Worthy to glo - ri - fy His name.
 Worthy to walk the path He trod, Worthy to be the sons of God.
 Worthy to dwell His courts within, Worthy a crown of life to win.
 Worthy to live the life di - vine, Worthy at last like stars to shine.
 Worthy the heavenly rest to gain, Worthy with Christ the Lord to reign.

CHORUS.

Through the blood, the precious blood, Blood that flowed on Cal - va - ry;
 Through the blood, the cleansing blood, I am made worthy His child to be.

Copyright, 1907, by D. W. MYLAND.

115. HE BORE OUR SORROWS.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Je-sus came from heav'n a-bove, Came to bear our sor - row,
 2. Je-sus walked in Gal - i - lee, Just to bear our sor - row,
 3. Je-sus sanc - ti - fies our soul. Heal - ing all our sor - row.

Lived a life of suff'ring love, Lived to bear our sor - row.
 Je - sus died on Cal - va - ry, Died to bear our sor - row.
 Je - sus makes our sick - ness whole, Je - sus bears our sor - row.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad that Je - sus came To set the suff'rer free,

I'm so glad His glorious name Has healed and ransomed me ;

I'm so glad He'll do the same, Poor suff'ring one, for thee.

116. WE SHALL BE CHANGED.

"We shall not all sleep, but we shall be changed."

J. M. HUMPHREY.

Arr. from J. M. H. by D. WESLEY MYLAND.

1. We'll not all sleep in beds of clay, Nor share the dole-ful tomb;
 2. Transformed to im - mor - tal - i - ty, In glo - ry to re - main;
 3. Freed from mor - tal - i - ty and pain, And all the temp - ter's snares;

But "tar - ry" and be "caught a-way" To meet the com - ing groom.
 There in "mid - air" the Lord we see With all his heav'n - ly train.
 In Christ's new king - dom we shall reign With all his ran - somed heirs.

CHORUS.

We shall be changed!..... we shall be changed!..... In the
 We shall be changed! we shall be changed!

twinkling of an eye;..... We shall be changed,.....
 when Je - sus comes; We shall be changed,

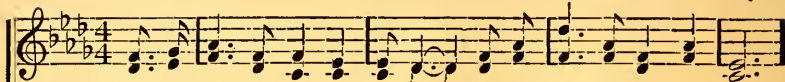
Rit.
 We shall be changed,..... And meet Je - sus in the sky.
 We shall be changed,

117. "IT IS I."

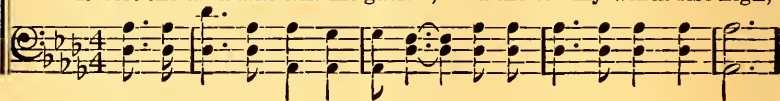
"Be of good cheer: It is I; Be not afraid."—Matt. 14: 27.

C. E. S.

CELIA E. STANTON.



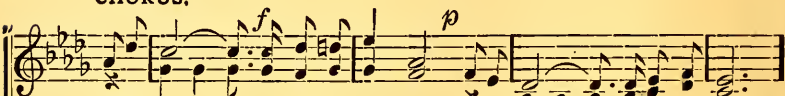
1. On life's stormy sea I'm sail-ing, And its waves are dashing high;
2. On the ver - y stormy bil-lows, On the same tempestuous sea,
3. In the darkest hours of mid-night, When it seems no help is nigh,
4. Let the dark clouds 'round me gather, And the stormy winds rise high,



When my strength is al-most fail-ing, Je-sus whispers "It is I!"
 That would sink my soul for - ev - er, He comes walk-ing un-to me.
 When I can not see Him com-ing, Je-sus whispers, "It is I!"
 For they waft that sweet voice to me, When He whispers "It is I!"



CHORUS.



It is I, ... look up, be-hold me, I am near, be not dismayed,
 It is I, I am near,



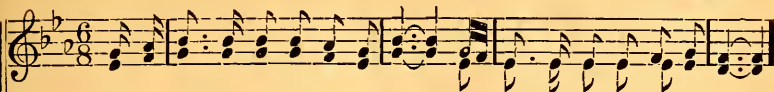
For by my right hand I hold thee: Fear thou not, be not a-fraid.
 not a-fraid.



118. I BELIEVE JESUS SAVES.

Rev. Wm. McDONALD.

Rev. L. L. PICKETT.



1. I am com-ing to Je-sus for rest, Rest, such as the pu-ri-fied know;
2. In com-ing, my sin I de-lore, My weakness and proverty show;
3. To Je-sus I give up my all. Ev'ry treasure and i-dol I know;
4. I am trusting in Je-sus alone, Trusting now His salvation to know;
5. My heart is in raptures of love, Love, such as the ransom'd ones know;



My soul is athirst to be blest, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
 I long to be sav'd ever-more, To be washed and made whiter than snow.
 For His fullness of blessing I call, Till His blood washes whiter than snow.
 And His blood doth so fully atone, I am washed and made whiter than snow.
 I am strengthened with might from above, I am washed and made whiter than snow.



CHÓRUS.



I be-lieve Jesus saves, And His blood washes whiter than snow.
 And His blood washes whiter, yes, whiter than snow.



I be-lieve Jesus saves, And His blood washes whiter than show.
 And His blood washes whiter, yes whiter than snow.



119. DAYS WITH JESUS.

"And lo, I am with you all the days, unto the end of the age."—Matt. 28 : 20.

D. W. M.

REV. D. WESLEY MYLAND.

ARR. BY JAS. M. KIRK.

1. O bless - ed days with Je - sus, Com - pan - ion - ship with Him ;
 2. He saved me thus to serve Him, In pray'r, and trust and praise ;
 3. My bod - y is His tem - ple, My heart it is His home ;
 4. His Spir - it fills and keeps me, His serv - ice is so sweet ;
 5. Shall meet Him in the morn - ing, When He, who is so true,

Bright hours of will - ing serv - ice, Some pre - cious soul to win.
 In thought and word and ac - tion, Thro' all my hap - py days.
 My pow'rs, in glad o - be - dience, To la - bor "till He comes."
 The joy will be most glo - rious, When I my Sav - iour meet.
 Shall say, "the night is end - ed, And I have come for you"

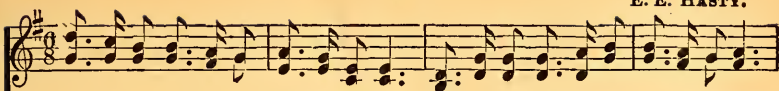
CHORUS.

O bless - ed days with Je - sus, Sweet days of heav'n to me ;

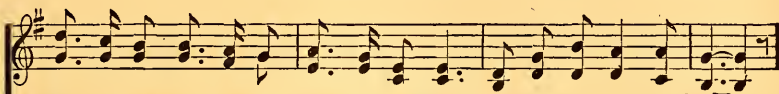
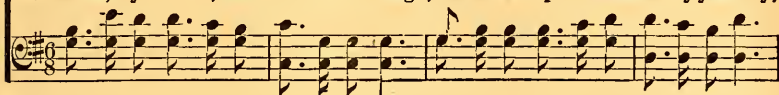
Glad days of ho - ly serv - ice, 'Till I His glo - ry see.

Seeking for Me.

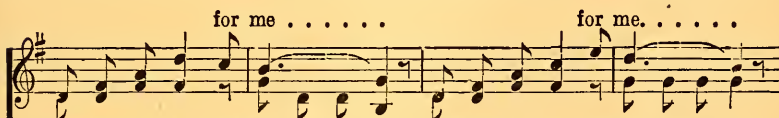
E. E. HASTY.



1. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, to Bethlehem came, Born in a manger to sorrow and shame;
2. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, on Calvary's tree, Paid the great debt and my soul He set free;
3. Je - sus, my Sav-ior, the same as of old, While I did wander a-far from the fold;
4. Je-sus, my Sav-ior, shall come from on high, Sweet is the promise as weary years fly;



Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be His name, Seek - ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
 Gen - tly and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.



Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me, Seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me;
 Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, dy - ing for me;
 Call - ing for me, call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, call - ing for me;
 Com - ing for me, com - ing for me, Com - ing for me, com - ing for me;



Oh, it was won - der - ful, blest be His name, Seek - ing for me, for me.
 Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for me.
 Gently and long He hath plead with my soul, Call - ing for me, for me.
 Oh, I shall see Him de - scend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for me.



121. THE PROMISED COMFORTER.

D. W. M.

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. How my soul is long-ing, long-ing, For the Com-fort-er Di-vine;
 2. O the way is of-ten wea-ry, And my heart cast down by fear;
 3. Not by might, and not by pow-er, But my Spir-it, saith the Lord;
 4. So by faith, and not by feel-ing, I re-ceive this heavenly Dove;

How I've wished some day His presence Might in-fill this heart of mine.
 How I need the Ho-ly Spir-it, As my help-er—ev-er near.
 Not by groans, or tears, or strivings, But by trust-ing in His word.
 And I'll trust His pow'r to cleanse me, Fill my heart with per-fect love.

CHORUS.

O He's com-ing, com-ing, com-ing! Blessed promised Ho-ly Ghost;

And my heart just now He's fill-ing, As He did on Pen-te-cost.

5 He it is that worketh in me,
 All the blessings of His power;
 He it is will keep and use me,
 As I trust Him every hour.

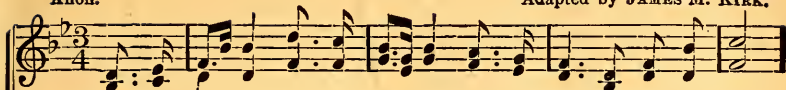
6 Every hour I'll trust His presence,
 Every day will prove His love;
 I, His temple, He my fullness,
 Earnest of the life above.

122. BLESSED QUIETNESS.

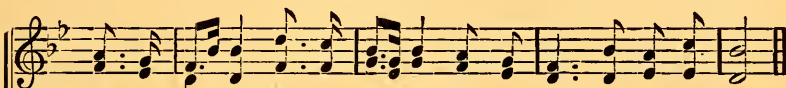
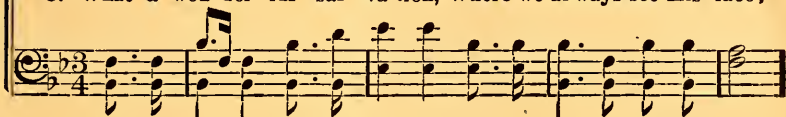
W. S. MARSHALL.

Adapted by JAMES M. KIRK.

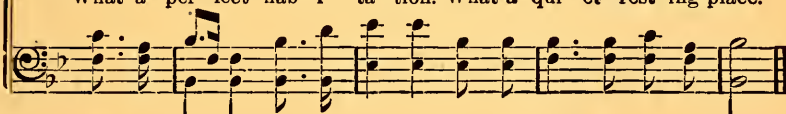
Anon.



1. Joys are flow-ing like a riv - er, Since the Com-fort-er has come;
2. Bringing life, and health and gladness, All a-round this heavenly Guest,
3. Like the rain that falls from heaven, Like the sun-light from the sky,
4. See a fruit-ful field is grow-ing, Blessed fruits of righteous-ness:
5. What a won-der-ful sal - va-tion, Where we al-ways see His face;

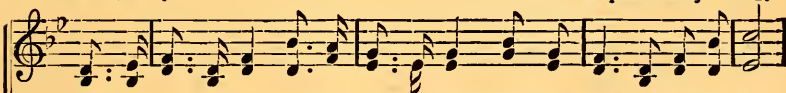


He a-bides with us for - ev - er, Makes the trusting heart His home.
 Banished un - be - lief and sad-ness, Changed our weariness to rest.
 So the Ho - ly Ghost is giv - en, Com - ing on us from on high.
 And the streams of life are flow-ing In the lone-ly wil - der-ness.
 What a per - fect hab - i - ta-tion. What a qui - et rest - ing place.

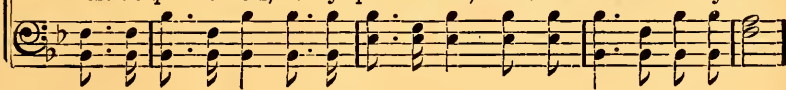


REFRAIN.

Repeat softly ad lib.



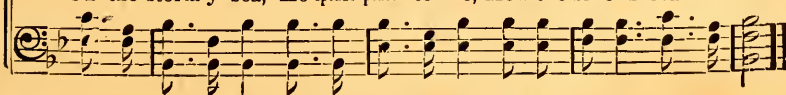
Bless-ed qui - et-ness, ho - ly qui - et-ness, What as - sur-ance in my soul'



Rit......



On the storm-y sea, He speaks peace to me, How the billows cease to roll.



(Music by per. from "Heavenly Carols.")

123. SHEPHERD, IN LOVE.

D. W. M.

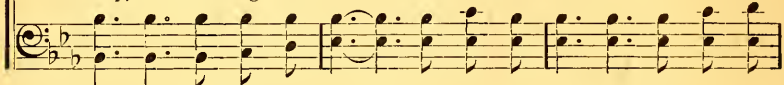
D. Wesley Myland.



- 1 Out in the des - ert, bar - ren and cold, Lost sheep are
- 2 See our "true" Shepherd out on life's plain, Brav - ing the
- 3 He, the "good" Shepherd, giv - eth His best That He may
- 4 Soon the "chief" Shepherd will to His throne Gath - er the



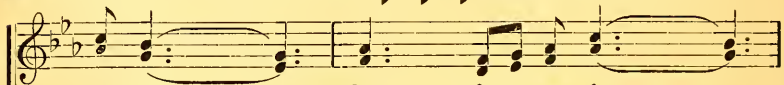
wand'ring far from the fold; Je - sus, the Shepherd, call - ing to
storm His "treasure" to gain: Meet - ing sin's tem - pest with love so
bring us in - to His rest; Saved from the "thief's" sharp, de - struc - tive
sheep, re - ward - ing His own; Called in His love to sit at His



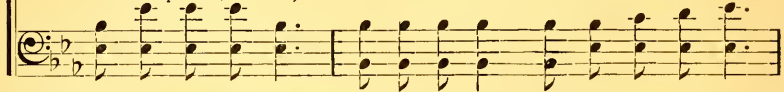
CHORUS.



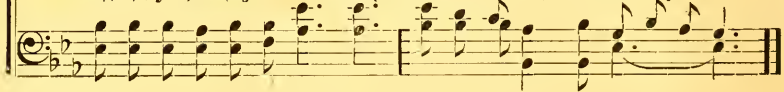
come, Seeks till He find - eth, bringing them home. Shep - herd,
brave, Giv - ing His life the lost sheep to save.
dart; "Life more a - bundant" Christ will im - part.
side, There in His glo - ry we shall a - bide. Shepherd, in love,



in love, Sent from a - bove;
kind Shepherd, in love, Sent from a - bove, once sent from a - bove;



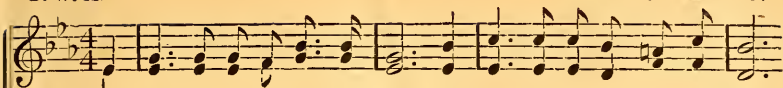
Bring - ing the lost sheep Back to the fold.
Bringing, yes, bringing the lost sheep Back to the fold, the true Shepherd's fold.



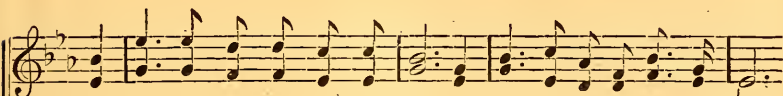
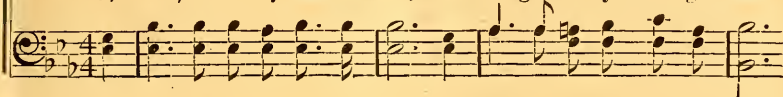
124. 'SEND THE GOSPEL.

D. W. M.

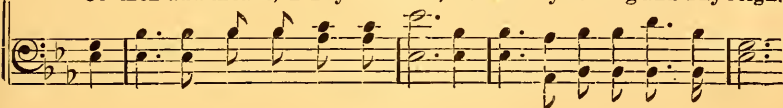
REV. D. W. MYLAND.



1. A mighty purpose God has shown, To those who will be all His own;
2. Thy people, Lord, have long delayed, Nor fully Thy command obeyed;
3. O, lay Thy word upon her heart, Thy Holy Spirit, Lord, impart;
4. O, God, arise! Thy Church awake, Let her glad holy offerings make



His Gospel to the world proclaim, E're Jesus comes to earth a-gain.
 Still lived in self-ishness and ease, Thy holy will have failed to please.
 Thy Church her duty then will see, And Thy obedient servant be.
 Of men and means, in Thy dear name, To haste Thy coming and Thy reign.



CHORUS.



We'll send the Gospel round the world, The blood-stained banner be unfurl'd;



round the world,

be unfurl'd



The witness we will preach and sing. Thus hasten "to bring back the King."



125. HAPPY IN JESUS I AM.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. Sometimes the clouds may hang dark o'er our way, Hid - ing the light
 2. Try - ing surroundings may cause thee to dread, Be not dis - cour -
 3. So, when thy foes, yes, and friends may de - ride, Fret not, thy soul,
 4. When strong temptations have tossed you a - bout, And the fierce temp -

of God's beauti - ful day ; Let us not mur - mur, but cheer - ful - ly say :
 aged, but lift up thy head ; Thro' ev - 'ry tri - al it still may be said :
 but in patience a - bide, Sing - ing, while all to God's care you con - fide :
 ter would put you to rout, Still you may conquer in faith, as you shout :

CHORUS.

Hap - py in Je - sus I am. Hap - py in Je - sus I am.
 Hap - py in Je - sus I am.
 Hap - py in Je - sus I am.
 Hap - py in Je - sus I am. yes, I am

Saved by the blood of the Lamb ; Let come what may, yet
 of the Lamb ;

this I can say : Hap - py in Je - sus I am. ev - er am.

126. YES, I'LL FOLLOW JESUS.

MRS. D. W. M.

MRS. D. W. MYLAND.
Arr. by D. W. MYLAND.

1. It is sweet to fol - low Je - sus, Fol - low all the way;
 2. Je - sus wants you to be faith - ful, Calls you o'er and o'er;
 3. Are you go - ing to be faith - ful; To thy Lord and King;
 4. Yes, my bless - ed, ho - ly Je - sus, I will heed Thy call;

Will you ful - ly trust His promise, Ev - 'ry mo - ment, ev - 'ry day?
 Come, re - ceive this bless - ed Je - sus He is wait - ing at the door.
 Ev - er glad - ly be o - bedient, Hum - bly speak, or pray, or sing?
 I re - ceive, and trust, and follow Christ, the Lord, my all in all!

CHORUS.

Yes, I'll fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,
 fol - low, fol - low Je - sus, I will fol - low, fol - low Je - sus,

Fol - low all the way; We will
 fol - low all the way, yes I'll fol - low ev - 'ry day;

be o - bedient child - ren, Come what may.
 we will be trustful children, come yes come yes come what may.

127. AT HIS COMING.

D. W. M.

Rev. D. W. Myland.

1. I'm a Christian in the serv-ice Of my Mas-ter here be-low,
 2. What a joy to fol-low Je-sus, And to do His bless-ed will,
 3. O let us be up and do-ing, For the "day dawn" is at hand,

And I la-bor for His king-dom while I may; For, when all my
 Sow-ing seeds of truth for reap-ing by and by; We shall hear His
 And the sow-ing and the reap-ing near-ly o'er; Hast-en! for the

work is o'er, I shall dwell for-ev-er-more, With my Saviour in the
 blessed "come," In the glo-rious harvest home, When we meet Him at His
 com-ing day Breaketh, when our Lord will say, "Come and en-ter in - to

CHORUS.

realms of end-less day. In the morning of His coming We shall
 com-ing in the sky.
 rest for-ev-er-more.

meet Him in the air, With the saints who sleep in Je-sus We shall

all be gathered there; Then His praises we will sing, When we greet our

Lord and King, And we'll reign with Him in glory ev - er-more, ev-er-more.

128. HAVE THINE OWN WAY, LORD!

Miss A. A. Pollard.

Geo. C. Stebbins.

Slowly.

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
 2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
 3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
 4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my

Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mould me and make me
 try me Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord,
 wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er—
 be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it

Aft - er Thy will, While I am wait - ing Yield-ed and still.
 Wash me just now, As in Thy presence Hum-bly I bow.
 Sure - ly is Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav-iour di - vine!
 Till all shall see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me!

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. O the wondrous pow'r of the Savior's love Un - to sin - ners is now re -
 2. There in Pi-late's hall see the Guiltless One: How the hearts of His foes were
 3. His a - ton - ing blood still a - vails to - day: For the king - dom be saved and
 4. Turn, O turn from sin, let the Sav - ior in, Bow the heart, in con - tri - tion

vealed; Ev - 'ry ling'ring pain Je - sus can remove: Praise the Lord, by His stripes
 steeled 'Gainst the Gift of God, His be - lov - ed Son! Praise the Lord, by His stripes
 sealed; In the opened fount wash thy sins a - way - Praise the Lord, by His stripes
 yield To the Spir - it's pow'r this ac - cept - ed hour: Praise the Lord, by His stripes

CHORUS.

we are healed. By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes we are
 By His stripes we are healed, By His stripes

healed; On His guiltless head All our sins were laid, By His stripes we are healed.
 we are healed;

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

Joyfully.

1. "Who-so-ev - er hear-eth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed ti - dings
 2. Who - so-ev - er com - eth need not de - lay, Now the door is o - pen,
 3. "Who-so-ev - er will," the prom - ise se - cure, "Who-so - ev - er will," for

all the world a-round; Spread the joy-ful news wher - ev - er man is found:
 en - ter while you may; Je - sus is the true, the on - ly liv - ing way:
 ev - er must en - dure; "Who-so-ev - er will," 'tis life for - ev - er - more:

CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev - er will, may come." "Who-so-ev - er will, who - so - ev - er will,"

Send the proc-la-ma-tion o - ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov - ing Fa - ther

calls the wan - d'r'er home; "Who - so - ev - er will, may come."

131. THE ANSWER'S ON THE WAY.

ADA BLENKHORN.

(Isa. 65; 24.)

REV. D. W. MYLAND.



1. No lon - ger doubt God's prom - ise true, But trust His Word to - day,
2. And if our hearts con - demn us not, With con - fi - dence we pray,
3. And as we pray, if we be - lieve, We shall, tho' He de - lay,
4. Then let us with our Fa - ther plead For souls that are as - tray.
5. Ac - cord - ing to His bless - ed will If we will al - ways pray,



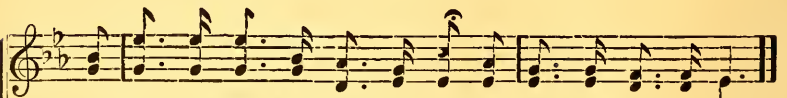
What He hath prom - ised He will do, The an - swer's on the way.
 How bless - ed our ap - point - ed lot! The an - swer's on the way.
 "Ac - cord - ing to our faith" re - ceive; The an - swer's on the way.
 And He a - gain these sheep will lead. The an - swer's on the way.
 Each true pe - ti - tion to ful - fil The an - swer's on the way.



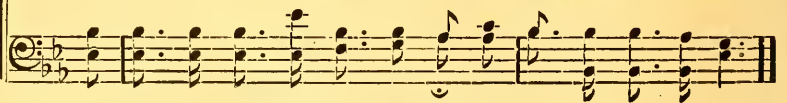
CHORUS.



The an - swer's on the way, When in God's will we pray;



All glo - ry to our faith - ful Lord; The an - swer's on the way.



132. FULLNESS IN JESUS.

D. W. M.

REV. D. W. MYLAND.

1. O, how much there is in Je - sus, for the soul that needs His grace;
 2. O, how much there is in Je - sus, Much of pow'r to save from sin;
 3. O, how much there is in Je - sus, For my spir - it, bod - y, soul;
 4. O, how much there is in Je - sus, Pow'r to serve Him here be - low;

When we come in true con-tri-tion, Humbly, trusting, seek His face.
 Par-don, peace and joy a-bounding, As He comes to dwell with - in.
 Cleansing, com-fort-ing, com-plet-ing, For He works to make me whole.
 With the Com - for-ter a - bid - ing, A - ny-where with Him I'll go.

CHORUS.

O, how much there is in Je - - sus, "Bread of
 much, yes how much Je - sus blessed Je-sus,

Life" my soul to feed; Rich-est grace and
 "Bread of Life" my soul to feed;

heav'n - ly full-ness, To sup - ply my ev - 'ry need.
 to sup - ply my ev'ry need.

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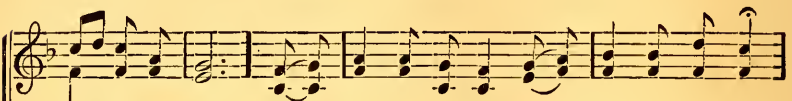
134. I AM RESTING MY SOUL.

Rev. STEPHEN MERRITT.

JAS. M. KIRK.



1. I have now washed my soul in the Blood of the Lamb, I have ceased from all
 2. Oh! 'tis precious and blest in Je - sus to rest, And be cleansed by His
 3. Oh! how sweet in this ha-ven of rest to a-bide, No bil-lows of
 4. His serv-ice is blest—it is joy, it is rest, No wea-ri-ness
 5. I'm a child of the King, and His glories I'll sing, And His name I will
 6. His yoke is so sweet—the work is complete—The bur-den is



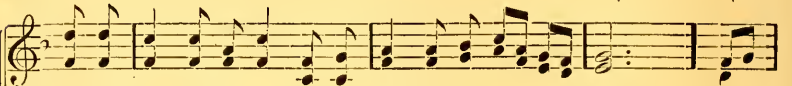
sin by His will; The Spir-it so sweet-ly the wit-ness be-stows,
 blood from all sin; The Spir-it has come and has made me His home,
 doubt or of fear; The o-cean may roll, but there's rest for the soul,
 comes to the soul: He all things will be, to you and to me,
 ev - er a - dore; He is all things to me, and His beau-ty I see—
 ea - sy and light; The Spir-it's con-trol is the joy of my soul,



CHORUS.



And whis-pers to me: "Peace, be still." I am rest-ing my soul
 And is now sweet-ly dwell-ing with-in.
 For the Mas-ter does al - ways ap-pear.
 While the Spir-it is keep - ing con-trol.
 His love is as great as His pow'r.
 He is with me by day and by night.



in the heav-en of love, I am liv - ing for self no more; My
 for self no more;



I AM RESTING MY SOUL.—Concluded.

life I now hide in the dear Crucified, And His name I will ev - er a - do-re.

Copyright, 1896, by JAS. M. KIRK.

135. CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

From "SALVATION SONGS."

Arr. by JAS. M. KIRK.

1. Called from a-bove, I rise And wash away my 'sin ; The stream to which my
2. It runs di-vine-ly clear, A fountain deep and wide, 'Twas opened by the
3. Deep in my soul I feel The living waters spring, And joy the wondrous

CHORUS.

spir - it flies Can make the foulest clean. I come, dear Lord, to Thee, Oh !
 soldier's spear In my Redeemer's side.
 news to tell, And full sal-va-tion sing.

come just now to me; Oh, wash me, cleanse me in the blood That flowed on Calvary.

4 Oh, life-reviving flood,
 Through all my senses flow!
 Till all I am is lost in God,
 And I but Jesus know.

5 My thirsty spirit craves
 No lesser joy than this,
 I know that Jesus fully saves,
 And I am fully His.

136. SINCE THE COMFORTER HAS COME.

J. M. K.

JAS. M. KIRK.

1. I'm nev - er lone - ly an - y more, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
 2. Oh! what have I to dread or fear, Since the Com - fort - er has come!
 3. I'm liv - ing in abounding grace, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
 4. Yes, I have grace and glo - ry here, Since the Com - fort - er has come;
 5. I can do all things thro' His strength, Since the Com - fort - er has come;

My heart with joy is flow - ing o'er, Since the Com - fort - er has come.
 The pow'r of pen - te - cost is here, Since the Com - fort - er has come.
 I'm dwell - ing in "the secret place," Since the Com - fort - er has come.
 And long for Christ to soon ap - pear, Since the Com - fort - er has come.
 The vic - tor's crown I'll win at length, Since the Com - fort - er has come.

CHORUS.

Since the Com - fort - er has come,

Since the Com - fort - er has come, Since the Com - fort - er has come,

Slower.

Since the Com - fort - er has come, has come, Heaven has begun with me;

I am sat - is - fied and free, Since the Com - fort - er has come,
 Since the Com - fort - er has come,

Since the Comforter Has Come.—Concluded.

er has come, has come, Since the Com-fort-er has come.
 Since the Com-fort-er has come,

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137. JESUS CAME TO SAVE.

MRS. D. W. M.

MRS. D. W. MYLAND. ARR. by REV. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Je - sus came a lov - ing Saviour, Came to save from sin;
 2. Je - sus free - ly sanc - ti - fi - eth, By the Spir - it's power;
 3. Je - sus came to heal this bod - y, Oh, so sick of sin;

Lost one, Je - sus waits to free you, Will you let Him in?
 Ful - ly cleanses, fills and seals us, Keeps us ev - 'ry hour.
 He will strengthen this weak tem - ple, As He dwells with-in.

CHORUS.

Christ will save you, lost one, Save..... and sanc-ti - fy;
 and sanctify, save and sanc-ti - fy;

Yes, He will heal your bod - y, And is com - ing by and by.

4 We are looking for His coming,
 It is drawing nigh;
 Oh, be ready to go with Him,
 With Him by and by.

5 Yes, He's coming, surely coming!
 "Hasten, Lord", we cry;
 He will come in power and glory,
 Come for you and I.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. In Him complete, O praise the Lord; Let saints repeat this wondrous word;
 2. He lived a man who wro't God's will, He died love's plan thus to fulfill;
 3. What hope so dear? what joy so sweet? What need I fear, in Him complete?
 4. His life so pure, His righteousness, Can well endure that fi-nal test;
 5. Tho' billows roll with dangers rife, I'll reach the goal of endless life;

1. Now with the King my heart made one, With joy I sing what Christ has done.
 2. His Spir-it gave, and now He stands, My name en-grav-en on His hands.
 3. He lives within—O ho-ly rest! He saves from sin—and I am blest.
 4. I dread no foe, nor face de-feat; But on I go, in Him complete.
 5. The port of bliss, the golden street, My anchor this, in Him complete;

CHORUS.

Com-plete in Him! it is His word;
 Com-plete in Him! 'tis God's own word;

Com-plete in Him— O praise the Lord! In Je-sus
 Complete in Him— In

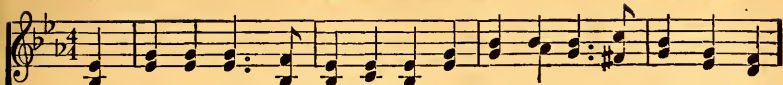
all per-fec-tions meet; In Him a-lone I stand complete
 Je-sus all

God Lives Within My Soul.

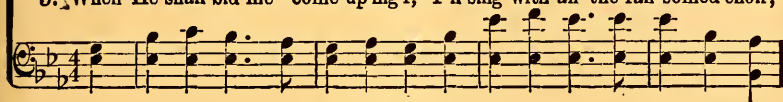
T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.



1. This sa-cred truth means more to me Than aught on earth could ev-er be;
2. God man-i- fest in form of man, Once wro't redemption's wondrous plan;
3. Tho' I am weak, yet He is strong; He is my life, my joy, my song;
4. And heav'n seems not some far-off place, Since e - ven here, thru sav - ing grace,
5. When He shall bid me "come up hig'r," I'll sing with all the ran-somed choir;



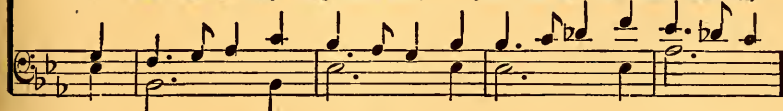
That now, and thru e - ter - ni - ty, God lives with - in my soul.
 Com - plet - ing what He then be - gan, God lives with - in my soul.
 And tho' the night be dark and long, God lives with - in my soul.
 In fan - cy I be - hold His face Who lives with - in my soul.
 But then than now He'll be no nigh'r - God lives with - in my soul!



CHORUS.



With - in my soul, With - in my soul;
 He lives with - in my rapt - ured soul, I yield Him ab - so - lute con - trol;



His Spir - it guides, for He a - bides With - in my soul.



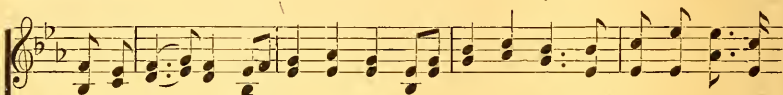
We'll Go Together.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.



1. The prom-ised hour is draw-ing near—We'll all go home to-geth-er
2. The trump of God shall wake the dead, We'll all go home to-geth-er
3. The faith-ful mar-tyrs trod this way, We'll all go home to-geth-er.
4. Not from the gates of heav'n they come, We'll all go home to-geth-er
5. A - lone they can - not per - fect be, We'll all go home to-geth-er
6. Then let us for that day pre-pare, We'll all go home to-geth-er



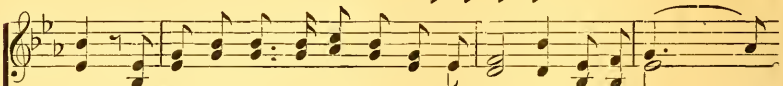
in the morn-ing—When Jesus shall in clouds ap-pear: We'll all go home to-
 in the morn-ing; By this sweet hope be com-fort-ed, We'll all go home to-
 in the morn-ing; But we'll reach home as soon as they, We'll all go home to-
 in the morn-ing; But from the por - tals of the tomb: We'll all go home to-
 in the morn-ing; "Some better thing" for us we see, We'll all go home to-
 in the morn-ing; To meet our Sav - ior in the air, We'll all go home to-



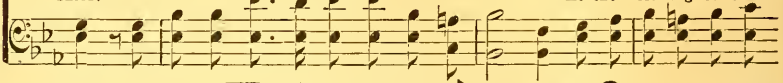
CHORUS.



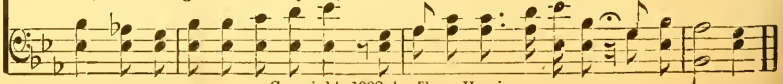
geth-er in the morn-ing. In the morn - ing, in the morn -
 When the dead in Christ shall rise, With liv-ing saints ascend the



ing, We'll all go home to-geth-er in the morn-ing; In the morn -
 skies. At the ris-ing of the



ing, in the morn - ing, We'll all go home to-geth-er in the morning.
 sun, We will gath-er ev - 'ry one, And



1. The cross for Christ, the crown for me, O wondrous love, O mer - cy free ;
 2. O wondrous grace, how could it be That Christ should love a worm like me,
 3. Oh, now I hear a voice re - ply, "Our God is love, and that is why
 4. Oh, now I see the crim-son tide, The fount of life is opened wide;
 5. And soon his glo - ry I shall share, Then I the crown of life will wear;
 6. E - ter - ni - ty with him I'll spend, And share the joys that never end ;

My Sav-iour died on Cal - va - ry To pur - chase life for me.
 And suf - fer on the cru - el tree To pur - chase life for me?
 He gave his Son for thee to die, To pur - chase life for thee."
 My Sav-iour, Christ, was cru - ci - fied And there is life for me.
 Be - hold him who my sins did bear To pur - chase life for me.
 Give glo - ry to the sinner's Friend Who purchased life for me.

CHORUS.

For me, for me; He died for e - ven me; He
 For me, for me; e - ven me;

shed his blood on Cal - va - ry To pur - chase life for me;
 e - ven me;

He shed his blood on Cal - va - ry To purchase life for me.

142. THE BRIDEGROOM IS COMING.

("Behold, the Bridegroom cometh." Matt. 25 : 6.)

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. O the Bridegroom is coming, morn-ing, noon or night, And will
 2. O the Bridegroom is coming in the clouds of heav'n, To re-
 3. O the Bridegroom is coming, for that day pre-pare, When with

take His Bride back home; Have your lamps all burn-ing and your
 ceive His blood-washed own; O be cleansed and wait-ing, free from
 Christ 'neath heav-en's dome, All the saints shall gath-er in the

gar-ments white, And be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
 car - nal leaven, And be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.
 up - per air; O be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS.

O be read - y, O be read - y! O be read - y

When the Bridegroom comes; He may come at mid-night, morn or

noon - tide, fair,— O be read - y when the Bridegroom comes.

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143. O SOUL OF MINE!

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. O soul of mine, be still, lie low; The bleeding Lamb hath loved thee so;
 2. O soul, lie still, thy Lord doth know The bitter things that grieve thee so;
 3. O soul, be si - lent and lie low, His love the Fa - ther will be - stow;

His side was pierced to take thee in, And cleanse thy heart from all its sin.
 His will appoints—His hand will lead, His wealth supply thy ev - 'ry need.
 Will heal thy wounds—thy sorrows bear, And an - swer ev - 'ry trusting pray'r.

REFRAIN.

He knows, He knows, Thy Father knows; He sees thy tears and grief—

He knows, He knows; Thy Father knows! And He will send re - lief.

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Precious Name.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE.



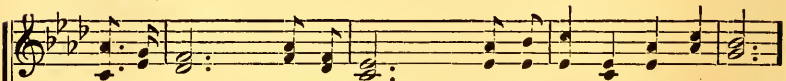
1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev'ry snare;
3. O the precious name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall-ing pros-trate at His feet,



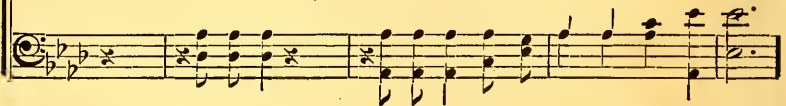
It will joy and com-fort give you; Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
 If temp-tations round you gath-er, Breathe that ho-ly name in pray'r.
 When His lov-ing arms re-ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
 King of earth and heav'n we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.



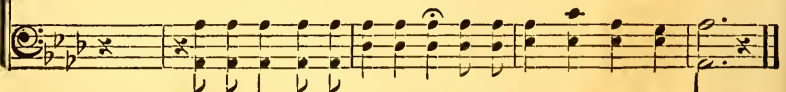
CHORUS.



Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heav'n,
 Precious name, O how sweet!



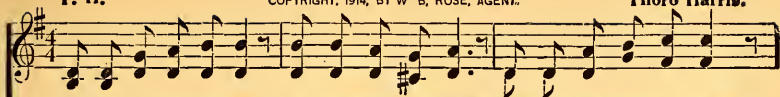
Precious name, O how sweet!.. Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.
 Precious name, how sweet!



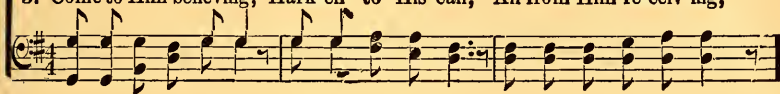
T. H.

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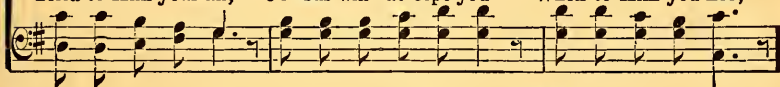
Thoro Harris.



1. Are you trusting Jesus, All a-long the way? Does He grow more precious
2. For His matchless favor Mag-ni - fy the name Of our gra-cious Sav-ior
3. Come to Him believing, Hark-en to His call; All from Him re-ceiv-ing,



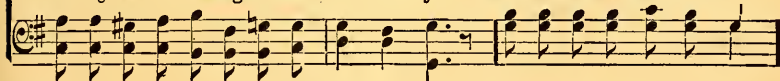
To your heart each day? Are you His dis - ci - ple? Test His word and see,
 Who from glo-ry came; Let the saints a-dore Him For this wondrous word,
 Yield to Him your all; Je - sus will ac-cept you When to Him you flee;



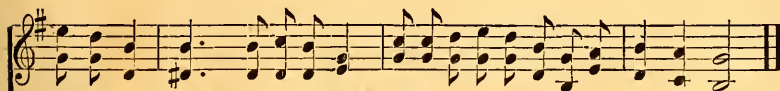
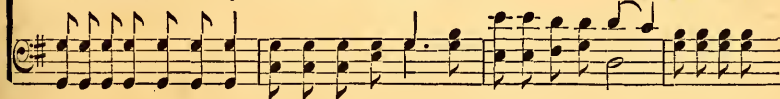
CHORUS.



He will give the Spir-it More a - bun-dant-ly.
 Sealing our redemption Thro' the crimson flood. More a - bun-dant-ly,
 He will grant His blessing More a - bun-dant-ly. More and more a - bun-dant - ly,



more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more abundantly;" More a-
 more and more a-bun-dant-ly, More and more a-



bun-dant-ly, more a-bun-dant-ly, "That they might have life, and more a-bun-dant-ly.
 bun-dant-ly, more and more abundantly,

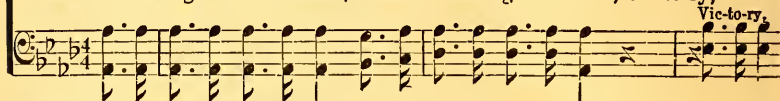


B. E. W.

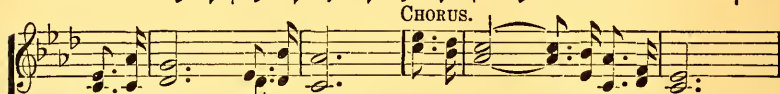
BARNEY E. WARREN.



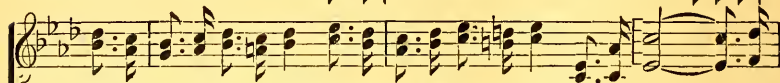
1. Hal - le - lu-jah, what a thought! Jesus full sal - va - tion bro't, Vic - to - ry,
2. I am trusting in the Lord, I am standing on His word, Vic - to - ry,
3. Shout your freedom ev'ry-where, His eternal peace declare, Vic - to - ry,
4. We will sing it on that shore, When this fleeting life is o'er, Vic - to - ry,



vic - to - ry! Let the pow'r of sin as-sail, Heaven's grace can never fail,
 vic - to - ry! I have peace and joy within, Since my life is free from sin,
 vic - to - ry! Let us sing it here be-low, In the face of ev-'ry foe,
 vic - to - ry! Sing it here ye ransom'd throng, Start the everlasting song;



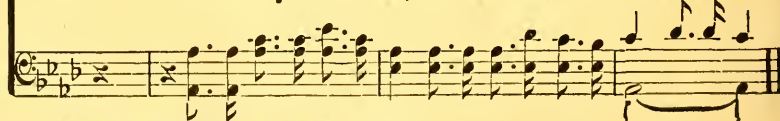
Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry, . . . yes, vic - to - ry!
 Vic - to - ry. vic - to - ry! Vic - to - ry. yes, vic - to - ry.



Hal - le - lu - jah! I am free Je - sus gives me vic - to - ry, Glo - ry, glo - ry,
 Glo - ry, glo - ry.



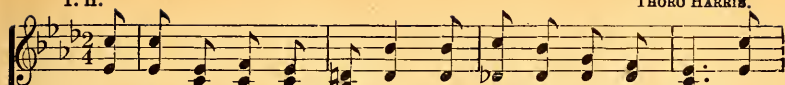
hal - le - lu - jah! He is all in all to me
 hal - le - lu - jah! He is all, He is all in all to me, all to me.



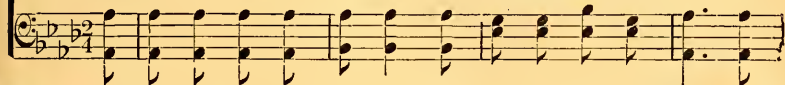
I Really Had to Love Him.

T. H.

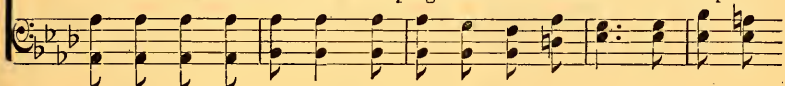
THORO HARRIS.



1. When weak and heav-y - la - den, I sought the Lord for rest; He
2. The while I stopped to list - en, The voice of love di - vine, Like
3. O come, lost soul, to Je - sus, Sin - bur - dened as thou art; His



bade me safe - ly pil - low My head up - on His breast. I mar-veled
 tones of sweet-est mu - sic, Pealed in this heart of mine. From chains that
 blood can cleanse the vil - est And purge the foul - est heart. The Shepherd

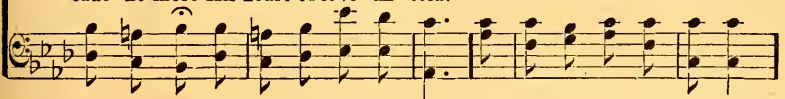


at the won - der Of grace so rich and free; O is it not a -
 long had bound me It spake my spir - it free; And now I cry, A -
 kind is yearn - ing To draw thee to the fold: O rob of grat - i -



CHORUS.

maz - ing love That Je - sus showed to me?
 maz - ing love That Je - sus showed to me! I real - ly had to love Him,
 tude no more His heart of love un - told!



He is so kind and true; And if you could but know him You would love him too.



148. I AM OVER JORDAN.

("Now therefor arise, go over this Jordan." Josh. 1: 2, 3.)

D. W. M.

REV. and MRS. D. W. MYLAND.

1. I am ov - er Jor - dan, in fair Can-aans land; Read - y
 2. Up and on to A - i, ston - ing ev - 'ry sin; To the
 3. On to 'Tim-nath-ser - ah, there in light to dwell; With my

for the bat-tle, with my Josh-ua stand; Marching on to vic-t'ry,
 Lord o - be-dient, I shall sure-ly win; On through ev-'ry fortress,
 heav'nly Bridegroom, whom I love so well; Bless-ed land of prom-ise,

Faith is not in vain; Jer - i - co to conquer, all the land to gain.
 In Je - ho - vah's name; Like the faith-ful Cal-eb, Hebron's height to claim.
 land of love and rest; Come and take thy portion, rise and claim God's best.

CHORUS.

I am ov - er Jor - dan,
 I am ov - er Jor-dan, Jor-dan, yes, I'm ov - er Jor-dan Jordan;

Go-ing on re-joic-ing to my heav'nly home; March-ing on to glo-ry, glo-ry,

I AM OVER JORDAN.—Concluded.

Telling the glad story, sto-ry, of the glor'ous Kingdom when our King shall come.

<p>4 Come thou over Jordan, with the Ark of God; Come and follow Jesus where the saints have trod; Taste the milk and honey of His pre- cious word; Prove the Spirit's fulness, trusting in the Lord.</p>	<p>5 Climb the steeps of Zion, in the com- ing hour; Resurrection glory, or translation power; Dwell within the city—New Jerusalem, There to reign with Jesus, praise His name, Amen!</p>
---	---

Copyright, 1896, by D. W. MYLAND.

149. REVIVE US AGAIN.

1. We praise Thee, O God! for the Son of Thy love,
2. We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spir - it of light,
3. All glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain,
4. Re - vive us a - gain; fill each heart with Thy love;

For Je - sus who died and is now gone a - bove.
Who has shown us our Sav - iour, and scat - tered our night.
Who hath borne all our sins, and has cleansed ev - 'ry stain.
May each soul be re - kin - dled with fire from a - bove.

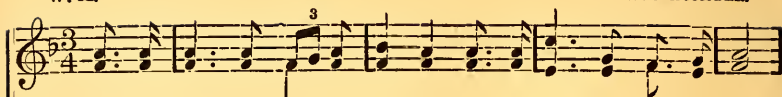
CHORUS.

Hal-le-lu-jah! Thine the glory, Hallelu-jah! Amen. revive us a-gain.

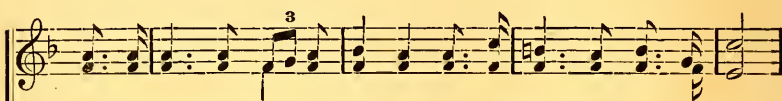
150. CHRIST IS COMING.

W. M.

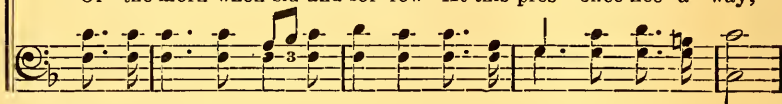
W. MACOMBER.



1. In the glow of earth-ly morning, In the sol-lemn hush of night;
2. Ott me-thinks I hear His footsteps, Steal-ing down the paths of time;
3. Long we've waited, blest Re-deem-er, Wait-ed for the first bright ray



Down from heaven's o - pen por - tals, Steals a mes - sen - ger of light,
 And the fu - ture dark with shadows, Brightens with this hope sublime.
 Of the morn when siu and sor-row At this pres - ence flee a - way;



Whisp-ring sweetly to my spir - it, While the hosts of heav-en sing;
 Sound the soul - in - spir - ing an - them; An - gel hosts, your harps at-tune;
 But our vig - il's near - ly o - ver; Hope of heav'n, oh, price-less boon!



This the wond'rous thrilling sto - ry: Christ is com-ing- Christ my King.
 Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ's com-ing- Com - ing soon.
 In the east the glow ap-pear-ing, Christ is com-ing- Com - ing soon.





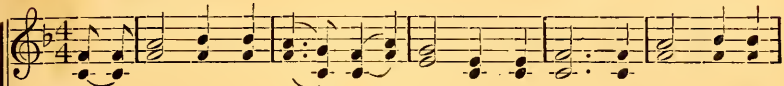
This the wond'rous thrilling sto - ry— Christ is coming—Christ my King.
 Earth's long night is al - most o - ver, Christ is coming— Com - ing soon.
 In the east the glow ap - pear - ing, Christ is coming— Com - ing soon.



151. MY JESUS, I LOVE THEE.

London Hymn Book.

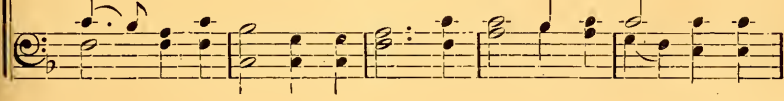
By per. A. J. GORDON.



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



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



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



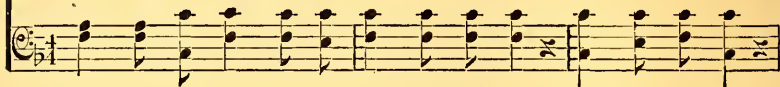
WILL O. JONES.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris

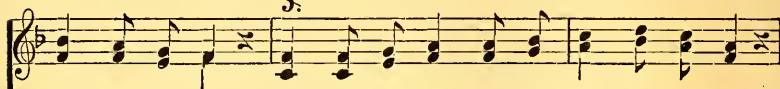
T. H. BAYLY.



1. Tell me the sto - ry I've heard o'er and o'er, Je - sus is mine,
 2. On Cal - v'ry's hill Je - sus died for my soul, Je - sus is mine,
 3. Sor - rows may gath - er and friends may de - part, Je - sus is mine,
 4. Soon in the clouds he is com - ing a - gain, Je - sus is mine,



S:

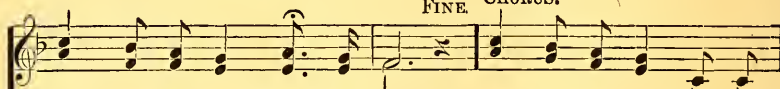


Je - sus is mine; Sing me the song we shall sing on that shore,
 Je - sus is mine; Now I'm re - joic - ing, his pow'r makes me whole,
 Je - sus is mine; No one can snatch this great joy from my heart,
 Je - sus is mine; I shall be - hold him, and sing once a - gain,

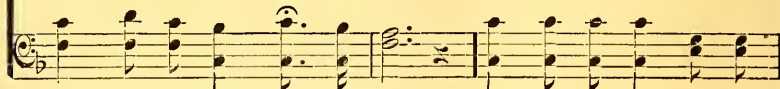


D. S.—Now I am dead, but a - live un - to God,

FINE. CHORUS.



Je - sus is mine, he is mine. Glo - ry to God! I am



Je - sus is mine, he is mine.

D. S.



un - der the blood, Un - der the pow'r of the sin - cleans - ing flood;



S. K. WHEATLAKE.

F. M. GRAHAM.

1. { How I came to love these pilgrims, Is to me a great surprise, }
 { And the way the Lord has led me, Is a won - der in (Omit.) . . } my eyes.

2. { Well I knew the world despised them, So I said 'twould never do, }
 { I would lose my rep - u - ta - tion If I joined that nois- (Omit.) } y crew.

Oh, I nev - er thought I'd be one, But I'm hap - py now to say;
 But I heard in tones of thun-der, "You must sure - ly go that way,"

CHO.—Now I feel constrained to tell it, For I love the nar-row way;

That, al-though I used to hate them, I am one of them to - day.
 I am not a-shamed to own it, I am one of them to - day.

I am hap - py, hal - le - lu - jah, I am one of them to - day.

3 Oft I sneered when they were telling,
 That they felt no foe within,
 That the grace of their Redeemer
 Daily kept them free from sin.
 But conviction seized my spirit,
 Took my hatred all away,
 I have found this great salvation,
 And I'm one of them to-day.

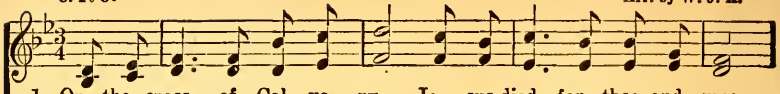
5 And I used to thing their shouting
 Was entirely out of place,
 And I never would consent to
 Bring upon me such disgrace.
 So I ask the Lord to bless me
 In a mild and quiet way;
 But I prayed through and got the glory,
 And I'm one of them to-day.

4 It so shocked me that I could not
 All my indignation hide;
 When they said that God's old Bible
 Never would endorse my pride.
 Though high-headed, proud and haughty,
 Yet I heard the Spirit say,
 "Will you be an humble pilgrim?"
 I am one of them to-day.

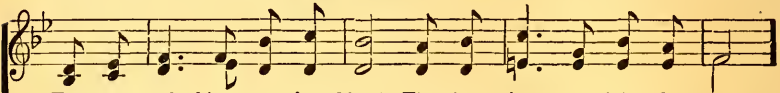
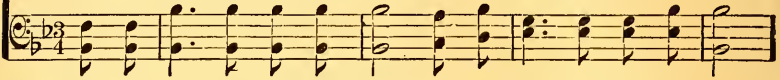
6 I am glad I ever found them,
 For they led me to the right;
 And I'm going to stay among them,
 Daily walking in the light.
 And some day I'll join their number,
 Over on the other shore;
 It is settled, hallelujah!
 I'm a pilgrim evermore.

C. F. O.

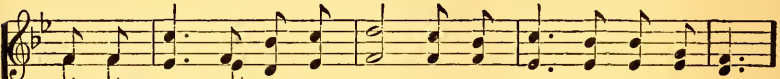
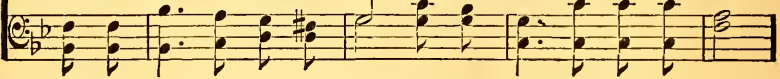
Arr. by W. J. K.



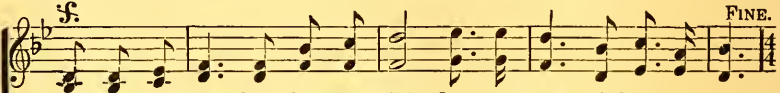
1. On the cross of Cal - va - ry Je - sus died for thee and me;
2. O what won - drous, wondrous love, Bro't me down at Je - sus' feet!
3. Take me, Je - sus, I am thine, Whol - ly thine for - ev - er - more;
4. Clouds and darkness veiled the sky When the Lord was cru - ci - fied;



There he shed his pre - cious blood, That from sin we might be free.
 O such won - drous, dy - ing love Asks a sac - ri - fice com - pletel
 Bless - ed Je - sus, thou art mine, Dwell with - in for - ev - er - more.
 "It is fin - ished!" was his cry, When he bowed his head and died.



O, the cleans - ing stream doth flow, And it wash - es white as snow:
 Lord, I give my - self to thee, Soul and bod - y thine to be:
 Cleanse, O cleanse my heart from sin, Make and keep me pure with - in;
 It was fin - ished there for me; All the world may now go free:



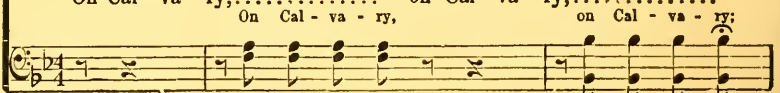
It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 It was for me thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 It was for this thy blood was shed On the cross of Cal - va - ry.
 It was for me that Je - sus died On the cross of Cal - va - ry.



CHORUS.



On Cal - va - ry, on Cal - va - ry,
 On Cal - va - ry, on Cal - va - ry;



The Breaking of the Day.

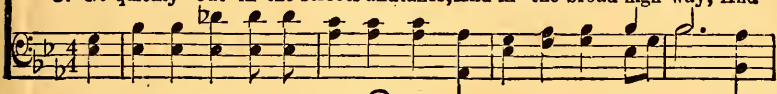
G. W. SEDERQUIST, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

S. W. S.

G. W. SEDERQUIST.



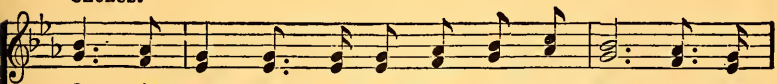
1. 'Tis al-most time for the Lord to come, I hear the peo - ple say; The
2. The signs foretold in the sun and moon, In earth and sea and sky, A-
3. It must be time for the wait-ing church To cast her pride a - way, With
4. There must be those in the field of sin, Far from the fold a - stray, Who
5. Go quickly out in the streets andlanes, And in the broad high-way, And



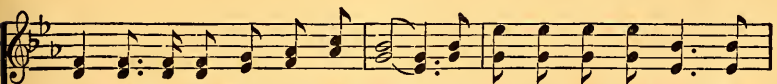
stars of heav'n are grow-ing dim: It must be the breaking of the day.
 loud pro - claim to mor - tal men, That the coming of the Master draweth nigh.
 gird - ed loins and burn-ing lamps To look for the breaking of the day.
 once were happy in Je - sus' love, And look-ing for the breaking of the day.
 call the maimed, thehalt and blind, To be read-y for the breaking of the day.



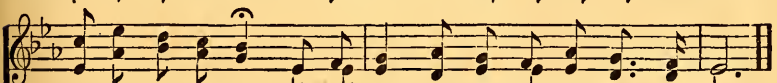
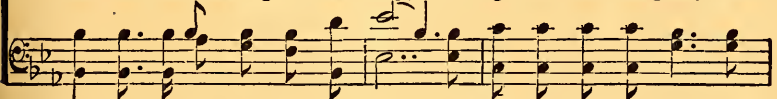
CHORUS.



O, it must be the break - ing of the day, O, it



must be the break-ing of the day; The night is al-most gone, The



day is com - ing on: O it must be the break-ing of the day.



Lord, I Believe.

Arr. by F. M. G. and A. F. I. By per.

1. When sor - row and storms are be - set - ting my track, And Sa - tan is
 2. How eas - y when sail - ing the sea in a calm, To trust in the
 3. "I'll stand to the end," I have heard peo - ple say, "I'll fight till I
 4. And oth - ers there are full of cour - age and zeal, Who go to the
 5. Then let us re - mem - ber in run - ning this race, That faith is not

whis - p'ring, "You'd bet - ter turn back," How oft I have proved it, tho'
 strength of Je - ho - vah's great arm; But some - how I find when the
 die, and will ne'er run a - way;" But when by temp - ta - tion so
 bot - tle like war - riors of steel; But right in the heat of the
 feel - ing, and trust is not trace; And when all a - round us seems

dark be the way, A lit - tle be - liev - ing drives clouds all a - way.
 waves swamp the boat, It takes some be - liev - ing to keep things a - float.
 fierce - ly as - sailed, They left off be - liev - ing, and ter - ri - bly failed.
 con - flict with sin, In - stead of be - liev - ing they faint and give in.
 dark as the night, We'll keep on be - liev - ing, and win in the fight.

CHORUS.

Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! Savior, raise my faith in Thee, Till it can move a

mountain; Lord, I believe, Lord, I believe! All my doubts are buried in the fountain.

A. E. B.

A. E. BLOOM.



1. I've heard the sweet sto-ry of Je - sus, The Sav-ior who came from a-bove;
2. I've heard how he suf-ered to save us, He cleans-es from sin and its guilt;
3. He pleads for us now up in glo - ry, He lives who for us sin did bear;
4. He's com - ing some day to re - ceive us, His glo - ry we free-ly shall share;
5. Thro' years nev-er end - ing we'll sing it, The sto - ry so wondrous and true;



Who gave his own life to re - deem us, Thus prov-ing his in - fi-nite love.
 He purchased sal-va-tion for sin - ners, In vain not his blood has been spilt.
 Will tell it tho' a - ges grow hoar-y, For - ev - er the crown he will wear.
 Will live in the land he will give us, No sor - row or death will be there.
 O sin - ner, be-lieve and re - ceive it, This Je - sus would save e-ven you.



CHORUS.



It nev - er grows old, it nev - er grows old, This sto - ry of Je - sus my Lord;



It comes with a pow'r nev-er ceas-ing, This sto - ry that nev-er grows old.



158. VICTORY IN MY SOUL.

D. W. M.

(I Cor. xv; 57.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. There is vic-t'ry in my soul, 'Tis the gift of grace di-vine; While the
 2. There is vic-t'ry o-ver sin, Thro' the pow'r of Je-sus' blood; Cleansing
 3. There is vic-t'ry o'er the world, With its pleasure, pomp and show; With the
 4. There is vic-t'ry o'er the foe, In the tests of ev-'ry hour; Thro' the

CHORUS.

Spir-it keeps con-trol, All His peace and pow'r is mine. Oh, there's vic't'ry,
 all my heart with-in, Bringing in the peace of God.
 Gos-pel flag unfurled, Where our Captain leads we go.
 strength of Christ, we know, We shall conquer all his pow'r.

yes, there's vic't'ry, there is vic-t'ry, There is vic-t'ry in my soul
 vic't'ry in my soul,

while the Spir-it keeps con-trol; There is vic-t'ry ev-'ry day, As I

walk the ho-ly way, There is vic-t'ry in my soul.
 vic-t'ry, vic-t'ry in my soul.

159. WILL YOU MEET ME?

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. Will you meet me in the Home-land bright, Where no sor-rows
 2. Will you meet me where our Sav- iour stands To re- ceive us
 3. Will you meet me when this life is o'er, Where the pow'r of

come, no pain, no night; Christ has gone a man-sion to pre- pare,
 with his nail-pierced hands, And con- duct us up the gold- en stair;
 death is feared no more, Where e- ter- nal pleasures ban- ish care;

CHORUS.

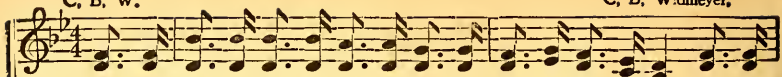
Will you, will you meet me there? Yes, we'll meet you, and we'll
 Will you, will you meet me there?
 Will you, will you meet me there? we'll

greet you In that happy home so fair, In God's
 greet you all up there, That home bright and fair,

bright, e- ter- nal morn- ing, We will meet you, we will meet you there.

C. B. W.

C. B. Widmeyer,



1. When the toils of life are o - ver And we lay our ar - mor down, And we
2. Tho' the way is sometimes lonely, He will hold me with His hand, Thro' the
3. When the last good - by is spok - en And the tear stains wiped away, And our
4. When we join the ransomed ar - my In the sum - mer - land a - bove, And the



bid fare - well to earth with all its cares, We shall meet and greet our
 test - ings and the tri - als I must go; But I'll trust and glad - ly
 eyes shall catch a glimpse of glo - ry fair, Then with bounding hearts we'll
 face of our dear Sav - iour we be - hold, We will sing and shout for -



loved ones And our Christ we then shall crown In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 fol - low, For sometime I'll un - der - stand, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 meet Him Who hath washed our sins a - way, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.
 ev - er And we'll grow in per - fect love, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem.



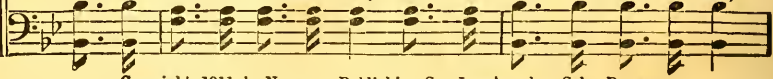
CHORUS.



There'll be sing - ing, there'll be shout - ing When the saints come marching home,



In Je - ru - sa - lem, In Je - ru - sa - lem:
 In the new Je - ru - sa - lem, In the new Je - ru - sa - lem;



In the New Jerusalem.

Wav - ing palms with loud ho - san - nas As the King shall take His throne,
 In the new (in the new) Je - ru - sa - lem (Je - ru - sa - lem).

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

161

Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady.

Thos. Hastings.

1. Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee;
 2. Could my tears for - ev - er flow, Could my zeal no lan-guor know;
 3. While I draw this fleet-ing breath, When my eyes shall close in death;

Let the wa - ter and the blood, From Thy wound-ed side which flowed,
 These for sin could not a - tone, Thou must save, and Thou a - lone;
 When I rise to worlds unknown, And 'be - hold Thee on Thy throne,

Be of sin the dou - ble cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
 In my hand no price I bring, Sim - ply to Thy cross I cling.
 Rock of a - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.

The musical score consists of three systems. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is in the treble clef, and the accompaniment is in the bass clef.

162. THE SHELF BEHIND THE DOOR.

REV. S. K. WHEATLAKE.

E. L. BOWYER.
Arr. by D. W. MYLAND.

1. I came to Je - sus long a - go all lad - en down with sin,
2. I tore it down and threw it out and then the bless - ing came;
3. So man - y peo - ple of to - day are des - ti - tute of power;
4. Some smoke and chew to - bac - co, and some love their fan - cy dress;
5. That lit - tle shelf be - hind the door will cause you much distress;

I sought Him long for pard'ning grace He would not take me in.
But e'er I got the vic - to - ry and felt the ho - ly flame.
'Tis plain to see they can - not stand temp - ta - tion's try - ing hour.
Oth - ers have wronged their fel - low - men, re - fus - ing to con - fess.
Es - pe - cial - ly a - bout the time you think of get - ing blest.

At last I found the reas - on why as light came more and more;
Be - el - ze - bub came rushing up and said with aw - ful roar,
By way of an ap - pol - o - gy "My weakness" is their cry;
They wonder why they are not blest as in the days of yore:
While pleading for the vic - to - ry be - fore the Lord in prayer,

I had a shelf with i - dols on just in be - hind the door.
"You can - not live without a shelf right here be - hind the door."
'Tis all be - cause of i - dols that they are using on the sly.
The reas - on why is on the shelf just in be - hind the door.
How man - y times you think a - bout the i - dols hid - den there.

THE SHELF BEHIND THE DOOR.—Concluded.

CHORUS.



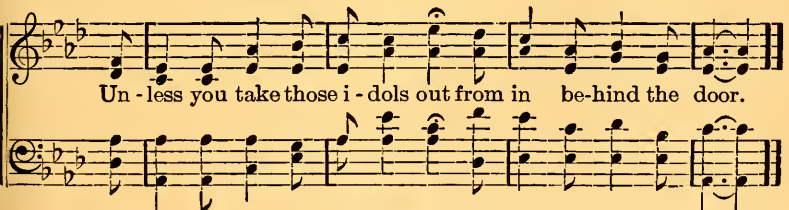
That shelf be-hind the door—don't use it an - y - more:



But quickly clean that corn-er out from ceil-ing to the floor;



For Je - sus wants His tem-ple clean, He can-not bless you more



Un - less you take those i - dols out from in be-hind the door.

6. Your soul is dark, you surely know you have no peace with God;
You daily tremble lest you feel the chastening of His rod.
The blessed Holy Spirit puts this question o'er and o'er:
What are you going to do about this shelf behind the door?
7. You need not go to foreign lands to find a household God.
To look upon idolatry you need not go a rod,
But in this land where Gospel light is shining all around
If you should look behind the door an idol could be found.
8. Some hypocrites may look like saints—from men their idols hide;
But what about the judgment day beyond death's fearful tide?
That hidden spot behind the door will be a public place
Where God and men and angels too shall every idol trace.

163. LIBERATION.

D. W. M.

(Rom. 8 : 1..)

D. Wesley Myland.

1. Long aft - er my sins were for - giv - en, and I ob - tained
 2. I saw God's "good will" and de - sired it, I groaned to be -
 3. How glad I oh, how glad was my spir - it, to know there was
 4. I live in the Spir - it of Je - sus, I walk in the

par - don and peace, I found there was e - vil with - in me, The
 free in His love, I cried, "wretched man," I am help - less, Oh,
 free - dom for me, I died to the "self - life" with Je - sus—He
 strength of my Lord, The life of His glo - ri - fied bod - y Now

"mo - tions of sin" would not cease; I struggled and "willed" and re -
 is there no help from a - bove? Yes, yes, troubled soul, in thy
 filled me, and now I am free; I'm out of the "seventh" of
 heals me thro' faith in His word; No tri - al can break our com -

sist - ed, As strength my *new* na - ture could gain, The "old man" was
 fail - ure Just *cease* from *thy* works, trust God's word, Yield all, and re -
 Ro - mans And in - to the "eighth", far above love, The oc - tave of
 mun - ion, Hope fills me with vis - ions so fair, My soul loves to

strong and in - sist - ed My free - dom I should not ob - tain.
 ceive ye the Spir - it, There's VICTORY thro' Je - sus thy Lord.
 heav'n - ly pro - gres - sion, the "cadence" of God's per - fect love.
 think of the morn - ing I'll meet my dear Lord in the air.

CHORUS.

I'm free from all condemna - tion! I'm liv - ing in God's perfect love ;

I dwell in a safe hab - i - ta - tion, My life hid with Je - sus a - bove.

164. A SONG OF PRAISE.

Repeat 1st verse for Cho.

Myland and Moody.

1. The Lord is com - ing soon! Be read - y night or noon; He'll
 2. O bless - ed Lamb of God! Thy Cross and Blood I see; Its
 3. I give my all to Thee—My spir - it, bod - y, soul; I'll
 4. Yes, I will praise Thee, Lord! Make all Thy glo - ry known; A

take His Bride Up to His side; Yes, He is com - ing soon.
 cleansing flow Makes white as snow, My heart from sin sets free.
 praise Thy name, Thy truth pro - claim; Thy pow'r hath made me whole.
 wit - ness be, Dear Lord, for Thee, And meet Thee on Thy Throne.

165. "NOT OF THE WORLD."

D. W. M.

(Jno. 17; 14-16.)

D. Wesley Myland.

1. I am not of the world! I be-long to the band Of glad
 2. I am not of the world! I am bought with a price, And my
 3. I am not of the world! I will fol-low my Lord Through the
 4. I am not of the world! So I long for the day When our

Pilgrims who press toward the Heavenly land; With Love's banner unfurled
 Life I now live as a "sweet sac-ri-fice"; My free soul, this vain world
 fire and the flood, trusting His precious Word; Pen- te- cost- al in Spir-
 Lord shall return and His Bride "catch away"; O the time is so near,

and Faith's staff in my hand, I will jour-ney with the Sanc-ti-fied.
 can no lon-ger en-tice, For I jour-ney with the Sat-is-fied.
 it and with "One ac-cord"— We now jour-ney with the "Un-i-fied."
 let us work, "watch and pray," Ready for the meeting in the air.

CHORUS.

Not of the world! To its fol-lies I died; joined to my

Sav-ior, with Him cru-ci-fied, I count all but loss, and with

Joy bear my cross Till with Je - sus I am "Glo - ri - fied."

166. COME, O MY SOUL.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. Come, O my soul! and wor - ship, Wor - ship thy ris - en Lord;
2. Je - sus has bled and suf - fered, Je - sus has died for me;
3. Yield now your all to Je - sus, In your heart let Him reign;
4. Je - sus is in - ter - ceed - ing, Priest on His Heavenly throne;

Yield to His gra - cious Spir - it, Hon - or His Ho - ly Word.
 I may be cleansed and pardoned—I may be ful - ly free.
 He will give peace and pow - er, Ban - ish all sin and pain.
 Call - ing His saints to glo - ry, For He is com - ing soon.

CHORUS.

Wor - ship our God and Fa - ther, Wor - ship the Son, our Lord;

Yield to the Ho - ly Spir - it, Trust and o - bey His word.

167. THE COMFORTER ABIDES.

D. W. M.

(Hab. 3: 17, 18.)

D. Wesley Myland.

1. Tho' the fig tree may be bare,— Neither bud nor blos-som there,
 2. When no fruit is on the vine, When I've neith-er oil or wine,
 3. When may fail the ol-ive tree, In the fields no grain I see;
 4. Tho' no herd be in the stall,— Flock now cut off, one and all;
 5. Tho' the vis-ion tar-ry long, And my faith is test-ed strong;

Yet I can-not doubt God's care;— The Com-fort-er A-bides.
 Still my heart shall not re-pine;— The Com-fort-er A-bides.
 Yet in faith-ful-ness to me— The Com-fort-er A-bides.
 Still, what-ev-er may be-fall,— The Com-fort-er A-bides.
 Still my soul shall sing its song— The Com-fort-er A-bides.

CHORUS.

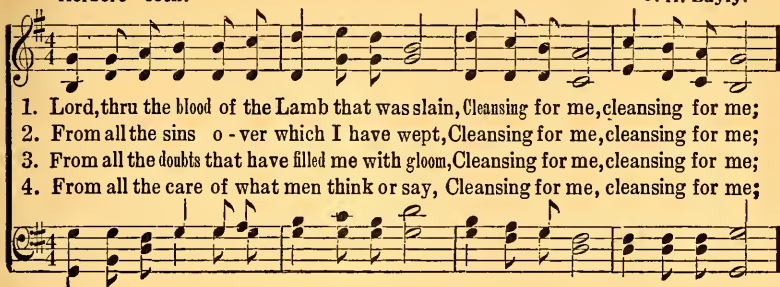
He a-bides with me for-ev-er; He will fail my soul, no, nev-er;

Noth-ing from His love can sev-er,— He a-bides with me.

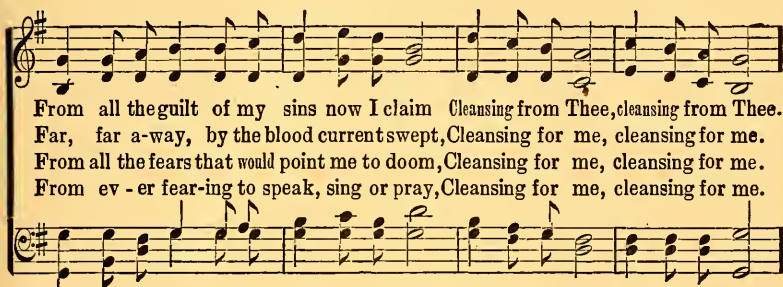
Gleansing for Me.

Herbert Booth.

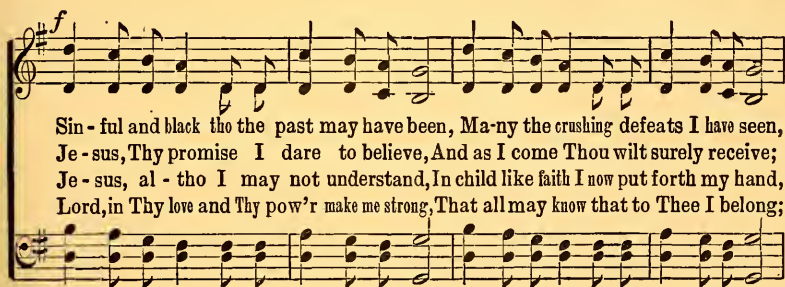
T. H. Bayly.



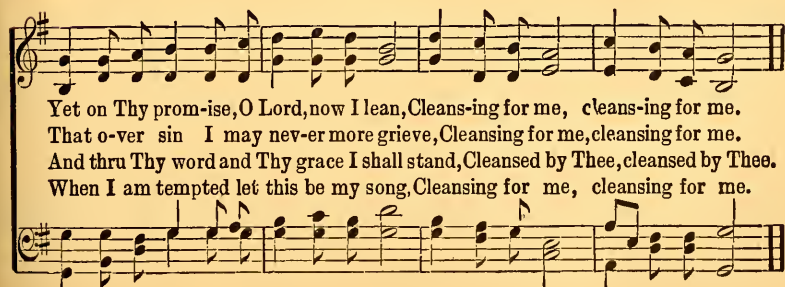
1. Lord, thru the blood of the Lamb that was slain, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
 2. From all the sins o - ver which I have wept, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
 3. From all the doubts that have filled me with gloom, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;
 4. From all the care of what men think or say, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me;



From all the guilt of my sins now I claim Cleansing from Thee, cleansing from Thee.
 Far, far a-way, by the blood current swept, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
 From all the fears that would point me to doom, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
 From ev - er fear-ing to speak, sing or pray, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.



Sin - ful and black tho the past may have been, Ma - ny the crushing defeats I have seen,
 Je - sus, Thy promise I dare to believe, And as I come Thou wilt surely receive;
 Je - sus, al - tho I may not understand, In child like faith I now put forth my hand,
 Lord, in Thy love and Thy pow'r make me strong, That all may know that to Thee I belong;



Yet on Thy prom-ise, O Lord, now I lean, Cleans-ing for me, cleans-ing for me.
 That o-ver sin I may nev-er more grieve, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.
 And thru Thy word and Thy grace I shall stand, Cleansed by Thee, cleansed by Thee.
 When I am tempted let this be my song, Cleansing for me, cleansing for me.

169. GOD CARES.

Casterline.

"He careth for you."

D. W. & N. A. Myland.

Cho. by D. W. M.

Softly.

1. God cares! How sweet the strain! My ach-ing heart and wea-ry
 2. God cares! Oh, sing the song In lone-ly spot, a-mid the
 3. God cares! The words so sweet My lips and life shall e'er re-

brain Are rest-ed by the glad re - frain,—He cares, our Fa-ther
 throng; 'Twill make the way less hard and long,— He cares, our Fa-ther
 peat, My burdens, all left at His feet,— God cares, He al-ways

rall. cares!; He cares, I know He cares! It shields me from the
 cares! God cares, He sure-ly cares!
 cares! God cares, He ev-er cares! It shields me from the

REFRAIN.
 Tempter's Snares, When I re-mem - ber Fa-ther cares,—It

quickens faith, in-spires my pray'rs, To know my Fa-ther cares!

170. JESUS SATISFIES ME.

D. W. M.

Psa. 107; 9, 17; 15.

REV. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Je - sus has my transgressions borne, Je - sus sat - is - fies me.
 2. When I am wea - ry, worn and sad, Je - sus sat - is - fies me;
 3. When I may feel temp-ta-tions' pow'r, Je - sus sat - is - fies me;
 4. When I am whelmed in sor-rows' wave, Je - sus sat - is - fies me;

He was the Lamb on Calv -'ry shorn, Je - sus sat - is - fies me.
 Languish-ing spir - it He makes glad, Je - sus sat - is - fies me.
 Giv - ing me grace for ev - 'ry hour, Je - sus sat - is - fies me.
 Lift - ing my soul a - bove the grave, Je - sus sat - is - fies me.

CHORUS.

Je - sus sat - is - fies me, In Him my high-est joy I see;

Sav-iour, Broth-er, Friend is He: Je - sus sat - is - fies me.

When I am busy for my Lord,
 Jesus satisfies me;
 Trusting His never-failing word,
 Jesus satisfies me.

6 While I am waiting for my King,
 Jesus satisfies me;
 When I shall meet Him, I will sing
 Jesus satisfies me.

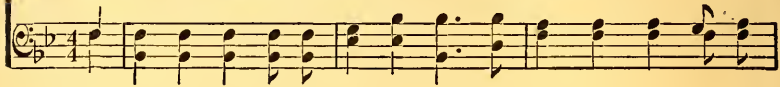
W. E. P.

FROM "HARVEST BELLS," BY PER. W. E. PENN

W. E. Penn.



1. There is a Rock in a wea-ry land; Its shad-ow falls on the
2. There is a Well in a des-ert plain; Its wa-ters call with en-
3. A great fold stands with its por-tals wide, The sheep a-stray on the
4. There is a cross where the Sav-ior died; His blood flow'd out in a



burn-ing sand, In-vit-ing pil-grims as they pass, To
 treat-ing strain, "Ho, ev-'ry thirst-ing, sin-sick soul, Come
 mount-ain side; The Shep-herd climbs o'er mount-ains steep; He's
 crim-son tide, A sac-ri-fice for sins of men, And



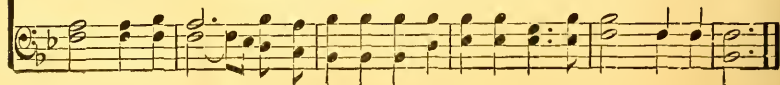
REFRAIN.



seek a shade in the wil-der-ness. Then why will ye die? O
 free-ly drink, and thou shalt be whole." Then why will ye die? O
 search-ing now for His wan-d'ring sheep. Then why will ye die? O
 free to all who will en-ter in. Then why will ye die? O



why will ye die? When the shelt'ring Rock is so near by, O why will ye die?
 why will ye die? When the liv-ing Well is so near by, O why will ye die?
 why will ye die? When the Shepherd's fold is so near by, O why will ye die?
 why will ye die? When the crim-son cross is so near by, O why will ye die?

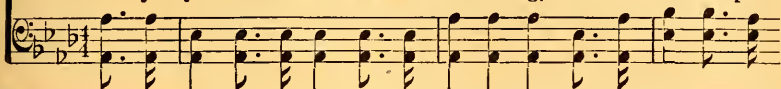


C. B. W.

C. B. WIDMYER.



1. There's a place in the ranks to be filled to-day: Who will stand with the
2. Will you stay in the fight when the bat-tle's on, When your comrades are
3. Will you join our ranks as we march a-long, To the mansions pre-



"Tried and True?" 'Mid the bat-tle's din and the can-non's roar, Can the
fall - ing fast? Can He count on you till the bat - tle's o'er, To be
pared on high, To a - dore our King 'mid the blood-wash'd throng, Where the

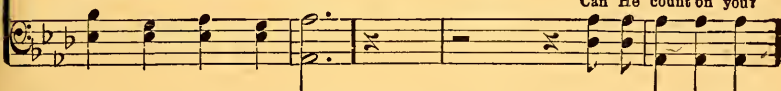


CHORUS.

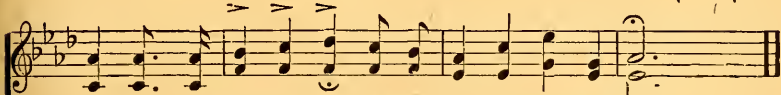


Mas - ter count on you?
true till the ver - y last? Can the Mas - ter count on you?
saints shall nev - er die?

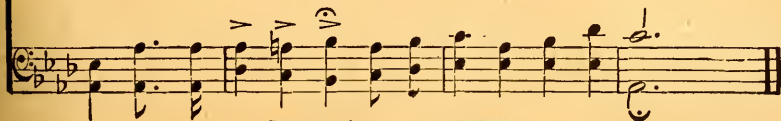
Can He count on you?



Are you one of the "Tried and True?" Hear the bat - tle
of the "Tried and True?"



cry, "You must fight or die;" Can the Mas - ter count on you?

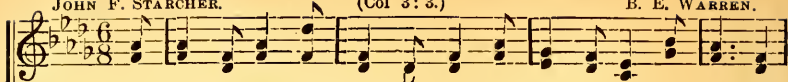


173. HID AWAY WITH JESUS.

JOHN F. STARCHER.

(Col 3:3.)

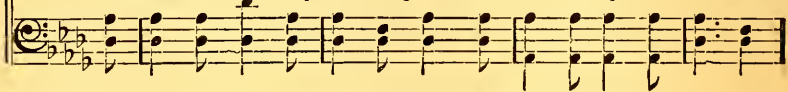
B. E. WARREN.



1. I'm hid a-way with Christ in God, Yes, hid a-way in Je-sus;
2. The nar-row way is now so plain, I'm hid a-way with Je-sus;
3. O broth-er dear, to keep good cheer, Be hid a-way with Je-sus;
4. O sin-ner, turn to God and live, Be hid a-way with Je-sus;



I'm now be-neath the dripping blood, I'm hid a-way with Je-sus.
 That fools shall nev-er err there-in, I'm hid a-way with Je-sus.
 For then you'll find your Saviour near, Keep hid a-way with Je-sus.
 A crown of life to you He'll give, When hid a-way with Je-sus.



I'm walking with my blessed Lord, I'm trusting in His precious word.
 The gate that's straight is just be-fore, Which, when we reach we'll sigh no more.
 We're basking now in heaven's light, By *faith* and *pray'r* our way shines bright.
 Re-pent, be-lieve and love Him too, For He has done so much for you.



I find His serv-ice is not hard, I'm hid a-way with Je-sus.
 Our sor-rows then will all be o'er, I'm hid a-way with Je-sus.
 We get so near that heav'ns in sight, When hid a-way with Je-sus.
 He'll wash and cleanse you thro' and thro'—Be hid a-way with Je-sus.



REFRAIN.



I'm hid a-way, yes, hid a-way, I'm hid with Christ in God;



HID AWAY WITH JESUS.—Concluded.

I'm dead to sin, a - live in Christ, I'm washed in His blood.

From "Songs of Evening Light." By per.

174. ROOM AT THE CROSS.

W. B. B.

(Luke 14: 22.)

W. B. BLAKE.

1. Room at the Cross for a trembling soul, Room at the Cross for you;
2. Room at the Cross for a breaking heart, Room at the Cross for you;
3. Room at the Cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the Cross for you;

Where the sin - la - den may be made whole, Room at the Cross for you;
 Choose, then, like Mary, the bet - ter part, Room at the Cross for you;
 Come, then, oh! come, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the Cross for you;

REFRAIN.

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

Room, room, room at the Cross, There's room at the Cross for you.

From "Songs of Evening Light." By per.

175. LET JESUS COME INTO YOUR HEART.

D. W. M.

"I will come in and will sup with Him."

D. Wesley Myland.

1. If you will let Je - sus come in - to your heart, He'll par - don
 2. If you will let Je - sus come in - to your heart, He'll ban - ish
 3. If you will keep Je - sus as King in your heart, He'll reign, and

and cleanse you from sin; His peace, pass - ing all un - der -
 all sad - ness and care; From mer - cy's full foun - tain such
 sub - due ev - 'ry foe; Pro - tect - ing your spir - it from

stand - ing, im - part, And you will be hap - py with - in.
 bless - ings will start, Your life will be glad ev - 'ry where.
 sin's fier - y dart, Give vic - t'ry where ev - er you go.

REFRAIN.

Let Je - sus come in - to your heart; . . . All sor - row
 to a - bide;

and sin will de - part . . . Your soul will be blest and
 and sub - side



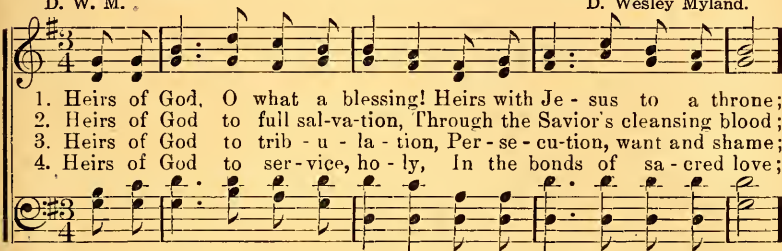
you will find rest; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

176. HEIRS OF GOD.

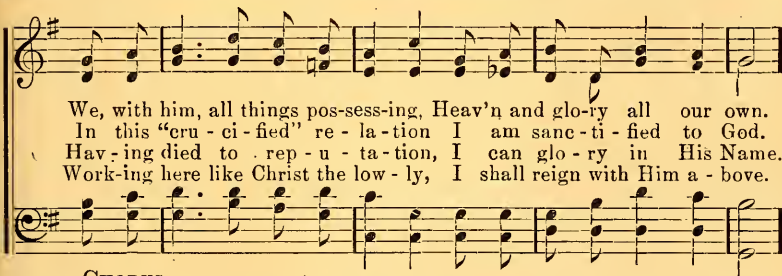
"Heir of God, and joint heirs with Christ." Rom. 8: 17.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.



1. Heirs of God, O what a blessing! Heirs with Je - sus to a throne;
2. Heirs of God to full sal - va - tion, Through the Savior's cleansing blood;
3. Heirs of God to trib - u - la - tion, Per - se - cu - tion, want and shame;
4. Heirs of God to ser - vice, ho - ly, In the bonds of sa - cred love;



We, with him, all things pos - sess - ing, Heav'n and glo - ry all our own.
 In this "crucified" re - la - tion I am sanc - ti - fied to God.
 Hav - ing died to rep - u - ta - tion, I can glo - ry in His Name.
 Work - ing here like Christ the low - ly, I shall reign with Him a - bove.

CHORUS.



I'm an heir, an heir of God, Purchased by my Savior's blood,
 I'm an heir, Purchased by

Rit.



I've a man - sion in a King - dom That shall nev - er pass a - way.

177 All the Way my Savior Leads Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

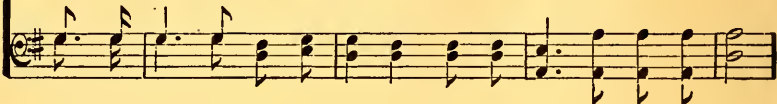
R. LOWRY.



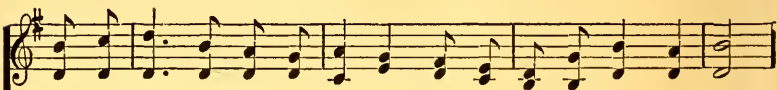
1. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; What have I to ask be - side?
2. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; Cheers each wind-ing path I tread;
3. All the way my Sav-ior leads me; O, the ful - ness of his love!



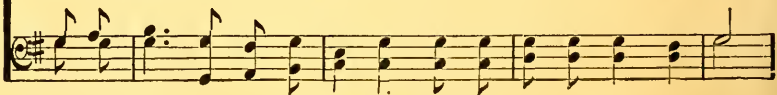
Can I doubt his ten - der mer - cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?
Gives me grace for ev - 'ry tri - al, Feeds me with the liv - ing bread;
Per - fect rest to me is prom-ised In my Fa - ther's house a - bove;



Heav'n-ly peace, di - vin - est com-fort, Here by faith in him to dwell
Tho' my wea - ry steps may fal - ter, And my soul a - thirst may be,
When with all the saints im-mor - tal, I shall dwell in realms of day.



For I know what-e'er be - fall me, Je - sus do - eth all things well;
Gush-ing from the Rock be - fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I see;
This my song thro' end - less a - ges— Je - sus led me all the way;



All the Way my Savior Leads Me.

For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.
 Gush-ing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo, a spring of joy I see.
 This my song thro' end-less a-ges— Je-sus led me all the way.

178

Why do You Wait?

G. F. R.

USED BY PERMISSION.

GEO. F. ROOT.

1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? O why do you tar-ry so long?
 2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de-lay?
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er His Spir-it now striv-ing with-in?
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er? The har-vest is pass-ing a-way;

Your Sav-ior is wait-ing to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
 There's no one to save you but Je-sus, There's no other way but His way.
 O why not accept His sal-va-tion, And throw off thy burden of sin?
 Your Sav-ior is long-ing to bless you, There's danger and death in de-lay!

CHORUS.

Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now? now?

When I See the Blood.

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

JOHN and E. A. H.

J. G. F.

1. Christ, our Redeem-er, died on the cross, Died for the sin-ner,
 2. Chief-est of sin-ners, Je-sus will save; All he has promised,
 3. Judg-ment is com-ing, all will be there, Each one re-ceiv-ing
 4. O great compas-sion! O boundless love! O lov-ing kind-ness,

paid all his due; Sprinkle your soul with the blood of the lamb,
 that will he do; Wash in the foun-tain o-pen-ed for sin,
 just-ly his due; Hide in the sav-ing, sin-cleansing blood,
 faith-ful and true! Find peace and shel-ter un-der the blood,

CHORUS.
 And I will pass, will pass o-ver you. When I see the
 When I

blood, When I see the blood, When I see the
 see the blood, When I see the blood, When I

Rit.
 blood, I will pass, I will pass o-ver you.
 see the blood, o-ver you.

JAMES ROWE.

THORO HARRIS.

1. The brightest star of a - ges flown, The light of years to come,
 2. A dove of peace, whose blessed wings Would shelter all man - kind;
 3. The rock to which the sin-wreck'd race May cling, from dan - ger free;
 4. A sea of love with-out a shore And depthless as the skies;

The beck'ning, nev - er-cloud - ed sun That cheers the pil - grim on.
 A fount-ain rich, whose healing springs Re - new the heart and mind.
 The on - ly King with - in whose grace Hides im - mor - tal - i - ty.
 The path by which the soul once more May en - ter Par - a - dise.

CHORUS.

My Sav - ior he, The Lamb of God, Who trod for
 My Sav - ior he, The Lamb of God, Who

me trod for me, This earth - ly sod; And on the cross
 A - lone, this earth - ly sod; And on the bit - ter cross

p rit. of Cal - va - ry He died for me - my Sav - ior.
mf He died for me -

181. THE SHEPHERD CARETH.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. There is one who is ten-der as a moth-er, One whose
 2. All the chains of sin's bondage He has riv-en, Life and
 3. He is touched with the feel-ing of our sor-row, He will

love stick-eth clos-er than a broth-er; 'Tis The One, true and
 peace to the trust-ing now is giv-en; Saved by grace, He will
 bear all the bur-dens of to-mor-row; Why, O why should my

faith-ful as no oth-er— Precious Saviour, dy-ing for His own.
 bring us home to heaven, For the Shepherd careth for His own.
 soul a trouble borrow, For the Shepherd careth for His own.

CHORUS.

I will trust Him, ful-ly trust Him, For the
 I will trust Him, ful-ly trust Him,

Shepherd car-eth for His own; He will keep me,
 His own; He will keep me,

and will seat me In the glo - ry of His Heav'nly Throne.
and will seat me

Copyright, 1911, by D. W. Myland.

182. I SAW THE CROSS.

D. W. M.

"The Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

D. Wesley Myland.

1. I saw the cross the world had made, Up-on my dear Re-deem-er laid,
2. I saw the thorn-crown pierce His head Un-til His bruised brow had bled,
3. I saw His hands out-stretched in pain, The crimson blood His garments stain,
4. I saw the glo-ry of His cross, For which He counted all things loss,

When the world's debt of sin He paid On Calvary's cru - el tree.
As up Gol-go-tha's hill they led The Son of God to die.
While there He died, God's Lamb now slain, To save my guilt - y soul.
And paid the price of sin - ful dross Our souls to pu - ri - fy.

REFRAIN.

O Lamb of God, I love Thy Cross ! And for its grace count all but dross ;

I'll bear its load and bit - ter pain For heav'n's e - ter - nal gain.

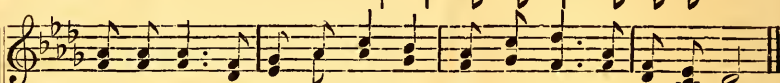
184. ALL AND ALWAYS.

D. W. M.

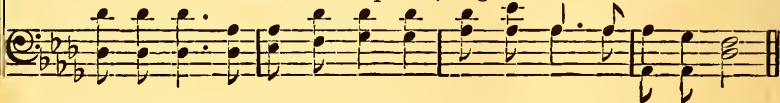
REV. D. WESLEY MYLAND.



1. All and al-ways saved in Je-sus, Thro' be-liev-ing in the blood ;
2. All and al-ways I am strengthened, Since the spirit filled my soul ;
3. All and al-ways for my Master, Ev-'ry-where o'er land and sea ;
4. All and al-ways in the Bat-tle, Fight of faith I'll ne'er give o'er ;



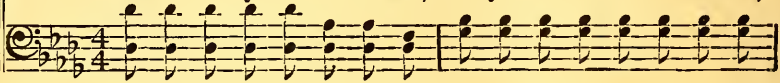
Life e - ter - nal I have tast-ed, And am now a child of God.
 Christ to me is all - suf - fi - cient, He can make the suffering whole.
 Sing - ing of the grand old Gospel, Truth of God which makes men free.
 Win a crown—be more than Conqueror, Reign with Christ forever more.



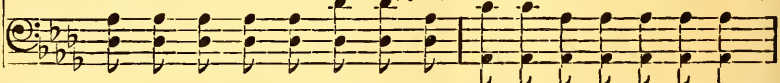
CHORUS.



All and al-ways true to Je - sus,
 All and always true to Je-sus, ev-'ry-where be true to Je-sus,



All and al-ways Christ's to be;
 All and always Christ's to be, yes, ev - er more for Christ to be ;



All and al-ways in His ser - vice,
 All and always in His ser-vice, always in His blessed ser-vice,



ALL AND ALWAYS.--Concluded.

All..... and al-ways free.
 All and al-ways free,..... yes, ev - er-more be free.

185. HOW I LOVE HIM.

D. W. M.

(Jno. 14; 21.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.

1. Oft my Saviour calls me forward, In - to paths I do not know;
 2. Love is proved, not by the eas - y Or the pleasing things of life,
 3. Christ is call-ing, ev - er call-ing For the "Heralds", true and brave,
 4. So with trustful heart I'm going, Je - sus is my constant friend;

And my love for Him is test-ed, By my read-i-ness to go.
 But by self-denials and sufferings In the bat-tle and the strife.
 Who will go and tell the na-tions Of His wondrous pow'r to save.
 He who calls will sure-ly keep me, E-ven to my journey's end.

CHORUS.

How I love Him, oh, how I love Him! I love my Saviour dear;
 I love Him so I'll glad-ly go Where e'er He leads me here.

186. OUR SAVIOR KNOWS.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. When the days are drear - y And the heart grows wear - y, When the
 2. When the hopes you cherished Have all fled and perished, And your
 3. When the ba - tle rag - es, And thy soul en - gag - es In the

heav - y clouds of sor - row O'er my sky hang low; When my
 faith so sore - ly test - ed That it turns to fear: With the
 thick - est of the fight, While hosts of hell op - pose; You need

soul in anguish, Makes my spir - it languish, Then I hear my
 "prom - ise" fail - ing And the foe pre - vail - ing, Then the Sav - ior
 not sur - ren - der, Christ is our de - fend - er, And thro' Him we're

CHORUS.

lov - ing Sav - iour Say - ing, "Child I know." Yes, He knows the
 comes and whispers, "Trusting child I'm here."
 more than Conqu'rors ov - er all our foes.

heav - y cross we bear; For He sees the bur - dens and the
 cross we dai - ly bear, all the

care, And He pit-ies all our grief, In His love He
burden and the care;

sends re-lief, For He knows, our lov-ing Sav-ior knows. *rall.*
Yes, He knows.

187. WE'LL WORK 'TILL JESUS COMES.

Arr.

DR. MILLER.

1. { O land of rest, for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,
When I shall lay my armor by, And dwell in peace..... at home? }
2. { No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peaceful, shelt'ring dome,
This world's a wilderness of woe, This world is not..... my home. }
3. { To Jesus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,
And lean for succor on His breast, And He'd conduct me home. }

CHORUS.

We'll work till Je-sus comes, We'll work till Je-sus comes,

We'll work till Je-sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.

188. IN HIS NAME.

D. W. M.

(Acts. 3: 16.)

D. Wesley Myland.

1. JE - SUS, Saviour of all, what a won - der - ful name, Bringing
 2. Let us bring Him our sins and our sick - ness - es too, He will
 3. In His blood there is life, in His life there is health, Let us

peace and sal - va - tion to men; When on earth He re - covered the
 save, cleanse and heal us to - day; There is power in His Spir - it our
 claim what He purchased, so free; For our need there's abundance of

blind and the lame, He will do just the same *now* as then.
 strength to re - new, As in faith and o - bedi - ence we pray.
 heav - en - ly wealth And His grace makes it real un - to me.

CHORUS

In His Name, thro' faith in His Won - der - ful Name, There is

heal - ing for all who be - lieve; For our Sav - ior and
 in his name,

Lord is to-day the same, Giv-ing Life un-to all who re-ceive.

189. WE SHALL GATHER.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. When the cares of life are end-ed, And our earth-ly la-bors o'er;
2. What a glori-ous com-pen-sation, When the storms of life are past;
3. Right-ful rec-om-pense of bless-ing, For all loss-es here sustained;
4. Ban-ish'd pain and tears and sor-row, Loss of friends and earthly love;

When with Christ our life is blend-ed, We shall meet to part no more,
 With the saints in a-dor-a-tion, Gath-ered safe in heav'n at last.
 We e-ter-nal joys pos-sess-ing, In God's Par-a-dise re-gained.
 In that glad and bright to-mor-row All re-stored in realms a-bove.

CHORUS.

We shall gath-er in the morn-ing When the pear-ly gates un-fold;

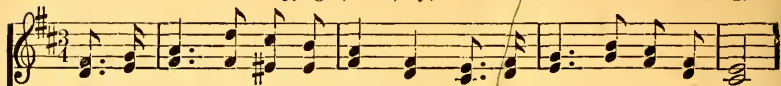
Then, our Father's grace a-dorn-ing, We our Sav-ior shall be-hold.

All I Leave to Follow Thee.

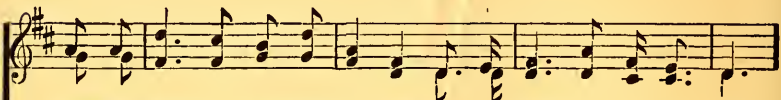
S. L. F.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris

S. L. FLOWERS.



1. All is now up - on the al - tar, Help me, Je - sus, thine to be;
2. All my sins I have for - sak - en, And I fall on bend-ed knee;
3. Lord, I can and will be - lieve it, From my bur - den now I'm free;
4. When thou call-est, Lord, for reap-ers, In thy love re - mem-ber me;



This vain world, I now give o - ver, All I leave to fol - low thee.
 I re - spond to thy en - treat - y, All I leave to fol - low thee.
 Thou hast an - swered my pe - ti - tion, All I leave to fol - low thee.
 In thy serv - ice I've en - list - ed, All I leave to fol - low thee.



CHORUS.



I'll fol - low thee, yes, fol - low thee; All I leave to fol - low thee;



This vain world I now give o - ver, All I leave to fol - low thee.

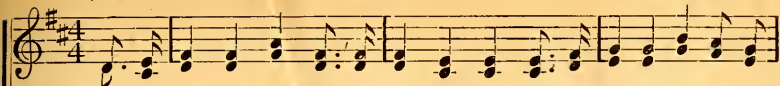


191. SECRET PRAYER.

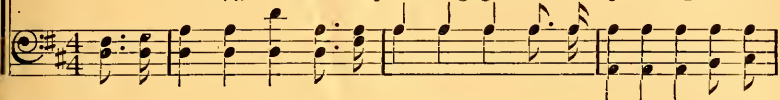
D. W. M.

(Matt. vi: 6.)

D. Wesley Myland.



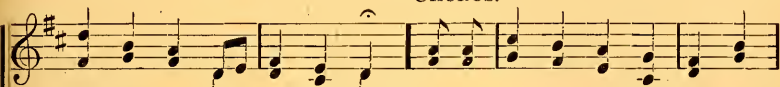
1. There's a place than all to the heart more dear, Blessed place, to ev'ry be-
2. We may know its joy in "the qui-et hour", We may have its strength in temp-
3. O the golden hours we have wasted, when We in secret pray'r might have
4. O the visions, grand which my soul engage, And the Spirit's light on the



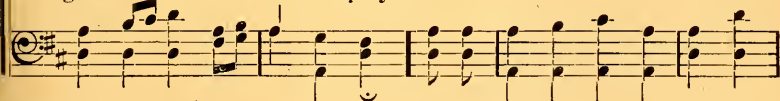
liev - er near, And the seek - ing soul finds it ev - 'ry - where; 'Tis the
 ta - tion's pow'r, In the press of life, we may find it there; Precious
 come a - gain, How we miss the joy of this bless - ing rare, Sweetest
 sa - cred page; Grace and strength the burdens of life to bear Je - sus



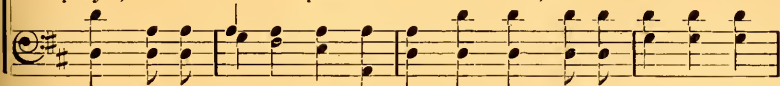
CHORUS.



ho - ly place of se - cret pray'r. O this heav'nly place of se - cret
 pres - ent help of se - cret pray'r
 soul - re - treat, quiet se - cret pray'r.
 gives to me thro' se - cret pray'r.



pray'r, How I find God's peace and comfort there; Banish un - be - lief



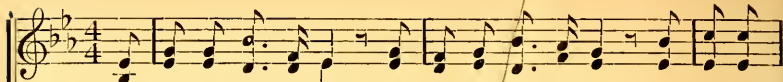
and all anxious care: I am filled with the Spirit in se - cret pray'r.



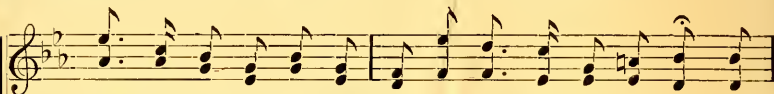
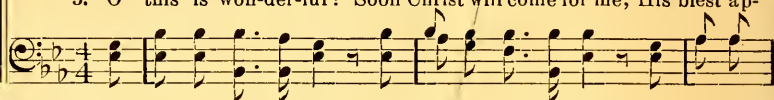
192. O THIS IS WONDERFUL!

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.



1. O this is won-der-ful! That Je-sus died for me, That on the
2. O this is won-der-ful! That I should ransomed be, That Je-sus
3. O this is won-der-ful! Soon Christ will come for me; His blest ap-

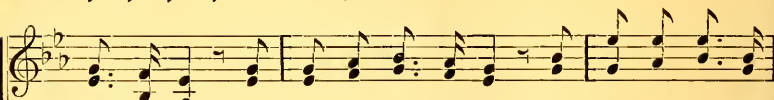


Cross He shed His blood To re-con-cile my soul to God; Now
 should my heart re-new And fill it with His Spir-it, true; His
 pear-ing now I love, To be caught up with saints a-b-ove, There



REFRAIN.

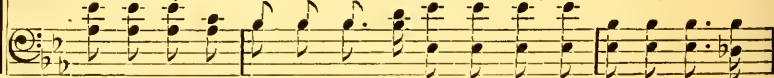
I am jus-ti-fied and free; O this is won-der-ful! O this is
 grace and goodness now I see; O this is won-der-ful!
 my dear Saviour I shall see; That will be won-der-ful!



won-der-ful! Yes, this is won-der-ful? That Je-sus died on



Cal-va-ry To save my soul and set me free, And like my Sav-iour



I shall be; O this is won-der-ful to me!

193. IT MATTERS NOT.

D. W. M.

"He giveth more grace."

D. W. & N. A. Myland.

1. It matters not what tri-als come, Or foes be-set my onward way ;
2. It matters not tho' storms may break Up-on my bark, so small and frail ;
3. It matters not what service I Am called to ren-der for my Lord ;
4. It matters not what suffering here May prove my faith, perfect my love,

I know by grace I'll reach my home Within the gates of end-less day.
 If Je-sus on the voyage I take, No tempest can o'er me pre-vail.
 No good will He my soul de-ny While I o-bey and trust His word.
 If, when my Sav-iour shall ap-pear, My life and la-bor He ap-prove.

CHORUS.

So by God's grace I journey on, Un-til my heav'nly crown is won ;
 So by God's grace I Un-til my heav'nly crown is won ;

More grace He gives, That grace I own, Till seated with Him on His throne.

194. HONEY IN THE ROCK.

"And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Ps. 81: 16.

F. A. G.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. O my broth-er, do you know the Sav - iour, Who is won - drous
 2. Have you "tast-ed that the Lord is gra - cious," Do you walk in the
 3. Do you pray un - to God the Fa - ther, "What wilt thou have
 4. Then go out thro' the streets and by - ways, Preach the word to the

kind and true? He's the "Rock of your sal - va - tion!"
 way that's new? Have you drank from the liv - ing foun - tain?
 me to do?" Nev - er fear He will sure - ly an - swer;
 man - y or few; Say to ev - 'ry fal - len broth - er,

CHORUS.

There's Honey in the Rock for you. Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my

broth-er, ... There's Honey in the Rock for you; Leave your
 my brother, for you;

sins for the blood to cov-er, There's Honey in the Rock for you. for you.

195. CHRIST MY ALL.

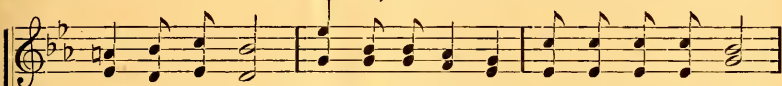
D. W. M.

(Eph. I: 22, 23.)

Rev. D. Wesley Myland.



1. I have a Sav-iour, ris-en from the grave; Je-sus, Re-deem-er,
2. At Calv'ry's foun-tain I will bathe each day, There the a-ton-ing
3. Thus, in His grace I'll walk the nar-row way, Filled with the Spir-it,
4. Come to the Sav-iour, while it is "to-day," Hear Him now call-ing,



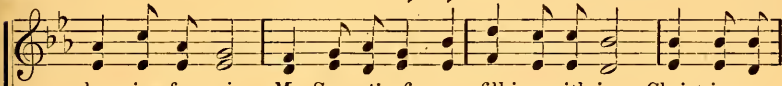
might-y to save; He was ex-tend-ed on the cru-el tree,
 blood takes a-way All sense of guilt and ev-'ry dross of sin,
 hap-py each day; Wait-ing and watch-ing for my com-ing King,
 turn not a-way; Cast sin be-hind you, trust His sav-iug grace,



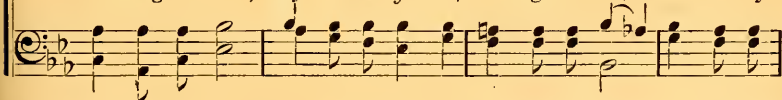
CHORUS.



That He from sin might set the cap-tive free. Christ is my *Saviour*,
 Cleansing my heart and giv-ing peace with-in.
 Pray-ing and work-ing that glad day to bring.
 He will re-ceive you, give you per-fect peace.



cleansing from sin; My *Sanc-ti-fi-er*, fill-ing with-in; Christ is my



life, His *heal-ing* to bring; Liv-ing and glo-ri-fied, Our *Coming King*.



Where is Your Boy To-night?

"My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not."—Prov. 1: 10.

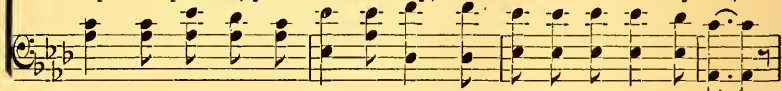
J. H. KURZENKNABE.



1. Life is team-ing with e - vil snares, The gates of sin are wide;
2. Pit - falls lurk in the flow'r - y way, Vice has a gold - en gate;
3. Turn his feet from the e - vil way Ere he has en - tered in;



Ros - y fin - gers of pleas - ure point, And beck - on the young in - side;
 Who shall guide the un - wa - ry feet Right on - to the path so straight?
 Keep him spot - less, your own sweet boy; The earth is so stained by sin;



Needs are ma - ny, and du - ties stern Crowd on the path so bright,
 Pa - tient work - er, with will - ing hand, Toil - ing with heart so light.
 Ere he has learned to do the wrong, Teach him to love the right.

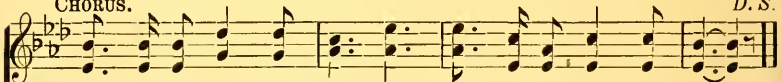


Fa - ther, bur - ied in busi - ness cares, Where is your boy to - night?
 Tir - ed moth - er, with ten - der love, Where is your boy to - night?
 Watch, ere watch - ing be whol - ly vain, Where is your boy to - night?



D.S.—Are his steps in the path-way straight? Where is your boy to - night?

CHORUS.

D. S.

Where is your boy to - night? O where is your boy to - night?



197. I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. When I my Sav-iour's face shall see, And in His glo - ry
 2. When I my Sav-iour's Throne behold, Walk with the saints the
 3. When I my "Mansion" en - ter in, Re - deemed by grace and
 4. When, with the saints who loved their Lord, The "worthy Lamb" shall

like Him be, With Him to spend E - ter - ni - ty; I
 streets of gold, And taste the joys of Heav'n, un - told; I
 free from sin, My prom - ised robe and crown to win; I
 be a - dored, And Heav'n be - stows our great re - ward; I

REFRAIN.

shall be sat - is - fied. I shall be sat - is - fied, sat-is-fied,

When with all the glo - ri - fied, glo - ri - fied, I with Je - sus

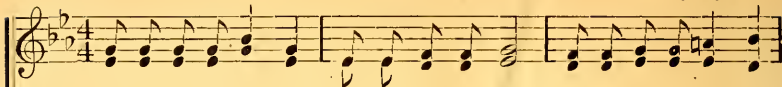
stand in that glo - ry land; Then I shall be sat - is - fied.

198. HE, OF FRIENDS, THE BEST.

D. W. M.

"There is a friend—closer than a brother."

D. Wesley Myland.



1. When I am discouraged, when my soul is sad, Then I go to Je - sus
2. When the way, so rugged, tries my wea-ry feet, Then I lean on Je - sus,
3. When I reach the Cit - y with its Jasper wall, Then I'll see my Saviour,

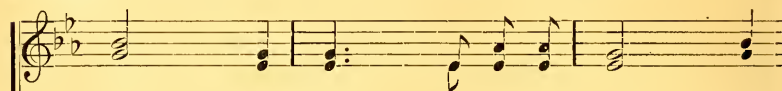


and He makes me glad; Trusting in His mer - cy, I am always blest;
strength and comfort sweet; He the way ap-point-ed, trod the "Calvary road,"
at His feet I'll fall; I will tell the sto - ry how His love and grace



CHORUS.

And in ev-'ry tri-al find His promised rest. He of friends the
And He giveth grace to bear the "Pilgrim load." He of all my
Saved and brought me to behold His bless-ed face.



best; Of Peace I am pos - sest; With
friends the best; Of per - fect peace I am pos - sest;



grace my soul is blest, And in His love I find sweet rest.
With grace my soul is ful-ly blest,



199. IN THAT CITY.

D. W. M.

Rev. 21 : 18.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. There's a cit - y fair in glo - ry, Which mine eyes would fain be-hold
 2. There are mansions in that cit - y For the saints who o - ver - come ;
 3. We shall en - ter thro' the por - tal Of that Cit - y's Jas - per wall,
 4. In that cit - y what a meet - ing Of the loved ones gone be - fore,

'Tis revealed in sa - cred sto - ry, That its streets are pur - est gold.
 Christ, their Leader, true and mighty, Will re - ceive the victors home.
 With the ransomed there im - mor - tal, See the glo - ry of it all.
 An - gel hosts will join the greeting With the Lamb for - ev - er more.

CHORUS.

In that cit - y, gold - en cit - y, In that ho - ly cit - y build - ed

in the sky; In that cit - y, glo - rious cit - y,
 star - ry sky ;

We shall meet our Sav - iour by in the by and by, by and by.

J. M. Humphrey.

OWNED BY J. M. HUMPHREY.
BY PERMISSION.

George E. Bula.

1. The world is filled with sor - row And sin of ev - 'ry kind;
2. When e - vils fierce as - sail me, I - look to God and pray,
3. When dear - est friends are leav - ing, And hin - dran - ces a - bound,
4. When in af - flic - tion's val - ley, Down near the Jor - dan tide,

But Je - sus sweet - ly keeps me And gives me grace to shine.
He gives me grace suf - fi - cient To keep me ev - 'ry day.
He gives me grace and cour - age, And helps me stand my ground.
He gives me joy and com - fort, And nev - er leaves my side.

CHORUS.

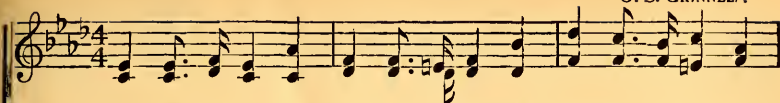
His grace is suf - fi - cient for me, To
suf - fi - cient for me,

keep me on land or sea; O glo - - ry to
on land or on sea; O glo - ry to Je - sus, O

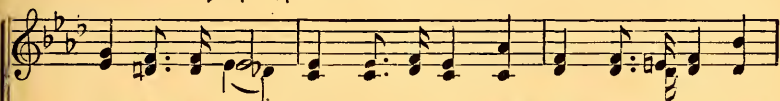
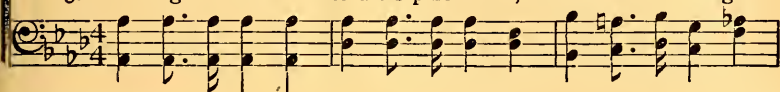
rit.
Je - - sus, His grace is suf - fi - cient for me,
praise Him to - day, suf - fi - cient for me.

Ring Out the Tidings.

O. S. GRINNELL.



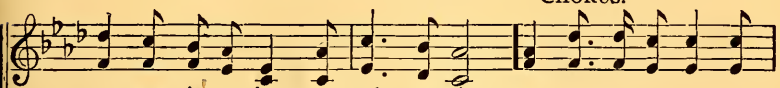
1. O - ver the val-leys, hill-tops and mountains, Rings out the shout from
2. Cheering each pilgrim, way-worn and weary, No more we mur-mur,
3. Coming to take us to life's pure riv-er, Where we shall sing of



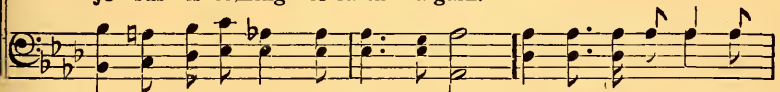
wood-land and plain; Sing it, ye riv - ers, seas, lakes and fountains,
no more com-plain; Bright is the way that once was so dreary,
Him who was slain, Glad - ly to sound His prais-es for-ev - er,



CHORUS.



Je - sus is coming to earth a-gain.
Je - sus is coming to earth a-gain. Ring out the tidings from
Je - sus is coming to earth a-gain.



far and from near, Raise the gospel standard high, For
the gos-pel standard high,



Jesus is coming, and soon will appear, He is coming by and by.
by and by.



202. MOMENT BY MOMENT.

Bert Atkinson.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. Moment by moment, O beau-ti-ful thought, I'm cleansed by the
 2. Moment by moment, I'm cleansed by the blood, Not on-ly from
 3. Moment by moment His life I re-ceive; His Spir-it to
 4. Moment by moment I take from His hand The ful-ness of

washing di-vine; By faith I ap-pro-pri-ate all He hath bought,
 stain, but all sin; Tho' doubters may scoff, and I'm mis-un-der-stood,
 "quicken" my frame; I take Him for all things, and dare to be-lieve,
 Pen-te-cost pow'r; That I, a filled ves-sel, for Je-sus may stand

REFRAIN.

And as I be-lieve, it is mine. Praise, praise my
 Praise God! I've the wit-ness with-in.
 The an-swer I have in His name.
 And wit-ness His grace ev-'ry hour.

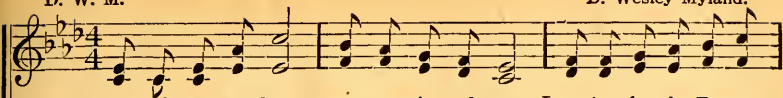
glo-ri-fied Lord! Each moment I dare to be-lieve Praise, praise,

Thou life-giv-ing Word, Thy prom-ise, by faith I re-ceive.

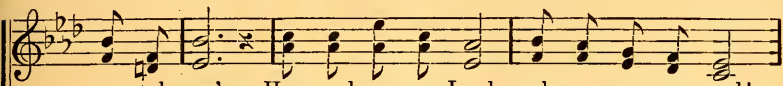
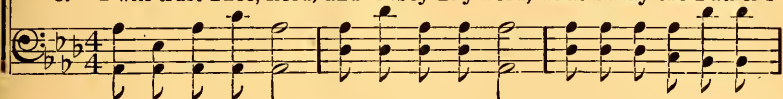
203. LET THE FIRE FALL.

D. W. M.

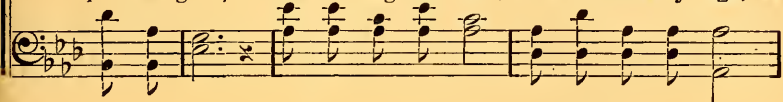
D. Wesley Myland.



1. Hungry hearts to-day meet to wait and pray, Longing for the Pen-te-
2. I am weak in-deed, 'tis Thy pow'r I need—Filled with burning flames of
3. I will trust Thee, Lord, and o-bey Thy word; That I may the Father's

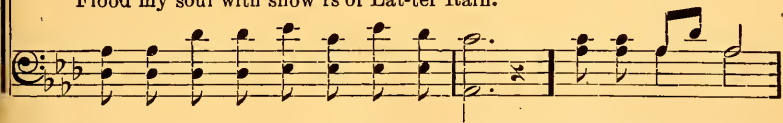


cos-tal pow'r; Hear and answer, Lord, make us one ac-cord!
 love Di-vine; Now I yield to Thee, cleanse and sub-due me,
 promise gain; Take this tongue of mine, work the heavenly sign,

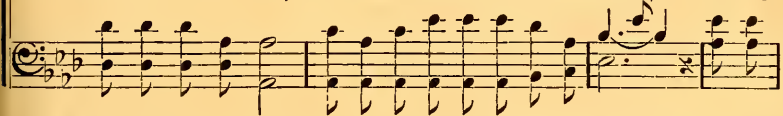


CHORUS.

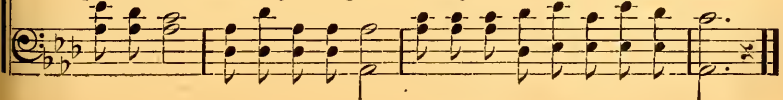
O bab-tize our souls this ver-y hour. Let the fire fall
 O con-trol these wand'ring thots of mine.
 Flood my soul with show'rs of Lat-ter Rain.



while on Thee we call, Send us now the Pentecostal flame; Let the



pow-er fall, we are yielding all; O baptize us now in Je-sus' name!



204. ON THE GLORY SIDE.

Dedicated to "Allie" and Don Kirk.

D. W. M.

(2 Cor. 4; 17, 18.)

Rev. D. WESLEY MYLAND.



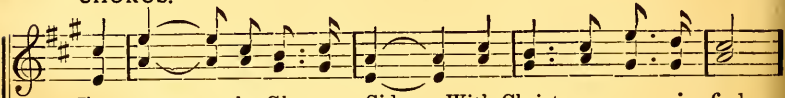
1. If, while you live 'mid sin be-low, You would in Christ a - bide;
2. Of-times life's sky is hung with shrouds, Which Je-sus' face would hide;
3. The ris-ing fogs of doubt and fear, The mists of hu-man pride
4. This Age is dark, storm - clouds o'er-cast The sky, my sun to hide;



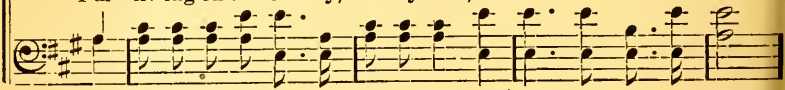
Thro' faith, this se-cret you should know: Live on the Glo-ry Side.
 Then push your head a - bove the clouds, Get on the Glo-ry Side.
 Would oft ob-scure, when Christ is near; I need the Glo-ry Side.
 I climb the heights of hope at last, And reach the Glo-ry Side.



CHORUS.



I'm on the Glo-ry Side, With Christ once cru - ci - fied,
 I'm liv-ing on the Glo-ry, Glo-ry Side,



By faith I rise 'bove cloudy skies: I'm on the Glo-ry Side.
 over on the Glo-ry, Glory Side.



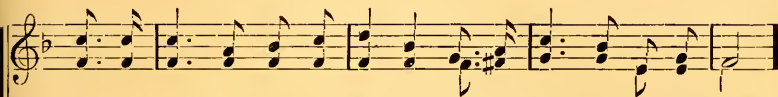
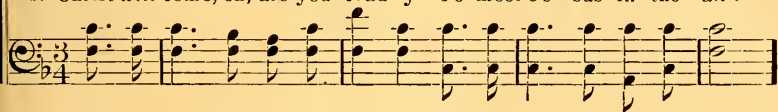
205. HE IS COMING.

D. W. M.

Rev. D. Wesley Myland.



1. Christ *may* come some quiet evening, When the shadows long have grown ;
2. Christ may come at darkest mid-night, When sin's deepest gloom has come ;
3. Christ may come some ho-ly morning, Wake his Bride with kiss of love ;
4. Christ may come at bus-y noon-tide, While the world goes rushing on ;
5. Christ *will* come, oh, are you read-y To meet Je - sus in the air ?



To His chil-dren, tried and wea-ry, He will make His presence known
 While the world sleeps on in e - vil, He will take His peo-ple home.
 Fresh from pray'rs and vows and al-tars, "Caught away" to realms a-bove.
 Some "despised" ones will be "missing," Many loved ones quickly gone.
 Or will you be left to per - ish Mid earth's darkness and des-pair ?



CHORUS.



He is com-ing, Christ our Sav-iour, With his love our hearts now burn ;



He is com-ing, sure-ly com-ing, Hast-en, Lord, thy glad re - turn.

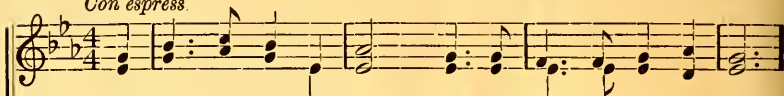


206. MY LORD AND I.

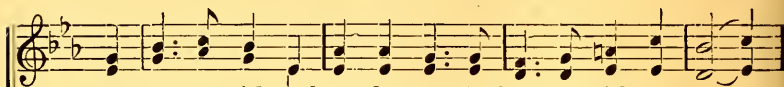
Words of a hymn sung in the rocks and caves of France during the fierce persecution of the Huguenots three hundred years ago.

Music and last verse by MAY AGNEW. By per.

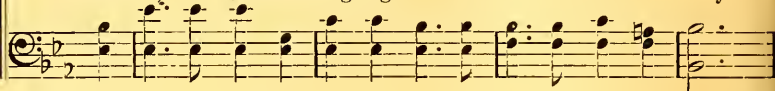
Con espress.



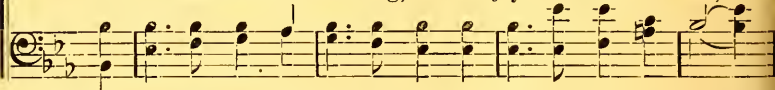
1. I have a Friend so pre - cious, So ver - y dear to me;
2. Some-times I'm faint and wea - ry, He knows that I am weak,
3. I tell Him all my sor - rows, I tell Him all my joys,
4. He knows how I am long - ing Some wea - ry soul to win,
5. He tells me of His king - dom, It is not far a - way;



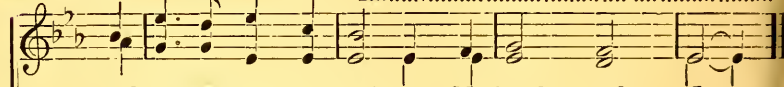
He loves me with such ten - der love, He loves so faith - ful - ly;
 And as He bids me lean on Him, His help I glad - ly seek,
 I tell Him all that pleas - es me, I tell Him what an - noys;
 And so He bids me go and speak A lov - ing word for Him;
 And oh, His heart is long - ing To take me there some day.



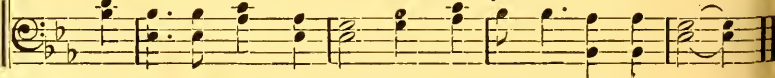
I could not live a - part from Him, I love to feel Him nigh,
 He leads me in the paths of light Beneath a sun - ny sky,
 He tells me what I ought to do, Tells of His rich sup - ply,
 He bids me tell His wondrous love, And why He came to die;
 Im - mor - tal bliss is wait - ing, And joys that nev - er die;



Rit......



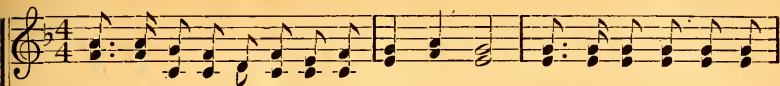
And so we dwell	to - geth - er,	My Lord	and	I.
And so we walk	to - geth - er,	My Lord	and	I.
And so we talk	to - geth - er,	My Lord	and	I.
And so we work	to - geth - er,	My Lord	and	I.
Soon there will reign	to - geth - er,	My Lord	and	I.
		precious Lord	and	I.



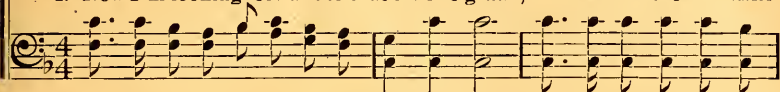
207. KEPT BY THE POWER OF GOD.

D. W. M.

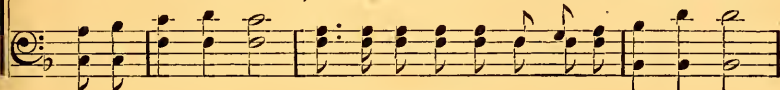
D. Wesley Myland.



1. In this world of danger, sorrow, pain and woe, How I need pro-tection
2. Weak and helpless tho' I be, this human frame Can do all things thro' the
3. More and more I glory in my "lineage"—true, By the Word and Spirit
4. Now I'm looking forward to that time so grand, When with all the blood-washed



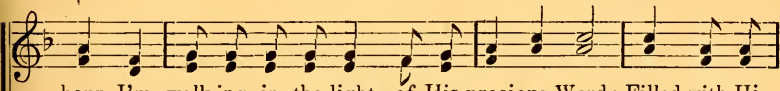
ev'-ry-where I go; Let me heed the promise giv-en long a - go :
 strength of Je - sus' name; And a - bid - ing in Him who re-mains the same :
 be-ing born a - new, And by grace I stand among the cho-sen few :
 I with Christ shall stand, En-ter the "In-her-it-ance" in that fair land :



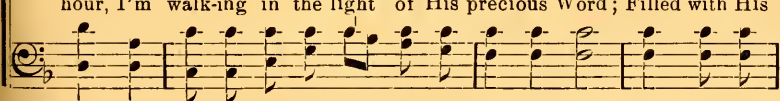
REFRAIN.



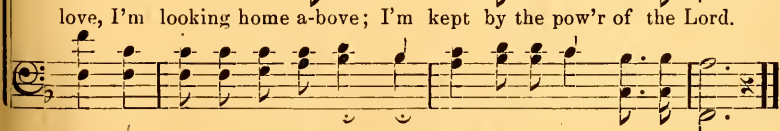
"Kept by the pow'r of God." Kept by His pow'r in safe-ty ev - 'ry
 "Kept by the pow'r of God."
 "Kept by the pow'r of God."
 "Kept by the pow'r of God."



hour, I'm walk-ing in the light of His pre-cious Word; Filled with His



love, I'm look-ing home a-bove; I'm kept by the pow'r of the Lord.



208. IN HIS KEEPING.

Ada Blenkhorn.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. I am in my Saviour's keeping, Nothing now have I to fear;
 2. I am in my Saviour's keeping, O, the joy these words af-ford!
 3. I am in my Saviour's keeping, Sheltered in His wounded side—

For He ev - er walks be - side me, Makes His way be - fore me clear;
 Dai - ly hold - ing sweet com - mun - ion With my own be - lov - ed Lord.
 In the se - cret of His pres - ence By His grace I will a - bide.

Guides me by His lov - ing coun - sel, Holds me in His mighty hand,
 How He fills the hours with blessing, For His glo - ry I will tell;
 Of His wondrous love and mer - cy, How my soul de - lights to sing!

Fear - less, when the foe as - sails me, — In His strength a - lone I stand.
 For the souls that love and trust Him, How He do - eth all things well.
 In His name a - lone re - joic - ing, My Rédeemer, Friend and King.

CHORUS.

Glo - ry, glo - ry be to Je - sus! Praise to His dear name I'll sing;
 Glo - ry, glo - ry, Praise to His dear name

I am liv - ing and re - joic - ing In the presence of my King.
I am liv - ing

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209. WHEN I SURVEY.

ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC BAKER WOODBURY.

1. When I sur - vey the won - drous cross, On which the
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor - row and
4. Were the whole realm of na - ture mine, That were a

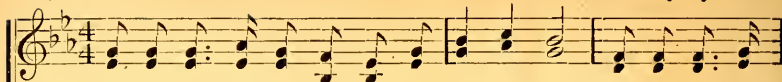
Prince of Glo - ry died, My richest gain I count but
death of Christ, my God; All the vain things that charm
love flow min - gled down; Did e'er such love and sor - row
pres - ent far to small; Love so a - maz - ing, so di -

lost, And poor con - tempt on all my pride.
me most, I sac - ri - fies them to His blood.
meet, Or thorns com - pose so rich a crown?
vine, De - mands my soul, my life, my all.

210. I WILL GO TO GLORY.

D. W. M.

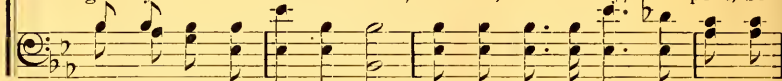
Rev. D. Wesley Myland.



1. There's a song with-in my heart I sing to - day, Of the blood that
2. I was lost up-on the mountains, dark and cold, But the Sav-iour
3. In this world where human sor-rows so a-bound, There the all - suf-
4. That will be a joy-ful day, when Christ shall come In the clouds of



cleanses all my sin a - way; And the joy I know to oth - ers
found and brought me to His fold; Since I saw His face and knew His
fi - cient grace of God is found; And His love, so dear, which cast-eth
glo - ry to re - ceive us home; Brother, come to-day, re - pent, be-



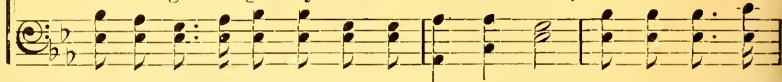
I would show, That they may be read-y when the Lord shall come.
sav - ing grace, I am read-y, wait-ing for my Lord to come.
out all fear, Keeps us ev - er read-y for our Lord to come.
lieve, ó - bey, That you may be read-y when the Lord shall come.



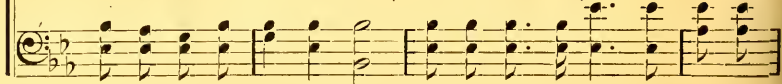
CHORUS.

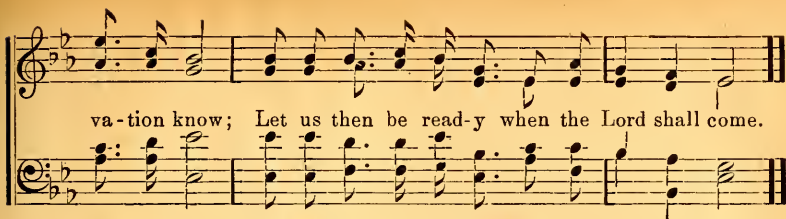


I will go to glo - ry when the Lord shall come, For He'll send His



char - i - ot and take me home; All who want to go, must His sal-





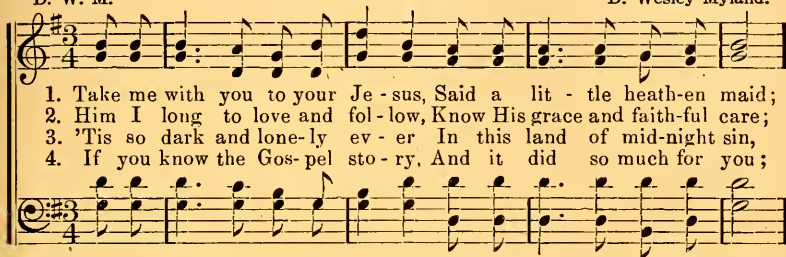
va-tion know; Let us then be read-y when the Lord shall come.

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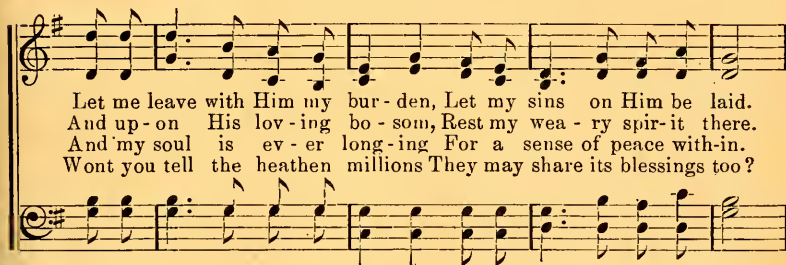
211. TAKE ME TO JESUS.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.



1. Take me with you to your Je-sus, Said a lit-tle heath-en maid;
 2. Him I long to love and fol-low, Know His grace and faith-ful care;
 3. 'Tis so dark and lone-ly ev-er In this land of mid-night sin,
 4. If you know the Gos-pel sto-ry, And it did so much for you;

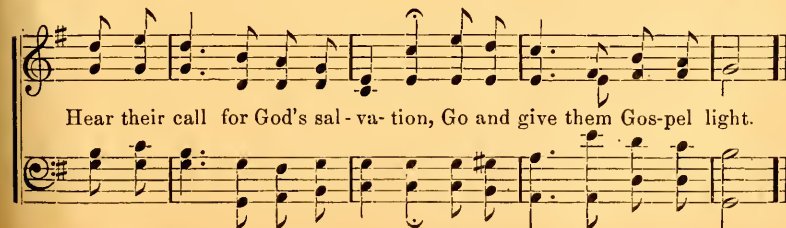


Let me leave with Him my bur-den, Let my sins on Him be laid.
 And up-on His lov-ing bo-som, Rest my wea-ry spir-it there.
 And my soul is ev-er long-ing For a sense of peace with-in.
 Wont you tell the heathen millions They may share its blessings too?

CHORUS.



Take, O take them to our Je-sus, Those who cry 'mid darkest night;



Hear their call for God's sal-va-tion, Go and give them Gos-pel light.

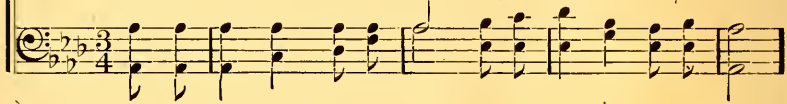
212. THIS IS HE.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.



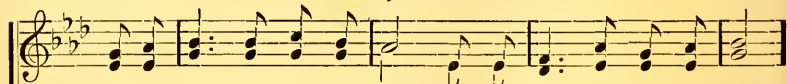
1. "Dost thou know me?" Je-sus said, As He walked in Gal-i - lee;
2. "Dost thou know me?" Where the lame And the wea-ry ones may be
3. "Dost thou know me?" Where the blind, Praying heaven's light to see,
4. "Dost thou know me?" Where the weak Plead "have pity, Lord, on me;"
5. "Dost thou know me?" When the lost Drift up-on life's stormy sea,—
6. "Dost thou know me?" When the bound Cry a-loud to be set free,—



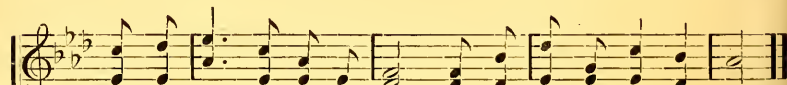
Where Com-pas-sion's work is spread, There is He! There is He!
 Need-ing help in Je-sus' name: This is He! This is He!
 Sigh-ing for God's mer-cy, kind: This is He! This is He!
 When from sin's des-pair they speak: This is He! This is He!
 When you save the tem-pest-tost: This is He! This is He!
 When God's help thro' thee is found: This is He! This is He!



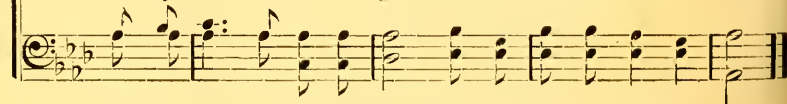
CHORUS.



This is He, our Sav-iour dear; This is He, we need not fear;



We may know Him thro' His grace, And in heav'n be-hold His face



213. THE HILL OF GOD.

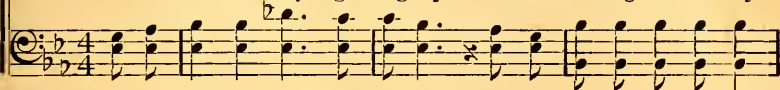
D. W. M.

Ezek. 34:26.

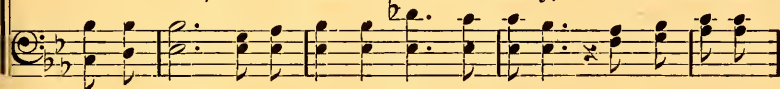
D. Wesley Myland.



1. I will make my Hill a blessing, And the pla-ces round a-bout
2. Flowing from God's hill a riv-er,— Perfect peace of God which keep-
3. From God's hill there is-sue grac-es By the Spirit, which will bless
4. From God's hill there springs the glory Of the com-ing of the day



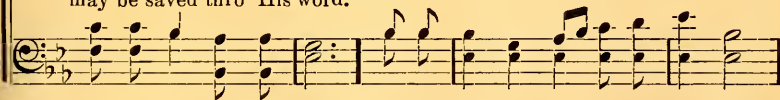
shall be glad; Al- so those my name con-fess-ing, With the garments
eth the soul; All who drink shall bless the giv-er, For its heal-ing
need-y hearts, And life's bit-ter, marsh-y plac-es, Shall be sweetened
of the Lord; Let us haste to tell the sto-ry, That the na-tions



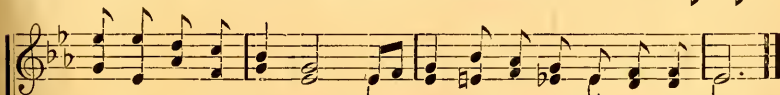
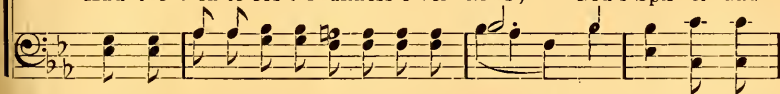
CHORUS.



of my praise shall be clad. For the Lat-ter Rain now is fall-ing,
wa-ters mak-eth them whole.
by the truth it im - parts.
may be saved thro' His word.



And the Pen-te-cos-tal fullness o-ver - flows; God's Spir - it and



Word are loud-ly call - ing, And who can His mighty work op - pose?



216. JUST LIKE JESUS.

Rev. D. Wesley Myland.

D. W. M.

1. Its just like Je-sus to save the sin - ful soul, When all the
 2. Its just like Je-sus to calm the trou - bled breast, To take the
 3. Its just like Je-sus to know our ev - 'ry need, And by His
 4. Its just like Je-sus to make my pathway bright, As I by

bur - den of our guilt in faith on Him we roll, Its just like
 bro - ken, yielded will and give it per - fect rest; Its just like
 grace sup - ply it all and sat - is - fy in - deed; Its just like
 faith and fel - low - ship walk with Him in the light; And this same

Je-sus to bid our sorrows cease, To speak with - in the fainting heart
 Je-sus to bear our burdens, too, And tho' the way be rough and dark,
 Je-sus to grant be - liev - ing pray'r, And by His Spirit's love and pow'r
 Je-sus, as promised, soon will come To meet us in the air and take

CHORUS.

His wondrous Word of Peace. Its just like Him, the Savior of the lost, Its
 to bring us safe - ly thru.
 give vic - t'ry ev - 'ry - where.
 us to our heav'nly home.

just like Him, to save the tempest-tost; Its just like Je-sus to cleanse the

heart from sin, And give a lit-tle heaven here, to go to heaven in.

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217. LORD, DISMISS US.

WALTER SHIRLEY.

(Greenville, 8, 7, 4.)

ROUSSEAU.

1. Lord dis-miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos-pel's joy - ful sound;
3. So, whene'er the signal's giv-en Us from earth to call a - way,

Let us each Thy love possess-ing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace.
 May the fruits of Thy sal - va-tion In our hearts and lives a-bound.
 Borne on an-gel's wings to heav-en, God, the summons to o - bey,

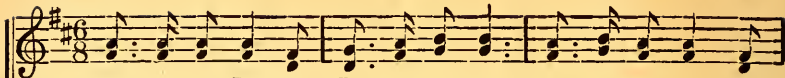
O re-fresh us, O re-fresh us, Trav'ling thro' this wil-der-ness.
 May thy presence, May thy presence With us ev - er - more be found.
 May we ev - er, May we ev - er Reign with Christ in end-less day.

218. TELL ME OF JESUS.

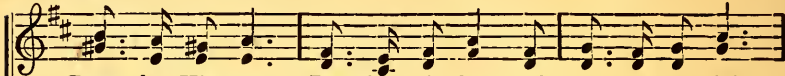
D. W. M.

(Acts 8; 5.)

Rev. D. W. MYLAND.



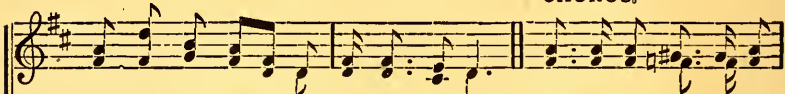
1. Tell me of Je - sus: Je - sus who came Bringing sal - va - tion,
2. Tell me of Je - sus: once cru - ci - fied, Por - tals of heav'n un -
3. Tell me of Je - sus: He who a - rose Might - y in tri - umph
4. Tell me of Je - sus: soon He will come Just as He promised,



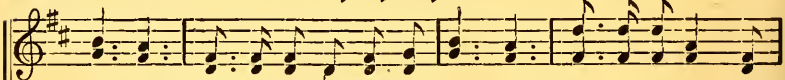
Blest be His name! Leav - ing His throne of glo - ry on high,
 fold - ing so wide; Bear - ing my sins on Cal - va - ry's tree,
 o - ver His foes; Liv - ing High Priest, ex - alt - ed I see,
 bring - ing me home In - to the place He's gone to pre - pare,



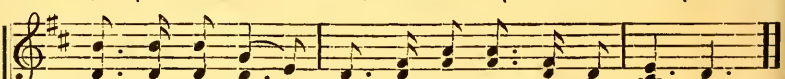
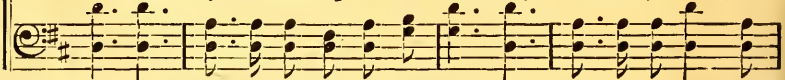
CHORUS.



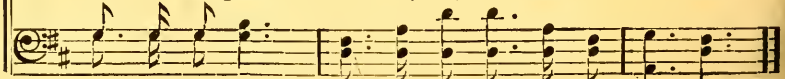
Giv - ing Him - self for sin - ners to die. Tell me, oh, tell me of
 That, thro' be - liev - ing, saved I might be.
 Now with the Fa - ther pleading for me.
 Where I His glo - ry ev - er shall share.



Je - sus! By His redemption He frees us; He is my friend, On



Him I de - pend: Tell me, oh, tell me of Je - sus.



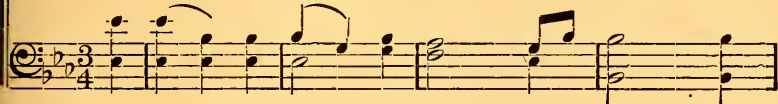
219. OH, COULD I SPEAK.

S. MEDLEY.

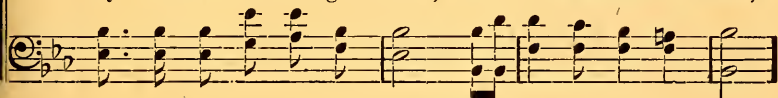
Tune: ARIEL. C. H. M.



1. Oh, could I speak the match - less worth, Oh,
 4. I'd sing the pre - cious blood he spilt, My
 3. I'd sing the char - ac - ters he bears, And
 4. Well, the de - light - ful day will come When



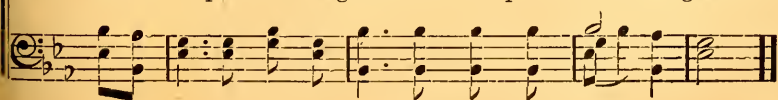
could I sound the glo - ries forth Which in my Sav - ior shine,
 ran - som from the dreadful guilt, Of sin and wrath di - vine!
 all the forms of love he wears, Ex - alt - ed on his throne;
 my dear Lord will bring me home, And I shall see his face;



I'd soar and touch the heav - en - ly strings And vie with Gabri - el while he sings,
 I'd sing his glo - ri - ous righteousness, In which all perfect heav - en - ly dress
 In loftiest songs of sweet - est praise, I would to ev - er - last - ing days
 Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend A blest e - ter - ni - ty I'll spend,



In notes al - most di - vine. In notes al - most di - vine.
 My soul shall ev - er shine. My soul shall ev - er shine.
 Make all his glo - ries known. Make all his glo - ries known.
 Tri - um - phant in his giace. Tri - um - phant in his grace.



220. THE CELESTIAL SHORE.

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.

1. On the bright ce - les - tial shore, Where we'll live for - ev - er - more,
 2. While on earth we'll watch and pray, For we're tempted ev - 'ry day,
 3. When the dev - il shall be chained, And the wick - ed all be slain,

When the war with sin is o'er ev - 'ry - where; In the glo - ry
 But by faith we walk this way, with - out care; When our journey
 Then with Je - sus we will reign ev - er - more; Then the gold - en

of the Son With our crowns that we have won, And e - ter - ni -
 is com - plete, And a - round the throne we meet, We will sit at
 harps will ring, And the saints in vic - t'ry sing: "Where, O death, is

CHORUS.

ty be - gun, — Meet me there. Meet me there, O meet me
 Je - sus' feet, — Meet me there. Meet me there,
 now thy sting" On that shore? Meet me there,

there, Where the saints are all re - joic - ing, Meet me
 yes, meet me there,

there; When the war with sin is o'er, And we meet to
I'll meet you there;

part no more, On that bright cel-es-tial shore,—Meet me there. o-ver there.

221. RECOMPENSE OF TOIL.

Mrs. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

LABN. S. M.

1. La - bor - ers of Christ, a - rise And gird you for the toil.
2. Go where the sick re - cline Where mourning hearts de - plore;
3. By faith which looks a - bove, With prayer, your con - stant guest;
4. So shall you share the wealth That earth may ne'er de - spoil,

The dew of prom-ise from the skies Al-read-y cheers the soil.
And where the sons of sor-row pine, Dispense your hallowed store.
And wrap the Sav-ior's changeless love A man-tle round your breast.
And the blest gos-pel's saving health Re-pay your ard-uous toil.

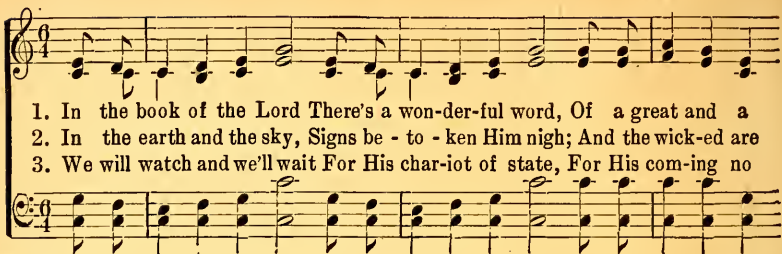
MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise,
And hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies. 2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray,
The battle ne'er give o'er,
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 3. Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor once at ease sit down.
Thine arduous work will not be done
Till thou hast got the crown. 5. Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
Up to his blest abode. |
|---|--|

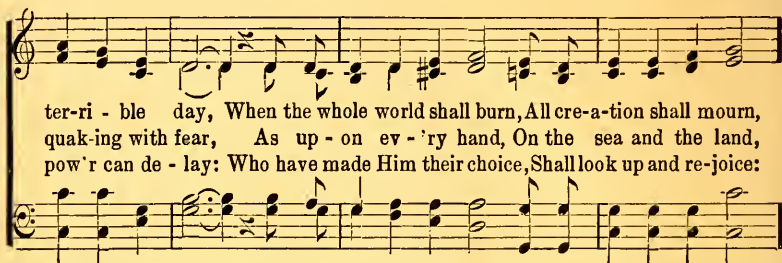
GEORGE HEATH.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

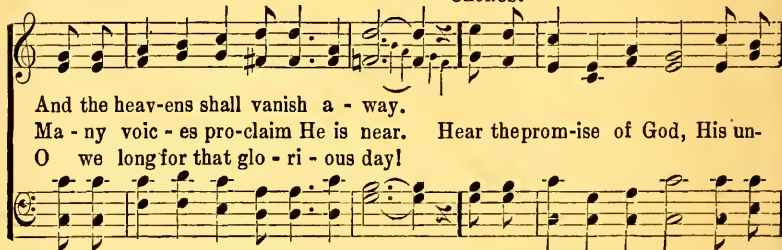


1. In the book of the Lord There's a won-der-ful word, Of a great and a
 2. In the earth and the sky, Signs be - to - ken Him nigh; And the wick-ed are
 3. We will watch and we'll wait For His char-iot of state, For His com-ing no



ter-ri - ble day, When the whole world shall burn, All cre-a-tion shall mourn,
 quak-ing with fear, As up - on ev - 'ry hand, On the sea and the land,
 pow'r can de - lay: Who have made Him their choice, Shall look up and re-joice:

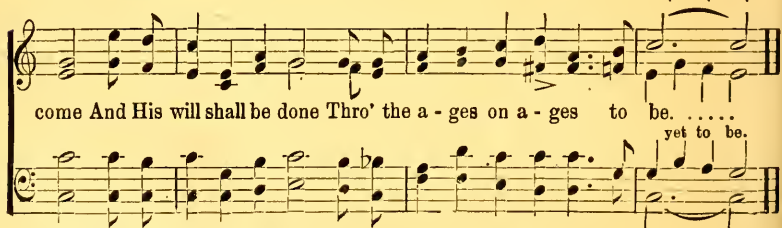
CHORUS.



And the heav-ens shall vanish a - way.
 Ma - ny voic - es pro-claim He is near. Hear the prom-ise of God, His un-
 O we long for that glo - ri - ous day!



al-t'ra-ble word; 'Tis es-tab-lished by heaven's de - cree: That His kingdom shall



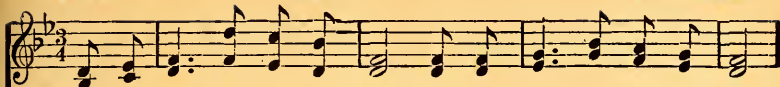
come And His will shall be done Thro' the a - ges on a - ges to be.
 yet to be.

Redemption Ground.

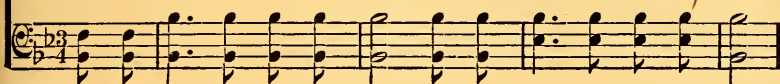
S. L. F.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris

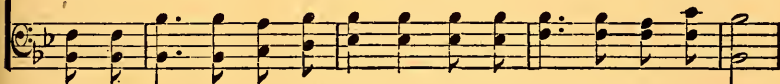
S. L. FLOWERS.



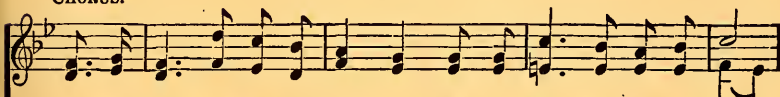
1. Has - ten home, poor wan - der - er; Why do you so long de - lay?
2. O do not re - ject him now, But in faith, be - liev - ing, pray,
3. It may be you'll die to - night, Weighted with your load of woe;
4. Turn to Christ, this in - stant yield, And the will of God o - bey;



For our Sav - ior now is call - ing, "Come, poor sin - ner, come to - day."
 "Come dear Sav - ior, now, and help me, For I turn to thee to - day."
 But God's mer - cy still a - vails you; Can you dare to an - swer No?
 While the Sav - ior still is call - ing, Give your heart to him to - day.



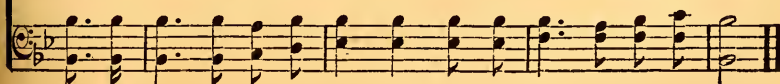
CHORUS.



Come to - day and seek the Sav - ior While on earth he may be found;



Seek, O seek his gra - cious fa - vor, You are on re - demp - tion ground.



A. E. B.

A. E. BLOOM.

1. There's a call for faith - ful la - b'rrers In the serv - ice of the Lord;
 2. Look a-round, you, fel - low la - b'rrers, See the souls now lost in sin;
 3. Ma - ny, ma - ny you may gath - er, Ere the door of mer - cy close;
 4. Soon'twill be too late for reap - ing, And the work will all be done;

For the fields are white for har - vest As we read in God's dear word.
 Upl a - rouse thee! be a work - er; There's a crown of life to win.
 You can point them to the Sav - ior, And his lov - ing serv - ice choose.
 We shall gath' - er for the meet - ing, At the set - ting of the sun.

CHORUS.

Hear the call, Hear the call, An - swer all, An - swer all, "Here am

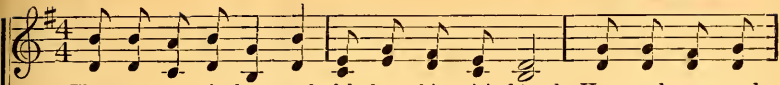
I, dear Lord; send me, send me;" Some glad day, Some glad day, He will

say, He will say, "Ye the joys of the faith - ful ones shall see."

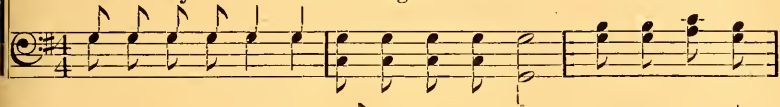
225. NEVER MORE "GOOD BYE."

D. W. M.

D. Wesley Myland.



1. Here we meet in love and fel-low-ship with friend, Hap-py hearts and
2. Here the time is fleet-ing, and the part-ing soon, Sep - a - ra-tions
3. Let us live for oth - ers while the days go by, True to friend a-
4. Bless-ed day of un-ion-meeting those we love In that home be-



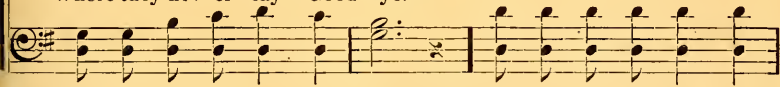
beam-ing eyes; But our sweet-est joys and pleasures have an end
with their sighs; There's a glad time com-ing—one e - ter - nal noon,
far and nigh; And tho' they may leave us, we shall meet on high
yond the sky; When the broken heart-strings will be joined a - bove,



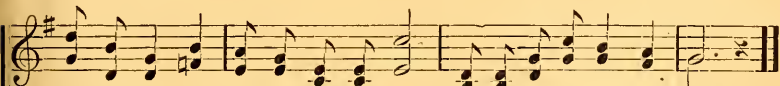
CHORUS.



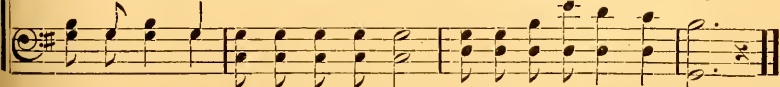
With its "Farewells" and "Good Byes." There will come a morn-ing,
Where we'll nev-er hear "Good Bye's."
In a world with no "Good Bye."
Where they nev-er say "Good Bye."



dawning bright and fair, In that hap-py home on high, When, with



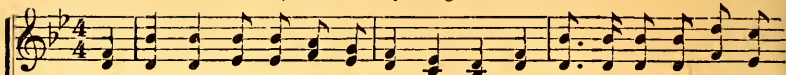
friends we loved, we shall be gathered there, Nev-er more to say "Good Bye."





C. P. J.

"O death, where is thy sting?"—1 Cor. 15: 55.

C. P. JONES.



1. Death hath no terrors for the blood-bought one, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
 2. Our souls are dead to all the world and sin, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
 3. We seek a cit - y far be - yond this vale, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
 4. We'll then press forward to the heav'nly land, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah
 5. We'll rise some day just as our Sav-iour rose, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah

to the Lamb! The boast - ed vic - t'ry of the grave is gone,
 to the Lamb! By the Spir - it's pow - er as He dwells with - in,
 to the Lamb! Where joys ce - les - tial nev - er, nev - er fail,
 to the Lamb! Nor mind the troub - les met on ev - 'ry hand,
 to the Lamb! Till then shall death be but a calm re - pose,



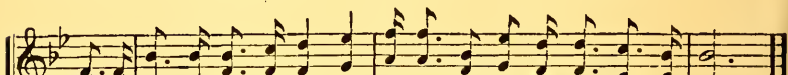
CHORUS.



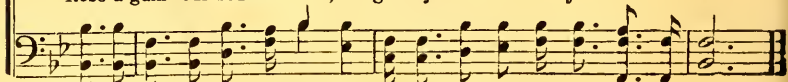
O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb! Je - sus rose (Jesus rose) from the




dead, Rose triumph - ant as He said, Snatch'd the vict'ry from the grave,
 from the dead, Rose triumphant as He said,

Rose a - gain our souls to save, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb!



No. 227. O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go.

George Matheson.

Albert L. Peaca.

1. O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my wea-ry-son in Thee; I give Thee
 2. O Light that fol-lowest all my way, I yield my flick'ring torch to Thee; My heart re-
 3. O Joy that seek-est me thro' pain, I can - not close my heart to Thee; I trace the
 4. O cross that lift - est up my head, I dare not ask to hide from Thee; I lay in

back the life I owe, That in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich - er full - er be.
 stores its bor-rowed ray, That in Thy sun-shine's glow its day May bright-er fair - er be.
 rain-bow thro' the rain, And feel the prom - ise is not vain. That morn shall tear-less be.
 dust life's gle - ry dead, And from the ground there blossoms red Life that shall end - less be.

No. 228. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman.

John B. Dykes.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is dark, and I am far from home;
 2. I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 3. So long Thy pow'r hath blest me, sure it still will lead me on O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, fill

Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see The distant scene,—one step enough for me.
 Lead Thou me on; I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Remember not past years.
 The night is gone; And with the morn those angel-faces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

No. 229. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett.

Hans George Naegeli.

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christian love; The fellow-ship of kindred minds Is like to that a-bove.

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

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

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

T. H., Arr.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris, Arr.

1. We are oft - en tossed and driv'n on the rest - less sea of time,
 2. We are oft - en des - ti - tute of the things that life de - mands,
 3. Tri - als press on ev - 'ry hand, and we can - not un - der - stand
 4. Here temp - ta - tion's hid - den snare oft - en takes us un - a - ware,

Roll - ing clouds and howl - ing tem - pest oft suc - ceed a gold - en clime;
 Want of shel - ter and of food, with thirst - y hills and bar - ren lands;
 All the ways that God will lead us to that bless - ed prom - ised land;
 And our hearts are made to bleed by some thoughtless word or deed,

In that land of per - fect day, when the mist is rolled a - way, We will
 But we're trust - ing in the Lord, and ac - cord - ing to His word, We will
 But He'll guide us with His eye, and we'll fol - low till we die, We will
 And we won - der why the test when we try to do our best; But we'll

REFRAIN.

un - der - stand it bet - ter by and by. By and by, when the morn - ing

dawns, All the saints of God are gathered home, We will sing the sto - ry

When the Morning Dawns.

how we o-ver-come, And we'll un-der-stand it bet-ter by and by.

231

Trust in Me.

W. C. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. O. OLSEN.

J. O. Olsen.

1. When dan-gers cause my heart to fear, My Lord re-veals His prom-ise near;
2. My] tremb-ling heart for-gets its fear, The deep-er shad-ows dis - ap-pear,
3. Yes, Lord, I sweet-ly trust in Thee, Nor ask what life may hold for me;
4. I see a val-ley in the way Whose shadows I must pass some day;

rit.

His voice falls gen-tly on my ear, And whis-pers "Trust in Me."
 And peace attends me when I hear Him whis-per, "Trust in Me."
 I know I do not need to see, But on - ly trust in Thee.
 O then, once more, dear Savior, say, More soft-ly, "Trust in Me."

CHORUS.

"Just trust in Me, O trust in Me," My Sav-ior whis-pers, "Trust in Me;"

p *rit.*

He will my Rock and Ref-uge be, He whis-pers "Trust in Me."

Blessed Be the Fountain.

E. R. Latta.

BY PERMISSION.

H. S. Perkins.

1. Bless - ed be the Fount-ain of blood, To a world of sin - ners re - vealed;
 2. Thorn-y was the crown that He wore, And the cross His bod-y o'er-came;
 3. Fa - ther, I have wandered from Thee, Oft-en has my heart gone a - stray;

Bless - ed be the dear Son of God; On - ly by His stripes are we healed.
 Grievous were the sor-rows He bore, But He suf-fered thus not in vain.
 Crim-son do my sins seem to me: Wa - ter can-not wash them a - way.

Tho' I've wander'd far from His fold, Bring-ing to my heart pain and woe,
 May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my sins here be - low;
 Je - sus, to that Fountain of Thine, Lean-ing on Thy prom-ise, I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
 Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be whit - er than snow.
 Cleanse me by Thy wash-ing di-vine, And I shall be whit - er than snow.

CHORUS.

Whit - er than the snow,
 Whit - er than the snow, whit - er than the snow.

Blessed Be the Fountain.

Whit-er than the snow; Wash me in the blood of the
Whit-er than the snow, whit-er than the snow. the snow;

Lamb,..... And I shall be whit-er than snow.
Lamb, of the Lamb, than snow.

rit.

233 He was Nailed to the Cross for Me:

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F. A. G.
Tenor and Alto Duet.

F. A. GRAVES.

1. What a won-der-ful, won-der-ful Sav-i-our, Who would die on the cross for me!
2. Thus He left His heav-en-ly glo-ry, To ac-com-plish His Fa-ther's plan;
3. He was wounded for our trans-gres-sions, And He car-ried our sor-rows too;
4. So He gave His life for oth-ers, In re-deem-ing this world from sin;

Free-ly shed-ding His pre-cious life blood, That the sin-ner might be made free.
He was born of the vir-gin Ma-ry, Took up-on Him the form of man.
He's the Heal-er of ev-'ry sick-ness, This He came to the world to do.
And He's gone to pre-pare a man-sion, That at last we may en-ter in.

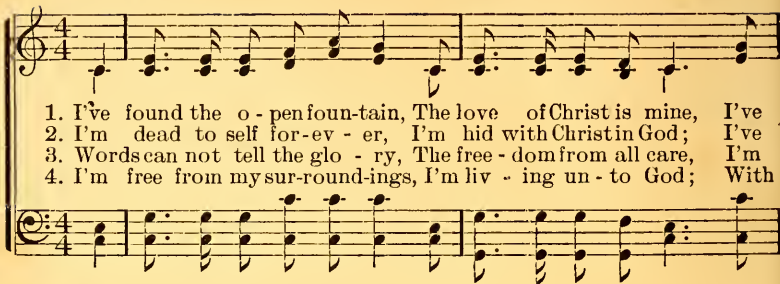
CHORUS.

He was nail'd to the cross for me, He was nail'd to the cross for me;
He was nail'd to the cross, He was nail'd to the cross,

On the cross cru-ci-fied, for me He died; He was nail'd to the cross for me.

T. H. NELSON.

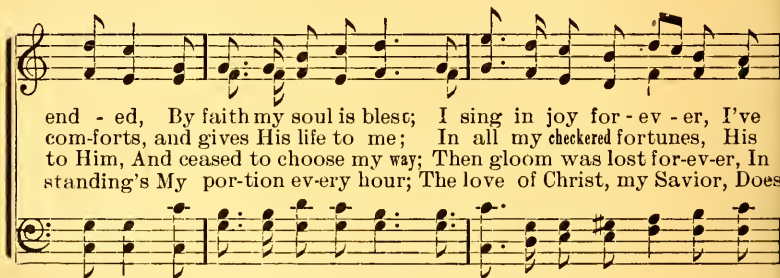
FLORA B. NELSON.



1. I've found the o - pen foun - tain, The love of Christ is mine, I've
 2. I'm dead to self for - ev - er, I'm hid with Christ in God; I've
 3. Words can not tell the glo - ry, The free - dom from all care, I'm
 4. I'm free from mysur - round - ings, I'm liv - ing un - to God; With

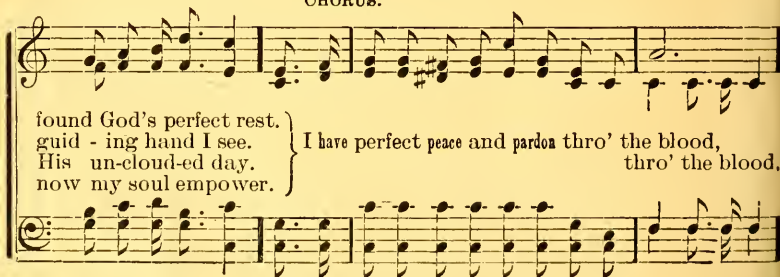


learned the glorious se - cret, So sim - ple, yet di - vine; My car - nal works are
 par - don peace and cleans - ing, Thro' Christ's a - ton - ing blood; He heals and guides and
 find - ing in my Sa - vior, Thro' this blest life of prayer; Each thought I yielded
 sin - gle eye to Je - sus, I dwell in Christ the Lord; Peace past all un - der -



end - ed, By faith my soul is blest; I sing in joy for - ev - er, I've
 com - forts, and gives His life to me; In all my checkered fortunes, His
 to Him, And ceased to choose my way; Then gloom was lost for - ev - er, In
 standing's My por - tion ev - ery hour; The love of Christ, my Savior, Does

CHORUS.



found God's perfect rest. } I have perfect peace and pardon thro' the blood,
 guid - ing hand I see. } thro' the blood,
 His un - cloud - ed day.
 now my soul empower.

The Open Fountain==Concluded.

I have cleansing, comfort, guidance in the Lord, And I walk the thorny way,

So tri-umphant ev'ry day, Since my life is hid with Christ in God.

235 My Soul, Be On Thy Guard.

GEORGE HEATH.

DR. LOWELL MASON.

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thous-and foes a - rise;
2. Oh, watch, and fight, and pray, The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;
3. Ne'er think the vic - t'ry won, Nor lay thine ar - mor down,
4. Fight on, my soul, till death Shall bring thee to thy God;

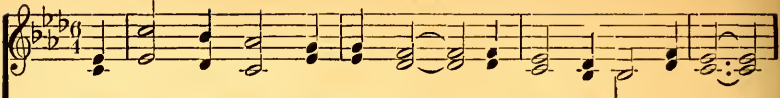
The hosts of sin are press - ing hard To draw thee from the skies.
Re - new it bold-ly ev - 'ry day, And help di - vine im - plore.
The work of faith will not be done Till thou ob - tain the crown.
He'll take thee at thy part - ing breath, Up to the blest a - bode.

Another Building.

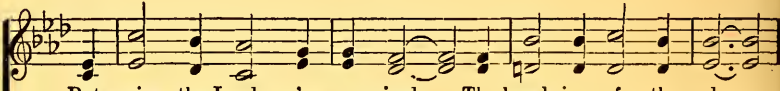
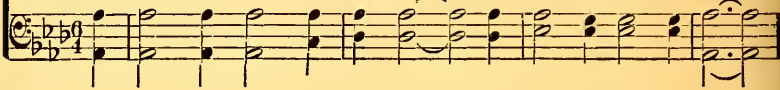
N. B. HERRELL.

(Very effective as a Solo.)

N. B. HERRELL.



1. These poor, frail earth - en tem - ples Will crum - ble and de - cay;
2. Our eyes grow dim and fail us, Our ears grow dull and deaf,
3. No sick-ness, death nor sor - row, No tears to dim the eye,
4. All saved from sin and sin - ning, All pure with-in, with - out,
5. Take cour - age, O my broth - er! This life will soon be o'er,



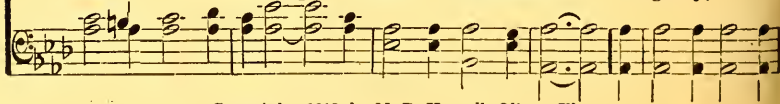
But praise the Lord, we're prom-ised The break-ing of the day.
 Our steps grow short and fee - ble, We lean up - on our staff.
 No part - ing words are spo - ken, No grief to make us sigh;
 No dev - il there to tempt us, We'll all join in and shout;
 Then we shall meet each oth - er Up - on the gold - en shore;



When Christ shall call us yon - der We'll go at His com - mand, We
 We know that o - ver yon - der With - in that per - fect land We'll
 For when we stand o'er yon - der With - in that hap - py land, We'll
 We know that o - ver yon - der Where all is rich and grand, We'll
 And when He calls us yon - der, O say won't that be grand, To



have an-oth - er build - ing, An house not made with hand. O glo - ry, hal - le -



Another Building.

lu - jah! As o'er the hills we roam, We're marching up thro' Beulah,

We're on our jour-ney home. Soon we will cross the por-tal; O say, won't

that be grand? We'll have an-oth-er build-ing, An house not made with hand.

237 Forever With the Lord. S. M.

JAS. MONTGOMERY.

THORO HARRIS.

1. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" So, Je-sus! let it be;
 2. Here, in the bod-y pent, Ab-sent from thee I roam:
 3. My Fa-ther's house on high, Home of my soul! how near;
 4. "For-ev-er with the Lord!" Fa-ther, if 'tis thy will,
 5. Know-ing as I am known, How shall I love that word,

Life from the dead is in that word; 'Tis im-mor-tal - i - ty.
 Yet night-ly pitch my mov-ing tent A day's march near-er home.
 At times, to faith's as-pir-ing eye, Thy gold-en gates ap-pear!
 The prom-ise of thy gra-cious word Ev'n here to me ful-fill.
 And oft re-peat be-fore the throne, "For-ev-er with the Lord!"

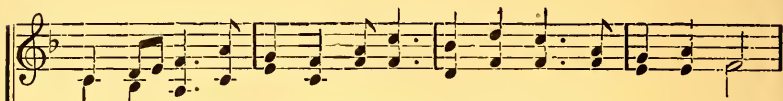
238. STEP BY STEP.

A. B. S.

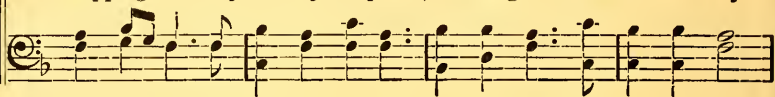
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. 'Tis so sweet to walk with Je - sus, Step by step and day by day:
2. 'Tis so safe to walk with Je - sus, Lean-ing hard up - on His arm,
3. Step by step I'll walk with Je - sus, Just a mo-moment at a time,
4. Je - sus, keep me clos - er—clos-er, Step by step, and day by day:



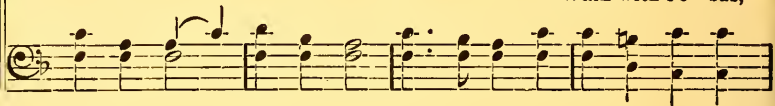
Step-ping in His ve - ry footprints Walking with Him all the way.
 Following closely where He leads us, None can hurt and naught can harm.
 Heights I have not wings to soar to Step by step my feet can climb.
 Stepping in Thy ve - ry footprints, Walking with Thee all the way.



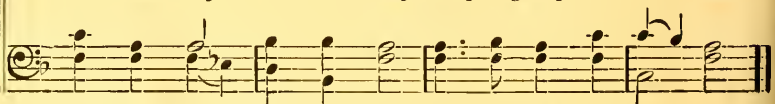
CHORUS.



' Step by step, Step by step, I would walk with Je - sus,
 Walk with Je - sus,




All the day, all the way, Keep-ing step with Je - sus.




The Light of His Word.

T. H. Unison

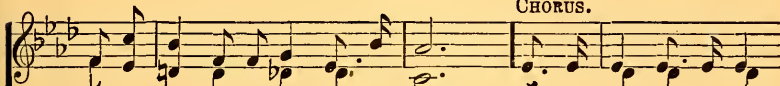
THORO HARRIS.

- 
1. There are lands far a - way o'er the sea, Where in dark - ness are
 2. In the dark-ness of er - ror they grope, And the Sav - ior in
 3. There's a part each dis - ci - ple may do: Hold - ing light, that its
 4. Who re - flect heaven's rays all di - vine— They who tell of our

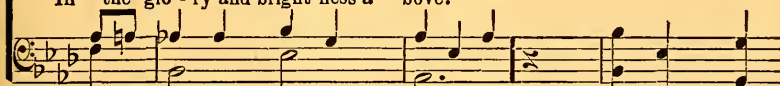


millions seek-ing light; And the call comes to you and to me,
whom our souls a-bide, Can-not cheer them with one ray of hope,
beams may reach afar, And the truth from the word shine a - new,
God's a-bound-ing love— As the stars ev - er-more they shall shine


CHORUS.



Who have learned of the way pure and bright. Send the light of His word
Till we teach them to walk by His side.
Gleaming forth from the bright Morning Star.
In the glo - ry and bright-ness a - bove.



all the way, That its glo - ry, match-less glo - ry, Turn the



dark-ness of er - ror to day, Till the whole world for Je-sus shall shine.



Hold Fast Till I Come.

T. H.

Rev. 2: 25.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Re-joic-ing in hope, be-liev-ing His word, We look for the com-ing of
 2. When o'er all the world the storm shall prevail, The love and de-vo-tion of
 3. Then let all our lamps burn stead-y and bright, Lest, faithless, He find us, a-
 4. He'll ban-ish all sin, all pain and dis-tress, The Li-on of Ju-dah the

Je-sus our Lord; But till He re-turn thru heaven's blue dome, He bids His dis-ma-ny shall fail, Be steadfast and true, nor slumber like some; And yours is the sleep in the night; En-dure to the end and watch un-to pray'r- For Je-sus' ap-na-tions will bless; With crowns on our heads, with harp and with palm, We'll sing Al-le-

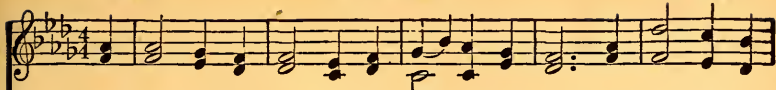
rit. CHORUS.

ci-ples, "Hold fast till I come." kingdom—"Hold fast till I come." "Hold fast till I come," hear the word of the pear-ing His own must pre-pare. lu-ia to God and the Lamb.

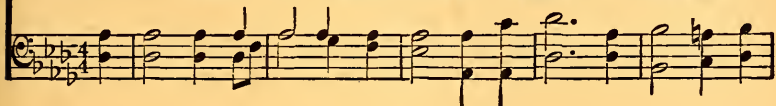
Mas-ter; The o-mens in-crease, and the signs thicken fast-er; "Un-till I re-

rit.

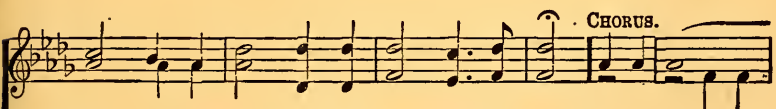
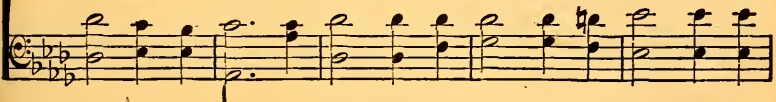
store your lost E-den home, Give heed to the mes-sage, Hold fast till I come."



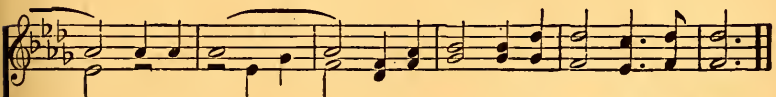
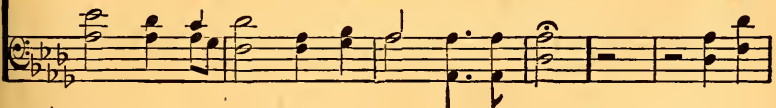
1. When peace like a riv - er at - tend - eth my way, When sor - rows like
2. Tho' Sa - tan should buf - fet, tho' tri - als should come, Let this blest as -
3. My sin - oh, the bliss of this glo - ri - ous tho't! My sin - not in
4. And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight, The clouds be roll'd



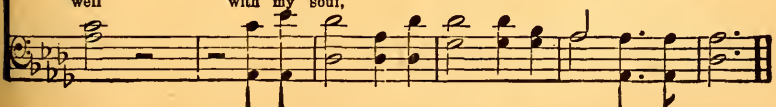
sea bil - lows roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ has re - gard - ed my help - less es -
part, but the whole, Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no
back as a scroll, The trump shall re - sound and the Lord shall de -



say, It is well, it is well with my soul.
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul. It is well
more: Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, O my soul!
scend: "E - ven so" - it is well with my soul It is



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



242. HIMSELF.

A. B. S.

A. B. SIMPSON.

1. Once it was the bless-ing, Now it is the Lord; Once it was the
 2. Once 't was painful try - ing, Now 'tis per-fect trust; Once a half sal-
 3. Once 't was busy plan-ning, Now 'tis trustful prayer; Once 'twas anxious
 4. Once it was my work-ing, His it hence shall be; Once I tried to

feel-ing, Now it is His Word; Once His gifts I want-ed, Now the
 va - tion, Now the ut - ter - most; Once 't was ceaseless hold-ing, Now He
 car-ing, Now He has the care; Once 't was what I want-ed; Now what
 use Him, Now He u - ses me; Once the power I want-ed, Now the

Giv - er own; Once I sought for heal-ing, Now him-self a - lone.
 holds me fast; Once 't was constant drifting, Now my anchor's cast.
 Je - sus says; Once 't was constant asking, Now 'tis ceaseless praise,
 Might-y One; Once for self I labored, Now for Him a - lone.

CHORUS.

All in all for - ev - er, Je - sus will I sing;

Ev - 'ry - thing in Je - sus, And Je - sus ev - 'ry - thing.

243. GO AND TELL.

A. B. S.

Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



1. Send the gospel of sal - va - tion, To a world of dy - ing men; dying men.
2. 'Tis the church's great com-mis-sion, 'Tis the Master's last command; command.
3. Christ is gath'ring out a peo - ple, To his name of ev - 'ry race; ev'ry race.
4. Give the gospel as a wit - ness, To a world of sin - ful men; sinful men.



Tell it out to ev - 'ry na - tion, 'Till the Lord shall come a - gain.
 Christ has died for ev - 'ry crea - ture, Tell it out in ev - 'ry land.
 Haste to give the in - vi - ta - tion, Ere shall end the day of grace.
 Till the Bride shall be completed, And the Lord shall come a - gain.



CHORUS.



Go and tell . . . them, go and tell them, Jesus died for sin - ful men.
 Go and tell, Go and tell, Sinful men.



Go and tell them, go and tell them, He is coming back a - gain.
 a - gain.



244. NEVER ALONE.

Anon.

From the English—Arr by MYLAND & KIRK.

1. { I've seen the light - ning flash - ing, And heard the thun - der roll—
I've heard the voice of Je - sus, Tell - ing me still to fight on,
2. { The world's fire winds are blow - ing Temp - ta - tions sharp and keen—
He stands to shield me from danger, When earth - ly friends are gone,
3. { When in af - flic - tion's val - ley I'm treading the road of care.
My feet en - tangled with bri - ars Read - y to cast me down,
4. { He died for me on the mountain— For me they pierced His side—
For me He's waiting in glo - ry, Seat - ed up - on His throne,

I've felt sin's breakers dashing— Trying to conquer my soul—
He promised never to leave me,— [Omit
I feel a peace in know - ing My Sav - iour stands be - tween.
He promised never to leave me,— [Omit
My Sav - iour helps me to car - ry My cross when heavy to bear,
My Sav - iour whispers His promise: "I [Omit
For me He opened that fountain, The crim - son, cleans - ing tide,
He promised never to leave me,— [Omit

CHORUS.

Never to leave me a - lone. No, nev - er a - lone,— No, nev - er a -
Never to leave me a - lone.
"Never will leave thee a lone."
Never to leave me a - lone. no, never alone, no,

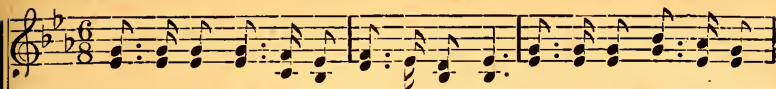
lone,— He promised never to leave me; Never to leave me alone. me alone.
never alone,

245. GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU.

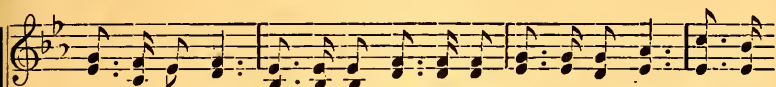
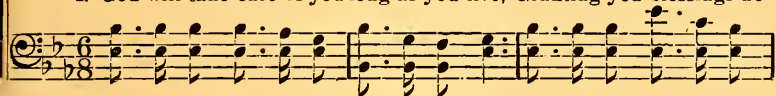
D. W. M. Arr.

("He careth for you." 1 Pet. 5; 6, 7.)

REV. D. W. MYLAND.



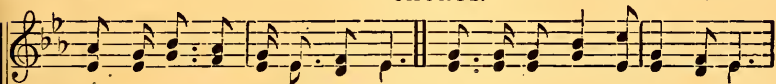
1. God will take care of you; be not a-fraid. He is your safeguard thro'
2. God will take care of you thro' all the day, Shielding your footsteps, di-
3. God will take care of you, e'en to the end; Oh, what a Father, Re-
4. God will take care of you long as you live, Granting you blessings no



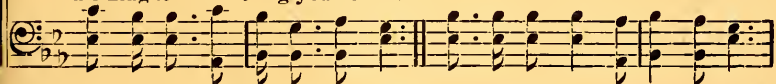
sunshine and shade, Tender-ly watching and keep-ing his own, He will rectoring your way. He is your Shepherd, Protector and Guide, Leading deemer and Friend! Je - sus will answer when - ev - er you call He will oth - er can give; He will take care of you when time is past, Safe to



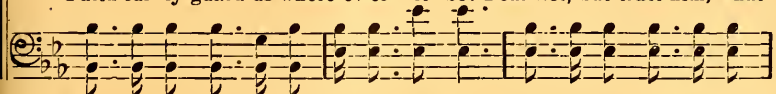
CHORUS.



not leave you to wander a-lone. his children where still waters glide. God will take care of you and me. take care of you, trust him for all. his kingdom will bring you at last.



Faith-ful-ly guard us where-ev-er it be: Fear not, but trust him, what-



ev - er be-tide: In his great lov-ing heart ev - er a-bide.

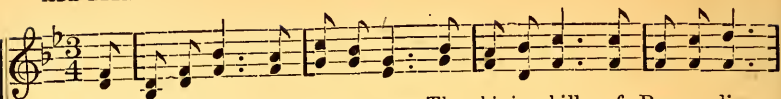


246. UNTO THE HILLS.

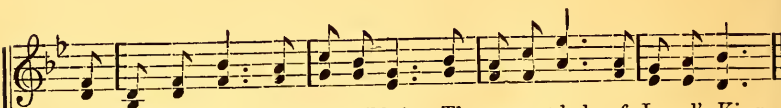
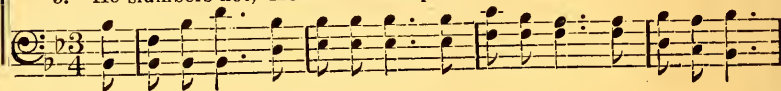
ADA BLENKHORN.

(Psa. 121.)

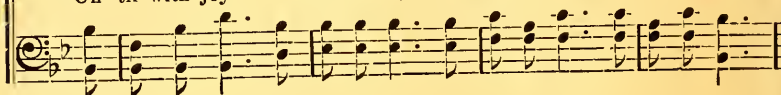
Rev. D. W. MYLAND.



1. Un - to the hills I lift my eyes, The shining hills of Par - a - dise,
2. God's glory lights that blessed place, There flow for me the streams of grace;
3. I look, and from His throne divine "The light of life" doth on me shine;
4. Un - to the hills I lift my eyes, Their glo - ry just be - fore me lies;
5. He slumbers not, He will not sleep, El-Shad-da-i my soul will keep



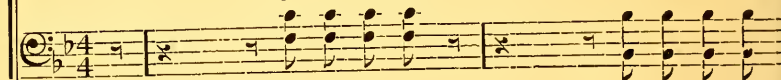
From whence the promised help I bring, The present help of Israel's King.
 I forward press to win the prize, While to the hills I lift my eyes.
 With joy it doth my spir-it fill, And in His light I know His will.
 That glo - ry soon I shall at-tain, And enter there with Christ to reign.
 Un - til with joy I shall a-rise, To meet my Lord be-yond the skies.



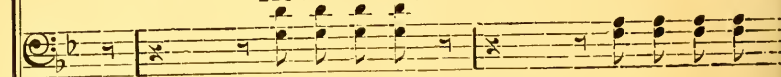
CHORUS.



Un - to the hills, the shin-ing hills,
 Un - to the hills, the shin-ing hills,



The hills of God, be-yond the skies;
 The hills of God, be-yond the skies;



UNTO THE HILLS.—Concluded.

Un - to the hills, the shin - ing hills,
 Un - to the hills, the shin - ing hills,

I will lift up in faith mine eyes.
 I will lift up in faith mine eyes.

247. COME, THOU FOUNT.

R. ROBINSON.

NETTLETON, 8, 7. D.

FINE.

1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 2. Here I'll raise mine Eb-en - ez - er; Hither by thy help I'm come;

D.C. 1st. v.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed upon it, Mount of thy redeeming love.
 D.C. 2d. v.—He, to res - cue me from danger, In - ter - posed His precious blood.

Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas - ing, Call for songs of loudest praise.
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure, Safely to ar - rive at home.

D.C.

Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flaming tongues a - bove.
 Je - sus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God.

No. 248. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

Miss Etta Campbell.

First Tune.

Theo. E. Perkins.

1. { What means this eager, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along— }
 2. { These wondrous gath'rings day by day? What means this strange com- } motion, pray? In accents hush'd the

throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by." In accents hush'd the throng reply: "Je-sus of Nazareth passeth by."

- 3 Who is this Jesus? why should He
 The city move so mightily?
 A passing stranger, has He skill
 To move the multitude at will?
 Again the stirring notes reply:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 3 Jesus! 'Tis He who once below [woe];
 Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and
 And burden'd ones, where'er He came,
 Bro't out their sick and deaf and lame.
 The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."
- 4 Again He comes! from place to place
 His holy footprints we can trace,
 He pauseth at our threshold—nay,
 He enters—condescends to stay.
 Shall we not gladly raise the cry—
 "Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

No. 249. Sweet Hour of Prayer.

W. W. Walford.

Second Tune.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. { Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer, That calls me from a world of care, }
 { And bids me, at my Fa-ther's throne, Make all my wants and } wishes known! { In sea-sons }
 D.C.—And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet } hour of prayer. { My soul has }

of dis-tress and grief }
 oft - en found re- } lief,
 2 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of }
 The joys I feel, the bliss I share, [prayer,
 Of those whose anxious spirits burn
 With strong desires for thy return!
 With such I hasten to the place
 Where, God, my Savior, shows His face,
 And gladly take my station there,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of }
 Thy wings shall my petition bear [prayer
 To Him, whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless:
 And since He bids me seek His face,
 Believe His word, and trust His grace,
 I'll cast on Him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

No. 250. Work, for the Night is Coming.

Annie L. Walker.

L. Mason.

1. { Work for the night is coming, Work thro' the morning hours; }
 { Work while the dew is sparkling, Work 'mid springing flow'rs. Work when the day grows }
 D.C.—Work for the night is coming, When man's work is done.

brighter, Work in the glowing sun,
 D.C. 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 sky;
 While the 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.

H. Bonar.

C. C. Converse.

1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - ry
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car - ry

FINE D. S.

Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - fet, O what need-less pain we bear,
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing 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 Savior, 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
Thou wilt find a solace there. (thee,

No. 252

Nothing But the Blood.

R. L.

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Robert Lowry.

1. What can wash a - way my sin? Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
2. For my par - don, this I see— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
3. Noth-ing can for sin a - tone, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;
4. This is all my hope and peace— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus;

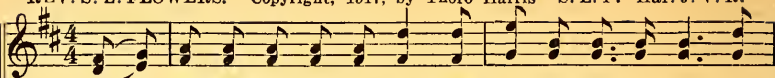
What can make me whole a - gain, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
For my cleans-ing, this my plea— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
Naught of good that I have done, Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.
This is all my right-eous-ness— Noth-ing but the blood of Je - sus.

CHORUS.

{ Oh, pre-cious is the flow That makes me white as snow;
No oth-er Fount I know
Nothing but the blood of Jesus.

A Crown of Glory.

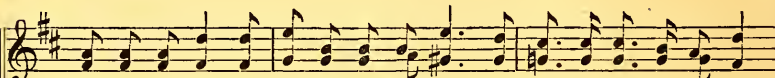
REV. S. L. FLOWERS. Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris S. L. F. Har. J. V. R.



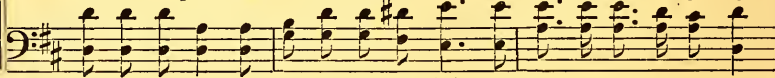
1. I can hear the Sav-ior call - ing, "the har-vest fields are white; O,
2. When in the midst of bat - tle, I face the Might-y foe; And
3. When at last I hear Him call - ing to me a - cross the sea; To
4. As I near the Gold-en Cit - y, where loved ones for me wait, And



who will go as reap-ers, and. spread the Gos-pel light? They who will struggle in the con-flict for the vic - t'ry here be - low. I hear the come and there be with Him through all e - ter - ni - ty. I'll glad - ly see the Sav - ior stand-ing with the an - gels at the gate: My soul will

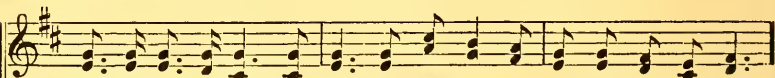


heed the summons, And ev - er faith-ful be, . Shall wear a crown of glo - ry, Sav - ior whisper, "they who will faith-ful be, Shall wear a crown of glo - ry heed the summons and lay my ar - mor down, Go shouting home to glo - ry, thrill with rap-ture as in His hand, I see, The shin - ing crown of glo - ry,



CHORUS.

and walk in white with me.
and shout the vic - to - ry." I'll re - ceive a crown of glo - ry on
and wear a star-ry crown.
He has pre-pared for me.



that great crowning day, A crown of glo - ry that fad-eth not a - way.



A Crown of Glory. Concluded.

I'll sing His praise for - ev - er, tell of what He's done for me,

And wear a crown of glo - ry through-out all e - ter - ni - ty.

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Loving Savior, Come!

REV. S. L. FLOWERS.

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JAS. V. REID.

p With expression.

(QUARTET.)

1. Dear lov-ing Sav - ior, come to my heart. In all Thy fullness Thy grace now im-
 2. Help me each day, Lord, close by my side; Humb-ly to walk and in Thee e'er a-
 3. Then when my work here is all complete; Draw me dear Lord to Thy bos-om so

Accel. *f* *Dim.*

part. Fill Thou my soul, Lord, with Thine own love. Help me to live for the
 side. Cheer-ful - ly meek-ly, bear-ing the cross. Count-ing the jew-els of
 sweet. Then safe in glo - ry, I'll ev - er be. Near to my Sav - ior, yes

1st and 2d verse. Last verse only.

Rit. *Rit.*

man-sions a - bove. Help me to live for the mansions above.
 earth all as dross. Counting the jewels of earth all as dross.
 near Lord to Thee. Near to my Sav-ior, 3. yes, near, Lord, to Thee.

Come and Dine.

John 21: 12.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY S. H. BOLTON.

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C. B. W.

C. B. Widmeyer.

1. { Je - sus has a ta - ble spread Where the saints of God are fed,
With His man - na He doth feed And sup - plies our ev - 'ry need;

2. { The dis - ci - ples came to land, Thus o - bey - ing Christ's command,
There they found their hearts' de - sire, Bread and fish up - on the fire;

3. { Soon the Lamb will take His bride To be ev - er at His side,
O, 'twill be a glo - rious sight, All the saints in spot - less white;

1 He in - vites His chos - en peo - ple "Come and dine;"
O, 'tis sweet to sup with Je - sus all the time!

2 For the Mas - ter called to them, "Come, come, and dine;"
Thus He sat - is - fies the hun - gry ev - 'ry time.

3 All the host of heav - en will as - sem - bled be;
And with Je - sus they will feast e - ter - nal - ly.

CHORUS.

"Come and dine," the Master calleth, "Come and dine;" You may feast at
O come and dine;

Je - sus' ta - ble all the time; He who fed the mul - ti -
O come and dine,

tude, Turned the wa - ter in - to wine, To the hungry calleth now, "Come and dine."

The Day of Wrath.

T. H.

Rev. 6: 17; Isa. 33: 14.

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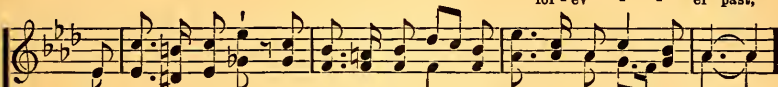
Thoro Harris.



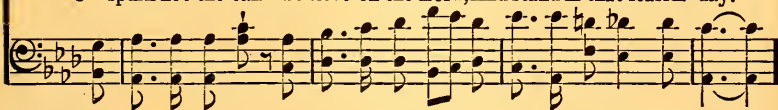
1. Earth's har-vest of souls is come, Her summer for-ev - er past;
2. O hark to the aw-ful din! The tempest beclouds the sky;
3. What hor-ror of grim de-spair! All fa-ces are wan and pale;
4. No lon-ger may peace be sought, No lon-ger are sins for-giv'n;
5. O wand'rer, return to God, The mes-sage of love o-bey;



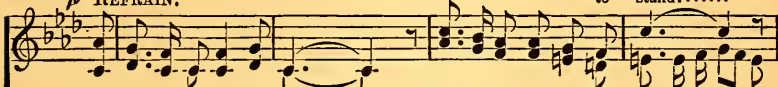
for - ev - - er past;



How solemn the tho't! the del-uge of doom Breaks over the world at last.
 And now from the slaves of death and of sin A - ris-eth this bit-ter cry:—
 The host of the lost are gath-er-ing there To join in one hopeless wail:—
 The Judge has decreed He knoweth them not, And barred is the gate of heav'n.
 O spurn not the call—be-lieve on the Lord, And stand in that fearful day.

*p* REFRAIN.

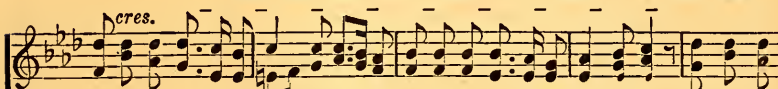
to stand?.....



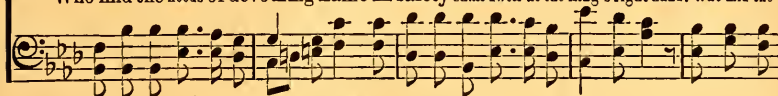
The day of His wrath is come: . . Who shall be a-ble, be able to stand? O



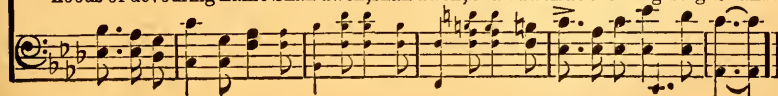
the day of His wrath is come: And who shall be a-ble to stand?



Who mid the floods of devouring flame In safety shall dwell at the King's right hand? Who mid the



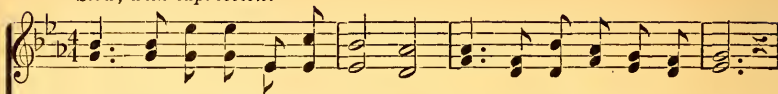
floods of devouring flame Shall dwell, shall dwell, Shall dwell at the King's right hand?



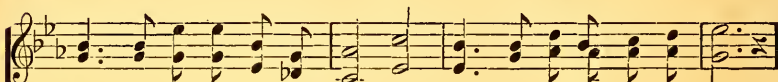
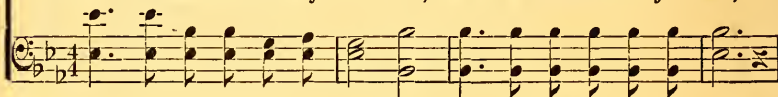
N. B. HERRELL.

(To my faithful wife.)

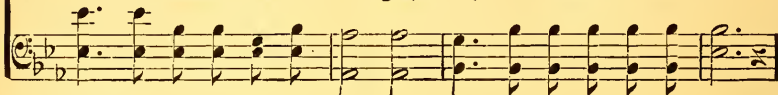
N. B. HERRELL.

Slow, with expression.

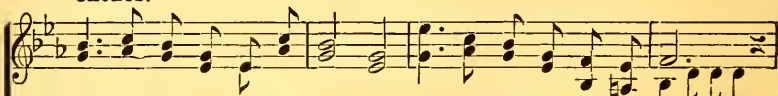
1. Je - sus, blessed Rock of A - ges, Ref - uge on life's storm-y sea;
2. Threat'ning storm clouds burst in fur - y, Thunders, light'nings, frighten me;
3. As the proph-ets and the sag - es Proved Thee on life's stormy sea,
4. Till I've crossed life's stormy o - cean, Till I've reached the crystal sea,



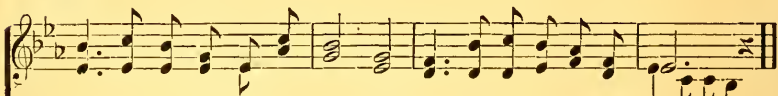
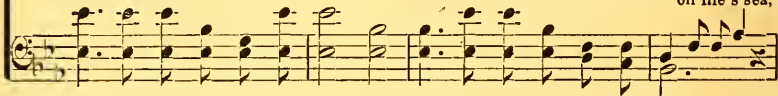
While life's o-cean round me surg - es, Let, O let me rest on Thee.
 Dash - ing bil-lows seem so an - gry, Let, O let me rest on Thee.
 I will trust and be cour - a - geous, Let, O let me rest on Thee.
 O Thou blessed Rock of A - ges, Let, O let me rest on Thee.



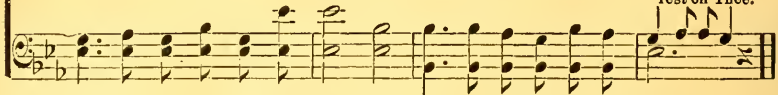
CHORUS.



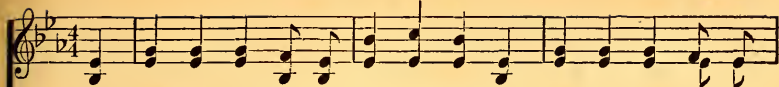
O Thou bless-ed Rock of A - ges, Might-y ref - uge on life's sea,
 on life's sea,



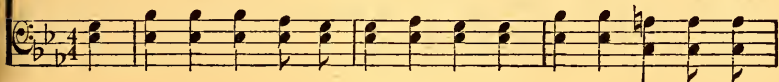
While life's ocean round me surg - es Let, O let me rest on Thee.
 rest on Thee.



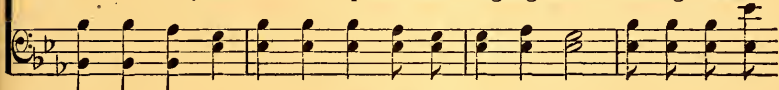
NOTICE.—The writer of this song being bound in by the great Ohio flood of 1913, his wife bound in by the flood in Southern Indiana, while two of his children were kept by friends in the state of Illinois, did not hear of each other's safety for over two weeks. While the writer looked on the surging, rushing waters, anxiously waiting news from his loved ones, feeling his dependance on Jesus, our Rock of Refuge, he was led to write this song.



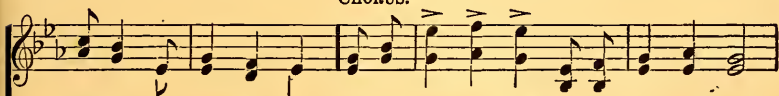
1. I praise the Lord that a Sav - ior came To bear my load of re-
2. When lost in darkness and doom'd to die, The Sav - ior heard my de-
3. Some-times my foes in their fu - ry rise To hold me back from the
4. His love will make ev-'ry sin - ner whole That yields his life to the



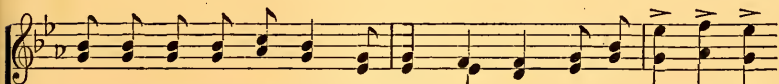
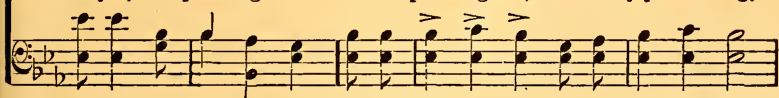
proach and shame: All glo-ry be to His ho - ly name! Shouting hal-le-
 spair - ing cry, His love my spir - it did sat - is - fy; Shouting hal-le-
 heav'n - ly prize; I look by faith far be - yond the skies: Shouting hal-le-
 Lord's con - trol, And fill with rap - ture each long - ing soul: Shouting hal-le-



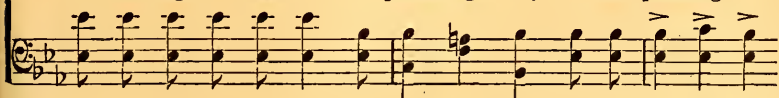
CHORUS.



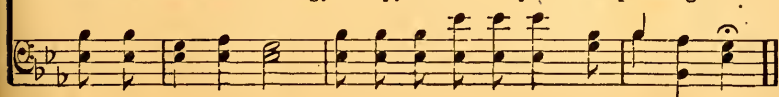
lu-jah, I'm press-ing on. I am press-ing on, with a joy - ful song,



To the heights of Ca-naan I'm press - ing on; I am press-ing on



with the ran-somed throng, Glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah! I'm press-ing on.



W. A. O.

USED BY PER. OF W. A. OGDEN, OWNER OF THE COPYRIGHT.

W. A. Ogdén.

1. "He is a-ble to de-liv-er," Sing the joy-ful strain, "He is a-ble to de-
 2. He is a-ble to de-liv-er From the chains of sin, He is a-ble to de-
 3. He is a-ble to de-liv-er From the foe-man strong, He is a-ble to de-

liv-er," Tell it out a.-gain; He is a-ble to de-liv-er All that
 liv-er, Shout the joy-ful strain; He is a-ble to de-liv-er, See how
 liv-er, All the jour-ney long; He is a-ble to de-liv-er, Trust Him

come to Him in faith, He is a-ble to de-liv-er E-ven
 pa-tient-ly He stands! He is a-ble to de-liv-er Thee with
 bold-ly, nev-er fear; He is a-ble to de-liv-er, Let the

CHORUS.

un-to death.
 will-ing hands. A - - ble to de-liv-er,
 na-tions hear. A-ble to de-liv-er, He is a-ble to de-liv-er,

A - - - ble to de-liv-er, He is
 A-ble to de-liv-er, He is a-ble to de-liv-er.

Able to Deliver.

a - - ble to de-liv - er All that come to Him in faith.
A-ble to de-liv-er, He is a-ble to de-liv-er

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Evening Light.

R. E. W.

OWNED BY R. E. WINSETT.

R. E. Winsett.

1. Christians, awake see, the light has come, Shining in evening as bright as morn;
2. Times of refreshing have come to all, God is now let-ting His spir - it fall;
3. Spir - it-ual signs follow saints of God, Who in a - pos-tol - ic foot-steps trod;
4. Walk in the light as it comes to you, Christians, awake, there is work to do;
5. Look and behold now the fig leaves green, Nearing the end can be plain-ly seen;

Chris-tians, a - waken

Chris-tians, a - waken

Chris-tians, a - waken

Chris-tians, a - waken

FINE. REFRAIN.

Now a-wake and behold evening light. The even - ing light has come,
Now a-wake and re-ceive lat-ter rain.
Wake and see ho-ly light shines for all.
O a-wake! or the light soon will pass.
Wake and watch: soon the Bride-groom will come. The even-ing light at last has come.

D.S.-Books of proph-e-cy ful-filled at last.

D. S.

The dark day is past, The clouds now have flown,
The dark and cloudy day is past, ev-er past, The noon-day clouds have for - ev - er flown.

Joy of the Lord.

Neh. 8: 10.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. The proph-et of old to his coun-try-men cried, "The joy of the
 2. When noth-ing but dark-ness o'er-shad-ows thy way, "The joy of the
 3. For per-fect sal - va - tion thy spir - it doth crave? "The joy of the
 4. Thy Fa-ther hath noth-ing but bless-ing to give; "The joy of the
 5. What-ev - er the tri - al, what-ev - er the test, "The joy of the

Lord is your strength;" Who hope in His mer - cy shall not be de - nied,
 Lord is your strength;" Be - lieve in His prom - ise, be quick to o - bey:
 Lord is your strength;" He's a - ble and will - ing this mo - ment to save;
 Lord is your strength;" O heed but this coun - sel: His ful - ness re - ceive;
 Lord is your strength;" Till thou shalt a - bide in the por - tals of rest,

REFRAIN.

The joy of the Lord is your strength. O glo - ry to God!.....
 O gle - ry to God!
 Re - joice in the Lord, re - joice!

Thru Him we shall con-quer at length;.... Keep al - way re -
 hal - le - lu - jah!

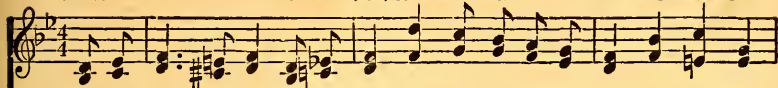
rit.
 joic - ing, His word stand-eth sure, The joy of the Lord is your strength.

His Face Will Outshine Them All.

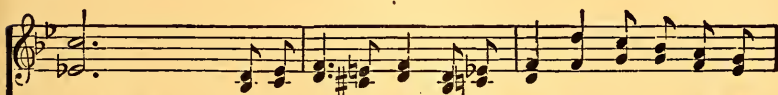
T. H.

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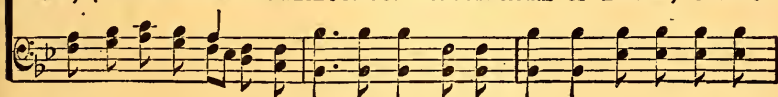
Thoro Harris.



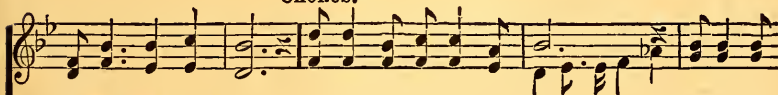
1. There are fac - es dear that I hold in mem-'ry, Tho' I lost them long a-
2. There were voic - es sweet o-ver Beth'hem sing-ing When the Savior Christ was
3. There are friend-ly hands un-to me ex - tend-ed When I seem to miss my
4. There are wondrous scenes ly-ing all a-round me, Golden gleams o'er land and



go; (so long a-go;) But the face of One "al-to-geth-er love-ly" Is the
 born; (our Lord was born;) And the golden harps of the an-gels ring-ing Ush-ered
 way; (to miss my way;) But the pierc-ed hand of the Man of Cal-v'ry Lead-eth
 sea; (o'er land and sea;) But when Jesus comes in the clouds of heav-en, O what



CHORUS.



fair-est face I know.
 in that ho-ly morn. His face will outshine them all, His face will
 on to realms of day. al-le-lu-ial
 glo-ry that will be.



outshine them all; Glory to the Lamb, al-le-lu-ial! His face will outshine them all.



No. 263.

Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOSEPH F. KNAPP.

Mrs. J. F. Knapp.

1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-
 2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap-ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
 3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav-ior am hap-py and blest, Watching and

FINE CHORUS.

va-tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
 scend-ing, bring from a-bove, Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry,
 wait-ing, look-ing a-bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.

D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

D. S.

this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry, this is my song;

No. 264.

He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. He lead-eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, when-
 2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
 3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev-er mur-mur or re-pine, Con-tent, what-ev-er
 4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I

CHORUS.

e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead-eth me, By His own
 lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
 will not flee, Since God thro' Jor-dan lead-eth me.

hand He lead-eth me; His faith-ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No 265. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er-more;
 2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
 3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my broth-er; Some poor sea-man tem-pest-tossed,

But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
 Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
 Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.

D. S.—Some poor faint-ing, strug-gling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wavel

No. 266. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby.

PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE.

W. H. Doane.

1. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing, Snatch them in pit-y from
 Weep-o'er the err-ing one, Lift up the fall-en, Tell them of Je-sus the
 2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait-ing, Wait-ing the pen-i-tent
 Plead with them earn-est-ly, Plead with them gen-tly, He will for-give if they
 3. Down in the hu-man heart, Crush'd by the tempt-er, Feel-ings lie bur-ied that
 Touch'd by a lov-ing heart, Wak-ened by kind-ness, Chords that were bro-ken will

CHORUS.

sin and the grave; might-y to save.
 child to re-ceive; on-ly be-lieve. Res-cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy-ing;
 grace can re-store; vi-brate once more.

Je-sus is mer-ci-ful Je-sus will save.

4 Rescue the perishing,
 Duty demands it;
 Strength for thy labor the Lord will provide;
 Back to the narrow way
 Patiently win them;
 Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

No. 267.

Softly and Tenderly.

BY PER. WILL L. THOMPSON & CO., E. LIVERPOOL, O., AND THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

W. L. T.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. Soft-ly and ten-der-ly Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
 2. Why should we lar-ry when Je-sus is plead-ing, Plead-ing for you and for me?
 3. Time is now fleet-ing, the moments are pass-ing, Pass-ing from you and from me;
 4. Think of the won-der-ful love He has prom-ised, Prom-ised for you and for me;

At the heart's por-tal He's wait-ing and watch-ing, Watch-ing for you and for me.
 Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mer-cies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
 Shadows are gath-er-ing, and death's night is com-ing, Com-ing for you and for me.
 Tho' we have sinn'd, He has mer-cy and par-don, Par-don for you and for me.

CHORUS.
 Come home, come home, Ye who are wea-ry, come home,
 Come home, come home.

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

No. 268.

Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. WM. O. CUSHING.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Joyfully,

USED BY PERMISSION.

FINE.

1. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-tur-n-ing from the wild;
 See! the Father meets him out upon the way, Wel-com-ing His wea-ry wand'-ring child. }
 2. { Ring the bells of heaven! there is joy to-day, For the wand'-rer now is re-con-ciled;
 Yes, a soul is re-scu-ed from his sin-ful way, And is born a-new a ransomed child. }
 3. { Ring the bells of heaven! spread the feast to-day, Angels swell the glad tri-umphant strain,
 Tell the joy-ful tidings! bear it far a-way, For a pre-cious soul is born a-gain. }

D.C.—'Tis the ransom'd army, like a mighty sea, Pealing forth the anthem of the tree.

CHORUS.
 Glo-ry! glo-ry! how tho an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the lond harps ring;

269

Almost Persuaded.

P. P. D.

Copyright, 1902, by The John Church Co.

P. P. BLISS.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed," now to be - lieve; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," come, come to - day; "Al - most per - suad - ed"
 3. "Al - most per - suad - ed," har - vest is past; "Al - most per - suad - ed"

Christ to re - ceive; Seems now my soul to say, "Go, Spir - it,
 turn not a - way; Je - sus in - vites you here; An - gels are
 doom comes at last; "Al - most" can - not a - void; "Al - most" is

go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
 lin - g'ring near; Pray'r's rise from hearts so dear; O wan - d'r'er come!
 but to fail; Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail - "Al - most - but lost."

270

While Jesus Whispers.

W. E. WITTER.

COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER.

R. R. PALMER.

1. While Je - sus whispers to you, Come, sinner, come! While we are praying for you, Come, sinner, come!
 2. Are you too heav - y - la - den? Come, sinner, come! Je - sus will bear your burden, Come, sinner, come!
 3. O hear His tender pleading, Come, sinner, come! Come and receive the blessing, Come, sinner, come!

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

To - Day The Savior Calls.

S. SMITH.

E. MASON.

1. To - day the Saviour calls; Ye wand'rers, come; O ye be - nighted souls, Why longer roam?
 2. To - day the Saviour calls; Oh, hear Him now; Within these sacred walls To Je - sus bow.
 3. The Spir - it calls to - day; Yield to His pow'r, Oh, grieve Him not a - way, 'Tis mercy's hour.

No. 271.

There's a Great Day Coming.

W. L. T.

USED BY PER. W. L. THOMPSON & CO., EAST LIVERPOOL, O., AND
THE THOMPSON MUSIC CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

WILL L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a great day com-ing by and by;
2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a bright day com-ing by and by;
3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a sad day com-ing by and by;

When the saints and the sinners shall be parted right and left,
But its brightness shall only come to them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come
When the sinner shall hear his doom, "Depart, I know ye not,"

CHORUS. *m pp*

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the judgment day? For the judgment day?

No. 272. On Jordan's Stormy Banks.

Rev. Samuel Stennett

T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. { On Jor-dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish-ful eye, } my pos-ses-sions lie.
To Ca-naan's fair and hap-py land, Where

We will rest in the fair and hap-py land, by and by, Just a-cross on the ev-er-green shore,
ev-er-green shore.

Sing the song of Mos-es and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je-sus ev-er more.

- 2 O'er all those wide-extended plains, | 3 When shall I reach that happy place, | 4 Filled with delight, my raptured soul
Shines one eternal day; And be forever blest? Would here no longer stay;
There God the Son forever reigns, When shall I see my Father's face, Tho' Jordan's waves around me roll,
And scatters might away. And in His bosom rest? Fearless I'd launch away.

No. 273

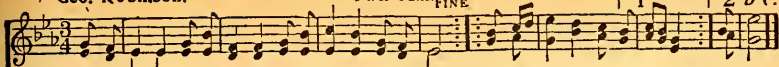
Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson.

First Tune. FINE.

John Wyeth.

1-2 D. C.



1. Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } Teach me some melodious sonnet, }
 Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; } Sung by flam-ing tongues } a-bove;

D. C.—Praise the mount, I'm fixed up-on it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.



<p>1 Come, Thon Fount of ev'ry 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, I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy redeeming love.</p>	<p>2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer, Hither by Thy help I'll come; And I hope, by Thy good pleasure, Safely to arrive at home: Jesus sought me when a stranger, Wandering from the fold of God; He, to rescue me from danger, Interposed His precious blood.</p>	<p>3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor Daily I'm constrained to be! Let Thy goodness, like a fetter, Bind my wandering heart to Thee; Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it, Prone to leave the God I love; [it, Here's my heart, oh, take and seal Seal it for Thy courts above.</p>
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No. 274

I Love Jesus, He's My Savior.

Geo. Robinson.

Second Tune.

J. J. Rousseau.

1-2 D. C.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev'ry blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace, } I love Je-sus, Hal-le-lu-jah! }
 Streams of mer-cy, never ceas-ing Call for songs of loudest praise; } I love Je-sus, yes I } dol

D. C.—I love Je-sus, He's my Savior; Jesus smiles and loves me too.



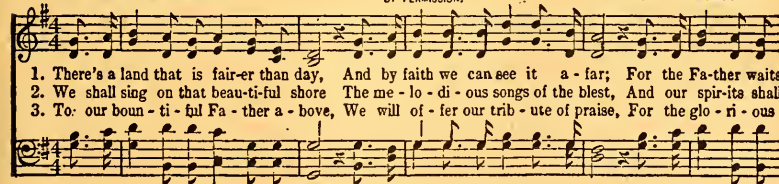
No. 275

Sweet By-and-By.

S. Fillmore Bennett.

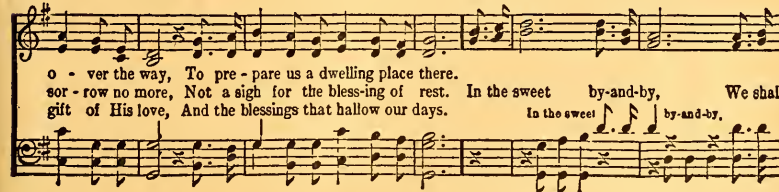
BY PERMISSION.

Jos. P. Webster.



1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-far; For the Fa-ther waits
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The me-lo-di-ous songs of the blest, And our spir-its shall
 3. To: our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our trib-ute of praise, For the glo-ri-ous

CHORUS.



o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a dwelling place there.
 sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the bless-ing of rest. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall
 gift of His love, And the blessings that hallow our days. In the sweet by-and-by.



meet on that beautiful shore; In the sweet by-and-by, We shall meet on that beautiful shore.
 by-and-by; In the sweet by-and-by, by-and-by.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams.

1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (Omit.) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (Omit.) Near-er to Thee.

2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 277 Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett.

Thomas Hastings.

1. Ma-jes-tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair-er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep-dis-tress, And flew to my re-lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,

His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and bread,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 278 The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote.

BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness; } On Christ the Sol-id
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name. }

Rock, I stand; All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

2 When darkness veils His lovely face; I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

Stand Up for Jesus.

George Duffield.

First Tune.

G. J. Webb.

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sold - iers of the cross; Lift high His roy - al ban - ner,
D. S.—Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished

FINE D. S.
It must not suf - fer loss: From vic - t'ry un - to vic - t'ry His arm - y shall He lead,
And Christ is Lord in - deed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day,
"Ye that are men, now eerve Him,"
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own,
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To Him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall he;
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

280

The Morning Light is Breaking.

First or Second Tune.

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 hending
Before the God of love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners now confessing,
The gospel's call obey,
And seek a Savior's blessing,
A nation in a day.

3 Blest river of salvation,
Pursue thy 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."

281

O Jesus, Thou Art Standing.

William W. How.

Second Tune.

Justin H. Knecht.

1. O Je - sus, Thou art standing Out - side the fast - closed door, In lowly patience waiting To pass the threshold o'er:

We bear the name of Christians, His name and sign we bear; O shame, thrice shame upon us, To keep Him standing there!

1 O Jesus, Thou art standing
Outside the fast-closed door,
In lowly patience waiting
To pass the threshold o'er:
We bear the name of Christians,
His name and sign we bear;
O shame, thrice shame upon us,
To keep Him standing there!

2 O Jesus, Thou art knocking;
And lo! that hand is scarred,
And thorns Thy brow encircle,
And tears Thy face have marred:
O love that passeth knowledge,
So patiently to wait!
O sin that hath no equal
So fast to bar the gate!

3 O Jesus Thou art pleading
In accents meek and low,
"I died for you, my children,
And will ye treat me so?"
O Lord, with shame and sorrow
We open now the door;
Dear Savior, enter, enter,
And leave us never more!

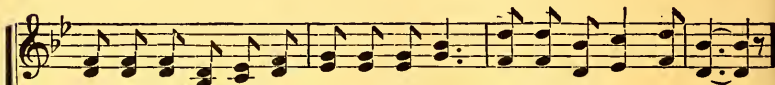
Is Thy Heart Right with God?

E. A. H.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.



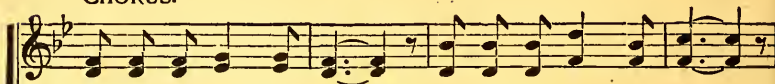
1. Have thy affections been nail'd to the cross? Is thy heart right with God?
2. Hast thou do-min-ion o'er self and o'er sin? Is thy heart right with God?
3. Is there no more con-dem-na-tion for sin? Is thy heart right with God?
4. Are all thy pow'rs under Je-sus' con-trol? Is thy heart right with God?
5. Art thou now walking in heaven's pure light? Is thy heart right with God?



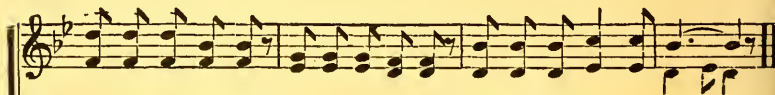
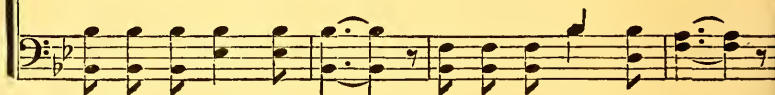
Dost thou count all things for Jesus but loss? Is thy heart right with God?
 O - ver all e - vil with-out and with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does Je-sus rule in the tem-ple with-in? Is thy heart right with God?
 Does He each moment a-bide in thy soul? Is thy heart right with God?
 Is thy soul wearing the garment of white? Is thy heart right with God?



CHORUS.



Is thy heart right with God, Washed in the crim - son flood,



Cleans'd and made holy, humble and lowly, Right in the sight of God?

of God.



D. S. L.

DONALD S. LUNDIN.

1. In the clouds of heav'n re-tur-n-ing To the earth a - gain, Soon we'll
 2. Rise and trim your lamps, ye vir-gins, For the mid-night nears; Keep them
 3. Bless-ed are those faith-ful serv-ants, At our Lord's re-tur-n, Whom he'll

meet the King of glo - ry, And with him shall reign. Tho' re-ject - ed
 filled with oil, and burning, Till the Lord ap - pears. Gird your loins a -
 find a-wake and watching; All the rest shall mourn. He'll re-ceive them

D. S.—To his throne of

by the build-ers, Who did him de - spise, We'll be changed and be like him,—
 bout with truth, keep Looking to the skies, Waiting for our Bride-groom-King—
 to him-self, to Dwell in Par-a - dise; God shall wipe away their tears,—

end - less glo - ry, We with him shall rise, Clad in robes of spotless white—

FINE. CHORUS. *f*

'Tis mar-vel-ous in our eyes. Sing hal-le-lu - jah! Let the an - them

'Tis mar-vel-ous in our eyes.

D. S.

ring; Shout loud the prais - es Of our Sav-ior King:.....
 Hal - le - lu - jah!

Fighting For the Right.

A. J. CLEATOR.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris

C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. Tho' might-y hosts of sin as-sail, Ap-pall-ing to the sight, We'll
 3. Tho' fierce and long the bat-tle's tide, 'Twill not 'our souls af-fright; Je-
 2. With one ac-cord, then on-ward, all! The vic-t'ry lies in sight; The

CHORUS.

on-ward go, for this we know-We're fighting for the right. We're fight-ing,
 ho-vah's pow'r is on our side-We're fighting for the right. We're fight-ing, fight-ing,
 might-y foe must sure-ly fall--We're fighting for the right.

fight-ing, fight-ing for the right, The foe must all take, the
 fight-ing, fight-ing. The foe must all take fight, take fight the

foe must all take fight, We'll on-ward go, for this we
 on-ward go, we'll on-ward go, for this we know, for

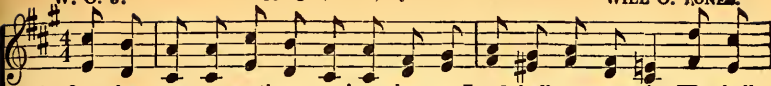
know, We're fight-ing, fight-ing, fight-ing for the right.
 this we know, We're fight-ing, fight-ing, fight-ing, fight-ing,

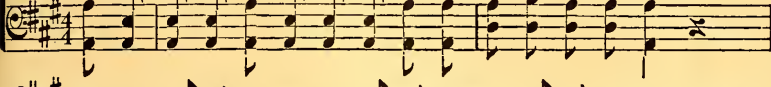
Resurrection Morning.

W. O. J.

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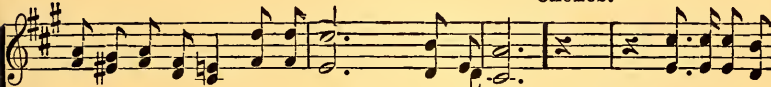
WILL O. JONES.

- 
1. On the res - ur - rec - tion morning when our Lord shall come a - gain, We shall
 2. On that res - ur - rec - tion morning we shall see his glo - ry bright, We shall
 3. How the loved who left us lone - ly, will re - joice to see us there! We shall

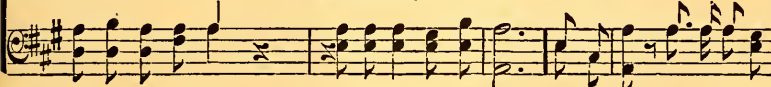


rise, we shall rise; In the dawn - ing of that morn - ing, see the
 rise, we shall rise; Hail our Sav - ior King for - ev - er, robed in
 rise, we shall rise; O what sing - ing, O what shouting, when we
 We shall rise, we shall rise;

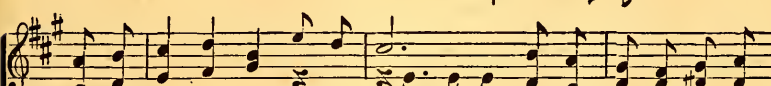
CHORUS.




Lamb for sinners slain: We shall rise, we shall rise.
 maj - es - ty and might, We shall rise, we shall rise. We shall rise, hal - le - lu - jah!
 meet them in the air! We shall rise, we shall rise.
 We shall rise,



we shall rise with him In the air; in the air; On that res - ur - rec - tion



morning We shall greet our Lord re - turn - ing, Ev - er - more to reign.
 Ev - er - more to reign.



When Jesus Appears.

'When the Chief Shepherd shall appear, ye shall receive a crown of glory that fadeth not away.'—1 PETER 5: 4.

T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. When with the angels Christ Jesus shall come, When He shall gather His ransomed ones home,
 2. When in His kingdom the Sav-ior shall own All His redeemed ones joint-heirs to His throne,
 3. When all our partings with loved ones are past, When we shall greet one another at last,
 4. When we shall see on that beau-ti-ful shore Jesus our Savior, the Christ we a-dore—
 5. Welcome, glad morning! hail, glo-ri-ous day! Je-sus is com-ing in gorgeous ar-ray;
 6. Then we shall know Him as here we are known, Then we shall reap the glad harvest we've sown,

1. We shall forsake this dark valley of tears, Glad in new beauty when Je-sus ap-pears.
 2. We shall a-rise while the firmament clears, "Caught up together," when Jesus ap-pears.
 3. O what a shout will resound thru the spheres! Glad hal-le-lu-jahs, when Je-sus ap-pears.
 4. O how this promise the weary one cheers! "With Him for-ev-er," when Je-sus ap-pears.
 5. Lo, in His chariot the Bless-ed One nears! Christ our Beloved, in glo-ry ap-pears.
 6. Then shall we sing thru e-ter-ni-ty's years: Wonderful prospect! when Je-sus ap-pears.

CHORUS.

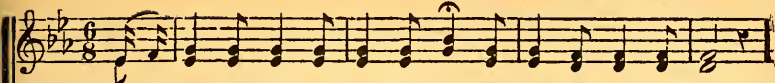
Af - - - ter our tri - - als, All our sorrows and tears,.....
 After our cares (and) temptations and tears,

Af-ter our tri - als,

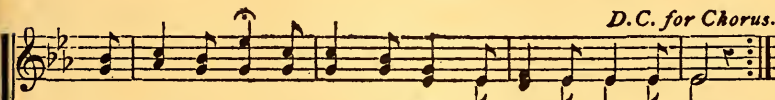
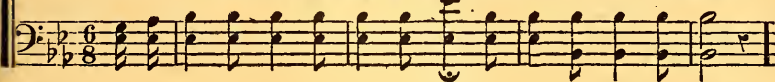
We..... shall be like Him When Je - - - sus ap-pears.....
 We shall awake, clad in His likeness, When the Chief Shepherd in glo-ry ap-pears.

The Pilgrim Company.

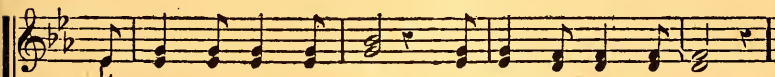
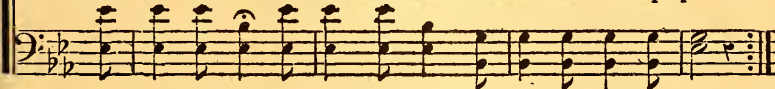
Arranged by Rev. W. McDONALD.



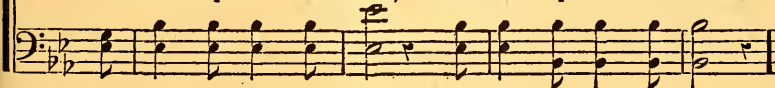
1. What poor de-spi-sed com-pa-ny Of trav-el-ers are these,
Chorus.—I had rath-er be the least of them, Who are the Lord's a-lone,
 2. Ah! these are of a roy-al line, All children of a King!
 3. Why do they then ap-pear so mean? And why so much de-spis'd?

*D. C. for Chorus.*

Who walk in yon-der nar-row way, A-long that rug-ged maze?
 Than wear a roy-al di-a-dem, And sit up-on a throne.
 Heirs of im-mor-tal crowns di-vine, And lo! for joy they sing.
 Be-cause of their rich robes un-seen The world is not ap-pris'd.



And sit up-on a throne, And sit up-on a throne;



Than wear a roy-al di-a-dem, And sit up-on a throne.



4

6

But some of them seem poor, distress'd, But why keep they the narrow road,
 And lacking daily bread: That rugged thorny maze?
 Ah! they're of boundless wealth possess'd, Why, that's the way their Leader trod;
 With heavenly manna fed. They love and keep his ways.

6

7

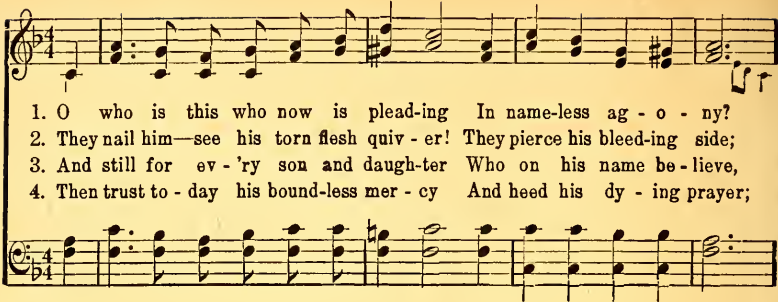
Why do they shun the pleasing path
 That worldlings love so well?
 Because it is the way to death:
 The open road to hell.

What, is there then no other road
 To Salem's happy ground?
 Christ is the only way to God:
 None other can be found.

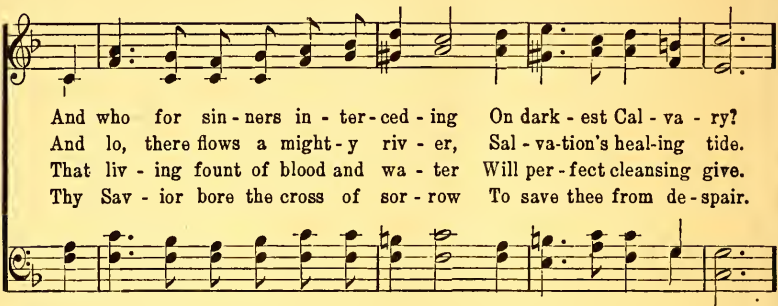
His Dying Prayer.

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.

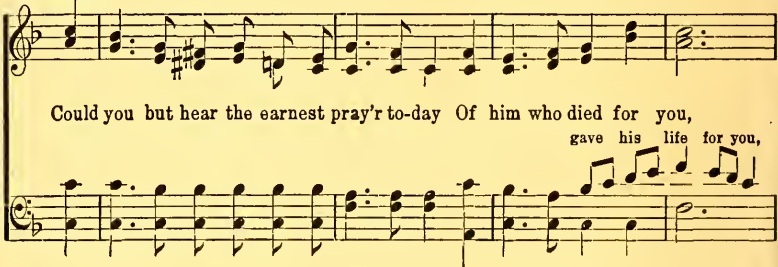


1. O who is this who now is plead-ing In name-less ag - o - ny?
 2. They nail him—see his torn flesh quiv - er! They pierce his bleed-ing side;
 3. And still for ev - 'ry son and daugh-ter Who on his name be-lieve,
 4. Then trust to - day his bound-less mer - cy And heed his dy - ing prayer;



And who for sin - ners in - ter - ced - ing On dark - est Cal - va - ry?
 And lo, there flows a might - y riv - er, Sal - va - tion's heal - ing tide.
 That liv - ing fount of blood and wa - ter Will per - fect cleansing give.
 Thy Sav - ior bore the cross of sor - row To save thee from de - spair.

CHORUS.



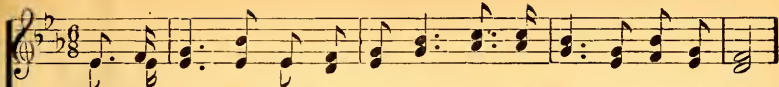
Could you but hear the earnest pray'r to-day Of him who died for you,
 gave his life for you,



How could you from such pleading turn away? Forgive, they know not what they do.

Rev. L. H.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.



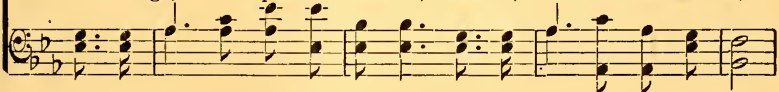
1. Let me go where saints are go - ing, To the man - sions of the blest;
 2. Let me go where none are wea - ry, Where is raised no wail of woe;
 3. Let me go, why should I tar - ry? What has earth to bind me here?



Let me go where my Re - deem - er Has pre - par'd His peo - ple's rest;
 Let me go, and bathe my spir - it In the rapt - ures an - gels know;
 What, but cares, and toils, and sor - rows, What, but cares, and pain, and fears?



I would gain the realms of brightness, Where they go out nev - er - more,
 Let me go, for bliss e - ter - nal Lures my soul a - way a - way,
 Let me go, for hopes most cherish'd, Blast - ed, round me oft - en lie;



I would join the friends that wait me O - ver on the oth - er shore.
 And the vic - tor's song tri - um - phant, Thrills my heart, I can - not stay.
 O! I've gath - ered bright - est flow - ers, But to see them fade and die.



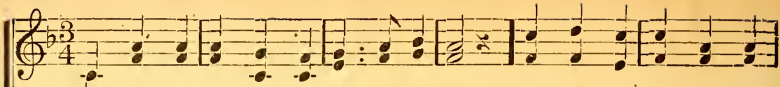
- 4 Let me go where tears and sighing
 Are forever more unknown;
 Where the joyous songs of glory
 Call me to a happier home.
 Let me go, I'd cease this dying,
 I would gain life's fairer plains;
 Let me join the myriad harpers,
 Let me chant their rapturous strains.

- 5 Let me go, O speed my journey,
 Saints and seraphs lure away;
 O! I almost feel the raptures,
 That belong to endless day.
 Oft methinks I hear the singing
 That is only heard above:
 Let me go, O speed my going,
 Let me go where all is love.



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REV. E. S. UFFORD.


E. S. U.



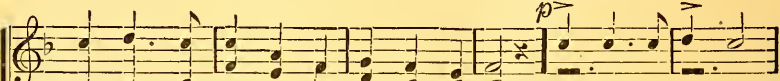
1. Throw out the life-line a-cross the dark wave, There is a brother whom
 2. Throw out the life-line with hand quick and strong; Why do you tar-ry, why
 3. Throw out the life-line to danger-fraught men, Sink-ing in anguish where
 4. Soon will the sea-son of res-cue be o'er, Soon will they drift to e-

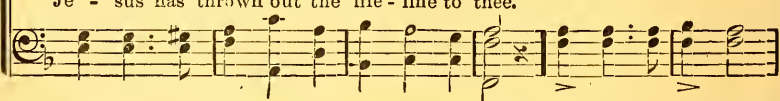
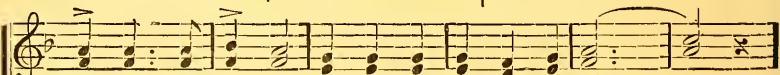
some one should save; Some-body's brother! O who then will dare To
 lin-ger so long? See, he is sinking! O hast-en to-day, And
 you've nev-er been; Winds of temptation and bil-lows of woe Will
 ter-ni-ty's shore; Trust, now, his mercy so gracious and free, For



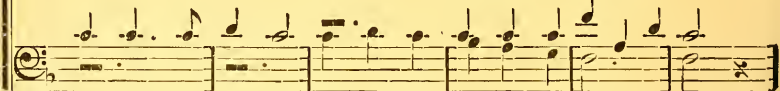

CHORUS.




throw out the life-line, his per-il to share? Throw out the life-line!
 out with the life-boat! a-way then, a-way.
 soon hurl them out where the dark wa-ters flow.
 Je-sus has thrown out the life-line to thee.

Throwout the life-line! Some one is drift-ing a-way; . . .
 Some one is drifting a-way;

Throw out the life-line! Throw out the life-line, Some one is sinking to-day!



Jesus Paid it All.

1 I hear the Savior say, "Thy strength indeed is small, Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in me thine all in all."

CHORUS.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe; Sin had left a crimson stain, He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garments white
In the blood of Calv'ry's Lamb.

4 And when, before the throne,
I stand in Him complete
"Jesus died my soul to save,"
My lips shall still repeat.

292

W. Cowper

There is a Fountain.

Lowell Mason.

1. } There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their
D.S. And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their

FINE D. C.

guilty stains; Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains;
guilty stains;

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

3 Thou dying Lamb, Thy precious
Shall never lose its power, [blood
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more

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

293

W. Cowper.

Glorious Fountain.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. There is a fount-ain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood, There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn
And sinners, plung'd beneath that food, beneath that food, beneath that food, And sinners plung'd beneath that food, Lose

CHORUS.

from Immanuel's veins;
all their guilty stains. Ob, glorious fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

No. 294

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

First Tune.

J. P. Holbrook.

1. Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, While the near - er wa - ters
 2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my helpless soul on Thee; Leave, oh, leave me not a -
 3. Thou, O Christ, art all I want; More than all in Thee I find; Raise the fal - len, cheer the
 4. Plenteous grace with Thee is found, Grace to cov - er all my sin; Let the heal - ing streams a -

roll, While the tem - pest still is high. Hide me, O - my Sav - ior hide, Till the
 lone, Still sup - port and com - fort me. All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my
 faint, Heal the sick, and lead the blind. Just and ho - ly is Thy name, I am
 bound; Make and keep me pure with - in. Thou of life the fount - ain art, Free - ly

storm of life is past; Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!
 help from Thee I bring; Cov - er my de - fense - less head With the shad - ow of Thy wing.
 all un - right - eous - ness; Vile and full of sin I am, Thou are full of truth and grace.
 let me take of Thee; Spring Thon up with - in my heart, Rise to all e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 295

Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Second Tune.

FINE

S. B. Marsh. D. C.

1. { Je - sus, Lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, } { Hide me, O, my Sav - ior hide, }
 { While the nearer waters roll, While the tempest still is high. } { Till the storm of life is past; }
 D. C. - Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, O re - ceive my soul at last!

No. 296

From Every Stormy Wind that Blows.

Hugh Stowell.

Third Tune.

Thomas Hastings.

1. From ev - ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - ry swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
 2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be -

sure re - treat: 'Tis found be - neath the mer - cy seat.
 sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,
 Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
 Though sundered far, by faith they meet
 Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,
 And sin and sense molest no more;
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
 While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And thro' its portals gleam-ing; A radiance from the Cross a - far
 2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the great and small,

REFRAIN.

The Sav-ior's love re - veal - ing. O depths of mer-cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?
 Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion.

For me..... for me?... Was left a - jar for me?
For me For me

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

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay
 The cross that here is given,
 And bear the crown of life away,
 And love Him more in Eden,

1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
 2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,

CHORUS.

God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet.... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain.

feet;
till we meet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.

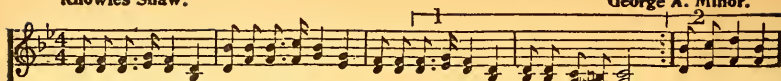
3 God be with you till we meet again,
 When life's perils thick confound' you,
 Put His arms unfailing round you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

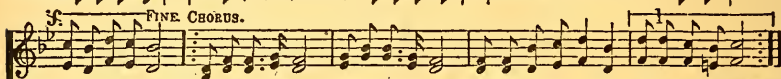
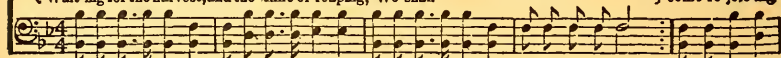
Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw.

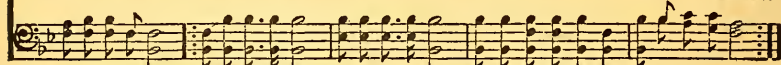
George A. Minor.



1. { Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eve; }
 { Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall } come re-joic-ing



bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
 D.S.—Second time.



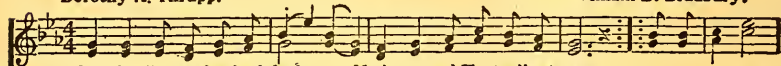
- 2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
 Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
 By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.
- 3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
 Though the loss sustained our spirit often grieves;
 When our weeping's over, He will bid us welcome,
 We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

300

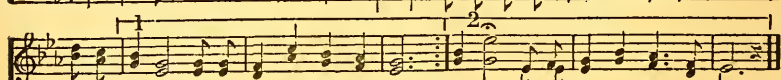
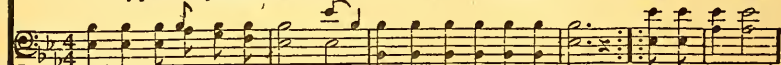
Savior, Like a Shepherd.

Dorothy A. Thrupp.

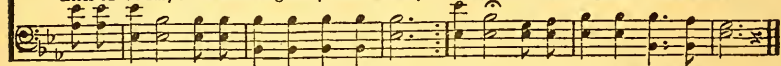
William B. Bradbury.



1. { Sav-ior, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy tend' rest care: }
 { In Thy pleas-ant past-ures feed us, For our use Thy folds pre- pare: } Bless- ed Je- sus,



Bless-ed Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are; Je-sus, Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.

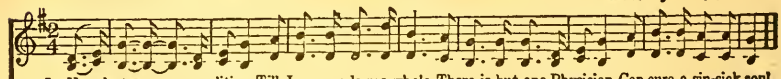


- 2 We are Thine; do Thou befriend us,
 Be the Guardian of our way;
 Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us.
 Seek us when we go astray:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Hear, oh, hear us when we pray.
- 3 Thou hast promised to receive us,
 Poor and sinful though we be,
 Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
 Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free
 Blessed Jesus,
 We will early turn to Thee.
- 4 Early let us seek Thy favor,
 Early let us do Thy will;
 Blessed Lord and only Savior,
 With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 Blessed Jesus,
 Thou hast loved us, love us still.

301

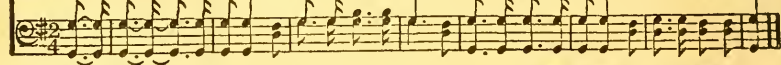
Balm in Gilead.

Arr. by E. O. E.



1. How lost was my condition, Till Jesus made me whole, There is but one Physician, Can cure a sin-sick soul.
 2. The worst of all dis-eases, Is light compared with sin, On ev-'ry part it seiz-es, But rages most with-in.

CRD.—There's a balm in Gilead, To make the wounded whole, There's pow'r enough in Jesus, To cure a sin-sick soul.



- 3 'Tis palsy, plague, and fever,
 And madness all combined,
 And none but a believer,
 The least relief can find.
- 4 A dying, risen Jesus
 Seen by the eye of faith,
 At once from danger frees us
 And saves the soul from death.
- 5 Come then to this Physician
 His help He'll freely give,
 He makes no hard condition,
 'Tis only look and live.

Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson.

Wm. G. Fischer.

1. { Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; } Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe;
 { I want Thee for - ev - er' to live in my soul; }
 2. { Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, } I give up my-self, and what-ev - er I know;
 { And help me to make a com-plete sac-ri - fice; }

FINE CHORUS. **D. S.**
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and
 D. S.—I shall be whiter than snow.

3 Lord Jesus, for this I most humbly entreat,
 I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy crucified feet,
 By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow,
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

4 Lord Jesus, Thou seest I patiently wait;
 Come now, and within me a new heart create;
 To those who have sought Thee, Thou never said'st no;
 Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

303 Is My Name Written There? Frank M. Davis.

M. A. K.

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, [Omit] }

FINE. **REFRAIN.** **D. S.**
 Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?
 D. S.—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 Savior, Is sufficient for me;
 For Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
 "Tho' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With 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 asking, Is my name written there?

304 The Old Time Religion.

CHC—'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, 'Tis the old time re-lig-ion, And it's good enough for me.
 1. It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, It was good for our mothers, And it's good enough for me.

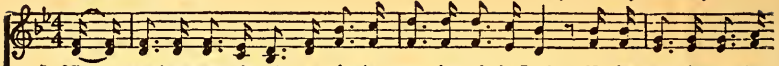
3 Makes me love everybody.
 3 It has saved our fathers.
 4 It was good for the Propbet Daniel.
 5 It was good for the Hebrew children.

6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
 7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
 8 It will do when I am dying.

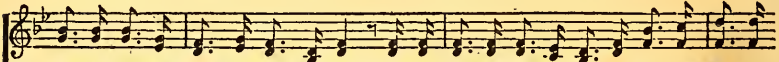
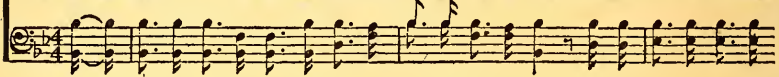
No. 305. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

Julia Ward Howe.

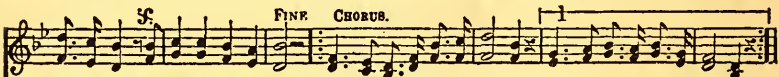
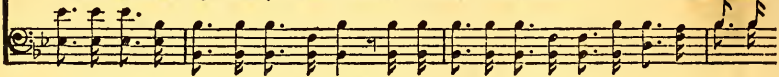
Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



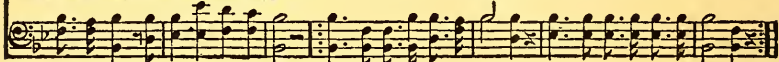
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo-ry of the com-ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling ont the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have buildd Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev-er call re-treat; He is sift-ing out the
4. In the beau-ty of the lil-ies, Christ was born a -cross the sea, With a glo-ry in His



vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter-ri-
al - tar in the eve-ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make



ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
flar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. { Glo - ryl glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jahl Glo-ryl glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jahl
lant my feet, Our God is marching on. { Glo - ryl glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jahl (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.



No. 306.

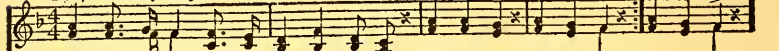
No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr.

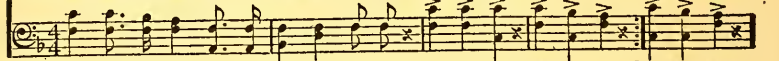
USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG,
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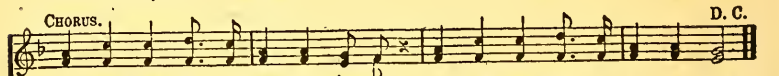
Slow, and with feeling.



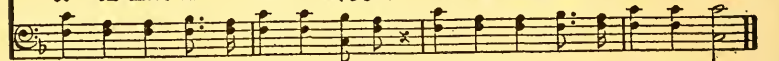
1. { There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! no, not one!
- { None else could heal all our souls' dis - eas - es, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!



D. C.—There's not a friend like the low - ly Je - sus, No, not one! [*Omit . . .*] no, not one!



Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done



- 2 No friend like Him is so high and holy, No, etc.
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly, No, etc.
- 3 There's not an hour that He is not near us, No, etc.
No night so dark but His love can cheer us, No, etc.
- 4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him? No, etc.
Or sinner find that He would not take Him? No, etc.

No. 307

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

First Tune.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dismayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow;
4. "When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie, My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply,

What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gracious, omnipotent hand.
 For I will be with thee, thy trials to bless, And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.
 The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
 My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
 And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
 Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
 I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 308 My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.
- 2 Tho' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
 Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
 Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
 No harm can befall with my Comforter near.
- 3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
 With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
 O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

No. 309 Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

- 1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
 The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
 No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
 Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
 The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
 A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
 To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
 For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today;
 Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
 Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

No. 310

How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith.

Second Tune.

Portogallo.

1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He

say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

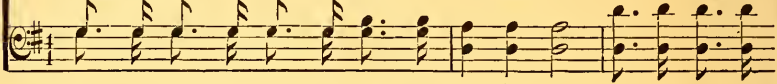
Bring Your Pitcher.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

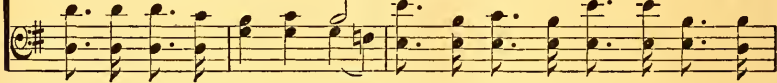
THORO HARRIS.



1. Bring your emp - ty pitch - er ere you thirst and die, From the liv - ing
2. Bring the emp - ty pitch - ers of your needs and woes, Dip them in the
3. Bring your emp - ty pitch - er, fill it brim - ming o'er From the Spring E -



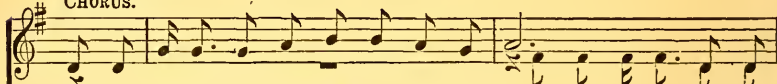
foun - tain take a full sup - ply, Rip - pling in its cool - ness o'er life's
wat - er that so free - ly flows; All will find a wel - come, come with -
ter - nal, drink as ne'er be - fore, Share with those who need it of the



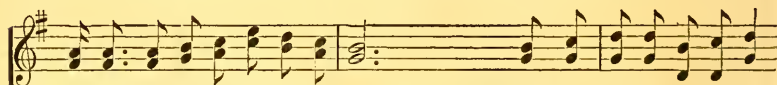
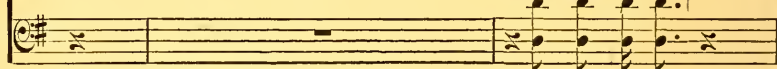
des - ert sand, Stream of end - less mer - cy from the bet - ter land.
out a fear, Taste and know the sweet - ness of the Christ so dear.
bliss - ful flow, Till its heal - ing pow - ers ev - 'ry heart shall know.



CHORUS.



Bring your pitch - er, do not pass the foun - tain by; Drink it
Bring your pitch - er.



deep - ly, bear a - way a full sup - ply; Bring your pitch - er as you go,
Bring your pitch - er;



Bring Your Pitcher.

where the liv - ing wat - ers flow, Drops of joy and gladness, making heav'n be-low.

312

I am the Lord's.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

J. W. BISCHOFF.

1. In Je - sus I have found sweet rest, With heav'nly peace my soul is blest;
2. Be - neath the shad - ow of his wings, My soul in ver - y tri - umph sings;
3. Tho' clouds of sor - row of - ten come To in - ter - cept my view of home,
4. In life henceforth, thro' grace divine, My lamp well trimm'd shall burn and shine;

My heart with thankfulness o'er-flows: O how de-light-ful this re-pose!
Be - hind his mer - cies firm and broad, My soul is hid with Christ in God.
By faith a heav'nly light is seen To gild the gloom that lies between.
In death I'll sing a - bove the flood That I am saved thro' Je - sus' blood.

CHORUS.

I'm bound to Christ by love's sweet cords, Living or dy - ing I am the Lord's;

I'm bound to Christ by love's sweet cords, O yes, I am the Lord's.

M. M. W.

FINE

M. M. Wells.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re - lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."

D. C.

Pil - grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear; When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus blood;

314

Holy Ghost, with Love Divine.

A. Reed.

Gottschalk.

1. Ho - ly Ghost, with light divine, Shine up - on this heart of mine;

2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine,
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

Chase the shades of night a - way, Turn my dark - ness in - to day.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

315

Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber.

John B. Dykes.

1. Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al - might - y! Ear - ly in the morn - 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, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin - ful 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 might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher - u - bim and ser - a - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and er - er - more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per - fect in pow - er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty.

A Little Talk.

1. Tho' dark the night, and clouds look black And stormy o - ver-head, And
2. When those who once were dearest friends Be - gin to per - se - cute, And
3. And thus, by fre - quent lit - tle talks, I gain the vic - to - ry, And

trials of al - most ev - 'ry kind A - cross my path are spread; How
those who once pro - fessed to love Have si - lent grown and mute, I
march a - long with cheer - ful song, En - joy - ing lib - er - ty; With

soon I con - quer all, As to the Lord I call, — A lit - tle talk with
tell Him all my grief, He quick - ly sends re - lief, — A lit - tle talk with
Je - sus as my friend, I'll prove un - til the end, A lit - tle talk with

D.S.—trials of ev - 'ry kind, Praise God, I al - ways find, A lit - tle talk with

FINE. CHORUS.

Je - sus makes it right, all right. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it
Je - sus makes it right, all right.

right, all right, A lit - tle talk with Je - sus makes it right, all right; In

T. H.

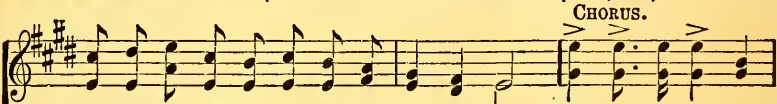
THORO HARRIS.



1. Lord, make this place a life - sav - ing sta - tion To sail - ors lost on
2. Ma - ny are drift - ing, hope - less - ly drift - ing, On to the reef of
3. May we some oth - er sis - ter or broth - er, Tost on the waves of



o - cean's storm - y main, Lift - ing the pre - cious light of sal - va - tion,
 sor - row and de - spair; Launching the life - boat, haste to the res - cue
 life's tem - pes - tuous sea, Some o - cean ran - ger, snatch from his dan - ger,

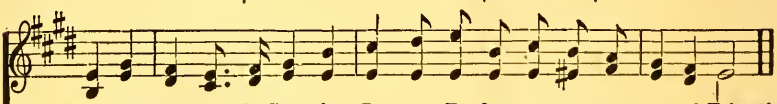
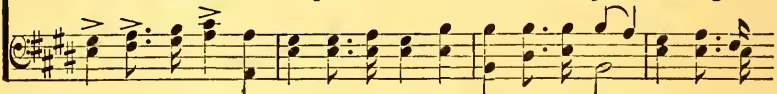


CHORUS.

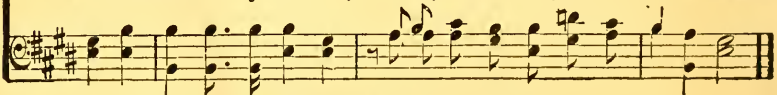
That the lost and dy - ing may re - vive a - gain.
 Of the souls that per - ish in the dark - ness there. On to the res - cue!
 Land him in the ha - ven, saved e - ter - nal - ly.



On to the res - cue! In pure de - vo - tion our lives to spend; Trusting for -



ev - er Man's on - ly Sav - ior, Je - sus, Re - deem - er, our e - ter - nal Friend!

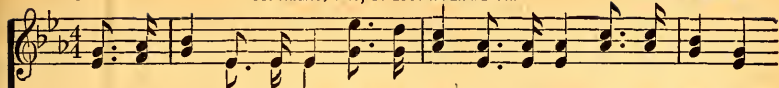


If You Only Could Know.

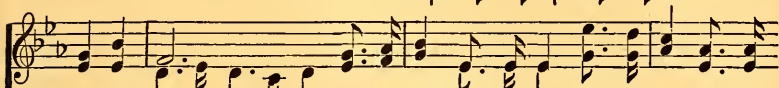
T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY LUCY RIDER MEYER.

Thoro Harris.



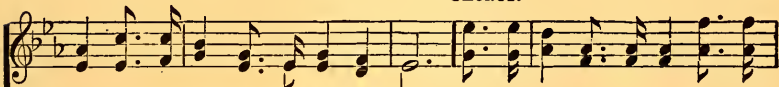
1. If you on - ly could know! Je - sus bore all your woe, All your heav - y
 2. If you on - ly could know All the love He'd be - stow—How He longs to
 3. O re - spond to His call; Let Him save you from all Your im - pur - i -



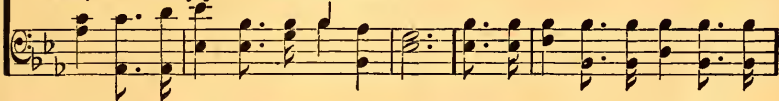
weight of sin, When He suffered and died, On the cross cru - ci -
 make you whole—^{your guilt and sin,} You would trust in His word, Crown Him Master and
 ty and woe; ^{to make you whole—} Yield to Je - sus your will, Rest in Him and be
^{your sin and woe;}



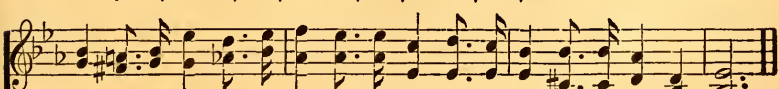
CHORUS.



fied, You would welcome the Sav - ior in.
 Lord, Yielding all to His blest con - trol. If you on - ly could know! Je - sus
 still, And the joy of the ransomed know.



cares for you so! Tho' a - far you have wandered a - way, You would
^{so far a - way,}



list to the word Of your Savior and Lord, And re - turn to the fold to - day.



I'm Going Through.

H. B.

Arr. by Thoro Harris.

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Herbert Buffum.

Arr. by Wm. B. Olmstead.

1. Lord, I have start-ed to walk in the light That shines on my pathway
 2. Ma - ny once start-ed to run in this race, But with our Redeemer
 3. Let me but fol-low my Lord all a-lone And have for my pil-low,
 4. Come then, my comrades, and walk in this way That leads to the king-dom

so clear-ly, so bright; I've bade the world and its fol - lies a-dieu, And they could not keep pace; Oth - ers ac-cept-ed be-cause it was new, But like Ja - cob, a stone, Rath-er than vain worldly pleasures pur-sue, Than of un - end-ing day; Turn from your i-dols and join with the few, Start

CHORUS.

now with my Sav-ior I mean to go thro'.
 not ver - y ma - ny seem bound to go thro'. I'm go - ing thro', I'm go - ing
 turn from this pathway and fail to go thro'.
 in with your Savior. and keep going thro'.

thro', I'll pay the price, what - ev - er oth - ers do; I'll take the way

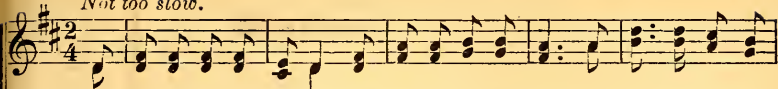
with the Lord's de-spis-ed few; I'm go - ing thro', Jesus, I'm go - ing thro'.

I'm Going All the Way.

REV. S. L. F.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris

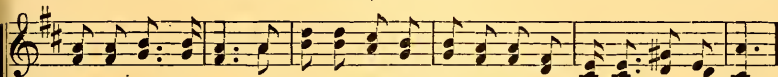
REV. S. L. FLOWERS.

Not too slow.

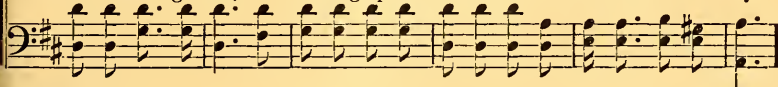
1. When out in sin's dark mountain, I heard the Shepherd's call, "Come, O thou weary
2. While walk-ing in the highway, a - gain I heard Him call: "Come tar-ry till the
3. I don't have time to wor - ry, nor a - ny time to doubt; But when He sends the
4. O broth-er, heed the message, He calls for you to - day: "Come, O thou wea-ry



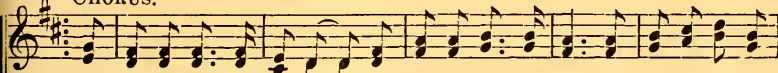
pil-grim, I'll free - ly par - don all." I plunged in - to the foun-tain, it
 pow - er shall down from heav-en fall." I plunged in - to the foun-tain, it
 glo - ry I will take time to shout. I feel like press-ing on-ward, as I
 pil-grim, I'll wash your sins a - way." Then plunge in - to the fountain, from your



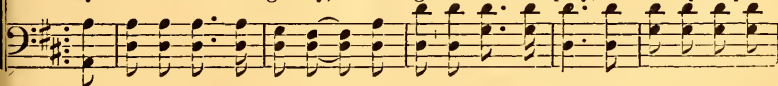
washed my sins a - way, I'm on my way to glo - ry in the good old-fashioned way.
 cleansed me white as snow, I'm on my way to glo - ry, shouting vic-t'ry as I go.
 labor, watch and pray, I'm on my way to glo - ry, and I'm go-ing all the way.
 in-born sin go free, Go run-ning up the mountain un - to fi-nal vic-to - ry.



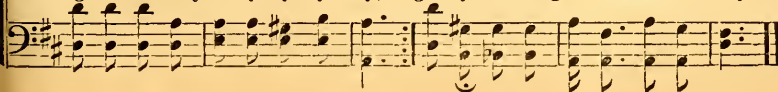
CHORUS.



I'm on my way to glo - ry, I'm going all the way, Each hour the way grows
 My soul is filled with glo - ry, as I sing and shout and pray, I'm on my way to



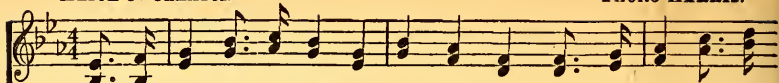
brighter as I journey day by day; glo - ry in the good old-fashioned way.




The Fall of Jericho.

ALICE J. CLEATOR.

THORO HARRIS.

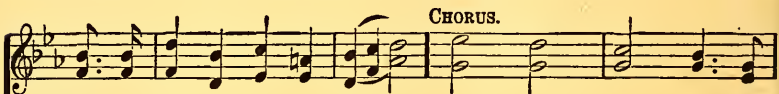


1. Came an an - gel to Josh - ua in com - mand Of the hosts of the
 2. Then ful - fill - ing the word which God had sent, All the forc - es of
 3. On the sev'nth day the va - liant ar - my wound Sev - en times that un -
 4. O ye hosts who now march a - gainst the wrong, Tho' it seem so un -



Lord in hos - tile land, "Sev - en days ye shall march a - round the wall,
 Josh - ua for - ward went; Six full days did they march its walls a - round,
 yield - ing cit - y round; Then with shout of the strong and trum - pet call,
 yield - ing, great and strong, Trust in God for the vic - t'ry, one and all,

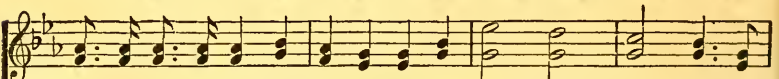
CHORUS.



And great Jer - i - cho shall fall!"
 All in prayerful si - lence bound. For - ward! for - ward! The
 Lo, they saw the cit - y fall! For - ward! for - ward! one and all, The
 And its might - y pow'r shall fall!



might - y walls of Jer - i - cho shall fall! For - ward! for - ward! And
 walls of Jer - i - cho shall fall! Then for - ward! for - ward! let us shout the



shout the cry of vic - t'ry one and all! Then for - ward! for - ward! With
 cry of vic - t'ry one and all; For - ward! for - ward! hear the call! With

The Fall of Jericho. Concluded.

firm, un-daunt-ed faith in God's command, Move forward one and all! Yes,
per - fect faith in God's com-mand,

forward one and all! Great Jer - i - cho shall stand no long-er!

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 4/4. There are some rests and dynamic markings in the score.

322

The Sweetest Name.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD.

THORO HARRIS.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my small-est woe—
4. It tells me of a Father's smile That beams up - on His child;
5. It bids my trembl'ng soul re - joice, And dries each ris - ing tear;

It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweetest name on earth.
It tells me of His precious blood, The sin - ner's per - fect plea.
Who in each sor-row bears a part That none can bear be - low.
It cheers me thro' this lit - tle while, Thro' des-ert waste and wild.
It tells me in a still, small voice, To trust and not to fear.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The second system continues the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 3/4. There are some rests and dynamic markings in the score.

R. L.

Slow.

1. Low in the grave He lay, Je-sus, my Saviour! Waiting the coming day, Je-sus, my Lord!
2. Vainly they watch His bed, Je-sus, my Saviour! Vain-ly they seal the dead, Je-sus, my Lord!
3. Death cannot keep his prey, Je-sus, my Saviour! He tore the bars a-way, Je-sus, my Lord!

CHORUS. *Faster.*

Up from the grave He a-rose, With a might-y triumph o'er His foes;
He a-rose, He a-rose;

He a-rose a vic-tor from the dark domain, And He lives for-ev-er with His
saints to reign; He a-rose! He a-rose! Hal-le-lu-jah! Christ a-rose!
He a-rose! He a-rose!

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. B.

1. "Man of Sor-rows," what a name For the Son of God who came
2. Bear-ing shame and scoff-ing rude, In my place con-demned He stood,
3. Guilt-y, vile and help-less we; Spot-less Lamb of God was He;
4. Lift-ed up was He to die, "It is fin-ished," was His cry;
5. When He comes, our glo-rious King, All His ran-somed home to bring,

Ru-ined sin-ners to re-claim! Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Sealed my par-don with His blood; Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
"Full a-tone-ment!" can it be? Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Now in heav'n ex-alt-ed high, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!
Then a-new this song we'll sing, Hal-le-lu-jah! what a Sav-iour!

More Like My Savior.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

THORO HARRIS.

1. More like my Sav-ior I long to be, Fre'-er from sin and im-
 2. More like my Sav-ior I crave to be, Warm-er with love and with
 3. More like my Sav-ior I pray to be, Self-sac-ri-fic-ing and
 4. More like my Sav-ior I yearn to be, From all my self-love for-

pur - i - ty; More of his like-ness my soul would wear, More of his
 sym - pa - thy, Gen - er - ous, no - ble in thought and deed, Serv - ing with
 good as He, Read - y to suf - fer all pain and loss, Read - y to
 ev - er free; His ho - ly tem - per I would pos - sess, Walk - ing in

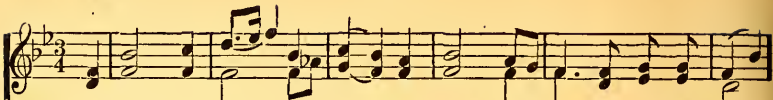
CHORUS.

beau - ti - ful spir - it share.
 care - ful - ness those in need. More like Je - sus I would be, Freed from all im-
 bear the most heav - y cross.
 truth and in right-eous-ness.

pur - i - ty, Cloth'd like him in ho - li-ness, Liv - ing but to help and bless.

E. PERRONET.

DIADEM.



- 1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels prostrate fall,
- 2. Ye chos - en seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran - sored from the fall,
- 3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe On this ter - res - trial ball,
- 4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall,



Let an - gels pros - trate fall, Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
 Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
 On this ter - res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
 We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song,



And crown Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of
 And crown Him, crown Him,



And crown Him, crown Him, crown Him, crown

crown Him, crown Him,



all; crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all!
 crown Him,



. Him, And crown Him Lord of all

God's Promises are Sure.

"They are sure—they are sure if you will only believe."—Last words of Gen. Wm. Booth.

C. B. W.

C. B. WIDMEYER.



1. Broad-er than the o - cean wide, Strong-er than its high-est tide,
2. Firm-er than the mount-ain high, High-er than the dis - tant sky,
3. When this world is wrapped in flame, And the Judge his own shall name,
4. While e - ter - nal years roll on, Thro' the "a - ges yet to come,"



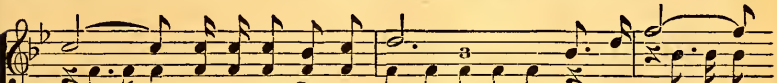
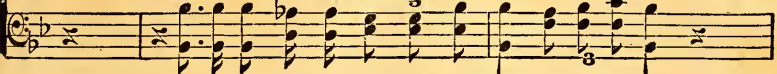
Deep - er than its measuring rod, Are the prom - is - es of God.
 Tho' this earth should pass a - way, Yet God's prom - is - es will stay.
 When the Judg-ment day is past, Yet the prom - is - es still last.
 Still God's prom - is - es are true, And we'll find them ev - er new.



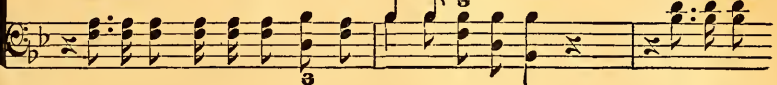
CHORUS.



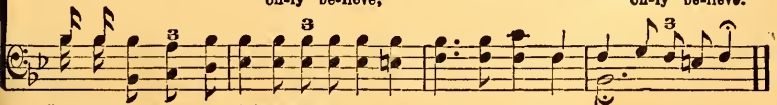
They are sure..... if you on-ly be-lieve, They are
 They are sure if you on-ly be-lieve, on-ly be-lieve,



sure..... if you on-ly be-lieve, They are sure.....
 They are sure if you on-ly be-lieve, on-ly be-lieve, They are sure




if you on-ly be-lieve, God's prom-is-es are sure.
 on-ly be-lieve, on-ly be-lieve.

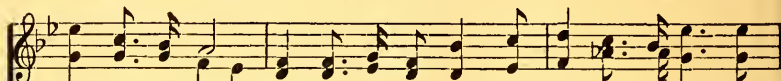


JAMES ROWE.


THORO HARRIS.




1. Close-ly I fol-low my Lord day by day, Since I have en-tered the
 2. Once I was way-ward, vain pleasure I sought, Sel-dom of Je - sus the
 3. Oft from the tempter in vain would I fly, For I was help-less, no
 4. Rap-ture un-bound-ed is mine ev - 'ry day, Christ is my sunshine, my

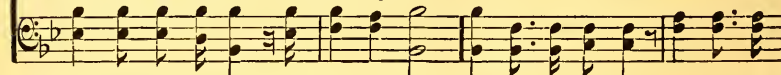
heav-en - ly way; Spot-less my rec - ord re - main - eth a - bove, For
 Sav - ior I tho't; Since he has saved me I care not to rove, For
 pow - er had I; For my sal - va - tion One came from a - bove, And
 hope and my stay; Thus, till he calls me, my faith I must prove, For



CHORUS.



I am a sin-ner re-deemed by love.
 I am a sin-ner re-deemed by love. Saved by the fa-vor Of Christ the
 now I'm a sin-ner re-deemed by love.
 I am a sin-ner re-deemed by love.




Sav-ior, Washed and renewed by One a - bove; This is the sto - ry I'll



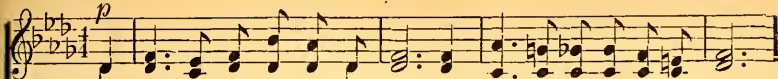

sing in realms of glo-ry: I'm on - ly a sin-ner re-deemed by love.



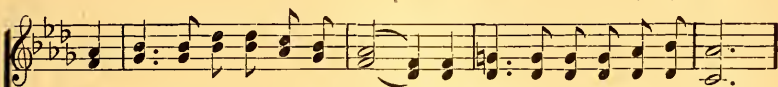
I Seek Thy Face.

W. T. P.

WM. T. PETTENGILL.



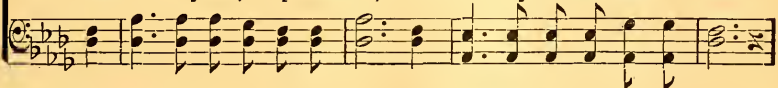
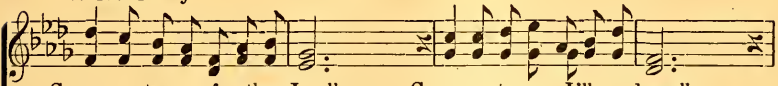
1. O Je - sus, at thy feet I fall, And un - to thee for mer - cy call;
2. My life so dark and sad has been, My heart with e - vil so un - clean;
3. I seek thy face, its light di - vine With - in my soul, O may it shine!



Re - pent - ant at thy cross I kneel; Thy peace with - in I long to feel.
 O Je - sus, hear my plead - ing cry, As to thy ref - uge now I fly.
 The sad - ness, guilt, and gloom dis - pell; Save thou my soul from death and hell.



Heart - bro - ken by my load of sin, Wilt thou, O Christ, not take me in?
 O heed my pray'r, - turn not a - way; Give me thy pard'ning kiss to - day.
 Transform my life, its pattern be; That I may ev - er dwell with thee.

RESPONSE. *mf*

Come un - to me, for thee I call; Come un - to me, I'll pardon all;



Thy soul from all its sin I'll free, Come un - to me, come unto me.....
 come to me.



T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Liv - ing in the Spir - it Ev - 'ry pass - ing day, Do - ing what He bids me
 2. Liv - ing in the Spir - it, Grate - ful - ly I sing Joy - ful al - le - lu - ias
 3. Liv - ing in the Spir - it, For my change I yearn, Watch - ing ev - 'ry mo - ment

All a - long my way; I in Him a - bid - ing, He a - bides in me,
 To my Sav - ior King; Fer - vent - ly a - dor - ing Him who for me died,
 For the Lord's re - turn, Who, in clouds de - scend - ing, Will the heav'ns divide;

CHORUS.

Ear - nest of the hope of Im - mor - tal - i - ty. Liv - - - ing
 All my hope is cen - tered In the Cru - ci - fied.
 Hail the Bridegroom's com - ing For His wait - ing bride! Liv - ing in the Spir - it,

in the Spir - - - it, O..... what
 I am liv - ing in the Spir - it all di - vine: What joy and peace are

joy is mine!..... Glo - - - ry, al - le -
 maine, what joy and peace are mine! O praise Him! Glo - ry be to God on high, O

Living in the Spirit.

lu - ia! Sealed.. with God's own sign.....
 glo - ry, al - le - lu - ia! I am sealed, yes, sealed with God's own sign for - ev - er - more.

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Heaven in My Soul.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. What tho the storm a - round me rage And waves of sor - row roll?
 2. If those I 'love false - heart - ed prove, I'm not of hope be - reft;
 3. God's Spir - it guides my wan - d'ring feet, He's with me all the time;
 4. 'Tis thus I live in Par - a - dise Be - fore I reach the goal;

In prayer and praise I still en - gage - There's heav'n with - in my soul.
 I still con - fide in Fa - ther's love, To me one Friend is left!
 I bow be - fore the mer - cy - seat, And deep - est peace is mine.
 The love of Je - sus here sup - plies A heav'n with - in my soul.

CHORUS.

Sweet peace is mine by night, by day; A joy that none can take a - way;

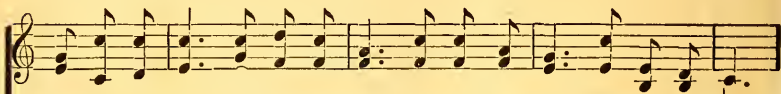
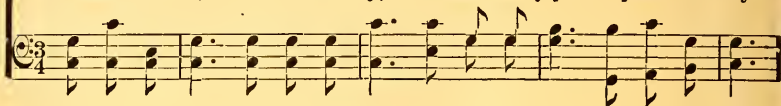
And so my rapt - ured heart can say, There's heav'n with - in my soul.

C. M. S.

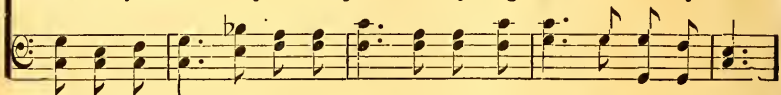
C. M. SEAMANS.



1. My life was dark-ened once by sin, I would not let the Sav-ior in;
2. There is no place I love so well As by my Mas-ter's side to dwell;
3. O hap - py day! O bliss-ful hour! When Je-sus by his match-less pow'r
4. O sin - ful one, do not de - lay, But seek his joy and peace to - day:



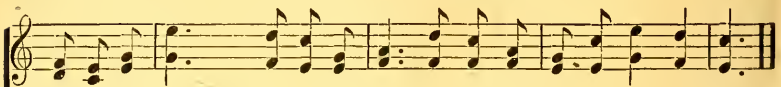
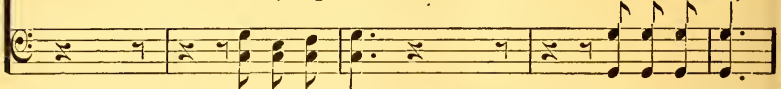
But now I can - not from him part— His dy - ing love has won my heart.
 He bids my doubts and fears de-part, Since dy - ing love has won my heart.
 Broke Sa-tan's spell and mag-ic art, And dy - ing love thus won my heart.
 He will just now to you im - part His dy - ing love that won my heart.



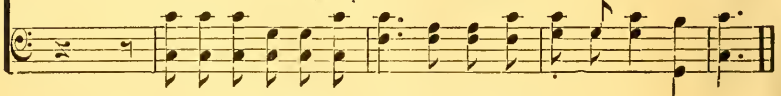
REFRAIN.



His dy-ing love..... has won my heart;.....
 His dy - ing love has won my heart;



And now I can - not from him part—His dy-ing love has won my heart.
 Now I cannot from him part—



Lead Me, Savior.

F. M. D.

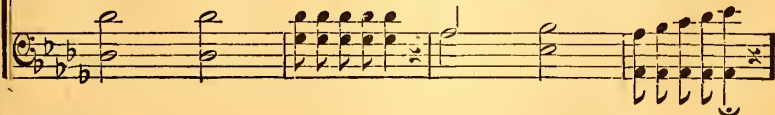
FRANK M. DAVIS.

With expression.

1. Sav-ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;
 2. Thou the refuge of my soul, When life's stormy billows roll,
 3. Sav - ior, lead me, then at last, When the storm of life is past,
 1. Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray, Gen - tly lead me all the way;



I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide.
 I am safe when Thou art nigh, All my hopes on Thee re-ly.
 To the land of endless day, Where all tears are wiped away.
 I am safe when by Thy side, I would in Thy love a-bide,



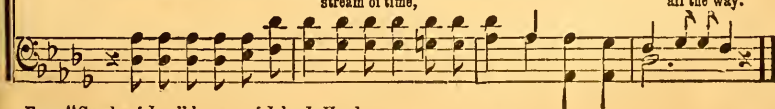
CHORUS.



Lead me, lead me, Sav - ior, lead me, lest I stray,
 lest I stray;



Gently down the stream of time, Lead me, Sav-ior, all the way.
 stream of time, all the way.



A. Alexander.

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Lenna M. Roberts.

1. O blest Re-deem-er, Je-sus our King, Je-sus our Sav-ior,
 2. O hal-le-lu-jah! praise His dear name! Think how He saved us
 3. How can we tell the joy of our heart, Tell of the peace our
 4. O sin-ner, now our mes-sage o-bey, From this Re-deem-er

Thy praise we sing; Thou who did'st suf-fer on Cal-v'ry's tree,
 from guilt and shame, How He re-deemed from sor-row and strife,
 Christ doth im-part, Tell how His grace doth ful-ly con-trol,
 turn not a-way; If you re-pent He'll free-ly for-give,

REFRAIN.

Dy-ing for sin-ners, dy-ing for me!
 Je-sus, the Way, the Truth and the Life. Pow'r and do-min-ion
 How He each hour a-bides in the soul?
 If you but trust Him, your soul shall live.

ev-er be Thine, Throned in Thy ma-jes-ty, Sav-ior di-vine; Let all cre-

a-tion her Mak-er ex-tol, Praising Je-ho-vah while a-ges shall roll.

Thou Thinkest, Lord, of Me.

E. D. MUND.

E. S. LORENZ.



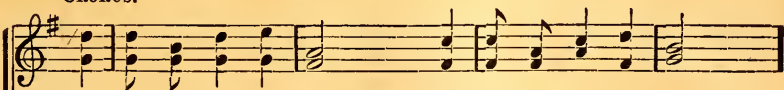
1. A - mid the tri - als which I meet, A - mid the thorns that pierce my feet,
2. The cares of life come thronging fast, Up - on my soul their shadow cast;
3. Let shadows come, let shadows go, Let life be bright or dark with woe,



One thought re - mains su - preme ly sweet, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 Their gloom re - minds my heart at last, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!
 I am con - tent, for this I know, Thou thinkest, Lord, of me!



CORUS.



Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,) Thou thinkest, Lord, of me, (of me,)



What need I fear since thou art near, And think - est, Lord, of me.




We're Marching to Zion.


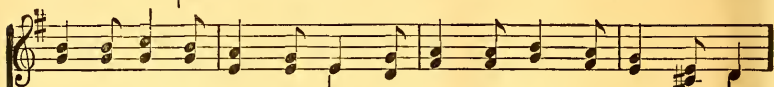
COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY. USED BY PER.

Isaac Watts.


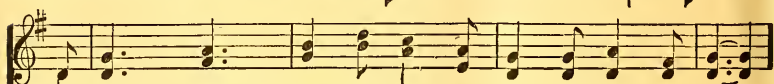
Robert Lowry.




1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thous - and sa - cred sweets, Be -
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be dry; We're

in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet ac - cord,
chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King, But chil - dren of the heav - 'nly King,
fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav - 'nly fields,
marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground, We're marching thro' Im - man - uel's ground,

And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.
May speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.
Or walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.
To fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.
And thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.



CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're
We're march - ing on to Zi - on,




march - ing up - wards to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.
Zi - on, Zi - on,



Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley.

Arr. by Gabriel.

1. A - rise, my soul. a-rise. Shake off thy guilt-y fears; The bleeding Sac - ri - fice In thy be-half appears;
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re - deem - ing love His pre-cious blood to plead;

D. S. for Chorus.

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

CHO.—His Spirit answers to the blood, And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

<p>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 the ransomed sinner die," "Nor let the ransomed sinner die."</p>	<p>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, And tells me I am born of God.</p>	<p>5 To God I'm reconciled; His pardoning 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, And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.</p>
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Jewels.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT.

Moderato.

1. When He com-eth, when He com-eth To make up His jew-els, All His jew-els,
2. He will gath - er, He will gath - er The gems for His kingdom, All the pure ones,
3. Lit - tle chil-dren, lit - tle children Who love their Re-deemer, Are the jew-els,

CHORUS.

pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own,
all the bright ones, His loved and His own. Like the stars of the morn-ing, His
pre-cious jew - els, His loved and His own.

bright crown a - dorn-ing, They shall shine in their beau-ty, Bright gems for His crown.

339 I Will Hide Away Behind the Cross.

Rev. S. L. F.

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Rev. S. L. FLOWERS.

1. As I'm walk - ing day by day In the straight and nar-row way,
 2. When the way seems hard and long, In my heart there is no song,
 3. Then when ev - 'ry - thing goes well, I with joy the sto - ry tell;
 4. When life's fleet-ing day is done, And my race on earth is run,

I need to hide be - hind the cross; And His pre - cious will o -
 I need to hide be - hind the cross; Trust-ing tho' I can - not
 I need to hide be - hind the cross; And low down at Je - sus'
 I'll need to hide be - hind the cross; As I cross death's chill-ing

bey, Trust-ing him to keep each day, I will hide a-way be-
 see What the fut - ure holds for me, I will hide a-way be-
 feet, Hid in him, O blest re - treat! I will hide a-way be-
 wave, I will trust His pow'r to save, And will hide a-way be-

CHORUS.

hind the cross. I will hide me, I will hide me, I will

hide a-way be-hind the cross; And when Sa-tan tries me hard, I will

I Will Hide Away Behind the Cross.

lean up - on the Lord, I will hide a - way be - hind the cross.

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What Jesus is to You.

LIZZIE DE ARMOND.

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C. B. WIDMEYER.

1. We owe our fel-low mor - tals a debt we ne'er can pay, A love that
 2. What tho' your toil seems thankless, if God approve! 'tis well, In hap - py
 3. Some life may be the bet - ter be - cause you live on earth, Some soul thro'

stoops to serv - ice for those we meet each day; Leave not the joy of giv -
 self - sur - ren - der his end - less good - ness tell; You're working with the Mas -
 your small ef - forts re - ceive a heav'nly birth; Pass on love's good with glad -

ing un - to the faith - ful few, Just try to be to oth - ers what
 ter, he'll sure - ly help you thro', Just try to be to oth - ers what
 ness, the best that's in you do, Just try to be to oth - ers what

D.S.—O try to be to oth - ers what

FINE CHORUS.

D. S.

Je - sus is to you. What Je - sus is to you, for those a - round you do;

Je - sus is to you.

C. B. W.

O. B. WIDMYER.

DUET. *Slowly.*

1. Some one will knock at the beau-ti - ful gate, Some one will
 2. Some one will stand at the great judg-ment throne, All of their
 3. Sad it will be stand-ing there un - pre-pared, Mer - cy is

call but a - las! it's too late; Some one will pray but re -
 deeds which they tho't were un-known; I - dle words, e - vil tho'ts,
 past now His wrath must be shared; Then it will be as the

rit...... CHORUS.
 ceive the sad fate, Too late, too late, I'm too late.
 all will be shown, On that great day of all days. } Sad, sad,
 Sav- iour declared, "De- part, ye curs- ed from Me." }

sad will it be, Oh! my broth-er, will it be thee? Hasten, come

rit......
 quickly be- fore it's too late, To en - ter the beau - ti - ful gate.

The Cleansing Wave.

Mrs. PHOEBE PALMER.

Mrs. J. F. KNAPP,



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



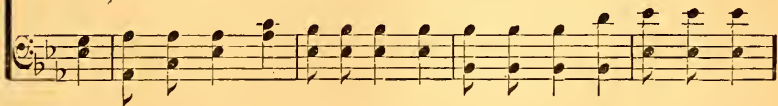
Je - sus, my Lord, might - y to save, Points to His wound - ed side.
 It speaks! pol - lut - ed na - ture dies! Sinks 'neath the cleans - ing flood.
 With heart made pure, and gar - ments white, And Christ en - thron'd with - in.
 And Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus know, My Je - sus cru - ci - fied.



CHORUS.



The cleans-ing stream, I see, I see! I plunge, and oh, it cleans-eth me!



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



By permission.

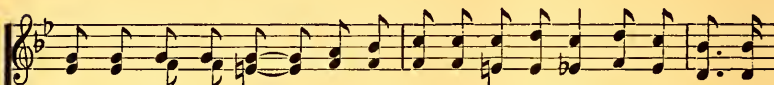
"Till He Come."

C. B. WIDMYER,

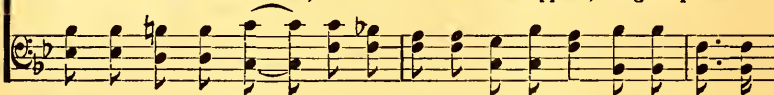
C. B. WIDMYER.



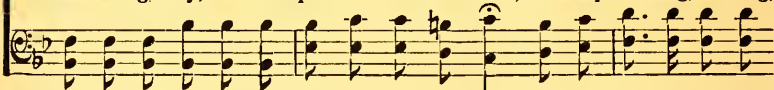
1. We will preach the four-fold Gos-pel, of our heav'n-as-cend-ed Lord, Her-ald
2. Preach the Gos-pel of repentance, which un-cov-ers ev-'ry sin, Points to
3. We will preach e-rad-i-ca-tion, for the car-nal man of sin, And the
4. Tell of Christ, the Great Phy-si-cian, who can heal the same to-day, All our
5. I am home-sick now for heav-en, and the time is draw-ing near When the



it to ev-'ry na-tion, all u-nite with one ac-cord; Tell of Christ, our Cal-v'ry's o-pen fount-ain, where they all can en-ter in, Finding par-don Pen-te-cost-al fire, burn-ing up all dross within; And the pre-cious sick-ness and dis-eas-es, if we will but call and pray; He who healed the Lord shall come from heaven, to His cho-sen ones appear; Caught up then in



ris-en Sav-ior, who a-toned for ev-'ry one, Bless-ed Sanc-ti-fi-er, for trans-gres-sions, hav-ing faith in God's own Son, We will preach it, live it, blood of Je-sus, that will sanc-ti-fy each one, Have the Com-fort-er a-blind and lep-er, and gave speech un-to the dumb, He is just the same to- clouds of glo-ry, that no pow-er can suc-cumb, I'll keep watch-ing, wait-ing,



CHORUS.



Heal-er, and our Keep-er, "till He come."
 tell it, and ex-alt it "till He come."
 bid-ing, and keep look-ing "till He come." He is com - ing back a-
 day, so we will preach it "till He come."
 look-ing al-ways for Him "till He come." coming, coming, coming



"Till He Come." Concluded.

gain, He is com - ing back to reign,
gain, back a-gain, coming, coming, coming back to reign.

When He left them on Mount Ol - i - vet, 'twas said, He'd come a - gain,

We'll keep watch-ing, wait-ing, look-ing, "till He come."
"till He come."

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Trusting and Waiting.

J. W. ELLISON.

C. B. WIDMYER.

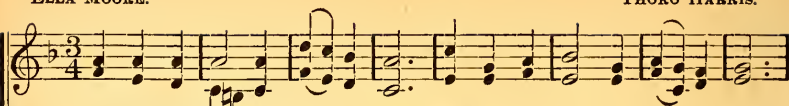
1. O - gra - cious Sav - ior, Thou hast giv'n My trem - bling soul to know;
2. Since Thou hast borne sin's heav - y load My guilt - y fears are o'er;
3. To hear Thy voice, to see Thy face, And grieve Thy heart no more;
4. What wait I for most bless - ed Lord, Ex - cept Thy face to see;

That trust-ing in Thy pre - cious blood, I'm washed as white as snow.
Made Thine by vir - tue of Thy blood, I'm sealed for - ev - er - more.
But drink the full - ness of Thy grace, Thy love for - ev - er - more.
If such the ear - nest Thou hast giv'n, What must Thy pres - ence be?

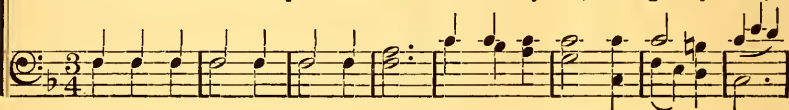
Alone With God.

ELLA MOORE.

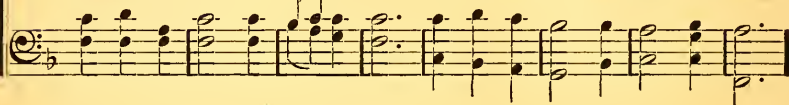
THORO HARRIS.



1. A - lone with God! 'tis there I meet My Fa-ther in com - mun-ion sweet;
2. A - lone with God! no oth - er friend Could in my grief such so - lace send,
3. A - lone with God! Geth-sem - a - ne— His suff'ring there a - tones for me;
4. A - lone with God! no tongue can tell What to my soul He doth re - veal;
5. A - lone with God! re - proach I bear That I may too, His glo - ry share;



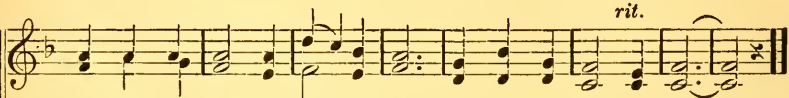
Blest fel - low-ship! O why to me Should God Him-self speak aud - i - bly?
 Or in af - flic - tion's lone-ly hour, So sweet-ly give sus - tain - ing pow'r.
 I feel the surg - ing of His blood, As out he pours His soul to God.
 Of ho - ly fel - low-ship and love, Wait - ing my soul in heav'n a - bove.
 Thus would my soul for - ev - er be, In fel - low-ship, dear Lord, with Thee.



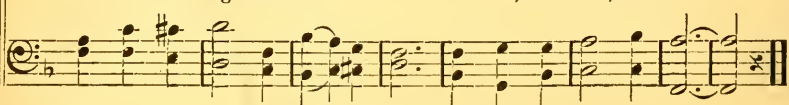
REFRAIN.



A - lone with God! O thought sub - lime! What heights of joy the soul may climb,



With Him trans - fig - ured—let me be A - lone, dear Lord, with Thee.



Jesus Loves Even Me.

P. P. BLISS.

"God is love."—1 John 4: 8.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I am so glad that our Father in heav'n Tells of His love in the Book He has giv'n,
 2. Tho' I for-get Him and wan-der a-way, Still He doth love me wher-ever I stray;
 3. Oh, if there's on-ly one song I can sing, When in His beau-ty I see the great King,

Won-der-ful things in the Bi-ble I see; This is the dear-est, that Je-sus loves me.
 Back to His dear loving arms would I flee, When I re-mem-ber that Je-sus loves me.
 This shall my song in e-ter-ni-ty be: "Oh, what a won-der that Je-sus loves me.

CHORUS.

{ I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves me, Jesus loves me:
 { I am so glad that Jesus loves me, Je-sus loves e - - - ven me.

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Jesus Loves Me.

(The favorite Hymn of China.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Je - sus loves me! this I know, For the Bi - ble tells me so; Lit - tle
 2. Je - sus loves me! He who died, Heav-en's gates to o - pen wide; He will
 3. Je - sus loves me! loves me still, Tho' I'm ver - y weak and ill; From His

CHORUS.

ones to Him be-long, They are weak but He is strong.
 wash a - way my sin, Let His lit - tle child come in. Yes, Je-sus loves me,
 shin-ing throne on high, Comes to watch me where I lie.

Yes, Je - sus loves me, Yes, Je - sus loves me, The Bi - ble tells me so.

Harriett Beecher Stowe.

WINDSOR. 11s. 10s.

Felix Mendelssohn.

1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning break-eth, When the bird
 2. A - lone with Thee, a - mid the mys-tic shad-ows, The sol-emn
 3. As in the dawn - ing, o'er the waveless o - cean, The im - age
 4. When sinks the soul, sub - dued by toil, to slum - ber, Its clos - ing
 5. So shall it be at last, in that bright morning When the soul

wak - eth and the shad-ows flee; Fair-er than morn-ing, love - li - er than
 hush of nat-ure new - ly born; A-lone with Thee in breath-less ad - o-
 of the morn-ing star doth rest, So in this stillness, Thou be-hold-est
 eye looks up to Thee in prayer; Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'er-
 wak - eth and life's shad.ows flee; O, in that hour, more fair than day-light

day - light, Dawns the sweet con - scious-ness, I am with Thee.
 ra - tion. In the calm dew and fresh - ness of the morn.
 on - ly Thine im - age in the wa - ters of my breast,
 shad - ing, But sweet-er still to wake and find Thee there.
 dawn - ing, Shall rise the glo - rious thought, I am with Thee!

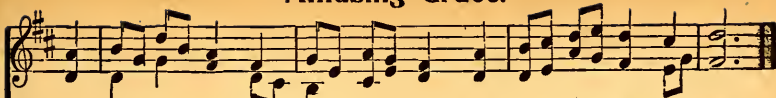
John Newton.

WARWICK. C. M.

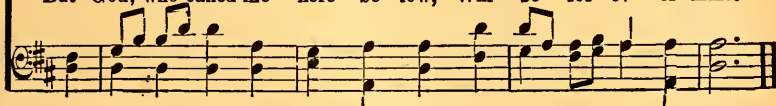
Samuel Stanley.

1. A - maz-ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
 3. Thro' ma - ny dan-gers, toils, and snares, I have al - read - y come;
 4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
 5. The earth shall soon dis-solve like snow, The sun for - bear to shine;

Amazing Grace!



I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.
 How pre-cious did that grace ap-pear, The hour I first be-lieved!
 'Tis grace that bro't me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
 He will my shield and por-tion be As long as life en-dures.
 But God, who called me here be-low, Will be for-ev-er mine.

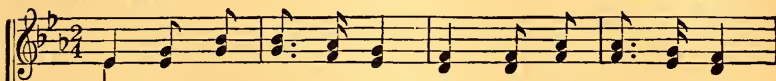


350 My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

RAY PALMER.

Olivet. 6, 4.

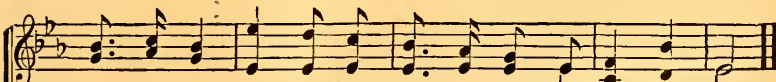
LOWELL MASON.



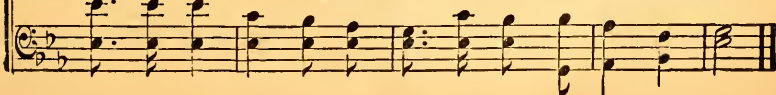
1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry,
2. May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my faint-ing heart,
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a - round me spread,
4. When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold, sul - len stream



Sav - ior di - vine: Now hear me while I pray, Take all my
 My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast died for me, O may my
 Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness turn to day, Wipe sor-row's
 Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav - ior, then, in love, Fear and dis-



guilt a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine.
 love to Thee Pure, warm, and change-less be, — A liv - ing fire.
 tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
 trust re-move; O bear me safe a - bove, — A ran - somed soul.

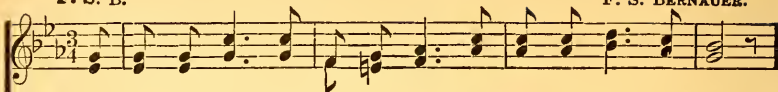


Living Water.

John 7: 37-39. John 4. Rev. 22, 17. Isa. 55.

F. S. B.

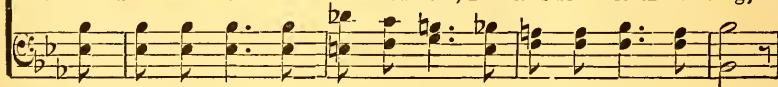
F. S. BERNAUER.



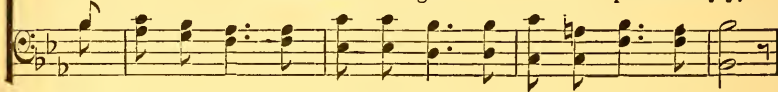
1. "If an - y thirst, come un - to me," The bless-ed Sav - ior cried,
2. Stoop down and drink, thou wea-ry one, And nev - er thirst a - gain;
3. The Spir - it and the bride say, "Come," Let him who hears say, "Come."
4. Ho, ev - 'ry one that thirst-eth, come, With hearts for God that long;



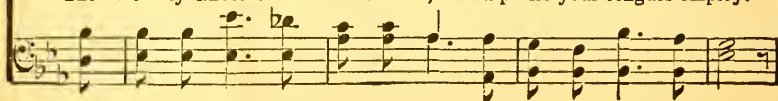
"And liv - ing wa - ter from with - in Shall flow in riv - ers wide."
 The liv - ing wa - ter Je - sus gives With - in you shall re - main
 He that is thirst - y, let him come, And who - so will may come;
 The des - ert as the rose shall bloom, The hills break forth in song;



Thus spake he of the Ho - ly Ghost, Who fell on Pen - te - cost,
 A well of wa - ter spring - ing up In - to e - ter - nal life;
 For sin and sor - row, grief or pain There's heal - ing in the fount;
 Your soul in fat - ness shall de - light With new - found peace and joy,



Bap - tized and filled each wait - ing soul, Gave pow'r to win the lost.
 A fount - ain pure that nev - er fails To cheer midst toil and strife.
 The liv - ing wa - ter free - ly take, Your soul on wings shall mount.
 The Ho - ly Ghost shall dwell with - in, And praise your tongues employ.



Living Water.

CHORUS.

Liv - ing wa - ter for all,..... Liv - ing wa - ter for
 yes, wa - ter for all, yes,

all,..... Come, ye thirst - y and wea - ry and faint, the
 wa - ter for all,

fount - ain is flow - ing for you;..... Hear the Sav - ior's sweet
 now flow - ing for you; Sav - ior is

call,..... Hear the Sav - ior's sweet call,.....
 call - ing for you, Sav - ior is call - ing for you,

Come without mon - ey and come without price Where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.

C. P. J.

C. P. JONES, OWNER.

Chas. P. Jones.



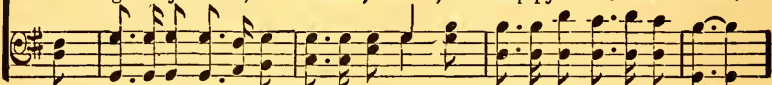
1. There's nothing so precious as Je-sus to me; Let earth with its treasures be gone;
2. When sinful and doomed to a life of de-spair, No light on my pathway to shine,
3. When nothing but death for my ransom could pay, And make me ac-cept-ed with God,
4. 'Twas Jesus who called me and showed me the way To peace upon earth and in heav'n;
5. Should father and mother forsake me be-low, My bed upon earth be a stone,



FINE



I'm rich as can be when my Sav-ior I see; I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.
 'Twas Jesus who found me and made me an heir To mansions of glo-ry di - vine.
 'Twas Je-sus who freely Himself made a prey And ransomed my soul with His blood.
 'Tis Jesus who teaches me dai-ly to pray, And walk in the light He has giv'n.
 I'll cling to my Savior, He loves me, I know; I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone.

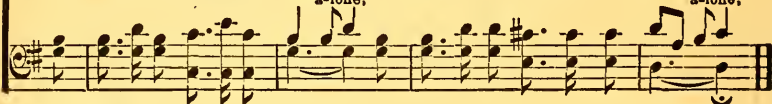


D.S.—Tho' poor and deserted, thank God, I can say I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone.

CHORUS.



I'm hap-py with Jesus a - lone, I'm hap-py with Je-sus a - lone;
 a-lone, a-lone;

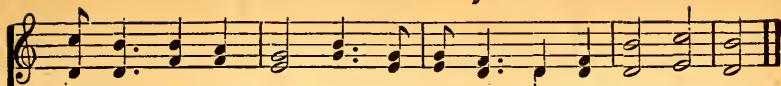


CHO.—Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry

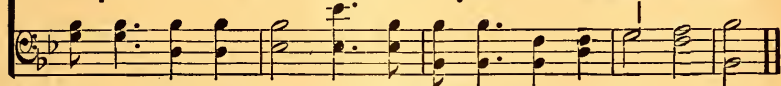
1. I am now on the al-[tar, I am now on the
2. I will ne'er doubt my Sav-ior, I will ne'er doubt my
3. I will rest on His prom-ise, I will rest on His
4. I will shout Hal - le - lu - jah! I will shout Hal - le -



Jesus Breaks Every Fetter.



fet - ter, Je - sus breaks ev - 'ry fet - ter, And He sets me free.
 al - tar, I am now on the al - tar Which was made for me.
 Sav - ior, I will ne'er doubt my Sav - ior, For He cleans - es me.
 prom - ise, I will rest on His prom - ise Which is giv'n to me.
 lu - jah! I will shout Hal - le - lu - jah! For He sets me free.



354 Though Your Sins Be As Scarlet.

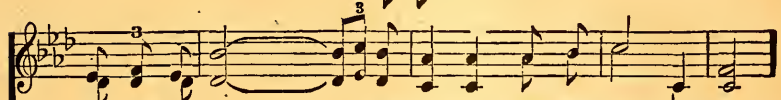
FANNY J. CROSBY

WILLIAM H. DOANE.

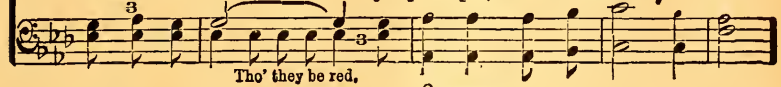
DUET. *Gently.*



1. "Tho' your sins be as scar-let, They shall be as white as snow; as snow;
 2. Hear the voice that entreats you; O re - turn ye un - to God! to God!
 3. He'll for-give your transgressions, And remember them no more; no more;



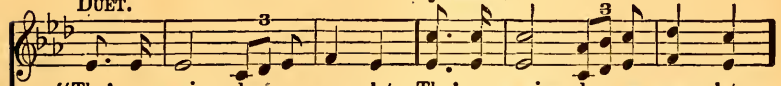
Tho' they be red..... like crim-son, They shall be as wool;"
 He is of great..... com - pas - sion, And of won - drous love;
 "Look un - to me,..... ye peo - ple," Saith the Lord your God:



Tho' they be red.

DUET.

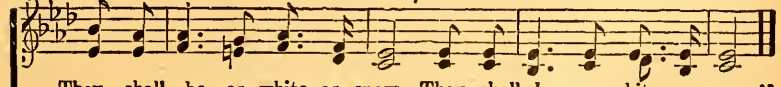
QUARTET.



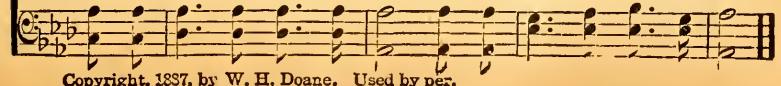
"Tho' your sins be as scar-let, Tho' your sins be as scar-let,
 Hear the voice that en - treats you, Hear the voice that en - treats you,
 He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions, He'll for - give your trans-gres-sions,



p rit.



They shall be as white as snow, They shall be as white as snow."
 O re - turn ye un - to God! O re - turn ye un - to God!
 And re - mem - ber them no more, And re - mem - ber them no more.



1. Soon our Lord will be coming with ten thousand angels strong, In the
 2. We'll be changed in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, In the
 3. 'Twill be glo - ry e - ter - nal, when we wake to sleep no more; In the
 4. We will shout Al - le - lu - ia for the blood-bought vic-to - ry, In the

res - ur - rec - tion morning we shall rise; We will all go to
 res - ur - rec - tion morning we shall rise; We shall dwell in His
 res - ur - rec - tion morning we shall rise; Ev - 'ry trace of trans -
 res - ur - rec - tion morning we shall rise; In the like - ness of
 we shall rise;

meet Him and to sing the glad new song, In the res - ur - rec - tion morning
 pres - ence, nev - er, nev - er - more to die, In the res - ur - rec - tion morning
 gress - ion, all our pain and sor - row o'er, In the res - ur - rec - tion morning
 Je - sus clad in im - mor - tal - i - ty, In the res - ur - rec - tion morning

CHORUS.
 we shall rise. In the res - ur - rec - tion morning we shall rise, In the
 we shall rise.

resurrection morning we shall rise; From the sea and under the ground,
 we shall rise;

WE SHALL RISE. Concluded.

Rit.

When we hear the trumpet sound, In the res - ur-rec-tion morning we shall rise.

356

GOD WILL PROVIDE.

N. B. H.

Copyright, 1913, by L. L. Pickett.

N. B. HERRELL.

1. No mat-ter what your sta-tion in life, God will pro-vide for you;....
2. Tho' bur-dens press as on-ward you go, God will pro-vide for you;....
3. Take courage, friend, just pray and pre-vail, God will pro-vide for you;....
4. On to the goall no mat-ter what test, God will pro-vide for you;....
5. Cast all your bur-dens now on the Lord, He will pro-vide for you;....

Trust-ing in Him thro' bat-tle and strife, God will pro-vide for you....
 Walk-ing with Him one thing you shall know, God will pro-vide for you....
 Liv-ing by faith you nev-er can fail, God will pro-vide for you....
 Fight-ing all o'er, in heav-en you'll rest, God will pro-vide for you....
 Trust in His grace and lean on His Word, God will pro-vide for you....

CHORUS.

God will pro-vide for you, dear one, God will pro-vide for you;....

Thro' ev - 'ry test, lean on His breast; God will pro-vide for you
 for you.

T. H.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. In glo - ry transcending, With an - gels at - tend - ing, The King of the
 2. Ere loud lam - en - ta - tion Sweep o - ver cre - a - tion, Be warned of your
 3. The test of pos - ses - sion Is not mere pro - fes - sion, For ma - ny will
 4. Full par - don is of - fer - ed, Sal - va - tion is pro - fer - ed, To all who will

a - ges will come from a - bove; The High and the Ho - ly, The Meek and the
 dan - ger; how fear - ful the cost To fal - ter in blindness, Re - ject - ing God's
 find they have la - bored in vain; They on - ly who, praying, Their Mas - ter o -
 trust Him - why lon - ger de - lay? His gos - pel be - liev - ing, And mer - cy re -

CHORUS.

Low - ly, Will come for His jew - els, the crown of His love.
 kindness, And then to a - wake with the wretched and lost! If Je - sus were
 bey - ing, Have lived for His glo - ry, shall glo - ry ob - tain.
 ceiv - ing, Re - turn to the fold of the Shep - herd to - day.

com - ing to - night, . . . Would you be found ready for flight? . . . Your lamp burn -
 were coming to - night, to take your long fight?

ing steady, your robes pure and white, If Je - sus were coming to - night? . . . Pre -
 ere dawneth the light?

If Jesus Were Coming To-night.

rit.

pare for that day; for 'tis not far a-way, And He may be coming to-night!..
to-night!

358 He Died of a Broken Heart.

T. H. Duet.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY THORO HARRIS.

Thoro Harris.

1. Hear the ten - der sto - ry of Je - sus' love Who came to the earth for me;
2. So they nailed God's Son to the cross of wood, By anguish pierced thru and thru;
3. For our sin He suffered, the sin-less One; O hear His sad cry, "I thirst!"
4. Hear the thief who with Him was cru - ci - fied, "In mer - cy re - mem - ber me
5. 'Mid the fear - ful scenes of that awful strife, "'Tis finished," I hear Him cry;

For He left the glo - ry of heav'n a - bove, And He died on Cal - va - ry.
Yet He cried, "For - give their in - grat - i - tude, For they know not what they do."
For the world He thirsted, God's ho - ly Son; 'Twas for us He bore the curse.
When Thou comest." Quickly the Christ replied, "Thou in Par - a - dise shalt be."
And the Lord of glo - ry, the Prince of life, Breathed His last ex - pir - ing sigh.

p CHORUS.

My Sav - ior died of a bro - ken heart; Lord Jesus, how could it be,.....
how could it be.

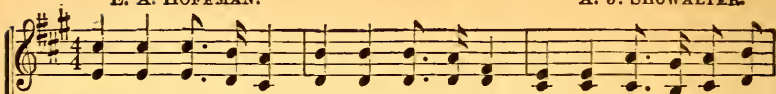
rit.

That Thou shouldst come from heav'n Thy home, To die on the cross for me?

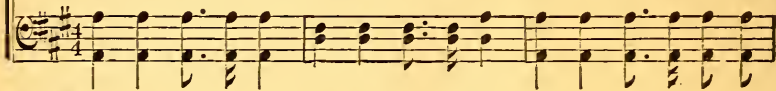
Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

E. A. HOFFMAN.

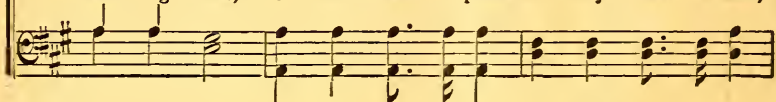
A. J. SHOWALTER.



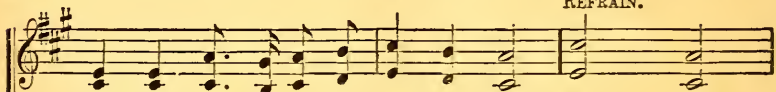
1. What a fel-lowship, what a joy di-vine, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim-way, Lean-ing on the ev-er-
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Lean-ing on the ev-er-



last-ing arms; What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine,
 last-ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
 last-ing arms; I have bless-ed peace with my Lord so near,



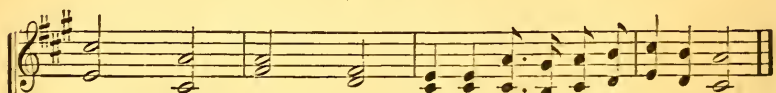
REFRAIN.



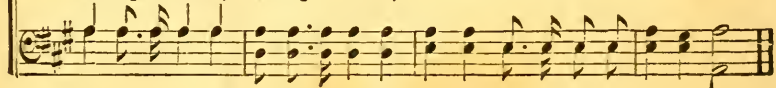
Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms. Lean-ing,
 Lean-ing on Je-sus,



Lean-ing, Safe and se-secure from all a-larms;
 Lean-ing on Je-sus,

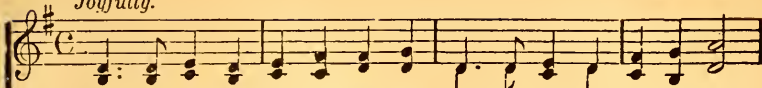


Lean-ing, lean-ing, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
 Leaning on Je-sus, lean-ing on Je-sus,

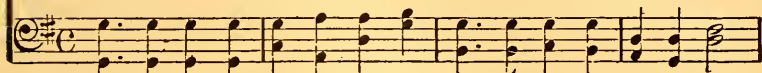


SOPHIA FIGOTT.

J. MOUNTAIN.

Joyfully.

1. Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what Thou art;
2. Oh, how great Thy lov - ing - kind - ness, Vast - er, broad - er than the sea!
3. Sim - ply trust - ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, I be - hold Thee as Thou art,
4. Ev - er lift Thy face up - on me, As I work and wait for Thee;



CHO. — Je - sus, I am rest - ing, rest - ing In the joy of what Thou art;

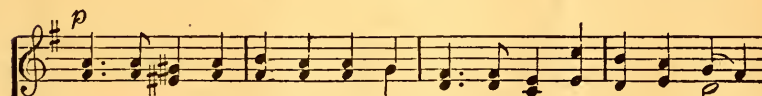
FINE.



I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.
 Oh, how mar - vel - ous Thy good - ness, Lav - ished all on me!
 And Thy love, so pure, so change - less, Sat - is - fies my heart;
 Rest - ing 'neath Thy smile, Lord Je - sus, Earth's dark shadows flee.



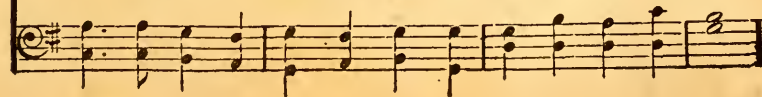
I am find - ing out the great - ness Of Thy lov - ing heart.



Thou hast bid me gaze up - on Thee, And Thy beau - ty fills my soul,
 Yes, I rest in Thee, Be - lov - ed, Know what wealth of grace is Thine,
 Sat - is - fies its deep - est long - ings, Meets, sup - plies its ev - 'ry need,
 Bright - ness of my Fa - ther's glo - ry, Sun - shine of my Fa - ther's face,



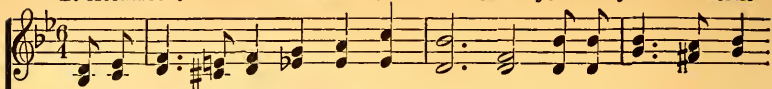
For, by Thy trans - form - ing pow - er, Thou hast made me whole.
 Know Thy cer - tain - ty of prom - ise, And have made it mine.
 Com - pass - ion - ate me round with bless - ings: Thine is love in - deed.
 Keep me ev - er trust - ing, rest - ing, Fill me with Thy grace.



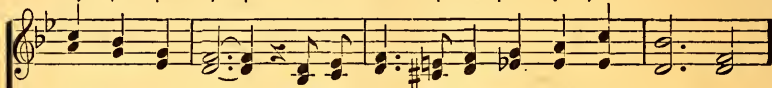
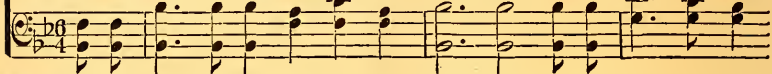
D. C. for Cho.

B. Atchinson.

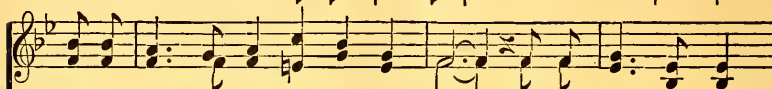
BY PERMISSION. Otis F. Presbrey. Arr. by Thore Harris.



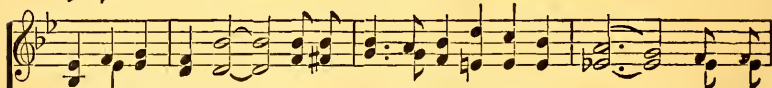
1. I have read of a beau-ti-ful cit - y, Far a - way in the
2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the Sav - ior has
3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright crowns which the
4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile sin - ners may



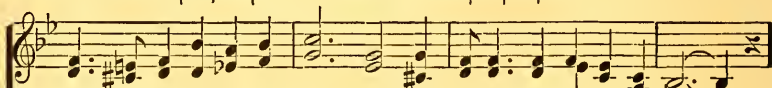
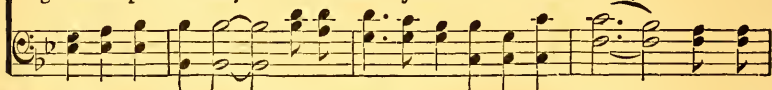
king-dom of God; I have read how its walls are of jas - per,
gone to pre - pare; Where the saints who on earth have been faith - ful,
glo - ri - fied wear, When our Fa - ther shall bid them "Come en - ter,
ask and re - ceive Peace and par-don from ev - 'ry trans-gres - sion,



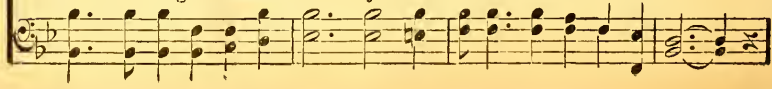
How its streets are all gold - en and broad, In the midst of the
Rest for - ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no sin ev - er
And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the right - eous are
If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have read how He'll



streets is life's riv - er, Clear as crys-tal and pure to be - hold; But not
en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow old; But not
ev - er more bless - ed As they walk thro' the streets of pure gold; But not
guide and pro - tect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His fold; But not



half of that city's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
half of the joys that a - wait them To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
half of the won - der - ful sto - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.
half of His goodness and mer - cy To mor-tals has ev - er been told.



Not Half Has Ever Been Told.

REFRAIN.

Not half has ev-er been told; Not half has ev-er been told; Not
been told; been told;

half of that cit-y's bright glo - ry To mor-tals has ev - er been told.

362

O Don't Stay Away.

Rev. Johnson Oatman.
With expression.

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USED BY PER.

Rev. W. J. Stuart, A. M.

1. Come, soul, and find thy rest, No long - er be dis-tressed; Come to thy
2. Dark is the world, and cold, Her cares can-not be told; Come to thy
3. Come with thy load of sin, Christ died thy soul to win; Now he will
4. Time, here, will soon be past, Mo-ments are fly - ing fast, Judg-ment will
5. Come, O we pray thee, come, Come, and no long-er roam; Come, now, and

CHORUS.

Sav-ior's breast, O don't stay a - way,
Sav-ior's fold, O don't stay a - way.
take thee in, O don't stay a - way. Pray'rs are as-cend-ing now, An-
come at last, O don't stay a - way.
start for home, O don't stay a - way.

gels are bend-ing now; Both worlds are blending now, O don't stay a-way.

J. V. B.

JAS. V. REID.

1. There's a foun-tain flow - ing for the heal - ing of the soul, Praise the Lord!
 2. There's a ta - ble set - ting where each hungry soul may eat,
 3. By His strong right hand Je - ho - vah lift - eth up the weak,
 4. Let us serve the Lord with gladness, make a joy - ful noise, Praise the Lord!

Praise the Lord! I have plunged beneath and now His blood has made me whole,
 And the Lord will fill thee with the fin - est of the wheat,
 And with full sal - va - tion He will beau - ti - fy the meek.
 Praise the Lord! Blessed is the peo - ple that know the heav'n - ly joys,

CHORUS. *With vigor.*
 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the peo - ple praise the
 Praise the Lord! Praise the Lord! Let the people sing and

Lord, Hal - le - lu - jah! hal - le - lu - jah!
 praise the Lord, Praise His he - ly name, spread a - broad His fame,

Sing ye all with one ac - cord, Sing a - loud and praise His
 Sing ye all His saints with one ac - cord, Sing aloud and praise His

Praise the Lord. Concluded.

name, Sing His glo - ry, tell the sto - ry Of His won-drous love to

mea, Hal - le - lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, Let us spread abroad His fame.

364

When the Train Comes In.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris

Arr. by Thoro Harris.

- | | |
|---|-----------|
| 1. We are sol - diers in the bless - ed war for Je - sus, | We are |
| 2. We will go out in the high - ways and the hedg - es, | We will |
| 3. See the land of Beu - lah lies so plain be - fore you, | Of a |
| 4. Come, poor sin - ner, Je - sus of - fers you a ran - som | Thro' His |

CHO.—We are sweep - ing on to claim the bless - ed prom - ise Of a

march - ing on with a shout and song; Tho' the dev - il tries to
sing and pray ev - 'ry night and day; Till poor sin - ners leave their
hap - py life, free from sin and strife; Where are songs of joy and
blood so dear,— He is ev - er near; And the an - gel throng will

hap - py home, nev - er more to roam; Where the sun - light's on the

D. C. for Chorus.

both - er and de - ceive us,— We'll be read - y when the train comes in.
sins and fol - low Je - sus,— And be read - y when the train comes in.
shouts of ho - ly rap - ture,— O be read - y when the train comes in.
shout in joy - ful cho - rus,— If you're read - y when the train comes in.

hills of end - less glo - ry,— We'll be read - y when the train comes in.

No. 365. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth.

First Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light, }
 { O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright, } On thee, the high and low-ly,

Thro' a - ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
 The light first had its birth;
 On thee, for our salvation,
 Christ rose from depths of earth
 On thee, our Lord, victorious,
 The Spirit sent from heaven;
 And thus on thee, most glorious,
 A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
 The heavenly manna falls;
 To holy convocations
 The silver trumpet calls,
 Where gospel light is glowing
 With pure and radiant beams,
 And living water flowing
 With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
 From this our day of rest,
 We reach the rest remaining
 To spirits of the blest;
 To Holy Ghost be praises,
 To Father, and to Son;
 The church her voice upraises
 To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 366 In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

1 In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim,
 He knows the way He taketh,
 And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path to life is free,
 My Savior has my treasure,
 And He will walk with me.

No. 367 From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber.

Second Tune.

Lowell Mason.

1. { From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand
 Where Airc's sun-ny fount-ains (Omit.) Roll down their golden sand; From many an

ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
 Tho' every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown,
 The heathen in his blindness,
 Bow down to wood and stone.

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

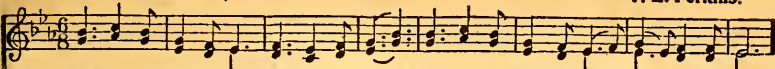
4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story—
 And you, ye waters, roll,
 Till, like a sea of glory,
 It spreads from pole to pole:
 Till o'er our ransomed nature
 The Lamb for sinners slain,
 Redeemer, King, Creator,
 In bliss returns to reign.

No. 368

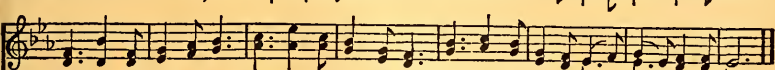
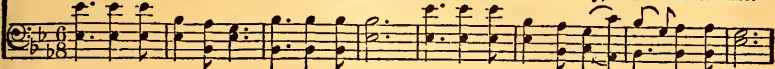
Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar,

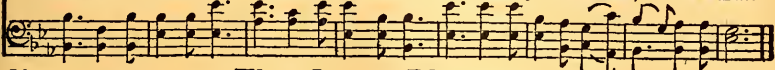
T. E. Perkins.



1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine!
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine!
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn - ing light, Je - sus is mine!
4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine!



Dark is the wil - der - ness, Earth has no rest - ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!
 Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a - way, Je - sus is mine!
 All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!
 Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine!

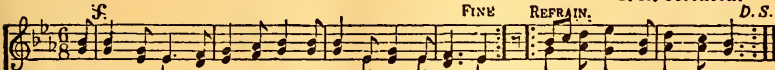


No. 369

The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter

J. H. Stockton.



1. { The great Phy - si - cian now is near, The sym - pa - thiz - ing Je - sus, } { Sweetest note in ser - aph song, }
 - { He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. }
 - { Sweetest name on mortal tongue, }
- D. S. - Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus.



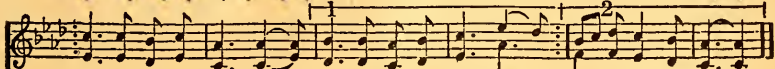
- 2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.
- 3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.
- 4 His name dispels my guilt and fear,
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to hear
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 370

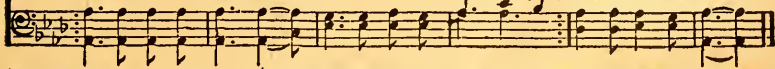
Oh, How I Love Jesus.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like mus - ic in mine ear, The sweet - est name on earth,



{ Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus, }
 { Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be - } cause He first loved me.



- 2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of His precious blood;
The sinner's perfect plea.
- 3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And tho' I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.
- 4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

Thoro Harris.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Geo. F. Root.

1. We have heard the glo - rious news of our re - turn - ing Lord;
 2. We have seen the signs ful - fill - ing ev - 'ry pass - ing year;
 3. Let us bear the joy - ful news o'er o - cean's surg - ing main;
 4. Speed, O speed Thee on Thy way, Thou bless - ed Prince of Peace!

1. Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Now on all the earth a - broad the
 2. Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! Tho' the hearts of sin - ful men are
 3. Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! That the might - y King of kings is
 4. Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah! When the gold - en morn shall break that

1. lat - ter rain is poured; Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
 2. fail - ing them for fear, Je - sus is com - ing. hal - le - lu - jah!
 3. com - ing back a - gain, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!
 4. brings from death re - lease, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!

D. S. - sing the glad re - frain, Je - sus is com - ing, hal - le - lu - jah!

CHORUS.

The Sav - ior is com - ing, is com - ing a - gain, Com - ing in

glo - ry, com - ing to reign; Let the "lit - tle flock" re - joice and

F. J. CROSBY.

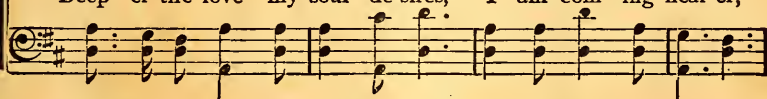
Mrs. JOS. F. KNAPP.



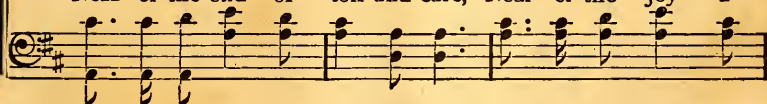
1. "Near - er the cross!" my heart can say, I am com - ing near - er,
 2. Near - er the Christian's mer - cy seat, I am com - ing near - er,
 3. Near - er in pray'r my hope as - pires, I am com - ing near - er,



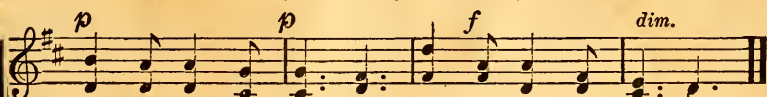
Near - er the cross from day to day, I am com - ing near - er;
 Feast - ing my soul on man - na sweet, I am com - ing near - er;
 Deep - er the love my soul de - sires, I am com - ing near - er;



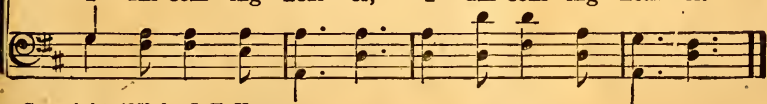
Near - er the cross where Je - sus died, Near - er the foun - tain's
 Strong - er in faith, more clear I see Je - sus, who gave him -
 Near - er the end of toil and care, Near - er the joy I



crim - son tide, Near - er my Sav - ior's wound - ed side,
 self for me; Near - er to Him I still would be;
 long to share, Near - er the crown I soon shall wear,



I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.
 Still I'm com - ing near - er, Still I'm com - ing near - er.
 I am com - ing near - er, I am com - ing near - er.



ISAAC WATTS.

English. Arr.

1. { Am I a sol-dier of the cross, A foll-'wer of the Lamb, }
 And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name? }
 2. { Must I be car-ried to the skies On flow-'ry beds of ease, }
 While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sailed thro' bloody seas? }
 3. { Are there no foes for me to face? Must I not stem the flood? }
 Is this vile world a friend to grace To help me on to God? }
 4. { Sure I must fight if I would reign, In-crease my courage, Lord: }
 I'll bear the toil, en-dure the pain, Sup-port-ed by Thy word. }

CHORUS.

And when the bat-tle's o-ver we shall wear a crown! Yes,

we shall wear a crown! Yes, we shall wear a crown! And when the battle's

o-ver we shall wear a crown In the new Je-ru-sa-lem.

FINE.

Wear a crown, wear a crown, Wear a bright and shining crown;
 Wear a crown, wear a crown,

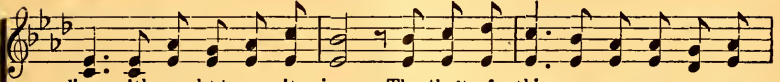
D. S.

A. E. B.

A. E. BLOOM.



1. We're near-ing home, the land be-yond the shad-ows, A bliss-ful
2. We're near-ing home, the land with-out a tear-drop, No heart will
3. We're near-ing home, the tho't is most in-spir-ing, We soon shall
4. We're near-ing home, our storm-y voy-age o-ver, We soon shall



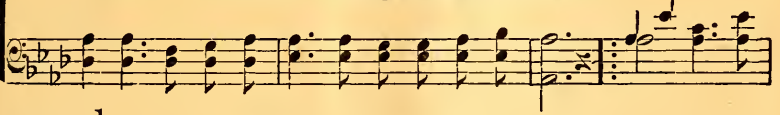
clime, with naught to mar its joy; The tho't of this our sor-row ev-er
 ache nor pain be felt in thee; Thro' all the a-ges, praise from ev-'ry
 walk up-on its streets of gold; So on-ward pressing, ef-forts nev-er
 see the Par-a-dise of God; To reach that land whose King is now our



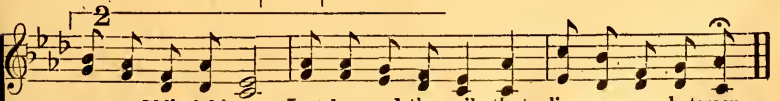
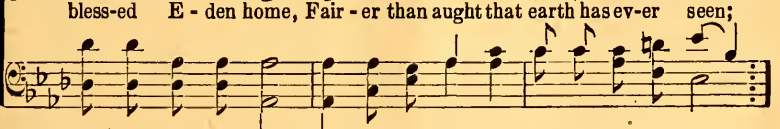
CHORUS.



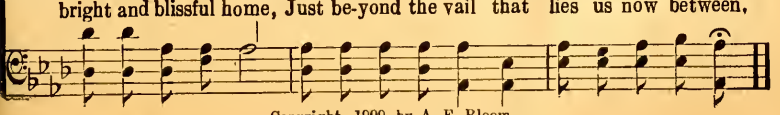
hallows, There shall his praise our tongues for-e'er employ.
 hill-top, Shall ech-o forth as we thy glo-ries see. Home, home, our
 tir-ing, Un-til im-mor-tal, we thy gates be-hold. Home, sweet
 Sav-ior, We fol-low in the steps the saints have trod.



bless-ed E-den home, Fair-er than aught that earth has ev-er seen;



bright and blissful home, Just be-yond the veil that lies us now between,



Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart.

J. Ingalls.

FINE CHORUS.

1. { Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore; } Turn to the
 { Je - sus, read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r. }
 D. C.—Glo - ry, hon - or and sal - va - tion Christ the Lord is come to reign.

D. C.
 Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name,
 4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall,
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all.

- 2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome,
 God's free bounty glorify;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Ev'ry grace that brings you nigh.
- 3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream;
 All the fitness He requireth
 Is to feel your need of Him.
- 5 Agonizing in the garden,
 Your Redeemer prostrate lies,
 On the bloody tree behold Him!
 Hear Him cry, before He dies.

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Only Trust Him.

J. H. S.

J. H. Stockton.

1 Come ev - 'ry soul by sin oppress'd, There's mercy with the Lord, And He will surely give you rest By
 2. For Je - sus shed His precious blood, Rich bless-ings to bestow; Plunge now in-to the crimson flood That
 3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in-to rest; Be - lieve in Him with-out de-lay, And
 4. Come, then, and join this bo - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in that ce - les - tial land, Where

trust-ing in His word.
 wash-es white as snow.
 you are ful - ly blest.
 joys im - mor - tal flow.

{ On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now; }
 { He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now. }

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Come to Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. Come to Je - sus, come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now; Just now come to Jesus, Come to Jesus just now.
 2. He will save you, He will save you, He will save you just now; Just now He will save you, He will save you just now.

- 3 He is able.
 4 He is willing.
 5 Call upon Him.

- 6 He will bear you.
 7 He'll forgive you.
 8 He will cleanse you.

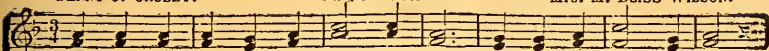
- 9 He'll renew you.
 10 Jesus loves you.
 11 Only trust Him.

Shall I Be Saved Tonight?

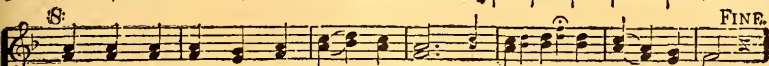
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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Mrs. M. BLISS WILSON.



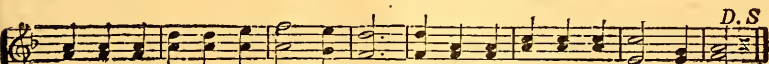
1. Je - sus is pleading with my poor soul, Shall I be saved to-night?
 2. Je - sus is knocking at my poor heart, Shall I be saved to-night?
 3. What if that voice I should hear no more, Shall I be saved to-night?



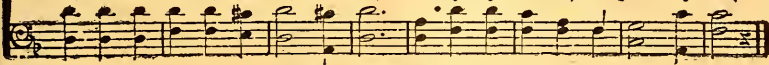
II I believe He will make me whole, Shall I be saved to-night?
 What if His Spir - it should now de - part? Shall I be saved to-night?
 Quickly I'll o - pen this bolt - ed door, Save me; O Lord, to-night.



D.S.—Shall I go on in the old, old way, Or shall I be saved to-night?
 D.S.—Shall I re - ject Him - a friend so dear? Oh, shall I be saved to-night?
 D.S.—Now let Thy work in my soul be - gin, For I will be saved to-night.



Ten - der - ly, sad - ly I hear Him say, How can you grieve me from day to day?
 O - ver and o - ver His voice I hear, Sweetly it falls on my list'ning ear;
 Blessed Redeemer, come in, come in, Pit - y my sorrow, for - give my sin;

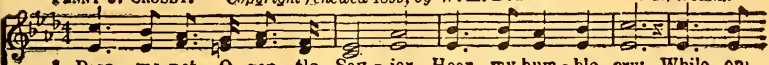


Pass Me Not.

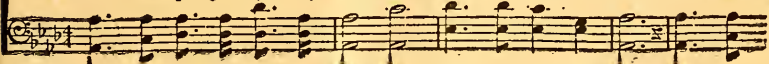
FANNY J. CROSBY.

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W. H. DOANE.



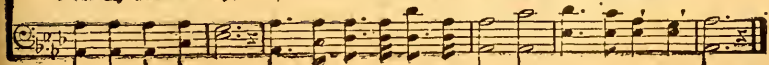
1. Pass me not, O gen - tle Sav - ior, Hear my hum - ble cry; While on
 2. Let me at the throne of mer - cy Find a sweet re - lief; Kneel - ing
 3. Trust - ing on - ly in Thy mer - it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my
 4. Thou the Spring of all my com - fort, More than life to me, Whom have



oth - ers thou art smil - ing, Do not pass me by.
 there in deep con - tri - tion, Help my un - be - lief. Sav - ior, Sav - ior,
 wounded, brok - en spir - it, Save me by Thy grace.
 I on earth be - side Thee? Whom in heav'n but Thee?



Hear my hum - ble cry, While on oth - ers Thou art call - ing, Do not pass me by.



Will You Be Saved Today?

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Soul, are you here with an ach-ing heart? You may be saved to-day; (to-day;)
 2. Pray'r's are as-cend-ing to heav'n for you; You may be saved to-day; (to-day;)
 3. Judgment is com-ing: what can you do? Will you be saved to-day? (to-day?)

Je - sus can bid all your fears depart, You may be saved to - day, (yes, to-day.)
 Christ can your courage and hope re-new: You may be saved to - day, (yes, to-day.)
 Death and destruction with anguish, too; Will you be saved to - day, (yes, to-day?)

God's Ho - ly Spir - it is here in pow'r, Wait-ing to bless you this ver - y
 If you have found that this world is vain, If you have ris - en to fall a -
 God can-not save you a-against your will: Will you the terms of His grace ful-

hour, Long-ing to give you the priceless dow'r-You may be saved to - day.
 gain, Je - sus will nev - er your plea dis-dain: You may be saved to - day.
 fill? While He is ear - nest-ly call - ing still, Will you be saved to - day?

REFRAIN.

To - day, yes, to - day; Why wan-der from Je - sus a - way? So

Will You Be Saved Today?

long He has pleaded; He pa-tient-ly waits To save you, my brother, to-day.

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The Prayer of Faith.

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T. H.

JAMES 5: 14-20.

Thoro Harris.

1. Is an - y sick a-mong the saints? Let such the el-ders call; To heav'n di-
2. In Je-sus' name a-noint with oil—'Tis His di-vine command; The pow'rs of
3. Do an - y wan-der from the Lord?—Thy brother man re-store; Help him to

CHORUS.

rect your sad complaints, To God, who rul - eth all.....
 dark-ness He will foil—All pow'r is in His hand..... The pray'r of
 trust the par-d'ning word Of grace for ev - er - more.....

The pray'r of

faith shall save the sick,.... The Lord shall raise him up, And
 shall save the sick, The Lord shall raise him, raise him up,

if he have com-mit-ted sins, committed sins, They all shall be for-giv - en him.

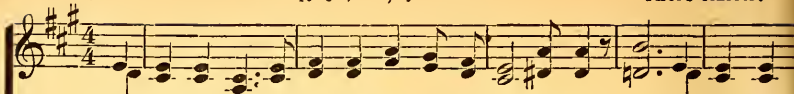
An Eye-Twinkle Change.

"In the twinkling of an eye."—1 Cor. 15: 52.

T. H.

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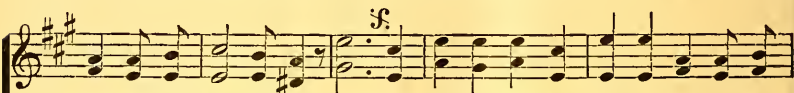
Thoro Harris.



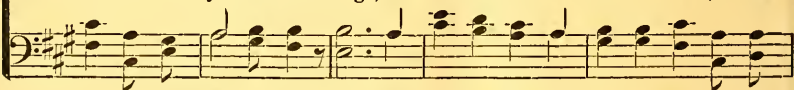
1. E - ter - nal peace will soon begin In an eye-twin-kle change; Our God will
2. His voice will pierce the seal-ed tomb In an eye-twin-kle change; The monster
3. The night of gloom is fad - ing fast Ere the eye-twin-kle change; The golden
4. A - poll-yon's reign will quickly end In an eye-twin-kle change, When Christ in
5. Earth kingdoms all will be o'er-thrown At the eye-twinkle change; And Da - vid's
6. The Judge His own will vin - di - cate At the eye-twin-kle change; And sin - ful



1. break the pow'r of sin In an eye-twinkle change. O'er all the earth our King shall
2. Death will meet his doom At the eye-twinkle change. This mor-tal must im-mor-tal
3. morn will dawn at last At the eye-twinkle change. We soon will see Im-man-uel's
4. glo - ry shall de-scend: O the eye-twinkle change! "That wicked" will the flame de-
5. Son will rule a-lone At the eye-twinkle change. God's Is-ra-el will u - ni - ted
6. man will meet his fate At the eye-twinkle change. Our E - den home will God re-



1. reign At the eye-twin-kle change, And par - a - dise will bloom a - gain In an
2. be In an eye-twin-kle change, And af - ter time e - ter - ni - ty In an
3. face At the eye-twin-kle change, And praise Him for redeeming grace At the
4. stroy At the eye-twin-kle change, The saints will sing and shout for joy At the
5. be At the eye-twin-kle change, As branches of one ol - ive tree, In an
6. store At the eye-twin-kle change, The curse of sin a - bound no more; O the



D. S.—Whom God hath sealed will be revealed In an

FINE. REFRAIN.

D. S.




eye-twinkle change. O how mar'vous and strange Is that eye-twinkle change!
how strange




In Heavenly Love Abiding.


ANNA L. WARING.

SCHUBERT. Arr. by THORO HARRIS.


- 
1. In heav'n - ly love a - bid - ing, No change my heart shall fear;
 2. Where - ev - er He may guide me, No want shall turn me back;
 3. Green pas - tures are be - fore me, Which yet I ne'er have seen;



And safe is such con - fid - ing, For noth - ing chang - es here;
My Shep - herd is be - side me, And noth - ing can I lack;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me, Where dark - est clouds have been;



The storm may roar with - out me, My heart may low be laid;
His wis - dom ev - er wak - eth, His sight is nev - er dim;
My hope I can - not meas - ure, My path to life is free;



But God is round a - bout me, And can I be dis - mayed?
He knows the way He tak - eth, And I will walk with Him.
My Sav - ior has my treas - ure, And He will walk with me. A - men.

See Them Rise!

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Soon our Lord from that "far country" will return to claim His own: See them rise,
 2. We will com-fort one an-oth-er by this word of ho-ly cheer:
 3. O the hope of Je-sus' com-ing is an anchor sure and fast:
 4. Let us sing it, let us tell it to the world, where'er we go: hal-le-lu-jah!

joy-ful-ly rise! We will all go forth to meet Him, for this truth we long have known:
 And we know the hour draws nearer when the Savior shall ap-pear:
 In the im-age of His glo-ry we will stand re-deemed at last:
 praise the Lord! That the message of the kingdom ev'ry longing heart may know;

REFRAIN.

See them rise, joy-ful-ly rise! Then from ocean to ocean will the
 hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord!

See them rise! joy-ful-ly rise!
 old tombs burst: hal-le-lu-jah! praise the Lord! They who

See them rise! joy-ful-ly rise!
 died in the gos-pel will a-rise the first: hal-le-lu-jah!

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Thoro Harris.

Wm. S. Pitts. Arr. by T. H.



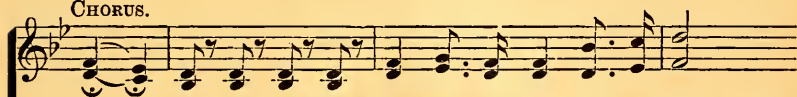
1. Come now, from your slumber a-wak-ing, And list to the voice of the Lord;
2. There's no one can save you but Je-sus, There's no other name God has giv'n;
3. Find par-don and peace in be-liev-ing, And rest on-ly saved ones can know,
4. Then haste while the Savior is wait-ing, The call of the gos-pel o-bey;
5. To-day is the day of sal-va-tion Now en-ter the wide o-pen door;



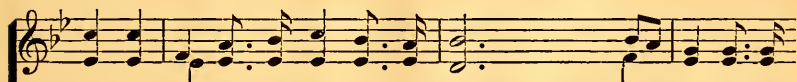
1. A-bove you the sunlight is break-ing, And o'er you His love is outpoured.
2. He on-ly can heal your dis-eas-es, He on-ly can guide you to heav'n.
3. The grace of as-sur-ance re-ceive-ing, And joy on-ly He can be-stow.
4. Give o-ver your fruitless de-bat-ing, And kneel at His footstool to-day.
5. This may be your last in-vi-ta-tion, God's Spir-it may call you no more.



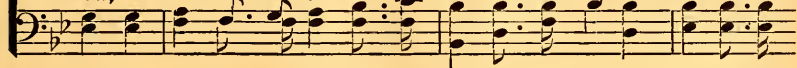
CHORUS.



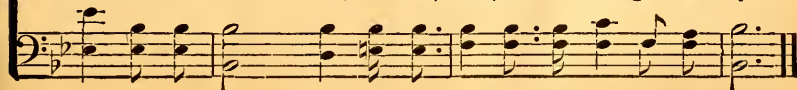
O come, come, come, come, Come while the Spir-it is call-
Come to Him



ing, O come to the Sav-ior to-day, (Come to-day); This may be your
now,



last in-vi-ta-tion; Sin-ner, come, and no lon-ger de-lay.



The End of the Way.

Arrangement copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

1. The sands have been wash'd in the footprints Of the Stranger on Gal - i - lee's shore;
2. There are so man-y hills to climb up-ward; How oft I am long-ing for rest!
3. He loves me too well to for-sake me, Or give me one tri-al too much;
4. When the last fee-ble step has been tak-en And the gates of that cit-y ap-pear,

1. The voice that subdued the rough billows Will be heard in Ju - de-a no more,
2. But He who ap-oints me my pathway, Knows just what is need-ful and best,
3. His peo-ple have been dear-ly-purchased, And Sa - tan can nev - er claim such.
4. And the beau-ti-ful songs of the an - gels Float out on my list-en-ing ear,

1. But the path of that lone Gal - i - le - an, With joy I will fol - low to-day,
2. I know In His word He has promised My strength, it shall be as my day;
3. By and by I shall see Him and praise Him In the ci - ty of un - end - ing day;
4. When all that now seems so mysterious, Will be bright as a mid - sum - mer day,

And the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way,
4 v. Then the toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way,

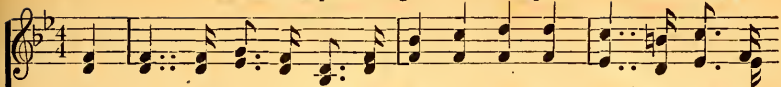
The toils of the road will seem nothing When I get to the end of the way.

Mount Calvary.

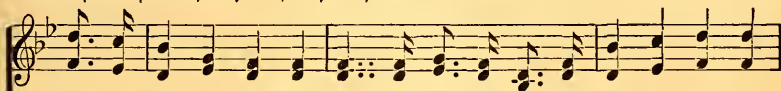
T. H.

"We have redemption through his blood."—Eph. 1: 7.

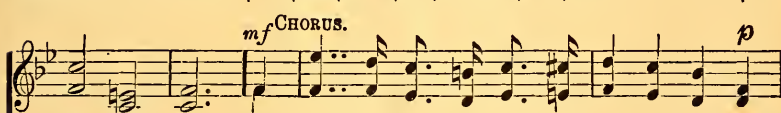
THORO HARRIS.



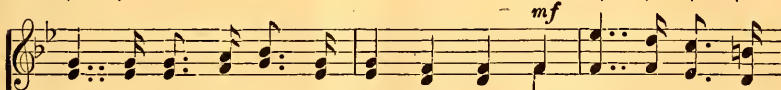
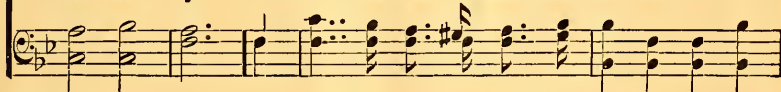
1. Too long I roamed o'er sin's be-wil-d'ring plain In quest of phan-tom
2. I heard that Je-sus' blood could cleanse from sin, I saw the stream, and
3. I now con-fess him as my gra-cious Lord, I taste the joy his
4. I can - not fath-om God's un-bound-ed grace, But, rec - on - ciled, I



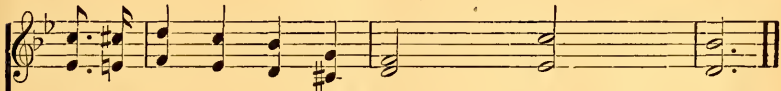
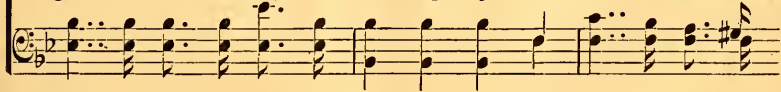
joys or world-ly gain; At last I turned, to ease my heart of pain, To
 bold - ly en-tered in—The fount that flows to make the vil - est clean, From
 boun-ty doth of - ford; And now my lips can frame one on - ly word: 'Tis
 see his smil - ing face; And thro' e - ter-nal years my soul shall praise Mount



mf CHORUS. Cal - va - ry. When on the cross I saw the vic - tim die—"For-



give!" I heard his ag - o - niz - ing cry— It then be-came earth's



dear-est spot to me, Dark Cal - - va - - - ry.
 Cal - va - ry, yes, sa - cred Cal - va - ry.



Ada Blenkhorn.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Sometimes in days of darkness More than in hours of light We feel the pressure
 2. His prom-ise is, to guide us By His un - err-ing hand; We trust Him tho we
 3. The storms that so affright us Their an-gry tu-mult cease When on the ruf and
 4. How sweet His voice and tender To hearts by grief opprest, "My presence shall go

CHORUS.

1. of His hand, And know that all is right.
 2. can-not see, And on His promise stand. The wound - ed hands of Je - sus The
 3. troubled waver He breathes the word of peace.
 4. all the way, And lead thee in - to rest."

Rit.

path for us will trace, And lead our footsteps safely on To His a-bid-ing place.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Hon - or, praise and ma-jes-ty Be for - ev - er, Lord, to Thee, For the countless
 2. We are child-ren of the dust: In Thy love a - lone we trust; We would glo-ri -
 3. Let all creatures here that dwell, Forth Thy loving kindness tell; With the goodness
 4. Blessing Thee for all Thy grace Till we see Thee face to face; Then for-ev - er -

CHORUS.

1. merc-ies won Thru Thy ho - ly Son.
 2. fy Thy name And its pow'r proclaim. We will land Thee and a-dore, Prais-ing
 3. of the Lord All the earth is stored.
 4. more may we Prais-es sing to Thee.

We Will Laud Thee.

Thee for-ev - er-more; Hear Thine earthly children sing, Gracious heav'nly King.

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My Ransom.

T. H.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.

1. Once I with chains was bound On drear - y plains of sin; No rest - ing
 2. Ah, had His jus - tice left My soul to her sad fate, I'd been of
 3. Then turn from sin a - side, The voice of love o - bey; Re - nounce your

D. S.—The love that

place I found, No peace or joy with - in Till I be-held the Son Up -
 hope be - reft Outside the pearl - y gate; But now my soul is blest—His
 self - ish pride Nor wait an - oth - er day; Just look in faith to God, Re -

paid my ran - som, And my hope - less debt; His glo - ry shall re - sound To

FINE.

on the shameful tree Who full re - demp - tion won For all hu - man - i - ty.
 promise can - not fail, That I shall be at rest With Christ within the veil.
 pent of all your sin, Be - lieve His ho - ly word, And He will take you in.

ev - er - last - ing days My tung shall speak His goodness And ex - tol His grace.

CHORUS.

D. S.

Thru - out e - ter - nal days My soul will ne'er for - get

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. Some day tri-umph-ant o'er the tomb, The saints will be translated, To wake in
 2. Good E-noch thus, who walked with God, "Was not," for He was "taken," And nev-er
 3. With an-gels He will soon de-scend To whom all pow'r is giv-en; His reign of

1. glad, im-mor-tal bloom, From death e-man-ci-pa-ted; From slum-ber will they
 2. soul did trust His word To find him-self for-sak-en; E-li-jah, in a
 3. peace shall nev-er end, The Son of God from heav-en; Joint-heirs with faith-ful

1. all a-rise, E-ter-nal life par-tak-ing, Caught up to-gether in the
 2. char-iot grand, As-cend-ed in-to heav-en—With them we'll soon possess the
 3. A-bra-ham, The child-ren of the "blessed" Shall see the new Je-ru-sa-

CHORUS.

1. skies, When Christ our Lord will come.
 2. land And "dwell for-ev-er-more."
 3. lem And tread the streets of gold. { We've a part in the roy-al pro-cess-ion,
 We will share in the promised pos-ses-sion

We're in-vit-ed to a ban-quet in the skies;
 Of the [Omit . . .] saints of God, in Par-a-dise.

T. H.

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Thoro Harris.

1. When my poor heart, torn by anguish and pain, Seeks in her sor-row some sol-ace to
 2. When by the sense of my sin all dismayed, Conscience offended, hath made me a -
 3. When in my quest for af - fec-tion and love, Friends turn against me, O Fa-ther a -
 4. When in the depths of the ut - ter-most wo Ev - er the soul of a mor-tal may
 5. When life, grown wea-ry, is breathing its last, When, all the scenes of my pilgrimage
 6. Show me the path to the por - tals of day, Speak to my spir - it and point me the

1. gain, When even pray'r seemeth useless and vain,
 2. fraid, Tell me that help on One mighty is laid,
 3. bove, To me Thy goodness and faithfulness prove, Come to my rescue, O Lord!
 4. know, O by the God-man who wept here be-low,
 5. past, Cold-ly the dewdrops of death gather fast,
 6. way; Then, O remember these frail lips that pray,

REFRAIN. *piu allegro.*

Come to my res-cue, Come to my res-cue, Quick-en Thou

me by Thy word;..... Grant me, I pray, Need-ed

O com-pas-sion-ate One!

Give me

rit.

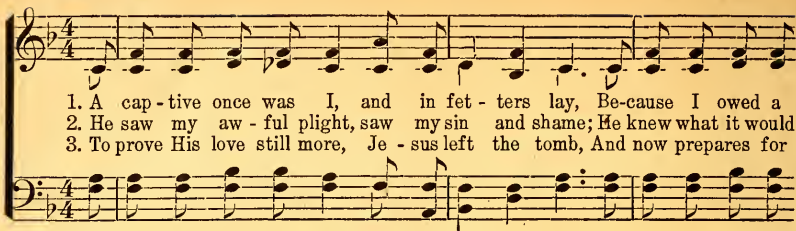
strength for the day, Come to my res - cue, O Lord!

Glory to the Lamb.

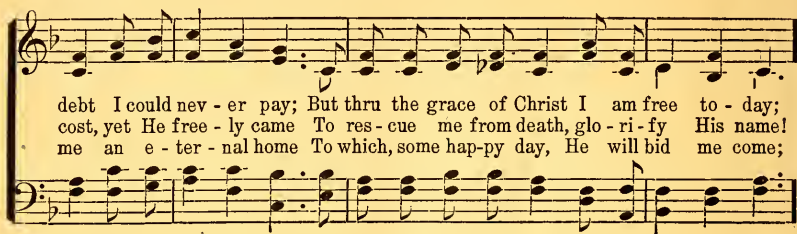
James Rowe.

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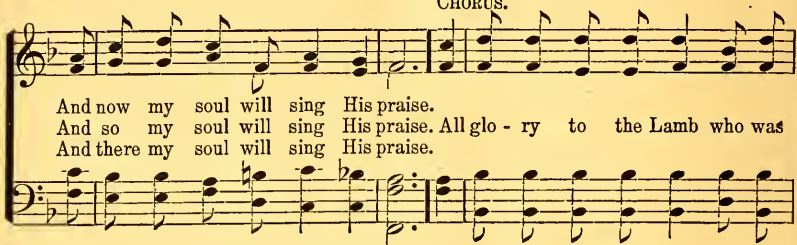


1. A cap - tive once was I, and in fet - ters lay, Be - cause I owed a
 2. He saw my aw - ful plight, saw my sin and shame; He knew what it would
 3. To prove His love still more, Je - sus left the tomb, And now prepares for

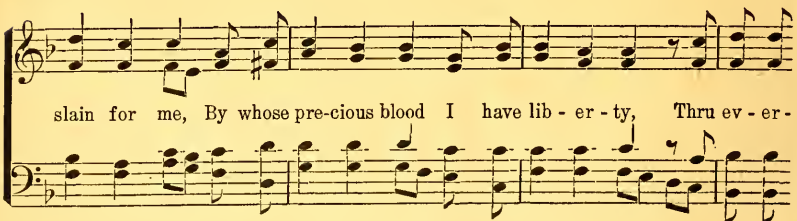


debt I could nev - er pay; But thru the grace of Christ I am free to - day;
 cost, yet He free - ly came To res - cue me from death, glo - ri - fy His name!
 me an e - ter - nal home To which, some hap - py day, He will bid me come;

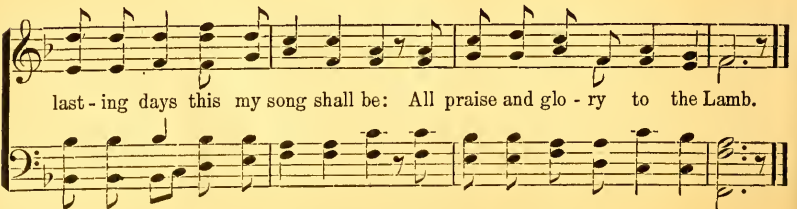
CHORUS.



And now my soul will sing His praise.
 And so my soul will sing His praise. All glo - ry to the Lamb who was
 And there my soul will sing His praise.



slain for me, By whose pre - cious blood I have lib - er - ty, Thru ev - er -



last - ing days this my song shall be: All praise and glo - ry to the Lamb.

C. M. K.

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C. M. Keach.

Not too fast.

1. There's a sol-ern hour approaching, when the Lord of hosts shall come, And be-fore His
 2. We are mak-ing dai - ly rec-ords with the Ev - er - last-ing God, In the book of
 3. In the scroll of human conscience, on the tab - lets of the heart, We are writ-ing
 4. There is on - ly One can help us, 'tis the bless-ed Lamb of God, He whose blood can

1. face the heav-ens flee a - way; Then the records shall be o - pened, showing all that
 2. His rememb'rance there to stay; Tho'ts and deeds of good and e - vil, doth the faith-ful
 3. and en-grav-ing day by day; May the God of heav'n di-rect us, and the need-ed
 4. wash all guilt and sin a - way; Sin-ner, haste to Him for cleansing, clear the pages

f FINE. CHORUS.
 1. men have done, And we'll have to meet the rec-ord in that day.
 2. page re-cord; And we'll have to meet the rec-ord in that day. Yes, we'll have to
 3. grace impart, For we'll have to meet the rec-ord in that day.
 4. with His blood; For we'll have to meet the rec-ord in that day.

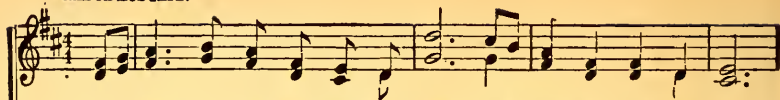
D. S.—When we're called to meet the rec-ord in that day?

meet the record in that day, We will have to meet the rec - ord in that
 in that day,

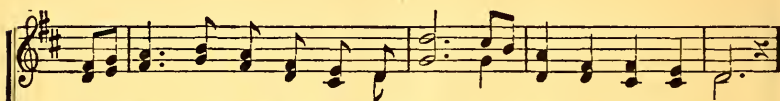
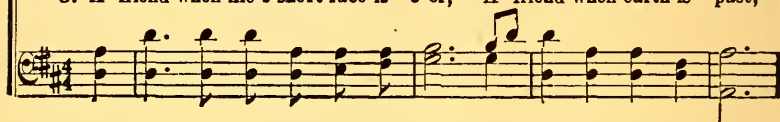
D. S.
 day; Will we be for glo-ry fit - ted, Be - fore Him stand acquitted,
 the judgment day;

Friendship With Jesus.

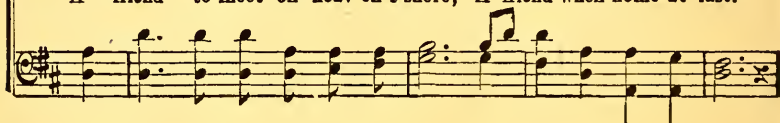
MAJOR LUDGATE.



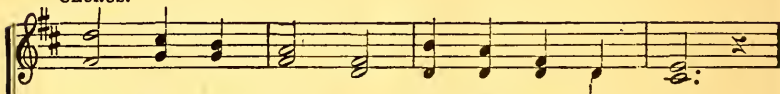
1. A friend of Je - sus, oh, what bliss, That one so vile as I,
2. A friend when oth - er friendships cease, A friend when oth - ers fail,
3. A friend to lead me in the dark, A friend who knows the way,
4. A friend when sick - ness lays me low, A friend when death draws near,
5. A friend when life's short race is o'er, A friend when earth is past,



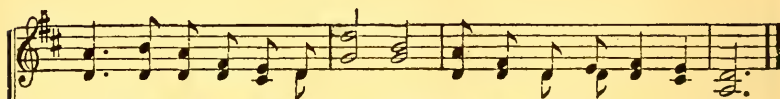
Should ev - er have a friend like this, To lead me to the sky.
 A friend who gives me joy and peace, A friend who does pre - vail.
 A friend to steer my weak frail bark, A friend my debts to pay.
 A friend as thro' the vale I go, A friend to help and cheer.
 A friend to meet on heav-en's shore, A friend when home at last.



CHORUS.



Friend - ship with Je - sus, Fel - low - ship di - vine,



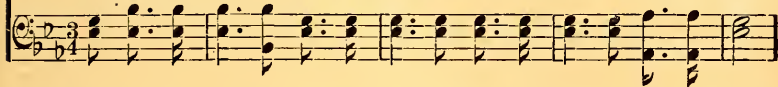
Oh, what blessed sweet com-mun-ion, Je - sus is a friend of mine.



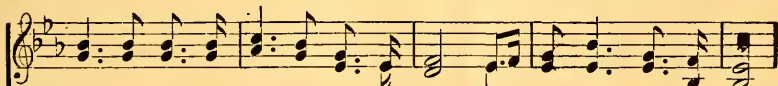
W. A. WILLIAMS.



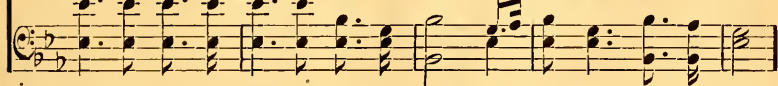
1. I entered once a home of care, For age and pen - u - ry were there:
2. I stood be - side a dy - ing bed, Where lay a child with ach - ing head,
3. I saw the mar - tyr at the stake, The flames could not his cour - age shake,
4. I saw the gos - pel her - ald go To Af - ric's sand and Greenland's snow,
5. I dreamed that hoar - y time had fled, And earth and sea gave up their dead,
6. Then come to Christ, oh! come to - day, The Fa - ther, Son and Spir - it say;



Yet peace and joy with - al; I asked the lone - ly moth - er
 Wait - ing for Je - sus' call, I marked his smile, 'twas sweet as
 Nor death his soul ap - pall; I asked him whence his strength was
 To save from Sa - tan's thrall; Nor home nor life he count - ed
 A fire dis - solved this ball; I saw the church's ran - somed
 The Bride re - peats the call: For He will cleanse your guilt - y



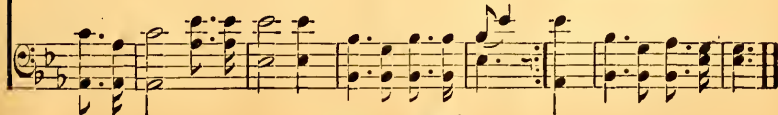
whence Her help - less wid - ow - hood's de - fence, She told me "Christ was all."
 May, And as his spir - it passed a - way, He whispered "Christ is all."
 giv'n, He looked tri - umph - ant - ly to heav'n, And answered "Christ is all."
 dear, 'Midst wants and per - ils owned no fear, He felt that "Christ is all."
 throng, I heard the bur - den of their song, 'Twas "Christ is all in all."
 stains, His love will soothe your weary pains, For "Christ is all in all."



CHORUS.



Christ is all, all in all, Yes, Christ is all in all; Yes, Christ is all in all.



Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D.

Rev. J. M. DRIVER.

1. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love; Tell it to me a - gain;
 2. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love; Tho' you are far a - way;
 3. Won-der-ful sto - ry of love; Je - sus pro-vides a rest;

Won-der-ful sto - ry of love; Wake the im-mor - tal strain!
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love; Still He doth call to - day;
 Won-der-ful sto - ry of love; For all the pure and blest,

Ang-els with rap-ture announce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it;
 Call-ing from Calvary's mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain,
 Rest in those mansions a-bove us, With those who've gone on before us,

FINE.

Sin-ner, oh! won't you be-lieve it? Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 E'en from the dawn of Cre - a-tion, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.
 Sing-ing the rap-tur-ous cho-rus, Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.

D. S.—*Won-der-ful sto - ry of love.*

CHORUS. D. S.

Won - der full! Won - der - full! Won - der - full!
 Wonderful story of love! Wonderful sto-ry of love! Wonderful story of love!

Working Out Your Own Salvation.

PROCESSIONAL.

T. H.

Phil. 2: 12, 13.

THORO HARRIS.

1. On-ward move, ye fol-l'wers of the Lord, Trust-ing in his pow'r,
 2. See be - fore, a crown of glo - ry lies, Run the heav'n-ly race,
 3. Marching on as sol-diers of the King, Let the hills and plains
 4. To yon cit - y bathed in gold - en light, Cit - y of the King,

hark'ning to his word; Gird ye on the Spir-it's might-y sword,
 reaching for the prize; For - ward fac - ing, mount the star-ry skies,
 with re - joic-ing ring; Ye shall tri - umph as ye shout and sing,
 climb the pathway bright; Faith shall van - ish, turned to bliss-ful sight,

CHORUS.

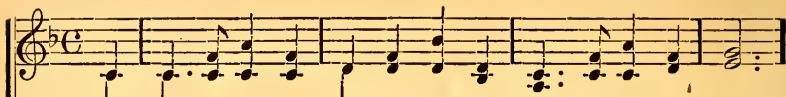
Work-ing out your own sal - va - tion. God is faith - ful,
 God is true and faith - ful,

he is work-ing too, Of His pleas-ure, both to will and do;
 Of His own good pleas-ure,

Now your vow of dil - i-gence re-new, Work-ing out your own sal-va-tion.
 Now your ho-ly vow

T. H.

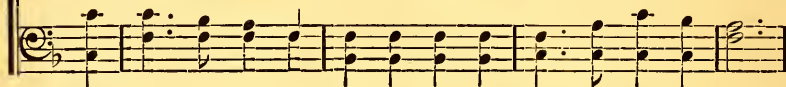
THORO HARRIS.



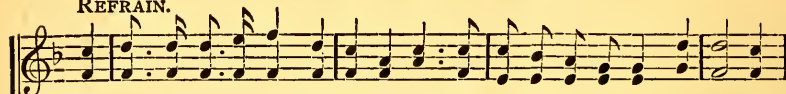
1. A shad-ow 'mid the scorch-ing heat, A ref - uge from the storm ;
2. Life's cares around us firm - ly cling, A ref - uge from the storm ;
3. The rain may beat, the wind may blow, A ref - uge from the storm ;
4. Then hope we on, nor ev - er fear, A ref - uge from the storm ;



In tri - al sore a help - er meet, A ref - uge from the storm.
 Yet we may al-ways trust and sing, A ref - uge from the storm.
 No harm or tu-mult shall we know, A ref - uge from the storm.
 Our Sav - iour-friend is al-ways near, A ref - uge from the storm.



REFRAIN.



The children of the Lord may sweetly sing, For Jesus is the rock of a-ges ;



Yes, we will rest beneath thy shelt'ring wing, A ref-uge from the storm.

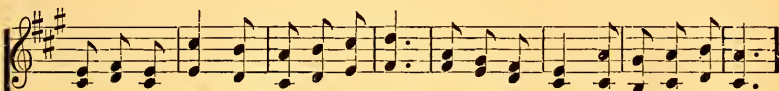


A. E. B.

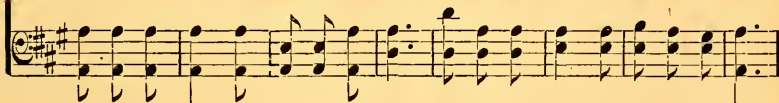
A. E. BLOOM.



1. Hidden with thee, how blessed the tho't, Hidden with thee, by precious blood bo't;
2. Hidden with thee when trials assail, Hidden with thee, tho' friends all may fail;
3. Hidden with thee, I rest here secure, Hid-den with thee, I now can en-dure;
4. Hidden with thee, till shadows are past, Hid-den with thee, safe anchored at last;



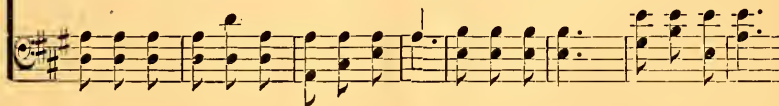
Purchased my par-don, cancelled my sin, Opened thy king-dom, I en - ter in.
 Sheltered am I, tho' stormy the way, Hidden with thee till cometh the day.
 Tri - als like bil-lows o'er me may roll, Hidden with thee, a blood purchased soul.
 Joy-ful my song, and blessed my state, Soon comes the morn when saints shall awake.



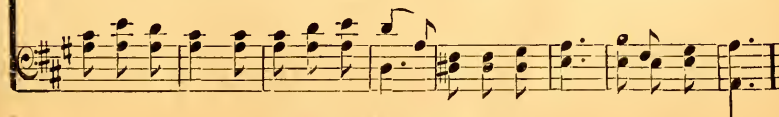
CHORUS.



Hidden with thee, Savior, hidden with thee, Gladly I'll sing, hap-py I'll be;



Sheltered beneath thy shadowing wing, Hidden with thee, hidden with thee.



ETHEL M. COLSON.

May be sung as Soprano and Tenor Duet.

THORO HARRIS.

1. Do you think the Lord for-gets you, Be-cause you must fight and pray,
 2. Do you think because your heart aches With anguish and cru - el pain,
 3. Do you think because the sor - row Which all human hearts must know,
 4. Do you think because your loved ones Lie cold in the grave, and still—
 5. And we're all his blood-bo't chil-dren; He holds ev-'ry soul as dear

And reap the bit - ter har-vest You've been sow-ing from day to day?
 And life's bright, golden sun - shine Is shad-owed by storm and rain;
 Has come to claim your dar - ling, The loved one you cher-ished so—
 You can-not hear their voi - ces Or work out their care - less will—
 As you do the way-ward ba - by Who creeps to your heart so near;

That tho' you may toil and suf - fer, He nev-er will heed your moan?
 Of mu-sic sub-dued or si - lenced You hear but the un - der-tone,
 The joy of your life has van-ished, Which fondly you called your own—
 The strug-gle you made to- geth - er, Must now all be fought, a - lone,
 And if we would on - ly list - en, We'd hear him in ten-d'rest tone,

That Je - sus the Lord for - gets you? He nev - er for - gets his own.
 That Je - sus the Lord for - gets you? He nev - er for - gets his own.
 That Je - sus the Lord for - gets you? He nev - er for - gets his own.
 That Je - sus the Lord for - gets you? He nev - er for - gets his own.
 "Fear not, my be - lov - ed chil - dren, I nev - er for - get my own."

T. H.

THORO HARRIS.



1. Christian, don't i - dle the mo - ments a - way; Save some sin - ner to -
2. Nev - er de - spair, tho' your toil seem in vain; Save some sin - ner to -
3. Ma - ny are shipwrecked on life's storm - y main: Save some sin - ner to -
4. Seek - ing fair jew - els for Je - sus your King, Save some sin - ner to -
5. E - ven one soul is of in - fi - nite worth: Save some sin - ner to -



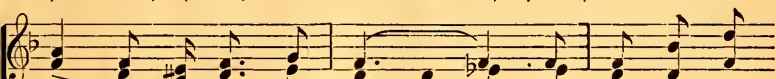
day; Are you his ser - vant true? God has a work for you:
 day; Go in his bless - ed name Who bore your grief and shame:
 day; Leave not one deed un - done To win the err - ing one:
 day; Soon will your work be done And rest e - ter - nal won:
 day; To win a fade - less crown Of glo - ry and re - nown.



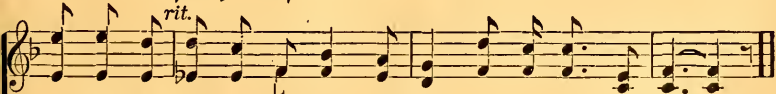
REFRAIN.



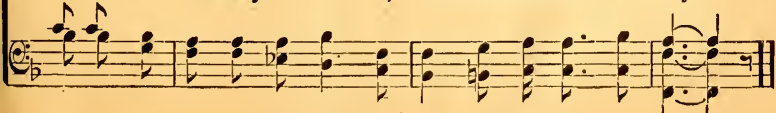
Save some sin - ner to - day. Save some sin - ner to - day;
 to - day; 0



Save some sin - ner to - day; Re - veal - ing the
 new while you may;



fa - vor Of Je - sus your Sav - ior, Save some sin - ner to - day.



Jesus is Calling for Thee.

WILL O. JONES.

Copyright, 1917, by Thoro Harris

Arr. by THORO HARRIS.



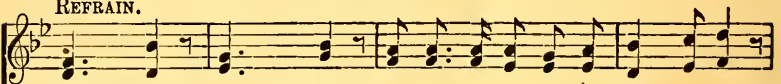
1. O come, for the Sav-ior is call-ing, My Sav-ior who bled o'er the sea;
2. The storm in its fu-ry is rag-ing, Thy soul is in per-il to-day;
3. O think of the night o'er the waters, The dark-ness in Gethsema - ne;
4. His blood is a fountain of healing, His mer-cy is won-drously free;
5. Then come while the Spirit is pleading, And list to the sound of his voice.



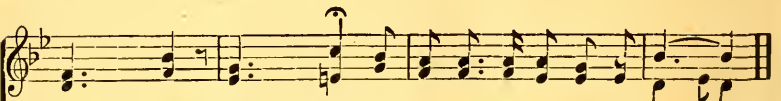
O come, for the shadows are falling, And Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
 O come, for the Sav-ior is waiting To wash all thy sin-stains a-way.
 He suf-fered to break ev'ry fetter, And Je-sus is call-ing for thee.
 He of-fers a per-fect sal-va-tion, And Je-sus can save e-ven thee.
 For sin-ners he's still in-ter-ced-ing, Be-lieve, and thy soul shall re-joice.



REFRAIN.



Come home, come home, Come, for the Sav-ior is call-ing thee;
 Wand'rer, come home. Wand'rer come home, call-ing for thee;



Come home, come home, For Je-sus is call-ing for thee.....
 Wand'rer, come home, No more to roam, come home.



Take a Transfer.

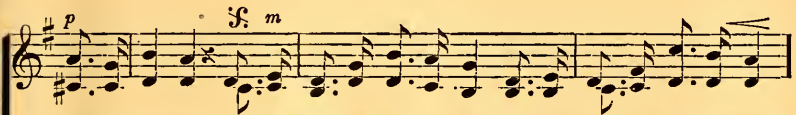
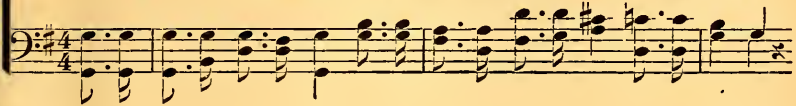
T. H.

Copyright, 1916, by Thoro Harris.

Thoro Harris.



1. Are you on the gloom-y line, Trav'ling down the steep incline? Take a transfer,
2. What's the use to fret and pine? Can't you see the, cor-ner sign: "Take a transfer,
3. If you're-nervous when we shout, Wond'ring what 'tis all a-bout, Take a transfer,
4. If you're hold-ing by a strap, Then lookout for some mishap! Take a transfer,
5. If the world en-tic-es you, Don't ac-cept their tick-et thru, Take a transfer,



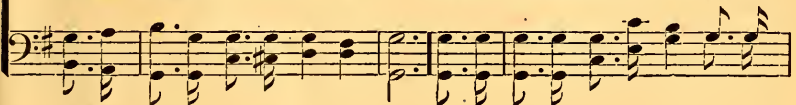
take a trans-fer; If you're on the wor-ry train, Do not stay there and complain:
 take a trans-fer;" Leave the track of doubt and gloom, On the sunshine route there's room:
 take a trans-fer; All who ride this gos-pel line, Sing be-cause they feel so fine:
 take a trans-fer; Cheerful cars are passing thru, There's a seat re-served for you:
 take a trans-fer; Je - sus will conduct and guide, Till you reach the E - den side:



D. S.—If you're crabbish, cross or blue, Board this train, 'twill bear you thru:



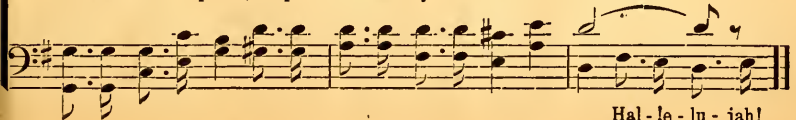
Take a trans-fer for the glo-ry line. Cars are passing ev-'ry hour, Charg'd with



Take a trans-fer for the glo-ry line.



God's e - lec-tric pow'r, Su-p'rin-tend-ed by the Man di - vine.....



Hal - le - lu - jah!

Take Me As I Am.

ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

JNO. H. STOCKTON.

1. Je - sus, my Lord, to thee I cry, Un - less thou help me, I must die;
 2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet thy blood for me was spilt;
 3. No prep - a - ra - tion can I make, My best re - solves I on - ly break;
 4. I thirst, I long to know thy love, Thy full sal - va - tion I would prove;
 5. If thou hast work for me to do, In - spire my will, my heart renew,
 6. And when at last the work is done, The bat - tle o'er, the vic - t'ry won;

Oh, bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!
 And thou canst make me what thou wilt, But take me as I am!
 Yet save me for thine own name's sake, And take me as I am!
 But since to thee I can - not move, Oh, take me as I am!
 And work both in and by me too, But take me as I am!
 Still, still my cry shall be a - lone, Lord, take me as I am!

D.S.—bring thy free sal - va - tion nigh, And take me as I am!

Take me as I am, Take me as I am; Oh,

Just As I Am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

(Woodworth, L. M.)

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that thy blood washed for me,
 2. Just as I am, and wait-ing not, To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 3. Just as I am thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
 4. Just as I am—thy love unknown Hath bro-ken ev - 'ry bar-rier down;

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 To thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Be - cause thy prom - ise I be - lieve, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine a - lone, O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

slowly.

1. Cling to the Mighty One, Cling in thy grief; Cling to the Holy One, He gives re- lief;
 2. Cling to the Living One, Cling in thy woe; Cling to the Living One, Tho' all be- low;
 3. Cling to the Bleeding One, Cling to His side; Cling to the Rising One, In Him a - bide;

Cling to the Gracious One, Cling in thy pain; Cling to the Faithful One, He will sustain.
 Cling to the Pard'ning One, He speaketh peace; Cling to the Healing One, Anguish shall cease.
 Cling to the Com-ing One, Hope shall a - rise; Cling to the Reigning One, Joy lights thine eyes.

No. 408

Asleep in Jesus.

Margaret Mackay.

Wm. B. Bradbury.

1. A - sleep in Je - sus! bless - ed sleep, From which none ever wakes to weep! A calm and un - dis -
 2. A - sleep in Je - sus! O how sweet To be for such a slum - ber meet! With ho - ly con - fi -

turbed re - pose, Un - bro - ken by the last of foes,
 dence to sing, That death has lost his ven - omed sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
 Whose waking is supremely blest!
 No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour
 That manifests the Savior's pow'r.

4 Asleep in Jesus! O for me
 May such a blissful refuge be!
 Securely shall my ashes lie,
 Waiting the summons from on high.

No. 409

Shall We Meet?

H. L. Hastings.

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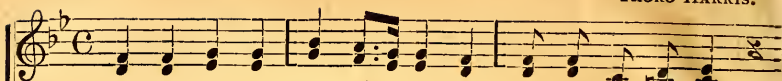
Ellhu S. Rice.

1. { Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll; }
 { Where in all the bright for - ev - er, } Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
 2. { Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, When our stormy voyage is o'er? }
 { Shall we meet and cast the anchor, } By the bright ce - les - tial shore?
 D. C. — Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?



CHORUS. D. C.
 Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the river?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
 Where the tow'rs of crystal shine;
 Where the walls are all of jasper,
 Built by workmanship divine?

4 Shall we meet with Christ, our Savior,
 When He comes to claim His own?
 Shall we know His blessed favor,
 And sit down upon His throne?




1. Lo, a pil - grim stran - ger knocking, Let the Sav - iour in,
 2. List, while mer - cy stands en - treat - ing Let the Sav - iour in,
 3. Once a - gain, O hear him call - ing, Let the Sav - iour in,
 4. Hearken, lest he plead no long - er, Let the Sav - iour in,
 5. While the voice of love is plead - ing, Let the Sav - iour in,

Let the Saviour in; To his arms the lost are flocking, Let the blessed
 Let the Saviour in; Ev - er, ceaseless - ly re - peat - ing Let the blessed
 Let the Saviour in; He will keep thy feet from falling, Let the blessed
 Let the Saviour in; Faith and hope and love grow stronger When you let th
 Let the Saviour in; While for you he's in - ter - ced - ing, Let the blessed



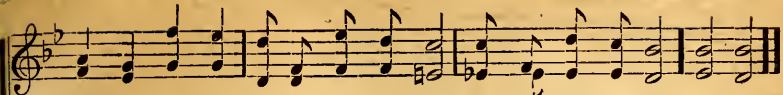

Sav - iour in, O let him in. He will ban - ish grief and sor - row,
 Sav - iour in, O let him in. Come, O come, thy sins con - fess - ing,
 Sav - iour in, O let him in. Come to Christ while mer - cy calls thee;
 Lord come in, O let him in. Lin - ger not, we all im - plore you;
 Sav - iour in, Yes, let him in. Soon thy day of grace di - minished,

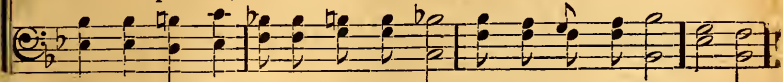
And the anx - ious dread to - mor - row: Wea - ry heart, O hear him
 Thou shalt know a Saviour's bless - ing; Child of woe, why long - er
 Ere im - pend - ing doom be - falls thee; He will take a - way thy
 Let the Sav - iour now re - store you, Let him speak the word of
 And the gos - pel mys - t'ry fin - ished, Christ the King shall come in



Let the Saviour In. Concluded.



gent-ly plead-ing, Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.
 doubt or tar-ry? Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.
 sin and sor-row, Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.
 peace and pardon, Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in.
 all his splendor; Let the Sav-iour in, Let the Saviour in. **A - MEN.**



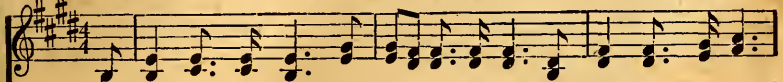
411

Rejoicing Evermore.

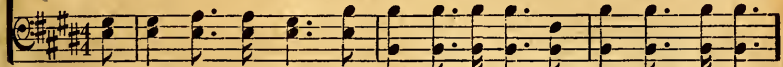
John Newton.

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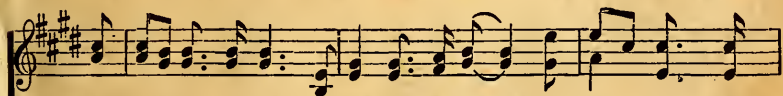
R. E. Hudson.



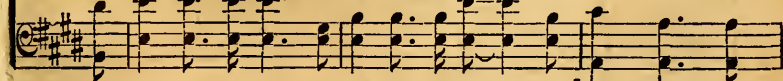
1. Tho' troub-les as-sail, and dangers af-fright, Tho' friends all should fail,
2. The birds with-out barn or store-house are fed; From them let us learn
3. When Sa-tan ap-pears to stop up our path, And fills us with fears,
4. He tells us we're weak—our hope is in vain, The good that we seek
5. No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim, Our trust is all thrown



CHO.—Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the Lord, Yes, I will re-joyce



and foes all u-nite, Yet one thing secures us, what-ev-er be-
 to trust for our bread; His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be de-
 we tri-umph by faith; He can-not take from us, tho' oft He has
 we ne'er shall ob-tain; But when such sugges-tions our grac-es have
 on Je-sus' dear name; In this our strong tower for safe-ty we

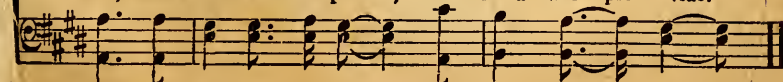


re-joyce in the Lord; Yes, I will re-joyce, re-joyce in the

D. C.




hide; The prom-ise as-sures us, The Lord will pro-vide.
 tried; So long as 'tis writ-ten, The Lord will pro-vide.
 tried, The heart-cheer-ing prom-ise, The Lord will pro-vide.
 hide; The Lord is our pow-er, The Lord will pro-vide.



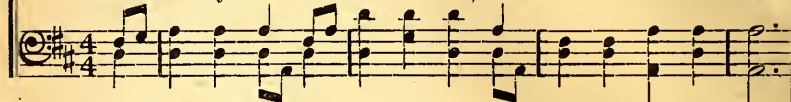
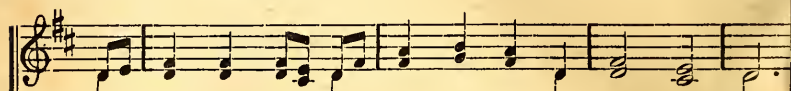
Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal-va-tion.

M. T-


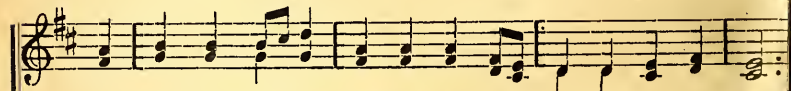
M. TURNER.





1. Our Lord is at the door to claim The pearl for which He died—
 2. "The flow'rs ap-pear," the ros-es bloom A-round His sa-cred feet;
 3. Then come North wind with bit-ting blast, A-mid the fol-iage dense;
 4. By this blest u-ni-ty of love Shall all be-lieve and know
 5. And on-ly as the twain are One, Will all be-lieve and see

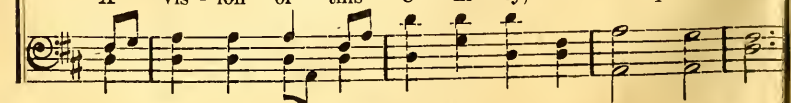
A vir-gin "pure, as He is pure," A Lil-y Bride.
 He gath-ers lil-ies in His arms, In this re-treat.
 And scat-ters blos-soms from "the trees Of Frank-in-cense"
 God's rem-e-dy for hu-man sin And hu-man woe.
 The Lamb of God who ran-soms from In-i-qui-ty.

A gar-den fair, en-closed is she, Where He may come and rest,
 Oh, breathe up-on us, breath of God, Un-til Thy gar-den glow
 Thus shall the spic-es rare flow out A price-less wealth of love—
 By love a-lone can all be one In pur-i-ty of life;
 Oh. un-de-filed! Oh, Lil-y Bride, To thee a-lone is giv'n

And she may love, and lean her head, Up-on His breast.
 With bud and bloom, with fruit and flow'r, God's o-ver-flow.
 Come as the balm-y, soft south wind, Thou heav'n-ly Dove.
 The Christ of God be lift-ed up, His Lamb-like wife.
 A vis-ion of this U-ni-ty, An o-pen-ed heav'n.

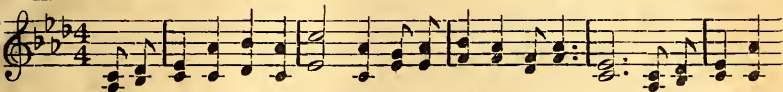


"During the process of honey making the bees inject a portion of formic acid into the one. This is in reality the poison of their stings. The formic acid gives to the honey its peculiar flavor. The sting is an exquisitely contrived little trowel with which the bee finishes off and caps the cells when they are filled with honey. While doing this, formic acid passes from the poison bags and drops from the point of the sting till beauty's work is finished."

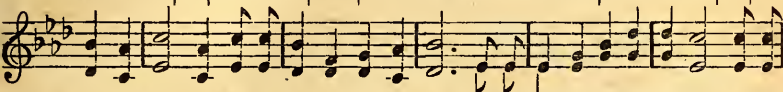
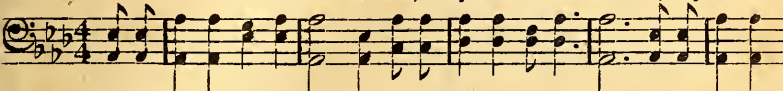
"So the daily annoyances and stings of life give room for the manifestations of His patient sweetness and endurance and 'love' which 'never faileth.' True spiritual beauty."

M. T.

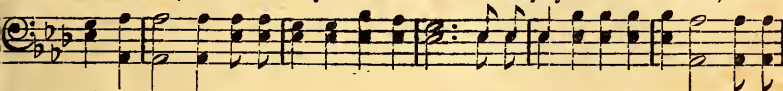
JENNIE M. GRIFFITHS.



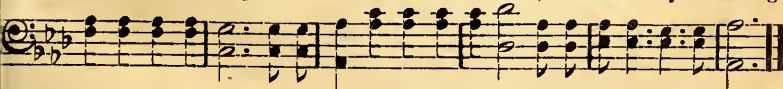
1. In these days of patient waiting, Jesus seeks a honey Bride, Who will man-i-
2. "Just keep sweet," it is so ea-sy, This dear say-ing to re-peat, But to live a
3. Yes, His Bride is sweet as hon-ey, And she's al-to-geth-er fair, She is black, but
4. You could never know His sweetness, Did you nev-er know a care; If you nev-er



fest His sweetness, Reigning with Him side by side: This her time of preparation. She must live of sweetness, That means resting at His feet; In the strength of Jesus' meekness Bear the very comely, In His eyes a treasure rare. While the world seems naught but blackness, And a had a weakness, Could He then your burden bear? He is aye your burden bearer, Rise a-



suffer while she sings, But there's glorious consolation, Precious honey in the stings. taunting, bitter things, And remember while your trusting That there's honey in the stings. scandal round her flings, She can live above the darkness While there's honey in the stings. above the clouds and sing, It will make communion sweeter, Sweetest honey in the sting.



Does some loved one crucify you,—
Nail you to the dreadful cross?
Have you passed the deepest waters,—
Suffered every earthly loss?
Can you kiss the hand that nails you,
While your heart with victory rings,
Jesus' love will never fail you,
And that's honey in the stings.

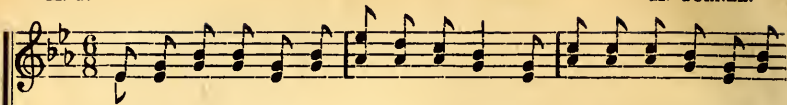
Is your loving heart nigh breaking?
Is your barque still tempest tossed?
Are you tried and separated
From the friends you loved the most?
Through the sufferings made perfect,
You can rise on eagle's wings,
Far above earth's desolations,
Finding honey in the stings.

7. Yes, His Bride is getting ready,
She must go the way He went;
This is why such preparation,
Sorrow, suffering is sent.
In the coming dispensation
He will reign, her King of kings,
This the blessed compensation,
Precious honey in the stings.

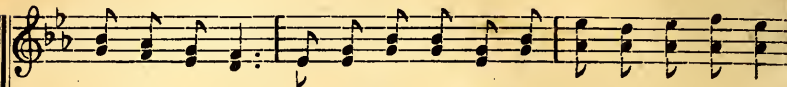
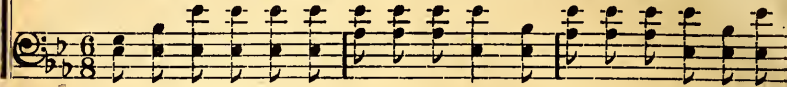
8. Jesus felt the stings; He suffered
All their burning, fiery smart.
"He is touched," and draws us closer
To His tender, loving heart.
He went all the way before us,
And has known the pain it brings,
Yet He knows we can not do
Without the honey or the stings.

M. T.

M. TURNER.



1. Heirs of Je - ho - vah, re - joic-ing before Him, Praise Him at all times, ex -
2. Heirs of Je - ho - vah, the purchase of Je - sus, Peace by His cross in the
3. Hail to the King! the de - sire of all na - tions; Joy to the earth when He



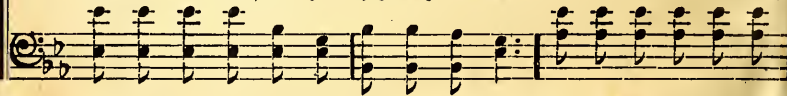
alt His dear name: Changeless, e - ter - nal, ex - haust-less His mer - cy,
 Gos - pel we trace; Heal - ing and health - ful - ness, life more a - bund - ant
 com - eth to rule; Hail to Im - man - u - el! heirs of His glo - ry;



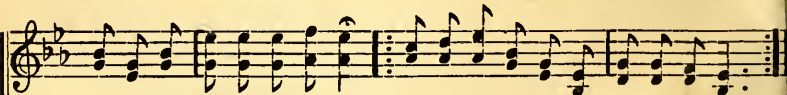
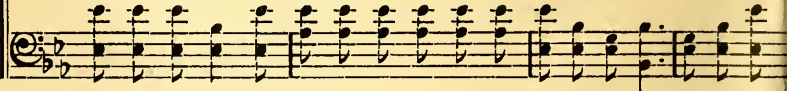
CHORUS.



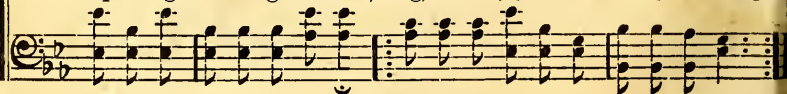
Ten - der, com - pas - sion - ate, ev - er the same. } Gladly, tri - umphant - ly,
 True o - ver - com - ers, made perfect thro' grace }
 Ask and re - ceive, that your joy may be full. }



sing forth His prais - es; Shout for the vic - t'ry He giv - eth at length; Glory to



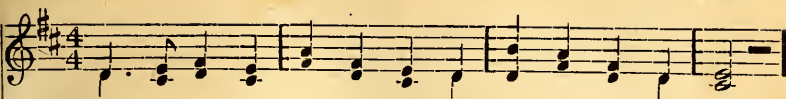
God! pouring forth the glad anthem; Sing, for the joy of the Lord is your strength.



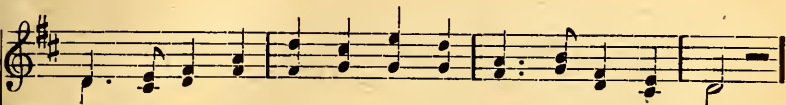
Love's Victory.

M. T.

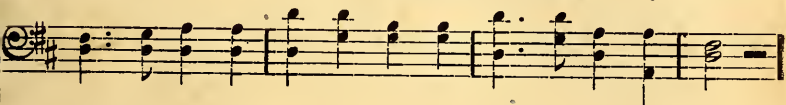
M. TURNER.



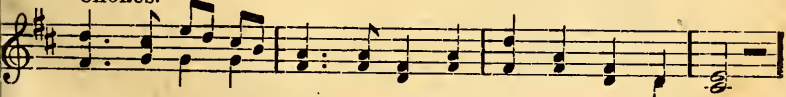
1. Bless - ed Lord! un - furl Thy ban - ner O - ver us; 'tis love.
2. God is Love; it is His es - sence, 'Tis His ver - y breath;
3. Make us, Je - sus, more than con - qu'rors, Vic - tors in the strife;
4. See the fire of God de - scend - ing From the throne a - bove;



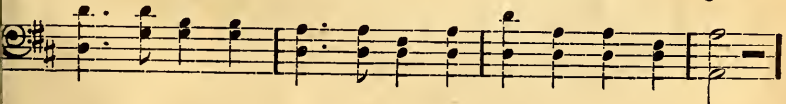
Pour Thy wealth of life up - on us, Ho - ly, heav'n - ly Dove.
 Love is Life, di - vine - ly flow - ing, — Life that con - quers death.
 Breathe up - on us — breathe up - on us Res - ur - rec - tion Life.
 Ha - tred, en - vy, lust shall per - ish, — O - ver - come by love.



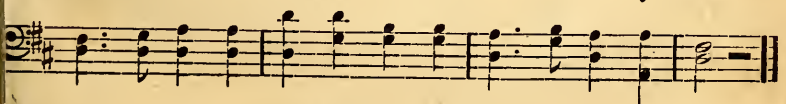
CHORUS.



By the pow'r of love we con - quer, Con - quer as we go.

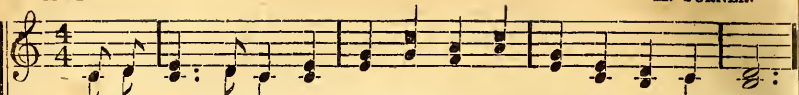


Ho - ly, heav'nly love shall tri - umph O - ver ev - 'ry foe.

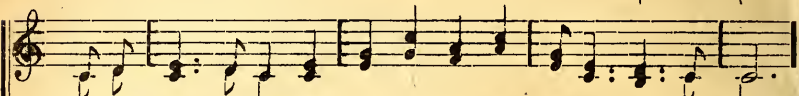


M. T.

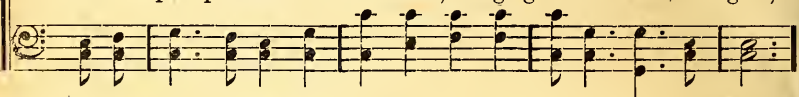
M. TURNER.



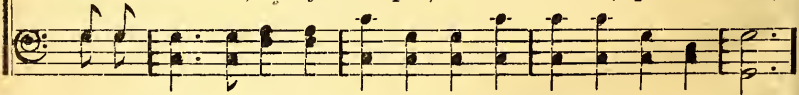
1. Have you learn'd the precious les - son In the mys - tery of God's will?
2. In the seven-fold heat-ed fur-nace, Thro' the mys - ter - y of grace,
3. And this glo - rious new cre - a - tion From the ru - ins of the old;



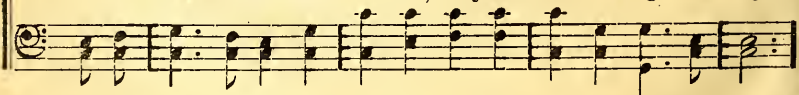
Do you know the bless-ed se - cret, How to suf-fer and be still?
 He will watch us till re - flect-ed His own im-age in our face;
 He has pur - posed to re - deem them, Bringing forth His wealth of gold;



Oh, 'tis hard for hu - man na - ture, In the tur-moil and the strife;
 For a groan - ing, sad cre - a - tion Waits the God - like sons of God;
 Gold-en ves - sels, ho - ly tem - ples, Not a wrin - kle, spot or stain;



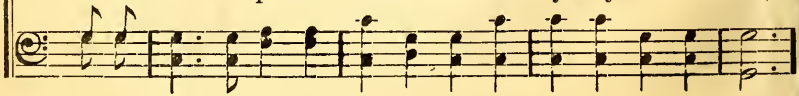
But 'tis heal - ing for the spir - it, Cleans-ing all the in - ner life.
 Who, like Je - sus in the Gar - den, Their Geth-sem-a - ne have trod.
 Ed - u - cat - ed for their of - fice, They with Him as kings shall reign.



CHORUS.



I would learn the pre-cious les - son In the mys - tery of His will;



Be Still.—Concluded.

How to suf - fer and be si - lent, How to suf - fer and be still.

417

The Man-Child Song.

(A Prophecy.)

*1. "There is no gloom to her that was in an-guish;" There is no
 2. "There is no gloom to her that was in an-guish;" The cri - sis
 3. "There is no gloom to her that was in an-guish;" We hail with
 4. Oh, Man-child bod - y of the o - ver - com - ers; The first to
 5. Oh, gold - en day! for those who love Je - ho - vah; Oh, breath of
 6. Oh, glo - rious Sav - iour! we at last be-hold Thee; Enthroned with

night to her that was in pain; For Je - sus' grace has bro't
 past, a - live as from the dead; The suff'r-ing sad cre - a -
 Christ the glad Mil - len - nial morn; We shout a - loud and praise
 pierce, with Him, the midnight gloom, The blood-bo't right is yours
 God; for men re - new their youth; Oh, gold - en age! when right
 all Thy bless - ed blood-bo't train; Make haste! No long - er let

to birth the Sav - iours To be enthroned on high with Him to reign.
 tion hails with glad - ness The rul - ers, Christian ones, with Him, their head.
 the God of Ja - cob, With joy and rapture that a man is born.
 of full re - demp - tion, We hail thee now as conquer'rs o'er the tomb.
 shall be tri - umph - ant, When God shall bring forth judgment unto truth.
 the vis - ion tar - ry, But quick - ly come! Lord Je - sus Christ, to reign.

M. T.

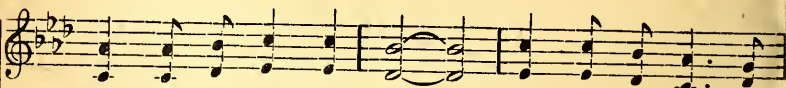
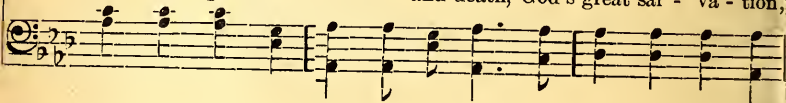
M. TURNER.



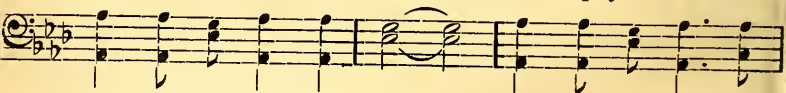
1. The day for which the earth has wait - ed, The day for which thou
2. Im - mor - tal, thou shalt soon dis - cov - er That God is more than
3. Oh, day of days! Oh, light su - per - nal, Oh, day of glo - ry!
4. Saints ju - bi - lant in ex - ul - ta - tion, To cel - e - brate e -



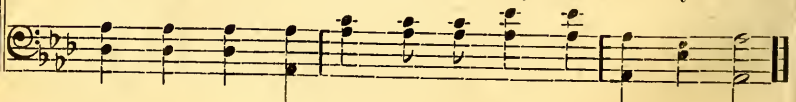
wast cre - a - ted, When sons of God shall be trans - la - ted;
 fond - est lov - er; That pain and sor - row now are o - ver;
 Grand! E - ter - nal! God man - i - fest in flesh (ex - ter - nal)
 man - ci - pa - tion From sin and death, God's great sal - va - tion,



That day for thee has dawned; Lift up your heads in
 That day for thee has dawned; Lift up your heads in
 That day for thee has dawned; Lift up your heads in
 That day for thee has dawned; Lift up your heads in

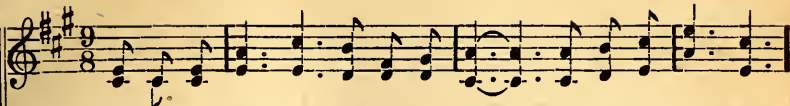


ex - pec - ta - tion, Re - demp - tion's day has sure - ly dawned.
 ex - pec - ta - tion, Re - demp - tion's day has sure - ly dawned.
 ex - pec - ta - tion, Re - demp - tion's day has sure - ly dawned.
 ex - pec - ta - tion, Re - demp - tion's day has sure - ly dawned.

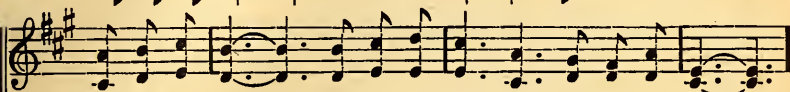
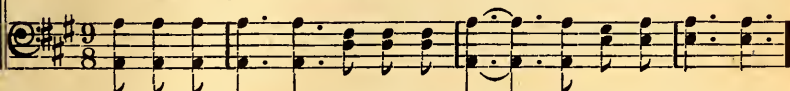


M. T.

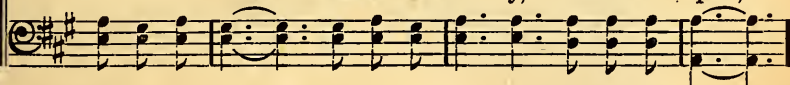
M. TURNER.



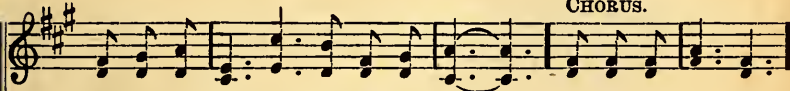
1. Wedlocked to- geth - er, Thus side by side, Wedlocked for- ev - er,
2. Ah! it means nothing, "Talk" of the throne; Ah! it means "something"
3. O - ver-come all things, Seat-ed on high; Sin sure-ly van-quished,
4. Wedlocked to- geth - er, Nev-er to part; Wedlocked in suff'r-ing,



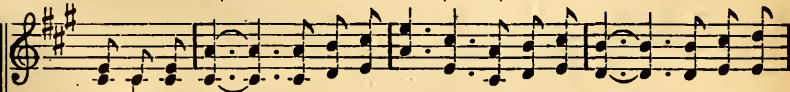
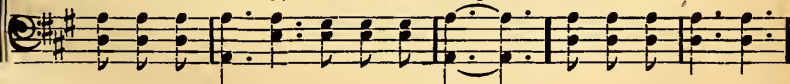
Christ and His Bride. Wedlocked in suff'r-ing, Per-fect thro' pain;
 Thus to be one. None can be rul - ers, On - ly Lambs slain,
 Nev - er to die. Wedlocked to- geth - er, Rul - ing with - in;
 All of one heart. Christ and His bod - y, Per-fect thro' pain,



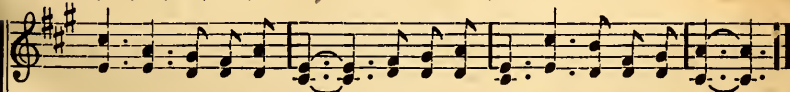
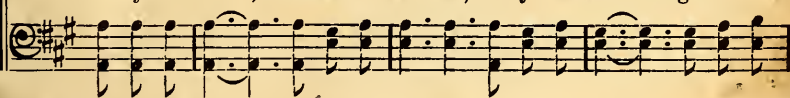
CHORUS.



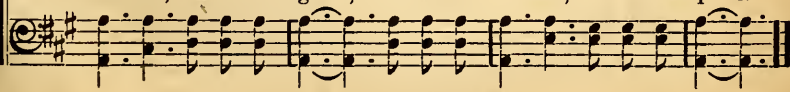
Wedlocked to- geth - er; Wedlocked to reign.
 None but o'er-com - ers With Him shall reign. } Nev-er a fail - ure,
 He is the vic - tor O'er death and sin.
 Man - i - fest short-ly, Wedlocked to reign.



On-ly be - lieve; Nev-er a bar-rier, On-ly re-ceive Strength for the



con-flict, Fa-vor and grace; Self ab di - ca - ted, Christ in its place.



1. In the serv-ice of the Mas-ter, There is joy, and peace, and rest, As we
 2. Onward then with joy we're pressing At His ho-ly, bless-ed will, And His
 3. Oh, we're happy in His serv-ice, As the days are gliding by, And His

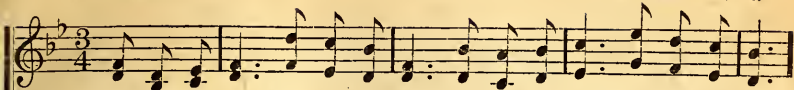
follow where He leads us, E'er o-bey-ing His be-hest. O there's glory, glo-ry,
 love our hands will strengthen, Ev'ry du-ty to ful-fill. All the heav'nward path is
 ho-ly presence cheers us, He is ever, ever nigh. And when love's sweet labor's

glo-ry, Growing brighter ev-'ry day, As we strive to serve Him tru-ly,
 shin-ing With the glo-ry of His love, As our feet are up-ward climbing
 end-ed, He will call us home to rest In the bright e-ter-nal mansions

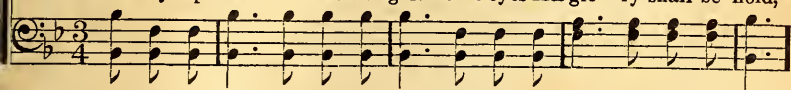
CHORUS.

In His own appoint-ed way.
 T'ward His kingdom fair a-bove. } O there's glory, glo-ry, glo-ry, Growing
 In the "Cit-y of the Blest."

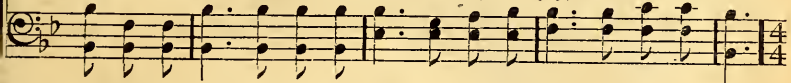
brighter ev-'ry day, As we strive to serve Him truly, In His own appointed way.



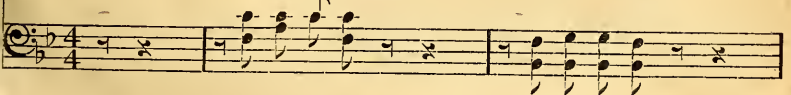
1. There's One a-bove all earthly friends Whose love all earthly love transcends;
2. He's mine be-cause He died for me, He saved my soul, He set me free;
3. He's mine be-cause He's in my heart, And nev-er will de-part;
4. Some day up - on the streets of gold Mine eyes His glo - ry shall be-hold,



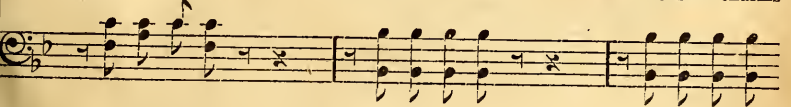
It is my Lord and Christ divine, My Lord be-cause I know He's mine.
 With joy I worship at His shrine, And cry, "Praise God, I know He's mine."
 Just as the branch is to the vine, I'm join'd to Christ; I know He's mine.
 Then, while His arms around me twine, I'll cry for joy, "I know He's mine."



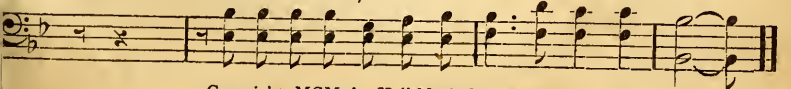
I know He's mine,..... this friend so dear,..... He lives with
 I know He's mine, this friend so dear,



me,..... He's ev-er near;..... Ten thousand charms.....
 He lives with me, He's ev-er near; Ten thousand charms



around Him shine,..... And, best of all, I know He's mine.
 around Him shine,



L. S. L. DUET. *Not too fast.*

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. Flow-ers fade and with-er, clouds be-dim the sky, Shadows oft-en
 2. Earth-ly wealth may van-ish, treasures here de-cay, But my heav'nly
 3. Tho' my steps may fal-ter and my love grow cold, Still His voice so

gath-er as the days go by; (days go by;) But my Sav-iour
 man-sion ne'er can pass a-way; (pass a-way;) And these feet that
 ten-der calls me to His fold; (to His fold;) Wondrous love un-

gen-tly leads me day by day, And His love un-fail-ing
 sometimes wan-der from the fold, Thro' His pard'ning grace shall
 fail-ing, grace so full and free, Pre-cious gift so price-less,

CHORUS. *Animato.*

ev-er is my stay. (mystay.) }
 walk the streets of gold. (of gold.) } God fail-eth nev-er, His word is
 Christ be-stows on me. (on me.) }

sure, His love so pre-cious shall e'er en-dure; God fail-eth

GOD FAILETH NEVER.—Concluded.

nev - er, O praise His name, Now and for - ev - er He is the same.

No. 423. NO BURDENS ALLOWED TO PASS THROUGH.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I'm wea - ry of bear - ing my bur - den, But hope as my way I pur - sue,
2. I've enter'd dark valleys un - daunt - ed, To take up my burden a - new,
3. My hand to my Saviour I've giv - en, To do what He asks me to do;
4. And then with the souls of the ransom'd The journey completed I'll view,

ritard.

I'll come to the gate where 'tis written, "No burdens allow'd to pass through."
 And look for the gate where 'tis written, "No burdens allow'd to pass through."
 Con - tent till He leads where 'tis written, "No burdens allow'd to pass through."
 With joy having pass'd where 'tis written, "No burdens allow'd to pass through."

CHORUS.

If sor - row or pain be my por - tion, To Je - sus I'll ev - er be true,

ritard.

Till I reach the fair gate where 'tis written, "No burdens allow'd to pass through."

MARY A. MCKEE.

ADAM GEIBEL.

1. With mansions of fairness, And beau - ty, and rareness, And streets with
2. Its riv - ers of gladness Will ban - ish all sadness, And sor - row sh
3. But light will be giv - en, All storm-clouds be riv - en, From o - ver th
4. No sor - row or sighing, Nor an - guish or dy - ing, Can shad - ow th

pavement of gold; When no one grows weary, — No prospect is drear - y -
 van - ish a - way; The moon shall not lighten, The sun shall not brighte
 cit - y of God; We'll view then in wonder, Thro' all that may sunde
 bliss of that home; And pilgrims who rest there, For - ev - er are blest there

CHORUS.

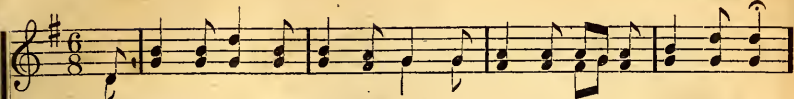
And no one can ev - er grow old.
 That cit - y by night or by day. } O there is a cit - y, a
 The path that in sor - row we trod.
 Nor yearn in their rapture to roam.

beau - ti - ful cit - y, Whose builder and mak - er is God; A far a - way

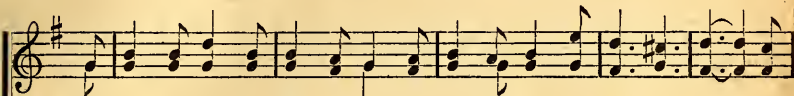
cit - y, A won - der - ful cit - y, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.

G. H. B.

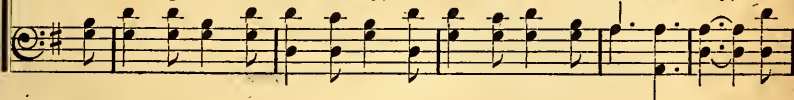
C. H. BRUNNER.



1. In robes made white thro' Jesus' blood, We soon shall meet be-yond the flood,
2. I fear not now what ills may come; By faith I see my heav'nly home;
3. O meeting blest, with friends so dear, What sounds shall greet the list'ning ear!
4. Dear Saviour, guide my will-ing feet, That I may have that joy complete;



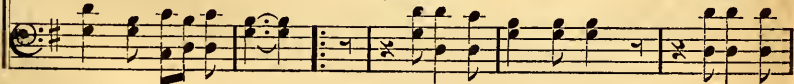
And hold sweet converse, free from pain, Nor ev-er fear to part a - gain, Be-
 I hear the Spir - it gen - tly say, "Thy God shall wipe all tears a - way," Be-
 What thrill of rapture wake the soul, As back those golden gates shall roll, Be-
 And live to praise thro' endless day, The love that drives all tears a - way, Be-



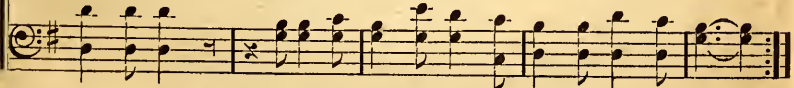
REFRAIN.

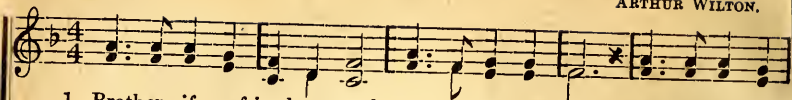


yond the swell-ing flood! { Be - yond the swelling flood, Be - yond the
 We'll meet to part no more, We'll meet to
 { Beyond Beyond
 We'll meet We'll meet

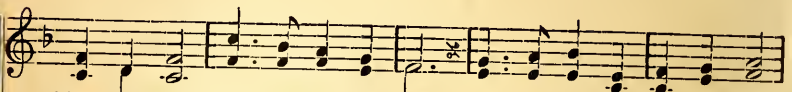


swelling flood, Be - yond the swelling flood, We'll meet to part no more. }
 part no more, We'll meet to part no more, Be-yond the swelling flood. }
 Be-yond
 We'll meet

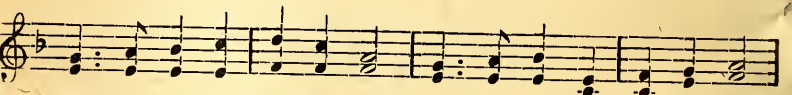
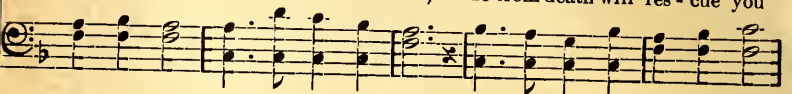




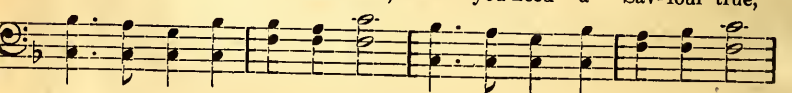
1. Brother, if a friend you need, Je - sus is the One; He will be a
2. Brother, if you need a guide, Je - sus is the One; He will nev - er
3. If a Saviour you would find, Je - sus is the One; Ev - er faith - ful,



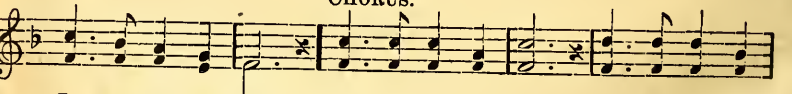
friend in - deed, Je - sus is the One; Ev - 'ry bur - den He will share,
 leave your side; Je - sus is the One; Clos - er than a bro - ther He
 ev - er kind, Je - sus is the One; He from death will res - cue you



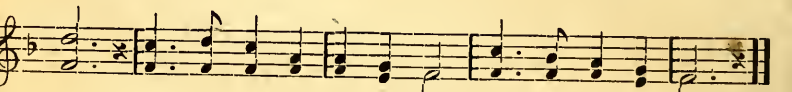
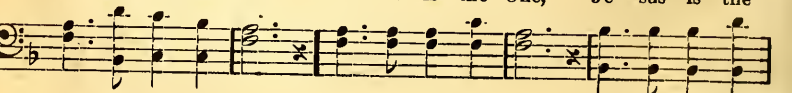
Ev - 'ry trou - ble, ev - 'ry care; Naught a - lone He'll let you bear,
 Ev - er to your soul will be, Keep - ing you from dan - ger free,
 And your famished soul re - new; If you need a Sav - iour true,



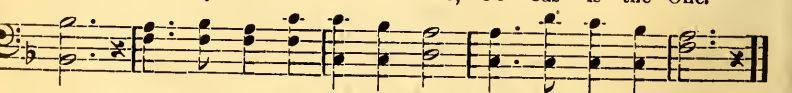
CHORUS.



Je - sus is the One. Je - sus is the One, Je - sus is the



One; Ev - 'ry bur - den He will share; Je - sus is the One.

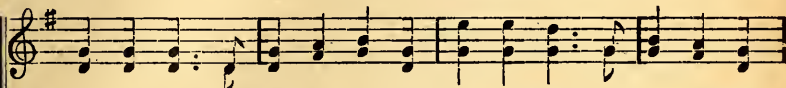
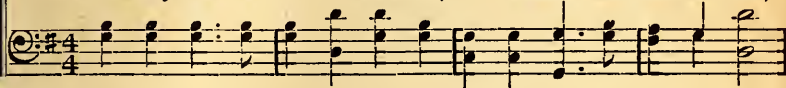


J. W. VANDEVENTER.

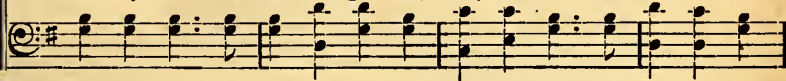
J. LINCOLN HALL.



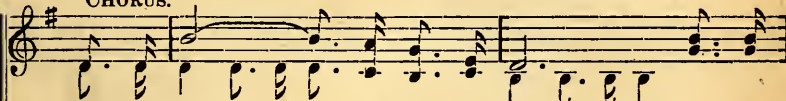
1. I am free from con-dem - na - tion, Ful - ly saved and sat - is - fied;
2. I was weak and heav - y lad - en With a load I could not bear,
3. I was poor, de - spised, for - sak - en, Ma - ny years I went a - stray,
4. Now my life is full of sunshine, It is heav - en here be - low;



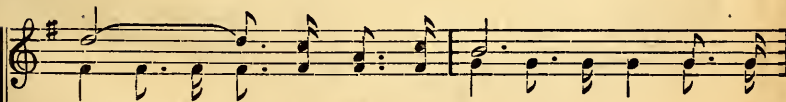
All my sins have been re - mit - ted By the Sav - iour cru - ci - fied.
 But I fled to Calv'ry's mountain All my sins were canceled there.
 But at last I found the Sav - iour, He has washed my sins a - way.
 Ev - 'ry sin has been for - giv - en, They are un - der - neath the flow.



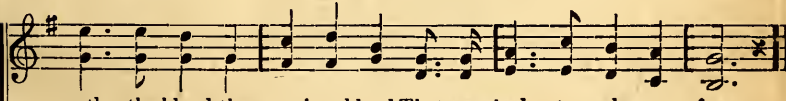
CHORUS.



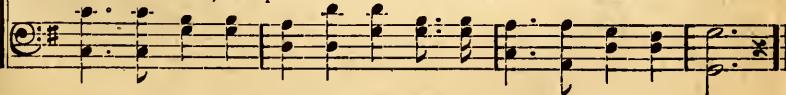
For I left..... them at the cross, At the
 for I left at the cross,



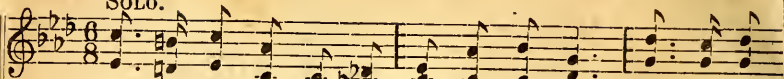
cross..... of Cal - va - ry; Un - der -
 at the cross Cal - va - ry;



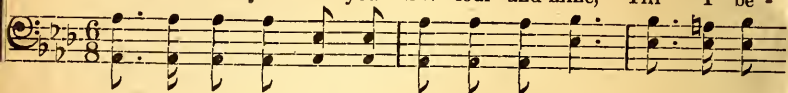
neath the blood, the precious blood That was shed to make me free.



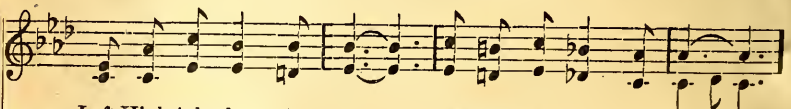
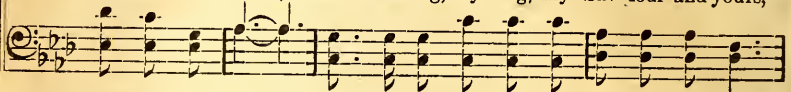
SOLO.



1. Wea - ry and wand'ring and sunk - en in sin, Vile as a
 2. Foot - sore and wea - ry He toil'd all the way, E - ven to
 3. Still I re - ject - ed your Sav - iour and mine, Till I be -



sin - ner could be, Je - sus be - held and to Beth - le - hem came,
 Geth - sem - a - ne, Oft I have met Him and heard His sweet voice,
 held on the tree, Suf - fer - ing, dy - ing, my Sav - iour and yours,



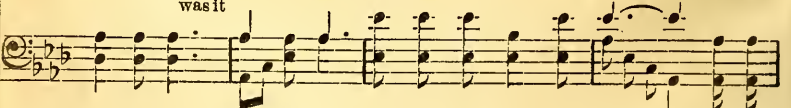
Left His bright throne for me, Left His bright throne for me.
 Pray - ing for me, for me, Pray - ing for me, for me.
 Dy - ing for you and me, Dy - ing for you and me.



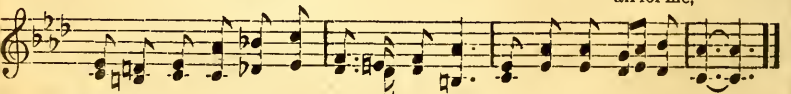
CHORUS.



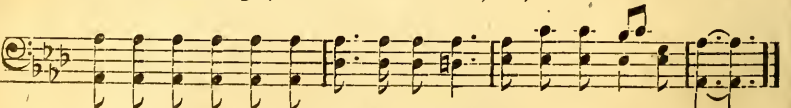
All for me, All for me? Lord was it all for me? From the
 was it



all for me,

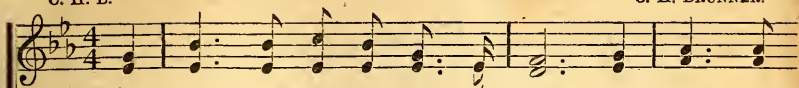


throne to the manger, From there to the cross, Yes, it was all for me.

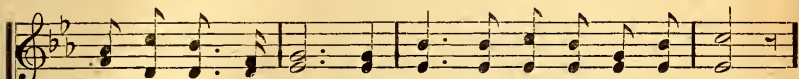
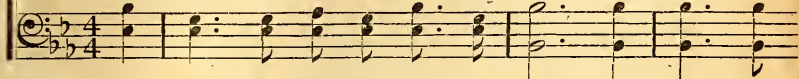


O. H. B.

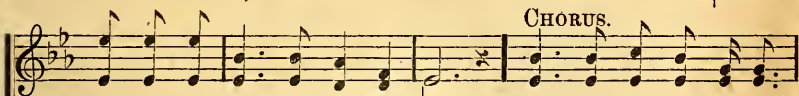
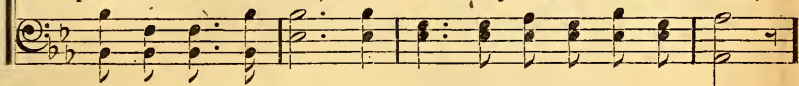
C. H. BRUNNER.



1. We're pil - grims here up - on the earth, We've left this
2. Some - times the way seems lone and drear, Our hearts are
3. As we toil on with Him be - low Seek - ing for
4. We're look - ing t'ward that morn - ing fair, When sin and



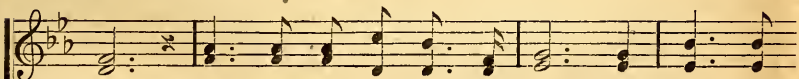
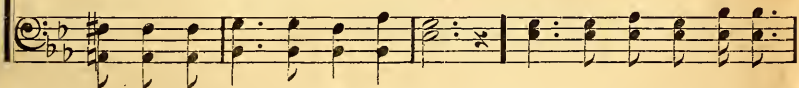
world's vain pomp and show, To meet our Bridegroom we go forth,
faint, our feet are sore, But then He fills us with good cheer,
dia - monds in the rough; So point - ing them to Him you know,
pain shall be no more, White robes and palms and crowns we'll wear,



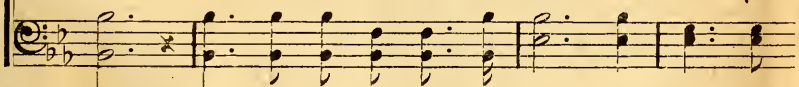
CHORUS.

Our lamps are fill'd and all a - glow.
We see the lights of yon - der shore.
O. this af - fords us joy e - nough.
And dwell with Christ for ev - er - more.

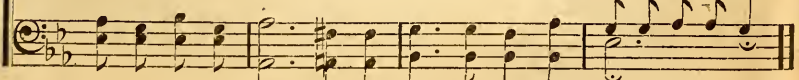
Je - sus, Thou art com - ing



soon, This blest hope our hearts doth cheer; It may be



at the morn or noon, Keep us true while wait - ing here.
while waiting here.



No. 430. WONDERFUL POWER IN THE BLOOD.

N. B. H.

N. B. HERRELL.

1. There is pow'r in the blood of God's dear Son, Wonder-ful pow'r
 2. There is pow'r in the blood to save from sin, Wonder-ful pow'r
 3. There is pow'r in the blood to make us strong, Wonder-ful pow'r
 4. There is pow'r in the blood to help us win, Wonder-ful pow'r

Wonderful pow'r

in the blood; Its a - ton - ing grace reach-es to each one,
 in the blood; Trusting now, praise the Lord, I have peace with-in,
 in the blood; Stepping out on His word this is now our song,
 in the blood; Press-ing on in the fight we will con-quer sin,
 in the blood;

CHORUS.

There is pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, wonderful
 There is pow'r, in the blood. There is pow'r,

pow'r, There is wonder-working pow'r in the blood, hallelujah! There is
 wonderful pow'r,

pow'r, wonderful pow'r, There's wonder-working pow'r in the blood.
 There is pow'r, wonderful pow'r,

No. 431. THE HEART THAT WAS BROKEN FOR ME.

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. When tempt-ed to wan-der a-way from the Lord, I think of the
2. When friends are un-faith-ful I know He is true, No love is so
3. A - tone-ment di-vine He has made by His blood, For ev - er my

Cal - va - ry tree; Where Je - sus once suf-fered my soul to redeem,
full and so free; My eyes fill with tears as I dwell on my sins,
sto - ry shall be Of Je - sus this lov-ing Re-deem-er of mine,

CHORUS.

And the heart that was bro-ken for me. For me, a sin-ner like

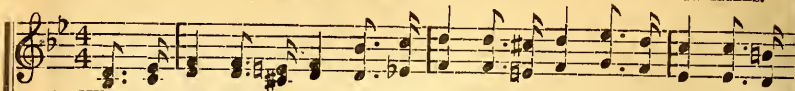
me, like me, His heart was brok-en for me; By faith I can

see on Cal - va - ry, The heart that was brok-en for me.

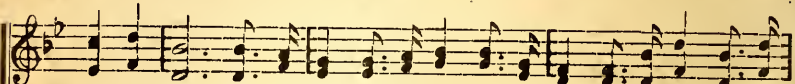
No. 432. SWEETER AS THE YEARS ROLL BY.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.



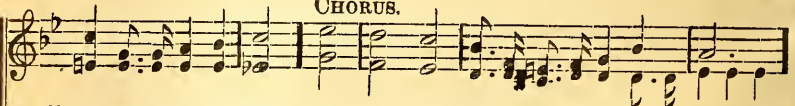
1. When up - on bend - ed knee, Je - sus whispered to me, Sweeter voice I had
2. Ev - 'ry day is a joy sin can nev - er destroy, Ev - 'ry mo - ment in
3. Days may come, they must go, as a torrent they flow, Rushing on to e -



nev - er heard; But the years as they roll bring a joy to my soul, As I
 peace I dwell; But I'm long - ing to stand face to face, hand in hand, With the
 ter - ni - ty; But the time as it flies, brings me near - er the prize That a -



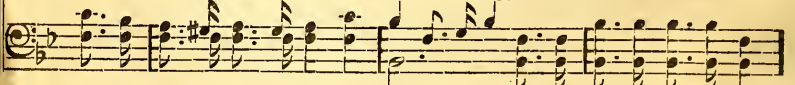
CHORUS.



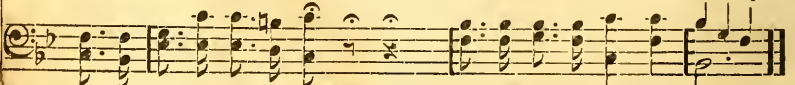
lin - ger up - on His word. }
 One whom I love so well. } For He is sweeter as the years roll by,
 waits when my King I'll see. } as the years roll by,

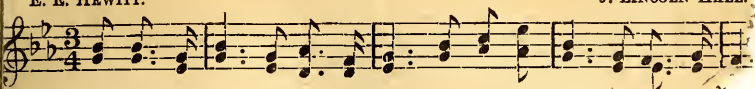


To be wor - thy of His love I'll try; So I'll love Him more and more,
 I will try;

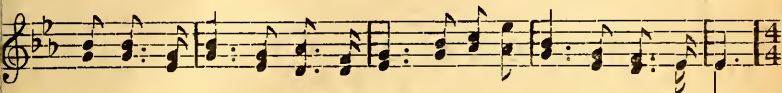
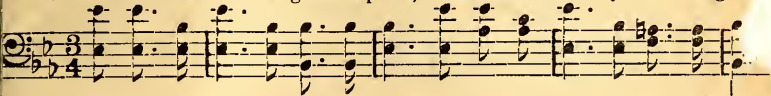


As I near the oth - er shore, For He is sweet - er as the years roll by.
 roll by.

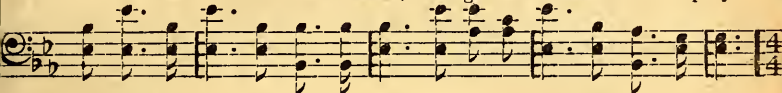




1. A - mid the stress of fly - ing hours, In joy and pain, in sun and s
2. When rough the way and hard the fight, I'll gird me with His sav - ing n
3. When bri - ars spring a - bout my feet, And storms of grief around me bu
4. Then let me not for - get the place, Where first I knew my Saviour's grac



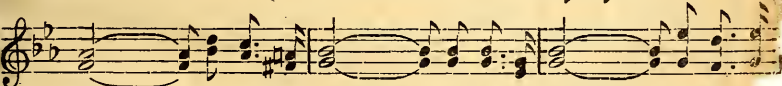
Oft to the throne, will I re - pair, To be a - lone with God in pray'r.
 And to His throne my load I'll bear, And comfort gain with God in pray'r.
 I'll drop my load of sin and care, And find re - lief with God in pray'r.
 Un - til the crown of life I wear, I'll go a - lone with God in pray'r.



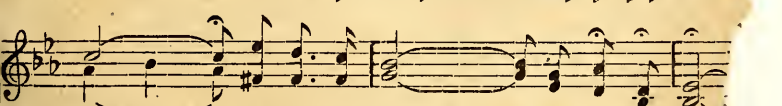
CHORUS.



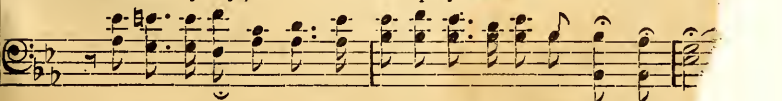
A - lone with God, with God in pray'r, What blessed
 A - lone with God, with God in pray'r,



peace a - waits me there; Till I shall walk the heav'
 What blessed peace awaits me there; Till I shall walk



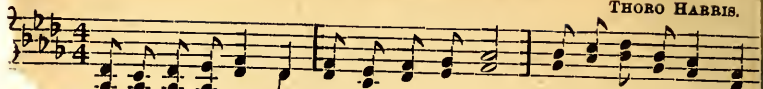
ways, Where pray'r shall be transformed to prai
 the heav'nly ways, Where pray'r shall be



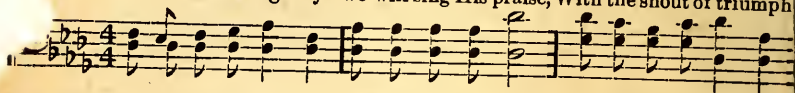
THAT MEANS YOU.

T. H.

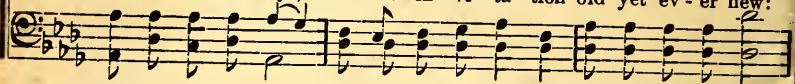
THORO HARRIS.



1. Bless-ed in-vi-ta-tion from the King of heav'n, Blessed in-vi-ta-tion
2. Rec-on-cil-i-a-tion thro' His precious blood, He hath wrought salvation
3. Sav-ing all who trust Him to the ut-ter-most, Boasting is ex-clud-ed,
4. Doubt His word no longer, come to Him to day, Turning from your sins for
5. There in realms of glo-ry we will sing His praise, With the shout of triumph

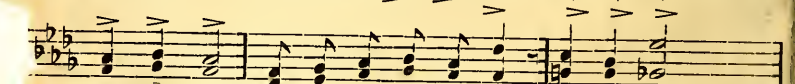
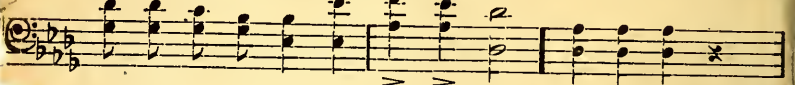


by the spir-it giv'n, Fall-ing on the wea-ry like re-freshing dew,
 Blessed Son of God! All the work is finished, there is naught to do,
 yet in Him we boast; Soul, receive the mes-sage won-der-ful and true,
 ev-er-more a-way; Thro' His boundless mercy all shall be for-giv'n;
 thro' e-ter-nal days, For the in-vi-ta-tion old yet ev-er new:

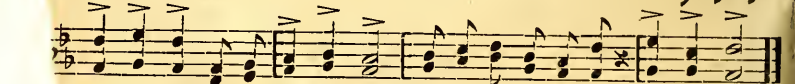
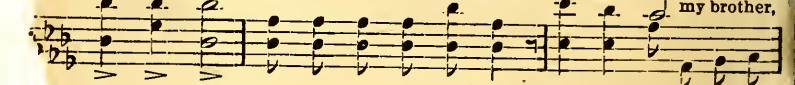


“Who-so-e’er be-liev-eth” that means you.
 But to claim the bless-ing: that means you.
 “Who-so-e’er be-liev-eth” that means you.
 He will safe-ly guide you home to heav’n.
 Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah! That means you.

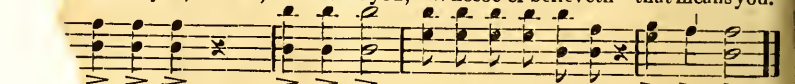
} That means you, brother,



that means you; Trust the Saviour’s prom-ise tried and true;
 my brother,



at means you, brother, that means you; “Whosoe’er believeth” that means you.



C. H. B.

C. H. BRUNNER.

1. We're pil - grims and stran - gers be - low, We've left this vain
 2. We've en - tered the great har - vest field, Our lives to His
 3. With pa - tience we're run - ning the race, And trust - ing His
 4. O! What a glad meet - ing 'twill be, When Je - sus, our

world with its show; With our Lord by our side, as our
 serv - ice we yield; We have count - ed the cost, we are
 ne'er - fail - ing grace; For Je - sus, our Friend, will sus -
 Lord, we shall see; We will praise Him for aye, in that

Com - fort and Guide, Our hearts are con - tent - ed, our souls all a - glow.
 seek - ing the lost, De - pend - ing on Je - sus, our Strength and our Shield.
 tain to the end, And bring us to glo - ry to see His blest face.
 bright, fadeless day, For what He has done for poor sin - ners like we.

CHORUS.

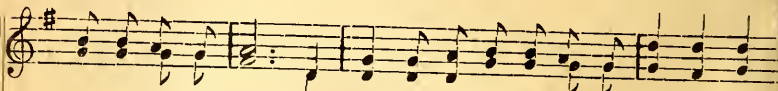
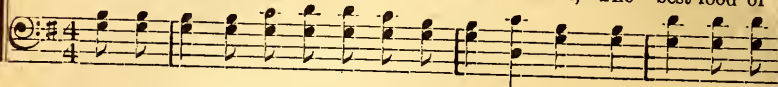
{ Out of ev - 'ry kindred and tongue, Re - deemed, re - deemed. }
 { This shall be the glad new song, Re - deemed, re - deemed. }
 { Out of ev - 'ry kindred and tongue, Redeemed, redeemed. }
 { This shall be the glad new song, Redeemed, redeemed. }

RICHARD HAINSWORTH.

HALDOR LILLENAS.



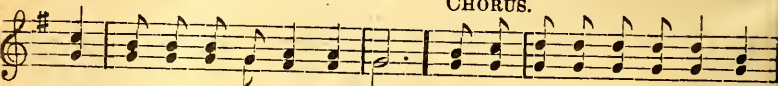
1. I have come out of E-gypt and its bond-age drear, No more I'm a
2. I was once in the wil-der-ness with man-na fed, But found no a-
3. In this fair land of prom-ise skies are al-ways bright, No sin hides the
4. I no lon-ger am liv-ing on the husks of sin, The best food of



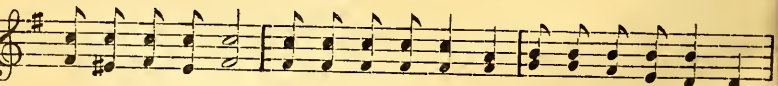
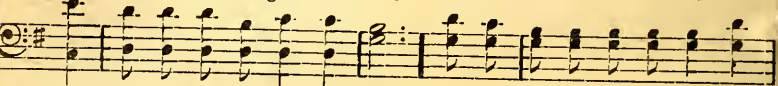
captive of de-spair; My sins are for-giv-en and I have no fear,
 bid-ing place for me; For soon to a fair-er coun-try I was led,
 sunlight of the day; My Lord al-ways holds me by His wondrous might,
 Ca-naan now is mine; And in ev-'ry bat-tle I the vic-t'ry win,



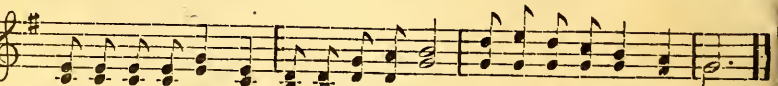
CHORUS.



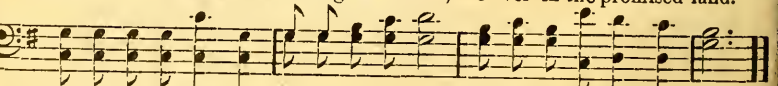
For God is with me ev-'ry-where.
 The prom-ised land of vic-to-ry.
 And keeps me as the days go by. } I am in the promised land where
 Sup-ported by His grace di-vine.



liv-ing wa-ters flow, In the promised land where fruits and flowers grow, 'Tis



heav-en in my soul while walking here below, O-ver in the promised land.



G. H. C.

1. When the day is dark and gloomy, And your mind is full of doubt; Look be-
2. When the wicked world appalls you, And the evils that pre-vail; Look be-
3. When your burdens seem too heavy, And you suf-fer pain and grief; Look be-
4. Just beyond the storm is sunlight, Just be-hind the cloud, a star; Look be-

yond, look be-yond, There are sun-ny skies a-bove you; There's a
 yond, look be-yond, There's a host of righteous people; Scattered
 yond, look be-yond, There are ma-n-y hearts unself-ish; Glad to
 yond, look be-yond, O - ver mys-ter-ies unfathomed; God is

Look beyond, look beyond,

CHORUS.

brighter world without, Look beyond and view the light.
 o - ver hill and vale, Look beyond and view the light.
 come to your re - lief, Look beyond and view the light. } Look be - yond..... to
 rul - ing not a - far, Look beyond and view the light. } Look beyond,

God's ho - ri - zon, Look be - yond..... and see His face; Look be -
 Look beyond, Look beyond, His face;

yond..... the soul within you, Look be-yond for grace.
 Look beyond, look beyond, Look beyond for grace.



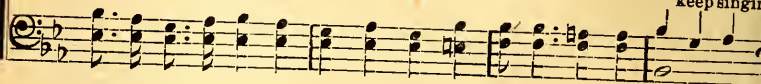
1. Nev - er mind the weather, dark or fair, Keep sing - ing, keep sing - ing;
2. Do you get dis - couraged as you go? Keep sing - ing, keep sing - ing;
3. When the day is hard and things go wrong, Keep sing - ing, keep sing - ing;
4. God is o - ver all, so do not grieve, Keep sing - ing, keep sing - ing;

Keep sing - ing, keep sing

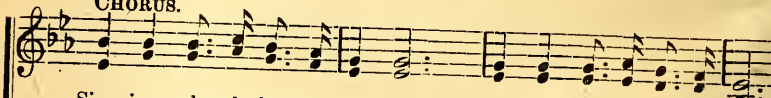


There is One who has you in His care, Keep singing all the day.
 Soon the cup of joy will o - ver - flow, Keep singing all the day.
 You may help an - oth - er with your song, Keep singing all the day.
 Fear ye not? His child He will not leave, Keep singing all the day.

keep singin

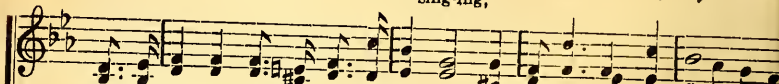


CHORUS.



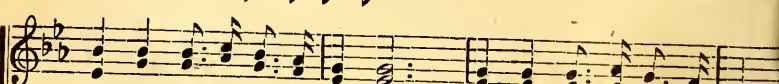
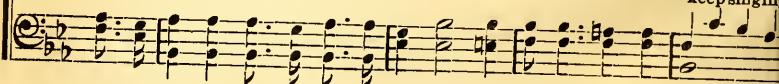
Sing - ing makes the bur - den light - er, Sing - ing drives the care a - way;

sing - ing,



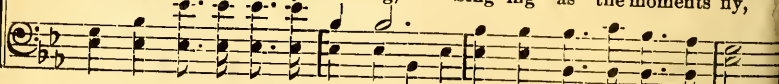
With a pray'r and song the path is lighter, Keep singing all the day;

keep singin



Sing - ing in the ear - ly morn - ing, Sing - ing as the moments fly,

sing - ing,



KEEP SINGING.—Concluded.

And oth - ers who hear you, Will an - swer by and by. (by and by.)

439.
C. A. M.

HE ANSWERS EVERY PRAYER.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. A - way with doubt, a-way with fear, I know my God is al - ways near; I
2. The bil-lows high a-round me roll, In His own hand He keeps my soul; In
3. Let storm-clouds roll above my head, They're fill'd with blessings He will shed; I'll
4. In life or death my song shall be, The mighty God still cares for me; Let

CHORUS.

lay on Him my ev'ry care, For He answers ev'ry pray'r.
Him I trust, no matter where, For He answers ev'ry pray'r.
have for these no anxious care, For He answers ev'ry pray'r.
trials come, what need I care? For He answers ev'ry pray'r.

pray'r, To some He says "Yes," to others "No," To some He says "Stay," to
ev'ry pray'r,

others "Go," In His own time and way, I know He answers ev'ry pray'r.
ev'ry pray'r.

1. I may write my name and leave it on the sands of time, But the ris-ing tide
 2. Tho' the things of earth may perish, praise His name I know Tho' my sins were or
 3. I'll be present when we gather at the last roll call, I am trusting in

soon destroy this work of mine, O to know that it is writ-ten by th
 scar-let, they are white as snow, And my name is there for-ev-er, for H
 Sav-iour as my all in all, And my name is there since I obey'd H

CHORUS.

hand Di-vine, Written in the "Lamb's book of life."
 tells me so, Written in the "Lamb's book of life."
 lov-ing call, Written in the "Lamb's book of life." } Yes, my name is there fo

ev-er "Hal-le-lu-jah," It is written there to stay, for my sins are washed a

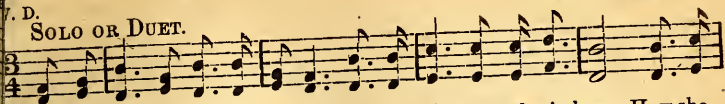
way, Yes, my name is there forever "Hallelujah," In the Lamb's book of life.

MOTHER'S RELIGION.

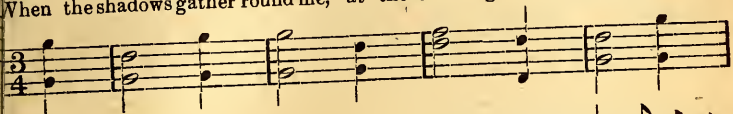
CHAS. W. DRISKELL.

V. D.

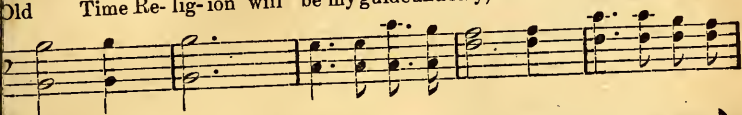
SOLO OR DUET.



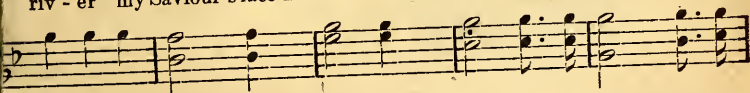
I was young, but I re-member; as I sat at mother's knee, How she
 Years have pass'd since mother's spirit winged its flight to yon bright shore, I have
 When the shadows gather round me, at the clos-ing of life's day, Then the



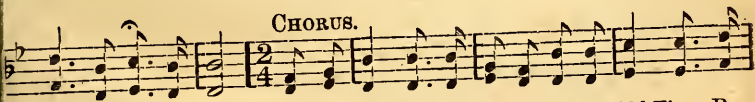
ought me from the Bi-ble, of Christ who died for me, She said, my boy, trust
 ast - ed life's pure fountain, am saved for ev - er-more, When-e'er I meet with
 Old Time Re-lig-ion will be my guide and stay, When I cross death's turbid



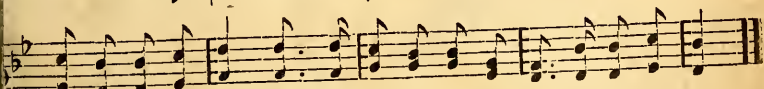
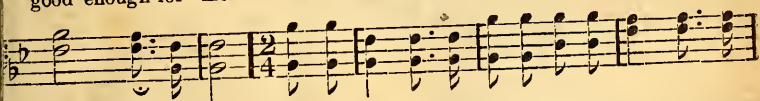
Je - sus, His grace will set you free, Seek the Old Time Re-lig-ion, For 'tis
 tri - als, I now each day can see That the Old Time Re-lig-ion, Still is
 riv - er my Saviour's face I see Then the Old Time Re-lig-ion, Will be



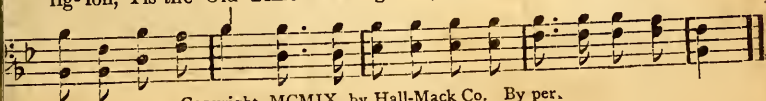
CHORUS.



good enough for me. 'Tis the Old Time Re-lig-ion, 'tis the Old Time Re-

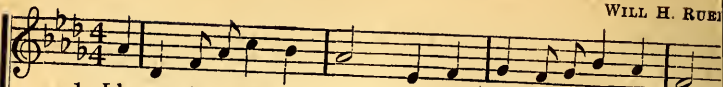


lig-ion, 'Tis the Old Time Re-lig-ion; And 'tis good enough for me.

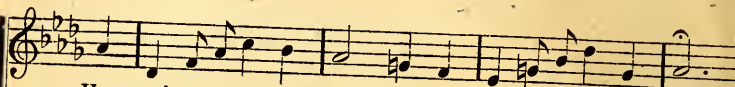
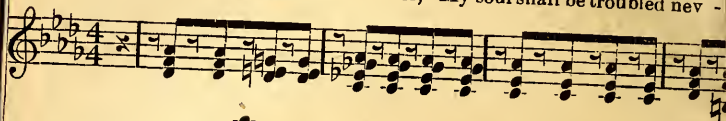


W. H. R.

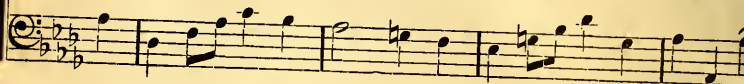
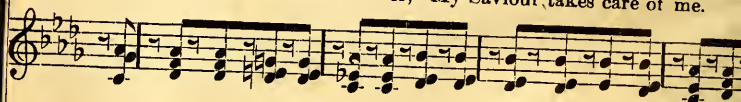
WILL H. RUEB



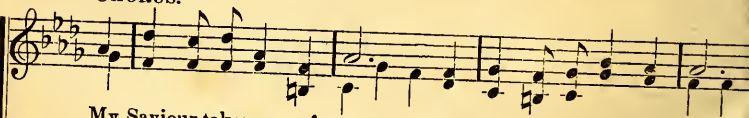
1. I know, when the storms are sweeping, I'm safe in my Master's keep-
2. No care for the coming mor - row, No fear of an undimm'd sor-
3. Un - til I have cross'd the riv - er, My soul shall be troubled nev -



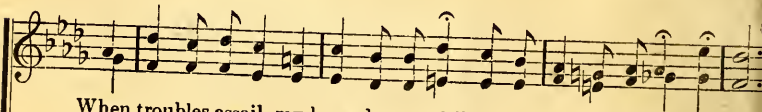
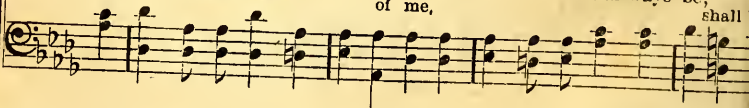
He watches with love, unsleep - ing, My Saviour takes care of me.
 For just what I need I bor - row, My Saviour takes care of me.
 For this is my comfort ev - er, My Saviour takes care of me.



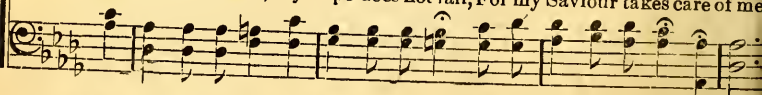
CHORUS.



My Saviour takes care of me, And safe I shall al-ways be;
 of me, shall



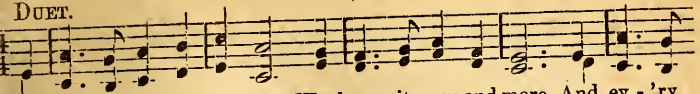
When troubles assail, my hope does not fail, For my Saviour takes care of me



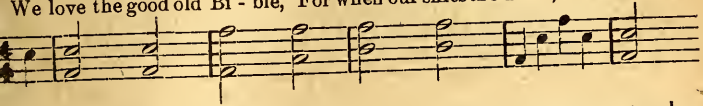
THE GOOD OLD BIBLE.

ARTHUR BERRIDGE.

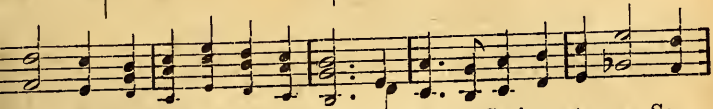
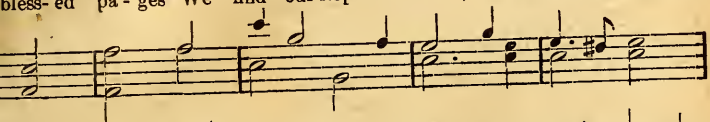
AILEY.
DUET.



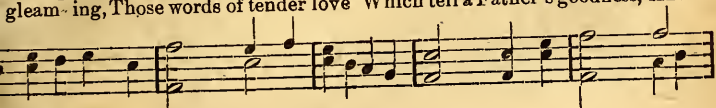
We love the good old Bi - ble, We love it more and more, And ev - 'ry
We love the good old Bi - ble, Which lights us on our way, A lamp to
We love the good old Bi - ble, For when our skies are drear, With-in its



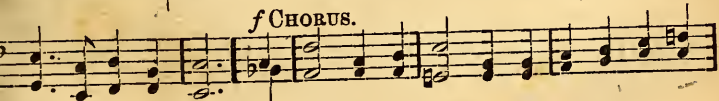
time we read it, We find a treas-ure store; - It stands the test of
guide us ev - er With bright and cheering ray; It is the word which
bless-ed pa - ges We find our hope and cheer; Like jew - els they are



a - ges, So won-der-ful, so true, It tells a Saviour-sto - ry, So
con - quers, With power from on high, The bread from heaven giv - en, Soul -
gleam - ing, Those words of tender love Which tell a Father's goodness, And



f CHORUS.

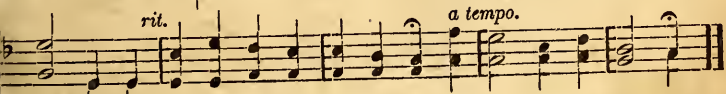


old, yet ev - er new. }
hun - ger to sup - ply. } The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble, We love the dear old
point to joys a - bove. }

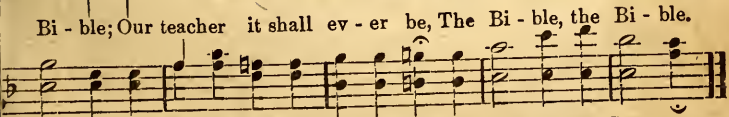


rit.

a tempo.



Bi - ble; Our teacher it shall ev - er be, The Bi - ble, the Bi - ble.



IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN

1. I'll not be dis-couraged, tho' my way is wea-ry, And it
 2. I'll not be dis-couraged, onward, upward pressing, I will
 3. I'll not be dis-couraged, hope is nev-er dy-ing, Tho' m
 4. I'll not be dis-couraged, God is ev-er faith-ful, He will

sea - son the skies may cease to smile, Tho' my footsteps fal - ter,
 cour-age to-ward the shining light; Thro' the vale low-ly-ing
 heav - y and life's a bur-den sore; There beyond the shadows
 fail me and clouds will pass a-way; Trusting He will guide me th

days are drear - y, Soon the way will brighten, just a lit - tle w
 with me ev - er, Safe - ly He will lead me out of sin's dark ni
 light is ly - ing, On the heights a-bove me, bright'ning more and n
 sun and shad-ow In - to life e - ter-nal, heaven's per - fect da

CHORUS. *Unison.*

'Tis but a lit - tle while, God's lit - tle while, Naught but sin can hid

me His lov - ing smile; O keep my heart from sin, my lips

GOD'S LITTLE WHILE. - Concluded.

Parts.

guile, That I may con-tent-ed say, it is God's lit-tle while.

5.

WILL IT BE YOU?

W. B. JOHNSON.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

Some-one shall knock at the beau - ti - ful gate, Will it be you?
 Some-one shall hear the glad, tri - umph - ant song, Will it be you?
 Some-one shall weep when the Lord says, "de - part," Will it be you?
 Some-one shall lin - ger with tears in their eyes, Will it be you?

Will it be you? On - ly to find that he's knock - ing too late,
 Will it be you? Long - ing to join in the praise with that throng,
 Will it be you? Turn from His pre - sence with sor - row - ful heart,
 Will it be you? When the redeem'd ones as - cend to the skies,

D.S.—You must have Je - sus to car - ry you thro',

FINE. CHORUS.

O tell me, will it be you? Some-one re - ject - ed shall

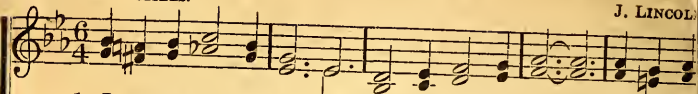
Lest, broth - er, it may be you.

urn from the gate, O the sad thought of thus be - ing too late!

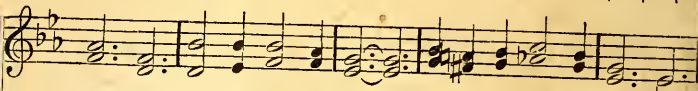
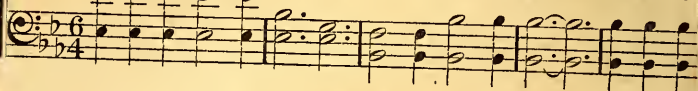
I MUST HAVE JESUS WITH ME.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

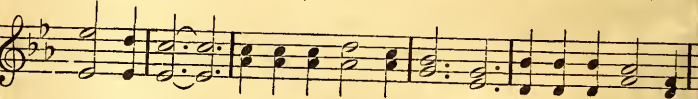
J. LINCOLN



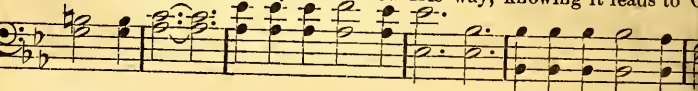
1. I must have Jesus with me when the morning light, O - ver the
2. I must have Jesus with me when the sun at noon Tells me th
3. I must have Jesus with me when the darkness falls, When in t
4. I know He will be with me when the gath'ring gloom Tells me th



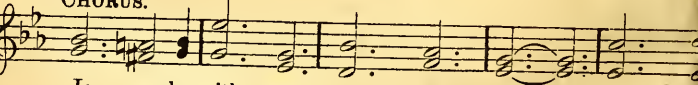
gleam-ing tells the pass-ing night; When from my sleep awak-ing
 pass - ing, pass-ing all too soon; La - bor is yet be - fore me,
 si - lence earth to heav - en calls; When in the fad-ing twi-light
 end - ed and I turn to home; I may not walk the same way



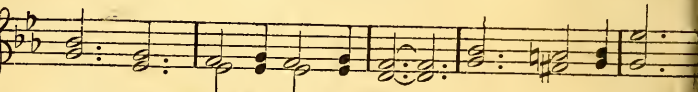
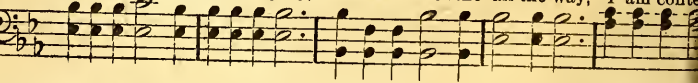
hold the day, I know I need Him near me, so un-to Him I
 tasks un - done, O - ver the west-ern hill-tops hast-ens the set-ting
 near to aid, If I know He is with me I will not be a - f
 souls have trod, Glad-ly I fol - low His way, knowing it leads to C



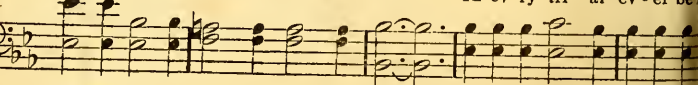
CHORUS.



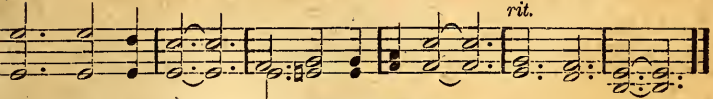
Je - sus be with me all the day, I ar
 Jesus be with me ever, I pray, Je - sus be with me all the way, I am conte



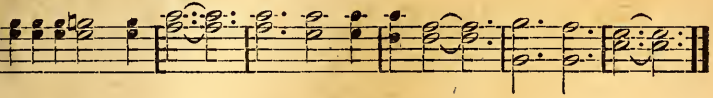
tent to walk with Thee al - way; In ev - 'ry tri -
 walk with Thee, to In ev - 'ry tri - al ev - er be



I MUST HAVE JESUS WITH ME.—Concluded.



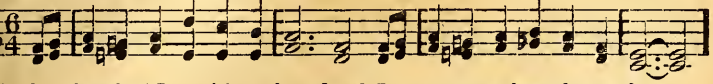
O be Thou near! With Thee be-side me I'll not fear.
 ev-er, I pray, be near!



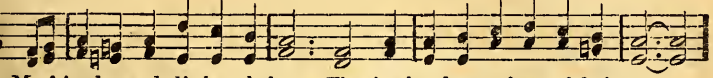
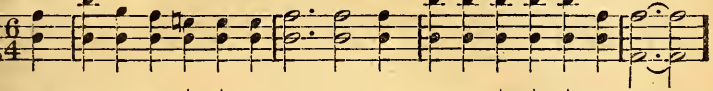
7. CASTING YOUR CARE UPON JESUS.

JOHN D. C. HANNA, D. D.

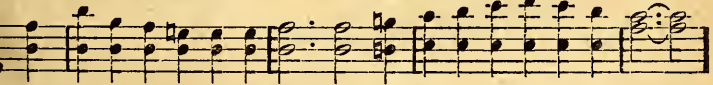
WM. T. MEYER.



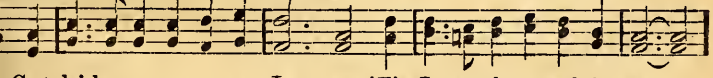
1. O what shall I do with my bur-dens? I nev-er can bear them a-lone;
2. I tremble a-mid ghostly shad-ows, The val-ley is lonely and drear;
3. I'm sick and so helpless and wea - ry, The pain I no longer can bear;
4. Death lays his cold hand on my lov'd ones, They enter the mansions of light;



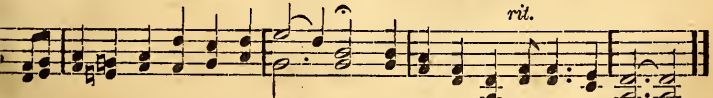
My friends can do little to help me, They've burdens to bear of their own.
 No light breaks the gloom on my pathway, Can no one give comfort and cheer?
 I pray to the great Burden-Bear-er Who promised my trials to share.
 'Tis bet-ter for them, but, my Saviour, I stumble a-lone in the night.



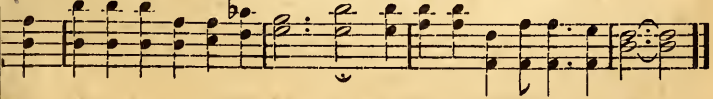
CHORUS.



Cast dai-ly your care upon Je - sus, 'Tis Je - sus that careth for you;



Thy Lord, on His arms ever-last - ing, Will bear both the burden and you.



No. 448. UNDERNEATH ME ARE THE EVERLASTING

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

J. LINCOLN

1. There's a message from my Father, That can glad-den ev-'ry hour
 2. Per - fect peace my heart possessing, As I trust from day to day
 3. Lov - ing kindness goes be-fore me, And His joy my strength shall

holds me when the storm of life a-larms, And I cling to it re-
 knowledge of His presence ev-er charms, And my hope is in His
 stead-fast for no dan-ger ev - er harms, For His grace di-vine un-

As I trust His mighty pow'r, Underneath me are the ever-lastin
 It shall be our strength and stay, Underneath me are the everlast-in
 All suf - fi - cient is for me, Underneath me are the everlast-in

CHORUS.

Underneath me are the ev-er-last-ing arms, They uphold me,
 His arms, They up

they en - fold me, I am stead-fast, for no dan - ger
 they up-hold me,

UNDERNEATH ME, etc.—Concluded.

rit. e dim.



harm's, Un-der-neath me are the ev - er - last - ing arms.
ev - er harm's,

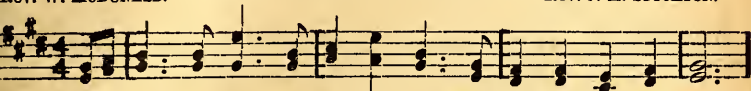


449.

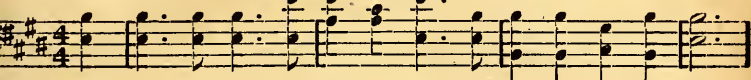
THE PRECIOUS BLOOD.

Rev. W. McDONALD.

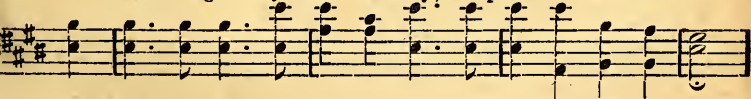
Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



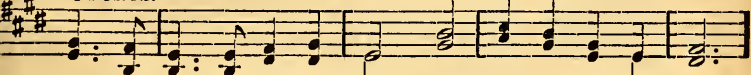
1. The cross! The cross! The blood-stain'd cross! The hallow'd cross I see!
2. A thou - sand thou-sand fountains spring Up from the throne of God;
3. That price - less blood my ran-som paid, While I in bond-age stood;
4. By faith that blood now sweeps a - way My sins, as like a flood,



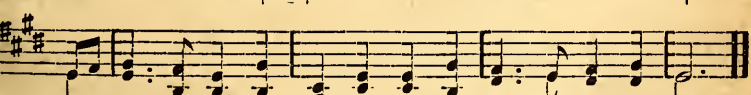
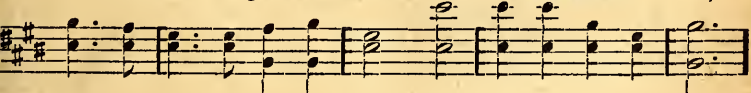
Re-mind - ing me of pre-cious blood That once was shed for me.
But none to me such bless-ings bring, As Je - sus' pre-cious blood.
On Je - sus all my sins were laid, He sav'd me with His blood.
Nor lets one guilt - y blem-ish stay; All praise to Je - sus' blood.



CHORUS.

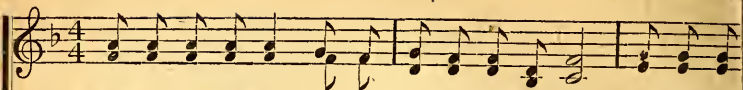


O the blood, the pre-cious blood! That Je - sus shed for me,

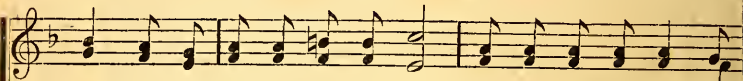
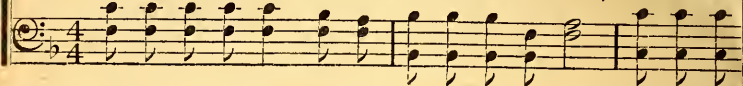


Up - on the cross in crim-son flood, Just now by faith I see.

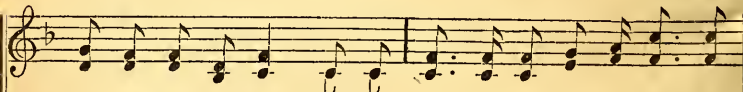
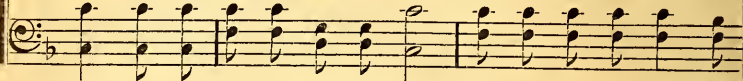




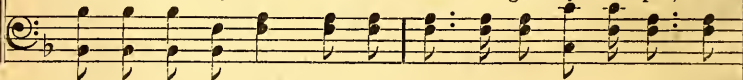
1. Once my eyes were blind to the beau - ty of the Lord, Once my ears
 2. Once I loved the world with its glit - ter and its show, I was cap -
 3. O it is so pre - cious to be a - lone with Him, When the sh



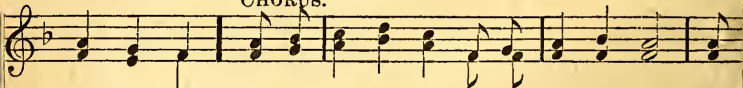
closed to the plead - ings of His word; Once these hands of mine press'
 held with the pleas - ures here be - low; But one day He came, tho'
 fall, and my eyes with tears are dim; Just to feel His hand rest



thorn - crown on His brow, But all this He has for - giv - en, and
 can - not tell you how, With His blood my sins He cov - ered, and
 love up - on my brow, And to hear Him gen - tly whis - per, "It



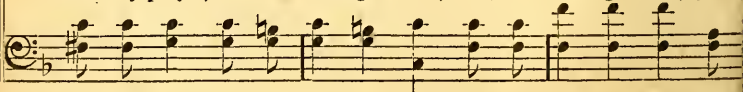
CHORUS.



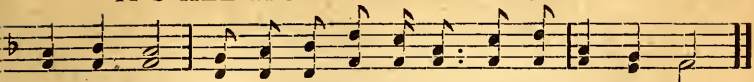
all right now.
 all right now.
 all right now." } Yes, it's all right now, yes, it's all right now, He



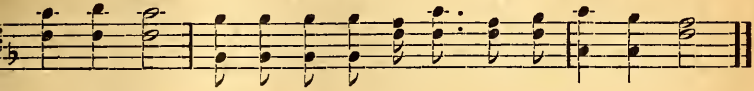
heard my pray'r, and it's all right now; Yes, it's all right now, yes,



IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW.—Concluded.



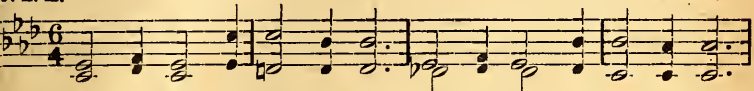
all right now, All my sins are covered, and it's all right now.



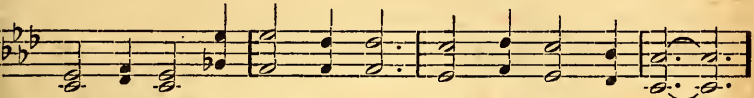
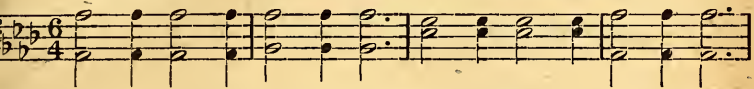
451. MAKE ME MORE LIKE THEE.

J. L. H.

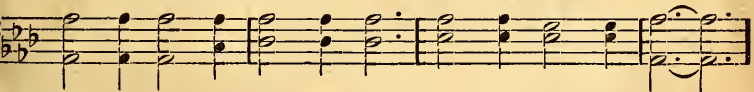
J. LINCOLN HALL.



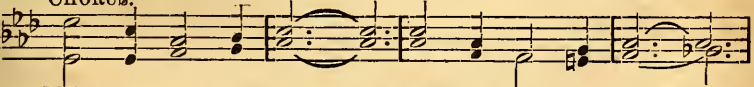
1. Lord, Thou knowest all my need, For Thou art my friend in-deed,
2. Lord, I would not ask a-miss Wealth or fame or earth-ly bliss;
3. In my dai-ly life I pray What I do and what I say,
4. Then some day in yon-der place I shall see Thee face to face,



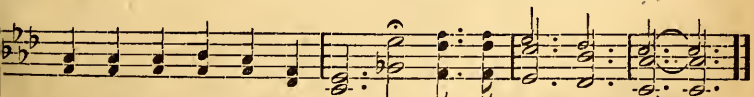
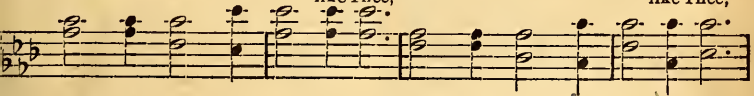
And, dear Lord, I hum-bly plead, Make me more like Thee.
 Liv-ing, dy-ing, on-ly this, Make me more like Thee.
 As I jour-ney on my way, Make me more like Thee.
 Then thro' Thy a-ton-ing grace I'll be more like Thee.



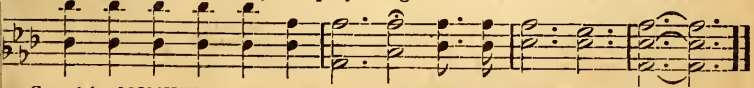
CHORUS.

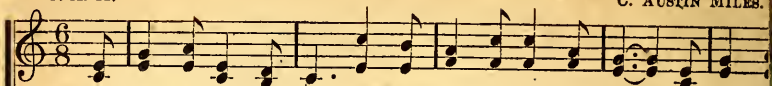


Make me more like Thee, Make me more like Thee;
 like Thee, like Thee;

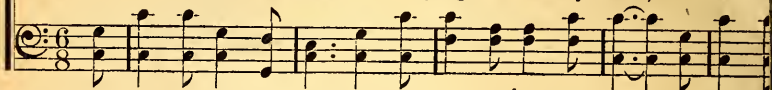


O bless-ed Sav-iour, I'm pray-ing To be more like Thee.

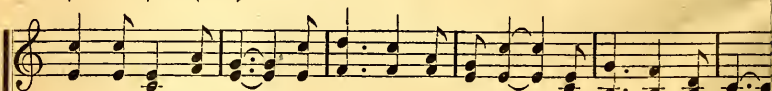




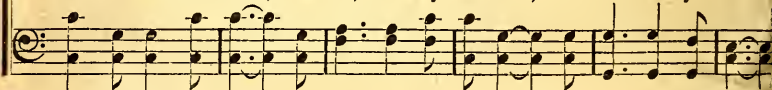
1. It may be in the val - ley where countless dangers hide; It may be
2. It may be I must car - ry the bless-ed word of life A - cross the
3. But if it be my por - tion to bear my cross at home, While oth-
4. It is not mine to ques-tion the judgments of my Lord, It is but



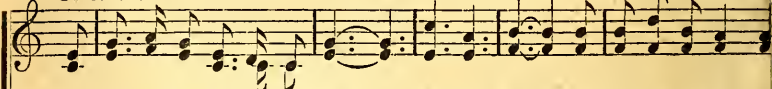
in the sun-shine that I, in peace a - bide; But this one thing I know - I
burn-ing des - erts to those in sin - ful strife; And tho' it be my lot to
bear their bur-dens be-yond the bil-low's foam, I'll prove my faith in Him - com-
mine to fol - low the lead-ings of His Word; But if to go or stay, or



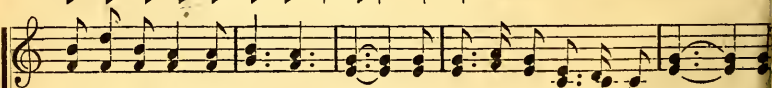
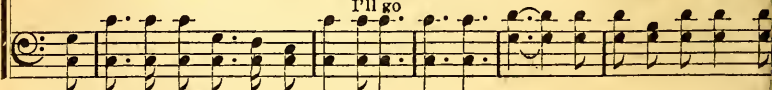
it be dark or fair, If Je - sus is with me, I'll go an - y - where
bear my col - ors there, If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go an - y - where
fess His judgments fair, And, if He stays with me, I'll stay an - y - where
whether here or there, I'll be, with my Sav-iour, con-tent an - y - where



CHORUS.



If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go..... an - y-where! 'Tis heav-en to me, Who



e'er I may be, If He is there! I count it a priv-i-lege here His cross, E



IF JESUS GOES WITH ME.—Concluded.

cross to bear; If Je - sus goes with me, I'll go An - y - where!
 cross, His cross to bear;

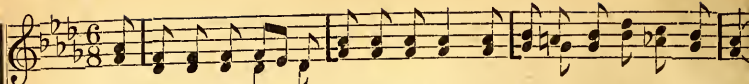
453. BY AND BY. ANNA C. HOWARD. J. J. LOWE.


There will be no sin nor pain, By and by, by and by,
 When life's les - son we shall learn, By and by, by and by,
 We shall see Him eye to eye, By and by, by and by,

All that's dark will be made plain, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Je - sus' voice we shall dis - cern, By and by, yes, by and by.
 We shall meet Him in the sky, By and by, yes, by and by.

For the Lord will come a - gain, O how glo - rious is His reign,
 He will ban - ish ev - 'ry sigh, Let us lift our hearts on high,
 We shall hear His ten - der tone, We shall be no more a - lone,

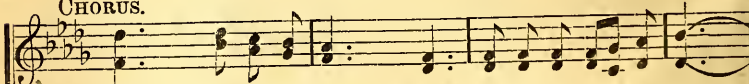
rit.
 Like the sun - shine af - ter rain, By and by, yes, by and by.
 Our re - demp - tion draw - eth nigh, By and by, yes, by and by.
 He is com - ing to His own, By and by, yes, by and by.

- 
1. I claim for my own a King on a throne, The Maker of land and of sea;
 2. I wander away, from Him I might stray, But ev-er the sound of His voice;
 3. The byways are fair but oft-en a snare, Is hidden where pleasures abound.



Whose throne is on high, He ev-er is nigh, To love and care for me.
Is call-ing to me wher-e'er I may be, To make my heart re-joice.
So close to His side I'll ev-er a-bide, For safe-ty there is found


CHORUS.



Wide, wide as the o - cean, High as the heav'ns a - bove;
Wide as the o - cean, deep as the sea,



Deep, deep as the deep-est sea, Is my Saviour's love;.....
Deep as the deep - est is His love



I, tho' so un-wor - thy, Still am a child of His care,
I, tho' un - wor - thy, Still am His child

WIDE AS THE OCEAN.—Concluded.



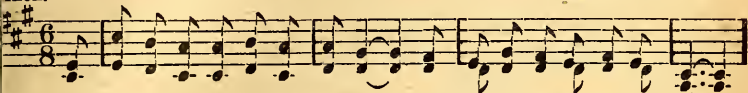
For His word teaches me that His love reaches me ev - 'ry - where.



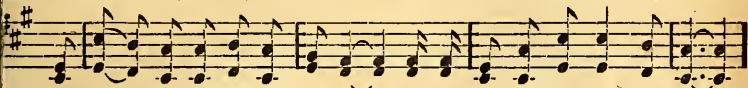
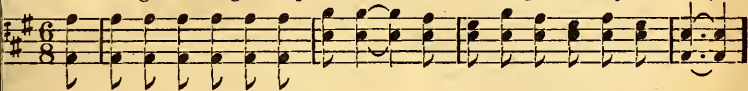
455 WHEN I STAND ON THE STREETS OF GOLD.

Anon.

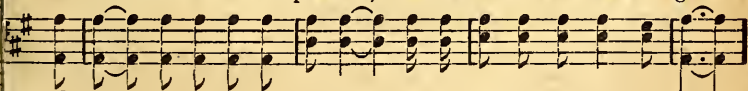
ARTHUR WILTON.



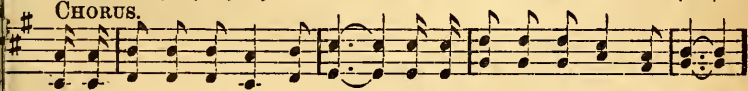
1. The burdens of life may be ma - ny, The frowns of the world may be cold,
2. With joy I shall en - ter the cit - y The face of my Saviour be - hold,
3. What wonder - ful visions of beau - ty, What glorious scenes shall un - fold,
4. For a - ges on a - ges I'll praise Him And nev - er grow weary or old,



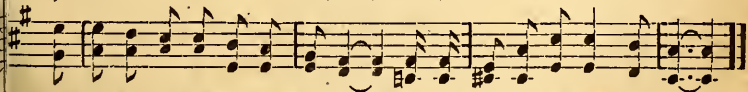
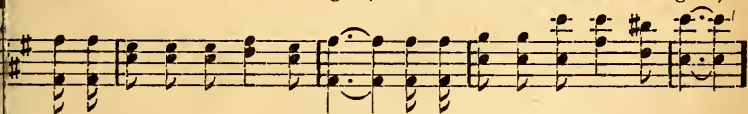
To me it will matter but lit - tle, When I stand on the streets of gold.
 And I shall be changed and be like Him, When I stand on the streets of gold.
 What dazzling splendors surround me, When I stand on the streets of gold.
 Love - crown'd I'll abide in His presence, When I stand on the streets of gold.



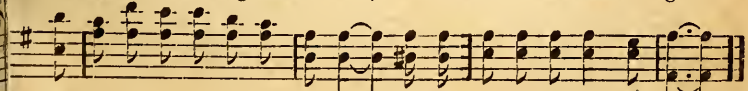
CHORUS.



When I stand on the streets of gold, When I stand on the streets of gold;



I sing with the ones gone before me, When I stand on the streets of gold.

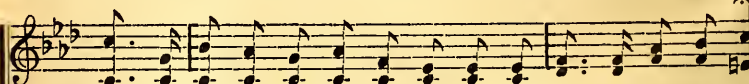
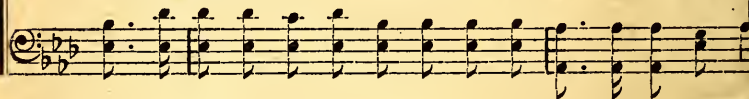




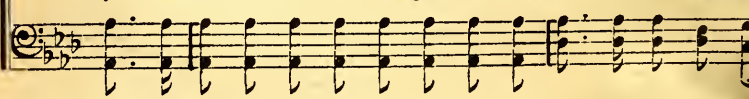
1. I'm a child of no - ble kin - ship To the Lord and King di - vin
 2. Fire and flood may sweep a - round me, Bring dis - as - ter in their cou
 3. Whom so rich that I should en - vy? Worldy wealth must pass a - wa



I'm an heir to His do - min - ions, And His bound - less wealth is min
 My pos - sess - ions are pro - tect - ed From de - struc - tion's mighty for
 All must van - ish to the unknown At the close of life's brief da



All the wealth of full sal - va - tion, All the joy that He can giv
 Safe - ly in God's care, un - ceas - ing, Guarded by His might, se - cur
 My es - tate is for the a - ges Reaching o'er the boundless spa



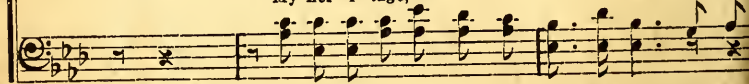
All the glad - ness of His pres - ence, Are my por - tion while I liv
 Need I wor - ry for the fu - ture? Nay, my her - i - tage is sur
 Fair with glo - ries of the un - seen, Thro' the rich - es of God's gra



CHORUS.



My her - i - tage, the gift of Fa - ther's love, My her
 My her - i - tage,



MY HERITAGE.—Concluded.

tage..... extends to realms a - bove; Be - yond the star - ry skies
My her - i - tage

My dear - est treas - ure lies, My her - i - tage..... in Je - sus.
My her - i - tage

457. THERE IS NO NAME SO SWEET ON EARTH.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE.

(The Blessed Name.)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.

1. There is no name so sweet on earth, No name so dear in heav - en,
2. 'Twas Ga - briel first that did proclaim, To His most bless - ed moth - er,
3. And when He hung up - on the tree, They wrote His name a - bove Him,
4. So now up - on His Father's throne, Al - mighty - y to re - lieve us

FINE.

As that be - fore His wondrous birth To Christ the Sav - iour giv - en.
That name which now and ev - er - more We praise a - bove all oth - er.
That all might see the rea - son we For ev - er - more must love Him.
From sin and pains, He ev - er reigns The Prince and Sav - iour Je - sus.

S.—For there's no word ear ev - er heard So dear, so sweet as Je - sus.

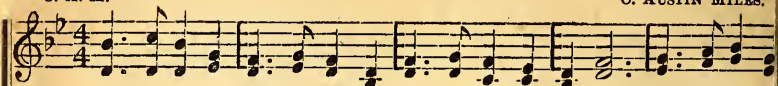
CHORUS.

D.S.

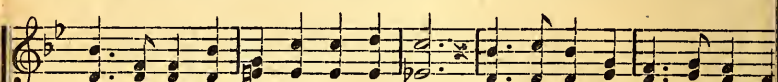
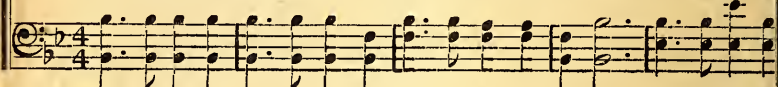
We love to sing a - round our King, And hail Him bless - ed Je - sus;

C. A. M.

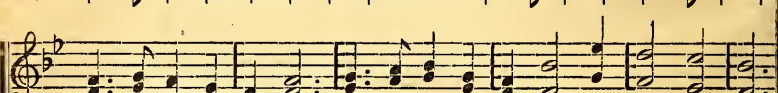
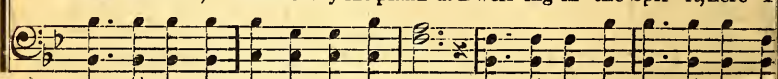
C. AUSTIN MILES.



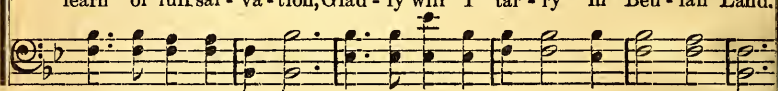
1. Far away the noise of strife up-on my ear is fall-ing, Then I know th
2. Far below the storm of doubt up-on the world is beat-ing, Sons of men in
3. Let the stormy breez-es blow, their cry cannot a-larm me, I am safe-ly
4. Viewing here the works of God, I sink in con-tem-pla-tion, Hearing now H



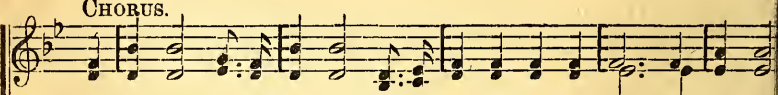
sins of earth be - set on ev - 'ry hand. Doubt and fear and things of earth i
bat - tle long the en - e - my with - stand. Safe am I with - in the cas - tle
shelter'd here pro - tect - ed by God's hand. Here the sun is al - ways shining
bless - ed voice, I see the way He plann'd. Dwell - ing in the Spir - it, here I



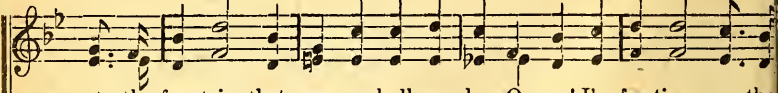
vain to me are call - ing, None of these shall move me from Beu - lah Land.
of God's word re - treat - ing, Noth - ing then can reach me, 'tis Beu - lah Land.
here there's naught can harm me, I am safe for - ev - er in Beu - lah Land.
learn of full sal - va - tion, Glad - ly will I tar - ry in Beu - lah Land.



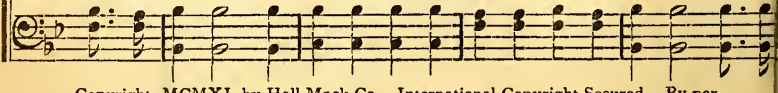
CHORUS.



I'm liv - ing on the mountain, un - derneath a cloudless sky, I'm drinking
Praise God



at the fountain that nev - er shall run dry, O yes! I'm feasting on the



DWELLING IN BEULAH LAND.—Concluded.

man-na from a boun-ti-ful sup-ply For I am dwelling in Beau-lah Land.

No. 459.

DOES JESUS CARE?

Rev. FRANK E. GRAEFF.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Does Je-sus care when my heart is pained Too deep-ly for mirth and song;
2. Does Je-sus care when my way is dark With a nameless dread and fear?
3. Does Je-sus care when I've tried and failed To resist some temptation strong;
4. Does Je-sus care when I've said "good-bye" To the dearest on earth to me,

As the burdens press, and the cares distress, And the way grows weary and long?
 As the day-light fades into deep night shades, Does He care enough to be near?
 When for my deep grief I find no relief, Tho' my tears flow all the night long?
 And my sad heart aches till it nearly breaks, Is it aught to Him? Does He see?

CHORUS.

O yes, He cares; I know He cares, His heart is touched with my grief;

When the days are weary, the long nights dreary, I know my Saviour cares.

He cares.

H. L.

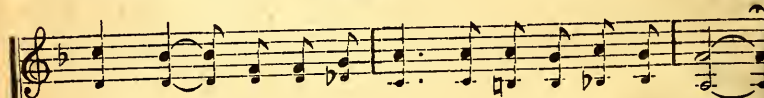
SOP. AND TENOR, OR SOP. AND ALTO. (Use small notes for Alto.)



1. Some gold-en morn, when this short life is end-ed, Im-mor-tal
 2. Some gold-en morn the mist-y veil shall van-ish, And things tha
 3. Some gold-en morn, in realms of fade-less splen-dor, Mine eyes sha
 4. Some gold-en morn, up-on the fields of glo-ry, Be-side the



dawn above the hills will break; The dreary shad-ows will de-part
 seemed obscure will be made plain; And I shall find that ma-n-y of m
 seen as they have never seen, The wisdom of the hand that led n
 wa-ters of the crys-tal sea; I shall be-hold my won-der-ful K



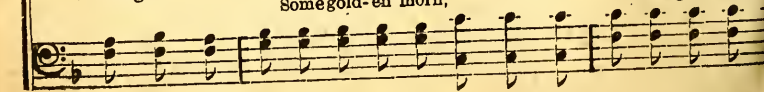
ev-er, When in that smil-ing home-land I'll a-wake.
 loss-es Have turn'd to be to my e-ter-nal gain.
 on-ward, And why the clouds should come the sun be-tween.
 deem-er, Who lived and died and gave Him-self for me.



CHORUS.



Some gold-en morn,..... some gold-en morn,.....
 Some gold-en morn, some gold-en morn



SOME GOLDEN MORN.—Concluded.

In that fair coun-try where the night is past,..... I shall be -
the night is past,

poco rit.

hold my wonderful Redeem - er, And dwell with Him some golden morn.

0. 461.

ALL FOR ME.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. Je - sus my Saviour came from on high, Dy - ing for you, dy - ing for me;
2. Where the bright angels e'er sing His praise, 'Round the white throne,' round the white throne;
3. What can I do my Lord to re-pay, On Calv'ry's tree, dy - ing for me;

:S: FINE.

Sin - ful, un-wor - thy though I may be, All this He did for me.
Me from the depths, He came down to raise, Claiming me as His own.
I'll trust Thee, Lord, and e'er faithful be, This will I do for Thee.

D.S.—Left a bright home a crown and a throne, All this He did for me.

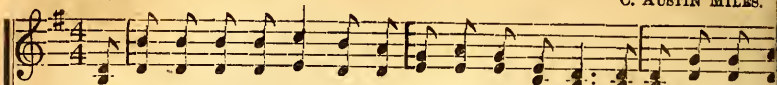
CHORUS. *D.S.*

Won - derful sto - ry, how can it be, Je - sus has died for you and for me;

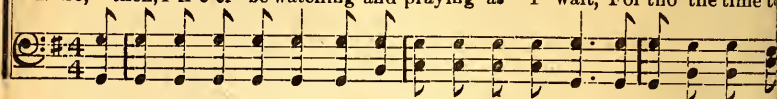
No. 462. I'LL BE READY FOR HIS COMING.

C. A. M.

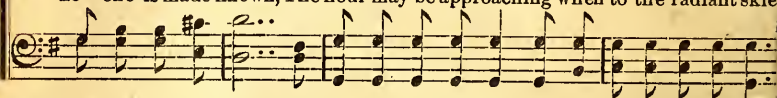
C. AUSTIN MILES.



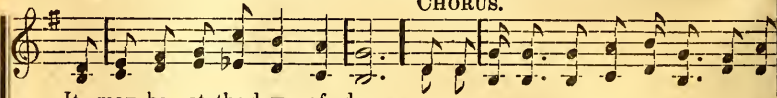
1. When Je - sus comes in glory to call to His lov'd ones home, To bear His ransom
2. It - may be in the spring-time a - mid the bud and bloom, It may be when th
3. I'll watch for His appearing with heart kept free from sin, I'll strive to live mo
4. So, then, I'll e'er be watching and praying as I wait, For tho' the time t



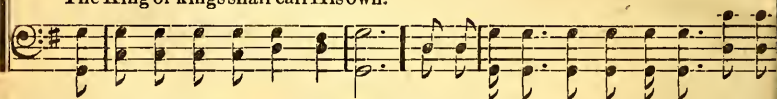
ones from earth a-way; It may be in the morning, it may be in the nigh
hills with snow are white, That Christ in all His glo - ry shall call His own a-way
like Him ev - 'ry day, That should He come in glory ere death should seat my lip
no one is made known, The hour may be approaching when to the radiant skie



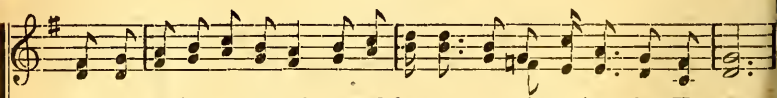
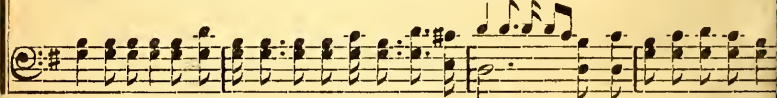
CHORUS.



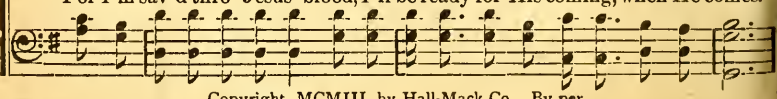
It may be at the dawn of day.
To regions of e - ter - nal light. } I'll be ready for His coming, when He
He'll bear me to my home a - way. }
The King of kings shall call His own.



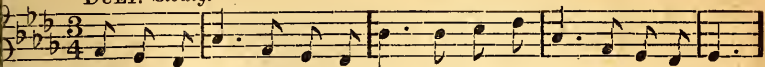
comes, I'll be ready for His coming, when He comes; I am now a child of God
when He comes, when He comes,



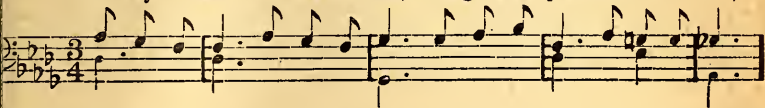
For I'm sav'd thro' Jesus' blood, I'll be ready for His coming, when He comes.



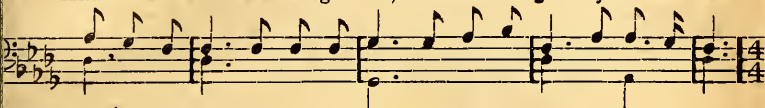
DUET. *Slowly.*



1. Some day I'll know why o'er my way, The shadows gath-er dark and drear;
2. Some day I'll know why oft my feet, Have wandered from the narrow way;
3. Some day I'll see His face so dear, Who gave His pre-cious life for me;



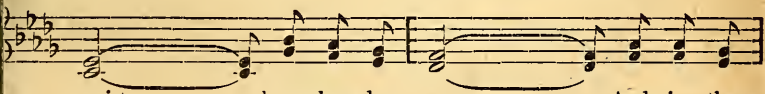
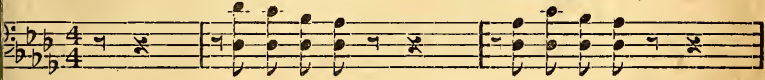
And on my heart a cross is laid, Which fills my soul with doubt and fear.
 And still my Saviour, praise His name! Has loved me ev - en when a - stray.
 And while the end - less a - ges roll, With Him in glo - ry I shall be.



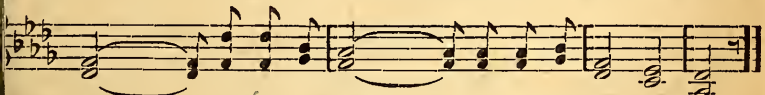
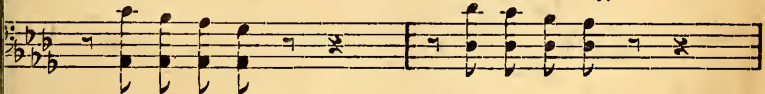
CHORUS. *Faster.*



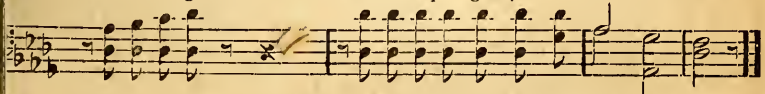
Some day I'll know,..... yes, some glad day,..... When earth's dark
 Some day I'll know, yes, some glad day,



mists..... have cleared a - way,..... And in the
 when earth's dark mists have cleared a - way,

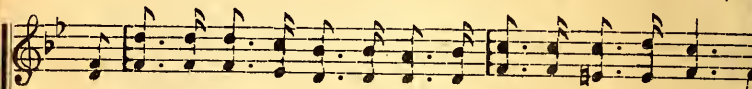


light..... of heav'n's pure glow..... Then I shall ful - ly know.
 And in the light of heav'n's pure glow,

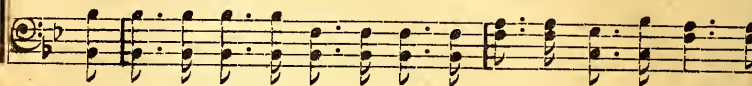




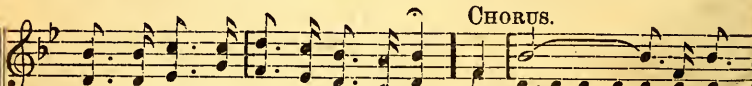
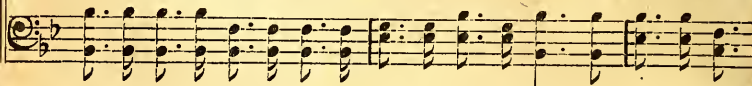
1. To Je - sus ev - 'ry day I find my heart is clos - er draw
 2. His glo - ry broke up - on me when I saw Him from a - far;
 3. My heart is some-times heav - y, but He comes with sweet re - lief;



He's fair - er than the glo - ry of the gold and pur - ple dawn; He'
 He's fair - er than the lil - y, bright - er than the morn - ing star; He
 He folds me to His bos - om when I droop with blighting grief; I



all - my fan - cy pictures in its fairest dreams, and more; Each day He grows s
 fills and sat - is - fies my longing spir - it o'er and o'er; Each day He grows s
 love the Christ who all my burdens in His bod - y bore; Each day He grows s

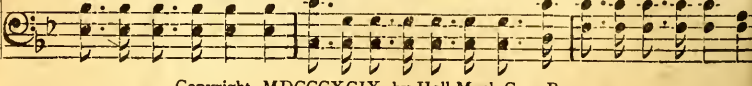


CHORUS.

sweet - er than He was - the day be - fore. The half..... can - not be
 The half cannot be fan - cied on thi



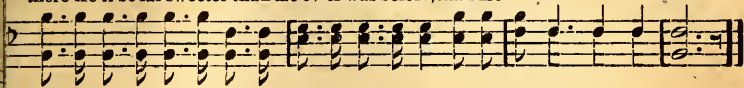
fan - cied this side..... the gold - en shore; O
 side the gold - en shore, The half cannot be fancied on this side the golden shore; O



STILL SWEETER EVERY DAY.—Concluded.



there..... he'll be still sweet - er than He ev - er was be - fore.
 there He'll be far sweeter than He ev - er was before, than He



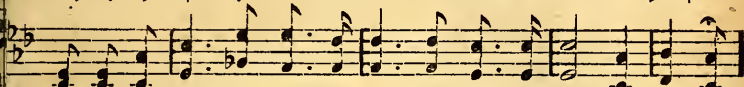
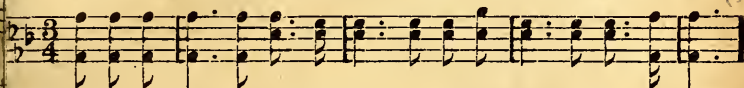
465. 'TIS JESUS!

C. KIRK.

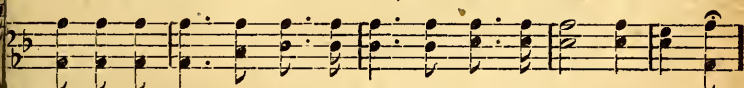
ALFRED JUDSON.



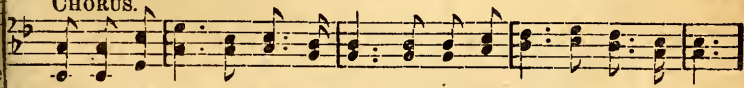
1. In land or store I may be poor; My place unknown, my name obscure;
2. On life's rough sea how frail my bark! But in the storm and dens-est dark
3. When shadows deep around me fall, And gloom and fear my soul enthrall,
4. Soon will this fleet-ing life be o'er: O then, up - on the oth - er shore



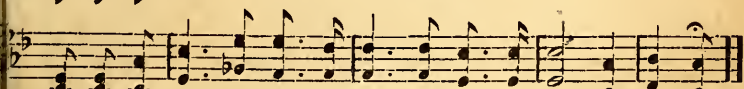
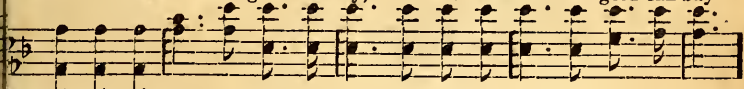
Of this I have the wit - nessure; O bless the Lord I've Je - sus!
 I have a safe and trust - ed Ark; O bless the Lord 'tis Je - sus!
 There is an arm be - neath them all; O bless the Lord 'tis' Je - sus!
 I'll be with Him for - ev - er more, For - ev - er more with Je - sus.



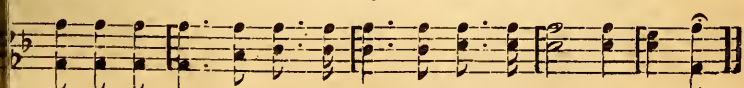
CHORUS.



What tho' the world its gifts de - ny, I've rich-es more than gold can buy —



The key to treas - ures in the sky! O bless the Lord, I've Je - sus!



1. Tho' the world al-lure with its gild-ed charm, I'm a child of
2. I can ne'er for-get how up-on the tree Laid the Son of
3. I would e'er be true to my Lord and King, Ev-'ry wak-ing

whom it can-not harm; He will me up-hold by His might-y a
 there to die for me; Yet to save my soul, thus it had to
 prais-es to Him sing, Knowing that at last He my soul shall b

CHORUS.

Ev-'ry mo-ment of my day. }
 There could be no oth-er way. } I've a Friend who will ev-
 Ev-er-more with Him to stay. }

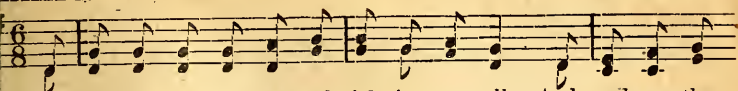
need sup-ply, I've a home far be-yond the star-ry sky, And y

know, that is just the rea-son why I am sing-ing Hal-le-lu-jal

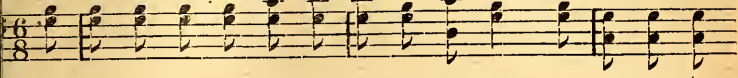
MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT.

REBEKAH B. MARTIN.

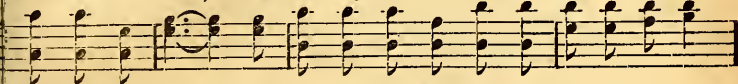
HALDOR LILLENAS.



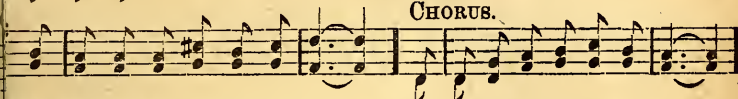
When bil-lows of troub-le and trials o'er me roll, And rough are the
 Tho' dark-en-ing clouds may hang o-ver my head, And no ray of
 When sorrow's dark hour brings me sad-ness and pain, When skies all o'er -
 The bur-dens of life may be heav-y to bear;—The grace God has



waves on life's sea; In soft, gen-tle ac-cents, a voice I can hear,
 ight can I see, I trust His sweet prom-ise, I know it is true,
 had-owed shall be, His arm is a-round me, to help me sus-tain,
 prom-ised is free; He's will-ing to help me in time of my need;

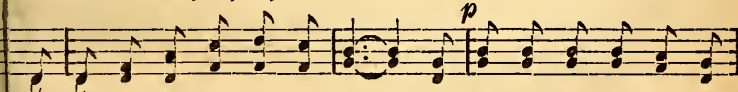
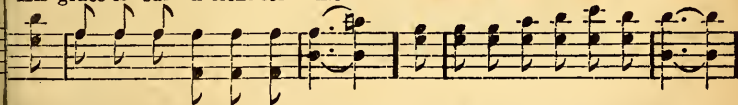


CHORUS.

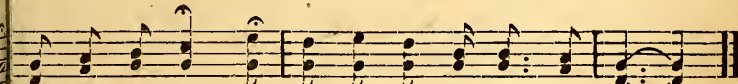


'My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee.'	} My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee,
My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee.	
My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee.	
His grace is suf-fi-cient for me	

4th v.
His grace is suf-fi-cient for me,

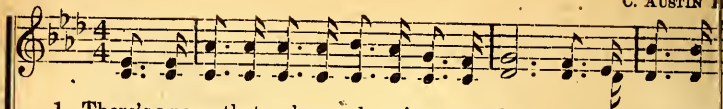


My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee, In soft, gen-tle ac-cents, His
 His grace is suf-fi-cient for me, He's will-ing to help me in

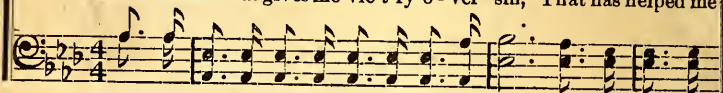


voice I can hear, "My grace is suf-fi-cient for thee."
 each time of need, His grace is suf-fi-cient for me.

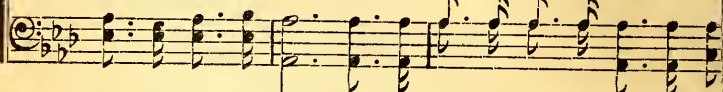




1. There's a name that makes my happiness complete, That has saved my s
2. There's a name that turns my darkness in-to day, That will bring to
3. There's a name that gives me vic-t'ry o-ver sin, That has helped me



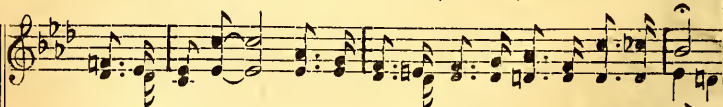
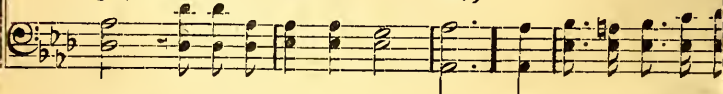
ma - ny a de - feat; 'Tis a name that turns the bit - ter in
 an - swer when I pray; 'Tis a name that takes the sting of dea
 bat - tles here to win; And to sing its prais - es where shall I



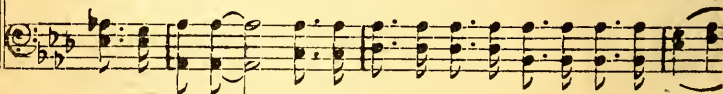
CHORUS.



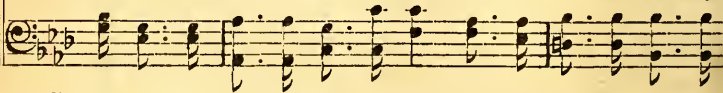
sweet,	It is the name of	Je - sus.	} His name is on my lip
way,	It is the name of	Je - sus.	
gin,	It is the name of	Je - sus.	



ear - ly morn - ing, In a pray'r that He my dai - ly walk will keep



And when the shad - ows of the night Hide the world far from my



NOTE.—The Chorus, " Precious name! O how sweet!" may be added.

THERE'S A NAME.—Concluded.

rit.

Then I breathe the name of Je - sus and comes sweet sleep.
sweet sleep.

469. THE WITNESS OF THE SPIRIT.

L. H.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Christ is my por-tion for - ev - er, He is my Saviour from sin;
He is my fort-ress and tow - er, He is my guide and my King;
Praise to the One who redeems me, Praise to my cru-ci-fied Lord;

He is my bless-ed sal - va - tion, I have the wit-ness with - in.
He is my Shepherd, my Keep - er Joy - ful - ly now I can sing.
Now I am saved, hal - le - lü - jah! Praise for the won - der - ful word.

CHORUS.

I have the witness with-in,..... Jesus now saves me from sin; In His
within, from sin;

heart I've a place, I am saved by His grace, And I have the witness within.....
within.

1. I have a Friend in - deed, A Friend I oft - en need,
 2. Now Je - sus is His name, His love is e'er the same;
 3. It is e-nough for me To know that He will be

when I need Him He is al - ways near, (al - ways near,) T
 though my love for Him may fee - ble grow, (fee - ble grow,) S
 Friend when all the rest for - get my name; (for - get my name,) V

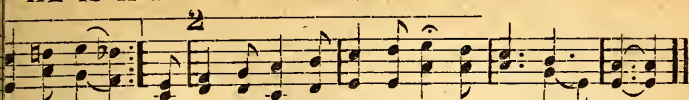
hide me when I'm wrong, To fill my heart with song, Or make
 thro' my tears I see My Friend a - wait - ing me, And hand
 thro' the gates of gold My chariot wheels have roll'd, He'll be

CHORUS.

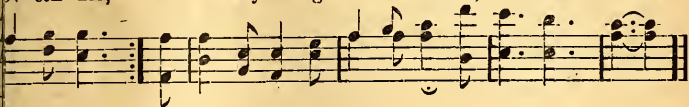
hid - den way seem clear. (seem clear.) }
 hand we on - ward go. (onward go.) } He is a Friend of mine
 lov - ing Friend the same. (the same.) }

He is a Friend of mine, The rul - er of the land and sea, And yet

HE IS A FRIEND OF MINE.—Concluded.



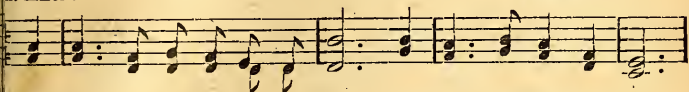
ov-eth me; I would that you might know Him too, This Friend of mine.



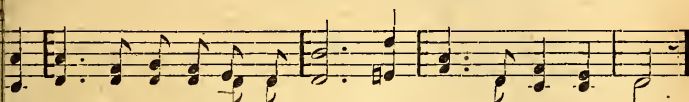
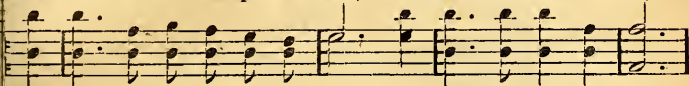
DECIDE FOR JESUS.

I. MACK.

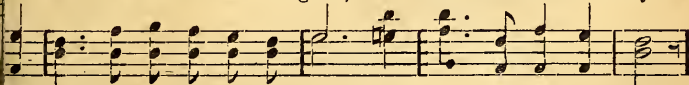
ARTHUR WILTON.



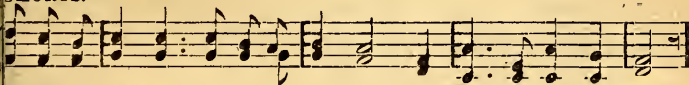
How oft a-cross life's narrow path As on we tread the way,
 O who will make the stand this day, To take the path of right?
 The plead-ings oft-en you have heard, The Saviour calls you: "come,"
 The world al-lures with promise vain, Yet death the end must be,



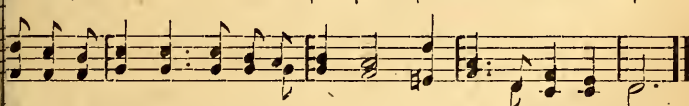
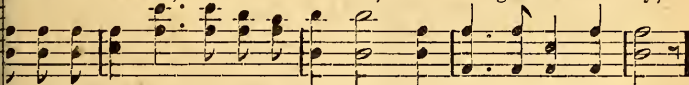
ere comes to us the still, small voice, "Give me your heart to-day."
 s ways are paths of love and peace, The end is joy and light.
 - turn, tho' far you are a-stray, Your foot-steps turn to "home."
 t sweet the life our Sav-iour gives, It lasts e-ter-nal-ly.



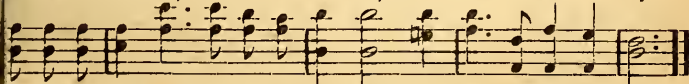
CHORUS.



Decide for Je - sus, decide for Je - sus, No lon - ger make de - lay;



De-cide for Je - sus, de-cide for Je - sus, Make this de-cis-ion day.



1. Sin - ner, poor sin - ner, why wan - der a - way, There's a place at the
 2. Je - sus has suf - ered and died for us all, There's a place at the
 3. Bring all your bur - dens to - lay at His feet, There's a place at the
 4. Tho' you have wandered a - way from His fold, There's a place at the

cross for thee; O heed now the Spir - it, seek par - don to - day, There's a
 cross for thee; O hast - en my bro - ther and come at His call, There's a
 cross for thee; There's pardon for you and redemption complete, There's a
 cross for thee; Come back from the mountains so bar - ren and cold, There's a

CHORUS.

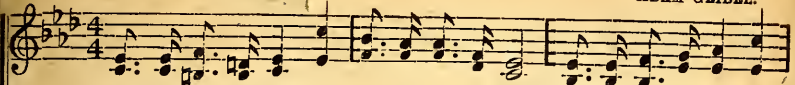
place at the cross for thee..... There's a place at the cross for
 for thee.

thee,..... There's a place at the cross for thee;..... O do not de
 for thee, for thee;

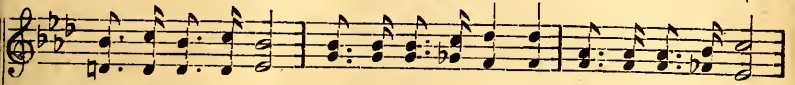
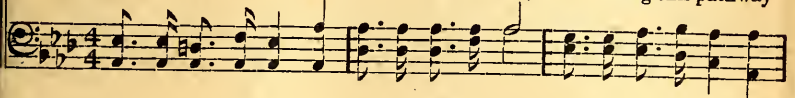
lay, but come while you may, There's a place at the cross for thee.....
 for thee

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, G AND I - GOSPEL LIGHT SHINE OUT.

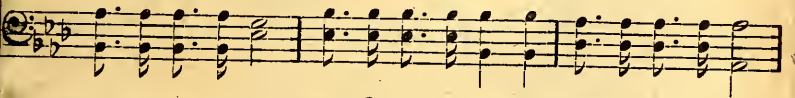
ADAM GEIBEL.



1. Stand-ing, like a lighthouse, on the shores of time, Looking o'er the waves of
2. There are human shipwrecks ly - ing all around; O what mor - al darkness
3. Do not let the bush - el cov - er up your light, Keep your lamp in or - der,
4. Try to live for Je - sus till this life is o'er, For along this pathway

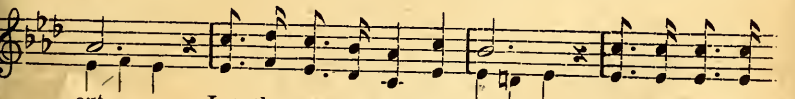
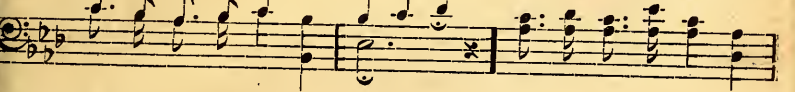


dark-ness, sin and crime, O - pen up your windows, there's a work sublime:
 ev - 'ry-where is found! Warn some other ves - sels off from dang'rous ground:
 trimmed and burning bright; Try to be a bless - ing, bright-en up the night:
 you will pass no more; Till He bids you welcome on the oth - er shore,



CHORUS.

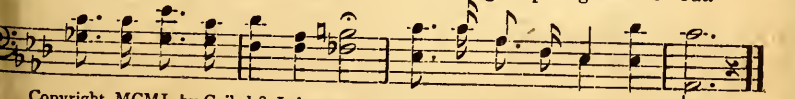
Let the gos - pel light shine out..... Let the gos - pel light shine



out, shine out, Let the gos - pel light shine out; While your lamp is shine out;



burn - ing, keep the win - dows clean, Let the gos - pel light shine out.



C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. We walk and talk to-gether, My King and I, In ev-'ry kind of
 2. He knows my ev-'ry tri-al, And He can see, My lack of self-de-
 3. So blow, ye winds of sor-row, And grief's wild wave, I'm dreading not the

weather, On low ground or high; He knows how well I love Him, How
 ni - al Grievous is to me; I'll leave all else be - hind me, To
 mor - row, For my King shall save; In ev-'ry kind 'of weath - er, Low

oft I pray, That naught shall be a - bove Him In my life to - day.
 Him I'll cling, And trust the world shall find me Walking with my King.
 ground or high, We walk and talk to - geth - er Still, my King and I.

CHORUS.

I am will - ing al - way, If to go or to stay, - I will do as He

bids me, Nor will I ask Him why. My communion is sweet, And my

MY KING AND I.—Concluded.

rap-ture com-plete, As we walk and talk to-gether, My Lord and I.

475. I'LL PAY THE PRICE.

J. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

Grant, my dear Lord, Thy blessing unto me, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price!
 Tho' on a cross my life may offered be, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price!
 Noth - ing I keep, Lord, even lib - er - ty, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price!
 Take all I have, O Lord, away from me, I'll pay the price! I'll pay the price!

Ask what Thou wilt no matter what it be, I'll sur - ren - der all to Thee.
 If from myself and sin I may be free, I'll sur - ren - der all to Thee.
 Tho' I must pass, Lord, thro' Gethsema - ne, I'll sur - ren - der all to Thee.
 All that I am or have or hope to be, I'll sur - ren - der, Lord, to Thee.

CHORUS.

I'll pay the price, what - e'er the cost Or sac - ri - fice may be;

I'll go with Je - sus my dear Lord, Tho' it be to Cal - va - ry.

A. W. S.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER

1. Think what it cost to re-deem fall-en man, Think of it calm-ly,
 2. Think what it cost when the King left His throne, Came to this world, un-
 3. Think what it cost to the Sav-iour who came, Bear-ing His head to o-

soul, if you can; In - fi - nite love came to earth from a - bove
 vit - ed, a - lone; Look at Him now with His thorn-pierc-ed broy-
 sor - row and shame; High on the tree hung the dear Lord for me,

rit. *f* CHORUS.
 That's what it cost, that's what it cost. *p* Think..... what it cost,.....
 Think what it cost think what it cost *pp*

Think..... what it cost,..... God..... was not
 Think what it cost, think what it cost, God was not will - ing thy

ff will - - - ing thy soul..... should be lost;..... The
 soul should be lost, God was not will - ing thy soul should be lost;

THINK WHAT IT COST.—Concluded.

p dear..... Son of God..... poured out..... His life - blood,.....
pp That's what it cost, that's what it cost, That's what it cost, that's what it cost,

That's..... what it cost,..... That's..... what it cost,.....
 That's what it cost, that's what it cost, That's what it cost, that's what it cost.

o. 477. I SHALL BE LIKE HIM SOMETIME.

H. H. GARRETT.

JAMES M. BLACK.

1. I shall be like Him, sometime, somewhere, Af - ter my life-work is done;
 2. I shall be like Him, O wondrous grace, Grace that a - maz - es my soul;
 3. I shall be like Him, my Lord and King, Whom I shall see as He is;

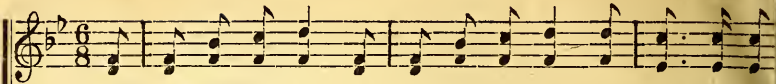
For in His glo - ry I then shall share, Glo - ry out - shin - ing the sun.
 Like Him when I shall be - hold His face, Like Him while a - ges shall roll.
 Now and for - ev - er His praise I'll sing, For He is mine, I am His.

D.S.—I shall be like Him, sometime, somewhere, And in His glo - ry shall shine.

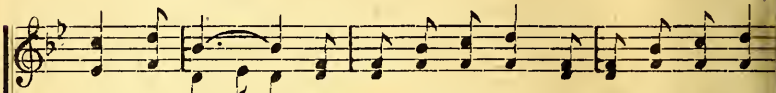
CHORUS. *D.S.*
 I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, Like my dear Saviour di - vine;

L. S. L.

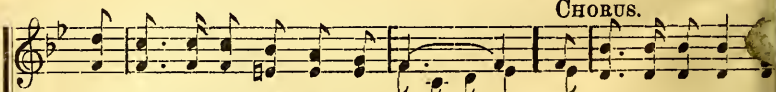
LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.



1. When Christ sweetly came my soul to re-claim, He ban-ished my
 2. My life was so drear till Je-sus came near, And showed me His
 3. Re-mem-ber'd no more, re-peat o'er and o'er The won-der-ful

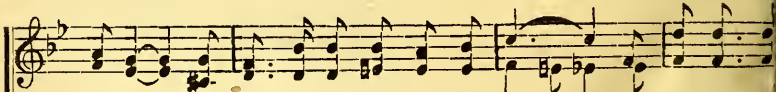


sins a-way; (a-way;) Safe un-der the blood, the sin-cleansing flood,
 face di-vine; (divine;) Then o-ver my soul I gave Him con-trol,
 sto-ry true; (so true;) O make Him your choice, you'll ev-er re-joice,



CHORUS.

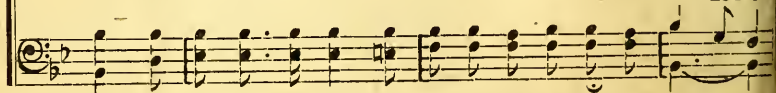
He cast them for-ev-er to stay. (yes, to stay.) } Remember'd no more for
 When softly He said "Thou art mine." (wholly mine.) }
 He'll be such a Sav-iour to you. (yes, to you.) }

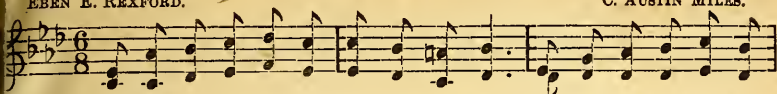


ev-er, Thy sins are re-mem-ber'd no more; They're un-der the
 no more;

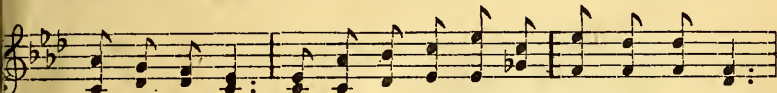
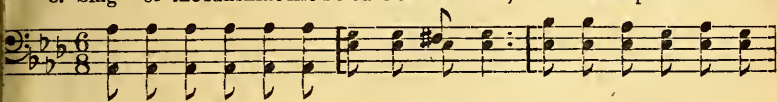


blood, the life-giv-ing flood, My sins are remember'd no more. no more

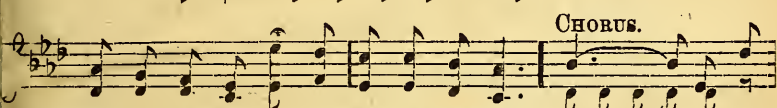
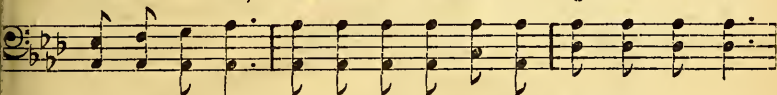




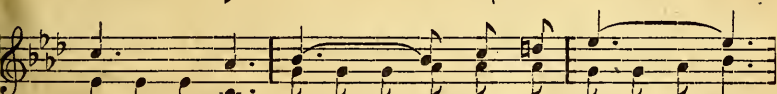
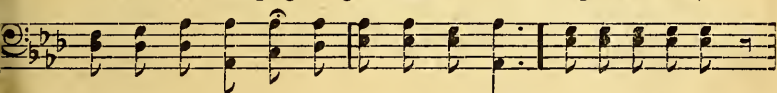
1. Roads steep and stony our feet find to tread; Thorns by the wayside and
2. Sing till God's sunshine is flood-ing the heart; Sing till the shadows of
3. Sing of the sunshine life's clouds can-not hide, If we keep faith in a



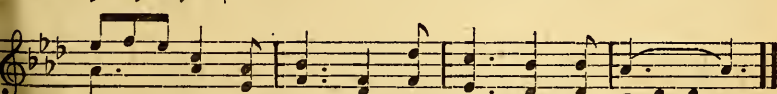
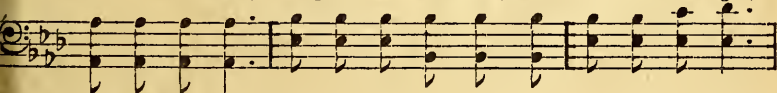
pit - falls a-head. Sing of God's sunshine, from morn-ing till night—
 care all de-part; Sing till our comrades take part in the song;
 Christ cru-ci-fied, Bless-ed soul-sun-shine that bright-ens the road



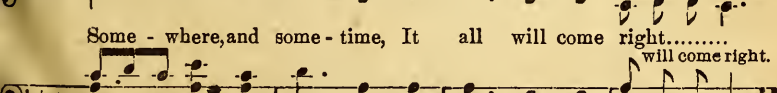
Sing it, be-lieve it—that all will come right! }
 Sing-ing and trust-ing the whole way a-long! } Sing..... of the
 While the heart's singing of glad-ness and God. } Sing of sunshine,



sun - - shine, Let..... in the light;.....
 Let in the light, Sing of the sun-shine, And let in the light;



Some - where, and some - time, It all will come right.....
 will come right.



N. B. HERRELL.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. With the hal - le - lu - jah band, I am in the promised land, Marching
 2. With this hal - le - lu - jah band, go - ing forth at God's command, Marching
 3. With this hal - le - lu - jah band, I will ev - er firm - ly stand, Marching

on, marching on; With its hon - ey, milk and wine, with its
 on, marching on; Leav - ing Jor - dan far behind, peace and
 on, marching on; With our ban - ners fly - ing high we will
 Marching on, marching on;

rich - es free - ly mine, I am in the land of Canaan, Marching on.
 plen - ty we shall find, In the blessed land of Canaan, Marching on.
 con - quer tho' we die, I am in the land of Canaan, Marching on.
 Marching on.

CHORUS.

I am in the land of Ca - naan, marching on, 'Tis the
 march - ing on,

bles - sed land of hon - ey, milk and wine; "I am to the highlands bound,
 milk and wine;

IN THE LAND OF CANAAN.—Concluded.

And I'm seeking higher ground," Marching on, marching on.
Marching on, marching on.

No. 481.

I'M GOING THERE.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. There is a land of wondrous beauty Where the "Living Waters" flow,
2. No tears are there, no blighting sorrow From the cruel hand of death;
3. There ransomed souls will give me welcome With a "Hal-le-lu-jah" shout!
4. I've loved ones there who passed before me, They'll rejoice to see me come,

The Word of God to all has said it, And it surely must be so.
No flowers fade, no summers perish By the winter's chilling breath.
And I shall enter in that city, Never, never to go out.
But best of all I'll see my Saviour, Who will bid me "Welcome Home."

CHORUS.

And I'm going there some day, Some day, some day,
going there some day, going there some day,

I am going home to stay with Je - sus,
some day,

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

B. D. ACKLEY.

1. Tho' friends may deceive me and troubles draw nigh, Tho' dark clouds may
 2. In ev - 'ry temp-ta-tion I know He is near, With words of com-
 3. In sun-shine and shower by me doth He stand, Each day I am

gath - er a - bove in the sky; When ly - ing be - fore me the
 pas - sion to com - fort and cheer; He sets a bright rain - bow where
 un - der His shel - ter - ing hand; My cup of re - joic - ing He

path - way looks dim, I can nev - er fear, if I keep close to Him.
 shad - ows look grim, And sus - tain - ing grace, if I keep close to Him.
 fills to the brim, Giv - ing me a song, if I keep close to Him.

CHORUS.

Close to Je - sus thro' the night and day, Close to
 Close to Je - sus thro' the night and thro' the day, Close to

Je - sus all a - long the way; What tho' the heav - ens a -
 Je - sus all a - long the nar - row way;

KEEP CLOSE TO JESUS.—Concluded.

bove me look dim, I am safe and hap-py if I keep close to Him.

No. 483. HAVE YE RECEIVED THE HOLY GHOST?

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

1. Have ye received the Ho - ly Ghost To dwell with-in your soul,
2. Have you thrown op-en ev - 'ry door, That He might rule with - in,
3. Have you received the Ho - ly Ghost, And does He tes - ti - fy
4. Now does His light il-lume the word Un - til its pa-ges shine,

And do you know His might-y power To cleanse, and make you whole?
 And give you grace to walk in white, And tri-umph o - ver 'sin?
 To you, in sweet-est, clear-est tones Of Christ, your Lord on high?
 To lead you on from grace to grace, In fel - low-ship di - vine?

CHORUS.

Have you received, since you be-lieved, Have you received the Ho - ly Ghost?

Have you received, since you be-lieved, The bless-ed Ho - ly Ghost.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET.—Sop. and Tener. (*Small notes ad lib.*)

1. The sto - ry oft we've heard, But still it ne'er grows old, How God's own
 2. A roy - al gift was He, The King from heaven's throne, And great the
 3. My all to Him I'll give, My best, my dear-est friend, Un - worth - y

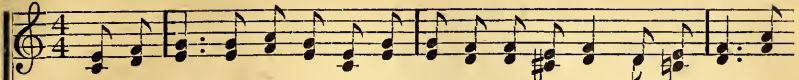
pre - cious Son, An heir to joy un - told, Once laid a - side His crown,
 price He paid, Thus to re - deem His own; "'Tis fin - ished," this He cried,
 tho' I be, I'll serve Him to the end; I'll glad - ly fol - low on,

And came to earth be - low, To save me from my lost es - tate, Be -
 With wea - ry head bent low, Then how can I my - self with - hold From
 Wher - e'er He bids me go, No sac - ri - fice can e'er re - pay My


CHORUS.

cause He loved me so. }
 Him who loved me so. } He loved me so, He loved me so, I'll tell wher -
 Lord who loved me so. }

e'er I go; Heav'n's royal King became my friend, Because He loved me so.

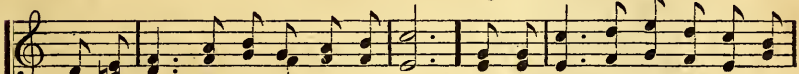


1. I would sing of Je-sus and His goodness day by day, I'm the Lord's for-
 2. He my soul is keep-ing so I have no need to fear, I'm the Lord's for-
 3. Tho' I walk in sunshine or where shadows dark-ly fall, I'm the Lord's for-

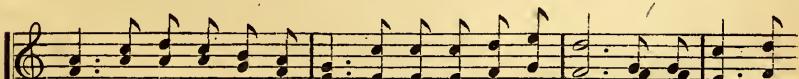


ev-er, praise His name; All my sins for-giv-en, I am on the up-ward way,
 ev-er, praise His name; In the hour of tri-al, I shall have His presence near,
 ev-er, praise His name; With His arms to shield me, naught of evil can be-fall,

CHORUS.



I'm the Lord's for-ev-er, praise His name. I'm the Lord's for-ev-er, I'm the



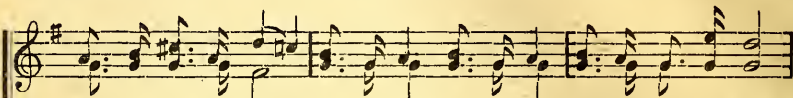
Lord's for-ev-er, I'm the Lord's for-ev-er, praise His name; Mer-cy doth en-



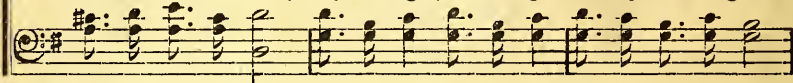
fold me, lov-ing arms up-hold me, I'm the Lord's for-ev-er, praise His name.



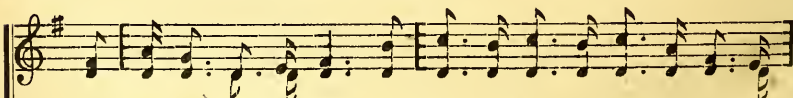
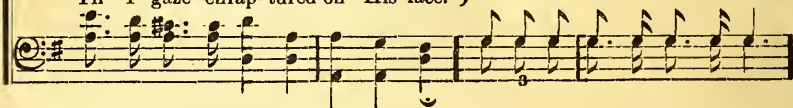
1. This I know; tho' I go, thro' the wa-ters deep, One a-bides at my side
2. Sins a-bound all around in the day and night, While I sleep an-gels keep
3. Need I care, an - y-where He my lot may cast? P'll not fear, there and here



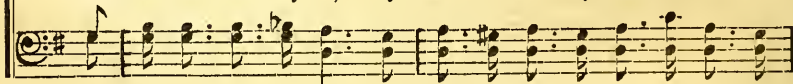
who my soul will keep; From the wave, He to save, reach-es out His hand,
 'til the morn-ing light; When I wake, then to take du-ties of the day,
 He will hold me fast; Day and night, dark or light I may trust His grace,



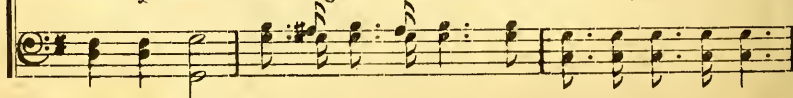
For the wind and wave heed His command.
 Je - sus walks beside me all the way. } On - ly to follow where He leads,
 'Til I gaze enrap-tured on His face. }



Where - ev - er that may be, By fair and flow - 'ry meads or on a



storm - y sea. List - 'ning to His voice to Him I yield my all,



HE CANNOT LET ME FALL.—Concluded.

For well I know He loves me so, He can-not let me fall.

No. 487. O WHAT HE'S DONE FOR ME!

J. B. M.

Rev. J. B. MACKAY.

1. Je-sus loves me with a changeless love, He to save me left His throne a-bove;
2. When I fell beneath a heav-y load, Faint and weary, on the downward road,
3. I had sorrows that were hard to bear, Heav-y burdens that no soul could share;
4. I'm so glad that Je-sus is my friend, His is friendship that will never end;

All my sins He bore up-on the tree; I nev-er can tell all He's done for me.
 Je - sus took me from the mir-y clay—He led me in-to the King's highway.
 When I faint-ed, in my bit-ter grief, He was the one came to my re-lief.
 O that I could make the whole world see Just what a Sav-iour He is to me!

CHORUS.

O what He's done for me! O what He's done for me!
 O what He's done O what He's done

If I tried, to e - ter - ni - ty, I nev-er could tell all He's done for me!

1. Toil - ing, and oft - en wea - ry, Yet there is joy in serv - ing
 2. Weep - ing, but nev - er murm'ring, Thro' all my tears I see His
 3. Trust - ing that He will bring me Thro' ev' - ry tri - al, ev' - ry

Christ our King; Leaning up - on His promise, With assurance I can sing.
 lov - ing smile; Walking, but never lone - ly, He is with me all the while.
 troub - le here; Knowing I shall be like Him, All my doubts now disappear.

CHORUS.

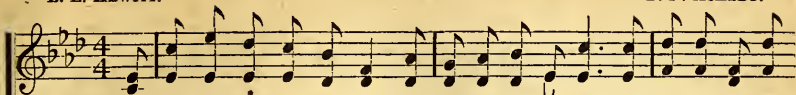
{ So I'm sing - ing hal - le - lu - jahs! In the cloud or in the sunshine,
 Noth - ing here can ev - er harm me, Nor the foes of earth a - larm me,

Sat - is - fied to be with Je - sus In the dark - est night or in the

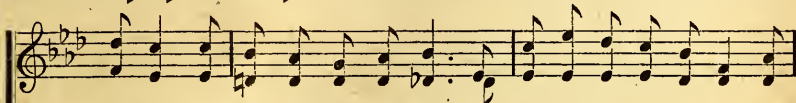
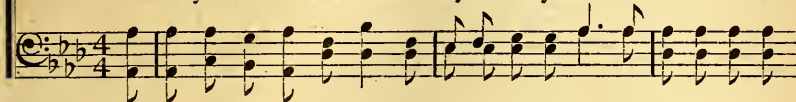
day, (in the day,) While I'm walking hand in hand with Jesus all the way.

E. E. HEWITT.

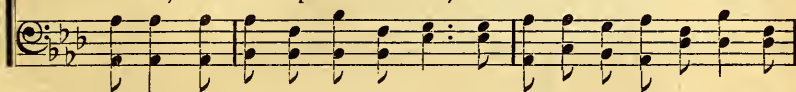
B. D. ACKLEY.



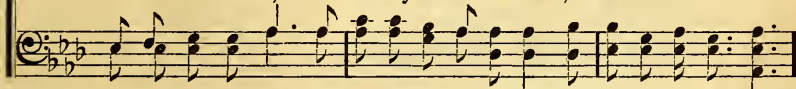
1. In sunshine and in shadow, I have a changeless Friend, Whose love is ever-
2. O when the storm is raging, I'll look to Him above, I'll call up-on my
3. O don't you know this Saviour to be your ver-y own? Turn now in faith to



last-ing, whose merc-ies have no end, And since He died to save me, my Sav-iour, and trust His sav-ing love; He'll keep me thro' the tempest, or Je-sus, the Lamb up-on the throne; Whene'er a con-trite sin-ner has



ev-'ry need He'll fill, He nev-er yet has failed me, I know He nev-er will. bid the waves "be still," He nev-er yet has failed me, I know He nev-er will. come to Zi-on's hill, Christ nev-er yet has failed him, I know He nev-er will.

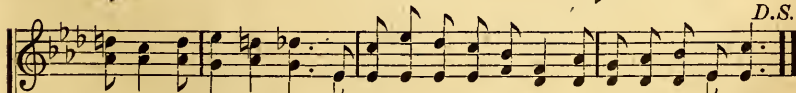
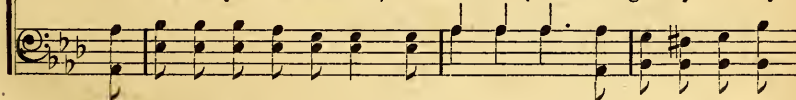


D.S.—He nev-er yet has failed me, I know He nev-er will.

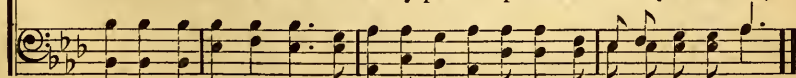
CHORUS.



He nev-er yet has failed me, O no! O no! All glo-ry to my



Saviour who loves me so: For ev'ry precious promise He surely will fulfill;



RICHARD HAINSWORTH.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Je - sus came down to this world of woe, No place His own did He
 2. No one so ten - der and kind as He, No one so lov - ing could
 3. Ma - ny may think He was but a man, Those who have known Him they

ev - er know; Won - der - ful grace that He loves us so, Un - to
 ev - er be; Glad - ly to Him will we bend the knee, Un - to
 nev - er can; Lo! He was dead but He lives a - gain, Un - to

CHORUS.

us who believe He is pre - cious. Un - to us who be - lieve He is

pre - cious, Un - to us who be - lieve He is pre - cious; His love so un -

bound - ed has won our hearts, Un - to us who be - lieve He is pre - cious.

ELSIE DUNCAN YALE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Can I doubt Him, my Fa-ther so ten-der, Whom in glo-ry I
 2. Can I fear, for His love is a-bounding, Ev-'ry morn-ing new
 3. Can I lack, for my shep-herd is near me, He His own by His

soon shall be-hold, Un-to Him would I glad-ly sur-ren-der,
 mer-cies un-fold, I re-joice in His good-ness sur-round-ing,
 might shall up-hold, Yea, His rod and His staff ev-er cheer me,

CHORUS.

I'm an heir to His rich-es un-told. Bound - - less
 O the ma-ny bless-ings!

bless-ings, Great-er than sil-ver or gold;
 O the ma-ny blessings! Hal-le-lu-jah! I'm an

rit.
 I'm an heir, hal-le-lu-jah! I'm an heir to rich-es un-told.
 heir! un-told.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. 'Tis a wonder-ful song which my soul now sings, Re-deemed, re-deemed;
2. There's a joy that's sun-speaka-ble in my soul, Re-deemed, re-deemed;
3. All the an-gels will list-en as I shall sing, Re-deemed, re-deemed;
Redeemed, redeemed;

There's naught in this world such sweet peace can bring, Re-deemed, re-deemed;
 Since Jesus has cleans'd me and made me whole, Re-deemed, re-deemed;
 When radiant I stand near my Lord and King, Re-deemed, re-deemed;
 Redeemed, redeemed;

I'll tell the glad sto-ry wher-e'er I go, Re-deemed, re-deemed;
 His pres-ence is with me each day and hour, Re-deemed, re-deemed;
 I'll tell how He saved me and set me free, Re-deemed, re-deemed;
 Redeemed, redeemed;

That oth-ers may share all the blessing I know, Since I've been re-deemed.
 I'm saved and I'm kept by His wonderful pow'r, Since I've been re-deemed.
 His fol-low-er now and for-ev-er to be, Since I've been re-deemed.

CHORUS.

A won-der-ful song,..... A won-der-ful song;.....
 A wonderful song, wonderful song, wonderful song, wonderful song;

A WONDERFUL SONG.—Concluded.

"Tis a wonder-ful song which my soul now sings, Re-deemed, re-deemed.
by the blood,

No. 493. IN THE GARDEN.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

Slowly.

1. I come to the gar-den a - lone, While the dew is still on the ros - es,
2. He speaks, and the sound of His voice Is so sweet the birds hush their singing,
3. I'd stay in the garden with Him Tho' the night around me be fall - ing.

And the voice I hear, Falling on my ear, The Son of God dis - clos - es.
And the mel - o - dy, That He gave to me, With-in my heart is ring - ing.
But He bids me go; Thro' the voice of woe, His voice to me is call - ing.

CHORUS.

And He walks with me, and He talks with me, And He tells me I am His own,

And the joy we share as we tar-ry there, None other has ev - er known.

No. 494. THE GOD WHO ANSWERS BY FIRE.

E. E. HEWITT.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

mf Slow, with expression.

1. O pray, for the Fa-ther is read-y to hear, His arm is not
 2. You need to be filled with the spir-it of pow'r, You need grace suf-
 3. The Church that was purchased on Calvary's brow, Needs strength to march
 4. "O where is the God of E-li-jah to-day?" The world un-be-

shortened, nor heav-y His ear; Drop ev-'ry mis-giv-ing, have
 fic-ient for life's ev-'ry hour; You need light to shine on each
 for-ward to vic-to-ries now; Rise, Zi-on, re-joic-ing, tri-
 liev-ing may mock-ing-ly say; But we who have called on His

cres. *ff*
 faith when you pray, The God of E-li-jah is liv-ing to-day.
 step of your way, The God of E-li-jah is liv-ing to-day.
 umph-ant-ly say, The God of E-li-jah is liv-ing to-day.
 glo-ri-ous name Know well that He liv-eth, for-ev-er the same.

CHORUS. *Faster.*

The God who answers by fire, (by fire,) The God who answers by fire; (by fire,)

His prom-ise still He will ful-fill, And He will answer by fire, (by fire,) The

THE GOD WHO ANSWERS BY FIRE.—Concluded.

His prom-ise still He will ful-fill, And He will an-swer by fire.
by fire.

No. 495. MY PERSONAL SAVIOUR.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

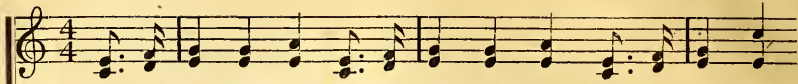
1. We meet them all a-long life's way, Who hope, or trust, they are saved they say;
2. My soul is free of doubts and fears, That once o'er shadowed advancing years;
3. On mountain heights where sunlight glows, Where blooms the beautiful "Sharon Rose,"

But I've a Friend with me al-way, And He's my per-son-al Sav-iour.
His prom-ise sure will e'er en-dure, O He's my per-son-al Sav-iour.
I feel His near-ness, for I know, He is my per-son-al Sav-iour.

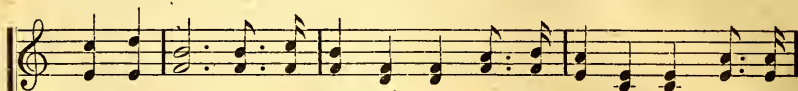
CHORUS.

Yes, He's my per-son-al Sav-iour, He walks with me and talks with me,

A pres-ent, per-son-al Sav-iour, He's all in all to me.

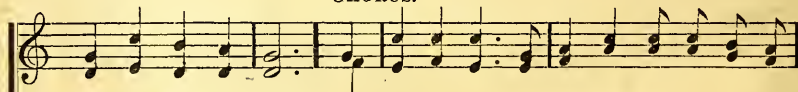


1. I have bless - ed peace tho' the storm may beat All a - round life's
 2. O the light of love in His eyes I see As I gaze up -
 3. Tho' my soul be tried by the last of foes I shall smile as



rug - ged road, For there's One whose word can the tem - pest still, 'Tis the
 on His face, And my heart beats high with the wave of hope, As it
 He draws near, For I've put my trust in the Son of God, And there's


CHORUS.



bless - ed Son of God.
 feels His sav - ing grace. } I will not fear to walk with Je - sus, Thro' the
 noth - ing I need fear. }



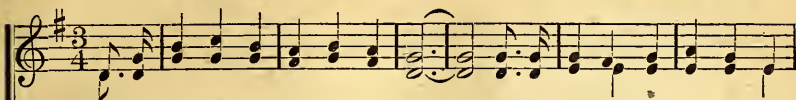
val - ley or an - y - where; I have put my trust in the
 Thro' the val - ley or an - y - where;



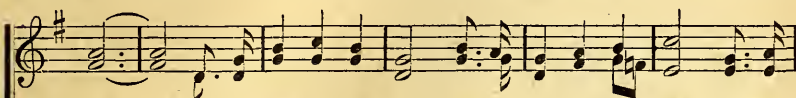
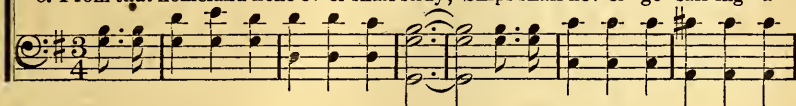
Son of God And when I need Him most, Lo, He is there!
 is there.

ARTHUR WILLIS SPOONER, D. D.

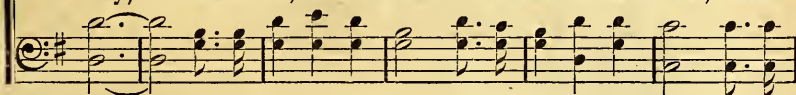
D. LANSING SPOONER.



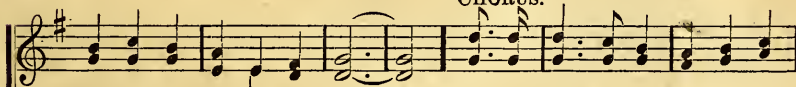
1. There's a homeland, beyond life's wide sea, Where the ransom'd for-ev-er shall
2. To that homeland no sor-row can come; In that homeland no weep-ing is
3. From that homeland none ev-er shall stray; Ships shall nev-er go sail-ing a-



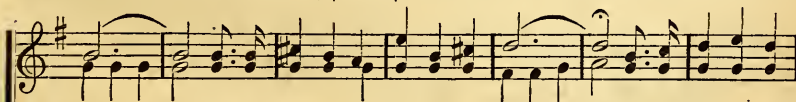
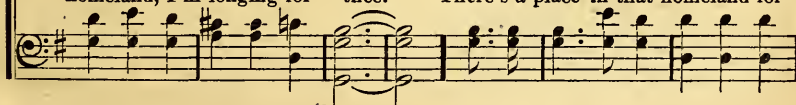
be; In that home, bright and fair, There's no pain, grief, nor care; Blessed
 known; Lov'd ones, parted, shall meet; Life for-ev-er be sweet; Blessed
 way; There is love, home and rest On the dear Saviour's breast; Blessed



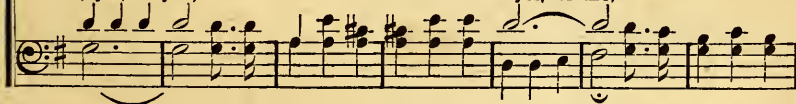
CHORUS.



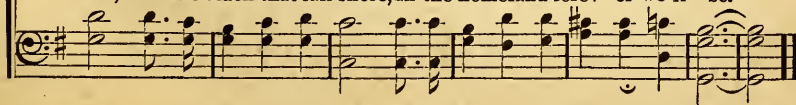
homeland, I'm longing for thee. There's a place in that homeland for



you, There's a place in that homeland for me; When the journey is
 yes, for you, yes, for me;



o'er, And we reach that fair shore, In the homeland fore-er we'll be.



ANON.

C. H. BRUNNER.

1. When the love of Je - sus dwell - eth in the heart, We like
 2. If the great ex - am - ple of our Mas - ter dear, Be our
 3. Let us strive to fol - low Je - sus all the way, Till we

lov - ing Ma - ry, chose the bet - ter part; And in love a - bid - ing
 aim and not - to while we lin - ger here; If our lives be sim - ple,
 see the morn - ing of the per - fect day; Then as stars for - ev - er

joy - ful on our way, We will jour - ney on - ward to the per - fect day.
 un - de - filed as His, We shall then in heav - en, see Him as He is.
 each a spot - less gem, We shall shine e - ter - nal in His di - a - dem.

CHORUS.

{ Come..... Thou blessed Sav - - iour, Dwell..... with -
 Then..... among the ran - - somed, (Omit.....
 { Come Thou blessed Saviour, Come Thou blessed Sav-iour, Come and dwell within
 Then among the ransomed, Then among the ransomed, (Omit.....

in this heart of mine. I..... in heav'n will shine.
 this waiting heart of mine, I in heav'n will shine, in heav'n will shine.

will shine.

J. E. LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. Just be - yond the bor - der land, be - hold a cit - y bright, Do you
 2. Thro' its gates of shin - ing pearl can come no taint of sin, Do you
 3. Bless - ed home in love prepared for all the Saviour's own, Do you

want to go there? Do you want to go there? Shadows nev - er dim the skies, for
 want to go there? Do you want to go there? Pain or death or fall - ing tear can
 want to go there? Do you want to go there? There the friends of earth shall meet and

Je - sus is the light, Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?
 have no place within, Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?
 sing before the throne, Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?

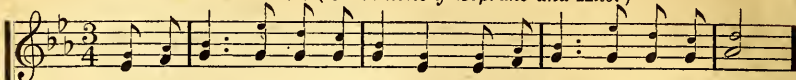
CHORUS.

{ Land of per - fect peace, bright and fadeless day, Do you want to go there?
 { Je - sus is the light, Je - sus is the way, (Omit.....)

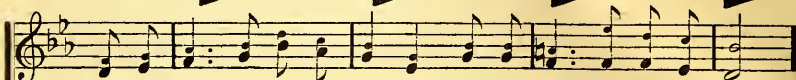
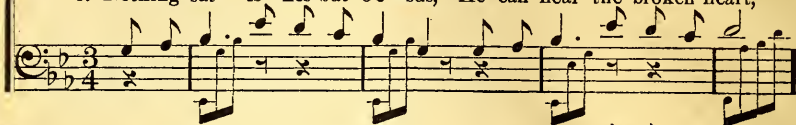
Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there? Do you want to go there?

H. L.

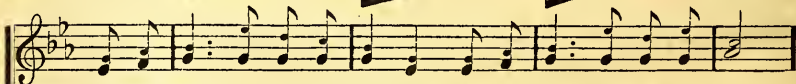
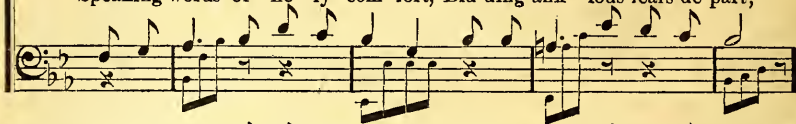
HALDOR LILLENAS.

DUET.—Tenor and Alto. (*Small notes if Soprano and Alto.*)

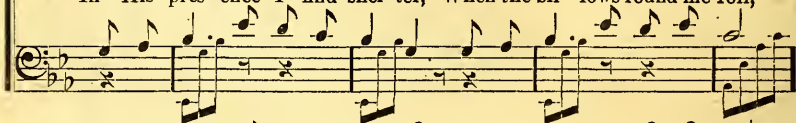
1. Nothing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, All the world is emp - ti - ness,
 2. Nothing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Earthly treas - ure must de - cay,
 3. Nothing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, He can heal the broken heart,



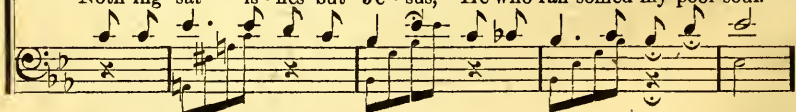
All its glit - ter and its glo - ry Can - not sat - is - fy or bless;
 Here to - day and gone to - mor - row, Fleeting things that pass a - way;
 Speaking words of ho - ly com - fort, Bid - ding anx - ious fears de - part;



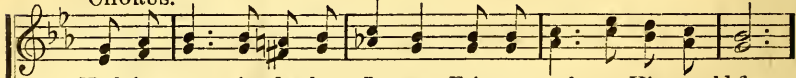
All its gai - e - ty and splen - dor Have to me dis - taste - ful grown;
 But His love is true and constant, He for - ev - er is the same,
 In His pres - ence I find shel - ter, When the bil - lows round me roll,



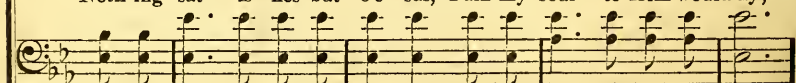
Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, I am His and His a - lone.
 Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Glo - ry to His match - less name!
 Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, He who ran - somed my poor soul.



CHORUS.



Noth - ing sat - is - fies but Je - sus, Fain my soul to Him would fly;



NOTHING SATISFIES BUT JESUS.—Concluded.

He will sat - is - fy my long - ing, He will all my needs sup - ply.

No. 501. EVERY GRIEF SHALL PASS AWAY.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. What if here my path is shad - owed, And the skies are dark and gray?
2. What tho' here a - lone I wan - der, Oft - en homeless, oft - en sad?
3. What tho' here each day may bring me Bit - ter tri - als to en - dure?
4. Safe at last, what will it mat - ter If the way was long and drear?

In the light of heaven's glo - ry, Ev - 'ry grief shall pass a - way.
O - ver there are joys e - ter - nal, Ev - er - more to make me glad.
There no more they'll be remembered, By life's crys - tal wa - ters pure.
There e - ter - nal joys shall greet us, And e - ter - nal light and cheer.

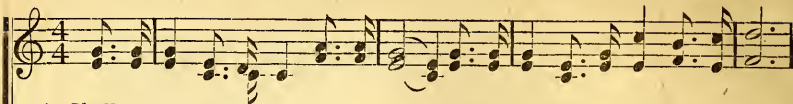
CHORUS.

There shall be no sigh - ing there, In the realm of end - less day;

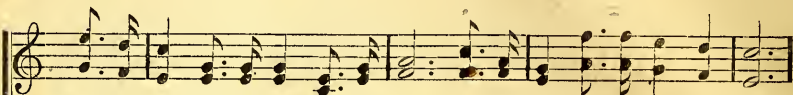
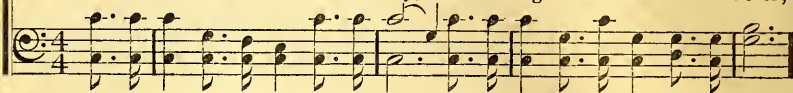
In the light of heaven's glo - ry, Ev - 'ry grief shall pass a - way.

H. B. MUSSELMAN.

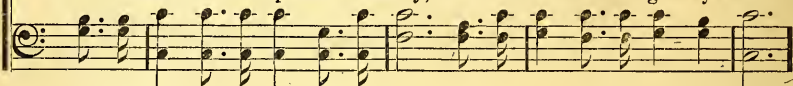
C. H. BRUNNER.



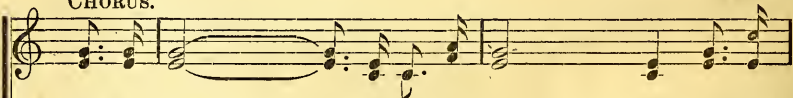
1. Shall we meet one an-oth-er a - gain, When earth's sorrows forever are o'er?
2. Many lov'd ones were torn from our side, And were laid in the cold, si-lent tomb;
3. What a glo - ri-ous meeting 'twill be, In the home of the pure and the blest!
4. Then at last at the close of earth's day, When the fight with all sin shall be o'er;



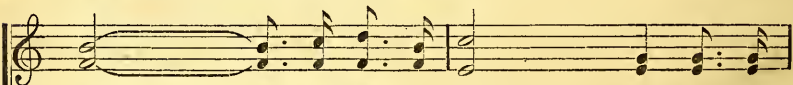
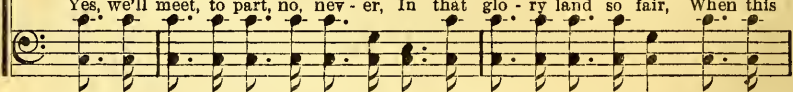
There with Je - sus for - ev - er to reign, Shall we meet on the oth - er shore?
 Shall we meet them again with de - light, When from glory our Lord shall come?
 On the banks of the bright, jasper sea, In that land of e - ter - nal rest.
 With the saints robed in pure white array, We shall dwell on the glo - ry shore.



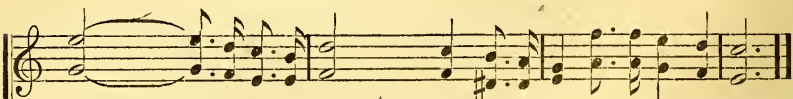
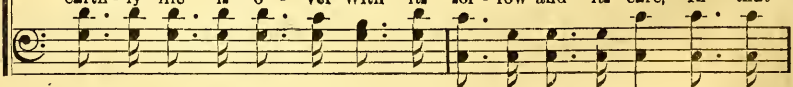
CHORUS.



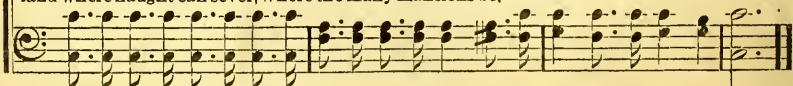
Yes, we'll meet, to part, no, nev - - er, When this
 Yes, we'll meet, to part, no, nev - er, In that glo - ry land so fair, When this



earth - - - ly life is o - - - ver, In that
 earth - ly life is o - ver With its sor - row and its care, In that



land..... where naught can sev - er, We shall soon meet with Jesus there.
 land where naught can sever, Where the many mansions be,



C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES

Slowly.

1. The mourners left weep-ing, And turned their sorrow in - to song When
 2. For His heart was al-ways At - tuned to per - fect sympath - y, In
 3. More like Him! O grant me This boon that those I meet may see That
 4. More like Him! That oth - ers May find in mine as least a trace Of

CHORUS.

Je - sus the Sav-iour Had pass'd their way a-long.
 oth-er's dark moments I pray that mine may be.
 dai - ly I'm liv - ing With Christ of Gal-i - lee. } I want to be like the
 glo - ry re - flect-ed From my dear Saviour's face.

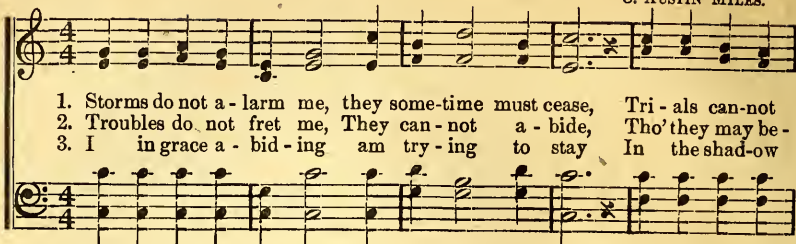
man of Gal - i - lee, Hum - ble and low - ly, A true Friend to

man, (to man,) And best of all should I ev - er hear His call, Glad - ly

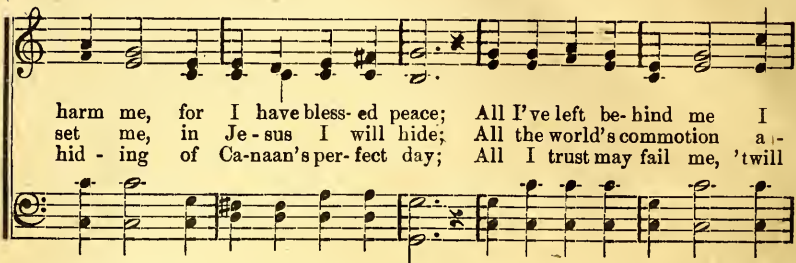
will I an - swer "I'll do the ver - y best I can."
 do the ver - y best I can."

C. A. M

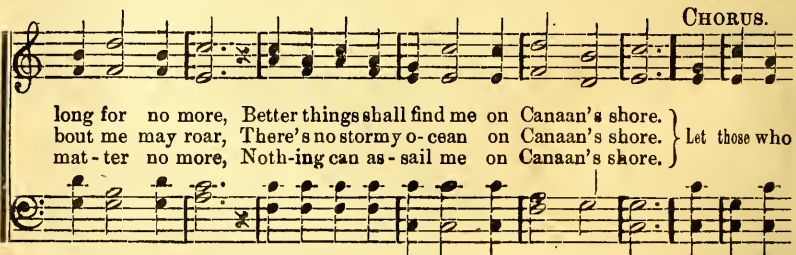
C. AUSTIN MILES.



1. Storms do not a - larm me, they some-time must cease, Tri - als can-not
 2. Troubles do. not fret me, They can - not a - bide, Tho' they may be -
 3. I in grace a - bid - ing am try - ing to stay In the shad-ow

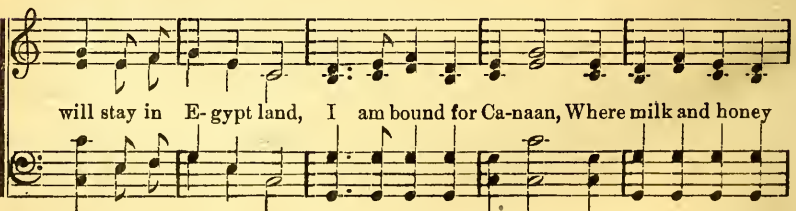


harm me, for I have bless - ed peace; All I've left be - hind me I
 set me, in Je - sus I will hide; All the world's commotion a -
 hid - ing of Ca - naan's per - fect day; All I trust may fail me, 'twill

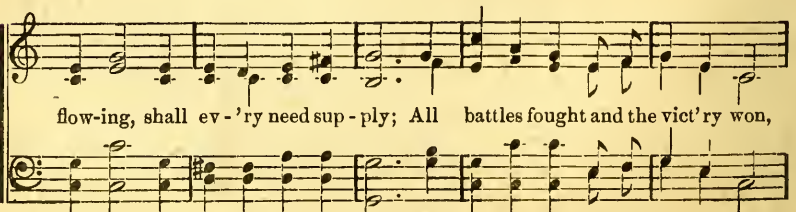


CHORUS.

long for no more, Better things shall find me on Canaan's shore. }
 bout me may roar, There's no stormy o - cean on Canaan's shore. } Let those who
 mat - ter no more, Noth - ing can as - sail me on Canaan's shore. }



will stay in E - gypt land, I am bound for Ca - naan, Where milk and honey



flow - ing, shall ev - 'ry need sup - ply; All battles fought and the vict'ry won,

I AM BOUND FOR CANAAN.—Concluded.

peace and joy my por-tion, My soul shall rest on its shore by and by.

No. 505. ARISE, GO OVER JORDAN.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

Allegretto.

1. "A - rise, go o - ver .Jor - dan," The voice of grace o - bey;
2. All who, the call o - bey - ing, With Christ are cru - ci - fied,
3. Come to the cross at Gil - gal, There leave the load of sin,
4. "A - rise, go o - ver Jor - dan," No lon - ger doubting stand;

The law by Mo - ses giv - en No lon - ger leads the way.
 Thro' death and res - ur - rec - tion In Christ are just - i - fied.
 And on the Lamb there feast - ing, The life of faith be - gin.
 By faith thy foe sub - du - ing, Pos - sess the Prom - ised Land.

CHORUS.

"A - rise, go o - ver Jor - dan," O church of God, to - day!

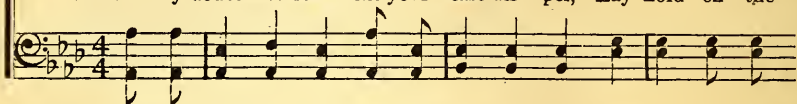
The Law, in - deed, no more can lead, 'Tis Grace pro - vides the way.

H. L.

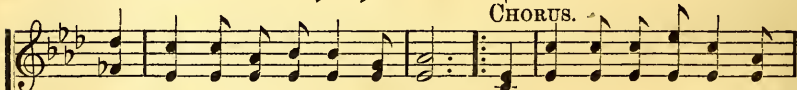
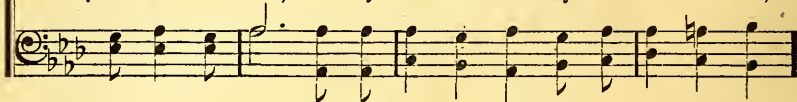
HALDOR LILLENAS.



1. There's a word of cheer for each faint-ing heart, Lay hold on the
 2. He will nev - er leave nor for - sake thy soul, Lay hold on the
 3. Have the shad - ows hid all the way you've trod? Lay hold on the
 4. Ev - 'ry doubt and fear from your heart dis - pel, Lay hold on the

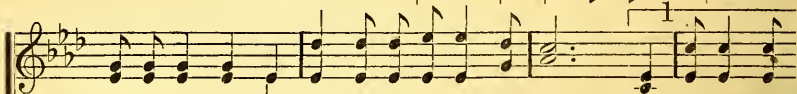
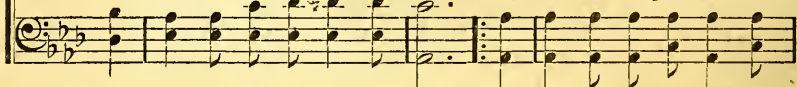


prom - ise di - vine; 'Tis a wondrous word that can grace im - part,
 prom - ise di - vine; Ev - 'ry anx - ious care on - the Mas - ter roll,
 prom - ise di - vine; Let your faith reach out to the word of God,
 prom - ise di - vine; Ev - 'ry - where and al - ways it will be well,

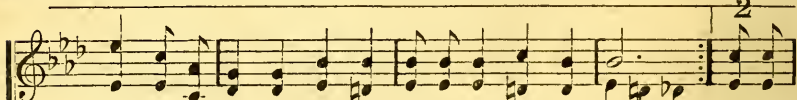
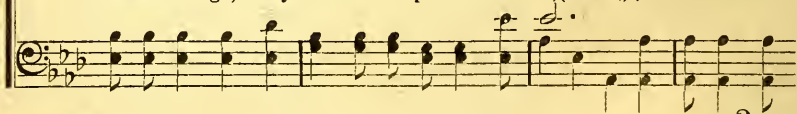


CHORUS.

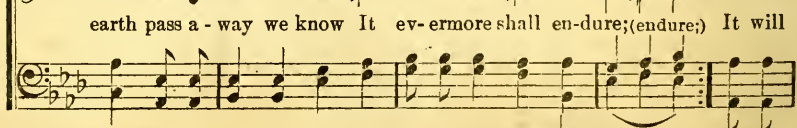
Lay hold on the prom - ise di - vine. { Lay hold on the prom - ise and
 Lay hold on the prom - ise and



nev - er let go, Lay hold on the promise secure; (secure;) Tho' heaven and
 nev - er let go, Lay hold on the promise divine; (divine;) (Omit.).....



earth pass a - way we know It ev - ermore shall en - dure; (endure;) It will



LAY HOLD ON THE PROMISE.—Concluded.

stand the test, on it you may rest, Lay hold on the promise di - vine.

No. 507.

HE RESCUED ME.

L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

1. I was a sin-ner but now I'm free, He res-cued me, He res-cued me;
2. Once I was wayward, a-far would stray, He res-cued me, He res-cued me;
3. Once e - vil led me, but now God reigns, He res-cued me, He res-cued me;

Once I was blind, but now I see, A brand from the burning, He rescued me.
 Now I am on the "King's Highway, A brand from the burning, He rescued me.
 Bro-ken fore'er are sin's dark chains, A brand from the burning, He rescued me.

CHORUS.

He res-cued me, He res-cued me, A brand from the burning, He rescued me;

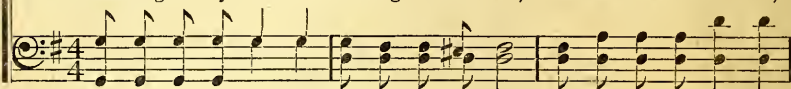
O how I'll praise Him thro' eternity, A brand from the burning, He rescued me.

C. H. B.

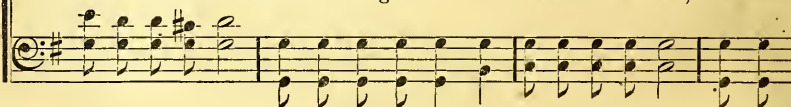
C. H. BRUNNER.



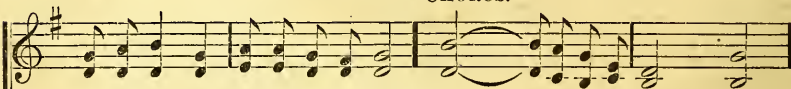
1. Walking with my Saviour, what a fel-low-ship; Go-ing at His bidding,
2. Liv-ing for my Saviour, who His life imparts; Shining thro' the darkness
3. Suff'ring for my Saviour, who as Head complete, Sanc-ti-fies my tri-als,
4. Working for my Saviour makes my rest so sweet; Leading sick and lost ones
5. Watching for my Saviour com-ing in the air; Dear-est of ten thousands,



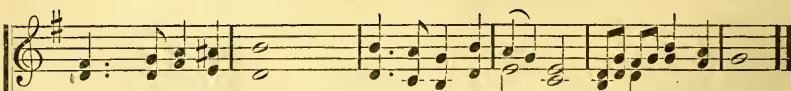
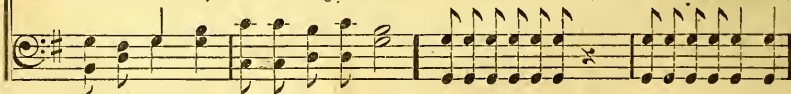
He'll not let me slip. Trav'ling thro' the valleys, climbing up the hills, He is in - to sin-ful hearts, Lives of self-de - ni - al; liv-ing for the lost; Drawing makes my bitter sweet. Pat-tern and Ex- am-ple, may we follow Him; If we to my Saviour's feet. Seeking precious jew - els, bus - y ev-'ry day Gath'ring fair - est of the fair. He will change our bod-ies like un-to His own; He will



CHORUS.



ev - er with me, joy my bosom thrills.	} Let..... us live for Je - sus;
them to Je - sus, His pure life they cost.	
gladly suffer, we shall reign with Him.	
out the Bride for that Mil-lennial day,	
bind the dev-il, then His "King-dom Come."	Let us live for Jesus, Let us live for Jesus,



Keep our vision clear; Lift our heads, beholding, Christ will soon be here.
 Keep our vision clear, Keep our vision clear,



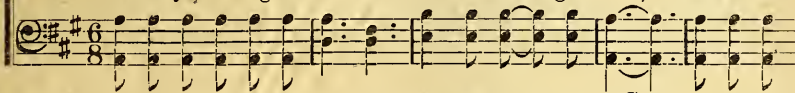
No. 509. WHAT ARE YOU DOING FOR JESUS?

EMILY P. MILLER.

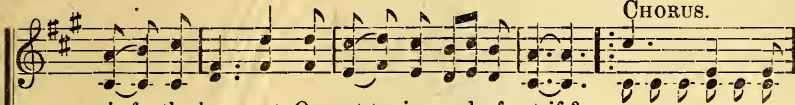
J. LINCOLN HALL.



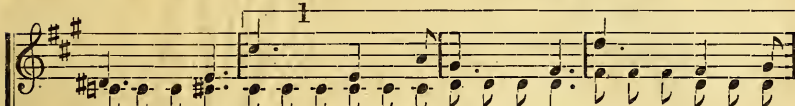
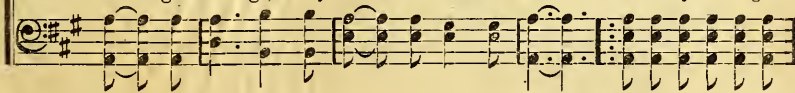
1. What are you do-ing for Je - sus, As you journey thro' life? Sowing the
2. What are you do-ing for Je - sus? Are you striving each day, By lit-tle
3. What are you do-ing for Je - sus As the days go by? Tell-ing the
4. What are you do-ing for Je - sus? Soon comes setting of sun; Hasten and



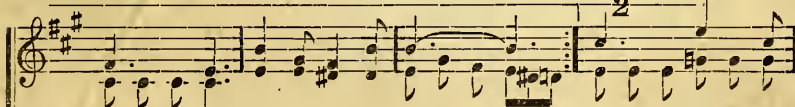
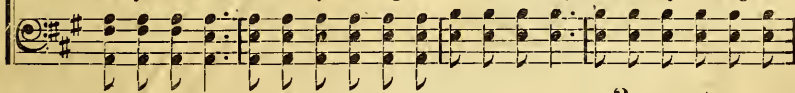
CHORUS.



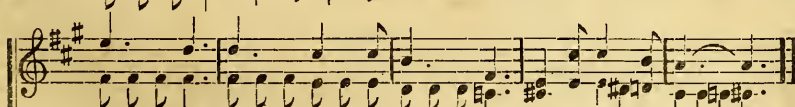
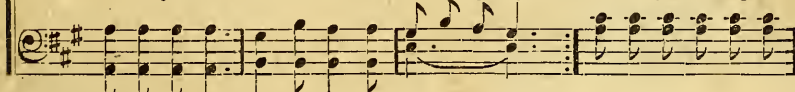
grain for the har - vest, Or scat-ter-ing seeds of strife? } What are you
 acts of kind-ness, To bright-en someone's way? } lone and the wea - ry Of rest be-yond the sky? } What are you
 tell the glad tidings, Lest you leave some work undone. } What are you doing for



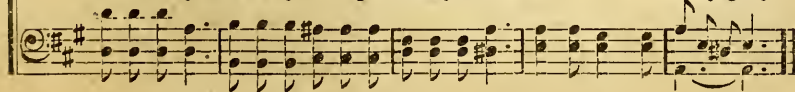
do - - ing, Do - - ing for Je - - sus? What are you
 Jesus your friend? What are you do-ing for Je - sus to-day? What are you doing for



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



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



1. I once was in the des - ert, all wea - ry, sad and lone, Un -
 2. I left the bar - ren des - ert and sought His lov - ing face, De -
 3. He gives me joy - ous sing - ing and makes the sun to shine, And
 4. And in the si - lent watch of the lone - ly midnight hour, He

til my Saviour told me that I was still His own, He bade me leave my
 pending on His mer - cy and on His sav - ing grace; He smiled up - on me
 oft He smiles up - on me, and then I know He's mine, He car - ries all my
 comes my soul to res - cue and shows His mighty pow'r, And when the light of

fol - ly and from the danger flee, And now He's ev - 'rything to me.
 gen - tly; from sin He set me free, And now He's ev - 'rything to me.
 bur - dens and keeps me on life's sea, And now He's ev - 'rything to me.
 glo - ry comes shining o'er death's sea, He'll still be ev - 'rything to me.

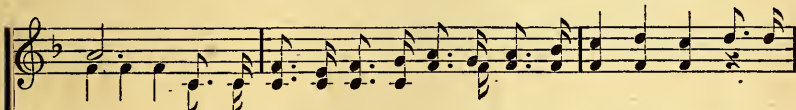
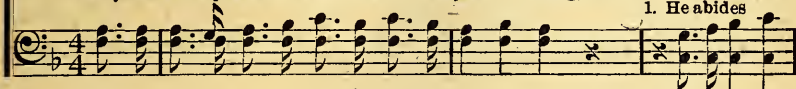
CHORUS.

He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev - 'rything to me, He's ev - 'rything, yes, ev - 'rything to
 He's He's

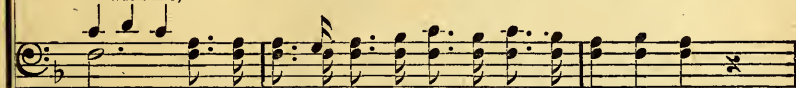
me; Thro' night and day, Where'er I stray—He's ev - 'rything to me. (to me.)



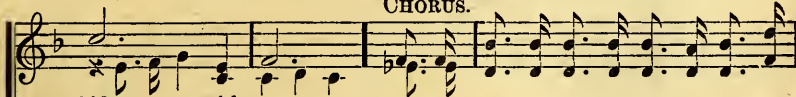
1. I've a Friend who never fails me, it is Christ the Lord, He a-bides with
2. When I'm troubled or perplexed, He shows to me the right, He a-bides with
3. Won't you have this precious Saviour who such peace can bring, To a-bide with



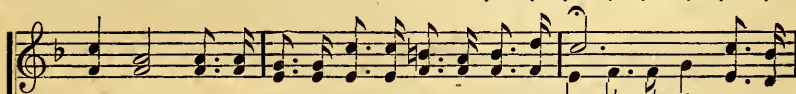
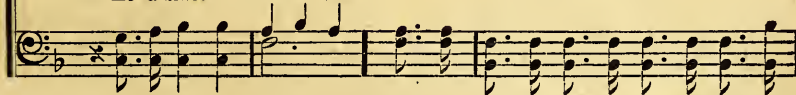
me; And He com-forts like a moth-er when the way grows hard, He a-
 me; And I strive each day to live more per-fect in His sight, He a-
 you? He will fill your life with gladness, make the joybells ring, He'll a-
 with me;



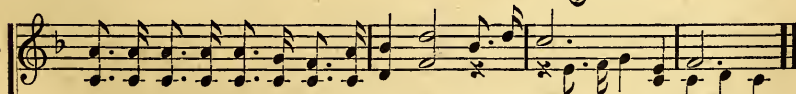
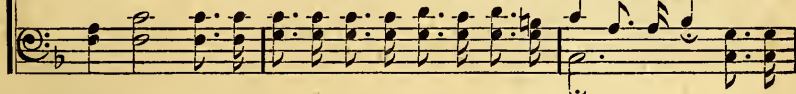
CHORUS.



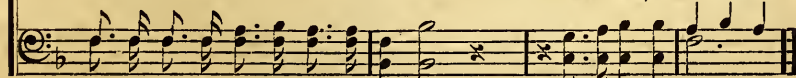
bides with me. } He abides with me, tho' earthly friends may
 bides with me. }
 bide with you. }
 He a-bides with me.

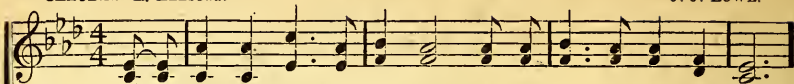


fail me, He abides with me and loves me just the same; (just the same,) Yes, in

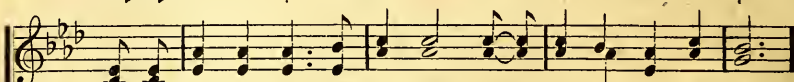
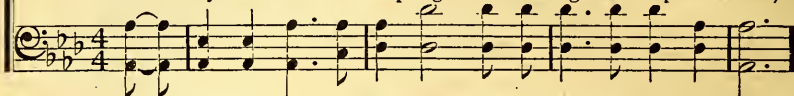


sunshine or when shadows darkly gather, He a-bides with me.
 He a-bides, with me.

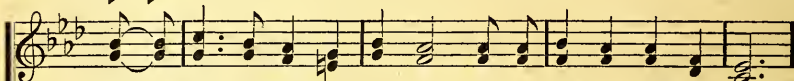
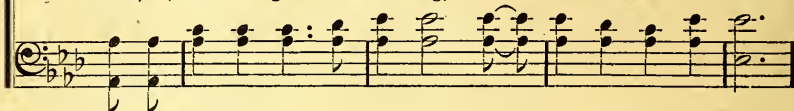




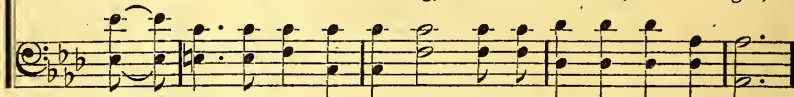
1. I am wait-ing for the com-ing of my dear Re-deem-er Lord,
2. When I wak-en in the morn-ing, ere the dawn-ing of the day,
3. Then when the shadowy night-wing spreads its dark-ness on the land,
4. For it may be while I'm sleep-ing the Archangel's trump will sound,



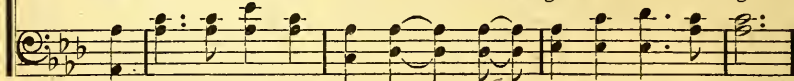
I am rest-ing in His prom-ise, in His precious, price-less word;
 I my soul lift to His dear side, and watch and praise and pray,
 Ere soft slumbers close my sens-es, I yield all in-to His hand;
 Then, oh, what a glo-rious wak-ing, to be *all* in Je-sus found!



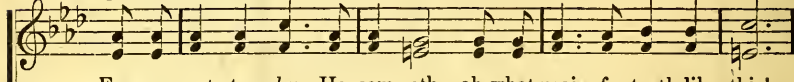
And, although He seems to tar-ry, yet I know He'll sure-ly come,
 For it may be in the morn-ing, I shall hear His blessed voice,
 My bod-y, soul and spir-it— all I ask Him safe to keep,
 Yes! but wheth-er in the morn-ing, or the noon-tide, or the night,



And take His own, His ran-somed, to His bright and bless-ed home.
 Tri-umphant o'er the waves of time, bid all His own re-joice.
 And thinking on His dear blood, I fain would fall a-sleep.
 The time will suit the Chris-tian soul whose light is in His Light.



CHORUS.



For no mat-ter *when* He com-eth—oh, what praise for truth like this!



WAITING FOR THE COMING.—Concluded.

When He comes, we shall be like Him, "we shall see Him as He is."

No. 515. WHEN I GET HOME.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. I shall wear a golden crown, When I get home; I shall lay my burdens down,
2. All the darkness will be past, When I get home; I shall see the light at last,
3. I shall see my Saviour's face, When I get home; Sing again of saving grace,

When I get home; Clad in robes of glo - ry, I shall sing the sto - ry
 When I get home; Light from heaven streaming, O'er my pathway beaming,
 When I get home; I shall stand before Him; Glad-ly I'll a-dore Him;

CHORUS.

Of the Lord who bought me, When I get home. } When I get home, When
 Ev - er guides me onward Till I get home. }
 Ev - er to be with Him, When I get home. } When I get home, when I get home, When

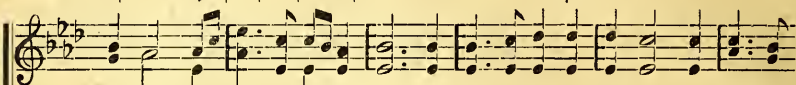
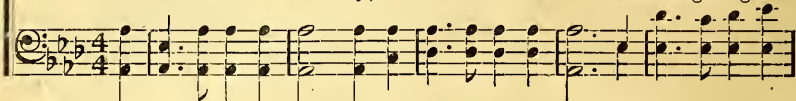
I get home, All sorrow will be over, When I get home; I get home.
 I get home, when I get home,

KATHERINE HANKEY.

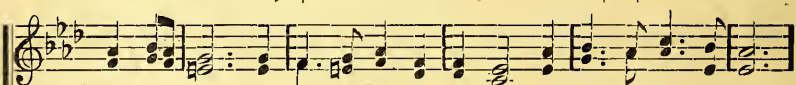
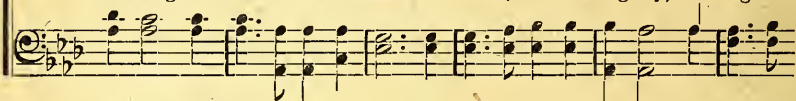
WILLIAM G. FISCHER.



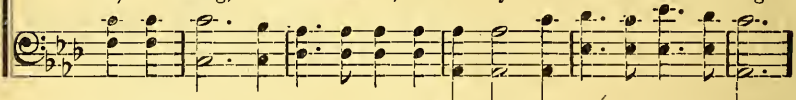
1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More wonderful it seems Than all the golden
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleasant to repeat What seems, each time I
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hungering and



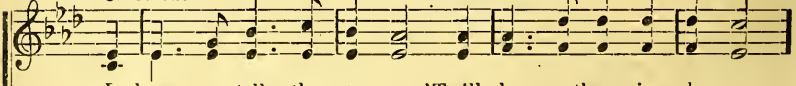
glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Because I
fan - cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so
tell it, More wonderful - ly sweet. * I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have
thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glory, I sing the



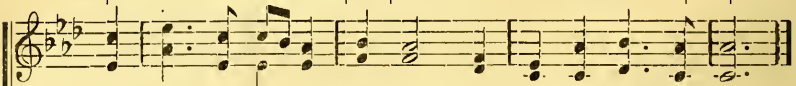
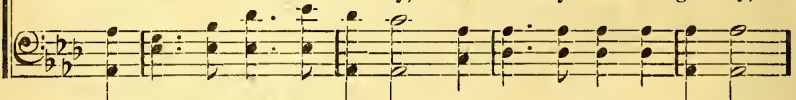
know 'tis true; It sat - is - fies my long - ings As nothing else would do.
much for me; And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee.
nev - er heard The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own holy word.
new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.



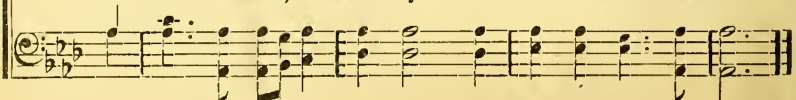
CHORUS.



I love to tell the sto - ry, 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,

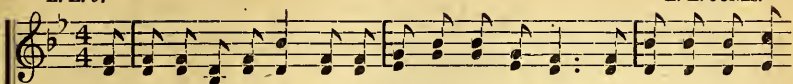


To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

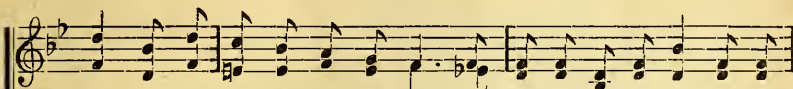
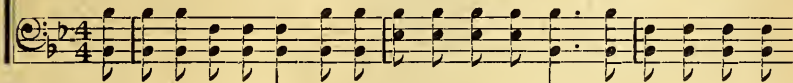


L. E. J.

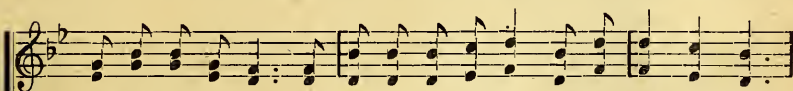
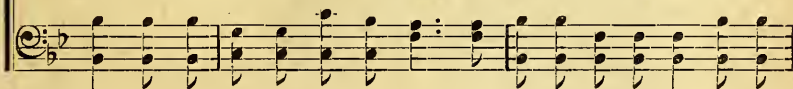
L. E. JONES.



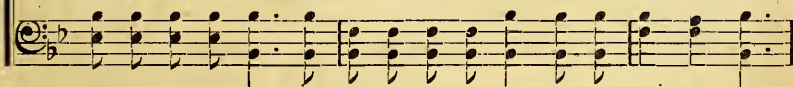
1. Up-on life's boundless ocean where mighty billows roll, I've fixed my hope in
2. He keeps my soul from evil and gives me blessed peace, His voice hath stilled the
3. He is my Friend and Saviour, in Him my anchor's cast, He drives a - way my



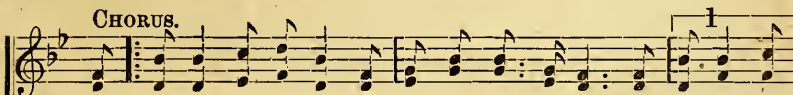
Je - sus, blest an - chor of my soul. When tri - als fierce as - sail me as
wa - ters and bid their tu - mult cease. My Pi - lot and De - liv - 'rer to
sor - rows and shields me from the blast. By faith I'm looking up - ward be -



storms are gath'ring o'er, I rest up - on His mer - cy and trust Him more.
- Him I all con - fide, For always when I need Him, He's at my side.
yond life's troubled sea, There I be - hold a ha - ven pre - pared for me.



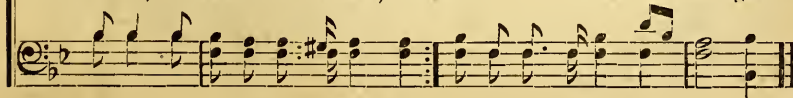
CHORUS.



I've { anchored in Je - sus, The storms of life I'll brave, I've anchored in
anchored in Je - sus, For He hath pow'r to save, I've (Omit.....)



Je - sus, I fear no wind or wave, I've anchored to the Rock of A - ges.

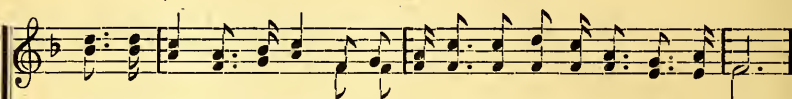


FRANK E. GRAEFF.

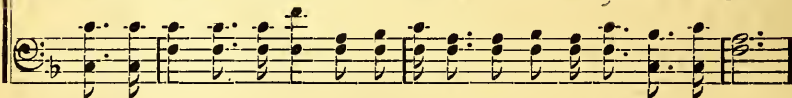
C. AUSTIN MILES.



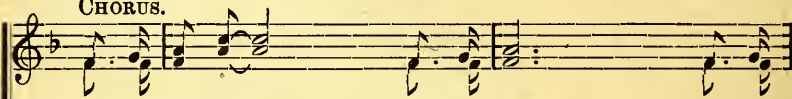
1. There is One who loved me tru-ly, and so well, That He came from heav'n for me,
2. There is One who bore my burden, O so great! Bore the shame of sin for me,
3. There is One who brought my pardon, full and free, Paid the price of sin for me,
4. There is One I love more dearly than all else, For He gave His life for me,



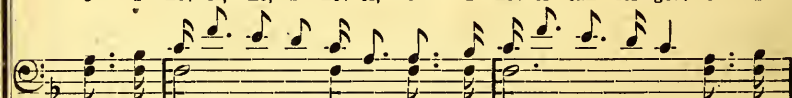
Died for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 All for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 E'en for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.
 Yes, for me, on the tree, And I nev-er, no, I nev-er can for-get.



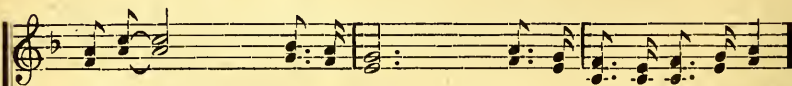
CHORUS.



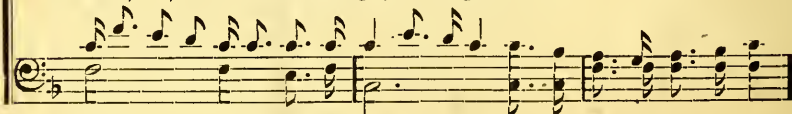
O I nev - er can for - get! O I
 O I nev - er, no, I nev - er, O I nev - er can for - get! O I



O I nev - - er can for - get! O I



nev - er can for - get! How He died on Cal - va - ry,
 nev - er, no, I nev - er can for - get, can for - get!



nev - - er can for - get!

I NEVER CAN FORGET.—Concluded.

How He died to set me free, O I nev - er can for - get!
 O I nev - er, no I nev - er can for - get!

O I nev - - er can for - get!

No. 519.

HALLELUJAH, 'TIS DONE!

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS.

- 'Tis the promise of God, full sal - va - tion to give Un - to him who on
- Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too, Sure - ly Je - sus is
- Ma - ny loved ones have I in yon heav - en - ly throng, They are safe now in
- Lit - tle chil - dren I see standing close by their King, And He smiles as their

CHORUS:

Je - sus, His Son, will be - lieve.
 a - ble to car - ry me thro' } Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the
 glo - ry, and this is their song: }
 song of sal - va - tion they sing:

Son; I am saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; cru - ci - fied One.

- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,
 And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold:
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,
 And the theme of our praises forever will be:

By permission.

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. A song of tri - umph rings, up - on the breeze it sings, 'Tis
 2. We know no more de - feat, but tri - umph most com - plete, 'Tis
 3. The ransomed hosts a - bove take up the song of love, 'Tis

vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry thro' grace; Let ev - 'ry ransomed
 vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry thro' grace; In Je - sus we are
 vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry thro' grace; The hills take up the

tongue, take up the might - y song, The glo - rious song of vic - to - ry.
 free and hosts of sin must flee, For we have gain'd the vic - to - ry.
 song, its mu - sic rolls a - long, The glo - rious song of vic - to - ry.

CHORUS.

Sing the Christ shall give the
 We sing the glo - rious song of vic - to - ry, For Christ shall give the vic - to -

vic - to - ry,
 ry, And tho' the bat - tle rag - es fierce and long, We'll ev - er
 Tho' the bat - tle rag - es fierce and long, We

VICTORY THROUGH GRACE.—Concluded.

2

sing the vic-tor's song;..... Till sin is ban-ished, and it has
still shall sing the vic-tor's hap-py song.

van-ished, And ev-'ry na-tion in cre-a-tion hear the vic-tor's song.
Ev-'ry na-tion in cre-a-tion hear the vic-tor's song.

No. 521.

BLESSED BE THE NAME.

1. How sweet the name of Je-sus sounds, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
2. It makes the wound-ed spir-it whole, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
3. It soothes the troub-led sin-ner's breast, Blessed be the name of the Lord;
4. Then will I tell the sin-ners round, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

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

CHORUS.

1 2

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Bless be the name of the Lord; the Lord.

No. 522. SOMEBODY'S PRAYING FOR YOU.

IDA L. REED.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

DUET. *Slowly.*

QUARTET.

1. Come to the Fa-ther, O wan-der-er, come, Somebody's praying for you;
 2. God's voice is calling, O do not de-lay, Somebody's praying for you;
 3. Quench not the spirit but yield from the heart, Somebody's praying for you;

DUET.

QUARTET.

Turn from the sin-paths no lon-ger to roam, Somebod-y's praying for
 Bow at the mer-cy-seat, bend while you may, Somebod-y's praying for
 God waits His par-don, His peace to im-part, Somebod-y's praying for
 is

DUET.

QUARTET.

you;..... Somebod-y loves you wher-ev-er you stray, Bears you in
 you;..... Somebody's wresting in pray'r for your soul, Longing to
 you;..... Kneel in your weakness confessing your sin, Tho' they are
 praying for you;

DUET.

faith to God day aft-er day; Pray'rful-ly fol-lows you all the dark way,
 see you made per-fect-ly whole, Down where the billows of Cal-va-ry roll
 many and dark tho' they've been; O-pen your heart, let love's cleansing tide in,

QUARTET.

CHORUS. ("For You I Am Praying.")

Very softly.

Somebody's praying for you, for you. For you I am pray-ing, For

SOMEBODY'S PRAYING FOR YOU.—Concluded.

you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray-ing for you.

No. 523.

THE CHRISTIAN LIFE.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

J. LINCOLN HALL.

To be sung as a solo.

1. The days that glide so swiftly down the highway of the past Are fill'd with
2. Each moment brings me nearer to the time when I must leave The scenes of
3. So let the ransomed of the Lord re-peat the song of trust, And lean the

ma-ny weary hours of pain; But the love of God grows stronger, As the earth that seem so dear to me; But the sight of home is clear-er, And my hard-er on the word of God; On its prom-is-es a-bid-ing, As a

ad lib.

wait-ing hour seems longer, And tho' si-lent be my voice, my long-ing hope of heav-en dear-er Than the world and all its glo-ry and its ref-uge'neath it hid-ing, Trav-el brave-ly on the high-way that the

REFRAIN. *Slowly.*

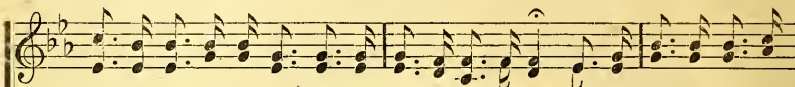
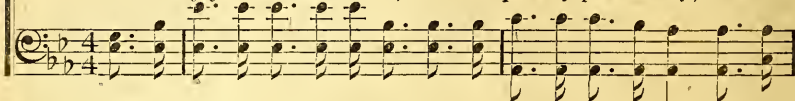
heart repeats the strain :
wealth could ev-er be. } Near-er, my God, to Thee, Near-er to Thee.
saints and martyrs trod.

T. C. O'K.

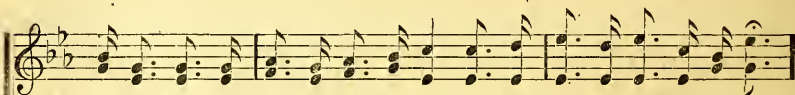
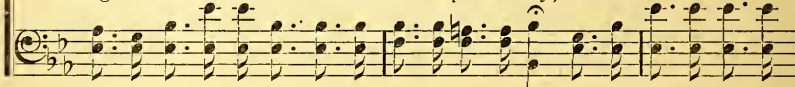
T. C. O'KANE.



1. When the *march* of life is o-ver, With its battles fought and won; When in
2. When the *work* of life is o-ver, With its wea-ry care and pain, We shall
3. When the *joys* of life are o-ver, Which so quick-ly pass a-way; When the



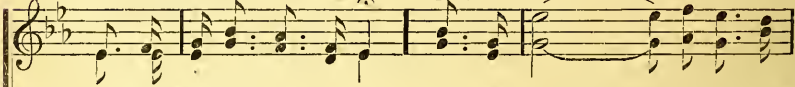
vic-to-ry re-joicing To the Cit-y we shall come; When to us the por-tals
leave it all behind us, Nev-er more to feel a-gain; When the pearly gates we
mingled cloud and sunshine Break into the perfect day; When the res-ur-recti-on



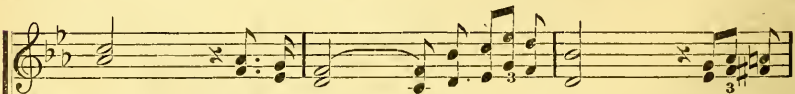
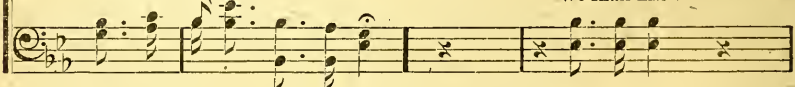
o - pen To the realms of endless bliss, Then we'll hail our glorious Captain—
en - ter, In - to perfect rest and peace, Then we'll hail our Friend and Helper—
morning Brings us ev - er - last-ing bliss, Then we'll hail our dear Redeemer—



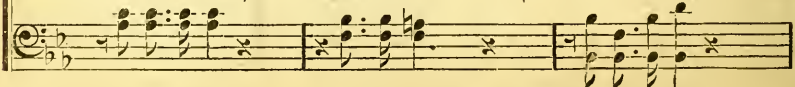
CHORUS.



“ We shall see Him as He is.” We shall know..... our Saviour
We shall know



there, In the realms..... of end-less bliss. Like Him
our Saviour there, In the realms of endless bliss.



“WE SHALL SEE HIM AS HE IS.”—Concluded.

we..... shall ev-er be,..... “For we’ll see..... Him as He is.”
 Like Him we shall ever be, “For we’ll see

No. 525.

AS THE DAY BREAKS.

A. A. PAYN.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. As the shadows of the night round are falling, I am thinking of that
 2. When we gather home at last there'll be singing, Such as an-gels round the
 3. I shall rise to be with Je - sus for - ev - er, I shall meet the ones who

day - by and by; When the trumpet of the Lord shall be call-ing, As the
 throne never heard; For the song of souls redeemed shall go ringing, As the
 pass'd on be - fore; We shall meet to part no more,nev-er, nev-er, Whenthe

CHORUS.

day breaks o'er the hills. { I'll go singing, I'll go shouting on my journey home.
 There'll be singing, there'll be shouting, when we all get home,

Till the day breaks, till the day breaks, When the day breaks o'er the hills,
 the heav'nly hills.

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

thorns of life have pierced them till they bleed; One who sym-pa-thiz-es with us, faint and fall beneath it in a-larm; Who in ten-der-ness will lift us, heart is burdened down with pain and woe; Who can speak the word of pardon go thro' death's dark waters by our side; Who will light the way be-fore us,

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

CHORUS.

Yes, there's One, Yes, there's One, on - ly One, on - ly One, The bless-ed, bless-ed

Je - sus, He's the One; When af - flic-tions press the soul, when

HE'S THE ONE.—Concluded.

waves of trou-ble roll, And you need a friend to help you, He's the One.

No. 527.

THE HOME GATHERING.

C. A. M.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

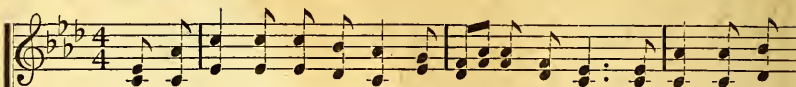
1. Here we all must part, Here the ach - ing heart And the sor-row o'er and
 2. With a burdened mind We are worse than blind, For we can-not see the
 3. Tho' we can-not tell If it's good or ill, We will trust whate'er to

o'er must come; But be-yond the skies, Joy - ful souls shall rise When the
 hand of God, So we pray for sight, For we dread the night As we
 us may come, For we know the Lord And be-lieve His word, And we

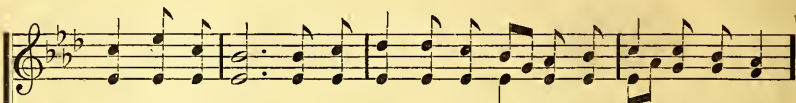
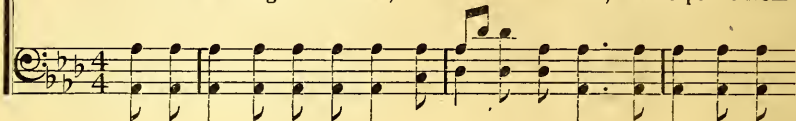
CHORUS.

loved ones are gathered home.
 walk where the saints have trod. } At the great home gathering I'll be there,
 know He will take us home. } So will I

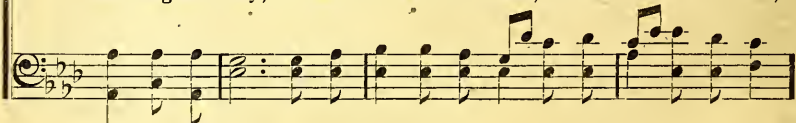
I'll be there, I'll be there, And I'll nev - er say "good-bye."
 So will I, So will I, never say "good-bye."



1. I am walk-ing with Je-sus, my soul is at peace, The tempter can
2. I am walk-ing with Je-sus, He gives me sweet rest, My bur-dens He
3. I am walk-ing with Je-sus, I know I am safe, While close-ly I
4. I am walk-ing with Je-sus, He loves me I know, He keeps me from



do me no harm; While I'm walking with Him all the arm-ies of sin
car-ries for me; While I know He is near I'll not have an - y fear,
keep by His side; He's the Sav - iour di - vine and His glo - ry shall shine,
fall - ing each day; Since His love stood the test, in Him I ev - er rest,

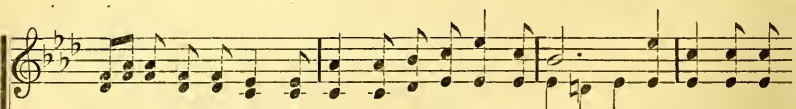
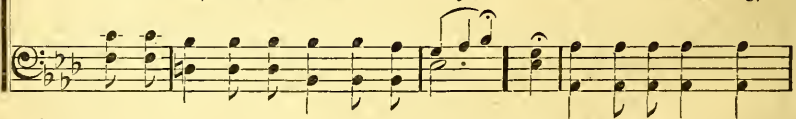


rit. CHORUS.



Can - not cause me the slight - est a - larm.
For His glo - ry is all I can see.
Where the darkness can nev - er a - bide.
He's the life, He's the truth and the way.

With Je - sus I'm walking, with
With Je - sus I'm walk - ing,



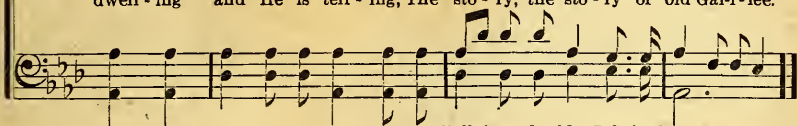
Je - sus I'm talking, How sweet is His presence to me; With me He is
And I am talk - ing, Sweet His pres - ence is to me; With me He is



STORY OF OLD GALILEE.—Concluded.



dwelling to me He is tell-ing, The sto - ry of old Gal-i - lee.
 dwell - ing and He is tell - ing, The sto - ry, the sto - ry of old Gal-i - lee.



Tell - ing of old Gal - i - lee.

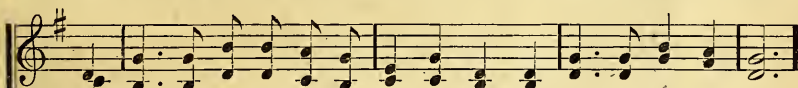
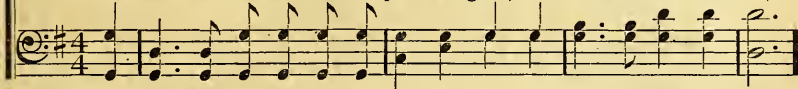
No. 529. SAVED THROUGH JESUS' BLOOD.

J. W. V.

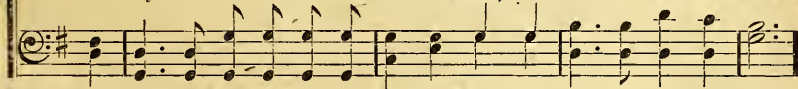
J. W. VANDEVENTER.



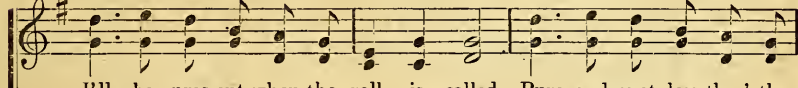
1. Sometime we'll stand before the judgment bar, The quick, the ris - en dead;
2. I'll then re - ceive a bright and star - ry crown, As on - ly God can give;
3. Then we shall meet and nev - er part a - gain; Our toil will then be o'er;



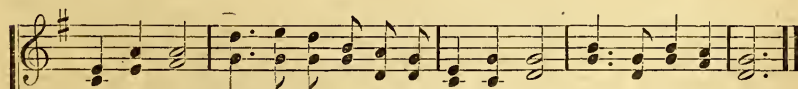
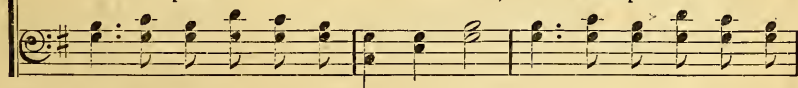
The Lord will then make known the record there; Our names will all be read.
 And when I've been with Him ten thousand years, I'll have no less to live.
 We'll lay our bur - dens down at Je - sus' feet, And rest for - ev - er - more.



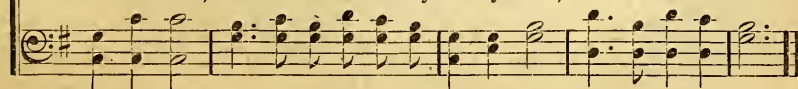
CHORUS.



I'll be pres - ent when the roll is called, Pure and spot - less thro' the



crim - son flood; I will answer when they call my name; Sav'd thro' Jesus blood.

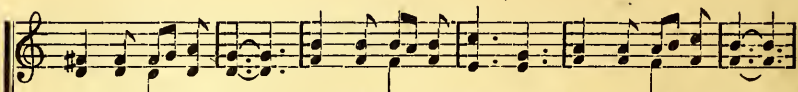
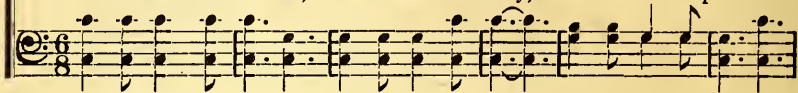


FRANK H. MASHAW.

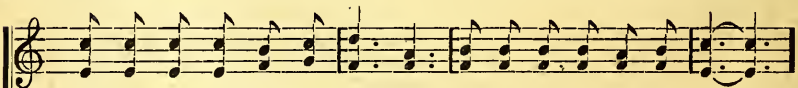
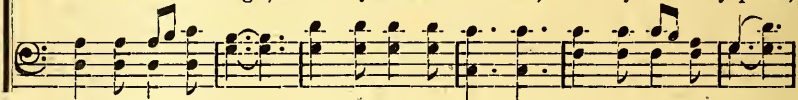
J. LINCOLN HALL.



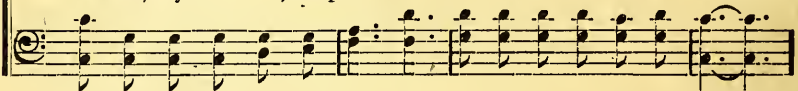
1. "I will fail thee nev - er;" blessed words of cheer, Like a blaze of glo - ry,
2. "I will fail thee nev - er;" tho' the night be long; Soon the morning cometh
3. "I will fail thee nev - er;" brightest flow'rs will fade, But my trust in Je - sus
4. "I will fail thee nev - er;" fails the earth and sky, But His bow of prom-ise



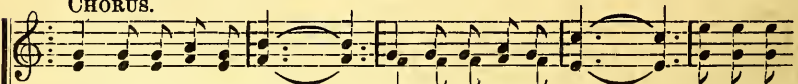
shin - ing far and near; Tho' the storm and tem - pest all around may shake,
with its light and song; Precious words of com - fort to my heart I take;
ne'er shall be be - trayed; Mid - night all a - round me, soon His light will break,
shin - eth still on high; Earth - ly sunbeams van - ish, and my heart may quake,



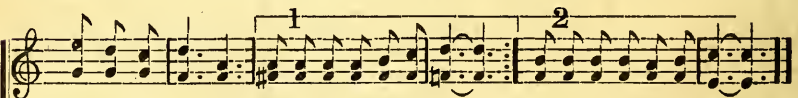
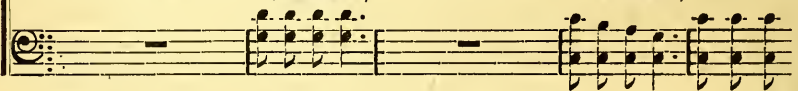
Je - sus, my Sav - iour, has prom - ised that He will nev - er for - sake.



CHORUS.



No, He'll nev - er for - sake,..... No, He'll nev - er for - sake;..... Dangers a -
Nev - er forsake, Nev - er forsake;



round me may threaten, Jesus will never for - sake. Jesus will never for - sake.



E. E. HEWITT.

C. AUSTIN MILES.

1. Look up to Je-sus and, with lov-ing trust, Keep sing-ing, still
 2. Your song may cheer a heav-y - lad-en heart, Keep sing-ing, still
 3. For - get-ting not the blessings of the past, Keep sing-ing, still
 Keep sing-ing, sweetly sing-ing

sing-ing; He'll safe - ly guide us, He is wise and just; Trust
 sing-ing; And stron-ger faith and brighter hope im-part, In
 sing-ing; In sum-mer bloom, or 'mid-the win-try blast, Trust
 of our Saviour's love;

CHORUS.

Je-sus, the Sav-iour King. Sing on thro' sun-ny days, Sing on in

darken'd ways, Sing, sing;
 Sing-ing, sweet-ly sing-ing, sing-ing, sweet-ly sing-ing;

Sing on, His name is love; Sing on, He reigns above; Sing, sing.
 Sing on, trust on and sing.

IRVIN H. MACK.

ARTHUR WILTON.

1. What tho' temptation's power Assails like tempest's blast? The world may
 2. There's comfort in the knowledge, There's joy beyond compare; My heart is
 3. What-ev - er may be-tide me, What la-bor, tri - al, pain, If Je - sus

shun my Sav-our, My faith in Him holds fast! Thro' wild-est op - po-
 fill'd with glo - ry; For Je - sus dwelleth there! Should shadows gath - er
 but sus - tains me, 'Twill be e - ter - nal gain. And when at last I

si - tion One thing, by faith, I know: That Je - sus sweetly saves me — All
 round me, And earthly comforts flee, I still will sing His praises; He
 meet Him, In glo - ry, on His throne, I'll have a precious welcome; He'll

CHORUS.

else, but this, may go. } There is joy o-ver-flowing, There is joy o-ver-
 still will com-fort me. } claim me as His own.

flow-ing, There is joy o-ver-flow-ing, In the serv-ice of my Lord!

1. I am on my way to heaven where the saints are rob'd in white, Shouting
2. I am on my way to heaven where the streets are pav'd with gold, Shouting
3. I am on my way to heaven, bless-ed land of pure delight, Shouting
4. I am on my way to heaven where I'll see my Saviour's face, Shouting

glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To that bless - ed land immor - tal
 glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! To the place of ma - ny mansions
 glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! Where the bless'd of ev'ry na - tion
 glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! There I'll sing redemption's sto - ry,
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

where can never come the night, Shouting glo - ry all the way!
 and of glo - ries yet un - told, Shouting glo - ry all the way!
 are for - ever cloth'd in white, Shouting glo - ry all the way!
 bless - ed song of saving grace, Shouting glo - ry all the way!
 Hal - le - lu - jah all the way!

CHORUS.

O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah! I am on the way to heav - en, Shouting

glo - ry, shouting glo - ry! all the way!
 Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! all the way!

1. Clouds may hover o - ver me and hide my view, Sin may seek in me its
 2. There is naught that stands between my Lord and me For my sins are hid-den
 3. Such a love as Je - sus gives shall conquer fear, Such a hope as He be -
 4. Though I try to love Him as I real - ly ought, All my love be - fore His

e - vil work to do; E - ven try to con-quer me, but nev - er will,
 now in love's great sea; While the bil-lows cov-er them from mor-tal eyes,
 stows shall dry each tear; Won-der-ful it is that such a thing should be,
 cross must seem as naught; Thro' the tears I'm always praying o'er and o'er,

CHORUS.

While I trust my Sav-our still.
 Heav-en-ward my song shall rise.
 But the King of heav'n loves me.
 "Teach me, Lord, to love thee more." } For noth-ing real-ly matters if the

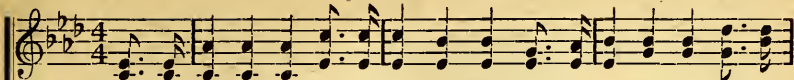
Lord loves me, And He does,..... O yes! He does! No!
 And He does,

Yes, He does! No!

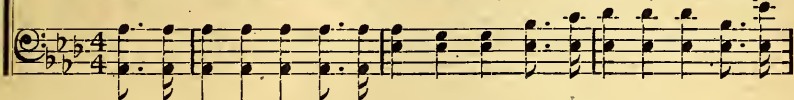
Nothing real-ly matters if the Lord loves me, And He does, He does.

T. C. O'K.

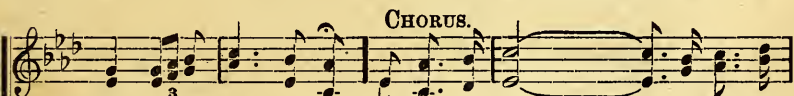
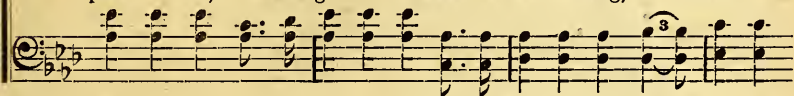
T. C. O'KANE.



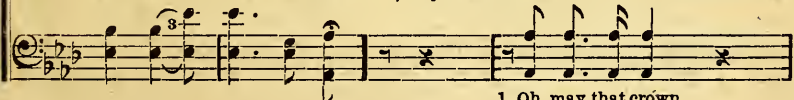
1. There's a crown in heav'n for the striving soul, Which the blessed Je - sus Him -
2. There's a joy in heav'n for the mourning soul, Tho' the tears may fall all the
3. There's a home in heav'n for the faith - ful soul, In the ma - ny mansions pre -



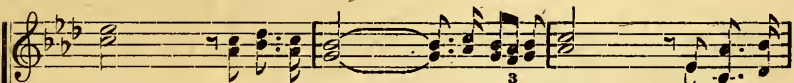
self will place On the head of each who shall faithful prove, Ev-en un - to earth - ly night; Yet the clouds of sadness will break a - way, And re - joic - ing pared a - bove, Where the glo - ri - fied shall for - ev - er sing, Of a Sav - iour's



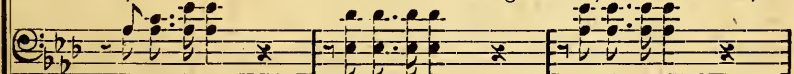
death, in the heav'n - ly race. Oh, may that crown..... in heav'n be
 come with the morn - ing light. Oh, may that joy in heav'n be
 free and unbound - ed love. Oh, may that home in heav'n be



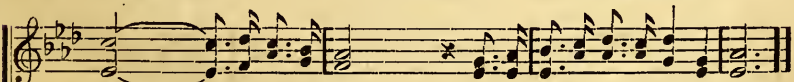
1. Oh, may that crown



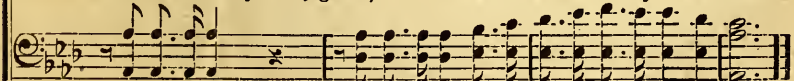
mine, And I a - bove..... the angels shine; Be Thou, O



in heav'n be mine, And I a - bove the angels shine;



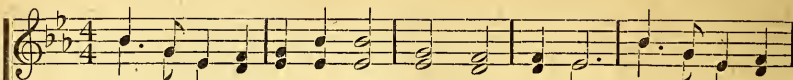
Lord !..... my dai - ly guide, Let me ev - er in Thy love a - bide.



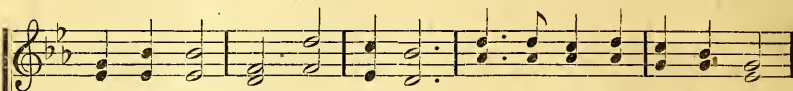
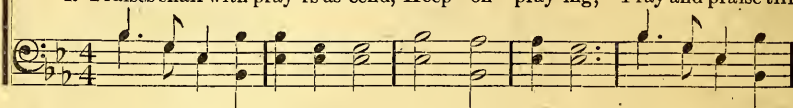
Be Thou, O Lord ! my dai - ly guide,

R. O. SMITH. Arr.

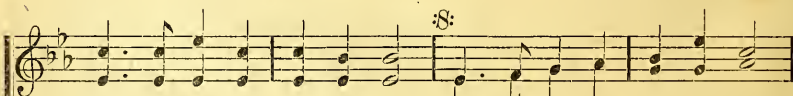
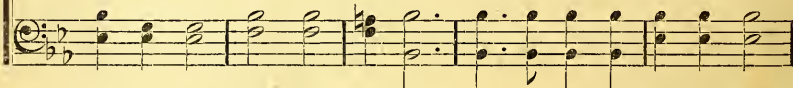
J. LINCOLN HALL.



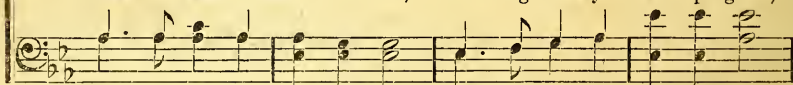
1. Tho' the foes of right op-press, Keep on pray-ing; God is ev - er
2. Christian, has your faith grown weak? Keep on pray-ing; Do the tears roll
3. Pil-grim, have you wea-ry grown? Keep on pray-ing; God is yet up-
4. Praises shall with pray'rs as-cend, Keep on pray-ing; Pray and praise till



near to bless, Keep on pray-ing. Let not fear your heart ap - pall,
 down your cheek? Keep on pray-ing. Soon you nev - er more will sigh,
 on His throne, Keep on pray-ing. He will hear your faith-ful cry,
 life shall end, Keep on pray-ing. Till you reach the gold-en gate,

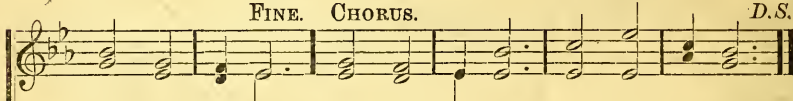


Naught of e - vil can be - fall, Stron - ger is your God than all,
 Tears no more shall dim your eye, Pray to Him who's ev - er nigh,
 He to help is ev - er nigh, You shall con-quer by and by,
 Where the ransomed souls a - wait, Claim-ing there your triumph great,

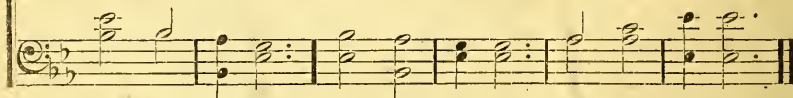


D.S.—You shall con-quer by and by,

FINE. CHORUS.

D.S.

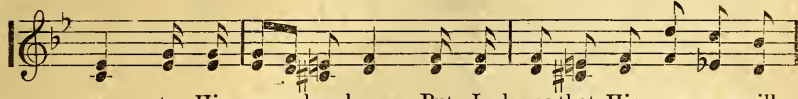
Keep on pray-ing. Keep on pray-ing, Keep on pray-ing;



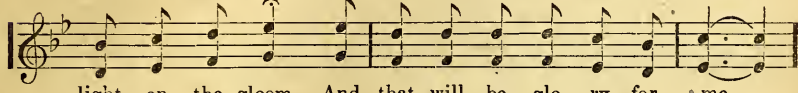
Keep on pray-ing.



1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come, To take me a -
 2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing; I know not the
 3. I know not the form of my man - sion fair; I know not the



way to His own dear home, But I know that His pres-ence will
 sound of the harp's glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of
 name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will



light - en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
 Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
 wel - come me there, And that will be heav - en for me.

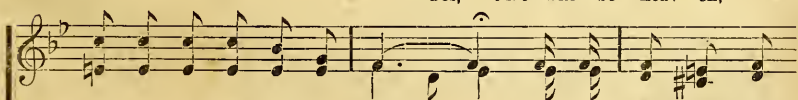
REFRAIN.



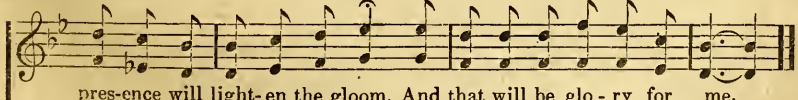
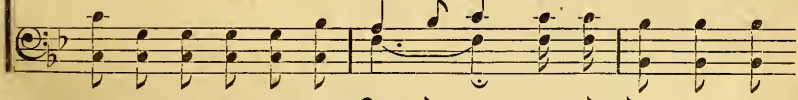
And that will be glo - ry for me;..... Oh,
 And that will be mu - sic for me;..... Oh,
 And that will be heav - en for me;..... Oh,



Yes, that will be glo - ry,
 Yes, that will be mu - sic,
 Yes, that will be heav - en,



that will be glo - ry for mel..... But I know that His
 that will be mu - sic for mel..... But I know there'll be
 that will be heav - en for mel..... But I know that my
 for me!



pres-ence will light-en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.
 mention of Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.
 Sav-iour will wel-come me there, And that will be heav-en for me.



F. M. DILKS.

Rev. J. B. MACKAY.

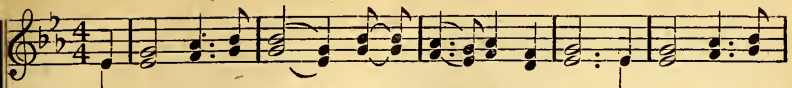
1. I know I'm in Christ Je - sus, And pur - i - fied with - in, Hal - le -
 2. Since Christ has been my Saviour Old things have pass'd a - way, Hal - le -
 3. The upward way proves brighter, As on - ward I pur - sue, Hal - le -

lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! He made me a new creature, He cleans'd me from all
 lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! I'm liv - ing in His presence, I praise Him all the
 lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah! But what will be the glo - ry, When His dear face I

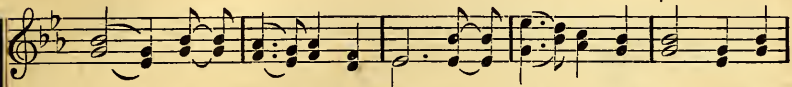
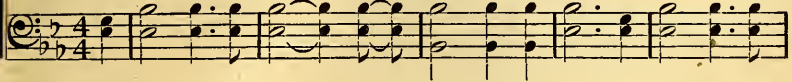
CHORUS.
 sin, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name! } I'll shout it on the mountain,
 day, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name! } My Saviour's love for sin - ners
 view, Hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name! }

I'll shout it in the dale, O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, praise His
 Will nev - er, nev - er fail, (Omit.....)

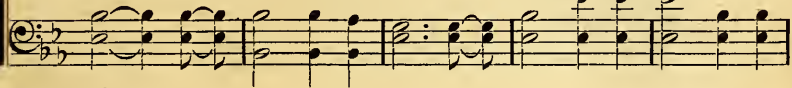
name! O glo - ry hal - le - lu - jah, praise His name!



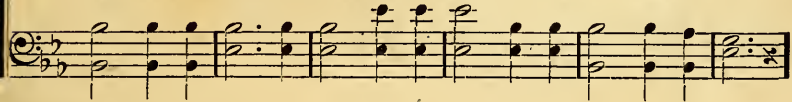
1. 'Mid scenes of con - fu - sion and crea-ture complaints, How sweet to my
2. An al - ien from God, and a stran-ger to grace, I wander'd thro'
3. The pleas-ures of earth, I have seen fade a - way; They bloom for a
4. Al - lure me no lon - ger, ye false glow-ing charms! The Saviour in-



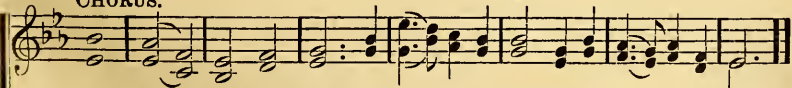
soul is com - mun - ion with saints; To find at the ban-quet of earth, its gay pleas-ures to trace; In the path-way of sin I con-sea - son, but soon they de - cay; But pleas-ures more last - ing in vites me, I'll go to His arms; At the ban-quet of mer - cy, I



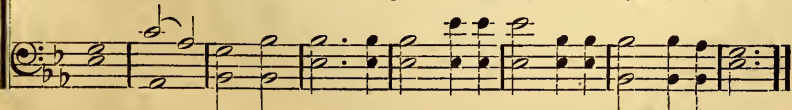
mer - cy there's room, And feel in the pres - ence of Je - sus at home. tin - ued to roam, Un - mind - ful, a - las! That it led me from home. Je - sus are giv'n, Sal - va - tion on earth, and a man - sion in heav'n. hear there is room, O there may I feast with His chil - dren at home.



CHORUS.



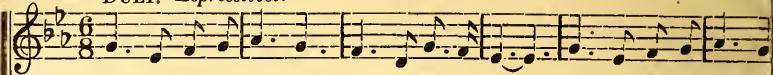
Home, home, sweet, sweet home; Pre - pare me, dear Saviour, for glo - ry, my home.



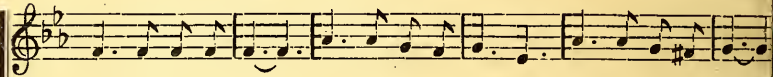
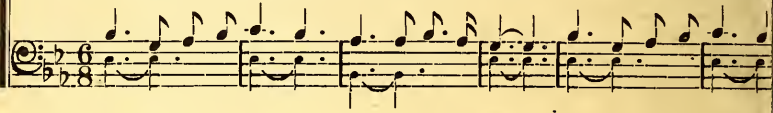
L. S. L.

LIDA SHIVERS LEECH.

DUET. *Espressivo.*



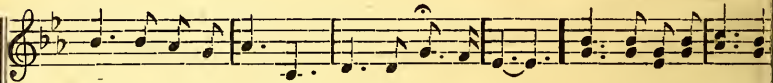
1. God's way is the best way, Tho' I may not see Why sorrows and tri - al
2. God's way is the best way, My path He hath plann'd, P'll trust in Him al-way
3. God's way shall be my way, He knoweth the best. And lean-ing up-on Him



Oft gather 'round me; He ev - er is seek - ing My gold to re - fine,
 While holding His hand. In shad - ow or sun - shine He ev - er is near,
 Sweet, sweet is my rest. No harm can be - fall me, Safe, safe shall I be,



CHORUS. *Animato.*



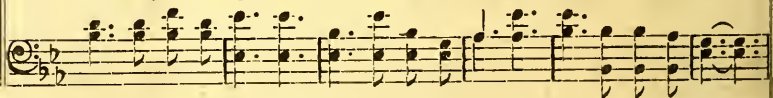
So humbly I trust Him, My Saviour di - vine.
 With Him for my ref - uge, I nev - er need fear. } God's way is the best wa
 P'll cling to Him ev - er, So precious is He. }



rit.



God's way is the right way, P'll trust in Him al-way, He knoweth the best.



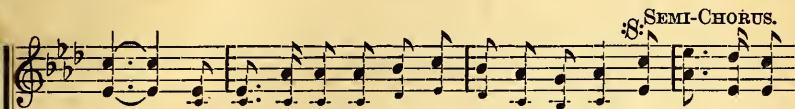
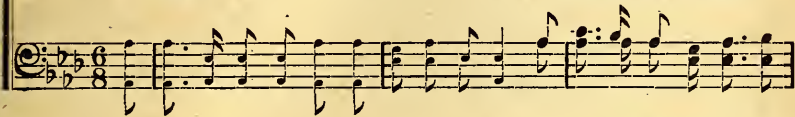
J. R. B.

JNO. R. BRYANT.

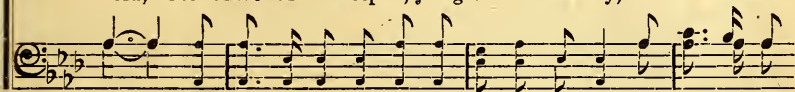
SEMI-CHORUS.



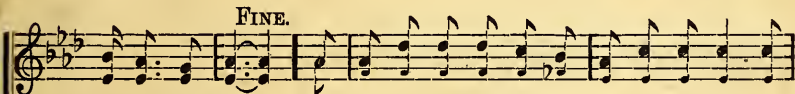
1. When Je - sus left heaven and came to the earth, He came to save sinners, I'm
2. He walk'd a-mong men of the low-est es-tate, He came to save sinners, I'm
3. He comes to us all in the Spir-it to-day, He comes to save sinners, I'm



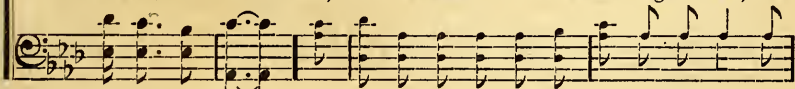
told; He came thro' the manger, the low - li - est birth, He came to save
 told; His pow - er of heal - ing and sav - ing was great, He came to save
 told; He'll save us and keep us, just give Him His way, He comes to save



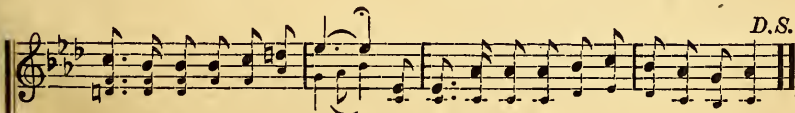
D.S.—He came to save



sinner, I'm told. No room in the inn for the King from on high, The
 sinner, I'm told. The lame when bro't to Him, He heal'd with delight, The
 sinner, I'm told. All, all once was lost thro' the fall - ing of man, But

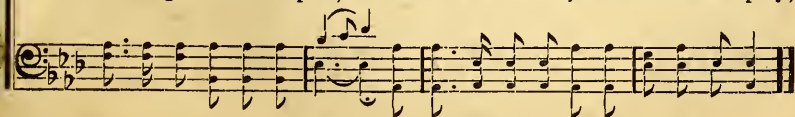


sinner, I'm told.



D.S.

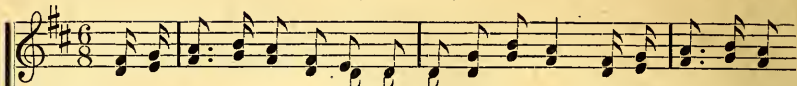
ruler of earth and the sky, Make room in your heart, He the whole world is worth;
 blind gave He ready their sight, Before Him fled demons, and death had no weight;
 Jesus brought salvation's plan, His blood now redeems us, then trust Him and pray;



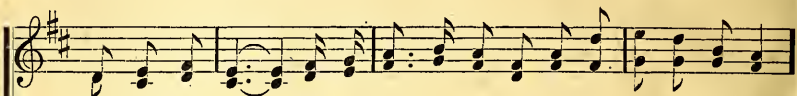
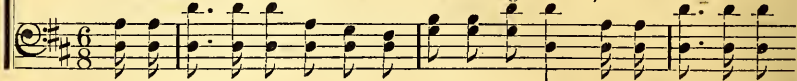
C. B. W.

(Rev. 22: 3.)

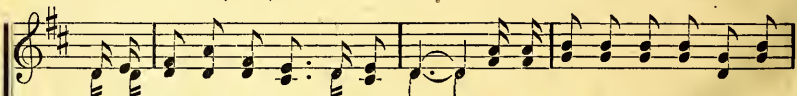
Rev. C. B. WIDMEYER.



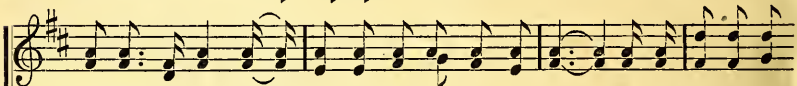
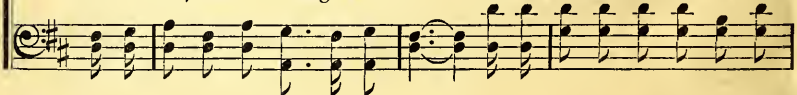
1. In the Gar- den of E- den, God made Him a man, Who was ho - ly and
2. "For of dust thou art made and to dust shalt return," Till the Christ shall tri-
3. Soon the earth will be fill'd with the knowledge of God, And the nations shall



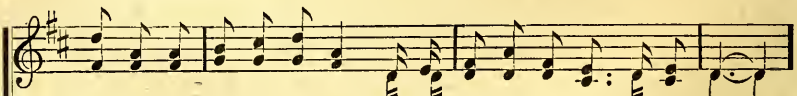
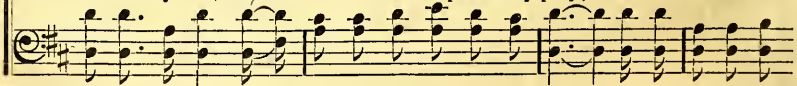
righteous and pure; Gave him Eve for an help-meet and fel-lowship sweet,
 umph-ant-ly reign; On the earth thorns and thistles, the drought and the frost,
 know war no more; Beat their swords into plowshares, prune trees with their spears,



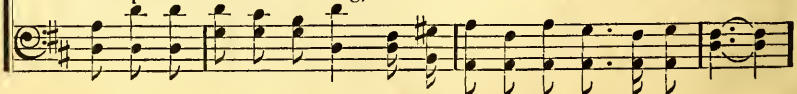
But the tempter they fail'd to en - dure. Then the curse came on Sa-tan, on
 And the ground too was curs'd for man's sin. All the beasts and the fowls and the
 Sa-tan bound, Christ will reign ever - more. Then the li - on and lamb shall lie



Eve and the man, From the Garden they're driven to stay; "In the sweat of thy
 fish shall have fear,' Cause man from God's pathway did stray; They are groaning in
 down side by side, All God's creatures shall peaceably play; And the nations shall



face shalt thou earn all thy bread," But the curse will be lift-ed some day.
 pain, hop-ing rest to ob-tain, For the curse will be lift-ed some day.
 worship Christ Je-sus the King, For the curse will be lift-ed some day.



WHEN THE CURSE IS LIFTED.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Yes, the curse will be lifted some day, Then the lion and lamb down shall lay;

No more thorns or thistles, no sin and no pain, For the curse will be lifted some day.

No. 543.

I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Rev. R. LOWRY.

1. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
 2. I need Thee ev-'ry hour; Stay Thou near by; Tempta-tions lose their
 3. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Teach me Thy will; And Thy rich promis-
 4. I need Thee ev-'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One, O make me Thine in-

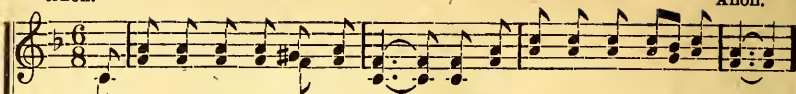
REFRAIN.

Thine Can peace af - ford.
 pow'r When Thou art nigh.
 es In me ful - fill. } I need Thee, O, I need Thee; Ev - 'ry
 deed, Thou bless - ed Son.

hour I need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-iour! I come to Thee.

Anon.

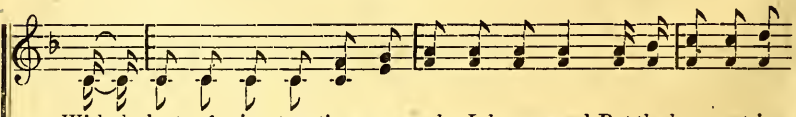
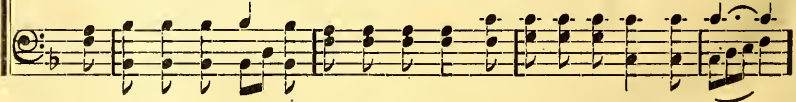
Anon.



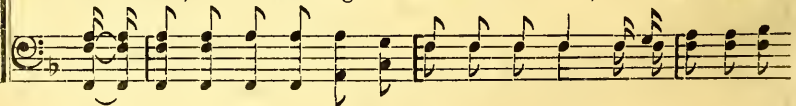
1. The summer is end - ed, O God! And the har-vest for - ev - er past;
2. The dews of God's grace have come down, Thro' the spring and the summer eves,
3. Full of - ten this still gen-tle voice, Has en-couraged my wayward heart
4. I tho't "there is time e-nough yet," And the way was so strangely bright;
5. I stretched out my weak helpless hand, Far, far to-ward the Jas-per sea,



While heedless life's earnest path I have trod, And now I'm undone at last;
 The beau-ti-ful rays of autumn's bright sun, Have ripened full ma-ny sheaves;
 To choose in the place of life's fleet-ing joy, Like Ma-ry that "bet-ter part;"
 I dreamed not the sun was quite so near set, I woke and behold it was night;
 And pray for one glimpse of that radiant land, Where loving friends wait for me;



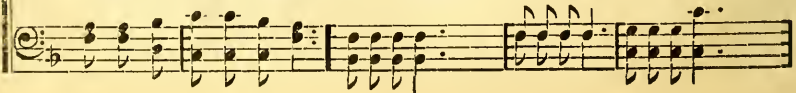
With the best of in-ten-tions my path I have paved, But the har-vest is
 All the while with vain dreamings my way I have paved, Till the summer is
 But a-las! Ev-'ry warning my proud heart has braved, And the summer is
 All the claims of the gos-pel a-las! I have waived, Till the sheaves were all
 Whose kind, faith-ful warn-ings I oft-en have braved, But the har-vest is



CHORUS.



past and my soul is not saved.	} I..... am not saved!	I..... am not
end-ed and I am not saved.		
end-ed and I am not saved.		
garnered and I am not saved.		
end-ed and I am not saved.		



I AM NOT SAVED!—Concluded.

saved! The har - vest is end - ed, And I am not saved.
I am not saved! The harvest is ended, The harvest is ended,

No. 545.

HIDE ME AWAY.

EDNA OSBORNE PHILLIPS.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Hide me a - way in the cleft Rock of A - ges, Safe and se -
2. Here let my soul with its bur - dens so heav - y Find blest re -
3. Hid - ing in Thee, O Thou blest Rock of A - ges, God - giv - en

cure from the storms that op - press, Make me to feel the sweet
lief and a place of sweet rest, Sur - cease from sor - row and
shel - ter where naught can mo - lest, Here let me stay till this

calm of Thy presence. O Rock of A - ges, Thou ha - ven so blest.
cour - age and com - fort. O Rock of A - ges, Thou ha - ven so blest.
life shall be end - ed. O Rock of A - ges, Thou ha - ven so blest.

REFRAIN. *Slowly.*

Hide me a - way, Hide me a - way, O Rock of A - ges, Hide me a - way. *rit.*

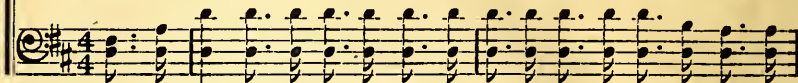
"All the works shall praise thee, O Lord."—Ps- 145 : 10.

R. L.

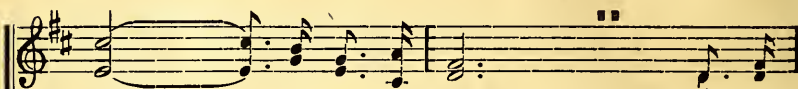
ROBERT LOWRY.



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



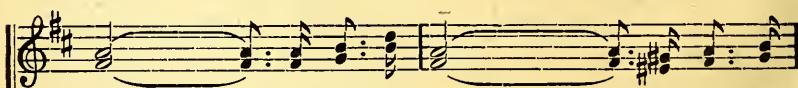
Lift the voice in ho - ly song,
 Crowd His courts with loft - y praise,



saints..... who love the Lord; Gath - er
 works..... that He hath done; Songs of



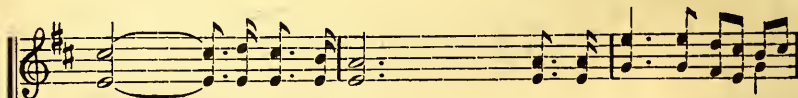
wake, ye saints who love the Lord;
 sing the works that He hath done;



now..... in hap - py throng,..... And praise His
 love..... and hon - or raise..... To Christ the



Gath - er now in hap - py throng,
 Songs of love and hon - or raise,



name,..... with one ac - cord; Ye who know the great sal -
 Lord,..... the e - qual Son; Shout a - loud, ye souls in



praise His name, with one accord;
 Christ the Lord, the e - qual Son;

Praise the Lord.—Concluded.

va - tion, Sing the tri - umphs of His grace, And with high - est ad - o -
glo - ry; Swell the song, ye saints be - low; Till the heav'n's shall tell the

CHORUS.

ra - tion, Come be - fore Je - ho - vah's face. } Praise the Lord, ye sons of
sto - ry, And the earth the strain shall know. }

Praise the Lord,

light; Praise the Lord, ye heav'nly host;

ye sons of light; Praise the Lord ye heav'nly host;

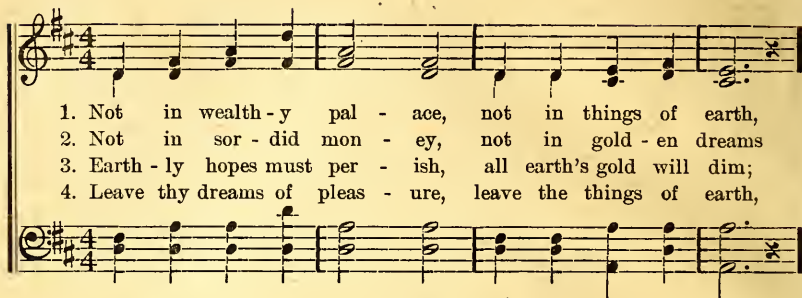
Praise the Lord, for all His might - y acts In all the

Praise the Lord

places of His wide do - min - ion; Praise Fa - ther, Son, and Ho - ly Ghost.

M. T.

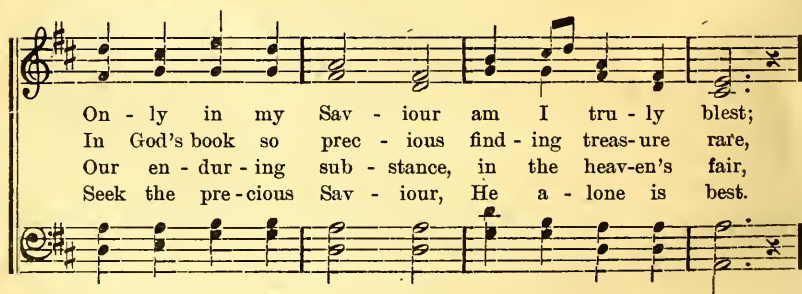
M. TURNER.



1. Not in wealth - y pal - ace, not in things of earth,
 2. Not in sor - did mon - ey, not in gold - en dreams
 3. Earth - ly hopes must per - ish, all earth's gold will dim;
 4. Leave thy dreams of pleas - ure, leave the things of earth,



Not in my sur - round - ings finds my heart its mirth;
 Finds my life its ob - ject, or its liv - ing streams;
 But the good we cher - ish, gold laid up in Him;
 Choos - ing in full meas - ure things of sol - id worth;



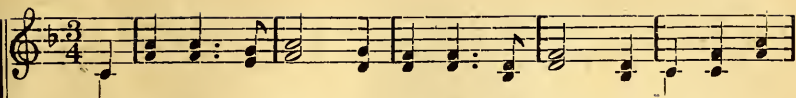
On - ly in my Sav - iour am I tru - ly blest;
 In God's book so prec - ious find - ing treas - ure rare,
 Our en - dur - ing sub - stance, in the heav - en's fair,
 Seek the pre - cious Sav - iour, He a - lone is best.



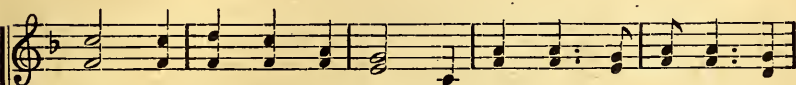
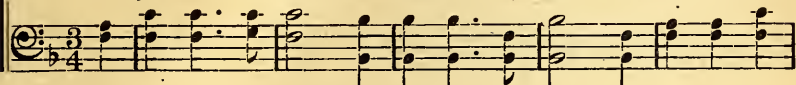
On - ly in His pres - ence finds my soul sweet rest.
 Pal - a - ces of sil - ver, gold - en prom - ise there.
 That will last for - ev - er, — naught can harm it there.
 Find in Him thy treas - ure, love, and life, and rest.

M. T.

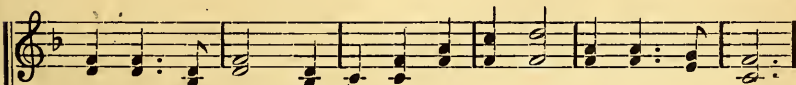
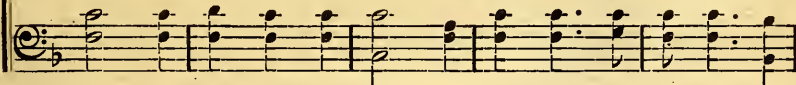
M. TURNER.



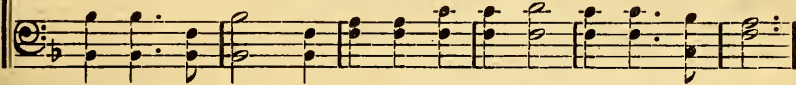
1. My heart is a leaf on which He can write His won-der-ful
2. My heart with its depths as yet un-ex-plor'd; Ex-cept by its
3. 'Twas weighted with woe, Thou took-est the load; It hun-gers and
4. My heart with its love, my life with its need, My bod-y and



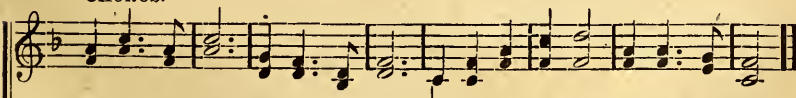
words of love, life and light; My bod-y a tem-ple in
King, my beau-ti-ful Lord; What's writ on its pag-es, no
thirsts for Thee, Oh, my God; Thou on-ly canst com-fort, and
soul so won-drous-ly freed, Re-stored to the im-age from



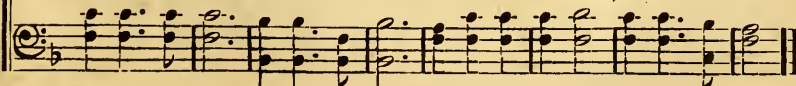
which He can dwell; My won-der-ful Sav-iour, Em-man-u-el.
lan-guage can tell; He has the un-fold-ing, Em-man-u-el.
no one so well Can soothe its deep wa-ters, Em-man-u-el.
which A-dam fell, By Thee, my Re-deem-er, Em-man-u-el.



CHORUS.



Em-man-u-el! Em-man-u-el! How I a-dore Thee, Em-man-u-el!

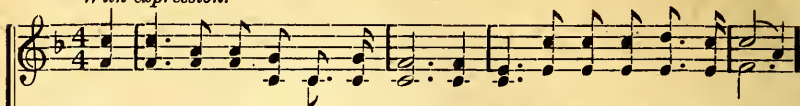


My Hiding Place.

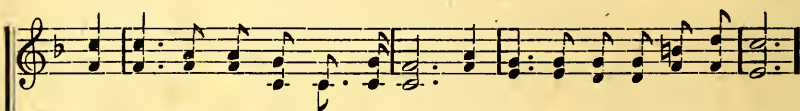
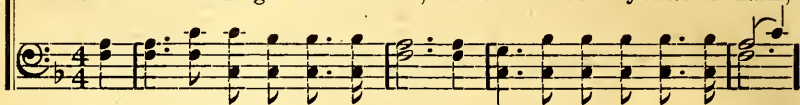
CELIA SANFORD.

With expression.

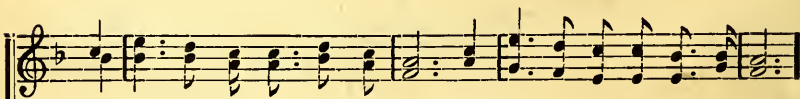
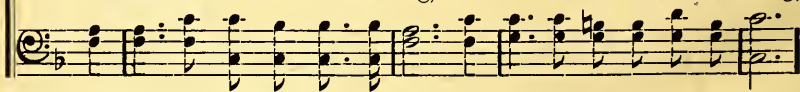
FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.



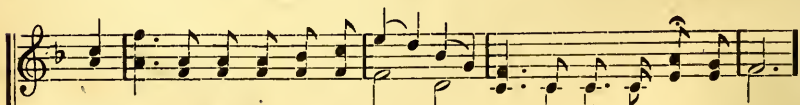
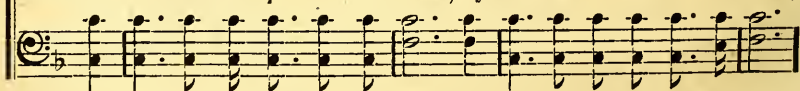
1. Tho' thorns my pathway may be - set My cheek with sorrow's tears be wet,
2. Tho' steep and rough the path I tread, Tho' high-est earthly hopes lie dead,
3. Tho' all life's sweetest joys are crush'd, The sounds of harp and ta-bret hush'd;
4. Safe from all dan-ger and a-larm, Se-cure from ev-'ry sense of harm,



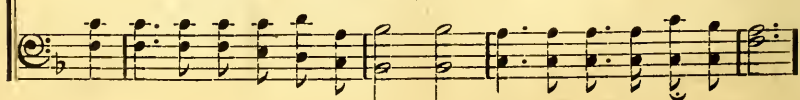
My dai - ly cross be hard to bear; And burdened my poor heart with care;
 And clouds are dark, there's light a-bove; And ne'er will I distrust Thy love,
 I'll fol - low Thee un - to the end, Safe guid - ed by Thy lov - ing hand;
 E'en death it - self has lost its sting, And doubts and fears have taken wing;



Yet will I ev - er trust in Thee, And to Thine arms of mer - cy flee,
 For when my soul was lost in sin, The Rock was cleft to take me in,
 And ev - er more will I a - bide, Close sheltered in Thy bleeding side;
 For I am wash'd, in Je - sus' blood, My life is hid with Christ in God;



Yet will I ev - er trust in Thee, And to Thine arms of mer - cy flee.
 For when my soul was lost in sin, The Rock was cleft to take me in.
 And ev - er more will I a - bide, Close shel - tered in Thy bleeding side.
 For I am wash'd in Je - sus' blood, My life is hid with Christ my God.



My Hiding Place.—Concluded.

REFRAIN.

Thou art my hid-ing place, Thou art my hid - ing place.
 O, bless-ed hid-ing place, O, bless-ed hid - ing place.
 O, bliss-ful hid-ing place, O, bliss-ful hid - ing place.
 O, glo-rious hid-ing place, O, glo-rious hid - ing place.

1. Thou art my hiding place, hiding place.

550

Abide With Me.

HENRY F. LYTE.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

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

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

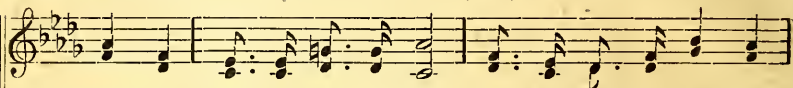
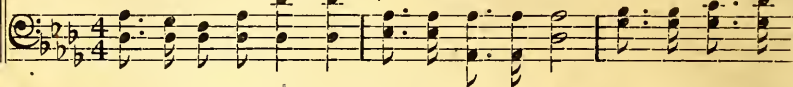
fail and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O a-bide with me!
 all a-round I see; O Thou, who changest not, a-bide with me!
 guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, Lord, a-bide with me!
 grave thy vic - to - ry? I triumph still, if Thou a-bide with me!

FRANCES HAVERGAL.

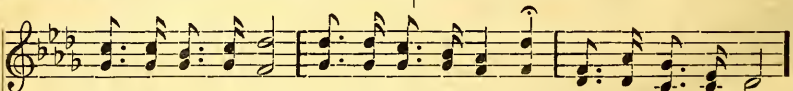
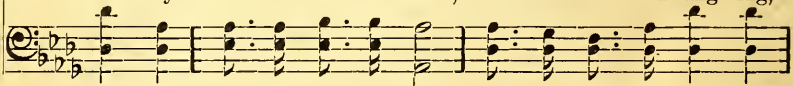
LOTTIE BIRDSALL.



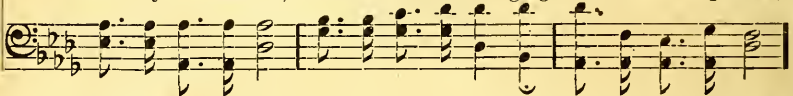
1. Who is on the Lord's side? Who will serve the King? Who will be His
2. Not for weight of glo - ry, Not for crown or palm, En - ter we the
3. Je - sus, Thou hast bought us, Not with gold or gem, But with Thine own
4. Fierce may be the con - flict, Strong may be the foe, But the King's own



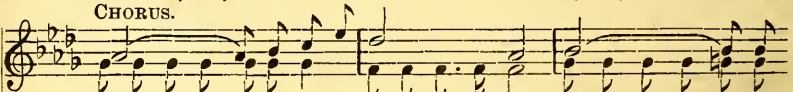
help - ers Oth - er lives to bring? Who will leave the world's side?
 ar - my, Raise the war - rior-psalm; But for love that claim - eth
 life - blood For Thy di - a - dem, With Thy bless - ing fill - ing
 ar - my None can o - ver-throw; Round His stand - ard rang - ing,



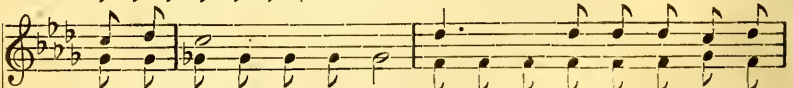
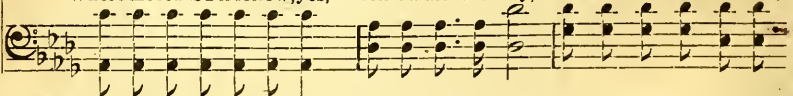
Who will face the foe? Who is on the Lord's side? Who for Him will go?
 Lives for whom He died, He whom Je - sus nam - eth Must be on. His side.
 All who come to Thee; Thou hast made us willing, Thou hast made us free.
 Vic - t'ry is se - cure, For His truth unchanging Makes the triumph sure,



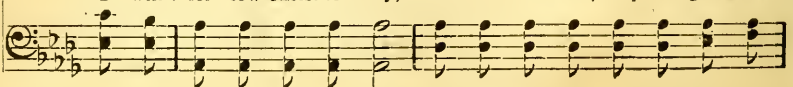
CHORUS.



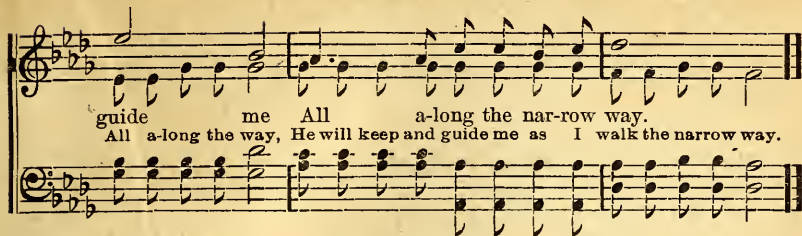
Where He leads I'll fol - low, fol - low,
 Where He leads I'll follow, yes, foll - ow all the way; Where He leads I'll fol - low,



Christ to - day, He will com - fort, keep and
 I will . fol - low Christ to - day, He will com - fort, keep and guide me



Who Is On the Lord's Side?—Concluded.



guide me All a-long the nar-row way.
All a-long the way, He will keep and guide me as I walk the narrow way.

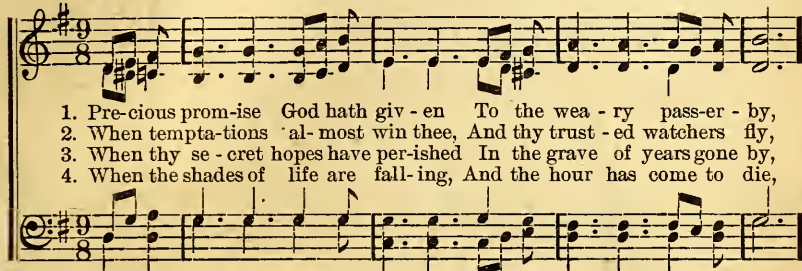
552

Precious Promise.

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1: 4.

NATHANIEL NILES.

P. P. BLISS.

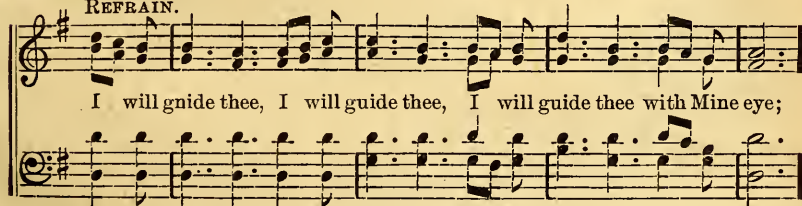


1. Pre-cious prom-ise God hath giv-en To the wea-ry pass-er-by,
2. When tempta-tions al-most win thee, And thy trust-ed watchers fly,
3. When thy se-cret hopes have per-ished In the grave of years gone by,
4. When the shades of life are fall-ing, And the hour has come to die,

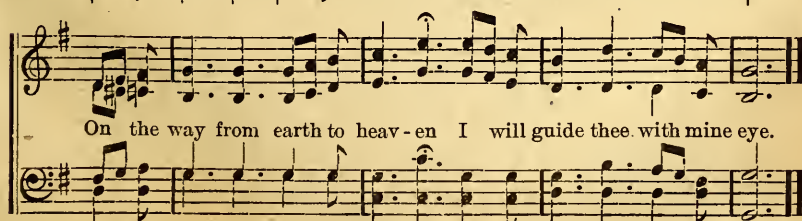


On the way from earth to heav-en, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Let this prom-ise still be cher-ished, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."
Hear thy trust-y Pi-lot call-ing, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REFRAIN.



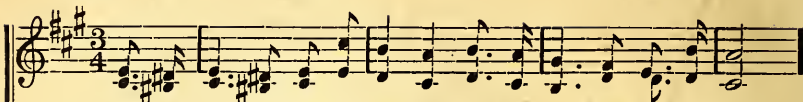
I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye;



On the way from earth to heav-en I will guide thee with mine eye.

LIZRIE J. AUSTIN. Cho. by F. B.

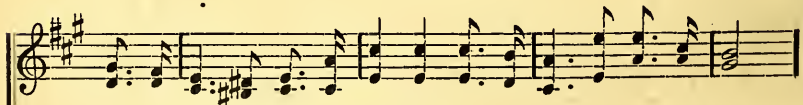
FANNIE BIRDSALL.



1. While the storms of life are rag-ing, And the bil-lows toss-ing high;
2. When my soul is panting, long-ing, For the deep-est depths of love;
3. Like a bird be-fore the tempest, I was driv-en to His breast;



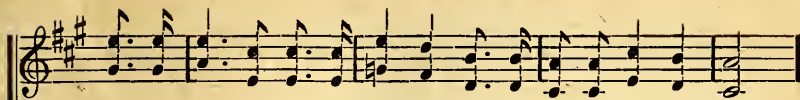
There's a Rock in which I'm hiding, While the dash-ing waves foam by;
 Then He fills it o-ver-flow-ing, With His glo-ry from a-bove;
 In His might-y arms He holds me, And His love brings perfect rest;



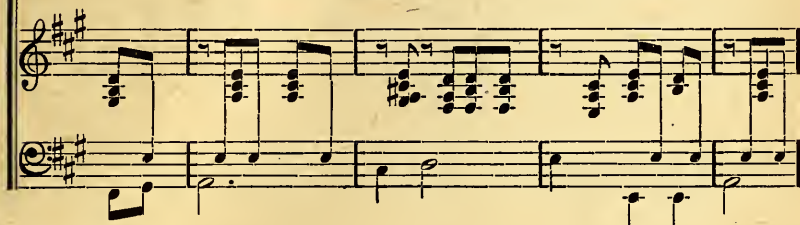
I've a friend whose loving whispers I can hear a-bove the storm,
 When the wea-ry heart is break-ing, And the way seems sad and lone,
 To the rag-ing waves He speaketh, And the storms o-bey His will,



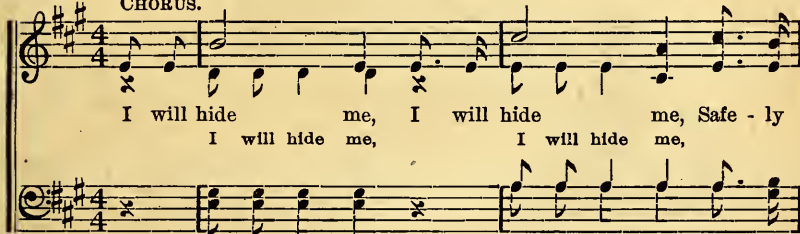
My Refuge.—Concluded.



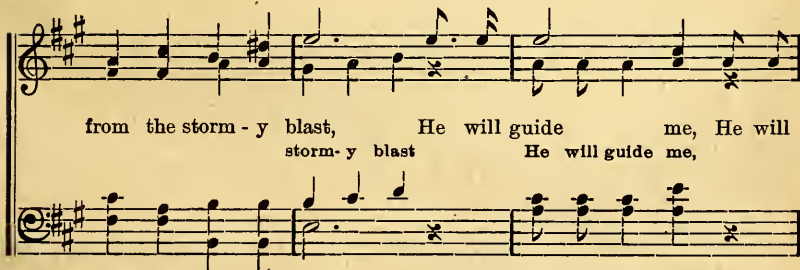
And in hours of deep-est darkness, I dis-cern His love-ly form.
Then His smile is like the sunshine, As He soft-ly whispers "come."
And the heart that throbb'd and trembled, On His lov-ing breast is still.



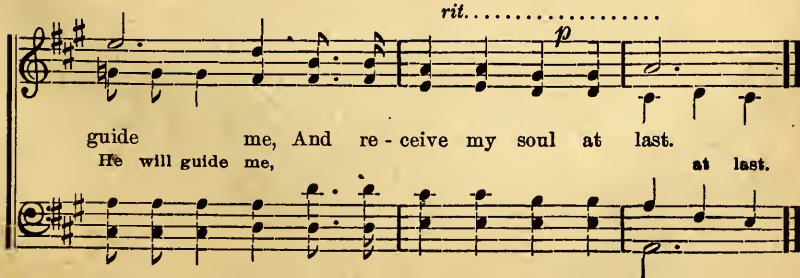
CHORUS.



I will hide me, I will hide me, Safe - ly
I will hide me, I will hide me,



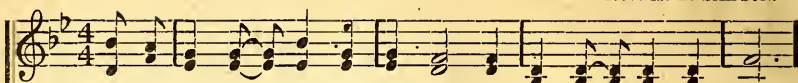
from the storm - y blast, He will guide me, He will
storm-y blast He will guide me,



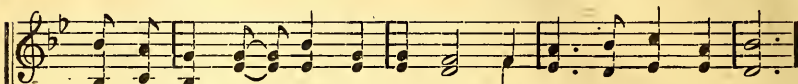
guide me, And re-ceive my soul at last.
He will guide me, at last.

A. B. S.

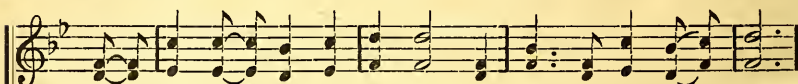
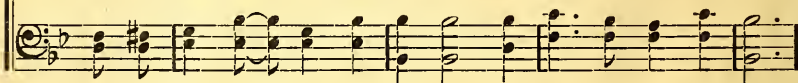
Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.



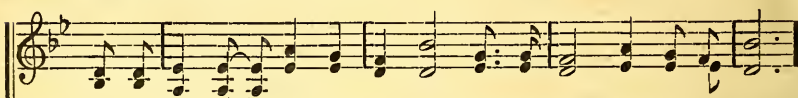
1. There are some who believe the Bi - ble, And some who believe a part,
2. It as - sures me of sal - va - tion, Thro' Je - sus' pre - cious blood,
3. And it tells me there is cleansing From ev - 'ry se - cret sin,



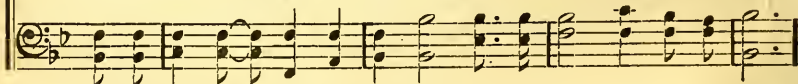
Some who trust with a res - er - va - tion, And some with all their heart.
 For the souls that trust His mer - cy, And yield themselves to God.
 And a great and full sal - va - tion, To keep the heart with - in.



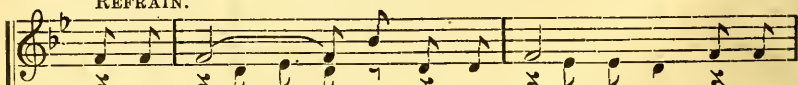
But I know that its ev - 'ry prom - ise Is firm and true al - ways,
 And I claim for myself the prom - ise, And just be - gin to praise,
 And I take Him in His full - ness, With all His glo - ri - ous grace,



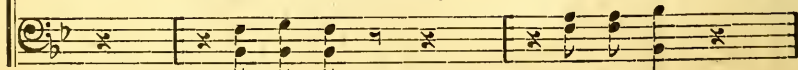
It is tried as the precious sil - ver, And it means just what it says.
 For it says I am saved by trust - ing, And I trust just as it says.
 For He says it is mine for tak - ing, And I take just what He says.



REFRAIN.



Yes, it means..... just what it says, Yes, it
 Yes, it means what it says.



It Means Just What it Says.—Concluded.

means..... just what it says, No word He has
 Yes, it means just what it says,

spok-en can ev-er be brok-en, For it means just what it says.

4 And it tells me He will heal me,
 And hear my feeblest cry,
 And that all His royal bounty,
 Will all my need supply.
 And I seem to know no better,
 Than trust Him all my ways,
 For He says I may trust Him fully,
 And I trust just as He says.

5 It is strange we trust each other,
 And only doubt our Lord;
 We will take the word of mortals
 And yet distrust His Word;
 But oh, what light and glory,
 Would shine o'er all our days,
 If we always would remember
 That He means just what He says.

555 My Heavenly Home.

WM. HUNTER, D. D.

Arranged.

1. My heav'nly home is bright and fair; No pain, nor death can en-ter there:

CHO.—I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun outshine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine.

To die no more, to die no more, I'm go-ing home to die no more!

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>2. My Father's house is built on high,
 Far, far above the starry sky;
 When from this earthly prison free,
 That heav'nly mansion mine shall be.</p> | <p>3. Let others seek a home below, [flow,
 Which flames devour, or waves o'er-
 Be mine a happier lot to own
 A heav'nly mansion near the throne.</p> |
|--|--|

- A. B. SIMPSON.

R. KELSO CARTER.

1. The mer - cy of God is an o - cean di - vine, A
 2. But ma - ny, a - las! on - ly stand on the shore, And
 3. And oth - ers just ven - ture a - way from the land, And
 4. Oh, let us launch out on this o - cean so broad, Where

bound-less and fath-om-less flood; Launch out in the deep, cut a -
 gaze on the o - cean so wide; They nev - er have ven - tured its
 lin - ger so near to the shore, That the surf and the slime that
 the floods of salvation o'er - flow; Oh, let us be lost in the

way the shore-line, And be lost in the full - ness of God.
 depths to ex - plore, Or to launch on the fath - om - less tide.
 beat o'er the strand, Dash o'er them in floods ev - er - more.
 mer - cy of God, Till the depths of His full - ness we know.

CHORUS.

Launch out..... in- to the deep, Oh, let the shore-line go;
 Oh, launch out in the deep,

Launch out, launch out in the o - cean di - vine, Out where the full tides flow.

Speed Away! Speed Away!

T. H. NELSON.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. Speed a - way, speed a - way, O, ye her - alds of light, To the
 2. Speed a - way, speed a - way, You're com - mis - sioned of God, Good
 3. Speed a - way, speed a - way, On your mis - sion so blest, That
 4. Speed a - way, speed a - way, O, ye mes - sen - gers true, The

mil - lions now dy - ing, in sin's aw - ful night; In dense su - per -
 ti - dings to preach thro' Em - man - u - el's blood; Each slave of the
 mil - lions now burdened may soon be. at rest; Throw o - pen their
 har - vest is great and the la - bor - ers few; Each need will the

sti - tion and bondage they dwell, While words are too weak of their
 temp - ter may now be for - given, And make out a ti - tle to
 pris - on, give lib - er - ty sweet, And bring them as tro - phies to
 Lord of the har - vest sup - ply, And the might - y re - sults shall be

suff - ring to tell. Then fly to their res - cue, O, has - ten to - day;
 mansions in heav'n. 'Tis Je - sus that asks it, no lon - ger de - lay;
 Je - sus' blest feet. O, lin - ger no lon - ger, but act while you may;
 seen by, and by When the reap - ers are paid at the end of the day;

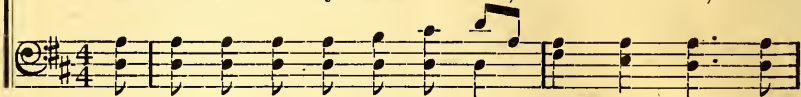
Speed a - way, speed a - way, speed a - way!

T. H. NELSON.

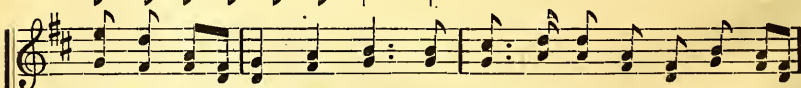
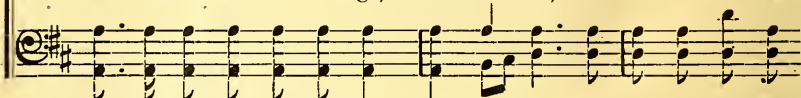
FANNIE BIRDSALL.



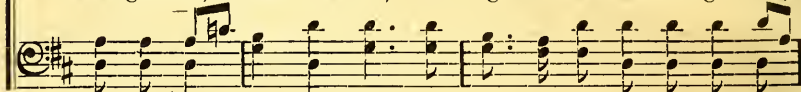
1. Es-trang'd from God and lost in sin, Christ loved me; The
2. I heard His voice like mu - sic sweet, Christ loved me; And
3. He spoke, my bur - den roll'd a - way, Christ loved me; My
4. And this shall be my theme be - low, Christ loved me; Till



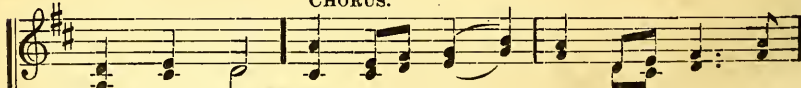
rock was cleft to take me in Christ loved me; He sought me in sin's
 fell a - dor - ing at His feet, Christ loved me; My heart was pierced by
 darkness turned to glorious day, Christ loved me; His voice was sweet - as
 to His home of love I go, Christ loved me; And then with saints and



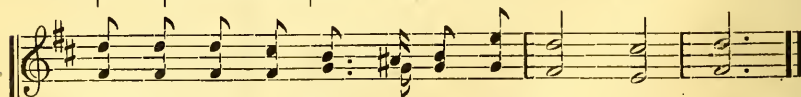
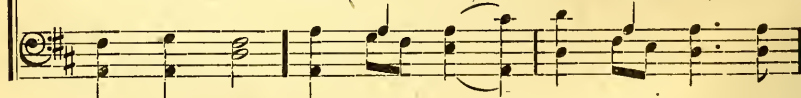
mountain wild, Christ loved me; And called me still His, err - ing child,
 keen re - morse, Christ loved me; And drawn to Him by love's sweet force,
 an - gel's lyre, Christ loved me; Its mu - sic thrilled my soul like fire,
 an - gels all, Christ loved me; I'll sing while end - less a - ges roll,



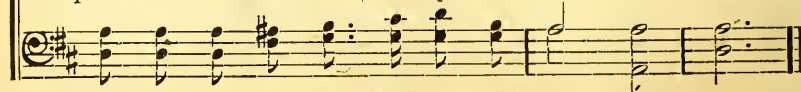
CHORUS.



Christ loved me. Christ loved me, Christ loved me, I'll



praise Him thro' e - ter - ni - ty For Christ loved me.

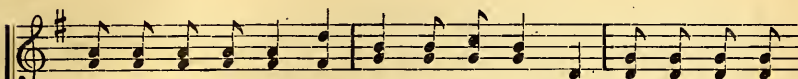


M. B. C. SLADE.


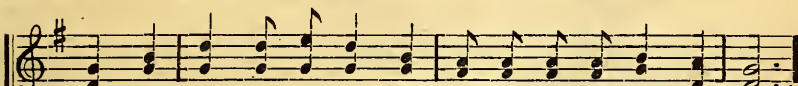
Dr. A. B. EVERETT.



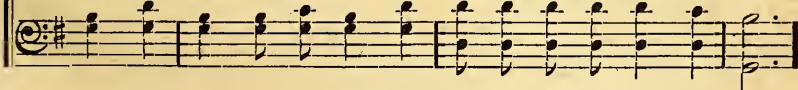
1. Be - yond this land of part - ing, los - ing and leav - ing,
 2. Be - yond this land of toil - ing, sow - ing and reap - ing,
 3. Be - yond this land of sin - ning, faint - ing and fall - ing,
 4. Be - yond this land of wait - ing, seek - ing and sigh - ing,

Far be - yond the loss - es dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the
 Far be - yond the shad - ows dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the
 Far be - yond the doubtings dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the
 Far be - yond the sor - rows dark - en - ing this, And far be - yond the

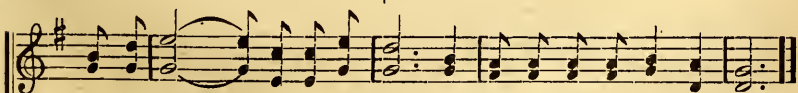
tak - ing and the be - reav - ing, Lies the Summer Land of bliss.
 sigh - ing, moan - ing and weep - ing, Lies the Summer Land of bliss.
 griefs and dan - gers be - fall - ing, Lies the Summer Land of bliss.
 pains and sick - ness and dy - ing, Lies the Summer Land of bliss.



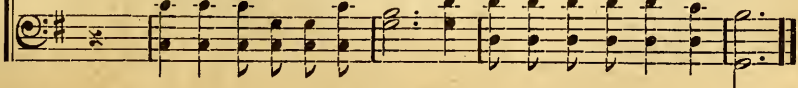
REFRAIN.



Land be - yond, so fair and bright, Land be - yond, where is no night!
 Land be - yond, Land be - yond,

Summer Land, God is its light, Oh, hap - py Summer Land of bliss.
 Summer Land,



R. M. OFFORD,

J. J. LOWE.

1. How brief the life we live be - low; But there's a
 2. There is a land where all re - joice; That life of
 3. In that fair land of cease - less joy No cloud shall
 4. For they who Christ's dear love re - fuse Must ev - er -

life that ne'er shall end, A life of joy or life of woe;
 bliss the soul shall share, That hearkens to the Sav-iour's voice;
 cross the sum - mer sky, No fear, dis - tress, or ill, an - noy;
 last - ing sor - row know; God kill - eth not, but mor - tals choose

CHORUS.

Say, which shall be thy life, O friend ?
 For such doth Christ a home pre - pare. } Life of joy, that is for -
 Will you be there, dear friend? shall I? }
 The aw - ful her - it - age of woe.

ev - er, Life of woe, that end - eth nev - er, Which life, O

rit.

friend, which shall it be? Where shalt thou spend e - ter - ni - ty?

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

IDA M. DAKE.

1. Take the world with its fol - lies and rich - es And its
2. While my hear-strings are break-ing a - sun - der, And I
3. All that fame or that pleas-ure can of - fer, All that
4. I now glad - ly give up all to Je - sus, Take the

pleas - ures I've count - ed but dross; And the dread of the
tear - ful - ly gaze on the dead; From the wreck of my
wealth or that hon - or can buy; All, yea all, that I've
cross, die the death to the world; Sep - a - ra - tion, the.

com - ing to - mor - row, Mock its joys turn its gains all to loss.
earth - ly am - bi - tion, To my Je - sus for ref - uge I've fled.
hoped for my time - life, Glad - ly goes, on His cross, let them die.
mot - to I her - ald; O'er the cross is that mot - to un - furled.

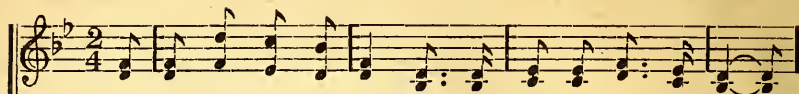
CHORUS.

Fare - well, my sin - ful pleas - ures, Fare - well my com - rades all;

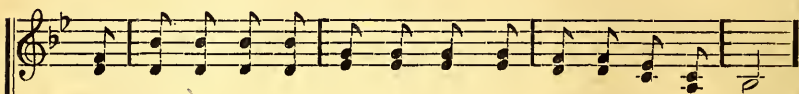
Fare - well, my earth - ly treas - ures, I go at Je - sus' call!

VIVIAN A. DAKE.

IDA M. DAKE.



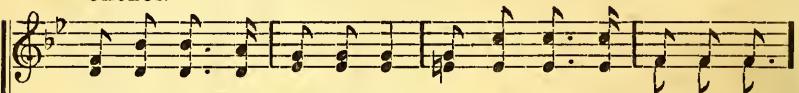
1. No face like Thine my Sav - iour, Fair as the lil - y white;
2. No face like Thine my Sav - iour, More marr'd than an - y seen,
3. No face like Thine my Sav - iour, Bright - er than noon - day sun;
4. No face like Thine my Sav - iour, O, Maj - es - ty di - vine;



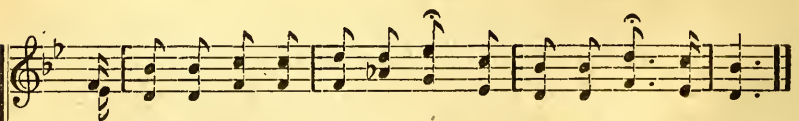
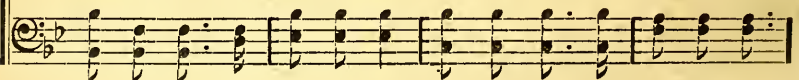
A - mid the throng that drifts a - long, Shed - ding a heav - 'nly light.
 By crown of thorn and Cal - v'rys morn, The heav'ns and earth be - tween.
 For saints, 'tis light - for sin - ners night, With work of judgment done.
 No sun, no moon, but Christ a - lone; Of heav'n, the light sub - lime.



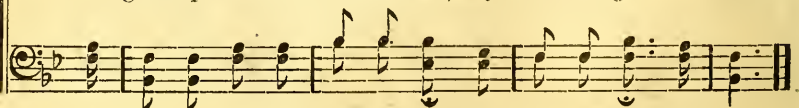
CHORUS.



I shall see His glorious face, I shall see His glorious face,

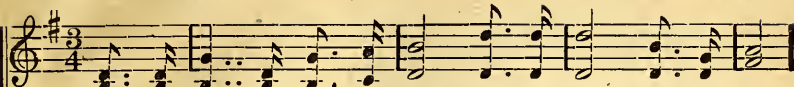


And gaze up - on it ev - er - more, My Saviour's glo - rious face.

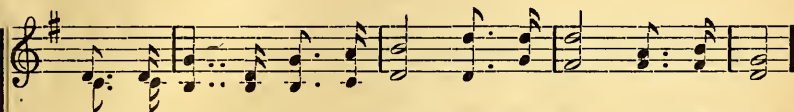
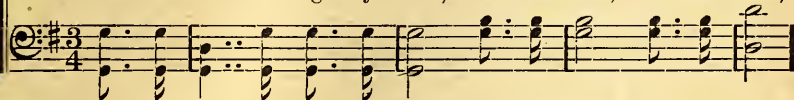


PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

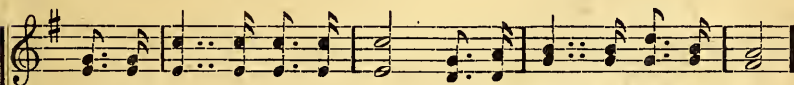
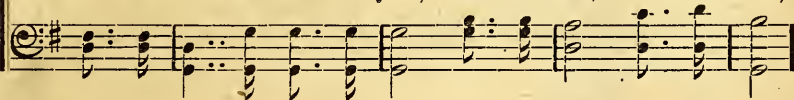
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



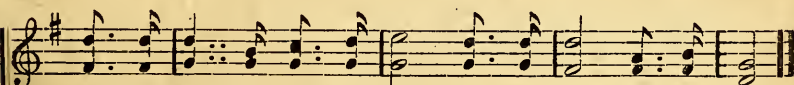
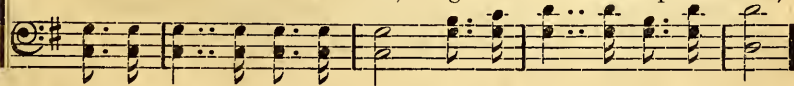
1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



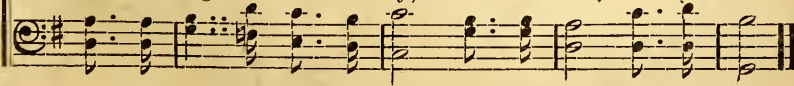
Spread the glad - ness all a - round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
 Let the na - tions now re - jice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;



Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steps and cross the waves,
 Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves,
 Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
 Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hill and deep - est caves,

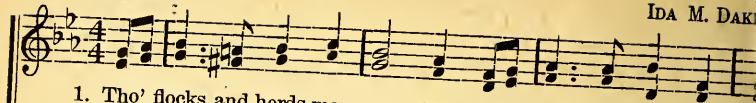


On - ward, 'tis our Lord's com - mand, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,
 Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
 This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

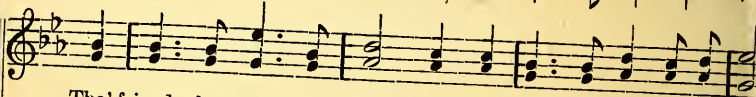
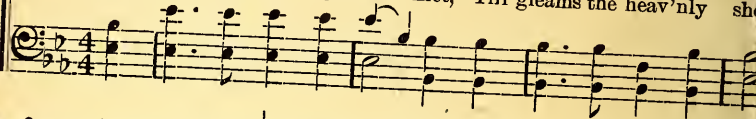


I Will Rejoice.

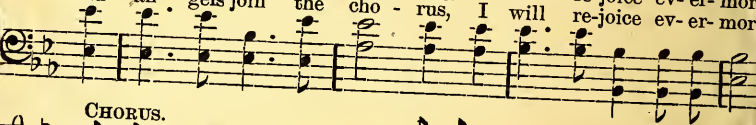
IDA M. DAK



1. Tho' flocks and herds may per - ish, And fields may yield no
 2. Tho' per - se - cu - tion com - eth, A fierce and venge - ful
 3. Tho' fee - ble, faint and suff - 'ring, With bur - dens la - den
 4. For God Him - self com - mand - eth, I wait to hear no
 5. Then on thro' ev - 'ry con - flict, Till gleams the heav'ny



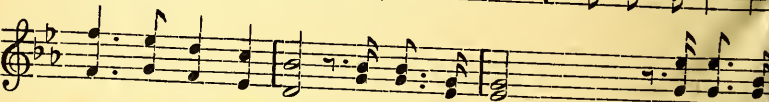
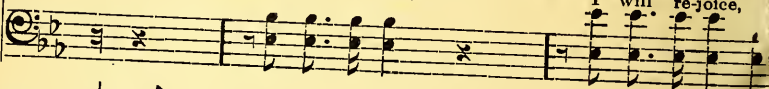
Tho' friends should all for - sake me, I will re-joyce ev - er - mor
 Of hate, reproach and scorn - ing, I will re-joyce ev - er - mor
 I'll shout till breaks the dawn - ing, I will re-joyce ev - er - mor
 But run to do His bid - ding, I will re-joyce ev - er - mor
 And an - gels join the cho - rus, I will re-joyce ev - er - mor



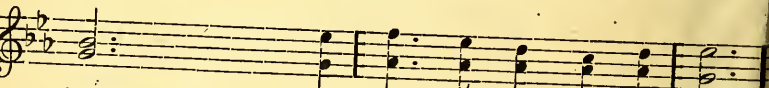
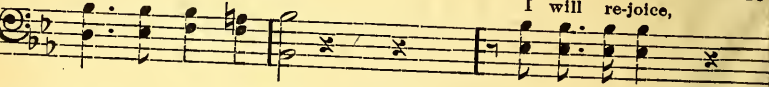
CHORUS.



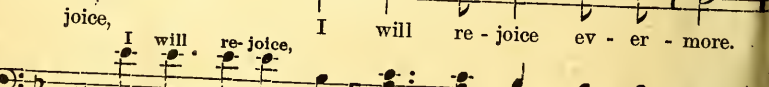
I will re-joyce, I will re-joyce, I will re-joyce, Tho



men and dev - ils roar, I will re-joyce, I will re-joyce, I will re



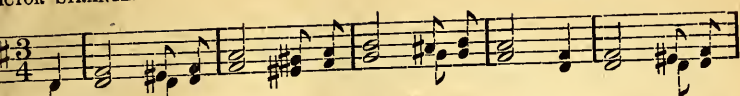
joyce, I will re-joyce, I will re-joyce ev - er - more.



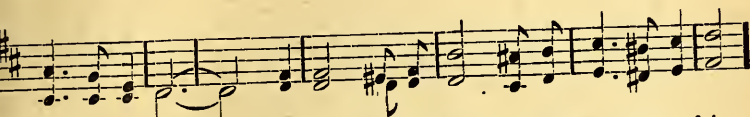
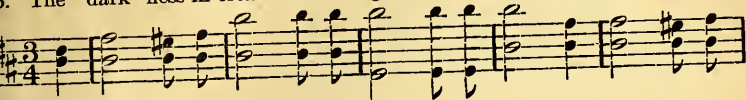
The Price of a Soul.

FANNIE BIRDSALL.

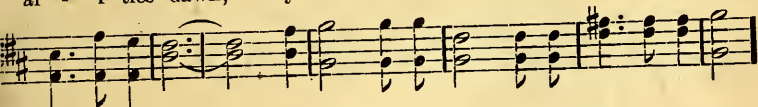
ACTOR STRANGE.



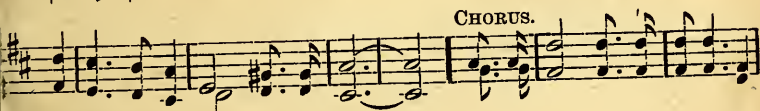
“I'm lost, O, I'm lost!” Was her wail of de-spair, Her cheek growing
 The Spir - it re - sist - ed has left me at last, My fro - zen heart
 E - ter - ni - ty's breath I can feel on my brow, My day of pro -
 I feel I am near - ing the lake of the lost, Where sur - ges of
 The dark - ness in - creas - es— I'm grow - ing so cold, E - ter - nal re -



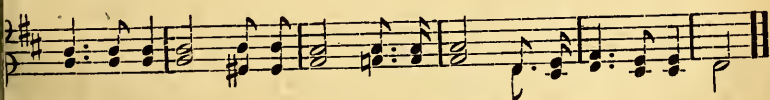
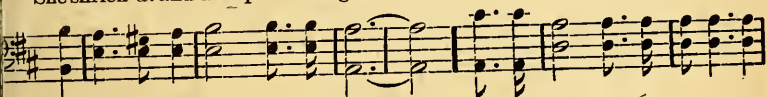
pal - id in death, “I've bar - ter'd my soul for earth's fol - lies so fair,
 feels like a stone; The sum - mer is end - ed, the har - vest is past,
 ba - tion is done; The pleas - ures of time speed a - way from me now,
 wrath ev - er roll; E'en now on its bil - low - y bo - som I'm toss'd,
 al - i - ties dawn; By laws of dam - na - tion I'm be - ing con - troll'd.



CHORUS.



And now to mine i - dols I'm left.”.... } For I made earthly pleasures the
 Like E - phra - im I'm left a - lone.
 Like mists from the bright, morning sun....
 While darkness en - vel - ops my soul.....
 She shriek'd! and her spir - it was gone.....

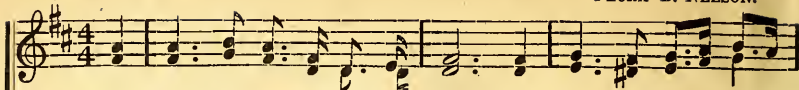


price of my soul, Now I'm lost while the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

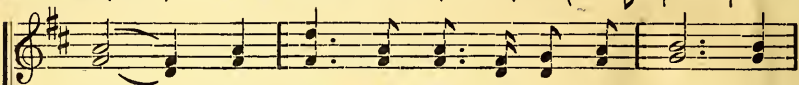
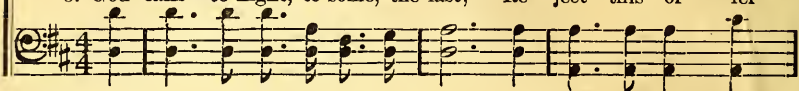


V. A. DAKE.

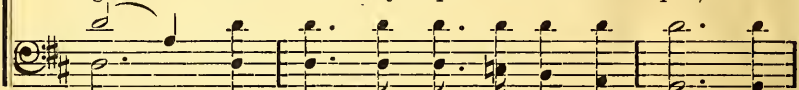
FLORA B. NELSON.



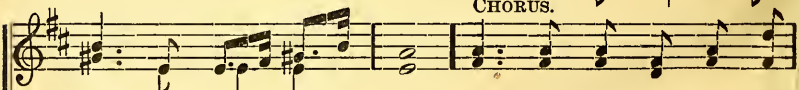
1. God calls to-night, He calls for thee, He calls thee from thy
2. God calls to-night, O, heed His voice, Throw ev - 'ry i - dol
3. God calls to-night, from death's sure dart, He'll hide thy soul a -
4. God calls to-night, wilt thou re - fuse, And mad - ly from Him
5. God calls to-night, to some, the last; Re - ject this of - fer



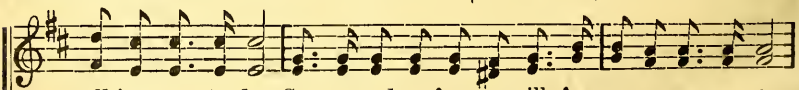
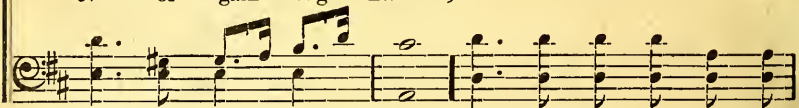
sin..... He calls to life, the way is free, O
 down,... And make Him now your on - ly choice; He'll
 way,... Ex - tract the sting, heal ev - 'ry smart, And
 turn?... Thy head a - gainst His buck - ler bruise, And
 given.... And all thy hope is o - ver - past, Of



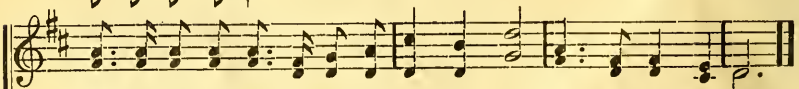
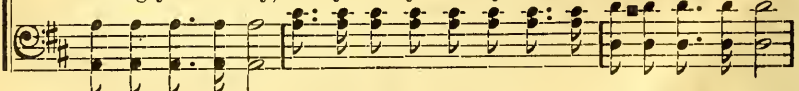
CHORUS.



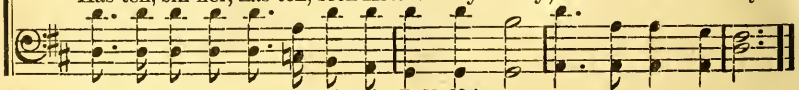
en - ter,	en - ter	in.	} God is call - ing, sin - ner,
choose thee	for His	crown.	
change thy	night to	day,	
all His	mer - cies	spurn?	
ev - er	gain - ing	heav'n?	



calling you to-day, Soon your day of mercy will for - ev - er pass a-way;

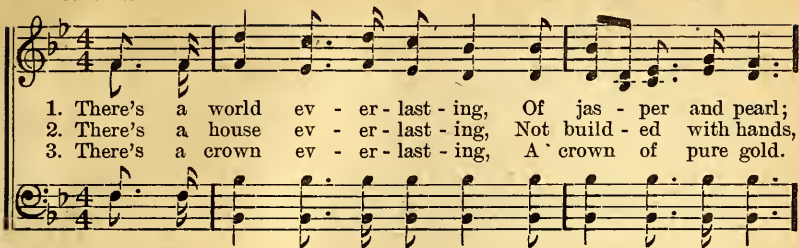


Has - ten, sin - ner, has - ten, seek Him while you may; Come without de - lay.

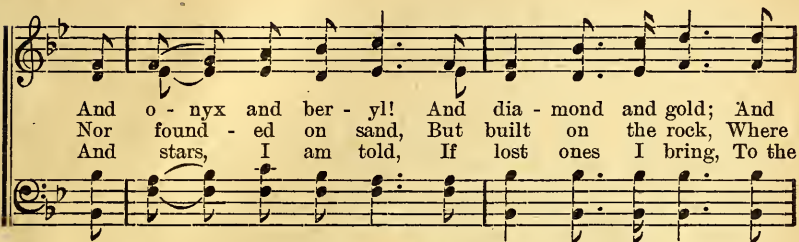


VIVIAN A. DAKE.

FLORA BIRDSALL NELSON.



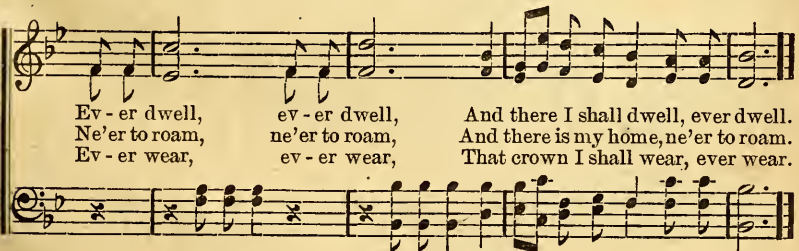
1. There's a world ev - er - last - ing, Of jas - per and pearl;
 2. There's a house ev - er - last - ing, Not build - ed with hands,
 3. There's a crown ev - er - last - ing, A crown of pure gold.



And o - nyx and ber - yl! And dia - mond and gold; And
 Nor found - ed on sand, But built on the rock, Where
 And stars, I am told, If lost ones I bring, To the



glo - ry un - told, And there I shall dwell ev - er dwell.
 com - eth no shock, And there is my home ne'er to roam.
 feet of my King, That crown I shall wear, ev - er wear.



Ev - er dwell, ev - er dwell, And there I shall dwell, ever dwell.
 Ne'er to roam, ne'er to roam, And there is my home, ne'er to roam.
 Ev - er wear, ev - er wear, That crown I shall wear, ever wear.

Ev - er dwell,
 Ne'er to roam,
 Ev - er wear,

ev - er dwell,
 ne'er to roam,
 ev - er wear,

4. There's a hymn everlasting,
 The Lamb is the theme,
 So strong to redeem,
 A hymn never old,
 And yet ever told,
 That hymn I shall sing for my King.

REF.—For my King, etc.

5. There's a King everlasting,
 He comes on his throne,
 His children to own,
 They waited full long,
 With pray'r and with song,
 And now he has come, welcome home.

REF.—Welcome home, etc.

HENRY F. LYTE.

FANNIE BIRDSALL.



1. Je - sus, I my cross have tak-en, All to leave and fol - low Thee;
2. Per - ish ev-'ry fond am - bi-tion, All I've sought, or hop'd, or known;
3. Go, then, earthly fame and treasure, Come, dis-as-ter, toil or pain;
4. I have call'd Thee "Ab-ba, Fa-ther;" I have set my heart on Thee;



Nak - ed, poor, de-spised, for-sak-en, Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
 Yet how rich is my con-di-tion! God and heav'n are still my own.
 In Thy serv-ice, pain is pleas-ure, With Thy fa - vor, loss is gain.
 Storms may howl, and clouds may gather, All must work for good to me.



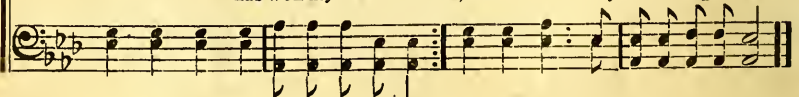
CHORUS.



I will fol - low Thee, I will fol - low Thee, For Thy
 I will fol-low Thee, I will fol-low Thee,



love has won my heart from me; face I long to see.
 has won my heart from me, Thy face I long to see.



CHAS. E. FERGUSON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are speeding, speeding onward to the great triumphant day, When we'll
 2. We are speeding, speeding onward, we the vic-to-ry shall win, And in
 3. We are speeding, speeding onward to the bless-ed home above, O the

lay our burdens down at Je-sus' feet; With the mighty host unnumbered we shall
 triumph we shall safely reach the goal; Tho' the clouds may gather o'er us we'll not
 joys that will at-tend us o-ver there! Then we'll shout and sing the praises of the

stand in white ar-ray— In the grand-our so a-maz-ing lost complete.
 lose the sight of him, 'Tis his pres-ence that il-lu-mi-nates the soul.
 Saviour's wondrous love, As we en-ter in-to mansions bright and fair.

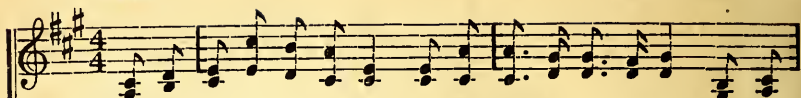
CHORUS.

Speeding on - ward, home to glo - ry, Where the saved with Jesus dwell,
 Speeding on - ward, home to glo - ry, Where the saved with Jesus dwell,

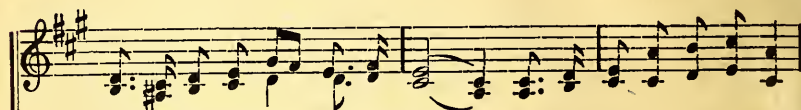
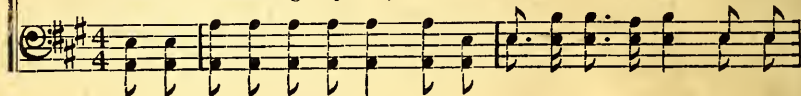
Soon we'll join that happy cho - rus, Ev - er - more his prais-es swell.
 Soon we'll join that hap-py cho - rus, Ev-er-more his prais-es swell.

T. H. NELSON.

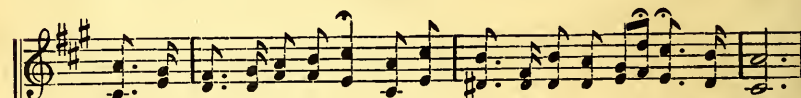
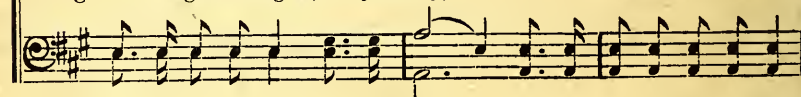
FANNIE BIRDSALL.



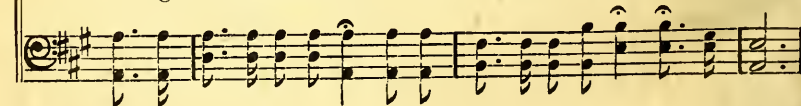
1. When on wings of faith we rise, To our home be-yond the skies, And have
2. Cleans'd from ev'ry stain of sin, Made acquainted with the King, Of His
3. O the thought so blest and grand, In His fa-vor we shall stand, On the
4. With the happy blood-washed throng, That shall sing the new, new song, Pow'r and
5. There shall waves of glo-ry roll, In sweet rap-ture o'er the soul, When we



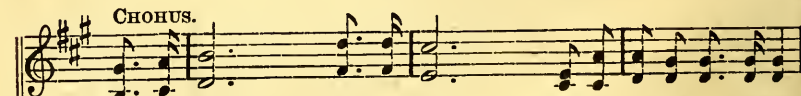
gain'd the long sought prize, by and by, — When the race on earth is run,
mer - cy we shall sing, by and by, — When we've dropp'd the sword and shield,
shin - ing, gold-en strand, by and by, — When earth's conflicts are all done,
praise to Christ be-long, by and by, — We shall swell the anthem sweet,
gain the glo-rious goal, by and by, — When our toil and tears are done,



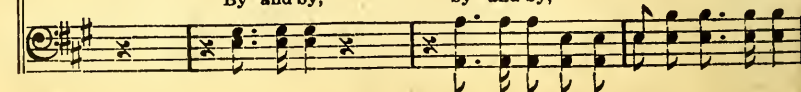
And the crown of life is won, We shall hear the words "well done," by and by.
On the well won battle-field, We the vic-tor's palm shall wield, by and by.
And thro' Christ the victry's won, We shall shine forth as the sun, by and by.
As we wor-ship at His feet, In His im-age made com-plete, by and by.
And with gold-en sheaves we come To our glo-rious Har-vest Home, by and by.



CHORUS.



By and by, by and by, In His likeness we are told,
By and by, by and by,



By and By.—Concluded.

We our Saviour shall behold, And we'll strike the harps of gold by and by.

571 I'm Happy All the Day.

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Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

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A. A. Baldwin.

1. I'm hap - py since I found the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way;
 2. I love to pray, I love to sing, I'm hap - py on the way;
 3. He says my bur - dens he will bear, I'm hap - py on the way;
 4. He cleans - eth me from ev - 'ry sin, I'm hap - py on the way;
 5. I'll praise him while he gives me breath, I'm hap - py on the way;

The world can not such joys af - ford, I'm hap - py all the day.
 My Fa - ther is the heav'n - ly King, I'm hap - py all the day.
 I cast on him my ev - 'ry care, I'm hap - py all the day.
 He makes me pure with - out, with - in, I'm hap - py all the day.
 And still I'll praise him af - ter death, I'm hap - py all the day.

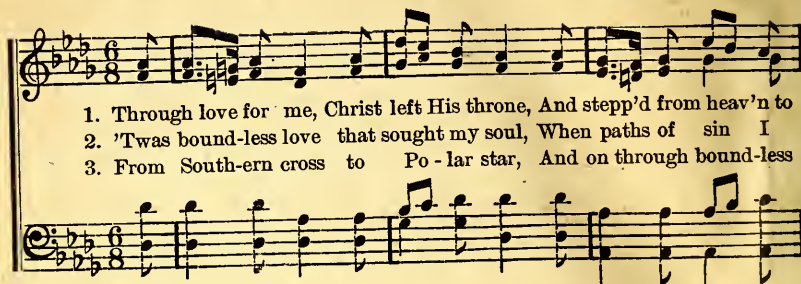
CHORUS.

I'm hap - py all the day, I'm hap - py on the way;

My Sav - ior now with me a - bides, I'm hap - py all the day.

T. H. NELSON.

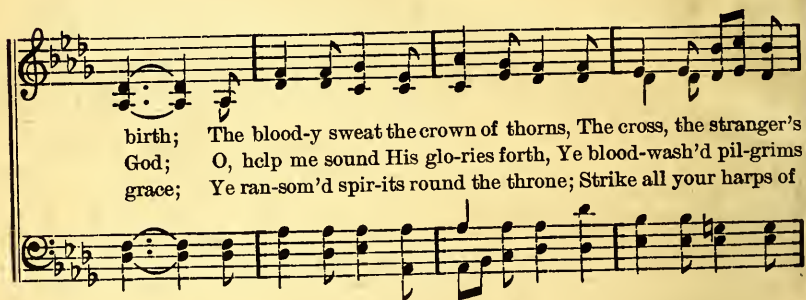
FLORA B. NELSON.



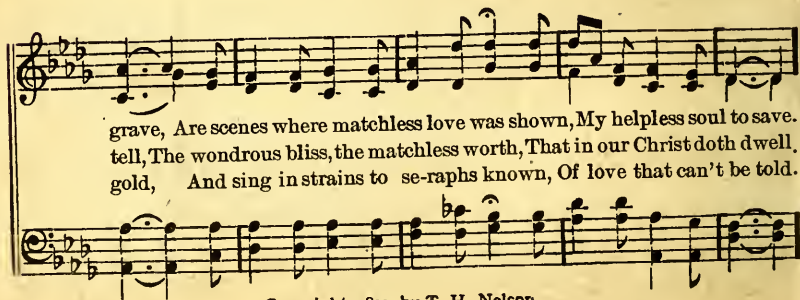
1. Through love for me, Christ left His throne, And stepp'd from heav'n to
 2. 'Twas bound-less love that sought my soul, When paths of sin I
 3. From South-ern cross to Po-lar star, And on through bound-less



earth And in a man-ger all un-known, Ap-pear'd in hum-ble
 trod; 'Twas love di-vine that made me whole, When liv-ing far from
 space, Ye be-ings bright in worlds a-far, O, mag-ni-ty His



birth; The blood-y sweat the crown of thorns, The cross, the stranger's
 God; O, help me sound His glo-ries forth, Ye blood-wash'd pil-grims
 grace; Ye ran-som'd spir-its round the throne; Strike all your harps of



grave, Are scenes where matchless love was shown, My helpless soul to save.
 tell, The wondrous bliss, the matchless worth, That in our Christ doth dwell.
 gold, And sing in strains to se-raphs known, Of love that can't be told.

My Sacrifice.—Concluded.

Then mag - ni - fy the Sav - iour, For His gra - cious fa - vor;
His match-less name, love the same,

Tell to all the earth a-broad, That Je - sus saves.
Je - sus comes to save.

575

Save One.

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Out in the breakers are per - ish - ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw - ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad - ly a - stray, Save one, save one;
4. Lov'd one or stran - gers, who - e'er they may be, Save one, save one;

Out there the cur - rent of sin mad - ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je - sus, and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home land so far, far a - way, Save one, save one.
Go in his spir - it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

Pit - y the per - ish - ing, La - bor and pray; Hast - en to res - cue them,

Save one to - day; Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

Mrs. C. H. M.

MRS. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Hal-le-lu-jah for the blood, for the sin-cleas-ing fountain, For the
2. Hal-le-lu-jah for the blood; sing for joy, all ye na-tions, And re-
3. Hal-le-lu-jah for the blood: hal-le-lu-jah for-ev-er, We shall

Lamb has been slain, and the ran-som price paid; Ful-ly cancelled was the
 joice that the work of re-demp-tion is done, Here is par-don free for
 sing it a-new in the king-dom of God, Where the an-thems of de-

debt, when on Cal-va-ry's mountain All the sins of this world up-on
 all, and a per-fect sal-va-tion Thro' the sin-cleas-ing blood of the
 light shall be si-lent, no, nev-er, Ev-er-more hal-le-lu-jah for

p CHORUS.

Je-sus was laid. }
 Cru-ci-fied One. } There was no arm to save, there was no eye to pit-y,
 Christ and the blood. }

cres.

Un-til Je-sus our Sav-iour from glo-ry came down; He was mighty to

Hallelujah for the Blood.—Concluded.

save, he was strong to de - liv - er, He has brought us sal - va - tion, a

robe and a crown. Hal - le : lu - jah, hal - le - lu - jah, sing the triumphant

strain; Hal - le - lu - jah, for the blood and the Lamb that was slain.

577 I'm Believing, and Receiving.

Arr. by W. J. K.

1. Sins of years are wash'd a - way, Blackest stains be - come as snow,
2. Doubts and fears are borne a - long On the cur - rent's cease-less flow;
3. Ease and wealth be - come as dross, Worthless, earth's de-light and show;
4. Sel - fish - ness is lost in love, Love for him whose love you know;

CHO.—I'm be - liev - ing and re - ceiv - ing, While I to the fountain go;

Dark - est night is chang'd to day, When I to the fountain go.
 Sor - row chang - es in - to song, When I to the fountain go.
 All my boast is in the cross, When I to the fountain go.
 All my treas - ure is a - bove, When I to the fountain go.

And my heart the waves are cleansing Whiter than the driv - en snow.

Is It the Crowning Day?

GEORGE WALKER WHITCOMB.

CHARLES H. MARSH.

1. Je - sus may come to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I would
 2. I may go home to - day, Glad day! Glad day! Seemeth I
 3. Why should I anxious be? Glad day! Glad day! Lights appear
 4. Faithful I'll be to - day, Glad day! Glad day! And I will

see my Friend; Dan - gers and troubles would end If
 hear their song; Hail to the ra - di - ant throng! If
 on the shore, Storms will affright nev - er - more, For
 free - ly tell Why I should love him so well, For

CHORUS.

Jesus should come to - day.
 I should go home to - day.
 he is "at hand" to - day. } Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning
 he is my all to - day.

day? I'll live for to - day, nor anxious be, Je - sus, my Lord, I

rit.
 soon shall see; Glad day! Glad day! Is it the crowning day?

1. Come where the fountains are flow-ing, And the lil - ies ev - er bloom;
 2. Come where the blest Rose of Shar-on Is the fair-est of the field;
 3. Stay not in val-leys of shad-ow When the mountains bid you come,

Come where the sun is ev - er shining, And the flowers shed theirsweet perfume.
 Come where the blessings of redemption Un - to all its choicest fruits will yield.
 Climb up and nev - er, nev - er fal-ter, 'Til you reach the por-tals of your home.

CHORUS.

{ For a des-ert is a gar-den fair, If Je-sus makes His dwelling there,
 { But a gar-den is a des-ert bare, If He is not a - bid-ing there;
 so fair, dwelling there,
 desert bare, abiding there;

And a low - ly cottage here a pal-ace will appear, If He is my Guest.
 my Guest.

So, an - y-where, yes, an - y-where With Je - sus is best.

H. H. B.

H. H. BOOTH.

1. I have giv'n up all for Jesus; This vain world is nought to me;
 2. When the voice of Je-sus calls me, And the an-gels whis-per low,
 3. Just beyond the waves of Jordan, Just beyond the chill-ing tide,

All its pleasures are for-got-ten In rememb'ring Cal-va-ry.
 I will lean up-on my Sav-iour, Thro' the val-ley as I go;
 Blooms the tree of life im-mor-tal, And the liv-ing wa-ters glide;

Tho' my friends despise, forsake me, And on me the world looks cold,
 I will claim His precious promise, Worth to me a world of gold,
 In that hap-py land of spirits, Flow-ers bloom on hills of gold,

I've a Friend that will stand by me When the pear-ly gates un-fold.
 "Fear no e-vil, I'll be with thee When the pear-ly gates un-fold."
 And the an-gels are a-wait-ing When the pear-ly gates un-fold.

FINE.

D. S.—But my heart will know no sadness, When the pear-ly gates un-fold.

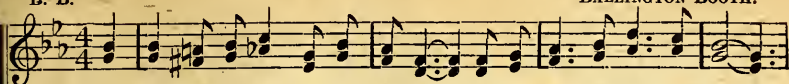
CHORUS.

Life's morn will soon be wan-ing, And its evening bells will toll;

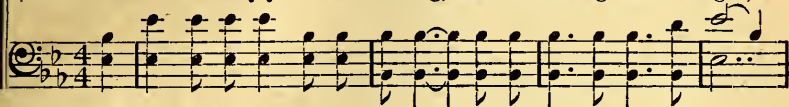
D. S.

B. B.

BALLINGTON BOOTH.



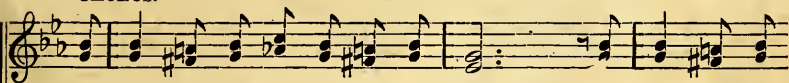
1. The cross that he gave may be heav-y, But it ne'er outweighs his grace;
2. The thorns in my path are not sharper Than composed his crown for me;
3. The light of his love shineth brighter, As it falls on paths of woe,
4. His will I have joy in ful-fill-ing, As I'm walking in his sight,



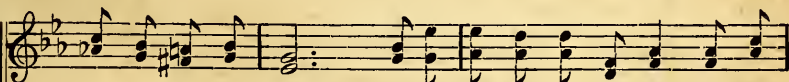
The storm that I fear'd may surround me, But it ne'er excludes his face.
 The cup that I drink not more bit-ter Than he drank in Gethsem-a - ne.
 The toil of my work groweth light-er, As I stoop to raise the low.
 My all to the blood I am bring-ing, It a - lone can keep me right.



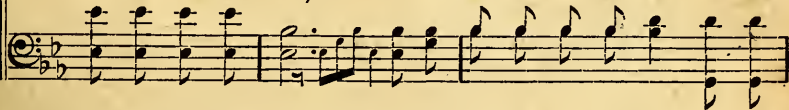
CHORUS.



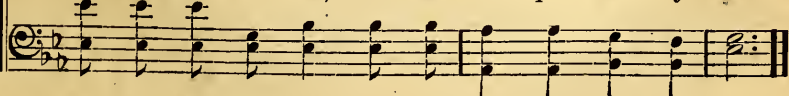
The cross is not great-er than his grace, The storm can-not



hide his bless-ed face; I am sat-is-fied to know That with



Je - sus here be - low, I can con - quer ev - 'ry foe.



The Pilot of Galilee.

Mrs. C. H. M.

SOP. & ALTO DUET.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Out on life's o - cean with per - ils ev - er nigh I have a
 2. Won - drous his pow - er and matchless is his skill, Bill - ows and
 3. Fierce was the temp - est once rag - ing in my soul When of my
 4. Hear it ye storm-tossed up - on the sea of sin, Why will ye

Pi - lot on whom I can re - ly, With him to guide me life's storms I can de-
 tempests o - bey his sovereign will, Hushed into si-lence at his blest "peace be
 bark he my Pi-lot took control With voice commanding a - bove the thunder's
 not take the Heav'nly Pilot in? Safe-ly he'll guide you the haven blest to

CHORUS.

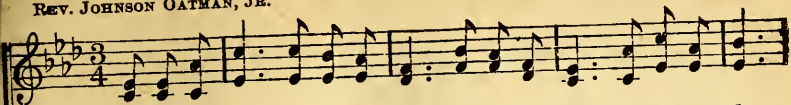
fy, 'Tis Christ of Gal - i - lee.	} He is my Pi-lot on life's stormy sea,
still, " This Man of Gal - i - lee.	
roll, This Man of Gal - i - lee.	
win, This Man of Gal - i - lee.	

This wondrous Man of Gal - i - lee; I'm safe in his keeping, though

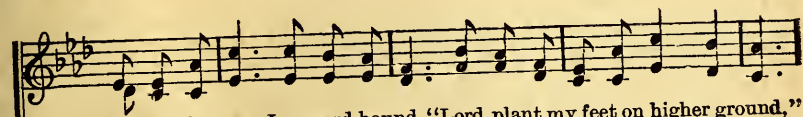
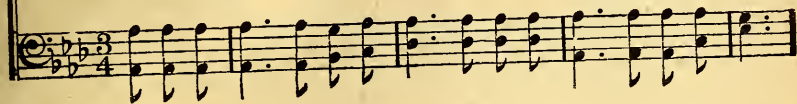
storms are round me sweep - ing, This Pi - lot of Gal - i - lee.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

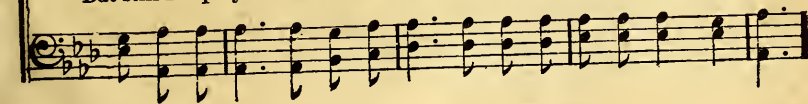
CHAS. H. GABBINL.



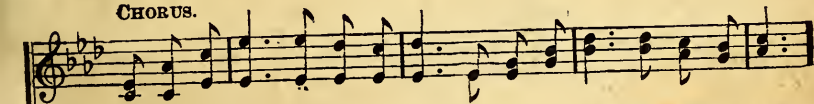
1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts arise and fears dismay;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurl'd;
4. I want to scale the utmost height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;



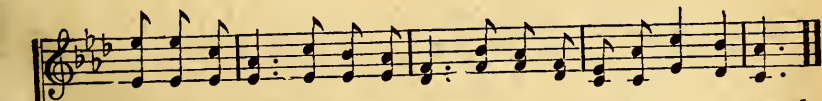
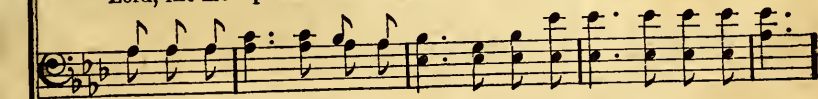
Still praying as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground,"
 Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My pray'r, my aim is higher ground.
 For faith has caught the joyful sound, The song of saints on high-er ground.
 But still I'll pray till heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."



CHORUS.



Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on heav-en's ta-ble-land;



A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on higher ground.

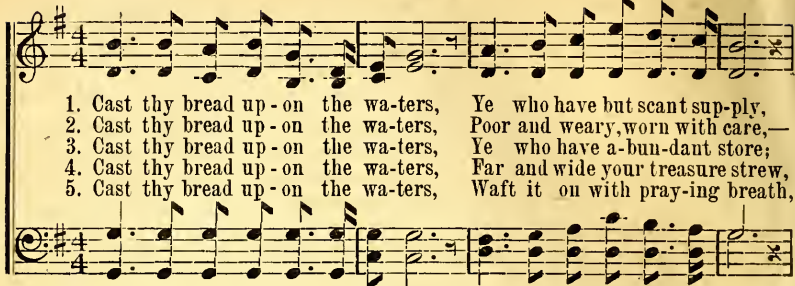


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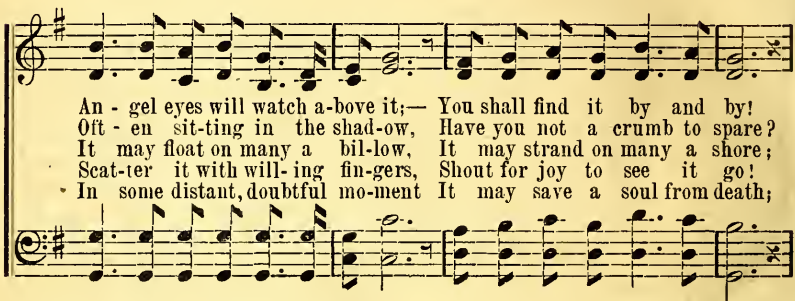
Phœbe J. Hanaford.

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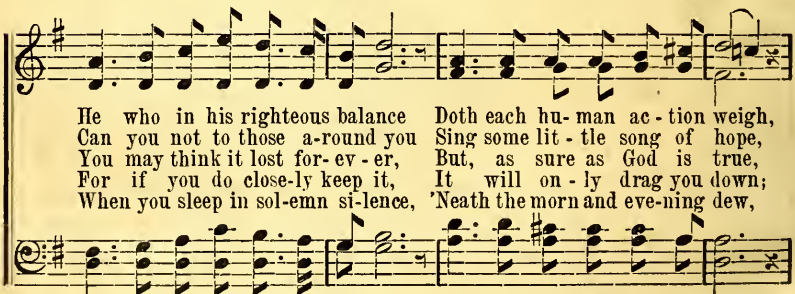
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



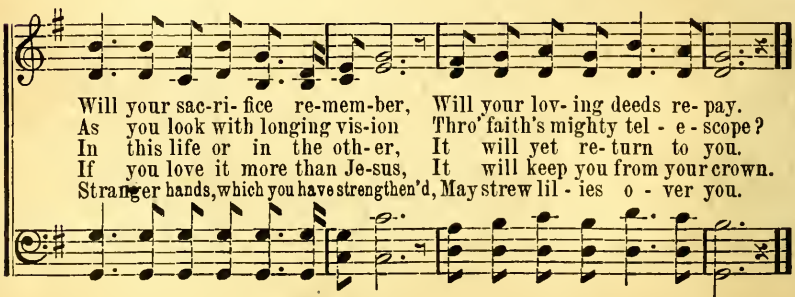
1. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have but scant sup-ply,
 2. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Poor and weary, worn with care,—
 3. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Ye who have a-bun-dant store;
 4. Cast thy bread up-on the wa-ters, Far and wide your treasure strew,
 5. Cast thy bread up-on 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!
 Oft - en sit-ting in the shad-ow, 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 will-ing fin-gers, Shout for joy to see it go!
 In some distant, doubtful mo-ment It may save a soul from death;



He who in his righteous balance 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,



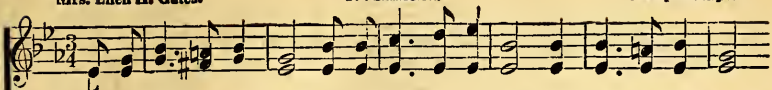
Will your sac-ri-fice re-mem-ber, Will your lov-ing deeds re-pay.
 As you look with long-ing vis-ion Thro' faith's mighty tel-e-scope?
 In this life or in the oth-er, It will yet re-turn to you.
 If you love it more than Je-sus, It will keep you from your crown.
 Stranger hands, which you have strength-en'd, May strew lil-ies o-ver you.

Home of the Soul.

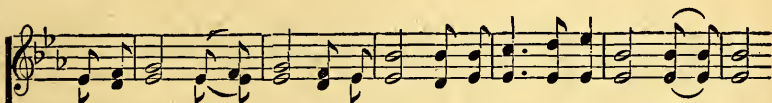
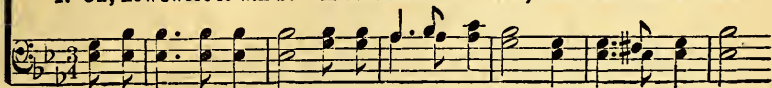
Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

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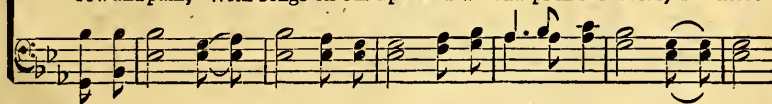
Philip Phillips.



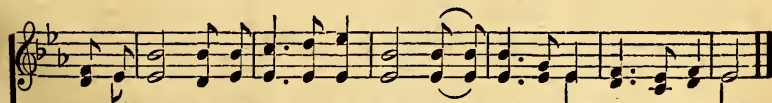
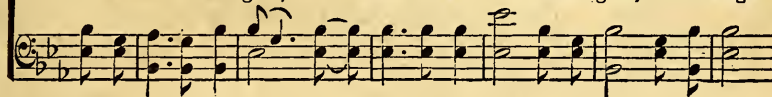
1. I will sing you a song of that beau-ti-ful land, The far a - way home
2. Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams, Its bright, jasper walls
3. That un-chang-a-ble home is for you and for me, Where Je-sus of Naz-
4. Oh, how sweet it will be in that beau-ti-ful land, So free from all sor-



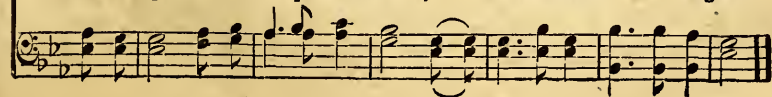
- of the soul, Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand, While the years
 . I can see; Till I fan - cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween
 ar - eth stands, The King of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He hold -
 row and pain; With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet



- of e - ter - ni - ty roll, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms
 the fair cit - y and me, Be - tween the fair cit - y and me; Till I fan -
 eth our crowns in His hands; And He holdeth our crowns in His hands; The King
 one an - oth - er a - gain, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain; With songs

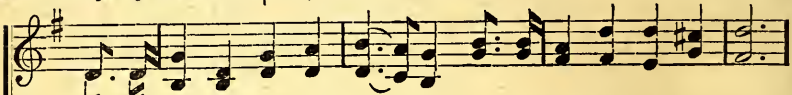
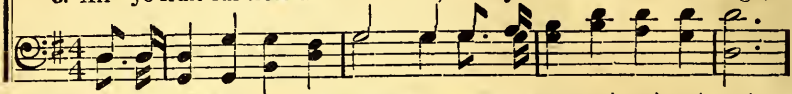


- ev - er beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.
 cy but thin - ly the veil in - ter - venes Be - tween the fair cit - y and me.
 of all kingdoms for - ev - er is He, And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.
 on our lips and with harps in our hands, To meet one an - oth - er a - gain.

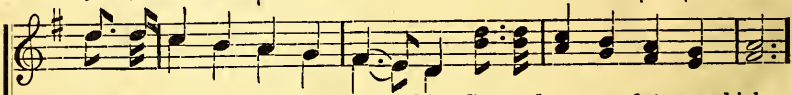
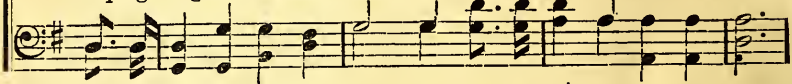




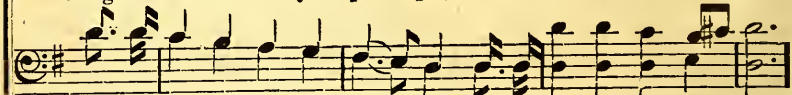
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, praise Je - ho - vah ! From the heavens praise his name;
2. Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, They were made at his command;
3. All ye fruit - ful trees and ce - dars, All ye hills and mountain high,



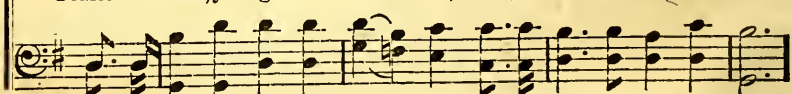
Praise Je - ho - vah in the high - est, All his an - gels praise pro - claim.
 Them for - ev - er he es - tab - lished, His de - crees shall ev - er stand.
 Creeping things and beasts and cat - tle, Birds that in the heav - ens fly.



All his hosts to - geth - er praise him, Sun, and moon, and stars on high;
 From the earth, O praise Je - ho - vah, All ye floods, ye dra - gons all;
 Kings of earth and all ye peo - ple, Princes great, earth's judges all;

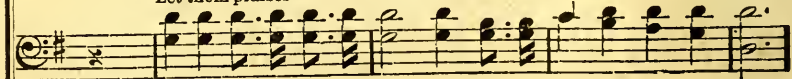


Praise him, O ye heav'n of heav - ens, And ye floods a - bove the sky.
 Fire, and hail, and snow, and va - pors, Stormy winds that hear him call.
 Praise his name, young men and maid - ens, A - ged men, and chil - dren small.



CHORUS.

Let them prais - es give Je - ho - vah, For his name a - lone is high,
 Let them praises



Hallelujah, Praise Jehovah!—Concluded.

And his glo - ry is ex - alt - ed, And his glo - ry is ex - alt - ed,
 And his glo - ry *pp* And his glo - ry *p*

And his glo - ry is ex - alt - ed Far a - bove the earth and sky.
 And his glo - ry *ff*

587

When Mother Prayed.

C. F. O.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When mother pray'd! O precious hour When God would come in mighty pow'r!
2. When mother pray'd! ah, then I knew With - in my soul that God was true;
3. And tho' the years may come and go, This heart of mine can nev - er know
4. Tho' oth - er scenes may be for - got, While life shall last this one can - not;

S: FINE.

O mem'ry sweet! O hallowed place Where God did shine in mother's face.
 I could no lon - ger doubt his love, But yielded all,—born from a - bove.
 A sweeter time than that blest hour When Je - sus came in saving power.
 When mother pray'd! O peace divine! My mother's God to - day is mine.

D.S.—Her heart and mind on Christ werestay'd, And God was there when mother pray'd.

CHORUS.

D.S.

When mother pray'd, she found sweet rest! When mother pray'd, her soul was blest!

Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.

1. Je - sus is com - ing to earth a - gain, What if it were to - day?
 2. Sa - tan's do - min - ion will then be o'er, O that it were to - day!
 3. Faithful and true would he find us here If he should come to - day?

Com - ing in pow - er and love to reign, What if it were to - day?
 Sor - row and sighing shall be no more, O that it were to - day!
 Watch - ing in gladness and not in fear, If he should come to - day?

Com - ing to claim his cho - sen Bride, All the re - deem'd and
 Then shall the dead in Christ a - rise, Caught up to meet him
 Signs of his com - ing mul - ti - ply, Morn - ing light breaks in

pu - ri - fied, O - ver this whole earth scat - tered wide,
 in the skies, When shall these glo - ries meet our eyes?
 east - ern sky, Watch, for the time is draw - ing nigh,

a tempo. CHORUS.

What if it were to - day? Glo - ry! glo - ry!

What if it were To-day?—Concluded.

joy to my heart 'twill bring; Glo - ry, glo - ry! When we shall
joy to my heart 'twill bring, When

crown him king; Glo - ry, glo - ry! Haste to pre-prepare the
we shall crown him king, Haste to pre-

way; Glo - ry! glo - ry! Je-sus will come some day.
pare the way;

589 O Still in Accents Sweet.

SAMUEL LONGFELLOW.

(Chappell. C. M.)

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O still in accents sweet and strong, Sounds forth the an-cient word,
2. We hear the call; in dreams no more In self-ish ease we lie,
3. Where prophets word, and martyrs blood, And pray'rs of saints were sown,
4. O thou whose call our hearts have stirr'd, To do thy will we come;

"More reap-ers for white har-vest fields, More la-b'rers for the Lord."
But gird-ed for our Fa-ther's work, Go forth be-neath his sky.
We, to their la - bors en-t'ring in, Would reap where they have strown.
Thrust in our sick - les at thy word, And bear our har-vest home.

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Mrs. C. H. M.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. I came to the Sav - ior all cov - ered with sin, No joy of sal -
2. Sweet, sweet was the comfort which came to my soul When like a great
3. Come, come to the Sav - ior, this Friend tried and true; He'll pardon and

va - tion, no com - fort with - in. O when shall I ev - er his
mountain my sins off did roll. I'll tell it to oth - ers, his
cleanse you, your strength he'll renew. If on - ly you'll let him, he'll

CHORUS.

prais - es be - gin? He took all my bur - den a - way. }
dear name ex - tol; He took all my bur - den a - way. } Won't you let the dear
save thro' and thro'; He'll take all your bur - den a - way. }

Sav - ior be your ^{loving} Sav - ior too? Won't you let the dear Sav - ior be

your ^{loving} Sav - ior too? He is the Friend of sin - ners, Faithful and

Let Him Be Your Savior Too.—Concluded.

tried and true; Won't you let the dear Savior be your ^{loving} Sav-ior too?

591

O Why Not To-night?

Elizabeth Reed.

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J. Calvin Bushby.

1. O do not let the word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To - mor - row's sun may nev - er rise To bless thy long de-lud-ed sight;
3. Our God in pit - y lingers still, And wilt thou thus his love re-quite?
4. Our bless-ed Lord re - fus-es none Who will to him their souls u-nite:

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart, Be saved, O to - night.
This is the time, O then be wise, Be saved, O to - night.
Re - nounce at once thy stub-born will, Be saved, O to - night.
Be - lieve, o - bey, the work is done, Be saved, O to - night.

CHORUS.

O why not to-night? O why not to-night?
O why not to-night? why not to-night? Why not to-night? why not to-night?

Wilt thou be saved? Then why not to - night?
Wilt thou be saved, wilt thou be saved? Then why not, O why not to - night?

MARTHA J. LANKTON.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I will go, I can-not stay From the arms of love a-way; O for
 2. Tho' I long have tried in vain, Tried to break the tempter's chain, Yet to-
 3. I am lost, and yet I know Earth can nev-er heal my woe; I will
 4. Something whispers in my soul, Tho' your sins like mountains roll, Je-sus'
 5. I o-bey the Sav-iour's call, Now to him I yield my all, At his

CHORUS.

strength of faith to say, Je - sus died for me.
 day I'll try a - gain, Je - sus, help thou me.
 rise at once and go, Je - sus died for me. } Can it be, O can it be
 blood will make me whole, Je - sus died for me.
 feet, where oth-er's fall, There's a place for me.

rit.
 There is hope for one like me? I will go with this my plea, Je-sus died for me.

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Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. In the blood from the cross I have been wash'd from sin; But to be
 2. Day by day, hour by hour Blessings are sent to me; But for more
 3. Near to Christ I would live, Fol-low-ing him each day; What I ask
 4. Now I have peace, sweet peace, While in this world of sin; But to pray

CHORUS.

free from dross Still I would en-ter in.
 of his pow'r Ev-er my pray'r would be. } Deep-er yet, deep-er yet,
 he will give, So then with faith I pray.
 I'll not cease Till I am pure with-in.

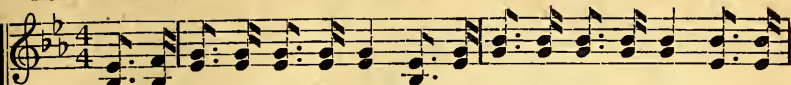
In-to the crimson flood; Deep-er yet, deep-er yet, Under the pre-cious blood

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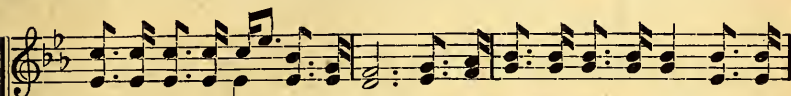
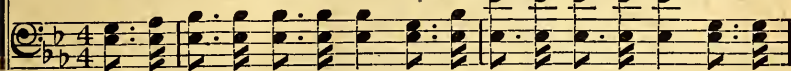
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Henrietta E. Blair

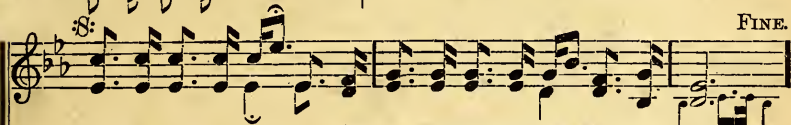
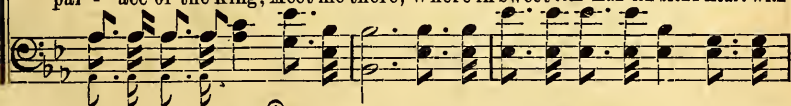
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



1. On the hap- py, gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the
2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dear-est links are rent in twain; But in
3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for- ev- er sing, In the

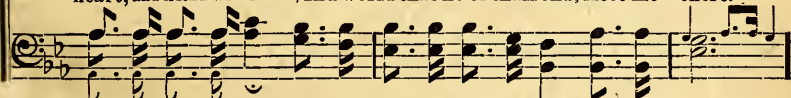


storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away In - to
heav'n no thro' of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the
pal - ace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet com-mun-ion blend Heart with



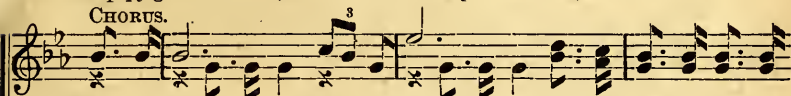
FINE.

pure and perfect day, I am go-ing home to stay, Meet me there.
cit - y of de-light, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.
heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

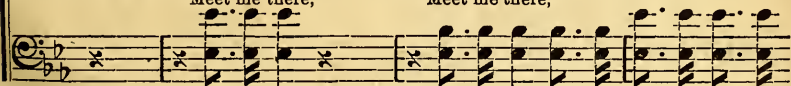
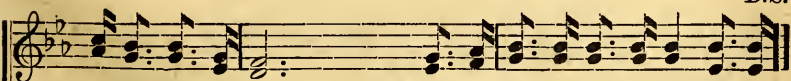


D.S.—hap- py gold-en shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

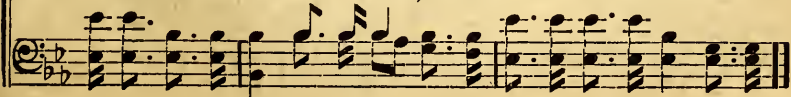
CHORUS.



Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is
Meet me there, Meet me there,

*D.S.*

blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the
Meet me there;



E. E. Hewitt.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Just a lit - tle sun-shine ev - 'ry-where we go, O - ver dark-ened
 2. Like the bless-ed Mas- ter, in this life, are we Sent to com - fort
 3. Just a lit - tle sun-shine-makes the ros - es grow, In the bar - ren

path-ways, rays of bless - ing throw; Gold - en rays of glad - ness
 oth - ers, pub - lish lib - er - ty; Will - ing hands out-reach - ing,
 pla - ces, flow'rs be - gin to show; Lift the clouds of sor - row,

S: from a lov - ing heart, Help the world to brighten; let us do our part.
 strengthening the weak, In the name of Je - sus, con - so - la - tion speak.
 cheer the hour of gloom, Fruits of grace will ri - pen for iun - mor - tal bloom.

FINE.

D.S.—Telling love's sweet sto - ry, ev - 'ry-where we go.

CHORUS.

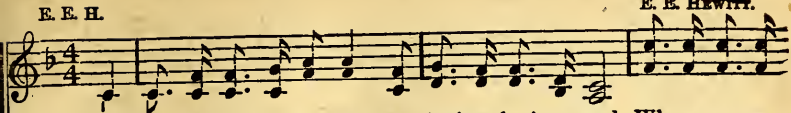
Sun - shine, sun - shine, just a lit - tle sun - shine, Bearing heav'ny gladness

D.S.
 through this world be - low; Sun - shine, sun - shine, just a lit - tle sun - shine,

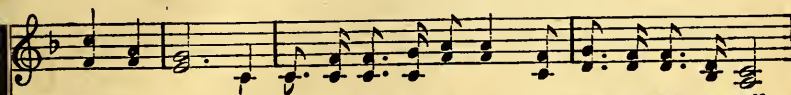
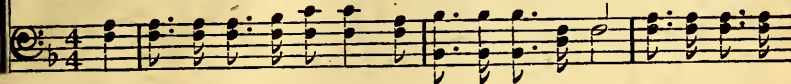
That Grand Word, "Whosoever."

E. E. H.

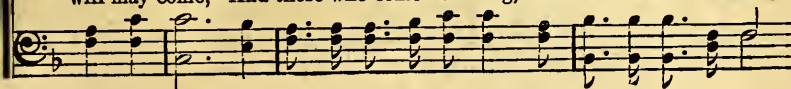
E. E. Hewitt.



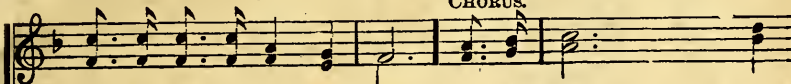
1. That grand word "who-sev-er" is ring-ing thro' my soul, Who-so-ev-er
2. When-ev-er this sweet mes-sage in God's own word I see, Who-so-ev-er
3. I heard the lov-ing mes-sage, and now to oth-ers say, Who-so-ev-er
4. To God be all the glo-ry! his on-ly Son he gave, Who-so-ev-er



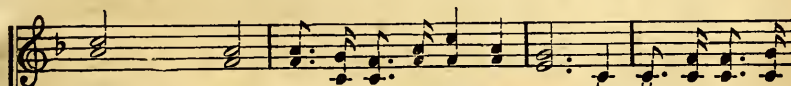
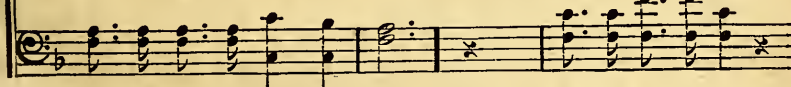
will may come; In riv-ers of sal-va-tion the liv-ing wa-ters roll,
 will may come; I know 'tis meant for sinners, I know 'tis meant for me,
 will may come; Seek now the pre-cious Sav-iour, and he'll be yours to-day,
 will may come; And those who come be-liev-ing, he'll to the ut-most save,



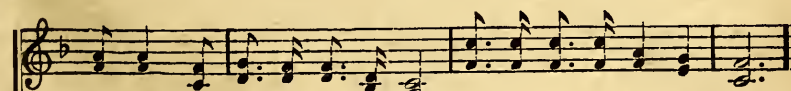
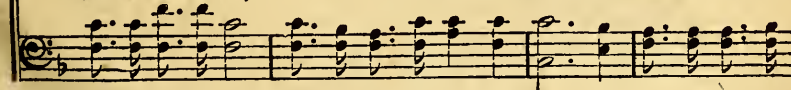
CHORUS.



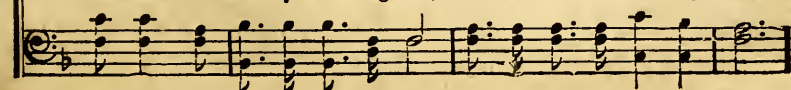
Who-so-ev-er will may come. O that "who - - - so -
 Who-so-ev-er will,



ev - - - er!" Who-so-ev-er will may come; The Sav-iour's in - vi-
 who-so-ev-er will,

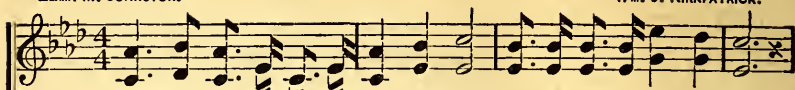


ta-tion is free-ly sound-ing still, Who-so-ev-er will may come.

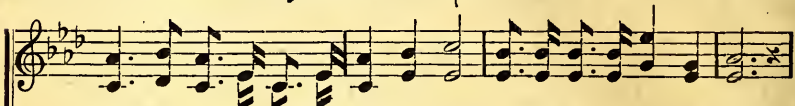
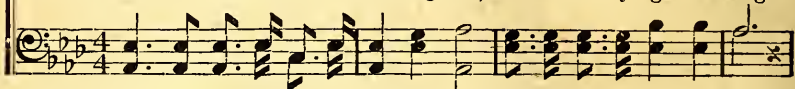


EMMA M. JOHNSTON.

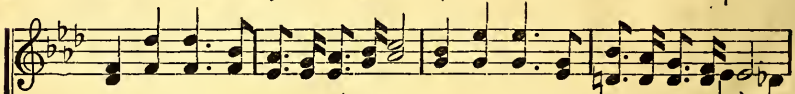
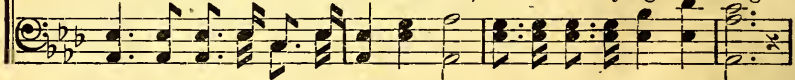
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



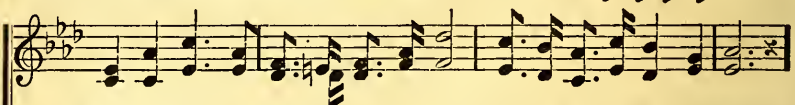
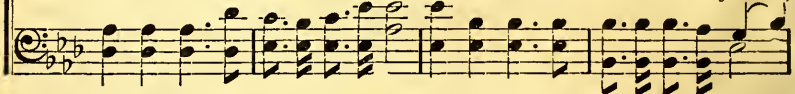
1. Why should life a wea-ry jour-ney seem? Je-sus is my light and song!
2. What tho' foes at ev-'ry step I meet? Je-sus is my light and song!
3. When I come to Jordan's roll-ing tide, Je-sus is my light and song!



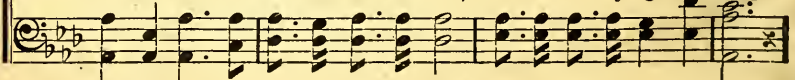
Why should I my cross a bur-den deem? Je-sus is my light and song!
 What tho' snares are ready for my feet? Je-sus is my light and song!
 When the waves like mountain-so-ver-ride, Je-sus is my light and song!



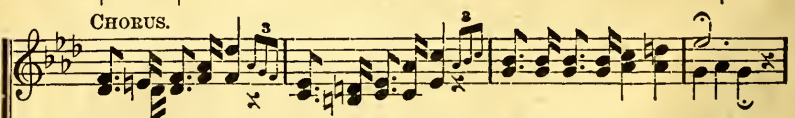
All my way is mark'd by love di-vine; Round my cross the rays of glory shine;
 He was first of all to tread the way, He was first to bat-tle in the fray;
 Thro' the flood his form shall still be near, Thro' the tide his voice shall sweetly cheer;



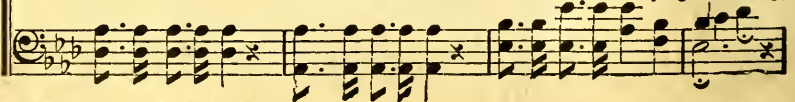
Christ him-self com-pan-ion is of mine,—Je-sus is my light and song!
 Now on him my ev-'ry hope I stay,—Je-sus is my light and song!
 I shall Jor-dan breast without a tear,—Je-sus is my light and song!



CHORUS.



Je-sus is my light, Je-sus is my light, Je-sus is my light and song;
 my light and song;



My Light and Song.—Concluded.

Je - sus is my light, Je - sus is my light, Je - sus is my light and song.
my light and song.

598. Victory Everywhere.

Rev. M. M. BRABHAM.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Chris - tian sol - diers, why dis - mayed? Why let Sa - tan make a - fraid?
2. E - vil arm - ies in their might Gath - er 'round and push the fight;
3. Arm'd and strengthened by His grace, We shall win in ev - 'ry place;
4. See our foes, a - way they fly, Je - sus Christ is com - ing nigh;

Je - sus Christ our Cap - tain is, And the tri - umph must be His.
Loud and fierce they raise their cry, But be - fore our Lead - er fly.
Earth with hell in vain com - bines, Vic - t'ry on our ban - ner shines.
Death and sin be - fore Him fall, Crown Him Vic - tor o - ver all!

CHORUS.

Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry ev - 'rywhere, Christ our Lord shall triumph here!

Raise your voic - es high as heav'n; Vic - to - ry, vic - to - ry shall be giv'n.

E. E. HEWITT.

W. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with Him in white, In that coun-try pure and bright,
 2. We shall walk with Him in white, Where faith yields to bliss-ful sight
 3. We shall walk with Him in white, By the foun-tains of de-light

Where shall en-ter naught that may de-file; Where the daybeam ne'er declines,
 When the beauty of the King we see; Hold-ing converse full and sweet,
 Where the Lamb His ransomed ones shall lead; For His blood shall wash each stain,

For the blessed light that shines Is the glo-ry of the Saviour's smile.
 In a fel-low-ship complete; Waking songs of ho-ly mel-o-dy.
 Till no spot of sin remain, And the soul for-ev-er-more is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau-ti-ful robes,.... Beau-ti-ful robes,....
 Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau-ti-ful robes, we then shall wear;
 Beautiful robes we then shall wear, Beautiful robes we then shall wear;

Beautiful Robes. Concluded.

Gar - ments of light, . . . Love - ly and bright,
 Garments of light, garments of light, Lovely and bright, lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau - ti - ful robes we shall wear.

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Hallelujah! Amen.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR.

Adapted and arr. by WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. How oft in ho - ly converse With Christ, my Lord alone, I seem to hear the
2. They pass'd thro' toils and trials, And tho' the strife was long, They share the victor's
3. My soul takes up the chorus, And pressing on my way, Communing still with
4. Thro' grace I soon shall conquer, And reach my home on high; And thro' eternal

CHORUS.

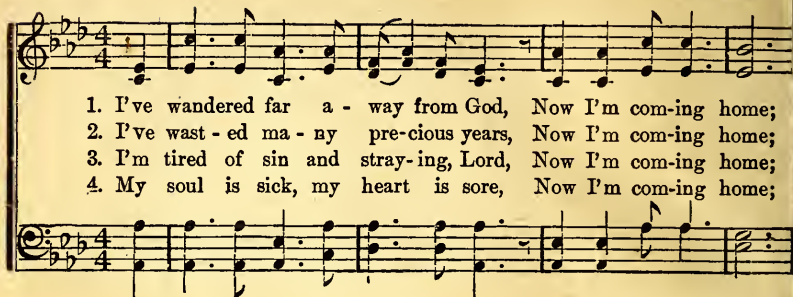
mil - lions That sing around His throne:— Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - conquest, And sing the vic - tor's song.
 Je - sus, I sing from day to day.
 a - ges I'll shout be - yond the sky.

poco ritard.

lu - jah, A - men. Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men. A - men, A - men.

W. J. A.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

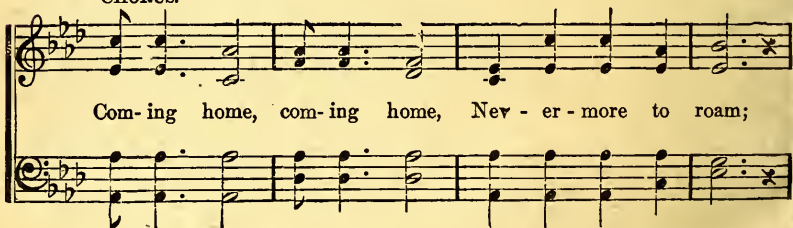


1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm com-ing home;
 2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre-cious years, Now I'm com-ing home;
 3. I'm tired of sin and stray-ing, Lord, Now I'm com-ing home;
 4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com-ing home;



The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
 My strength renew, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

CHORUS.



Com-ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er - more to roam;



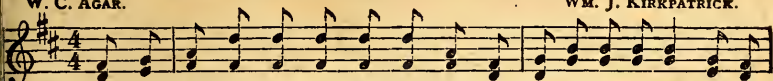
O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.

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

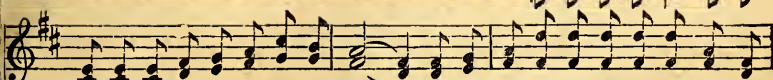
6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
 Now I'm coming home;
 O wash me whiter than the snow,
 Lord, I'm coming home.

W. C. AGAR.

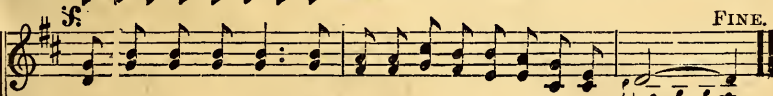
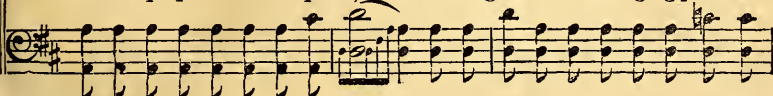
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. I am glad I found the Sav-iour, for he makes my heart rejoice, And I
2. Yes, I know he ev - er loves me, dai-ly guides my erring feet, And I'm
3. When life's sun is slow-ly setting, twilight shadows veil the sky, And I'm
4. When I tread the crys-tal pavement of the new Je-ru-sa-lem, Where my



feel within my soul his saving grace; But I want to talk with Jesus hear his
resting in his tender, fond embrace; But I want to know him better, and my
near the ending of life's weary race; In my heart will be this longing, none but
Saviour has prepared for me a place; Where the angel choirs are singing praise and



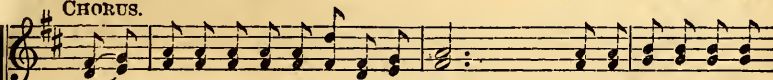
lov-ing, gen-tle voice, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
dear Re-deem-er meet, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
Christ can sat-is-fy, I want to see my Saviour face to face.
glo-ry to the Lamb, O then I'll see my Saviour face to face.



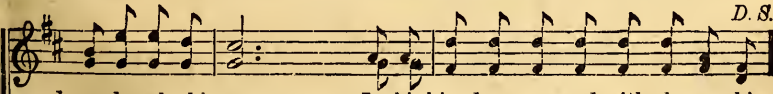
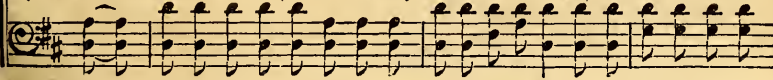
D. S.—ev - er - last - ing throne, I want to see my Saviour face to face.

see my Saviour face to face.

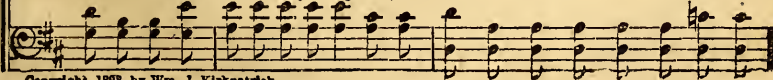
CHORUS.



O I want to see my Saviour face to face, Who hath loved me and re-
(Last v.—O then I'll see, etc.) see my Saviour face to face.

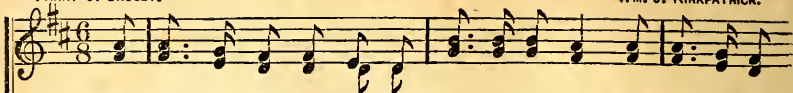


deemed me by his grace, In his kingdom, crowned with glory on his
and redeemed me by his grace;

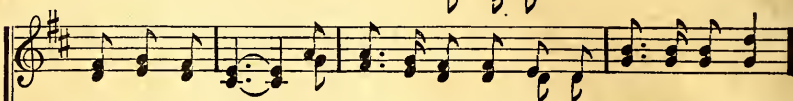
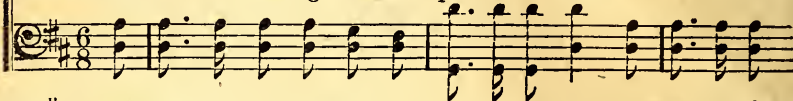


FANNY J. CROSSBY.

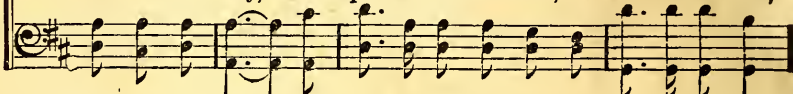
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



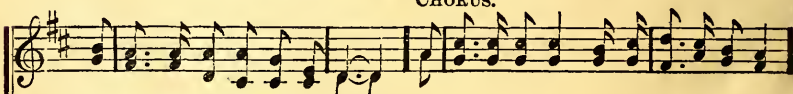
1. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, A won - der - ful
2. A won - der - ful Sav - iour is Je - sus my Lord, He tak - eth my
3. With num - ber - less blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his
4. When cloth'd in his brightness trans - port - ed I rise To meet him in



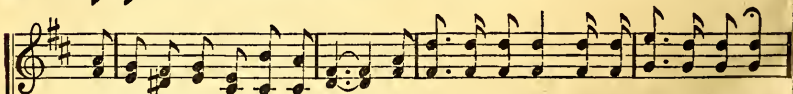
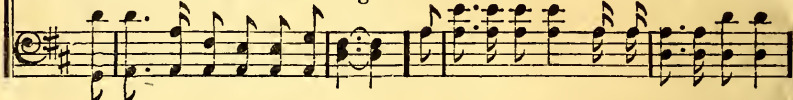
Sav - iour to me; He hid - eth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 bur - den a - way, He hold - eth me up, and I shall not be moved,
 ful - ness di - vine, I sing in my rap - ture, O, glo - ry to God
 clouds of the sky, His per - fect sal - va - tion, his won - der - ful love,



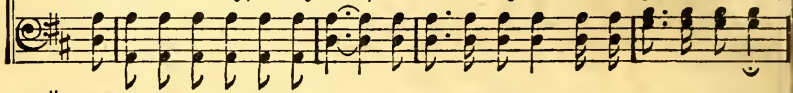
CHORUS.



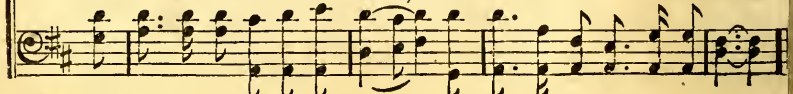
Where riv - ers of pleasure I see.
 He giveth me strength as my day.
 For such a Redeemer as mine! } He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock,
 I'll shout with the millions on high.



That shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid - eth my life in the depths of his love,



And covers me there with his hand, And cov - ers me there with his hand.



A Sinner, Saved by Grace.

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Maggie E. Gregory.

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Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Weak and un-worthy tho' I be, Yet Christ, the Savior, died for me;
 2. Wea - ry of sin, to him I came, And asked for pardon in his name;
 3. Tho' fierce temptations press me sore, I'll leave my Savior nev - er - more;

And I shall see his bless-ed face, For I'm a sinner, sav'd by grace.
 He heard, and now in his em-brace I live, a sinner, sav'd by grace.
 In heav'n he has prepar'd a place For me, a sinner, sav'd by grace.

CHORUS.

In glo - - - ry I shall see his face, His
 In glo - ry I shall see his face, his bless - ed face, I shall

bless-ed face, his bless-ed face; In glo - - - ry I shall
 see his blessed face, I shall see his bless-ed face; In glo-ry I shall see his

see his face..... For I'm a sin - ner, sav'd by grace!
 face, his bless - ed face,

* Use the small notes after last verse, or when preferred.

When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

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Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in,
 2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in,
 3. Dark-est sorrow will grow brighter, When love shines in,
 4. We may have unfading splendor, When love shines in,

Ev-'ry life that
 And the heart re-
 And the heav-iest
 And a friendship

woe can sadden, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
 joyce in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,
 bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
 true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness into day, When love shines in.
 And the soul in peace a-bide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
 Light to show us where to go; O the heart shall blessing know When love shines in.
 And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, For love shines in.

CHORUS.

When love shines in,..... When love shines in, How the heart is
 When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

tuned to singing, When love shines in;..... When love shines in,..... Whe
 When love shines in, When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.—Concluded.

love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
when love shines in.

When love shines in,

606

I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S.

REV. A. SPENCER, D. D.

1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my tri-als are past,
2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,
3. More and more like him, repeat the blest story, O-ver and o-ver a - gain,

I shall be like him, O won-der-ful sto-ry! I shall be like him at last.
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we his image may bear.
Changed by his spirit from glory to glo-ry, I shall be sat-is-fied then.

CHORUS.

I shall be like him, I shall be like him, And in his beauty shall shine,

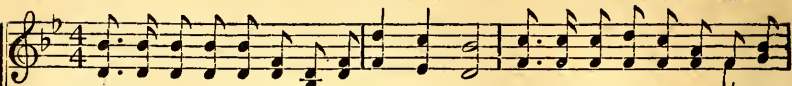
I shall be like him, Wondrously like him, Je-sus, my Saviour di-vine.

607 Conquerors Through the Blood.

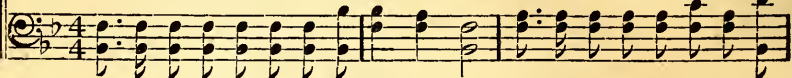
Mrs. C. H. M.

Rom. 8: 37.

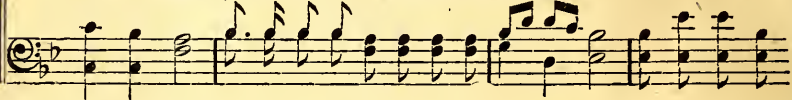
Mrs. C. H. MORRIS.



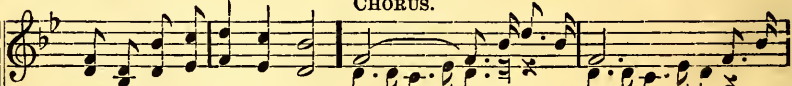
1. Conquerors and o-vercom-ers now are we, Thro' the precious blood of Christ we've
2. In the name of Israel's God we'll onward press O-vercoming sin and all un -
3. Un - to him that overcometh shall be giv'n Here to eat of hidden manna



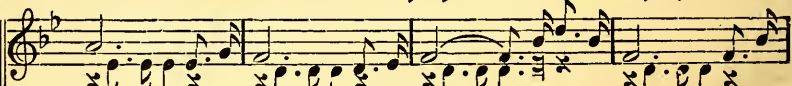
vic - to - ry, If the Lord be for us, we can nev - er fail; Nothing 'gainst his righteous-ness; Not to us, but un-to him the praise shall be For sal - va - tion sent from heav'n; Over yonder he the victor's palm shall bear And a robe of



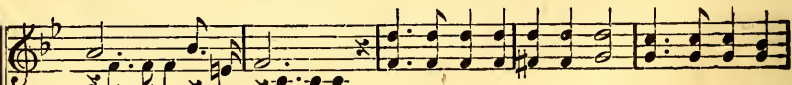
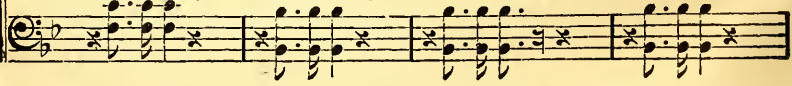
CHORUS.



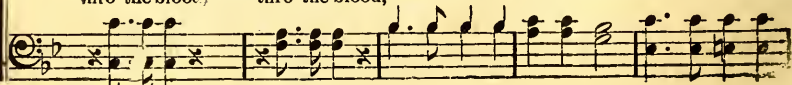
mighty pow'r can e'er prevail. } Con - quer-ors are we, thro' the
and for blood-bought victo-ry. }
white and golden crown shall wear. } Conquerors are we, conquerors are we,



blood; thro' the blood; God will give. . . . us vic-to-ry, thro' the
thro' the blood, thro' the blood, God will give vic-to-ry,



blood, thro' the blood, Thro' the Lamb for sinners slain, Yet who l:ives and
thro' the blood, thro' the blood,



Conquerors Through the Blood.—Concluded.

reigns again, More than conquerors are we, More than conquerors are we.

608

Wondrous Love.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

Wm. G. FISCHER, by per.

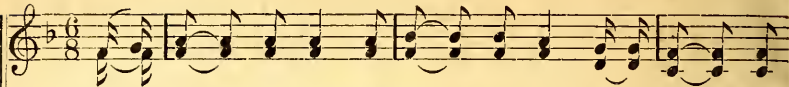
1. God lov'd the world of sin - ners lost And ru - in'd by the fall;
2. E'en now by faith I claim him mine, The ris - en Son of God;
3. Love brings the glo - rious ful - ness in, And to his saints makes known
4. Be - liev - ed souls, re - joic - ing go, Thershall to you be giv'n
5. Of vic - t'ry now o'er Sa - tan's pow'r, Let all the ran - som'd sing

Sal - va - tion full, at high - est cost, He of - fers free to all.
 Re - demp - tion by his death I find, And cleans - ing thro' his blood.
 The bless - ed rest from in - bred sin, Thro' faith in Christ a - lone.
 A glo - rious fore - taste, here be - low, Of end - less life in heav'n.
 And triumph in the dy - ing hour, Thro' Christ, the Lord, our King.

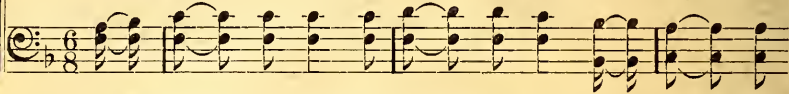
CHORUS.

O, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me;

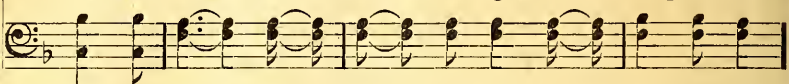
It brought my Sav - iour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.



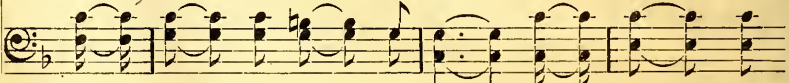
1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shelt - er
2. "Lord, thou hast here thy nine - ty and nine: Are they not e -
3. But none of the ran-somed ev - er knew How deep were the



of the fold, But one was out on the hills a - way,
nough for thee?" But the Shepherd made an - swer: "This of mine
wa - ters crossed: Nor how dark the night that the Lord passed thro'



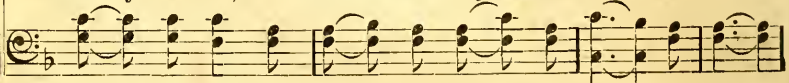
Far off from the gates of gold— A - way on the
Has wandered a - way from me: And al - tho' the
Ere he found his sheep that was lost, A - way in the



moun - tains wild and bare, A - way from the ten - der
road be rough and steep I go to the des - ert to
des - ert he heard its cry— 'Twas sick and help - less and



Shep - herd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shep - herd's care.
find my sheep, I go to the des - ert to find my sheep."
read - y to die, 'Twas sick and help - less and read - y to die.



The Ninety and Nine.—Concluded.

O Je-sus, thou Shep-herd di-vine, Keep us in the safe, nar-row way;

And out of the cold lead into Thy fold Some poor wand'ring soul, we pray.

"Lord whence are those blood drops all the way
That mark out the mountain's track?"
"They were shed for one who had gone astray
Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."
"Lord, whence are thy hands so rent and torn?"
||: "They are pierced to-night by many a
thorn." :||

But all through the mountains thunder riven
And up from the rocky steep,
There arose a glad cry to the gate of heav'n,
"Rejoice I have found my sheep!"
And the angels echoed around the throne,
||: "Rejoice for the Lord brings back His
own." :||

610 Where He Leads Me.

E. W. BLANDLEY.

1. I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,

CHO.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,

D. C. Chorus.
I can hear my Sav-iour call-ing, "Take thy cross, and fol-low, fol-low me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg-ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.

Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

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WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, Spread the sails of hope o'er the sea;
 2. Steer our bark a-way to the homeland, On without a fear let us go;
 3. Bright and fair the hills of the homeland, Clad in all the bloom of the spring;

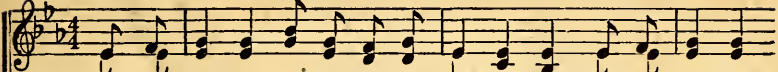
Think of all the friends that await us, When anchored safely there we shall be.
 When the port of peace we are nearing, The blessed harbor lights we shall know.
 There to him who loved and redeemed us, Our joyful, joyful praise we will sing.

CHORUS.

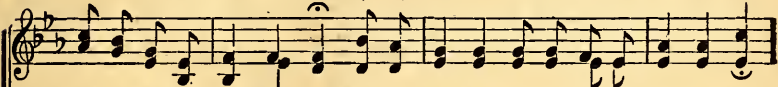
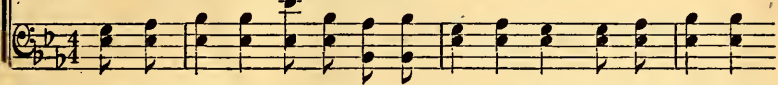
Gather - ing out of tears in - to sun - shine, Gather - ing out of

la - bor in - to rest; Hear the ransomed throng shouting
 out of la - bor in - to rest;

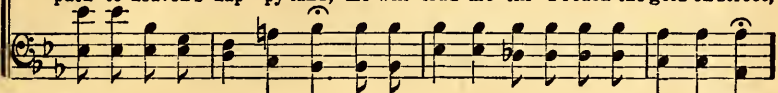
forth their joy in song, Gathering to the mansions of the blest.
 to the mansions of the blest.



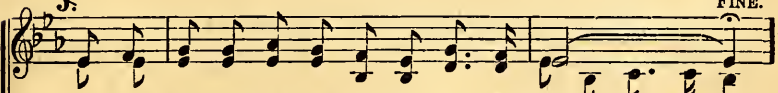
1. I have reach'd the land where liv-ing wa - ters flow, Where from Canaan's
 2. Now I find sweet peace, my mind is stay'd on Him, Here the Star of
 3. Here with-in my heart the bells of heav - en ring, Here my Sav-ior's
 4. So each day I'll cling to Him and hold His hand, For He knows the



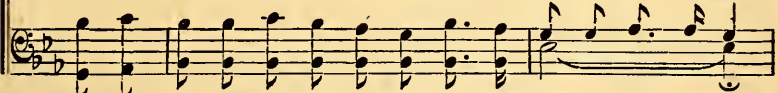
shore the gentle breez-es blow; Here I find in Christ a sure and safe re-treat,
 Hope no shadows ev - er dim; Here he gives me joy a-bounding and complete,
 praise the song I love to sing; And when I in pray'r my blessed Mas-ter meet,
 path to heaven's hap - py land; He will lead me till I reach the gold-en street,



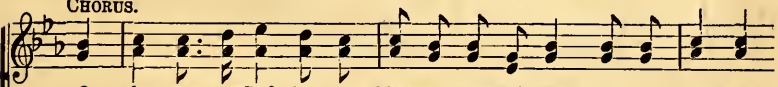
S. FINE.



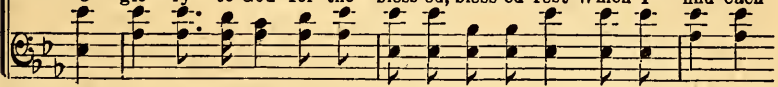
And he feeds me with the fin - est of the wheat.
 And he feeds me with the fin - est of the wheat.
 Then he feeds me with the fin - est of the wheat.
 And he'll feed me with the fin - est of the wheat.
 with the fin - est of the wheat.



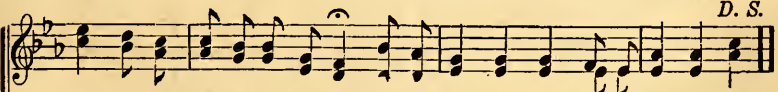
D. S.—And he feeds me with the fin - est of the wheat.
 CHORUS.



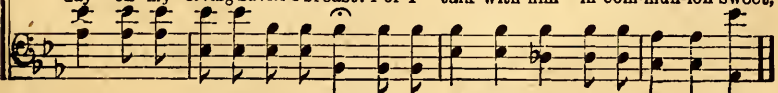
O glo - ry to God for the bless-ed, bless-ed rest Which I find each



D. S.



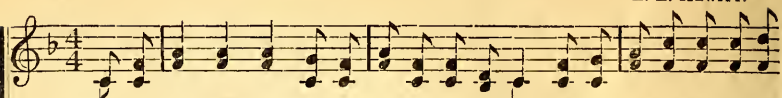
day on my lov-ing Sav-ior's breast! For I talk with him in com-mun-ion sweet,



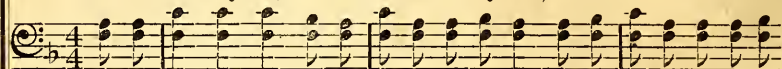
E. E. H.

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E. E. HEWITT.



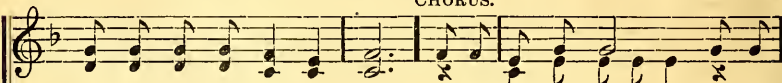
1. Let us sing a song that will cheer us by the way, In a little while we're
2. We will do the work that our hands may find to do, In a little while we're
3. We will smooth the path for some weary, wayworn feet, In a little while we're
4. There's a rest beyond, there's relief from ev'ry care, In a little while we're



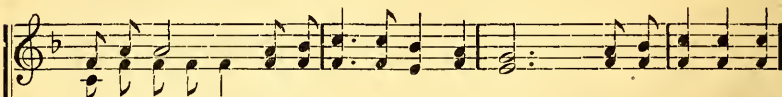
go - ing home; For the night will end in the ev - er - last - ing day, In a
 go - ing home; And the grace of God will our daily strength renew, In a
 go - ing home; O may loving hearts spread around an influencesweet! In a
 go - ing home; And no tears shall fall in that cit - y bright and fair, In a



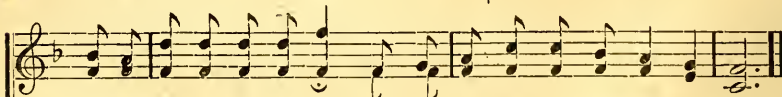
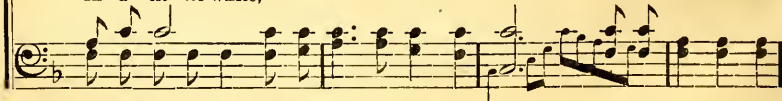
CHORUS.



lit - tle while we're go - ing home. In a lit - tle while, In a
 In a lit - tle while,



lit - tle while, We shall cross the billow's foam; We shall meet at last,
 In a lit - tle while,



When the stormy winds are past, In a lit - tle while we're go - ing home.



The Very Same Jesus.

"This same Jesus."—ACTS: i. 11.

L. EDMUNDS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Come, sin-ners, to the Liv-ing One, He's just the same Je - sus,
 2. Come, feast up - on the "liv-ing-bread," He's just the same Je - sus,
 3. Come, tell Him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je - sus,
 4. Come un - to Him for clear - er light, He's just the same Je - sus,

As when He raised the wid-ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when the mul - ti - tudes He fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when He shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
 As when He gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The ver - y same Je - sus, The won - der work - ing Je - sus;

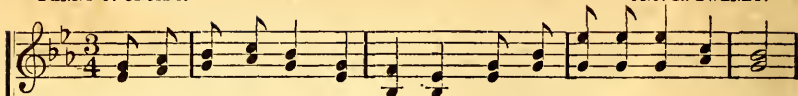
Oh, praise His name, He's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
 He's just the same Jesus,
 As when He hushed the raging sea,
 The very same Jesus.

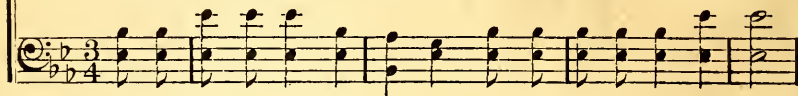
6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see,
 He's just the same Jesus,
 Oh, blessed day for you and me!
 The very same Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



1. One sweet hour a-lone with Je - sus, Where no eye but His can see,
2. One sweet hour a-lone with Je - sus, When He bids my wea - ry heart
3. One sweet hour a-lone with Je - sus, When I climb the mountain's height,
4. One sweet hour a-lone with Je - sus, One sweet hour of fer - vent pray'r;



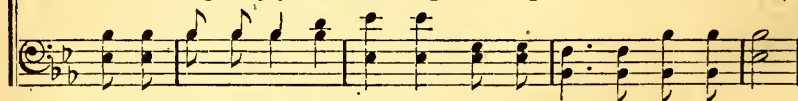
When my soul to Him is lift - ed, What a calm it brings to me!
 Come a - while and rest be - side Him, From the cares of earth a - part.
 And be - hold, as in a vis - ion, Yon - der world of pure de - light.
 Oh, 'tis then my troubled spir - it Learns from Him its cross to bear.



CHORUS.



Then on wings of joy as - cend - ing, Hold - ing fast His hand di - vine;

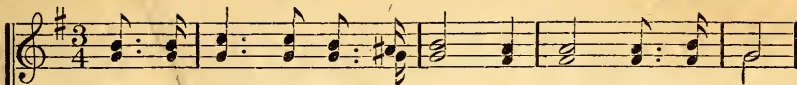


Oh, the joy, the bliss of know - ing I am His and He is mine.

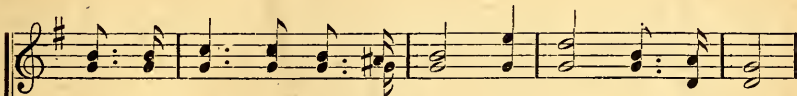
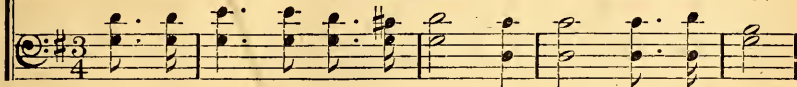


C. J. B.

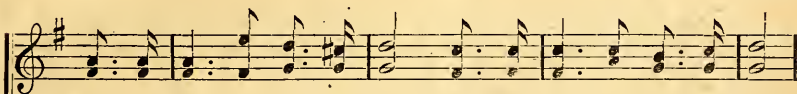
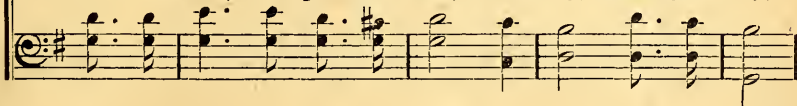
CHAS. J. BUTLER.



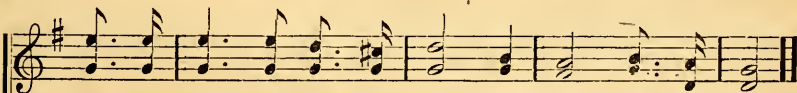
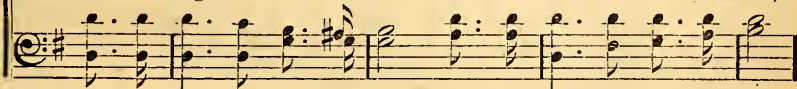
1. I shall lay the cross a - side, Some day, some glad day;
2. I the sin - ner's friend shall see, Some day, some glad day;
3. I shall meet the friends of yore, Some day, some glad day;
4. I shall lean on Je - sus' breast, Some day, some glad day;



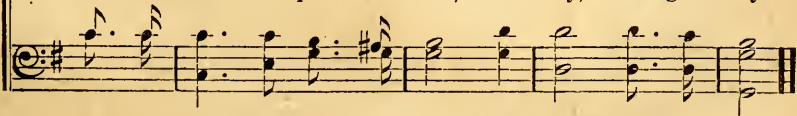
Safe - ly pass to Ca - naan's side, Some day, some glad day;
 See the wounds once made for me, Some day, some glad day;
 And with them the Lamb a - dore, Some day, some glad day;
 Find a sweet, a per - fect rest, Some day, some glad day;



If I live a life of pray'r, And the cross for Je - sus bear,
 I shall press close to His side, Who for me was cru - ci - fied,
 There at Je - sus' sa - cred feet Saints of ev - 'ry clime I'll meet,
 On that bright e - ter - nal shore All our sor - rows will be o'er,



I a glo - rious crown shall wear, Some day, some glad day.
 And shall then be sat - is - fied, Some day, some glad day.
 Hold with them com - mu - ion sweet, Some day, some glad day.
 We shall meet to part no more, Some day, some glad day.

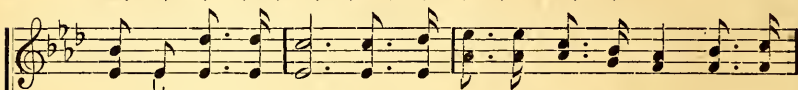


JOHN M. BAKER.

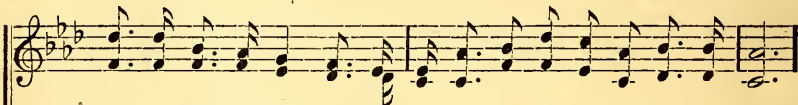
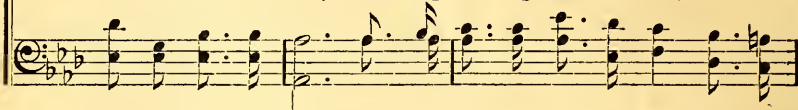
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go, For we oft - en see the
 2. You cau la - bor for the Master as you go, Plant the precious seed and
 3. You will meet with many trials as you go, There will be some self-de-



tears of sor - row flow; You can haste that com - ing day, When they'll
 He will bid it grow; Toil - ing on, whate'er be - tide, With the
 ni - als here be - low; But keep look - ing still a - bove, And re -



all be wip - ed a - way, If you scat - ter bless - ed sunshine as you go.
 Sav - iour by your side, You can scat - ter bless - ed sunshine as you go.
 member God is love, While you scat - ter bless - ed sunshine as you go.



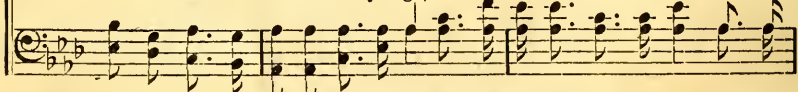
CHORUS.



You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go,..... You can scatter blessed
 blessed sunshine as you go,



sunshine as you go; Oh, so many hearts are sad, You can
 bless - ed sunshine as you go;



Sunshine As You Go—Concluded.

help to make them glad, If you scat-ter bless-ed sunshine as you go.

618

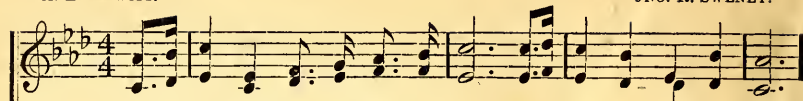
The Golden Key.

JNO. R SWENEY.

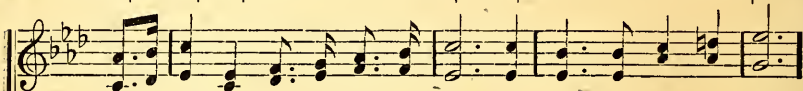
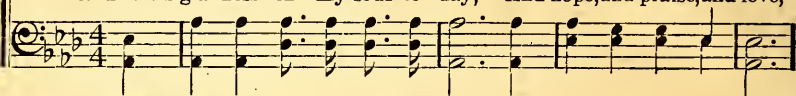
1. Prayer is the key For the bend - ing knee To
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When
3. Take the gold - en key In your hand and see, As
4. When the shad - ows fall, And the ves - per call Is
5. Soon the year's dark door Shall be shut no more: Life's

o - pen the morn's first hours, See the in - cense rise
 com - eth the shades of night, But the day - break song
 the night tide drifts a - way, How its bless - ed hold
 sob - bing its low re - frain, 'Tis a gar - land sweet
 tears shall be wiped a - way, As the pearl gates swing,

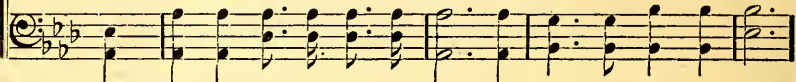
To the star - ry skies Like per - fume from the flow'rs.
 Will the joy pro - long, And some dark - ness turn to light.
 Is a crown of gold, Through the wea - ry hours of day.
 To the toil - dent feet, And an an - ti - dote for pain.
 And the gold harps ring, And the sun un - sheathes for aye.



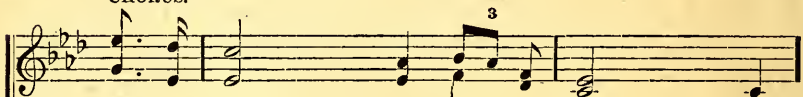
1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo-ri-ous and bright
2. There's mu-sic in my soul to-day, A car-ol to my King,
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love,



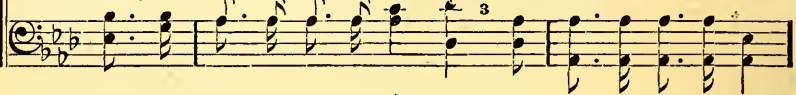
Than glows in an-y earth-ly sky, For Je-sus is my light.
 And Je-sus, list-en-ing, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
 The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flow'rs of grace ap-pear.
 For bless-ings which He gives me now, For joys "laid up" a-bove.



CHORUS.



Oh, there's sun-shine, bless-ed sun-shine,
 sun-shine in the soul, bless-ed sun-shine in the soul,



When the peace-ful, hap-py mo-ments roll;
 hap-py mo-ments roll;

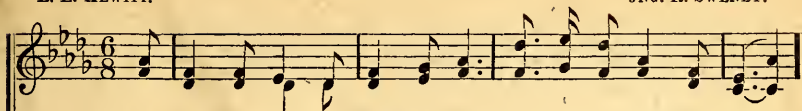


When Je-sus shows His smil-ing face There is sunshine in the soul.

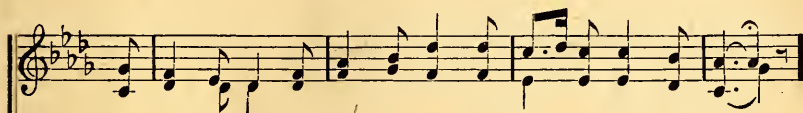
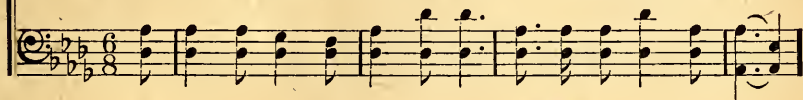


E. E. HEWITT.

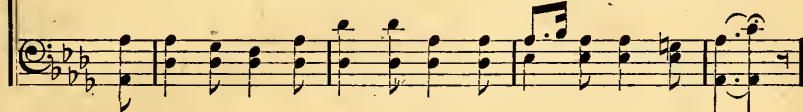
JNO. R. SWENEY.



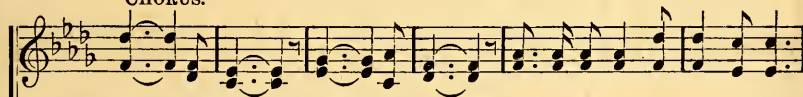
1. Come, con-trite one, and seek His grace, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
2. Come, hun - gry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is pass - ing by;
4. Come, bur-dened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is pass - ing by;



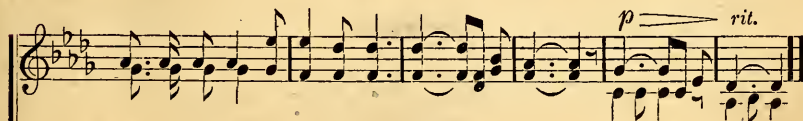
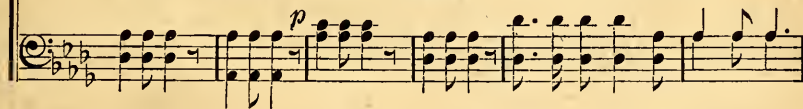
See in His rec - on - cil - ed face The sun - shine of the sky.
 The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
 Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on His bos - om lie.
 The love that lis - tens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny



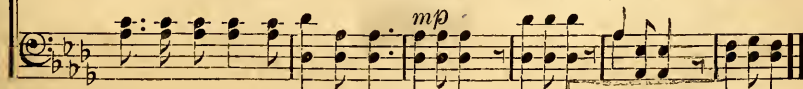
CHORUS.



Pass - ing by,.... pass - ing by,.... Has - ten to meet Him on the way,
 Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,



Je - sus is passing by to - day, Pass - ing by, ... pass - ing by, ...
 Passing by, pas - ing by, passing by, passing by.



LIZZIE EDWARDS.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we
 2. O these ten-der bro-ken ties, How they dim our ach-ing eyes, But like
 3. When our fettered souls are free, Far be-yond the nar-row sea, And we
 4. Thro' our pilgrim jour-ney here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us

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

storm-y wave is past, And we gath-er safe at last in the morn-ing.
 robes im-mor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
 feet of Christ our King, What a cho-rus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
 love that crowns our days, And to Je-sus give the praise in the morn-ing.

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

CHORUS.

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

hills in the morn - ing; Nev - er - more to say good - night In the

ANNA E. AGNEW.

Spanish Melody.

1. List to the sto - ry Of the Christ, who for thy soul Left all His
2. Anthems are ring - ing O - ver earth and sea and shore, Glad ti - dings
3. Now He is pleading Up in heav'n for thee this hour, There in - ter -

glo - ry, All to make thee whole; On the cross He suf - fered,
bring - ing, Tell - ing o'er and o'er Of a Sav - iour ris - en;
ced - ing In His love and pow'r; Oh, the par - don prof - fered,

Bled and died on Cal - va - ry, Thus for thee He purchased
For the stone is rolled a - way, From the grave's dark pris - on
Blood to take thy sin a - way, Love di - vine is of - fered,

Slower.

CHORUS.

Life so full and free. }
He is ris'n to - day. } Je - sus is call - ing, Sweet and low He
Wilt thou come to - day? } Je - sus call - ing,

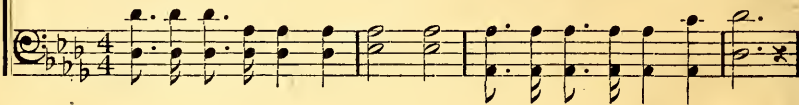
calls for thee; Je - sus is call - ing, Wilt thou come and see?
Je - sus call - ing,

MARY MARSH.

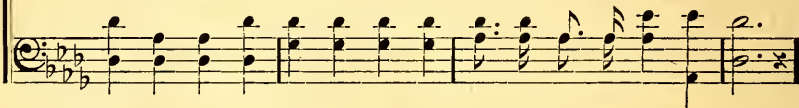
JNO. R. SWENEY.



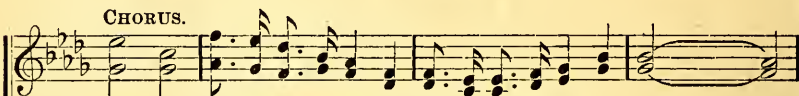
1. Je - sus is my joy and sun - shine, All a-long life's dreary way;
2. And the glo-ry of His pres - ence Fills my wea-ry soul with peace;
3. Day by day the way grows brighter; O'er my path heav'n's golden ray
4. Beauty nev - er seen by mor - tals, To the eye of faith ap - pears;



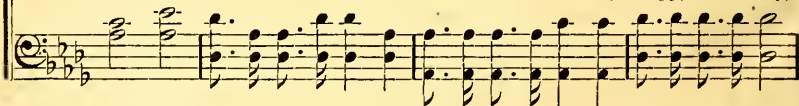
His blest presence makes my pathway Bright as heaven's gold-en day.
 And my heart is full of glad-ness—Full of songs that nev - er cease.
 Sheds its beams of glorious sunlight, Like un - to the "per-fect day."
 As we near the heav'nly por-tals, Far be-yond this vale of tears.



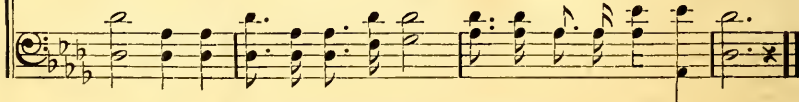
CHORUS.



Joy, joy, blessed joy and sunshine, Fills my happy soul to-day;.....
 my happy soul to-day;



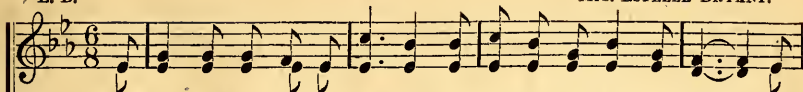
Peace, blessed peace is ev - er mine, Shin-ing all a-long my way.



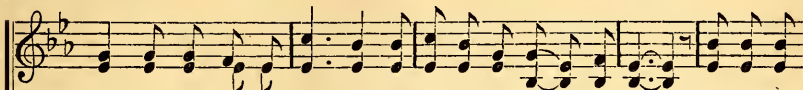
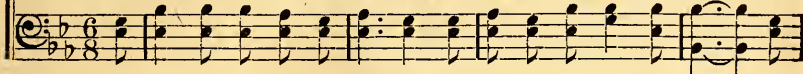
Morning In Glory.

E. B.

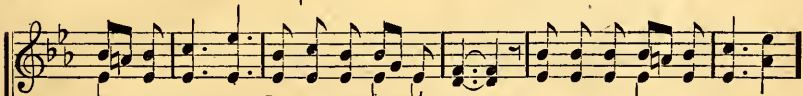
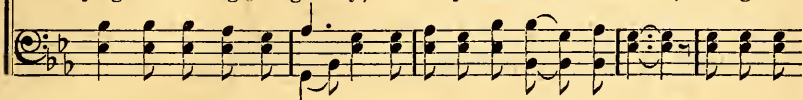
Mrs. ESTELLE BRYANT.



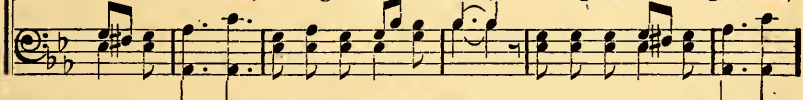
1. We'll say "good morning" in glo-ry, When work of this life is done; We'll
2. We'll say "good morning" in glo-ry, To ransomed from ev-'ry land; We'll
3. We'll say "good morning" in glo-ry, To those who have conquer'd pain; We'll



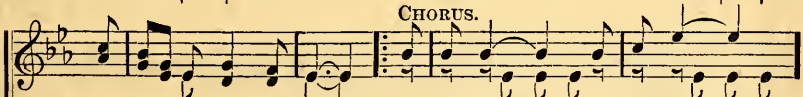
say "good morning" in glo - ry, When victory's crown has been won; Af - ter the
say "good morning" in glo - ry, U - ni - ted at God's right hand; Af - ter the
say "good morning" in glo - ry, To lowly ones cleansed from stain; Coming—the



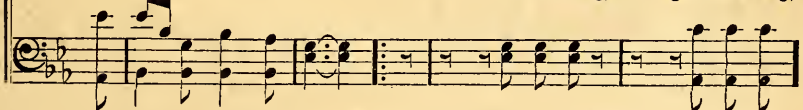
night and sor - row, Af - ter the cross and care, All shall be peace to - morrow,
dai - ly dy - ing, Burdens we sought to share, "There shall be no more crying,"
end of sad - ness, Coming—the end of care, Coming—e - ter - nal gladness,



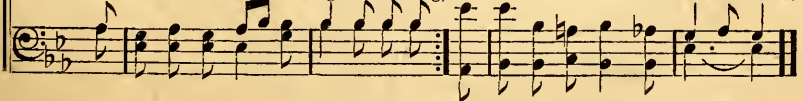
CHORUS.



We'll say "good morning" there. Good morning, good morn - ing,
Good morning, good morning,



When gathered around the throne; With Jesus is "home sweet home."
good morning, sweet home.



M. P. F.

M. P. FERGUSON.



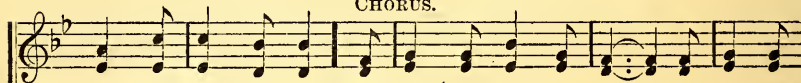
1. Fair - est of all the earth be - side, Chief - est of all un -
2. Drink - ing a dire and dread - ful cup; Cru - ci - fied Je - sus
3. Grant - ing the sin - ner life and peace, Grant - ing the cap - tive
4. Giv - ing the gifts ob - tained by men, Pour - ing out love be -
5. Com - fort of all my earth - ly way, Je - sus I'll meet Thee
6. Gath - ered with Thee e - ter - nal - ly, Shar - ing Thy love by



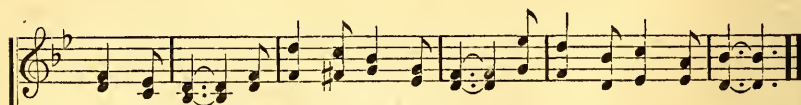
to Thy bride; Full - ness di - vine in Thee I see, Beau - ti - ful
 lift - ed up; Bear - ing our guilt and mis - er - y, Sor - row - ful
 sweet re - lease; Shed - ding His blood to make us free, Mer - ci - ful
 yond our ken; Giv - ing us spot - less pu - ri - ty, Boun - ti - ful
 some sweet day; Cen - tre of glo - ry Thee I'll see, Won - der - ful
 glass - y sea; Like Thee for - ev - er I shall be, Glo - ri - fied



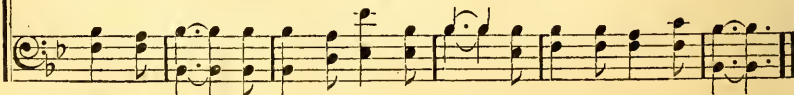
CHORUS.



Man of Cal - va - ry. That Man of Cal - va - ry, He won my

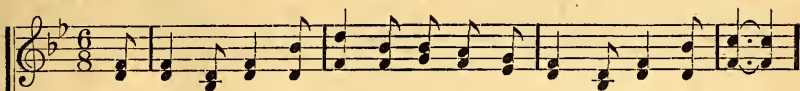


heart from me; He died to set me free, Blest Man of Cal - va - ry.



Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

J. H. TENNEY.



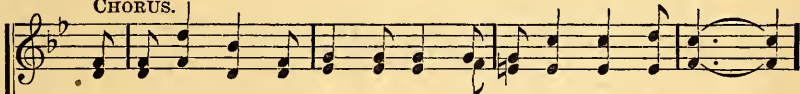
1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joy - ful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No - part - ing words shall e'er be spo - ken In that bright land of flowers,



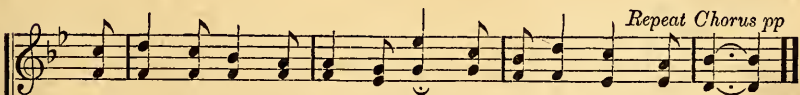
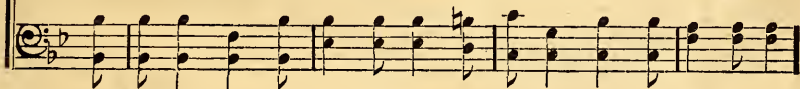
Yet ev - er comes the thought of sad - ness That we must say good by.
 That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
 But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - er - more be ours.



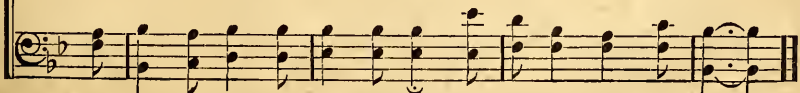
CHORUS.

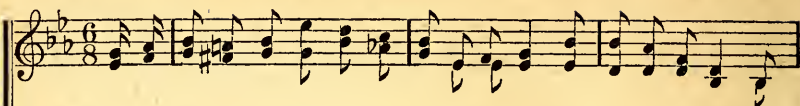


We'll nev - er say good by in heav'n, We'll never say good by,
 good by,

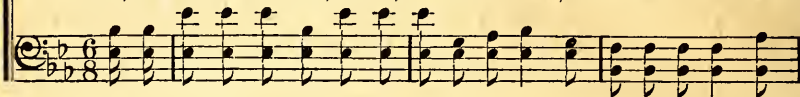


For in that land of joy and song We'll nev - er say good by.





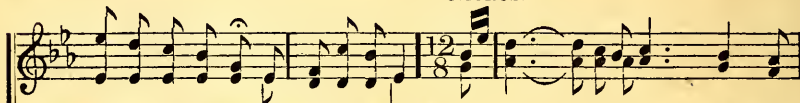
1. To the house of his Fa-ther the prod-i-gal came, All wounded and sore, in
2. I have wast-ed my substance in ri - ot and sin; I weep as I think of
3. Oh, this word is for thee, sinner, hasten and come, 'Tis time to re-mem-ber



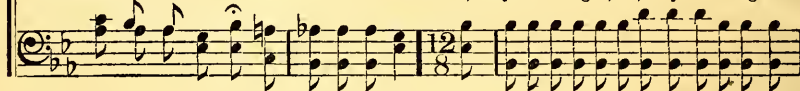
rag and in shame; He had said in his sorrow, with tears and and with prayer, The
 what I have been; Here I per-ish with hun-ger, but will not de-spair, The
 that heav'n is home; It is time to re-mem-ber, with pen-i-tent prayer, The



CHORUS.



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



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



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



Bread and to Spare—Concluded.

bread..... and to spare, The house of my Fa - ther has bread and to spare.
bread, has bread and to spare,

628

Jesus is Good to Me.

REV. E. H. STOKES, D. D.

JNO R. SWENEY.

1. I love my Sav-iour, His heart is good, He has loved me o'er and o'er;
2. He calls, I rise, and He maketh me whole,—How fond His tender em-brace!
3. I want to love Him with all my heart, Tho' all its powers are small;
4. He's good to me in my sorrow's night, He's good in the tem-pest's roll;

He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by His blood, And I love Him more and more.
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my soul,—My day the smile of His face.
I will not keep from Him an-y part, For He is worthy of all.
He bring-eth from darkness in - to light,—With joy He fill-eth my soul.

CHORUS.

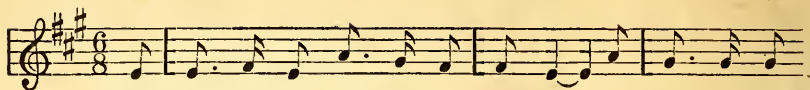
Je - sus is good to me,..... Je - sus is good to me;.....
to me, to me;

So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.

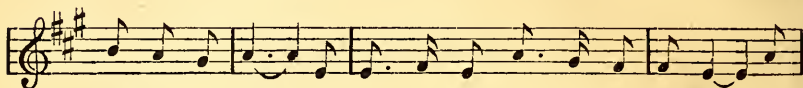
Where Is Thy Refuge?

FANNY J. CROSBY.

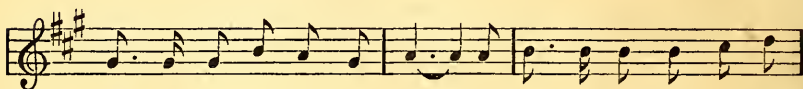
SILAS J. VAIL.



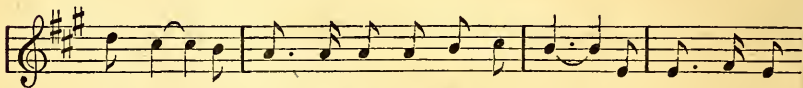
1. Say, where is thy ref - uge, poor sin - ner, And what is thy
2. The Mas - ter is call - ing thee, sin - ner, In tones of com -
3. As sum - mer is wan - ing, poor sin - ner, Re - pent, ere the



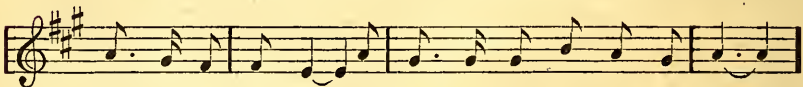
pros-pect to - day? Why toil for the wealth that will per - ish, The
pas - sion and love, To feel that sweet rap - ture of par - don, And
sea - son is past; God's good - ness to thee is ex - tend - ed, As



treas - ures that rust and de - cay? Oh! think of thy soul, that for -
lay up thy treas - ure a - bove: Oh! kneel at the cross where He
long as the day - beam shall last; Then slight not the warn - ing re -

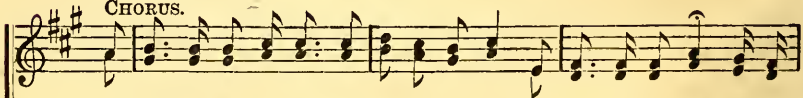


ev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore, When thou, in the
suf - fer'd, To ran - som thy soul from the grave; The arm of His
peat - ed With all the bright moments that roll, Nor say, when the

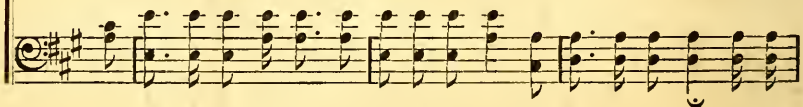


dust art for - got - ten, When pleas - ure can charm thee no more.
mer - cy will hold thee, The arm that is might - y to save.
har - vest is end - ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

CHORUS.



'Twill prof - it thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy



Where Is Thy Refuge—Concluded.

soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

630 I Know That My Redeemer Lives.

Rev. H. A. MERRILL.

Art. by GEO. C. STEBBINS.

1. I know that my Re-deem-er lives, And has prepared a place for me,
2. I'm trust-ing Je-sus Christ for all, I know His blood now speaks for me,
3. I'm now en-rap-tur'd with the thought, I stand and wonder at His love—
4. I know that Je-sus soon will come, I know the time will not be long,

D.C.—For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons: "Child, come home."

FINE.

And crowns of vic-to-ry He gives To those who would His children be.
I'm list-'ning for the wel-come call, To say: "The Mas-ter wait-eth thee!"
That He from heav'n to earth was brought, To die, that I may live a-bove.
'Till I shall reach my heav'nly home, And join the ev-er-last-ing song.

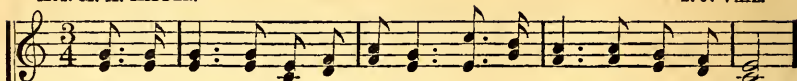
For I am on-ly wait-ing here To hear the summons: "Child, come home!"

CHORUS. *D.C.*

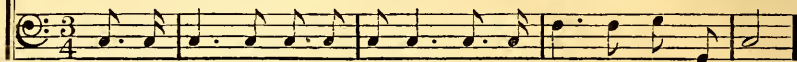
Then ask me not to lin-ger long A-mid the gay and thoughtless throng,

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

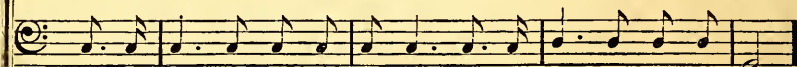
S. J. VAIL.



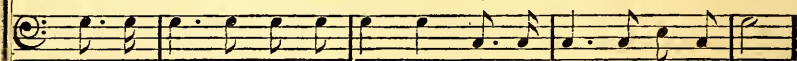
1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glo - rious dawn!
2. When we see a pre - cious blos - som That we tend - ed with such care,
3. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, In the lone and si - lent grave;



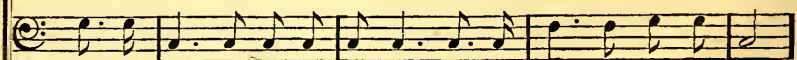
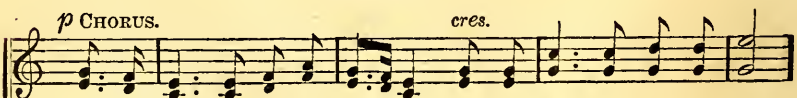
We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!
 Rude - ly tak - en from our bo - som, How our ach - ing hearts de - spair!
 Bless - ed be the Lord that tak - eth, Bless - ed be the Lord that gave.



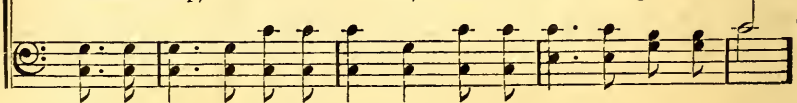
From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the des - ert and the plain,
 Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,
 In the bright e - ter - nal cit - y, Death can nev - er, nev - er come!



From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.
 Feel - ing all our hopes have perished, With the flow'r we cher - ished so.
 In His own good time He'll call us From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.

*p* CHORUS.*cres.*

We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There shall be a glo - rious dawn;



We Shall Sleep, But Not Forever—Concluded.

We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the res - ur - rec-tiou morn!

632

Near the Cross.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross. There a pre - cious foun-tain
 2. Near the cross, a trem-bling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;
 3. Near the cross! O Lamb of God, Bring the scenes be - fore me;
 4. Near the cross I'll watch aud wait, Hop - ing, trust-ing, ev - er,

Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Cal-v'ry's moun-tain.
 There the bright and Morn-ing Star, Sheds its beams a - round me.
 Help me walk from day to day, With its shad - ows o'er me.
 Till I reach the gold - en strand, Just be - yond the riv - er.

CHORUS.

In the cross, in the cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;

Till my rap-tured soul shall find Rest be - yond the riv - er.

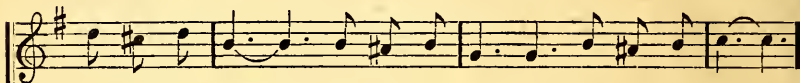
Rev. H. B. MUSSELMAN.

J. W. VAN DE VENTER.

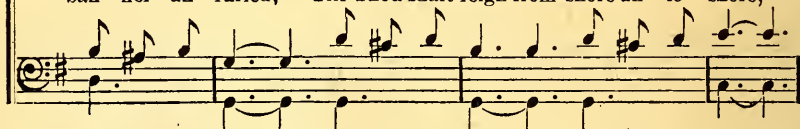
DUET.



1. O - ver the hill - side, o - ver the sea, Fair as the morn - ing
2. Broth - er and Sis - ter, up, be on time, Wait not for oth - ers,
3. Dear Ho - ly Spir - it, Heav - en - ly dove, Wait - ing to guide us,
4. Heav - en - ly Bride - groom, dwelling on high, Soon we shall see Thee,
5. Bless - ed Re - deem - er, Light of the world, Help us to keep Love's



com - ing for me; Heav - en - ly Bride - groom, dear to my soul,
 com - ing some - time; Has - ten to meet Him, whit - er than snow,
 safe - ly a - bove; Gift of the Fa - ther, sent by the Son,
 come from the sky; Caught in the mo - ment, nev - er to roam;
 ban - ner un - furled; 'Till Thou shalt reign from shore un - to shore;



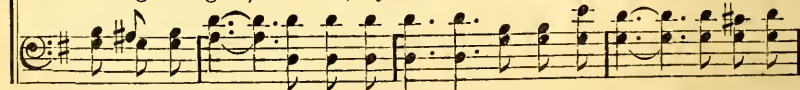
CHORUS.



Com - ing to take me in - to His home.
 Keep - ing un - spot - ted, while here be - low. } Com - ing a - gain, yes,
 Those who re - ceive Him, tru - ly are one. }
 In - to the bright and beau - ti - ful home. }
 When this world's sor - row all will be o'er.



com - ing a - gain; Je - sus, my Sav - iour, com - ing a - gain. Heav - en - ly



Coming Again—Concluded.

rall. *ppp*

Bridegroom, down from the sky, Com-ing to take us with Him on high.

The image shows a musical score for a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and contains the lyrics. The piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. Above the first few measures of the vocal line, the markings 'rall.' and 'ppp' are written.

634

Till He Come.

Dr. E. H. BICKERSTETH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON.

1. "Till He come!" Oh, let the words Lin-ger on the trem-bling chords,
 2. When the wea - ry ones we love, En - ter on their rest a - bove,
 3. Clouds and dark-ness round us press, Would we have one sor - row less?
 4. See the feast of love is spread, Drink the wine and eat the bread;

The image shows the first system of musical notation for 'Till He Come.' It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Let "the lit - tle while" be - tween, In their gold - en light be seen:
 When the words of love and cheer, Fall no lon - ger on our ear,
 All the sharp-ness of the cross, All that tells the world is loss,
 Sweet me-mo - rials, till the Lord Call us round His heav'nly board;

The image shows the second system of musical notation for 'Till He Come.' It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Let us think, how heav'n and home, Lies be-yond that "Till He come!"
 Hushed be ev - 'ry mur-mur dumb, It is on - ly "Till He come!"
 Death, and dark-ness, and the tomb, Pain us on - ly "Till He come!"
 Some from earth, from glo - ry some, Sev-ered on - ly "Till He come!"

The image shows the third system of musical notation for 'Till He Come.' It includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

1. A - bove the waves of earthy strife, Above the ills and cares of life,
 2. Where living fountains sweetly flow, Where buds and flow'rs immortal grow,
 3. A - way from sor - row, doubt and pain, A - way from worldly loss and gain,
 4. Be - yond the bright and pearly gates, Where Jesus, lov - ing Sav - iour waits,

Where all is peaceful, bright and fair; My home is there, my home is there.
 Where trees their fruits ce - les - tial bear; My home is there, my home is there.
 From all temp - ta - tion, tears and care; My home is there, my home is there.
 Where all is peaceful, bright and fair; My home is there, my home is there.

CHORUS.

My beau - ti - ful home,..... my beau - ti - ful home,..... In the
 My beau - ti - ful home,..... my beau - ti - ful home,

land where the glo - ri - fied ev - er shall roam, Where an - gels bright,
 an - gels bright,

dwell in His light,..... My home is there, my home is there.
 wear crowns, wear crowns of light,

Lovest Thou Me?

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Fruitless the toil - ing, drear - y the night; Dawned the fair morning,
 2. Deep was the sor - row, dark was the sin; Mar - vel - ous bless - ing,
 3. Oh, have we ful - ly answered the call? To such a Sav - iour,
 4. Great His sal - va - tion, boundless His love; Gifts without num - ber

peace - ful and bright, Je - sus to Si - mon, by the blue sea,
 mer - cy shone in; Won - der - ful par - don, ten - der and free!
 yield - ing our all? Work - ers for Je - sus, henceforth to be;
 show' red from a - bove; Cometh the morn - ing, shadows will flee;

CHORUS.

Say - ing so sweet - ly, "lov - est thou Me?"
 Grace more a bounding, "lov - est thou Me?" } Lovest thou Me? Lovest thou
 Car - ing for oth - ers; "lov - est thou Me?" }
 Yea, Lord, for - ev - er, we will love Thee!

me? Hark, 'tis the Sav - iour, speaking to thee; Lov - est thou

rit.

me? Lov - est thou me? Je - sus is call - ing, lov - est thou Me?

The Child of a King.

HATTIE E. BUELL.

REV. JOHN B. SUMNER.

1. My Fa-ther is rich in hous-es and lands, He hold-eth the
 2. My Fa-ther's own Son, the Sav-iour of men, Once wandered o'er
 3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A sin-ner by
 4. A tent or a cot-tage, why should I care? They're building a

wealth of the world in His hands! Of ru-bies and diamonds, of
 earth as the poor-est of men; But now He is reign-ing for
 choice, an a-li-en by birth! But I've been a-dopt-ed, my
 pal-ace for me o-ver there! Tho' ex-iled from home, yet

sil-ver and gold, His cof-fers are full,—He has rich-es un-told.
 ev-er on high, And will give me a home in heav'n by and by.
 name's written down,—An heir to a man-sion, a robe, and a crown.
 still I may sing: All glo-ry to God, I'm the child of the King.

CHORUS.

I'm the child of the King, The child of the King!

ad lib.
 With Je-sus, my Sav-iour, I'm the child of the King.

1. Let us sing as we jour-ney a-long day by day, As we
 2. When we pause by the way-side, all wea-ry and faint, And would
 3. As the wan-der-er sings in some far a-way land, Of His

tread slow-ly on in our heav-en-ward way; Let us sing of the
 sit down dis-cour-aged and full of complaint, Oh! sing, and the
 own sweet, sweet home, in a beau-ti-ful strand, So we sing as we

rest that a-wait-eth our feet, When we pass the white gates to the
 wea-ri-some care will be fled, As we sing of the rest that is
 jour-ney a-far from our God, Of the home that is ours, where the

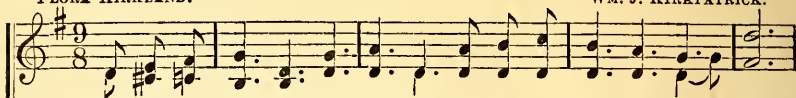
CHORUS.

beau-ti-ful street.
 wait-ing a-head. } Let us sing, let us sing, as on earth
 an-gels have trod. }

here we roam, Of the wel-come that waits us in home, sweet, sweet home.

FLORA KIRKLAND.

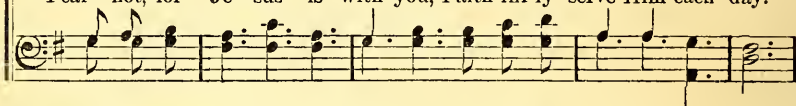
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Dare to be faith-ful to Je - sus, Faithful in all that you do;
2. Dare to be faith-ful to Je - sus, Faithful when pleasures sur - round;
3. Dare to be faith-ful to Je - sus, Darkness may shadow your way;



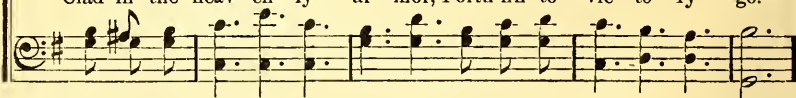
Think how He watch-eth your ef - forts, Lov-ing and car-ing for you.
 Brave - ly dis - play-ing your col - ors, Nev - er de - sert - ing your ground.
 Fear not, for Je - sus is with you, Faith-ful-ly serve Him each day.



He hath been o - ver the path-way, Knoweth your struggles and fears;
 Faithful-ness shin-eth in heav - en, Bright as the fair - est suc - cess;
 Dare to say "No!" to the tempt - er, Dare to with-stand ev - 'ry foe;



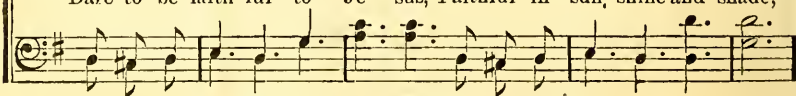
Dare to be faith-ful to Je - sus, He keeps ac - count of your tears.
 On - ly be faith-ful to Je - sus, Trusting the Mas - ter to bless.
 Clad in the heav - en - ly ar - mor, Forth nn - to vic - to - ry go.



CHORUS.



Dare to be faith-ful to Je - sus, Faithful in sun - shine and shade;



Dare to be Faithful—Concluded.

Live in the light of His pres-ence, Faithful, and nev - er dis-mayed.

640

Take Care of Me.

Rev. GEORGE P. HOTT.
Prayerfully.

J. H. HALL.

1. Take care of me, I walk a-lone, For all my sins do Thou a-tone,
2. Take care of me, I need Thee so, The upward way I poor-ly know;
3. Take care of me, O Lord, I pray, Watch o'er my steps a-long the way,

And lead me gen - tly to Thy throne, O Lord, my King.
In paths of peace I can - not go, Un - less Thou lead.
Lest I should hap - ly from Thee stray, And lose my soul.

O Lord, O Lord, my King.
Un - less, un - less Thou lead.
And lose, and lose my soul.

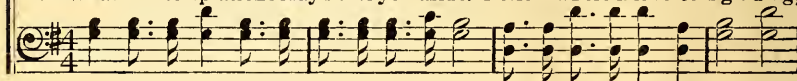
CHORUS.

Take care of me, Take care of me,
Take care, take care of me, Take care, take care of me,

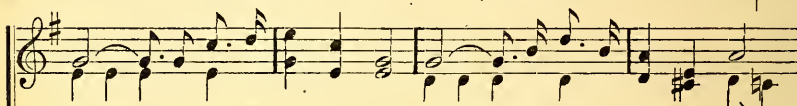
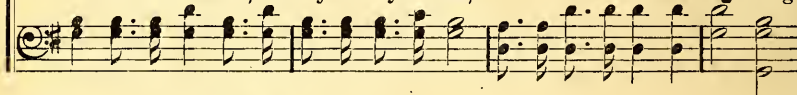
O Lord, I pray, Take care of me.
O Lord, O Lord, I pray, Take care, take care of me, of me.



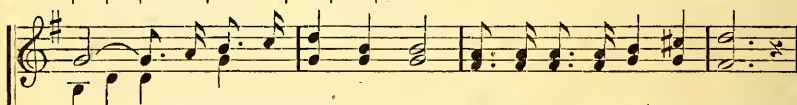
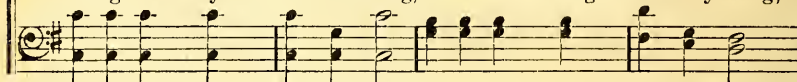
1. Hark, tis the Master! He's calling you to-day, Follow where His voice is guiding,
2. New fields of blessing will o-pen to your view, Follow where His voice is guiding;
3. What tho' temptations may beck-on you aside? Follow where His voice is guiding;



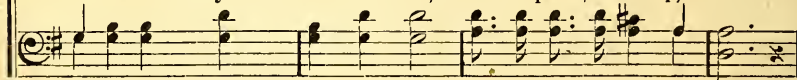
Look for His foot-prints along the heav'nward way, Follow where His voice is guiding.
 Seeking His spirit, your daily strength renew, Follow where His voice is guiding.
 Un-der His ban-ner, in loy-al-ty a-bide, Follow where His voice is guiding.



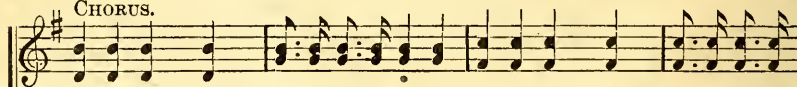
He,..... who lives for ev-er-more, Trod..... this earthly path be-fore.
 Press - ing onward, glad and free, Sweet - er will His serv - ice be,
 Though the way seem hard and long, Faith..... will sing her cheer-y song;



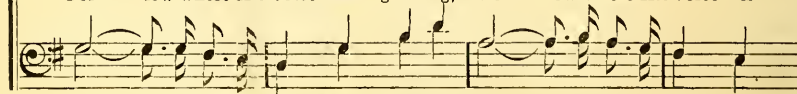
Knows its dan-gers, knows its grief, He will send your soul re - lief.
 Rich - er His re-wards of love, Fortastes of the feast a - bove.
 Soon - we'll lay the bur - den down, Then the palm, the harp, the crown.



CHORUS.



Follow, fol-low, where His voice is guiding, follow fol - low where His voice is
 Fol - low where His voice is guid-ing, Fol - low where His voice is



Where His Voice Is Guiding—Concluded.

guiding Fol - low where His voice is guiding, Follow, follow, follow on.
Follow where His

642 O Come and Adore Him.

NELLIE RICHMOND EBERHARDT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O come and adore Him, the Sav-iour of all; O bow low be-fore Him, on
2. The low-est may sing Him in glorious lays; The poorest may bring Him ob-
3. Ye mighty ones, own Him far mightier still; Ye monarchs enthrone Him and

hum-ble knee fall, And bring Him one off'ring, all oth-ers a-bove, The
la-tions of praise; There's no one too wea-ry, too burdened with care, To
bow to His will; The high and the low in the great judgement hour Shall

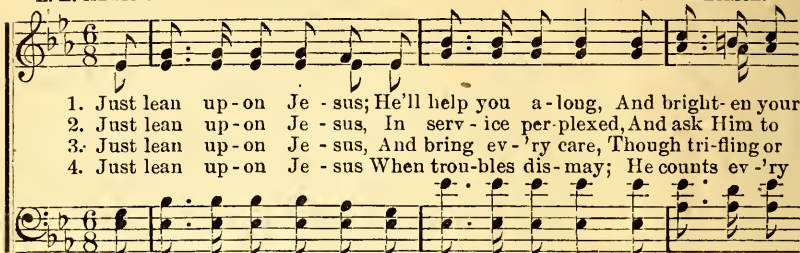
CHORUS.

heart's gold-en treasure of serv-ice and love. O come and a-dore Him,
rear for His wor-ship an al-tar of pray'r. The low-est may sing Him,
yield Him o-bei-sance, acknowledge His pow'r. Ye mighty ones, own Him,

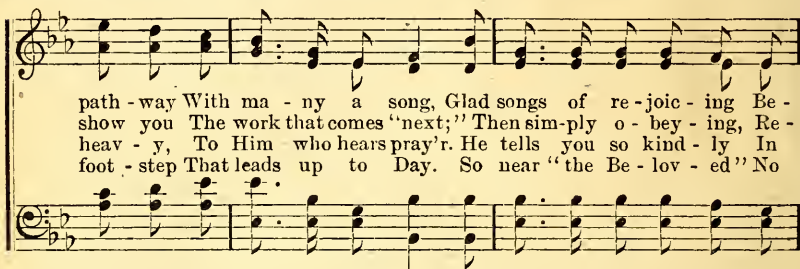
O bow low before Him; With-hold not from Je-sus the gift of thy love.
The poor-est may bring Him A trib-ute of love on an al-tar of pray'r.
Ye mon-archs, enthrone Him; Bow down and acknowledge His sovereign pow'r.

E. E. HEWITT.

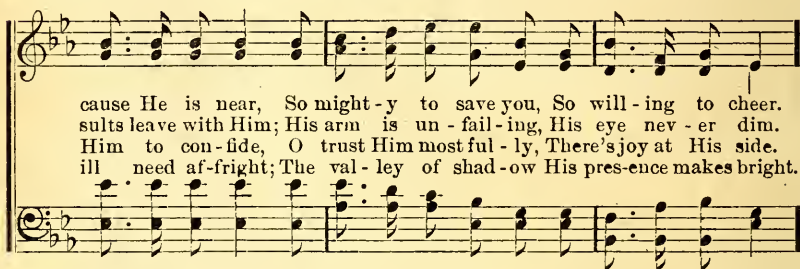
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. Just lean up-on Je - sus; He'll help you a-long, And bright-en your
 2. Just lean up-on Je - sus, In serv-ice per-plexed, And ask Him to
 3. Just lean up-on Je - sus, And bring ev-'ry care, Though tri-ling or
 4. Just lean up-on Je - sus When trou-bles dis-may; He counts ev-'ry



path-way With ma - ny a song, Glad songs of re-joic-ing Be -
 show you The work that comes "next;" Then sim-ple o - bey-ing, Re -
 heav - y, To Him who hears pray'r. He tells you so kind - ly In
 foot - step That leads up to Day. So near "the Be - lov - ed" No

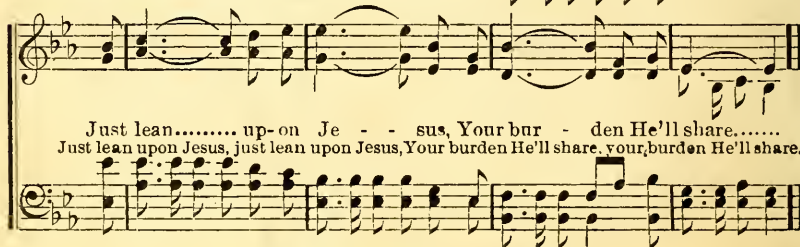


cause He is near, So might-y to save you, So will-ing to cheer.
 sults leave with Him; His arm is un - fail-ing, His eye nev - er dim.
 Him to con-fide, O trust Him most ful - ly, There's joy at His side.
 ill need af-fright; The val - ley of shad-ow His pres-ence makes bright.

CHORUS.



Just lean..... up-on Je - - sus, Dear child..... of His care;.....
 Just lean up-on Je-sus, just lean up-on Jesus, Just lean upon Jesus, Dear child of His care;



Just lean..... up-on Je - - sus, Your bur - den He'll share.....
 Just lean upon Jesus, just lean upon Jesus, Your burden He'll share, your burden He'll share.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, my King and my Lord, I am re -
 2. Glo - ry to Je - sus, how bright in my way! Cheered by His
 3. Glo - ry to Je - sus, the trans - port I feel Lan - guage can
 4. Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'll fol - low Him still, Pa - tient - ly

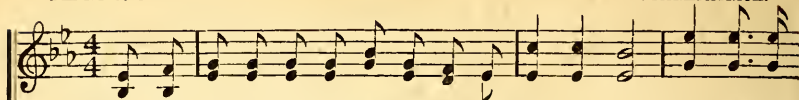
pos - ing my trust on His word; Washed in the fount - ain that
 pres - ence and bless - ing to - day; Souls for His king - dom He
 nev - er, no, nev - er re - veal; He has re - deemd me and
 wait - ing and do - ing His will; Then when my jour - ney is

cleans - eth from sin, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.
 helps me to win, Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.
 cleansed me from sin. Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm hap - py with - in.
 fin - ished be - low, Shout - ing and sing - ing to Him I shall go.

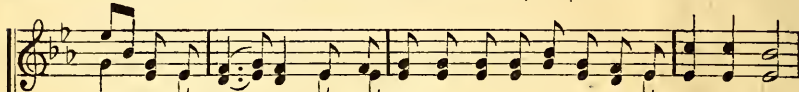
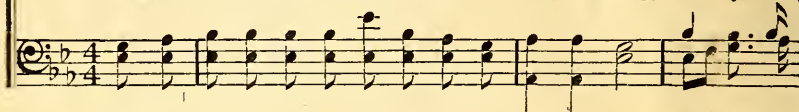
CHORUS.

Riv - - - ers of love..... all bound - less and free,.....
 Riv - ers of love, riv - ers of love bound - less and free, boundless and free,

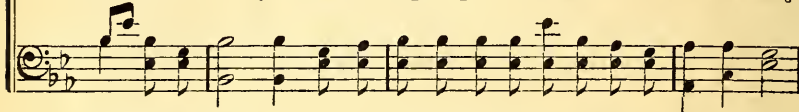
Glo - - ry to Je - - sus, are flow - ing, flow - ing for me.
 Glo - ry to Je - sus, O glo - ry to Je - sus,



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

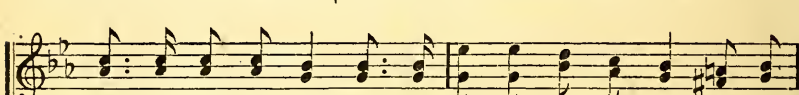
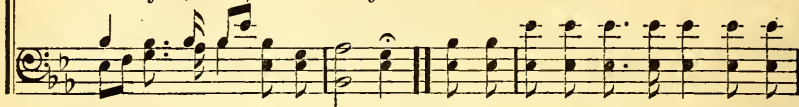


God, hal-le - lu - jah! We can sing it loud as ev-er, with our faith more strong.
 God, hal-le - lu - jah! We are ris-ing on its pinions to the hills a - bove:
 God, hal-le - lu - jah! Where the King in all His splendor we shall soon be-hold:
 God, hal-le - lu - jah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus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

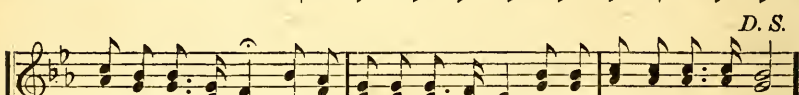
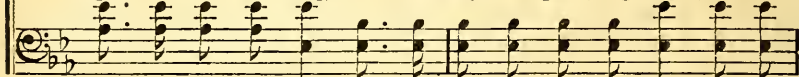


FINE. CHORUS.

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

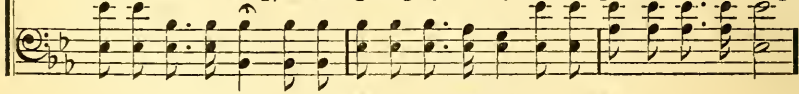


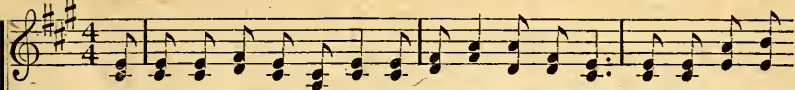
right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our



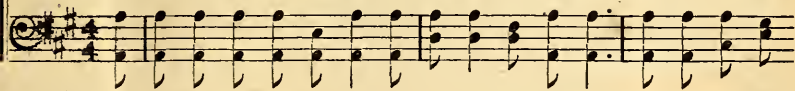
D. S.

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

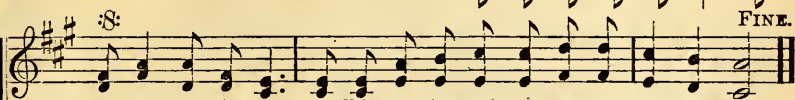
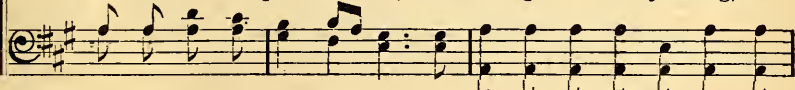




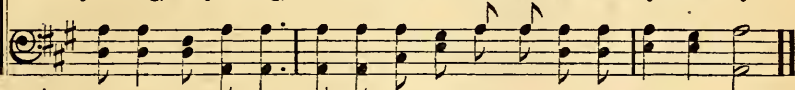
1. I'm go-ing home to heaven, bright heaven, sweet heaven. Tho' the pathway
2. My hopes are fixed on Je-sus, my Sav-iour, my Sav-iour, For His love un-
3. O Christian friends be faithful, be faith-ful, be faith-ful, Ma-ny tri-bu-



lies thro' dark-ness and the grave; My sins are all for-giv-en, for-
changing thro' long years I've known; I'm sure He'll keep me ev-er, for-
la-tions in our path may lie, But we'll go on re-joic-ing, re-

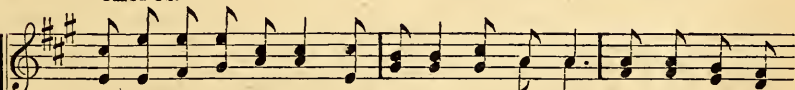


giv-en, for-giv-en, For His pre-cious sake who died my soul to save.
ev-er, and ev-er, Till I kneel in wond'ring joy be-fore His throne.
joic-ing, re-joic-ing, For we know a crown a-waits us by and by.

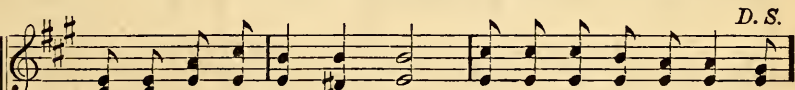
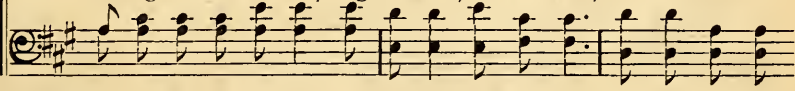


D. S.—ev-er, for-ev-er, And the peace of God shall o-ver-flow my soul.

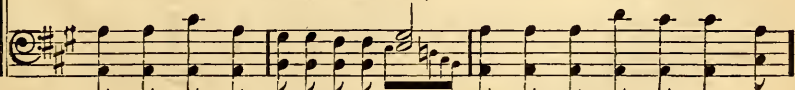
CHORUS.



Go-ing home to heav-en, bright heaven, sweet heaven, Where the waves of



sor-row, in-to mu-sic roll; Where the flow'rs are blooming for-
sweet-est mu-sic roll;



Rev. A. B. SIMPSON.

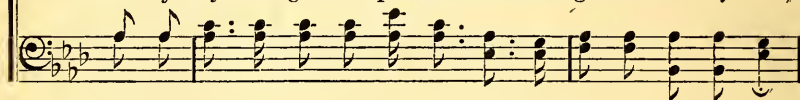
L. L. PICKETT.



1. I have learned the wondrous se-cret Of a - bid - ing in the Lord;
2. I am cru - ci - fied with Je - sus, And He lives and dwells in me,
3. All my cares I cast up - on Him, And He bears them all a - way;
4. For my words I take His wis - dom, For my works His Spir - it's pow'r:



I have found the strength and sweetness Of con - fid - ing in His word;
 I have ceased from all my struggling, 'Tis no long - er I, but He;
 All my fears and griefs I tell Him, All my needs from day to day;
 For my ways His gra - cious presence Guards and guides me ev - 'ry hour,



I have tast - ed life's pure fount - ain, I am drink - ing of His blood,
 All my will is yield - ed to Him, And His Spir - it reigns with - in,
 All my strength I draw from Je - sus, By His breath I live and move;
 Of my heart, He is the Por - tion, Of my joy the cease - less Spring;



I have lost my - self in Je - sus, I am sink - ing in - to God.
 And His precious blood each moment Keeps me cleansed and free from sin.
 E'en His ver - y mind He gives me, And His faith, and life, and love.
 Sav - iour, Sanc - ti - fi - er, Keep - er, Glo - rious Lord and coming King.



Abiding and Confiding—Concluded.

I'm a - bid - - ing in the Lord, And con -
 I'm a - bid - ing in' the Lord, I'm a - bid - ing in the Lord, And con -

fid - - ing in His word, And I'm hid -
 fid - ing in His word, And con - fid - ing in His word, And I'm hid - ing, safe - ly

ing, safe - ly, safe - ing, In the bos - om of His love.
 hid - ing, I am hid - ing, safely hid - ing,

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He Is Calling.

FABER.

S. J. VAIL.

1. { There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the sea: }
 { There's a kindness in His justice Which is more than [Omit.....] } lib - er - ty.

CHORUS.

He is call - ing. "Come to me!" Lord, I'll glad - ly haste to Thee.

- 2 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good:
 There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in His blood.
- 3 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measure of man's mind;

- And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderful and kind.
- 4 If our love were but more simple,
 We should take Him at His word:
 And our lives would be all sunshine
 In the sweetness of the Lord.

Jesus is all the World to Me.

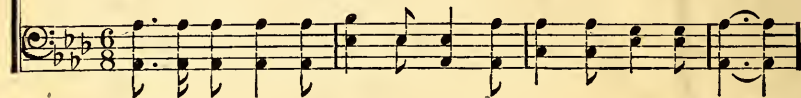
W. L. T.

"Jesus, . . . by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world"—Gal. 6: 14.

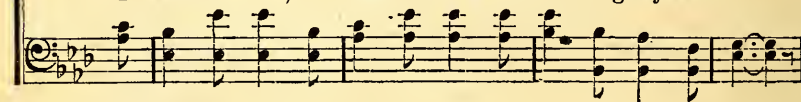
WILL L. THOMPSON.



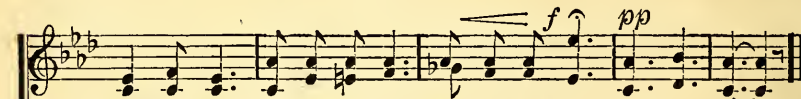
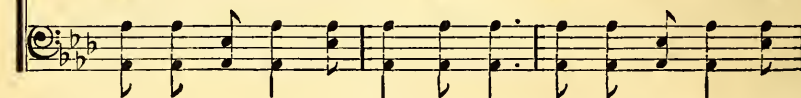
1. Je - sus is all the world to me—My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be:
4. Je - sus is all the world to me— I want no bet - ter Friend;



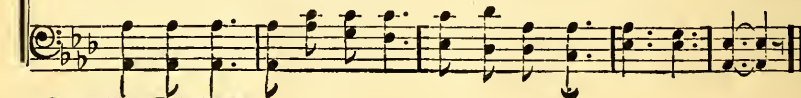
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I should fall.
 I go to Him for bless-ings and He gives them o'er and o'er.
 Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny When He's so true to me?
 I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleeting days shall end.



When I am sad to Him I go, No oth - er one can
 He sends the sun-shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
 Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, Keep - ing His cross with -
 Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend! Beau - ti - ful life that



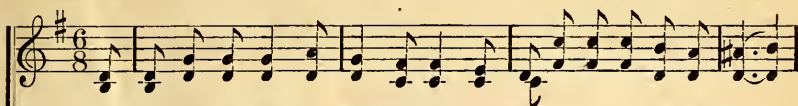
cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad: He's my Friend!
 gold-en grain—Sunshine and rain, and gold-en grain: He's my Friend!
 in my sight; Fol-low-ing Him by day and night: He's my Friend!
 has no end! E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy: He's my Friend!



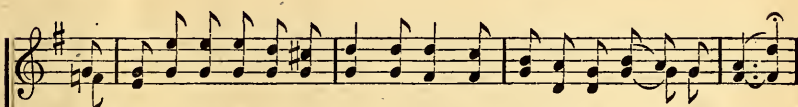
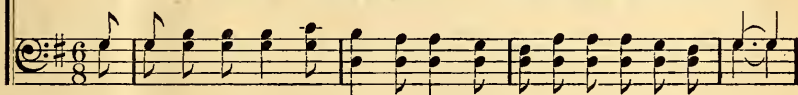
Jesus Is Always the Same.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

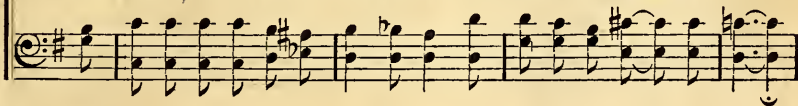
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. We dwell in a fleeting, changing clime, Where beauty and gladness decay;
2. He led us a-long thro' tri- als past, His love is our ref-uge to - day;
3. Then let us be faith-ful, true, and bold, Re-joic-ing His promise to claim;
4. He's always the same unchanging Friend, To watch, to defend, and provide;



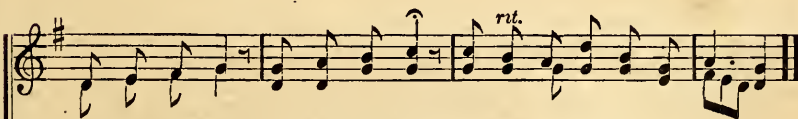
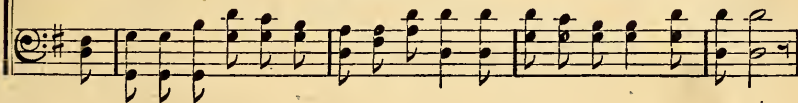
Where earth's fondest hopes in the waste of time, Soon vanish and fade a - way.
 And sheltered in Him we shall stand at last, While ages shall roll a - way.
 The mountains may tremble, the skies grow old, But Jesus is ev-er the same.
 We'll follow Him closely till life shall end, And then in His presence a - bide.



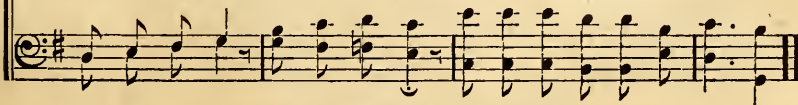
CHORUS.



But Je-sus is always the same;..... No changes His love can sev-er;
 is al-ways the same;



Al-ways the same, al-ways the same, Yes-ter-day, uow, and for - ev - er.



1. There's a home I am wait-ing for, a home far a-way, Not a
 2. There's a home I am wait-ing for, how sweet 'tis to think Of those
 3. There's a home I am striv-ing for, no mat-ter if feet Are
 4. Bless-ed home, sweet-est home, 'twill be wait-ing for me, If

world like we're in where the paths lead a-stray. But a land where the
 pure crys-tal wa-ters for-ev-er to drink; And bathe in the
 wea-ry and torn with the thorns that we meet. It will on-ly make
 I, gen-tle Sav-iour, will still fol-low Thee; Thou know-est my

wea-ry who sigh here in pain, May meet and weep nev-er, no, nev-er a-gain.
 sun-light of Je-sus' blest love, In that beautifui mansion prepared up above.
 hearts that are longing to be Still near-er, dear Saviour, yes, near-er to Thee.
 wand'ring, dear Je sus, in love, For-give me and lead me safe home up a-bove.

CHORUS.

Let us sing, (sweet-ly sing,) of that home, (hap-py home,) As on

earth, (here we roam,) here we roam, (here we roam,) 'Tis our hoine, (home of love,)

My Home Above—Concluded.

Bless-ed home, (home a-bove,) Home for all who do the Sav- iour love.

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Ho, Every One.

Rev. F. DENISON.

J. J. LOWE.

1. Yes, full the fount of mer-cy flows, By deep, Di-vine com- passion stirred,
2. Ce - les - tial fount that E - den knew, Sur - viv - ing ev - 'ry earth - ly shock,
3. It flows from crimsoned Cal - va - ry, Exhaustless fount of price - less blood,
4. Oh, list, and hear the Saviour say, "Ye thirst - y souls come un - to me;

And pours to quench our ills and woes Where'er the truth by faith is heard.
Its streams for all the 'a - ges new, A life - tide from the Liv - ing Rock.
'To cleanse from all in - iq - ui - ty And give us fel - low - ship with God.
All stains of sin I'll wash a - way, And set your suffering spir - its free."

CHORUS.

Be - liev - ing to the fountain come, Of cure, be - sides this, there is none;

But all the thirst - y here find room; "Ho, ev - 'ry one, ho, ev - 'ry one."

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

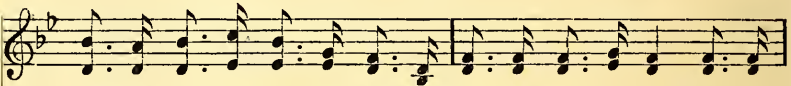
J. H. HALL.



1. Are we bowed to-day in sor-row as we see a va-cant chair?
2. Once they faced life's stormy tem-pest, once they had their share of woe,
3. Let us try to do our du-ty till the clos-ing of life's day;



See a place that no one else on earth can fill? Do we
 Now they know just what is meant by "Peace be still;" Far re-
 Let us strive each hour to do God's ho-ly will; For t'will



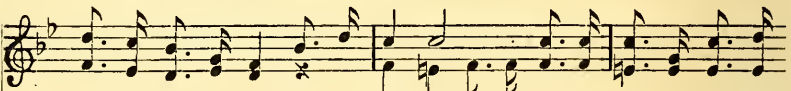
miss them at the fire-side, those whose used to gath-er there? They are
 moved from strife of bat-tle, safe from storm-y winds that blow, They are
 be but lit-tle lon-ger till our friends of us shall say, "They are



CHORUS.



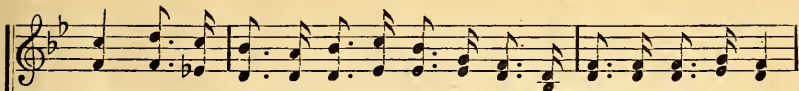
sleep-ing in God's a-cre on the hill. On the hill-side, like a
 On the hill-side,



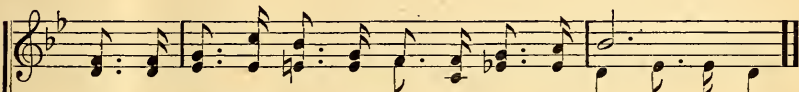
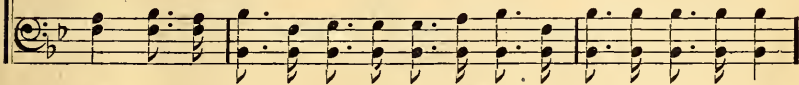
bird with-in its nest, On the hill-side, O how sweet-ly are they
 On the hill-side,



Sleeping In God's Acre On the Hill—Concluded.



rest, Let us grieve not for those dear ones, for those friends loved most and best,



They are sleep - ing in God's a - cre on the hill. on the hill.

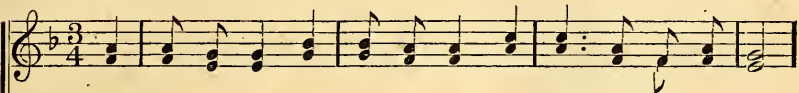


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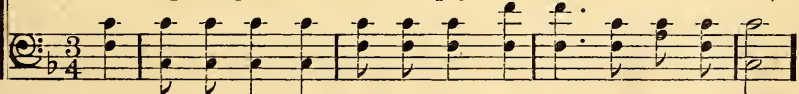
Remember Me.

ISAAC WATTS.

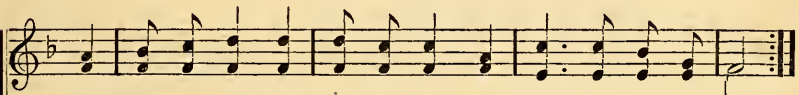
ASA HULL.



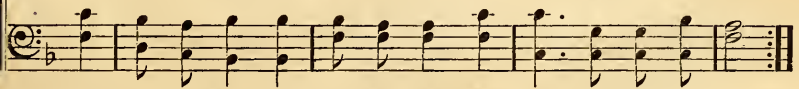
1. A - las! and did my Sav-iour bleed? And did my Sov'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I had done He groaned up-on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark-ness hide, And shut His glo-ries in,
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re - pay The debt of love I owe;



CHO.—Help me, dear Sav-iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith-ful be;



Would He de-vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz-ing pit - y! Grace unknown! And love be-yond de-gree.
When Christ, the might-y Mak - er died For man, the creature's sin.
Here, Lord, I give my - self a - way; 'Tis all that I can do.



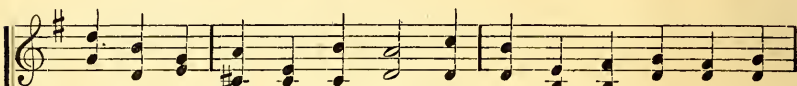
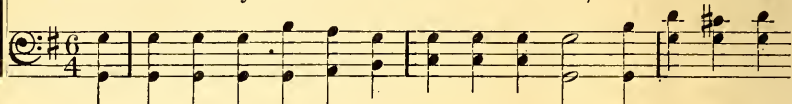
And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

E. E. HEWITT.

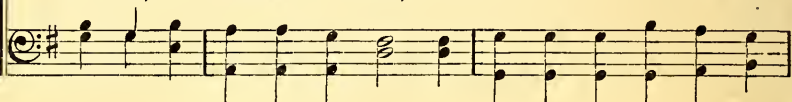
J. H. HALL.



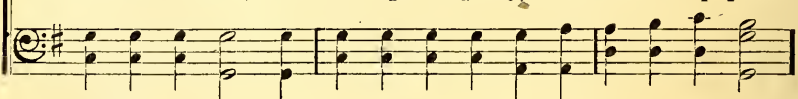
1. The shad-ows of eve-ning will fall by and by; The last, ling'ring
2. Then let us not sor-row - as those with no hope; With life's ma - ny
3. We'll faith-ful - ly serve Him till comes e - ven - fall, Un - til for His



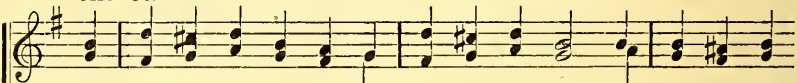
sun-beam will fade from the sky; How blest, in the gloam-ing, to
tri - als, we're a - ble to cope; If look - ing to Je - sus, our
serv - ants, the Mas - ter shall call; Fare - well to the troub - les that



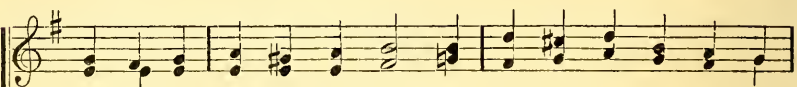
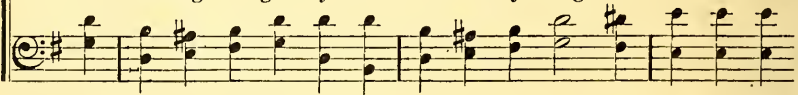
whisper "good-night," 'Twill soon be good-morning, in man-sions of light.
bright Morning Star, We catch the glad vis-ion of splen-dors a - far.
vis - it us here; Good-morn-ing in glo-ry, "When He shall ap-pear."



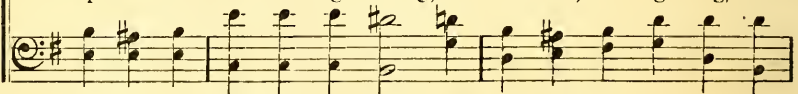
CHORUS.



Good-morn-ing in glo - ry! the heav - en - ly song Will burst forth in



rap - ture from heav - en's bright throng; No sor - row, no sigh - ing, no



Good-Morning in Glory—Concluded.

part-ing, no night; The Lamb on the throne is for - ev - er the Light.

656 Whisper it to Jesus.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. H. HALL.

1. When the cross is hard to bear, Whis - per it to Je - sus;
 2. If the friends have left thy side, Whis - per it to Je - sus;
 3. If thy tempt - er hov - ers near, Whis - per it to Je - sus;
 4. Do the waves of sor - row roll? Whis - per it to Je - sus;
 5. When you stand on Jor-dau's shore, Whis - per it to Je - sus;

When your lot is filled with care, Whis - per it to Je - sus.
 Ev - 'ry-thing to Him con-fide, Whis - per it to Je - sus.
 Tell it in the Sav-iour's ear, Whis - per it to Je - sus.
 Has some grief dis-turbed thy soul? Whis - per it to Je - sus.
 Would you have Him help you o'er? Whis - per it to Je - sus.

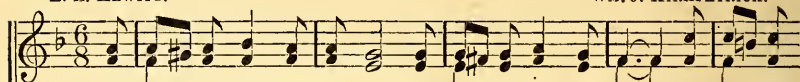
CHORUS.

Steal a-way where none can hear: To thy Lord with faith draw near;

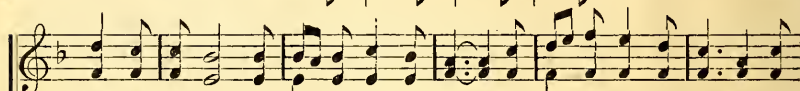
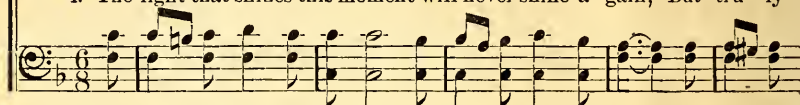
Ev - 'ry doubt and ev - 'ry fear, Whis - per it to Je - sus.

E. E. HEWITT.

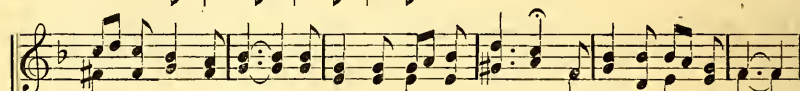
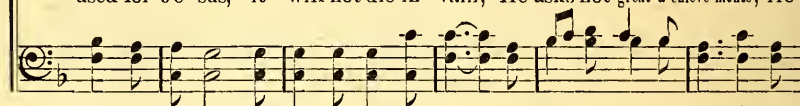
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



1. The light that shines this moment will never shine a - gain; An - oth - er
2. Our ver - y steps are count-ed; we nev - er can re - trace The way the
3. Time turns on gold - en hing - es, the doors to serv - ice true; They swift - ly
4. The light that shines this moment will never shine a - gain; But tru - ly



link is add - ed to mercy's length'ning chain; So let us use the sunshine that
Mas - ter leads us by His a - bund - ant grace; But as we journey onward, we'll
close a - round us, un - less we en - ter through; The words we might have spok - en, the
used for Je - sus, it will not die in vain; He asks not great a - chieve - ments; He



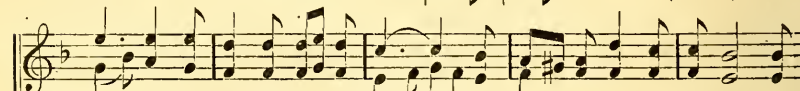
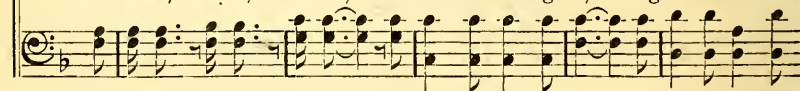
gilds the passing hour, Some other life to brighten with love's transforming pow'r.
sow a - long the way The seeds that bloom in gladness, in ev - er - last - ing day.
good we might have done, Bring but a sad remembrance, when comes the setting sun.
on - ly wants the heart To His own love surrendered, and humbly set a - part.



CHORUS.



'Twill never, nev - er, nev - er; 'Twill never shine again; The light that falls this



moment on mountain, lake and glen, We'll bring a joy to oth - ers, or



'Twill Never Shine Again—Concluded.

Con espressione.

lessen some one's pain; For the light we might be using will never shine a - gain.

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Just Keep Sweet.

C. E. MANDEVILLE.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Not too fast.

1. Tho' our cares in life are heav-y, And our burdens more than meet; We will
2. Tho' the way be rough and thorny, Pressing hard our wea-ry feet; We can
3. Tho' our cherished plans may fail us, And our fondest hopes de-feat; Life will
4. Pressing onward, upward ev-er, Tward the place where we shall meet; At the

CHORUS.

find the load much lighter, If we just keep sweet.
 make the journey bet-ter, If we just keep sweet.
 be a lit-tle brighter, If we just keep sweet. } If we just keep sweet,
 end we'll all be welcome, If we just keep sweet. } If we just keep sweet,

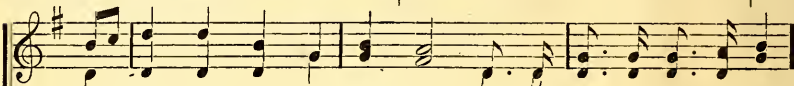
If we just keep sweet; Life will be a lit-tle brighter, If we just keep sweet.
 If we just keep sweet;

JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

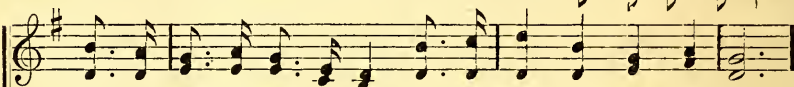
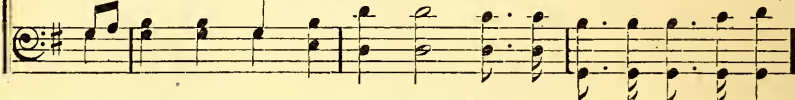
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



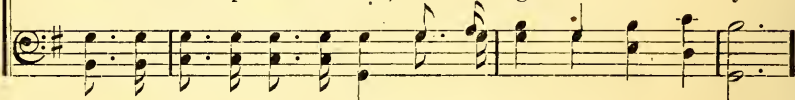
1. I have found a friend in-deed, Who sup-plies my ev-'ry need,
2. He has washed me from all sin, He has made me pure with-in,
3. When I have a heav-y trial, He be-stows on me a smile,
4. He's pre-pared a home for me, O-ver by the crys-tal sea,



My Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour; With the eye of faith sub-lime,
 My Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour; He hath made my spir-it whole,
 My Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour; And I find no oth-er rest,
 My Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour; When life's fit-ful dream is o'er,



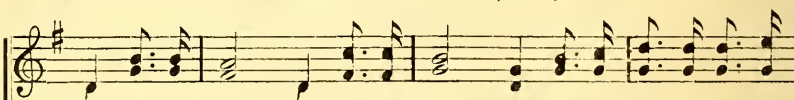
I can see Him all the time, And He's with me all the way.
 Spo-ken peace to my poor soul, And He bless-es me each day.
 Like the ha-ven of His breast, For a pres-ent help is He.
 I will dwell up-on that shore, Thro' a bright e-ter-ni-ty.



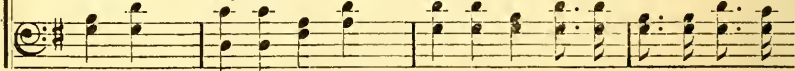
CHORUS.



Hal-le-lu-jah! I am walk-ing with my Sav- - -
 I am walk-ing with my



our, My dear Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, And He keeps me in His
 Sav-iour, My dear Sav-iour, pre-cious Sav-iour, He



I Have Found a Friend Indeed—Concluded.

per-fect love and fa- vor, And I nev-er have to walk a-lone.
His per-fect love and fa-vor,

660 Every Day and Hour.

F. J. C.

W. H. DOANE.

Slowly.

1. Sav-iour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er;

Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ey-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trust-ing Thee I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a brighter, brighter world a-bove.

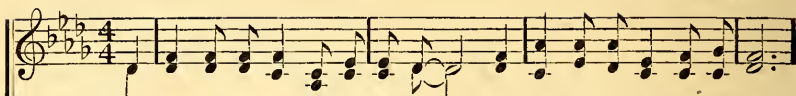
REFRAIN.

Ev-'ry day, ev-'ry hour, Let me feel Thy cleansing pow'r;
day and hour, day and hour,

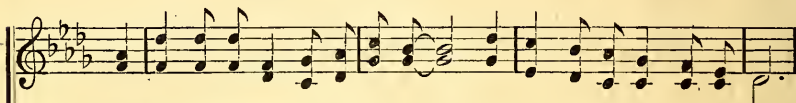
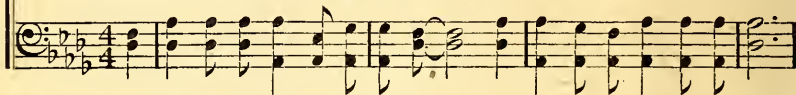
May Thy ten-der love to me, Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

F. A. B.

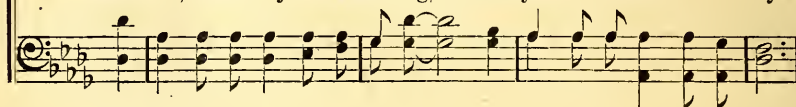
F. A. BLACKMER.



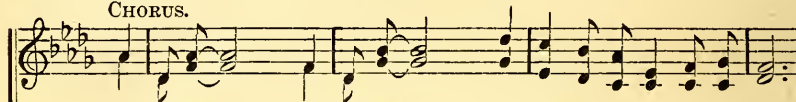
1. Swing back for one moment, fair portals Of that wondrous cit-y, we pray;
2. One glimpse shall our courage embolden, And brighten the whole of our way;
3. We've read of that cit-y's bright glo-ry, That knows not the darkness of night;
4. We've read of the Tree and the Riv-er, Life's wa-ter and fruit ev - er fair;
5. Those gates we're approaching, how cheering! Oh, let us prove faithful al-way;



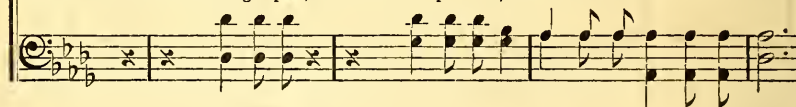
One glimpse, and the fears of these mortals Shall van-ish for-ev - er a-way.
 Oh, why should the sight be withholden? By faith we would view it to-day.
 And reading that wonder-ful sto - ry Has ravished our souls with delight.
 We've looked up in faith to the Giv-er, And prayed that we might enter there.
 And know, as the city we're near-ing, That they shall to us some sweet day



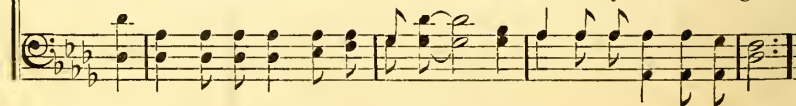
CHORUS.



Swing o - pen, fair por-tals, A moment, and let us look thro';
Last v. Swing o - pen, those por-tals, And we shall in triumph go in,
 Swing o - pen, fair por-tals,



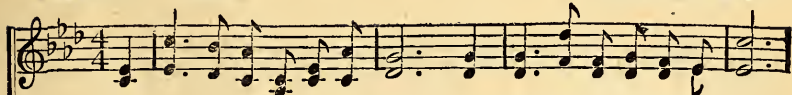
One glimpse, and we faltering mor-tals To en-ter shall press on a-new.
 Where we shall as ransomed immor-tals E - ter - ni - ty bless-ed be-gin.



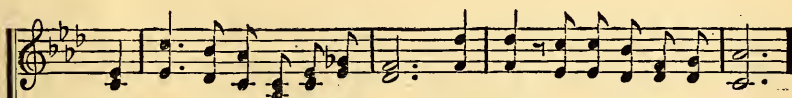
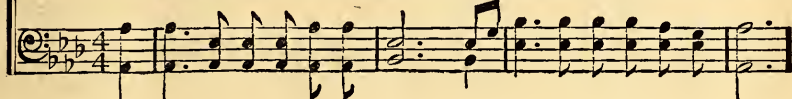
Some Time We'll Understand.

MAXWELL N. CORNELIUS.

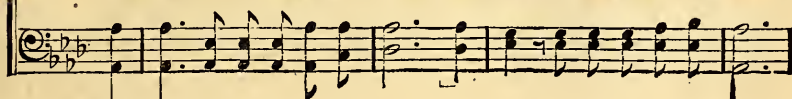
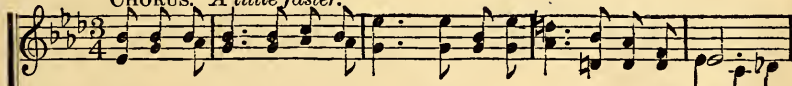
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Not now, but in the coming years, It may be in the bet-ter land,
2. We'll catch the broken thread a-gain, And fin-ish what we here be-gan;
3. We'll know why clouds instead of sun Were o-ver many a cherished plan;
4. Why what we long for most of all, E-ludes so oft our eag-er hand;
5. Gods knows the way, He holds the key, He guides us with un-err-ing hand;

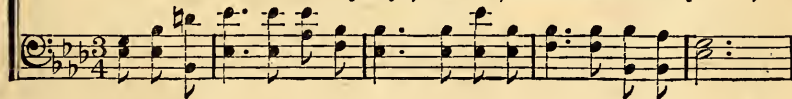


We'll read the meaning of our tears, And there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Heav'n will the mysteries ex-plain, And then, ah, then, we'll understand.
 Why song has ceased when scarce begun; 'Tis there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Why hopes are crushed and castles fall, Up there, sometime, we'll understand.
 Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see; Yes, there, up there, we'll understand.

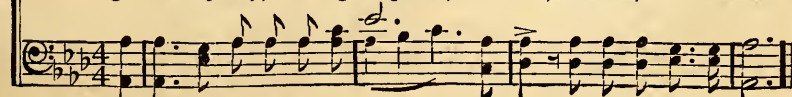
CHORUS. *A little faster.*

doth hold thy hand;

Then trust in God thro' all thy days; Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;

*A tempo.**cres.**ad lib.*

Though dark thy way, still sing and praise, Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.



663 I'll Stand by Until the Morning.

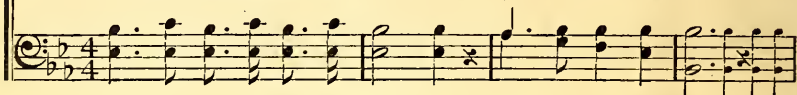
This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a help-less bark,
2. Wea - ry, helpless, hopeless sea - men Faint - ing' on the deck,
3. On a wild and stormy o - cean, Sink - ing'neath the wave,
4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come,



On to doom 'tis swift-ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark!
 With what joy they hail their Sav - iour, As He hails their wreck!
 Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, Christ has come to save!
 Leave the wreck and in Him trust - ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!

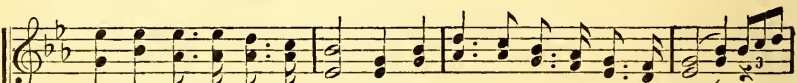
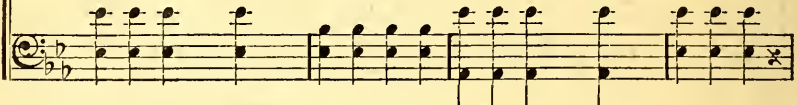


CHORUS.

Joy,..... be-hold the Sav - iour, Joy,.....the mes - sage hear,



Joy, O joy, . . be - hold the Sav-iour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,



"I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear," Yes,



I'll Stand by Until the Morning—Concluded.

I'll stand by un-til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear. do not fear.

664 The Children's Friend Is Jesus.

R. H.

ROBERT HARKNESS.

1. The chil-dren's Friend is Je - sus, He calls them to His side;
2. The chil-dren's Friend is Je - sus, He loves their joys to share;
3. The chil-dren's Friend is Je - sus, There's no one else so true;

He gave His life a ran - som, Heav'n's gate to o - pen wide.
 He knows their lit - tle sor - rows, He longs each one to bear.
 He keeps all those who trust Him, As no one else can do.

CHORUS.

The chil - drens Friend is Je - sus, Je - sus, Je - sus; His

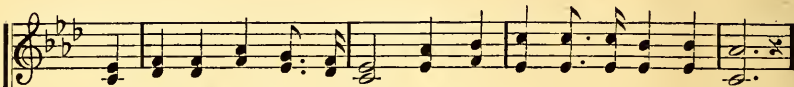
life He gave their souls to save, The chil-dren's Friend is He.

C. H. G.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.



1. I stand a-mazed in the pres-ence of Je - sus the Naz - a - rene,
2. For me it was in the garden He pray'd—"Not my will, but Thine;"
3. In pit - y an - gels be-held Him, And came from the world of light
4. When with the ransomed in glo - ry His face I at last shall see,



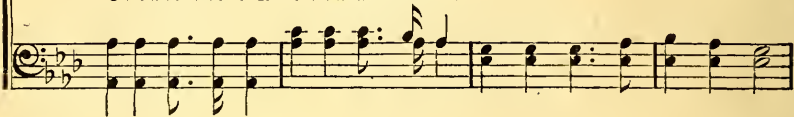
And won-der how He could love me, A sin-ner, condem'd un-clean.
 He had no tears for His own griefs, But sweat-drops of blood for mine.
 To comfort Him in the sor - rows He bore for my soul that night.
 'Twill be my joy thro' the a - ges To sing of His love for me.



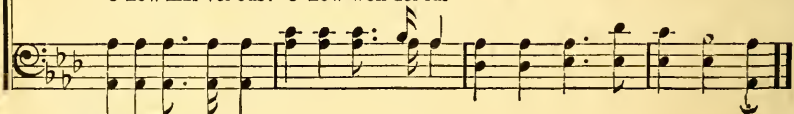
CHORUS.



How mar-vel-ous! How won-der-ful! And my song shall ev - er be:
 O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful!



How mar-vel-ous! how won-der-ful Is my Sav-iour's love for me.
 O how mar-vel-ous! O how won-der-ful



God is Now Willing; Are You?

"Who hath reconciled us to himself by Jesus Christ."—2 COR. v. 18.

EL NATHAN.

JAMES MCGRAHANAN.

1. God is now willing, in Christ rec-on-ciled, Will-ing to par-don, and
 2. God is now willing to give you His peace, Will-ing from bondage of
 3. God is now willing to answer your pray'r, Per-fect-ly will-ing your
 4. God is now willing with - in you to dwell, Will-ing with blessing your

cres.

cleanse the de-fled, Will-ing to take you and make you His child;
 sin to re-lease, Will-ing the con-flict with - in you should cease;
 bur-den to bear, Read - y and wait-ing to take all your care;
 spir - it to fill; Yield to His plead-ing and give up your will;

dim. CHORUS.

God is now willing; are you? God is now willing; are you? are you?

Will you not trust Him, so faith-ful, so true? If you re-fuse Him, O

rit. *pp*

what will you do? God is now will-ing; are you?.....
 are you?


"Whoso trusteth in the Lord, happy is he."—Proverbs xxi, 20.

Rev. J. H. SAMMIS.


D. B. TOWNER.



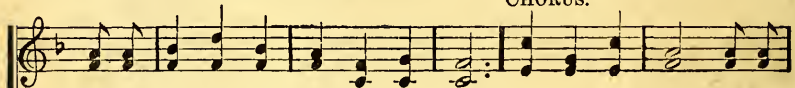
1. When we walk with the Lord In the Light of His Word What a glo-ry He
 2. Not a shadow can rise, Not a cloud in the skies, But His smile quickly
 3. Not a bur-den we bear, Not a sor-row we share, But our toil He doth
 4. But we nev-er can prove The delights of His love Un-til all on the
 5. Then in fel-low-ship sweet We will sit at His feet, Or we'll walk by His

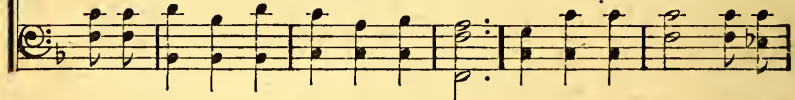
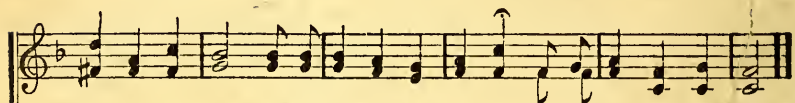
sheds on our way! While we do His good-will, He a-bides with us still,
 drives it a-way; Not a doubt or a fear, Not a sigh nor a tear
 rich-ly re-pay; Not a grief nor a loss, Not a frown or a cross
 al-tar we lay; For the fa-vor He shows, And the joy He be-stows,
 side in the way; What He says we will do, Where He sends we will go—



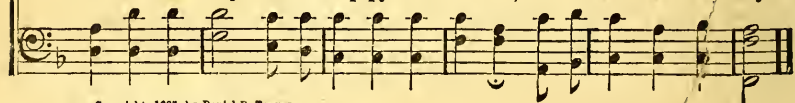
CHORUS.



And with all who will trust and o - bey.
 Can a-bide while we trust and o - bey.
 But is blest if we trust and o - bey.
 Are for them who will trust and o - bey.
 Nev-er fear, on - ly trust and o - bey. } Trust and o - bey, for there's

no oth-er way To be hap-py in Je-sus, But to trust and o - bey.



William Hunter.

J. W. Badman.

1. In the Chris-tian's home in glo - ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ier's
 2. He is fit-ting up my man-sion, Which e-ter-nal-ly shall stand, For my stay shall
 3. Pain and sick-ness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
 4. Death it-self shall then be van-quished, And his sting shall be with-drawn; Shout for glad-ness,

CHORUS.

gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.
 not be tran-sient, In that ho-ly, hap-py land. { There is, rest for the wear-y,
 les-tial cen-ter, I a crown of life shall wear. } On the oth-er side of Jor-dan,
 oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris-ing morn.

There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for you; }
 In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is bloom-ing, There is rest for you. }

I Lay My Sins on Jesus.

Horatius Bonar.

Samuel Sebastian Wesley

1. I lay my sins on Je-sus, The spotless lamb of God; He bears them all, and frees us From the ac-curs-ed load:

I bring my guilt to Je-sus, To wash my crim-son stains White in His blood most pre-cious, Till not a stain re-mains.

2 I lay my wants on Jesus;
 All fulness dwells in Him;
 He healeth my diseases,
 He deliv'rs my soul redeem:
 I lay my griefs on Jesus,
 My burdens and my cares;
 He from them all releases,
 He all my sorrows shares.

3 I rest my soul on Jesus,
 This weary soul of mine;
 His right hand me embraces,
 I on His breast recline:
 I love the name of Jesus,
 Immanuel, Christ the Lord,
 Like fragrance on the breezes
 His name abroad is poured.

4 I long to be like Jesus,
 Meek, loving, lowly, mild;
 I long to be like Jesus,
 The Father's holy child:
 I long to be with Jesus
 Amid the heavenly throng,
 To sing with saints His praises,
 And learn the angels' song.

The Lazarus Song.

Dedicated to the Rev. Bud Robinson. Suggested by his sermon on Lazarus.

N. B. HERRELL.

N. B. HERRELL.

Slowly.

1. In the Bi - ble we are told Of poor La - za - rus of old, How
 2. In the sep - ul - chre he lay Till the stone was roll'd a - way, For
 3. Aft - er La - za - rus a - rose And put off his binding clothes, His
 4. We like La - za - rus were dead, In sin's sep - ul - chre were laid, Till

he was sick and died, How the Great Phy - si - cian came, Praise, O,
 he four days was dead, When the might - y Je - sus spoke, And the
 Lord to mag - ni - fy, He could leap and sing and shout, For his
 Christ our liv - ing Head Came a - long and spoke the word; We a -

CHORUS. *Faster.*

praise His precious name! He pray'd, He wept, He cried:
 pow'r of Sa-tan broke, Lo, this was what he said:
 soul was free from doubt, Thus he could tes - ti - fy:
 rose when Him we heard, When this to us He said:

} Come forth from the
 Come forth

grave, There is pow'r for to save; Loose him,
 from the grave, There is pow'r for to save; Loose him,

let him go; Hal - le - lu - jah! praise the Lord!
 let him go; Hal - le - lu - jah! O praise the Lord!

E. E. HEWITT.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Ring it out, sing it out, all the world a-round, Je - sus came to
 2. Tell His pow'r, might-y pow'r, un - to those a-stray; Je - sus came to
 3. Ring it out, sing it out, with a shin - ing face, Je - sus came to

seek and save;..... March along, brave and strong, shout the joyful sound,
 seek and save;..... Tell His love, wondrous love, wooing them to-day,
 seek and save;..... Rich and poor, high and low, welcome to His grace.
 Je - sus came to save;

CHORUS.

Je - sus came to seek and save. Ring it, bells of gladness, sweetly, sweetly ring;

Sing it, hap - py voic - es, ev - er, ev - er sing; Ring it out,

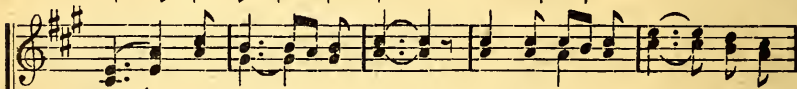
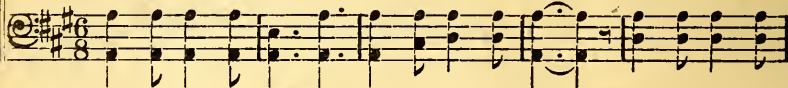
sing it out, with a joy - ful shout, Je - sus came to seek and save.

Words by E. RINEHART.

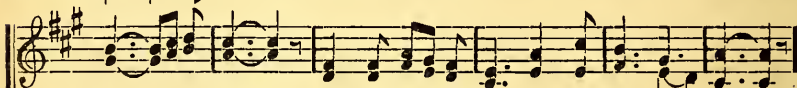
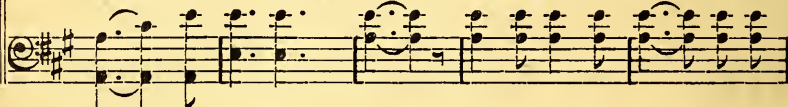
Music by ASA HULL.



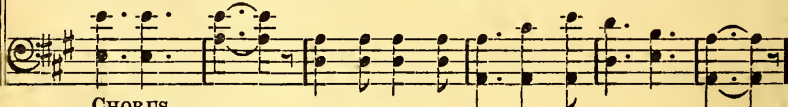
1. Watch-ing thro' the night and waiting for the dawn; Look-ing for the
2. Liv - ing in the val - ley, hum-ble, meek, and low; Thus it is I
3. Work - ing for the Mas - ter, pa-tient-ly I - wait; Knocking for ad -



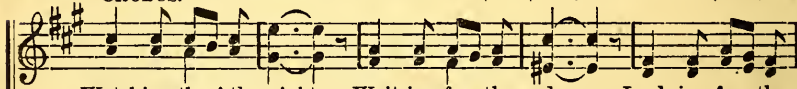
first bright ray of morn; Feel-ing all the gloom of the
 tri-umph o'er ev - 'ry foe; Wait-ing till the sum-mons shall
 mit-tance at Mer - cy's gate; Trust-ing Him to guide, where I



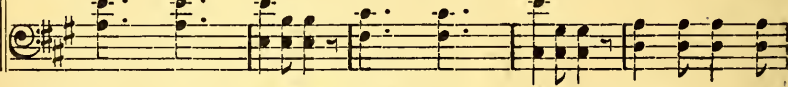
mid - night hour, Yet I'm trust-ing all to His love and pow'r.
 call me home; Out in - to the sun-shine be-yond the gloom.
 can - not see; Know-ing that His care is still o - ver me.



CHORUS.



Watching thro' the night; Wait-ing for the dawn; Look-ing for the
 Watch - ing thro' the night, Wait - ing for the dawn;



first bright ray of morn; Feel-ing all the gloom of the
 Feel - ing all the gloom of the



Trusting the Lord.—Concluded.

mid- night hour, Yet I'm trust-ing all to His love and pow'r.
mid-night hour,

673

The City of God.

Words by NEWTON.

Music by ASA HULL.

1. Glo - rious things of thee are spok-en, Zi - on, cit - y of our God;
2. On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re- pose?
3. Round each hab - i - ta - tion hov'ring, See the cloud and fire ap - pear!
4. He who gives us dai - ly man-na, He who lis - tens when we cry,

He whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode.
With sal - va-tion's walls surrounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.
For a glo - ry and a cov'r-ing, Showing that the Lord is near.
Let Him hear the loud ho-san-na Ris - ing to His throne on high.

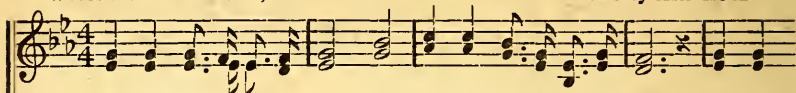
CHORUS.

Zi - on, Zi-on, beau - ti - ful Zi - on, Zi-on, cit - y of our God;
beau-ti - ful, beau-ti - ful Zi - on,

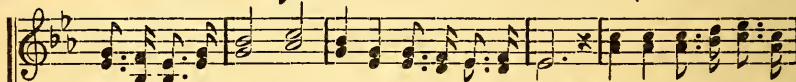
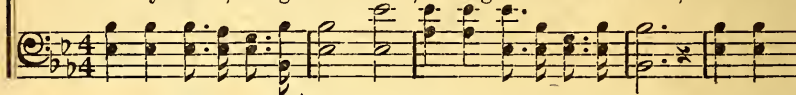
He, whose word can-not be brok-en, Form'd thee for His own a-bode.

Words from "S. S. Gem,"

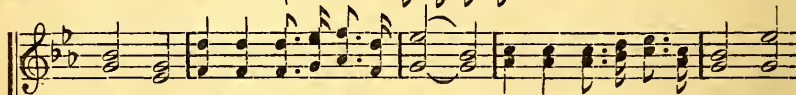
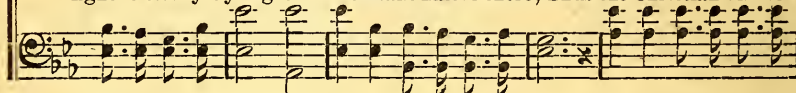
Music by ASA HULL.



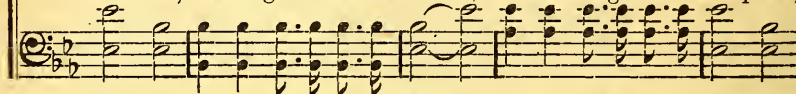
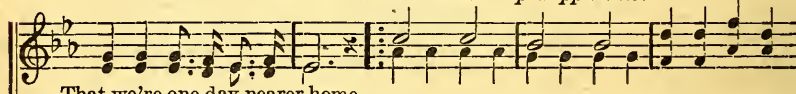
1. O'er the hills the sun is set - ting, And the eve is drawing on; Slow-ly
2. Worn and weary, oft the pil - grim Hails the setting of the sun, For the
3. Near - er home! yes, one day nearer To our Father's house on high, To the
4. "One day nearer," sings the mar'ner, As he glides the waters o'er, While the



drops the gentle twi-light, For an-other day is gone. Gone for aye—its race is goal is one day nearer, And his journey nearly done; Thus we feel when o'er life's green fields and the fountains Of the land beyond the sky; For the heav'ns grow brighter light is soft-ly dy-ing On his distant native shore; Thus the Christian on life's

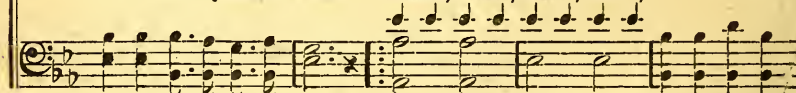


o - ver; Soon the darker shades will come; Still 'tis sweet to know at evening des - ert Heart and sandal-sore we roam; As the twilight gathers o'er us, o'er us, And the lamps hang in the dome, And our tents are pitch'd still closer, o - cean, As his light-boat cuts the foam, In the evening cries with rapture,

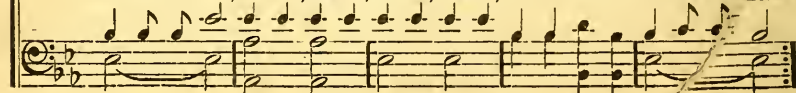
REFRAIN. Repeat *pp ad lib.*

That we're one day nearer home.
We are one day nearer home.
For we're one day nearer home.
"I am one day nearer home."

Near - er, near - er, One day near-er
Nearer, nearer, nearer, nearer,



home; Near - er, near - er, One day nearer home.
nearer home; Nearer, nearer, nearer, nearer, near-er home.



Words by Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

Music by S. J. VAIL.

1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Ly-ing all a-round our path; Let us
 2. Strange we nev-er prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that
 3. If we knew the ba-by fingers, Press'd against the window pane, Would be
 4. Ah! those lit-tle ice-cold fin-gers, How they point the memories back To the

keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff; Let us find our sweetest
 we should slight the violets Till the lovely flow'rs are gone! Strange that summer skies and
 cold and stiff to-morrow,—Never trouble us again,—Would the bright eyes of our
 hasty words and actions Strewn around our backward track! How these little hands re-

com-fort In the blessings of to-day, With a patient hand re-moving All the
 sun-shine Nev-er seem one-half so fair, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the
 darling Catch the frown upon our brow?—Would the prints of rosy fingers Vex us
 mind us, As in snow-y grace they lie, Not to scat-ter thorns, but roses, For our

CHORUS.

bri-ars from the way.
 white down in the air.
 then as they do now? } Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of
 reaping by and by.

kindness, Then scatter seeds of kind-ness For our reap-ing by and by.

Words by Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

Music by H. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, His words im-plore us,
 2. We'll fol - low where He lead - eth, We'll pas-ture where He feed - eth,
 3. Our home is bright a - bove us, No tri - als dark to move us,

The eye of God is o'er us From on high;.....
 We'll yield to Him who plead-eth From on high;.....
 But Je - sus dear to love us There on high,.....
 from on high;

His lov - ing tones are call - ing, While sin is dark, ap - pall - ing,
 Then naught from Him shall sev - er, Our hope shall bright - en ev - er,
 We'll give Him best en - deav - or, And praise His name for - ev - er,

'Tis Je - sus gent - ly call - ing, He is nigh.....
 And faith shall fail us nev - er, He is nigh.....
 His pre - cious words can nev - er, Nev - er die.....
 He is nigh.

CHORUS.

By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in

TRIUMPH BY AND BY.—Concluded.

glo-ry; By and by;..... By and by we shall meet Him, By and
by and by;

by we shall greet Him, And with Je-sus reign in glo-ry, By and by.

No. 677. SINCE MY SAVIOUR CAME.

J. L. H.

G. F. ROOT.
(Arr. by J. Lincoln Hall.)

1. Since my Saviour came from heav'n to save me, 'Tis glo-ry all the way;
2. He redeemed me when in sin and sor-row, 'Tis glo-ry all the way;
3. So I praise the Lord for pow'r to keep me, 'Tis glo-ry all the way;

FINE.

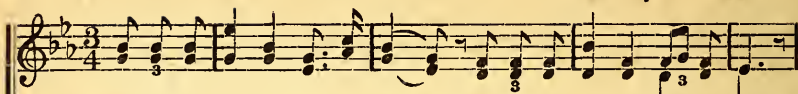
All my sin my bless-ed Lord for-gave me, 'Tis glo-ry all the way.
Now the joy of heav-en I can bor-row, 'Tis glo-ry all the way.
For the blood that saves this ver-y hour, 'Tis glo-ry all the way.

D.S.—I will tell to all the wondrous sto-ry, 'Tis glo-ry all the way.

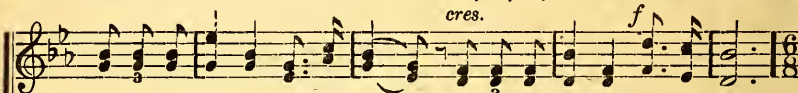
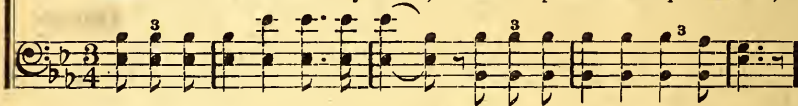
CHORUS.

D.S.

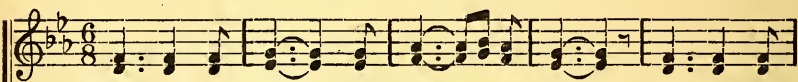
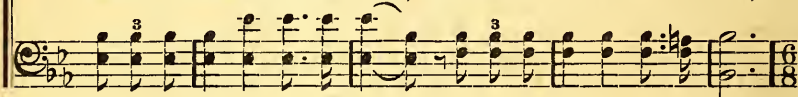
Hal-le-lu-jah! O what glo-ry, In my soul to-day;



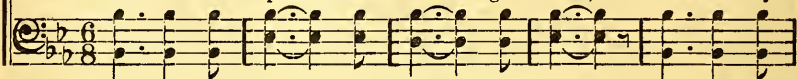
1. Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, built a-bove, Beau-ti-ful cit-y that I love!
 2. Beau-ti-ful heav'n where all is light, Beau-ti-ful an-gels, cloth'd in white;
 3. Beau-ti-ful crowns on ev-'ry brow, Beautiful palms the conqu'rors show;



Beau-ti-ful gates of pearl-y white, Beau-ti-ful tem-ple—God its light!
 Beau-ti-ful strains that nev-er tire, Beau-ti-ful harps thro' all the choir;
 Beau-ti-ful robes the ransom'd wear, Beau-ti-ful all who en-ter there;



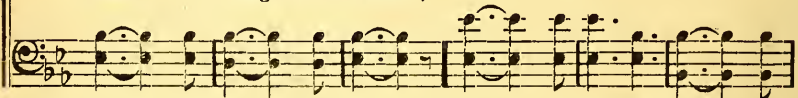
He who was slain on Cal-va-ry, O-pens those
 There shall I join the cho-rus sweet, Wor-ship-ping
 Thith-er I press with ea-ger feet, There shall my



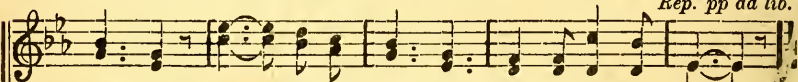
CHORUS.



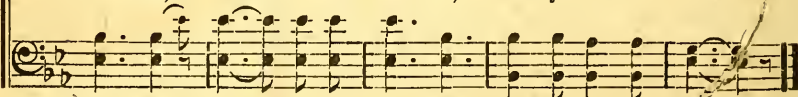
pearl-y gates to me. } Zi-on, Zi-on, love-ly
 at the Sav-iour's feet. }
 rest be long and sweet. }



Rep. pp ad lib.



Zi-on, Beau-ti-ful Zi-on, cit-y of our God.



Cheerfully.

1. { There are lone - ly hearts to cher - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }
 { There are wea - ry souls that per - ish, While the days are go - ing by; }
 2. { There's no time for i - dle scorn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }
 { Let your face be like the morn - ing, While the days are go - ing by; }
 3. { All the liv - ing links that bind us, While the days are go - ing by; }
 { One by one we leave be - hind us, While the days are go - ing by; }

If a smile we can re - new, As our jour - ney we pur - sue,
 O, the world is full of sighs, Full of sad and weep - ing eyes—
 But the seed of good we sow, Both in shade and shine will grow,

O, the good we all may do, While the days are go - ing by.
 Help your fall - en broth - ers rise, While the days are go - ing by.
 And will keep our hearts a - glow, While the days are go - ing by.

CHORUS.

Go - ing, go - ing by, While the days are go - ing by;
 by,.....

Do all the good you can, While the days are go - ing by.

REV. JOHNSON OATMAN, JR.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When storms of life are round me beating, When rough the path that I have trod,
 2. What tho' the clouds have gather'd o'er me? What tho' I've pass'd beneath the rod?
 3. 'Tis there I find new strength for du-ty, As o'er the sands of time I plod,
 4. And when I see the moment nearing When I shall sleep beneath the sod,

With-in my clos-et door re-treat-ing, I love to be a-lone with God.
 God's perfect will there lies be-fore me, When I am thus a-lone with God.
 I see the King in all his beau-ty, While resting there a-lone with God.
 When time with me is dis-ap-pear-ing, I want to be a-lone with God.

CHORUS.

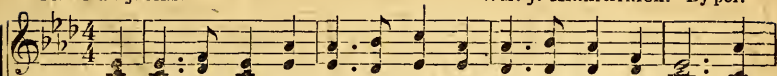
A-lone with God..... the world for - bid - den, A-lone with
 A - lone with God,

God,..... O blest re - treat! Alone with God,..... and in him
 A-lone with God, Alone with God,

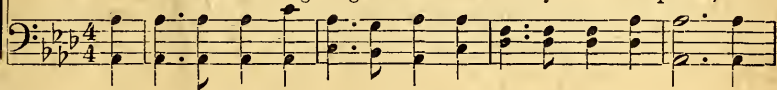
hid - den, To hold with him..... com-mun-ion sweet.
 To hold with him

MARY D. JAMES.

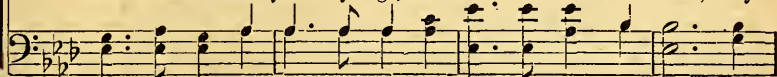
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. By per.



1. Oh, bless-ed fel - low-ship di-vine! Oh, joy su-preme-ly sweet! Com -
2. I'm walk-ing close to Je - sus' side; So close that I can hear The
3. I'm lean-ing on His lov-ing breast, A - long life's wea-ry way; My
4. I know His shelt'ring wings of love Are al-ways o'er me spread; And



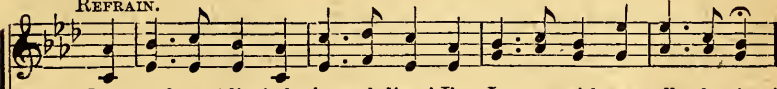
pan - ion-ship with Je - sus here Makes life with bliss re - plete: In
 soft - est whispers of His love In fel - low-ship so dear, And
 path, il - lu-mined by His smiles, Grows brighter day by day: No
 tho' the storms may fiercely rage, All calm and free from dread, My



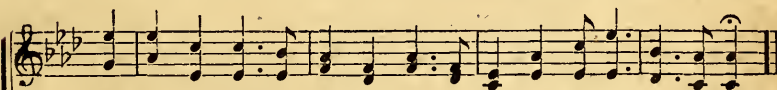
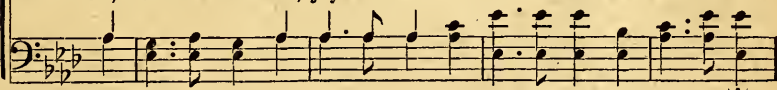
un - ion with the pur - est one, I find my heav'n on earth be-gun.
 feel His great Al - might-y hand Protects me in this hos-tile land.
 foes, no woes my heart can fear, With my Al-might-y Friend so near.
 peace - ful spir-it ev - er sings "I'll trust the cov-ert of Thy wings."



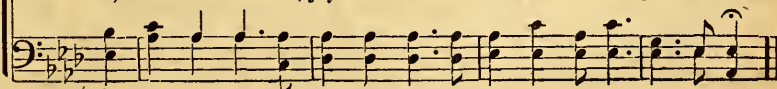
REFRAIN.



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sub-lime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!



Oh, wondrous bliss! oh, joy sublime! I've Je - sus with me all the time!



I Am Praying For You.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY.

mp Allegro moderato, con espress.

1. I have a Sav - iour, He's plead - ing in glo - ry, A dear lov - ing
 2. I have a Fa - ther: to me He has giv - en A hope for e -
 3. I have a peace: it is calm as a riv - er—A peace that the
 4. When Je - sus has found you, tell others the sto - ry, That my lov - ing

Sav - iour, tho' earth friends be few, And now He is watch - ing in
 ter - ni - ty, bless - ed and true; And soon He will call me to
 friends of this world nev - er knew; My Sav - iour a - lone is its
 Sav - iour is your Sav - iour too; Then pray that your Sav - iour may

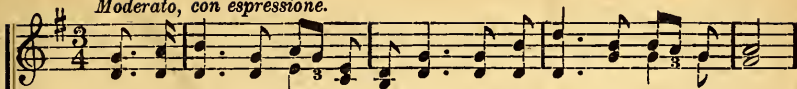
ten - der - ness o'er me, And oh, that my Sav - iour were your Sav - iour too!
 meet Him in heav - en, But oh, may He lead you to go with me too!
 Au - thor and Giv - er: And oh, could I know it was giv - en to you!
 bring them to glo - ry, And pray'r will be answered—'twas answered for you!

mf CHORUS.
 For you I am pray - ing, For you I am pray - ing,

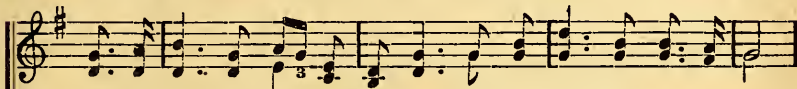
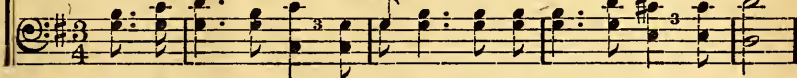
mp
 For you I am pray - ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

Waiting, Only Waiting.

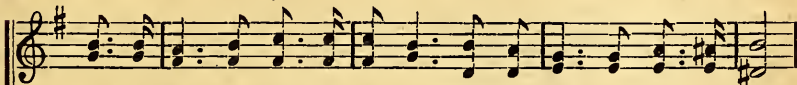
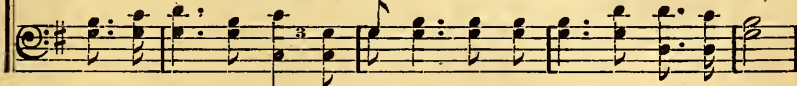
Music by ASA HULL.

Moderato, con espressione.

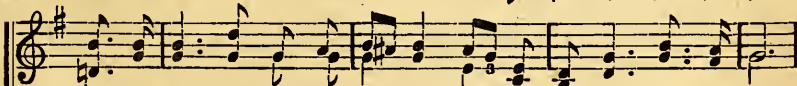
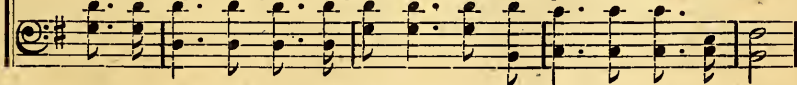
1. On - ly wait - ing till the shad - ows Are a lit - tle lon - ger grown;
 2. On - ly wait - ing till the an - gels O - pen wide the mys - tic gate;
 3. On - ly wait - ing till the reap - ers, Have the last sheaf gath - ered home;



On - ly wait - ing till the glim - mer Of the day's last beams are flown;
 At the por - tals long I've wait - ed, Wea - ry, poor and des - o - late;
 For the sum - mer time is fad - ed, And the au - tumn leaves have come;



Till the light of earth is fad - ed From the heart once full of day;
 E - ven now I hear their foot - steps And their voi - ces far a - way;
 Quickly, reap - ers! quick - ly gath - er The last ripe hours of my heart;



Till the stars of heav'n are break - ing Thro' the twi - light soft and gray;
 If they call me I am wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey;
 For the bloom of life is with - ered, And I'm read - y to de - part;



Break - ing, break - ing Through the twi - light soft and gray.
 Wait - ing, wait - ing, On - ly wait - ing to o - bey.
 Read - y, read - y, I am read - y to de - part.

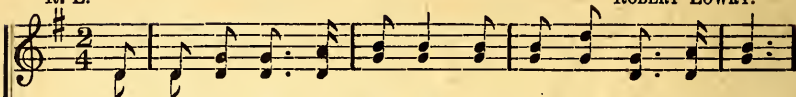


Coming By and By.

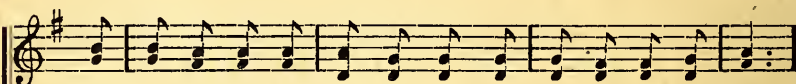
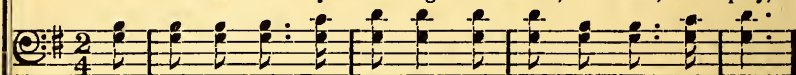
"It shall come to pass in the last days."—ISA. 2: 2.

R. L.

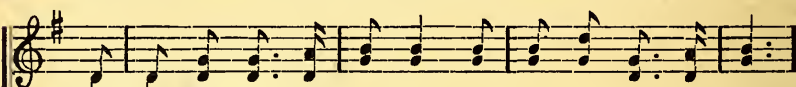
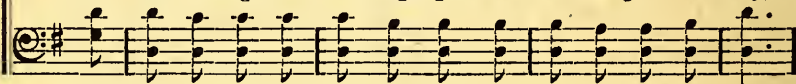
ROBERT LOWRY.



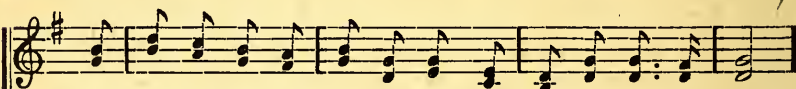
1. A bet-ter day is com-ing, A morn-ing prom-ised long,
 2. The boast of haught-y Er-ror, No more will fill the air,
 2. Oh! for that ho-ly dawn-ing We watch, and wait, and pray,



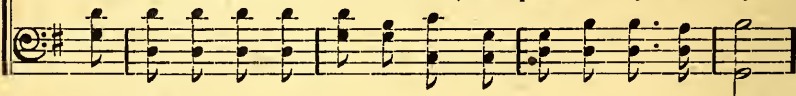
When gird-ed Right, with ho-ly Might, Will o-ver-throw the Wrong;
 But Age and Youth will love the Truth, And spread it ev-'ry-where;
 Till o'er the height the morn-ing light Shall drive the gloom a-way;



When God the Lord will lis-ten To ev-'ry plain-tive sigh,
 No more from Want and Sor-row Will come the hope-less cry,
 And when the heav-'nly glo-ry Shall flood the earth and sky,



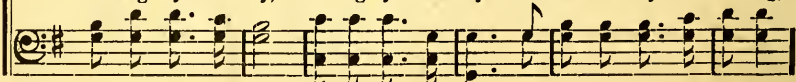
And stretch His hand o'er ev-'ry land, With jus-tice by and by.
 And strife will cease, and per-fect Peace Will flour-ish by and by.
 We'll bless the Lord for all His word, And praise Him by and by.



REFRAIN.



Com-ing by and by, Com-ing by and by! The bet-ter day is com-ing,



Coming By and By.—Concluded.

The morn-ing draw-eth nigh; Com-ing by and by, Com-ing by and by!

The wel'-come dawn will has-ten on; *rit.* 'Tis com-ing by and by.

685 How Tedious and Tasteless.

JOHN NEWTON.

LOUIS EDSON.

1. How ted-i-ous and taste-less the hours, When Je-sus no lon-ger I see!
 2. Con-tent with be-hold-ing His face, My all to His plea-sure re-sig-ned,
 3. My Lord, if in-deed I am Thine, If Thou art my sun and my song,

8: Sweet pros-pects sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweet-ness to me;
 No chan-ges of sea-son or place Would make an-y change in my mind:
 Say, why do I languish and pine? And why are my win-ters so long?

FIN.

D.S.—But woen I am hap-py in Him, De-cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.

D.S.—And pris-ons would pal-a-ces prove, If Je-sus would dwell with me there.

D.S.—Or take me to Thee up on high, Where win-ter and clouds are no more.

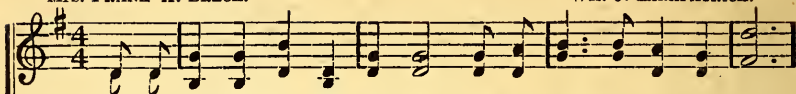
D.S.

The mid-summer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;
 While blest with a sense of His love, A pal-ace a toy would ap-pear;
 O drive these dark clouds from the sky, The soul-cheering presence re-store;

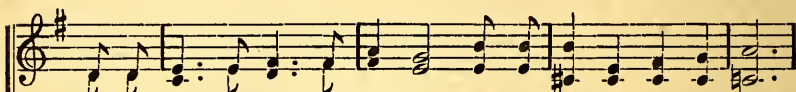
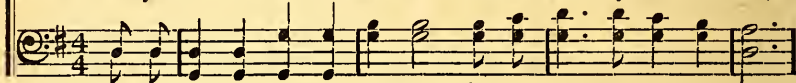
686 The Sword of the Lord and Gideon.

Mrs. FRANK A. BRECK.

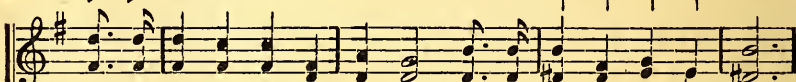
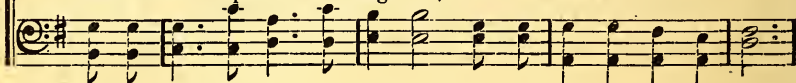
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



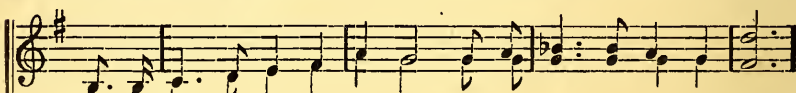
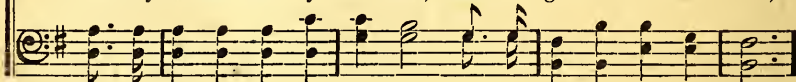
1. Gid-eon, with three hun-dred sol-diers, Once a might-y host with-stood,
 2. God was might-y to de-liv-er, And they fought with-out a sword,
 3. Go ye forth to blood-less bat-tle In the ar-m-y of the Lord;



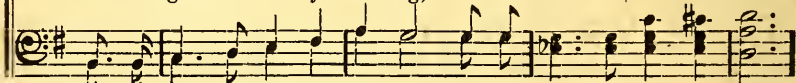
Camping in the Mo-reh Val-ley—An un-count-ed mul-ti-tude.
 Wielding naught but torch and trum-pet, And Je-ho-vah's might-y Word.
 Seek the tri-umph of His king-dom; Sound His name with one ac-cord.



But the Lord was help-ing Gid-eon; And his brave and trust-ing band,
 Gid-eon's men were but a hand-ful, Yet on God they could re-ly;
 Break thy darkened earth-ly ves-sels; Flash the light of sa-cred Word;



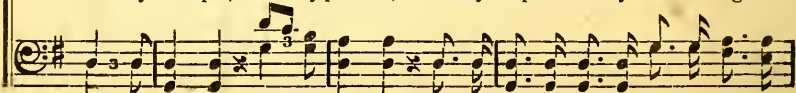
Armed with trumpets, lamps and pitch-ers, Went, o-bey-ing God's com-mand:
 And the ar-m-y, pan-ic-strick-en, Fled be-fore their bat-tle cry.
 Flash the light of ho-ly liv-ing; Let the voice of God be heard.



CHORUS.



Blow thy trum-pet, break thy pitch-er, Hold thy lamp within thy hand a-long the



The Sword of the Lord and Gideon.—Concluded.

line; Cry, "The sword of the Lord and Gid - eon!" "The sword of the Lord and Gideon!" "The sword of the Lord and Gid - eon!" And the vic - t'ry shall be thine.

687 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. Down at the cross where my Saviour died, Down where for cleansing from sin I cried,
2. I am so wondrously saved from sin, Je - sus so sweetly abides with - in,
3. Oh, precious fountain that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - tered in;
4. Come to this fountain so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Saviour's feet;

FINE.

There to my heart was the blood ap - plied; 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 com - plete; Glo - ry to His name.

D.S.—There to my heart was the blood ap - plied, Glo - ry to His name.


CHORUS.

D.S.

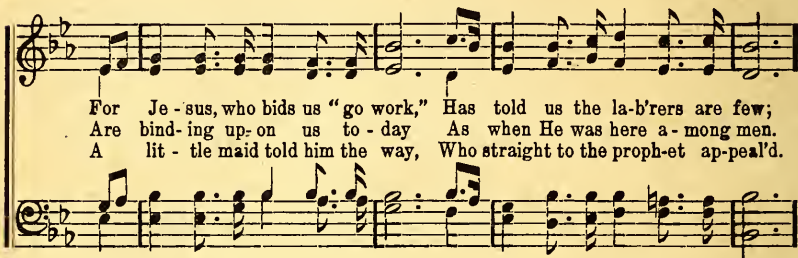
Glo - ry to His name, Glo - ry to His name;

Words by J. J. MAXFIELD.

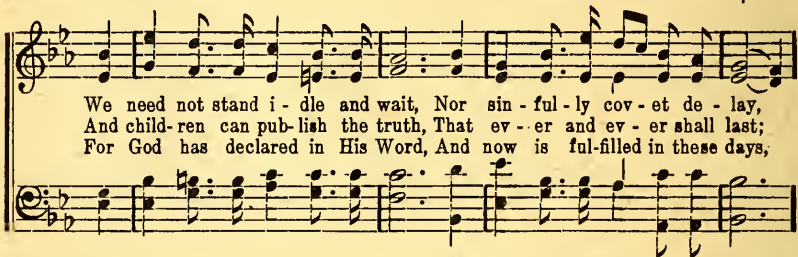
Music by J. H. TENNEY.



1. As long as we live in the world We all can find something to do;
 2. The words which the Master once spake, To those who would fol-low Him then,
 3. When Naaman, the lep-er, went down To Is-ra-el's seer to be healed,



For Je-sus, who bids us "go work," Has told us the la-b'ers are few;
 Are bind-ing up-on us to-day As when He was here a-mong men.
 A lit-tle maid told him the way, Who straight to the proph-et ap-peal'd.

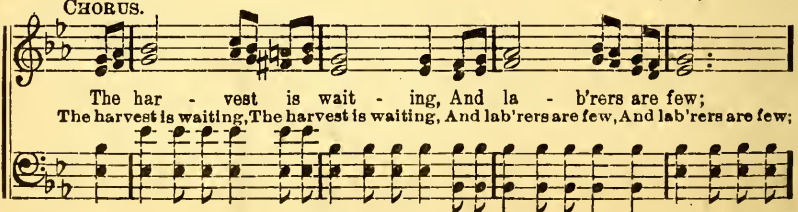


We need not stand i-dle and wait, Nor sin-ful-ly cov-et de-lay,
 And child-ren can pub-lish the truth, That ev-er and ev-er shall last;
 For God has declared in His Word, And now is ful-fulled in these days,



The vineyards where we are to toil Spread out all a-bout us to-day.
 Or go where the har-vest is white, And glean where the reapers have pass'd.
 That out of the mouth of the babes The Lord shall have per-fect-ed praise.

CHORUS.



The har-vest is wait-ing, And la-b'ers are few;
 The harvest is waiting, The harvest is waiting, And lab'ers are few, And lab'ers are few;

There Is Work for All.—Concluded.

The Mas - ter is call - ing, Dear i - dler, for you.
The Mas - ter is call - ing, The Master is call - ing, Dear i - dler, for you, for you.

689 Sweeping Through the Gates.

T. C. O'K.

T. C. O'KANE.

1. Who, who are these be - side the chil - ly wave, Just on the bor - ders
2. These, these are they who in their youthful days Found Je - sus ear - ly
3. These, these are they who, in a - fflic - tion's woes, Ev - er have found in
4. These, these are they who, in the con - flict dire, Bold - ly have stood a -
5. Safe, safe up - on the ev - er shin - ing shore, Sin, pain, and death, and
6. May we, O Lord, be now en - tire - ly Thine, Dai - ly from sin be

of the si - lent grave, Shouting Je - sus' pow'r to save, Wash'd in the
and, in wis - dom's ways, Prov'd the ful - ness of His grace, Wash'd in the
Je - sus calm re - pose, Such as from a pure heart flows, Wash'd in the
mid the hot - test fire; Je - sus now says "Come up higher;" Wash'd in the
sor - row all are o'er; Hap - py now and ev - er - more, Wash'd in the
kept by pow'r di - vine, Then in heav'n the saints we'll join, Wash'd in the

CHORUS.

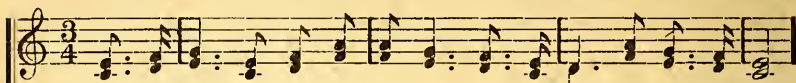
blood of the Lamb. "Sweeping thro' the gates" of the new Je - ru - sa - lem.

"Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb." . . . "Wash'd in the blood of the Lamb."
in the blood of the Lamb;"

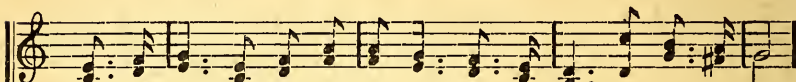
690 When the Mists Have Cleared Away.

Words arranged for this work.

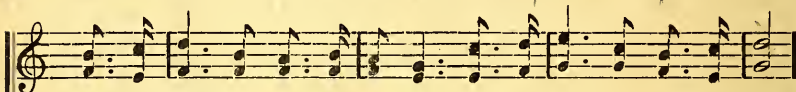
Music by J. J. VAIL.



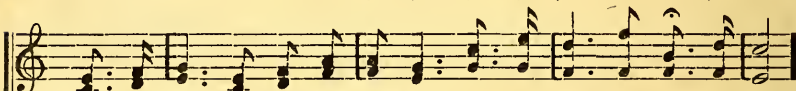
1. When the mists have rolled in splen-dor From the beau - ty of the hills,
 2. If we err in hu-man blind-ness, And for-get that we are dust;
 3. When the mists shall rise a - bove us As our Fa - ther knows His own;



And the sun-shine, warm and ten-der, Falls in beau - ty on the rills,
 If we miss the law of kind-ness, When we strug-gle to be just:
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known.



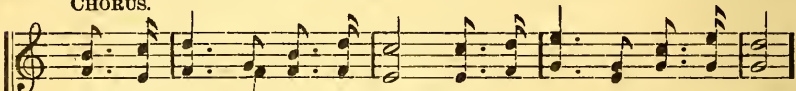
We may read love's shin-ing let-ter In the rain-bow of the spray;
 Snow-y wings of peace shall cov-er All the pain that clouds our day,
 Just be-yond the dark-ened shad-ows Floats the gold-en fringe of day;



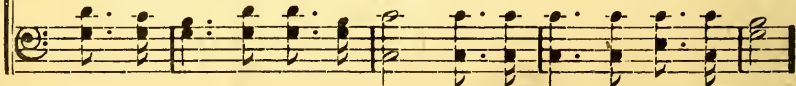
We shall know each oth-er bet-ter, When the mists have cleared a - way.
 When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared a - way.
 We shall see its wondrous brightness, When the mists have cleared a - way.



CHORUS.



We shall know as we are known, Nev - er more to walk a - lone,



When the Mists Have Cleared Away.—Concluded.

In the dawn - ing of the morn - ing, When the mists have cleared a - way.

691

Zion's Bank.

As sung by Rev. G. W. ANDERSON.

Harmonized by J. H. ROOR.

1. I have a nev - er - fail - ing bank, Well filled with gold - en store;
2. The notes that are ac - cept - ed here, With blood must all be signed;
3. A lep - er had a lit - tle note; Lord, if Thou wilt Thou can:
4. Some fear they write so poor a hand, Their notes will be re - ject - ed;
5. Sometimes my bank - er smil - ing says, Why don't you often - er come;
6. Rich - er and rich - er still I grow, The poor - er I be - come;

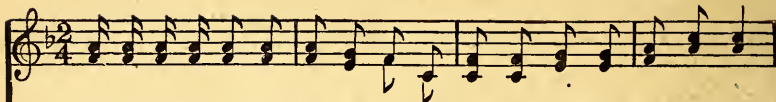
No oth - er bank con - tains so much That can en - rich the poor.
 All oth - ers, bear what name they may, Are ut - ter - ly de - clined.
 The bank - er cashed his lit - tle note, And saved the wretch - ed man.
 But al - ways hum - ble souls ob - tain Much more than they ex - pect - ed.
 And when I draw a lit - tle note, Why not a lar - ger sum?
 And thus for - ev - er it will be, Till I ar - rive at Home!

CHORUS.

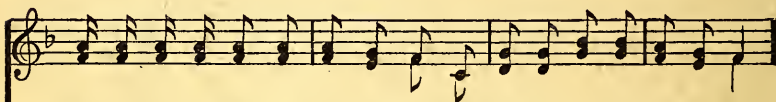
O, there's a plen - ty, a plen - ty, a plen - ty:

O, there's a plen - ty in Fa - ther's Bank a - bove.

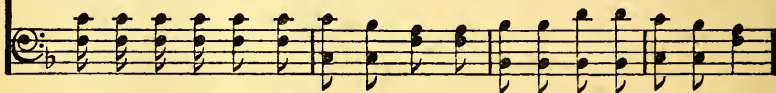
Wm. B. Bradbury.



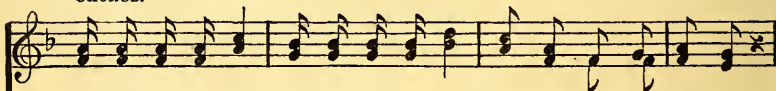
1. Nev-er be a-fraid to speak for Je-sus, Think how much a word can do;
2. Nev-er be a-fraid to work for Je-sus, In His vine-yard day by day;
3. Nev-er be a-fraid to live for Je-sus; If you on His care de-pend,
4. Nev-er be a-fraid to die for Je-sus; He the life, the truth, the way,



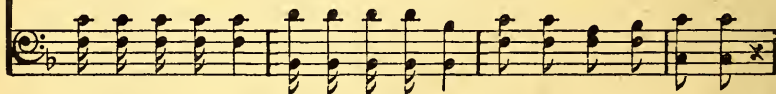
Nev-er be a-fraid to own your Sav-ior, He who loves and cares for you.
 La-bor with a kind and will-ing spir-it, He will all your toil re-pay.
 Safe-ly shall you pass thro' ev-'ry tri-al, He will bring you to the end.
 Gen-tly in His arms of love will bear you To the realms of end-less day.



CHORUS.



Nev-er be a-fraid, Nev-er be a-fraid, Nev-er, nev-er, nev-er;



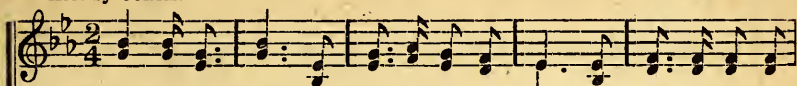
Je-sus is your lov-ing Sav-ior, There-fore nev-er be a-fraid.



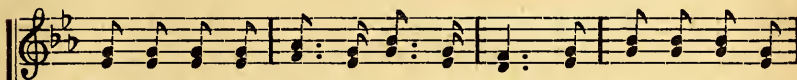
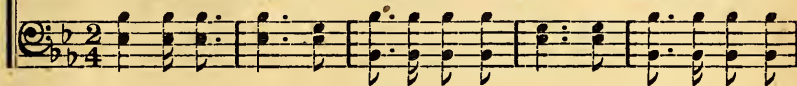
"Come, while it is called to-day."—HEB. 3: 13.

Arr. by CURTIS.

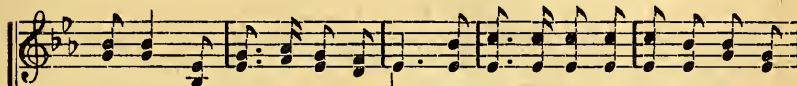
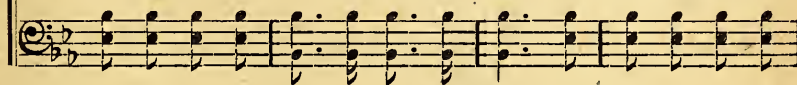
E. F. MILLER.



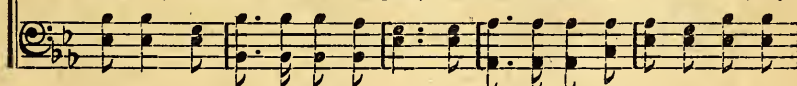
1. Come, sin-ner, come! oh, why do you de - lay? The press-ing in - vi -
 2. Come, sin-ner, come! the Bride and Spir-it call, Thus say-ing now to
 3. Come, sin-ner, come! ac - cept the proffered grace, For Death may soon be



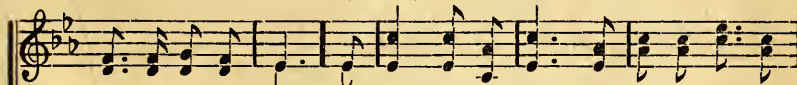
ta - tion is that you should come to - day; To - mor - row has no
 you and me that Je - sus died for all; Oh, grieve not then the
 call - ing you in - to his cold em - brace; The sum - mer will be



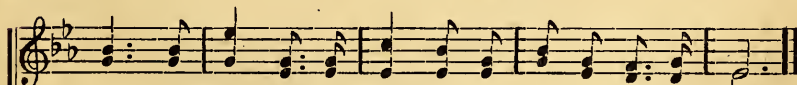
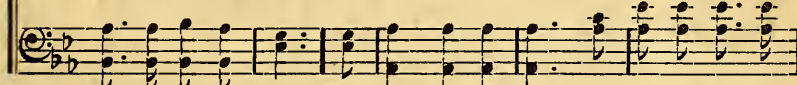
prom - ise that it can give to you: To - mor - row is e - ter - ni - ty, just
 Spir - it, accept Him while you can, For God has said, "My Spir - it shall not
 end - ed, the har - vest will be past, Your lam - en - ta - tion then will be, my



CHORUS.



hid - den from our view.
 always strive with man." } Then come, sinner, come! Sal - va - tion's free to
 soul is lost at last.



all: It may be the last time You'll ev - er hear the call.



D. K. W.

C. F. O.

1. O they tell me of a home far beyond the skies, O they tell me of a
 2. O they tell me of a home where my friends have gone, O they tell me of that
 3. O they tell me of the King in His beauty there, And they tell me that mine
 4. O they tell me that He smiles on His children there, And His presence drives their

home far a-way; O they tell me of a home where no storm-clouds rise,
 land far a-way; Where the blessed tree of life in eternal bloom
 eyes shall behold, Where He sits upon a throne whiter than the snow,
 sorrows a-way; And they tell me that no tears ever come a-gain,

CHORUS.

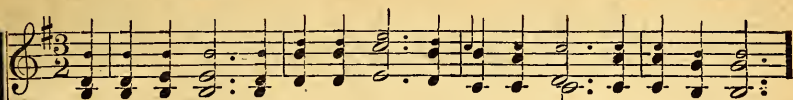
O they tell me of an unclouded day.
 Sheds its fragrance thro' the unclouded day.
 In the city where the streets are of gold. } O the land of cloudless
 In that lovely land of unclouded day.

day, O the land of an unclouded sky; O they tell me of a

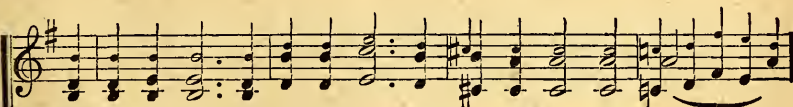
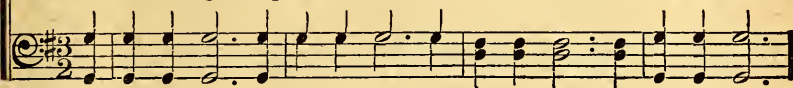
home where no storm-clouds rise, O they tell me of an unclouded day.

CHARLOTTE G. HOMER.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

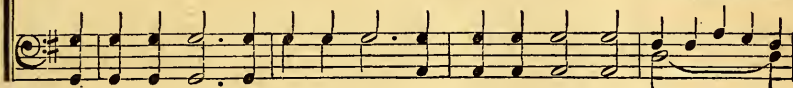


1. In lov-ing kind-ness Je-sus came, My soul in mer - cy to re - claim,
2. He called me long be-fore I heard, Be-fore my sin - ful heart was stirred;
3. His brow was pierc'd with many a thorn, His hands by cru-el nails were torn,
4. Now on a high - er plane I dwell, And with my soul I know 'tis well;

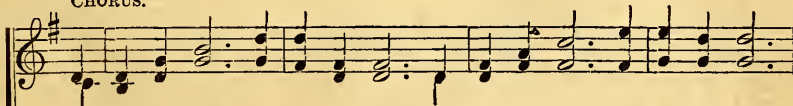


And from the depths of sin and shame Thro' grace He lift - ed me.
 But when I took Him at His word, For-giv'n He lift - ed me.
 When from my guilt and grief, forlorn, In love He lift - ed me.
 Yet how or why, I can-not tell, He should have lift-ed me.

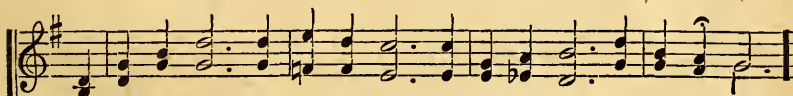
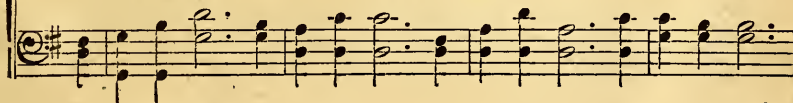
He lift-ed me.



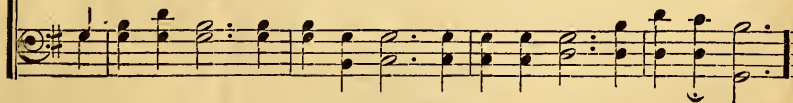
CHORUS.



From sinking sand He lift-ed me; With ten-der hand He lift-ed me;



From shades of night to plains of light, Oh, praise His name, He lift-ed me!



The verse can be sung as a Duet by Soprano and Tenor (singing the Contralto an octave higher).

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 Charles M. Alexander.

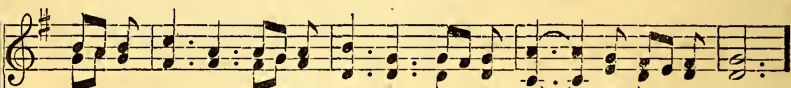
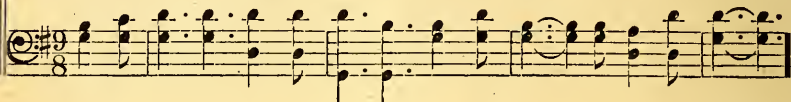
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M. E. SERVOS.

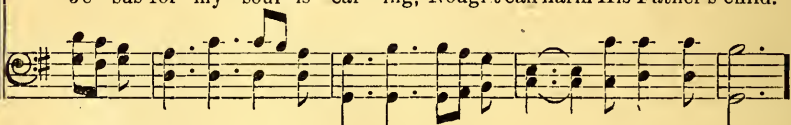
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



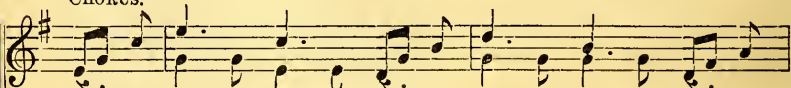
1. When the storms of life are rag-ing, - Tem-pests wild on sea and land,
2. Though He may send some af-flic-tion, 'Twill but make me long for home;
3. En - e-mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;
4. So, while here the cross I'm bear-ing, Meet-ing storms and bil-lows wild,



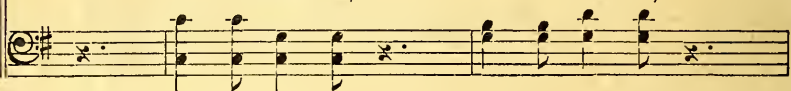
I will seek a place of ref-uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.
 For in love and not in an - ger, All His chast - en-ings will come.
 He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er-last-ing joy.
 Je - sus for my soul is car - ing, Nought can harm His Father's child.



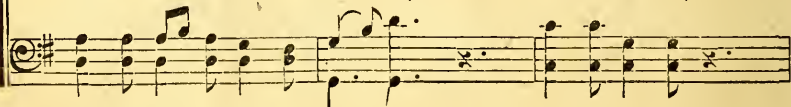
CHORUS.



He will hide me, He will hide' me, Where no
 He will hide me, He will hide me,



harm... can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me, safe-ly
 Where no harm can e'er be-tide me; He will hide me,



He Will Hide Me—Concluded.

hide me In the shad - - ow of His hand.
safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of His hand.

Musical score for 'He Will Hide Me—Concluded.' in G major, 4/4 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'hide me In the shadow of His hand. safe - ly hide me In the shadow of His hand.'

697 God Will Take Care of You.

C. D. MARTIN.

W. S. MARTIN.

Musical score for 'God Will Take Care of You.' in B-flat major, 6/8 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: '1. Be not dis-mayed what-e'er be-tide, God will take care of you; 2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; 3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you; 4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you;'

Be - neath His wings of love a - bide, God will take care of you.
When dan-gers fierce your path as - sail, God will take care of you.
Noth - ing you ask will be de - nied, God will take care of you.
Lean, wea - ry one up - on His breast, God will take care of you.

CHORUS.

Musical score for the Chorus of 'God Will Take Care of You.' in B-flat major, 6/8 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'God will take care of you, Thro' ev - 'ry day, o'er all the way,'

He will take care of you, God will take care of you.....
take care of you.

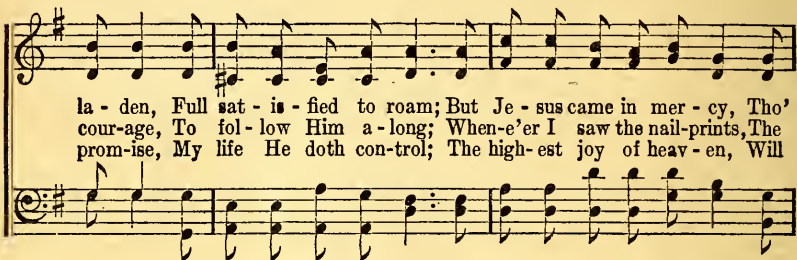
Musical score for the final line of 'God Will Take Care of You.' in B-flat major, 6/8 time. The score consists of two staves: a treble staff with a vocal line and a bass staff with a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: 'He will take care of you, God will take care of you..... take care of you.'

LIZZIE DEARMOND.

EDWIN H. BOOKMYER.



1. Ma - ny years I wandered, A sin - ner far from home, Wea - ry, heav - y -
 2. Though so weak and guilt - y, He woke my heart to song, Gave me strength and
 3. Look - ing up to Je - sus, On Him I rest my soul, Trusting in His



la - den, Full sat - is - fied to roam; But Je - sus came in mer - cy, Tho'
 cour - age, To fol - low Him a - long; When - e'er I saw the nail - prints, The
 prom - ise, My life He doth con - trol; The high - est joy of heav - en, Will



bound, He set me free, His bless - ed "who - so - ev - er," I know in - clu - ded me.
 marks of Cal - va - ry, His bless - ed "who - so - ev - er," I know in - clu - ded me.
 be His face to see, His bless - ed "who - so - ev - er," I know in - clu - ded me.

CHORUS.



I am saved! I am saved! When the Lord said "who - so - ev - er," He in - clu - ded me,



I am saved! I am saved! When the Lord said "who - so - ev - er," He in - clu - ded me.

EDGAR LEWIS.

L. E. JONES.

1. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll help you a - long,
 2. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, He'll brighten the way,
 3. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, O bring ev - 'ry care,
 4. Just lean up - on the arms of Je - sus, Then leave all to Him,

help you a - long; If you will trust His love un - fail - ing, He'll
 bright-en the way; Just fol - low glad - ly where He lead - eth, His
 bring ev - 'ry care! The bur - den that has seemed so heav - y, Take
 leave all to Him; His heart is full of love and mer - cy, His

CHORUS.

fill your heart with song.
 gen - tle voice o - bey.
 to the Lord in pray'r. } Lean on His arms, trust-ing in His love;
 eyes are nev - er dim. } Lean up - on His arms, ful - ly trust-ing in His love;

Lean on His arms, all His mer - cies prove; Lean on His
 Lean up - on His arms and all His mer - cies prove; Lean up - on His

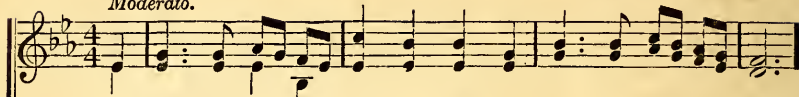
arms, look - ing home a - bove, Just lean on the Sav - iour's arms!
 arms, ev - er

700 I Know Whom I Have Believed.

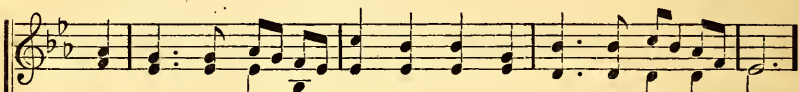
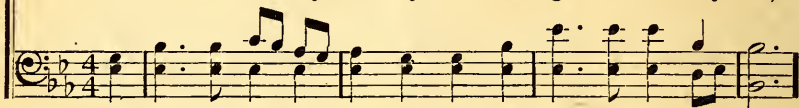
EL NATHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

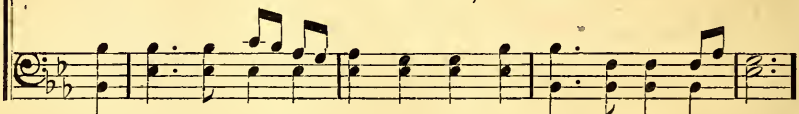
Moderato.



1. I know not why God's wondrous grace To me He hath made known,
2. I know not how this sav - ing faith To me He did im - part,
3. I know not how the Spir - it moves, Con - vinc - ing men of sin,
4. I know not what of good or ill May be re - served for me,
5. I know not when my Lord may come, At night or noon-day fair,



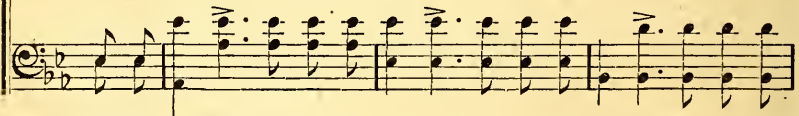
Nor why un - wor - thy—Christ in love Re - deemed me for His own.
 Nor how be - liev - ing in His Word Wrought peace within my heart.
 Re - veal - ing Je - sus thro' the Word, Cre - at - ing faith in Him.
 Of wea - ry ways or gold - en days, Be - fore His face I see.
 Nor if I'll walk the vale with Him, Or "meet Him in the air."



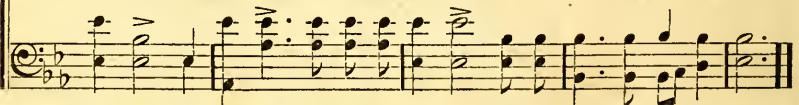
CHORUS.



But "I know whom I have be - liev - ed, And am per - suad - ed that He is

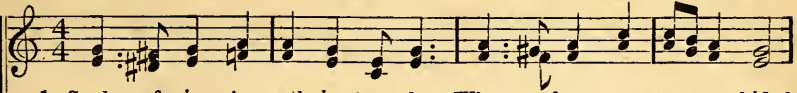


a - ble To keep that which I've committed Un - to Him against that day."

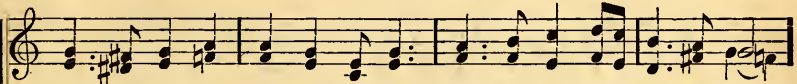
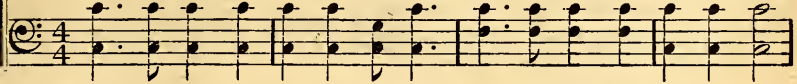


EL NATHAN.

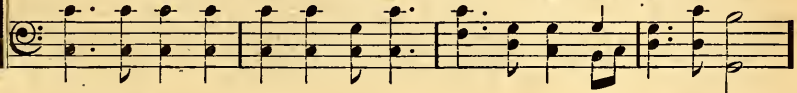
JAMES MCGRANAHAN.



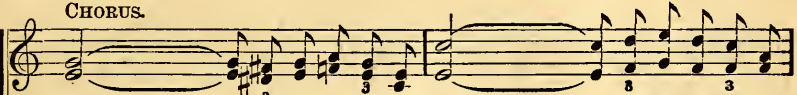
1. Soul of mine, in earth-ly tem-ple, Why not here con-tent a-bide?
 2. Soul of mine, my heart is cling-ing To the earth's fair pomp and pride;
 3. Soul of mine, must I sur-ren-der, See my-self as cru-ci-fied;
 4. Soul of mine, con-tin-ue plead-ing; Sin re-buke, and fol-ly chide;



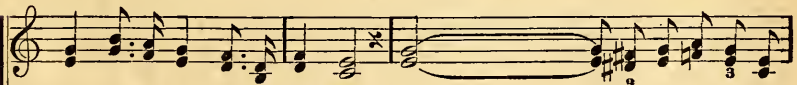
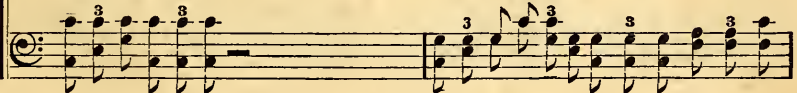
Why art thou for-ev-er pleading? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
 Ah, why does thou thus re-prove me? Why art thou not sat-is-fied?
 Turn from all of earth's am-bi-tion, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied?
 I ac-cept the cross of Je-sus, That thou may'st be sat-is-fied.



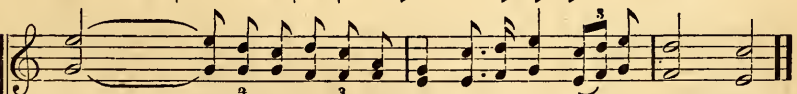
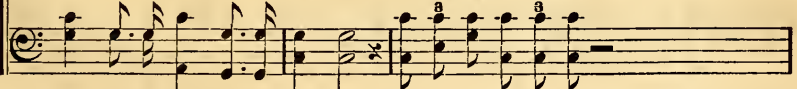
CHORUS.



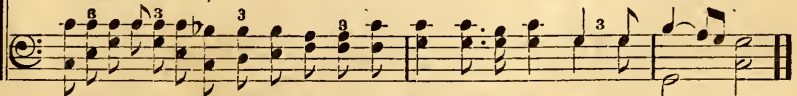
I..... shall be sat-is-fied, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,
 I shall be sat-is-fied, I shall be sat-is-fied, I



When I a-wake in His like-ness, I..... shall be sat-is-fied,
 I shall be sat-is-fied.

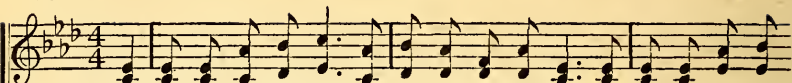


I..... shall be sat-is-fied, When I a-wake in His like-ness.
 I shall be satisfied, I

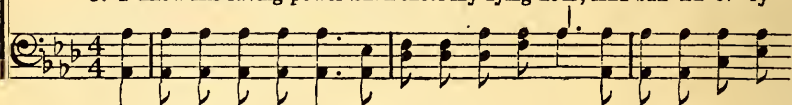


W. G. C.

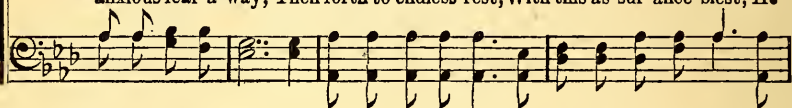
W. G. COOPER.



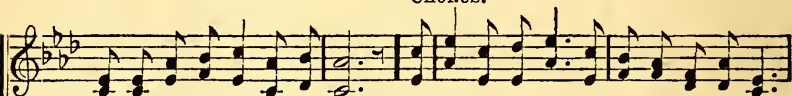
1. A sin-ner doomed to die, To ru - in draw-ing nigh, I felt my-self in
2. I care not for the dreams, Or man-invented schemes, Of those who seeksome
3. I know His saving power Shall cheer my dying hour, And ban-ish ev-'ry



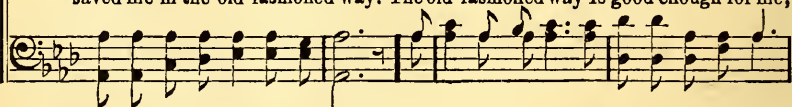
e - vil gone a-stray; In pen-i-tence and prayer, I came to Christ, and there He
new and better way; When Je-sus I be-lieved, Sal-va-tion I re-ceived, He
anxious fear a-way; Then forth to endless rest, With this as-sur-ance blest, He



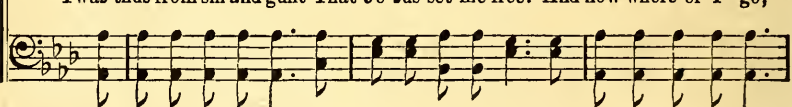
CHORUS.



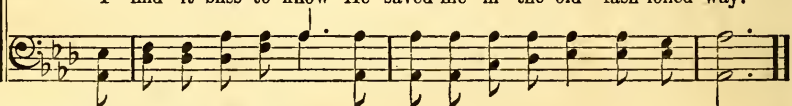
saved me in the old-fashioned way. The old-fashioned way Is good enough for me,



'Twas thus from sin and guilt That Je-sus set me free! And now where'er I go,

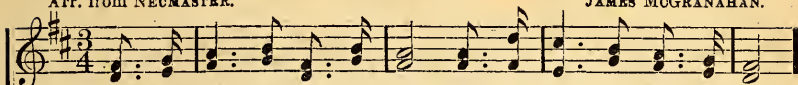


I find it bliss to know He saved me in the old - fashioned way.

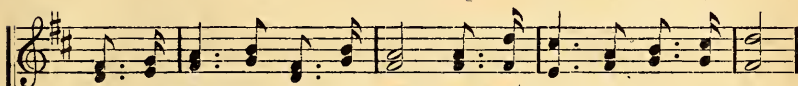
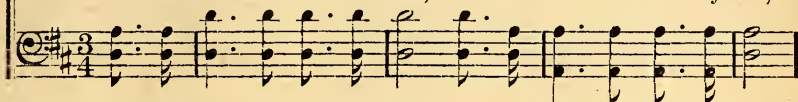


Arr. from NEUMASTER.

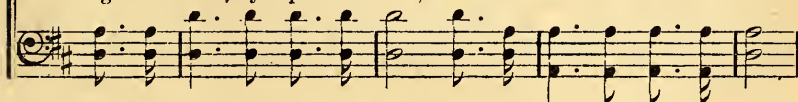
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



1. Sit - ners Je - sus will re - ceive; Sound this word of grace to all
2. Come, and He will give you rest; Trust Him for His word is plain;
3. Now my heart condemns me not, Pure be - fore the Lord I stand;
4. Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men, E - ven me with all my sin;



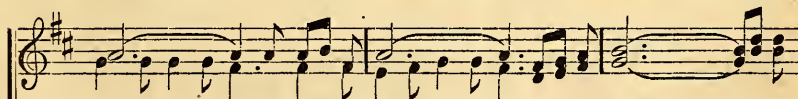
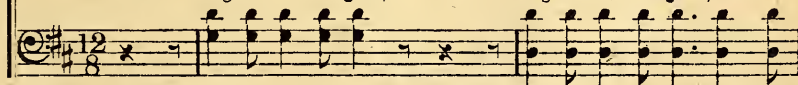
Who the heav'n - ly path - way leave, All who lin - ger, all who fall.
 He will take the sin - ful - est; Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 He who cleansed me from all spot, Sat - is - fied its last de - mand.
 Purged from ev - , 'ry spot and stain, Heav'n with Him I en - ter in.



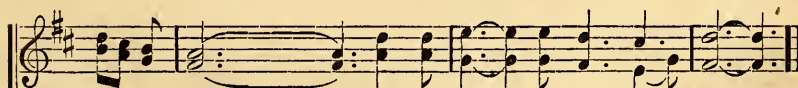
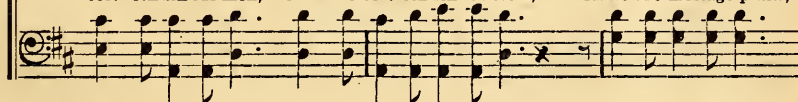
REFRAIN.



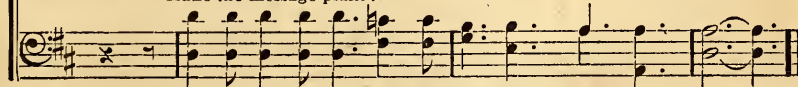
Sing it o'er..... and o'er a - gain;..... Christ re -
 Sing it o'er a - gain, Sing it o'er a - gain;



ceiv - eth sin - ful men;..... Make the mes - sage
 ceiv - eth sin - ful men, Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men; Make the message plain,



clear and plain;..... Christ re - ceiv - eth sin - ful men.
 Make the message plain :

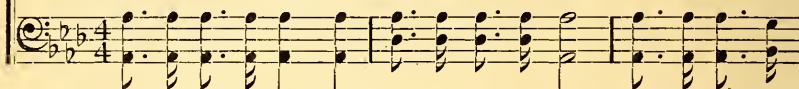


MAUD FRAZER JACKSON.

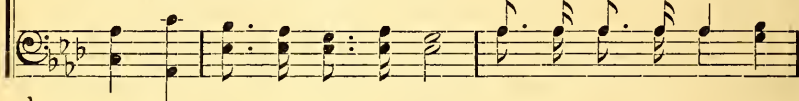
E. JONES-BURTON.



1. You can be a bless - ing while on earth you dwell, Clouds of grief and
 2. You can be a bless - ing, low - ly though your lot, Earth - ly gold or
 3. Joy is all in serv - ing, giv - ing is true gain, Los - ing life for



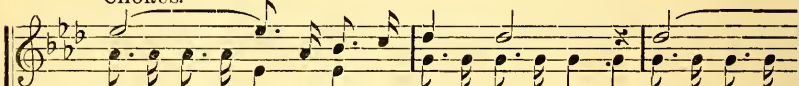
sad - ness you can help dis - pel; If the love of Je - sus
 glo - ry Christ re - quir - eth not; If you love Him tru - ly,
 oth - ers, life we do at - tain; Try to car - ry sun - shine



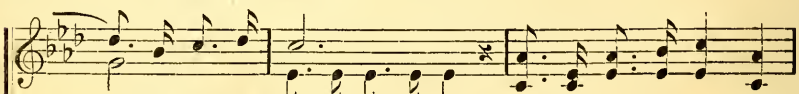
you to oth - ers show, You can be a bless - ing ev - 'ry - where you go.
 try His will to do, Deeds of love and mer - cy He'll perform thro' you.
 to the sad and lone, Cheer an - oth - er's pathway, bright will be your own.



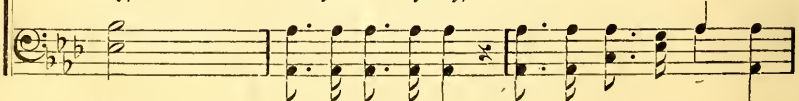
CHORUS.



You..... can be a bless - ing If.....
 You can be a bless - ing, you can be a bless - ing, If you on - ly



..... you on - ly try, You can be a bless - ing
 try, if you on - ly try,



You Can Be a Blessing—Concluded.

as the days go by, You can be a blessing if you on - ly try.

705

Soon I Shall Know.

C. J. B.

CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. I do not know why trials se - vere Be - set me on the way,
2. I do not know, when I would do That which is good and right,
3. I do not know why oft 'round me My hopes all bro - ken lie,
4. I do not know why friends so dear, Death's hand from me hath torn,

And why dark clouds so oft ap - pear To hide the light of day.
 Why e - vil oft is pres - ent too, And there dis - plays its might.
 And earth - ly treas - ures oft I see So quick - ly from me fly.
 Why they're not left my heart to cheer, Why I've their loss to mourn.

CHORUS.

But I shall know, shall know some day, When from earth's scenes I pass away;

Yes, Christ will make it plain to me, When I His face in glo - ry see.

M. E. SERVOSS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

1. When a heart is wea - ry with its load' of sin, Struggling with its
 2. Then, O troub-led sin-ner, fall at Je - sus' feet, Plead with Him for
 3. See Him wait-ing, long-ing, read - y to for-give, Leave all else be -
 4. Glo - ry, high-est glo - ry be to Je - sus' name, Shout it, all ye

bur - den of mis - er - y with-in, Who will take the an - guish,
 mër - cy with earn - est - ness com - plete: Who can give the par - don,
 hind thee and turn to Him and live; Who can guide thy foot - steps
 an - gels, and spread, ye saints, His fame! Who did grant us par - don,

bear it as His own? Je - sus, and Je - sus a - lone.
 take the heart of stone? Je - sus, and Je - sus a - lone.
 to a Fa - ther's throne? Je - sus, and Je - sus a - lone.
 for our sins a - tone? Je - sus, and Je - sus a - lone.

CHORUS.

Je - sus a - lone, hal - le - lu - jah to His name! Yes - ter - day, to -

day, and for - ev - er - more the same; Hum - bly we a - dore Him,

Jesus Alone—Concluded.

Musical score for 'Jesus Alone—Concluded.' featuring a treble and bass staff in G major. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics: 'Loud His prais - es sing, Je - sus our Sav - iour and King.'

Loud His prais - es sing, Je - sus our Sav - iour and King.

707

Nearer the Cross.

CHARLOTTA ABBEY.

J. H. HALL.

Musical score for 'Nearer the Cross.' featuring a treble and bass staff in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics: '1. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Ev - er let me be; 2. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, There I would a - bide; 3. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Let me live and die;'

1. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Ev - er let me be;
2. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, There I would a - bide;
3. Near - er the cross of Je - sus, Let me live and die;

Musical score for 'Nearer the Cross.' featuring a treble and bass staff in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics: 'Near - er the flow - ing foun - tain, That cleans - eth me. There let me rest for - ev - er, Near Je - sus' side. There I will find sweet ref - uge, And safe - ty nigh.'

FINE.

Near - er the flow - ing foun - tain, That cleans - eth me.
There let me rest for - ev - er, Near Je - sus' side.
There I will find sweet ref - uge, And safe - ty nigh.

D.S.—Near - er the flow - ing foun - tain, That cleans - eth me.

Musical score for 'Nearer the Cross.' featuring a treble and bass staff in B-flat major, 4/4 time. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with lyrics: 'Near - er the cross, Near - er the cross, Near - er the cross of Je - sus,'

D. S.

CHORUS

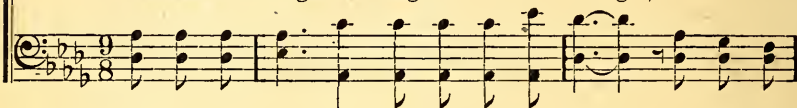
Near - er the cross, Near - er the cross, Near - er the cross of Je - sus,

ADA R. HABERSHON.

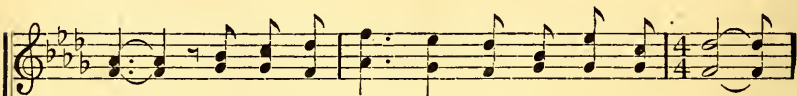
ROBERT HARKNESS.



1. Soon will our Sav - iour from heav - en ap - pear; Sweet is the
2. Lone - li - ness changed to re - un - ion com - plete, Ab - sence ex -
3. Sun - rise will chase all the dark - ness a - way, Night will be
4. Weakness will change to mag - nif - i - cent strength, Fail - ure will



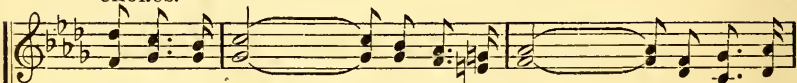
hope and its pow - er to cheer, All will be changed by a glimpse of His
 changed for a place at His feet, Sleeping ones raised in a mo - ment of
 changed to the brightness of day, Tempest will change to in - ef - fa - ble
 change to per - fec - tion at length, Sor - row will change to un - end - ing de -



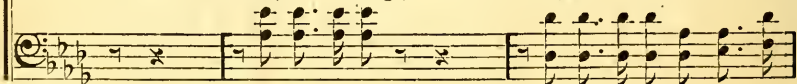
face— This is the goal at the end of our race!
 time, Liv - ing ones changed to His im - age sub - lime!
 calm, Weep - ing will change to a ju - bi - lant psalm!
 light, Walk - ing by faith change to walk - ing by sight!



CHORUS.



Oh, what a change,..... Oh, what a change,..... When I shall
 Oh, what a change, Oh, what a change,



Oh, What a Change!—Concluded.

see His won-der-ful face! Oh, what a change,.....
 Oh, what a change,
 Oh, what a change,..... When I shall see His face.
 Oh, what a change,

709

Some Glad Morning.

JAMES ROWE.

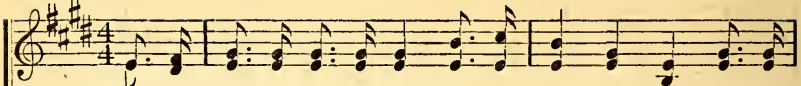
J. LINCOLN HALL,

1. Cloud-less skies will meet my sight, All my wrongs will end in right,
 2. Miss-ing friends, for whom I sigh Deep-er as the years go by,
 3. With my bur-den laid a-side, I shall wake be-yond the tide
 4. I shall hear the an-gels sing, And the bells of heav-en ring,

CHORUS.

I shall thrill with pure delight, Some glad morning,
 I shall meet in yon-der sky, Some glad morning.
 And be ful-ly sat-is-sied, Some glad morning. } Some glad morning,
 I shall stand be-fore the King, Some glad morning.

Some fair dawning, I shall reach the bless-ed goal, Some glad morning.



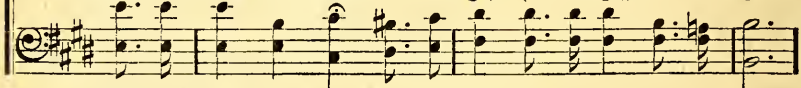
1. There is par-don at the cross Where my Sav - iour died; I will
2. There is par-don thro' the blood That was shed for all; I will
3. There is mer - cy at the cross, There is joy and peace; I will
4. Je - sus wait-eth at the cross For the sin - ner's pray'r; I will



go, (I will go,) I will go; (I will go;) To re-claim the sin-ner lost
 go, (I will go,) I will go; (I will go;) There's a balm in ev-'ry drop
 go, (I will go,) I will go; (I will go;) There my faith will make me whole,
 go, (I will go,) I will go; (I will go;) O the Spir-it in my heart;



He was cru - ci - fied; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.
 For the wound - ed soul; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.
 And my fear will cease; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.
 Gen - tly calls me there; I will go, (I will go,) I will go.

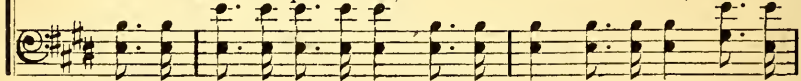


REFRAIN.

Par - don sweet, Par - don free At the



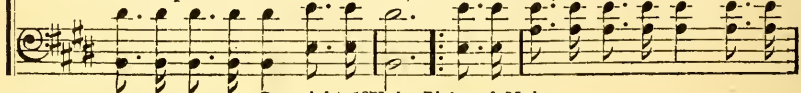
Par - don sweet and pardon free, Par - don free and for me, At the



cross



cross is par-don free there for me; In the cross, the blessed cross, Shall my



Pardon at the Cross—Concluded.

1 *D. S.* 2

glo - ry ev - er be, There is pardon there for me, par-don free. free.

711 The Beautiful World of Peace.

FANNY CHURCH.
SOLO.

CHORUS.
J. HOLDEN.

1. Our home be-yond for - ev - er fair, Beau - ti - ful world of peace;
2. Our home be-yond the land of rest, Beau - ti - ful world of peace;
3. Our home be-yond thy gates of light, Beau - ti - ful world of peace;

SOLO. CHORUS.

No sin or death can en - ter there, Beau - ti - ful world of peace.
In thee our souls are ev - er blest, Beau - ti - ful world of peace.
Soon, soon will greet our yearn - ing sight, Beau - ti - ful world of peace.

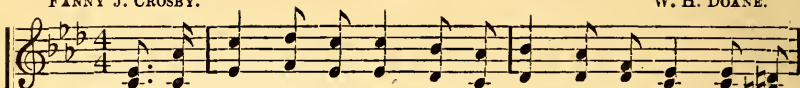
CHORUS.

The tears of grief, the pangs of woe, Our hearts no more shall ev - er know;
Dear Lord of love, we are in Thee, From sin for - ev - er - more set free.
And soon our feet shall touch Thy shore, To tread the ways of earth no more.

Our home be-yond, our home be-yond, The beau-ti - ful world of peace.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

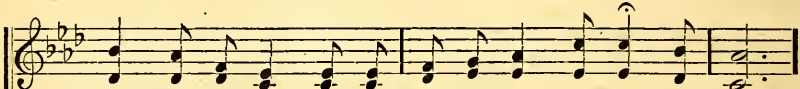
W. H. DOANE.



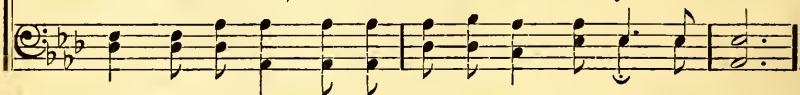
1. There's a cit - y that looks o'er the val - ley of death, And its
2. There the King, our Re-deem - er, the Lord whom we love, All the
3. Ev - 'ry soul we have led to the foot of the cross, Ev - 'ry



glo - ries may nev - er be told; There the sun nev - er sets, and the
 faith - ful with rap - ture be - hold; There the right - eous for - ev - er will
 lamb we have brought to the fold, Will be kept as bright jew - els our



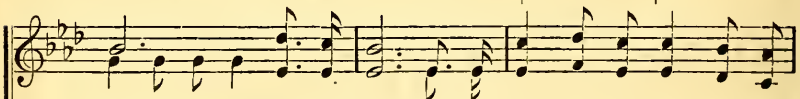
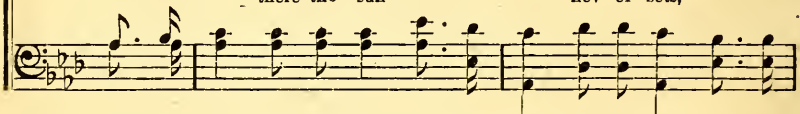
leaves nev - er fade, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold.
 shine like the stars, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold.
 crown to a - adorn, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold.



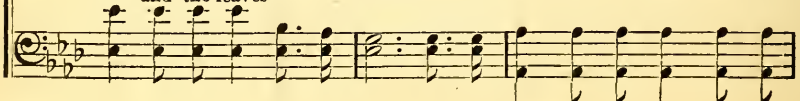
REFRAIN,



There the sun there the sun nev - er sets, nev - er sets, And the



leaves and the leaves nev - er fade; There the eyes of the faith - ful their



City of Gold—Concluded.

Sav - iour be - hold, In that beau - ti - ful cit - y of Gold.

713 Our Better Home Beyond.

FANNY J. CROSBY.
Andante.

W. H. DOANE.

1. Had earth no thorns a-mong its flow'rs, And life no fount of tears,
2. How wise - ly God our cup has filled, With min-gled joy and grief,
3. Our bet - ter home! how sweet to think, When torn from those we love,
4. O bliss - ful mo-ment when a-side These earth - ly robes we'll cast,

We might for - get our bet - ter home Be-yond this vale of tears.
To teach our hearts that mor-tal things Tho' bright, are on - ly brief.
No sad fare-well can ev - er reach Our bet - ter home a - bove.
Then wake to know our souls have found The bet - ter home at last.

REFRAIN.

Home, sweet home, Our beau-ti - ful home be - yond,
Beau - ti - ful home,

Our home that Je-sus has gone to prepare, Our beau-ti-ful home be - yond.

F. J. CROSBY.

HURERT P. MAIN.

Slowly.

1. Oh, come to the Sav-iour, be-lieve in His name, And ask Him your
 2. The way of trans-gres-sion that leads un - to death, Oh, why will you
 3. Be warned of your dan-ger, es-cape to the cross, Your on - ly sal -

heart to re - new; He waits to be gra-cious, O turn not a - way,
 lon - ger pur - sue? How can you re - ject the sweet mes-sage of love,
 va - tion is there; Be-lieve, and that mo-ment the Spir - it of grace

CHORUS.

For now there is par-don for you.
 That of - fers full par-don to you? } Yes, there is par-don for
 Will an - swer your pen - i - tent pray'r. }

you,..... Yes, there is par-don for you;..... For
 for you, for you;

Je - sus has died to re-deem you, And of-fers full par-don to you.

Words arranged.

1. { I saw a hap - py pil - grim, In shin - ing gar - ments clad,
He had no cares nor bur - dens, He'd laid them at the cross,
2. { The sum - mer sun was sink - ing, The sweat was on his brow;
But he kept press - ing on - ward, For he was wend - ing home,

And trav - ling up the mountain. His coun - ten - ance was glad; }
The blood of Christ, his Sav - iour, Had washed him from all dross. }
His gar - ments worn and dust - y, His step seemed ver - y slow; }
Still shout - ing as he journeyed, De - liv - er - ance will come. }

CHORUS.

Then palms of vic - to - ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry We shall wear;

Then palms of vic - to - ry, Crowns of glo - ry, Palms of vic - to - ry We shall wear.

3 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,
His everlasting home,
And shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance will come!

4 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us,
To suffer nevermore:
Then casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna!
Deliverance has come!

He Turned My Life Around.

W. C. POOLE-

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Once I was speed-ing on-ward In paths of sin and wrong,
 2. Once I thought not of heav-en, Of moth-er or of home,
 3. No long-er do I wan-der In paths of sin to-day,

My heart had naught of glad-ness, My soul had naught of song;
 In paths of sin and fol-ly I loved a-far to roam;
 My soul is filled with glo-ry As on I press my way;

'Twas then the bless-ed Sav-iour Up-on my way I found,
 Now songs of ju-bi-la-tion With-in my soul re-sound,
 And I re-joice in free-dom, No long-er I am bound;

He saved me and re-deemed me And turned my life a-round.
 Since Christ my soul has ran-somed And turned my life a-round.
 I tread the way to heav-en, Christ turned my life a-round.

CHORUS.

He turned my life a-round, He turned my life around, My blessed loving

He Turned My Life Around—Concluded.

Musical score for 'He Turned My Life Around—Concluded.' The score is in G major (one flat) and 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass clef. The melody is marked with first and second endings. The lyrics are: 'Sav-iour has turned my life a-round, Has turned my life a-round.'

717

Victory!

J. B. MCCALL BARBOUR.

D. B. TOWNER.

Musical score for 'Victory!' (first system). The score is in 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass clef. The melody is marked with first and second endings. The lyrics are: '1. Can you now, my brother, say, Vic-to - ry, Vic-to - ry? Christ who bore your
2. Do you feel the tempter near? Vic-to - ry, Vic-to - ry! Christ has won the
3. You shall know this very hour Vic-to - ry, Vic-to - ry! For when Christ has
4. Will you sing it all the way? Vic-to - ry, Vic-to - ry? Then the Tempter
Vic-to-ry, Vic-to-ry!

Musical score for 'Victory!' (second system). The score is in 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are: 'sins' a - way, On the Cross of Cal - va - ry, Purchased for you on that day,
Vic - to - ry; He has set His peo - ple free; Stand now in His lib - er - ty—
sway with-in, You are vic - tor o'er all sin, And the fight you're sure to win—
will take flight, Then your pathway will be bright, Then you'll bring to others light—'

CHORUS.

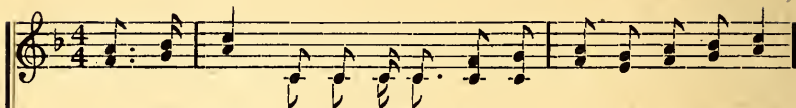
Musical score for 'Victory!' (chorus). The score is in 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are: 'Vic-to - ry, Vic-to - ry! Shout a-loud! Vic-to - ry! Take new courage
Vic-to-ry! Shout aloud! Vic-to-ry!

Musical score for 'Victory!' (final system). The score is in 4/4 time. It features a treble and bass clef. The lyrics are: 'ev - 'ry day, Trust in Je - sus all the way, Vic-to - ry, Vic-to - ry!
Vic-to-ry!

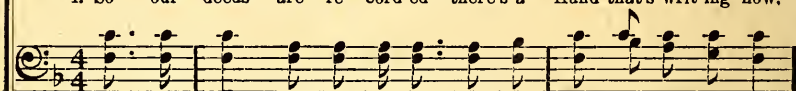
"And the king saw the part of the hand that wrote"—DAN. 5: 5.

K. S.

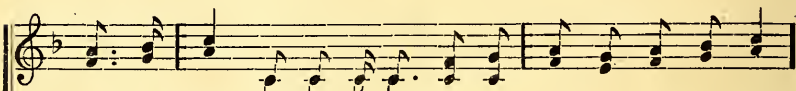
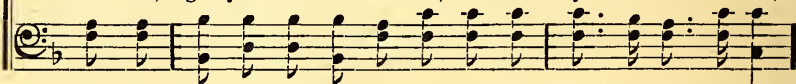
KNOWLES SHAW.



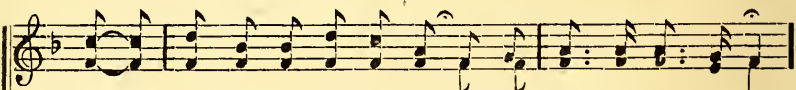
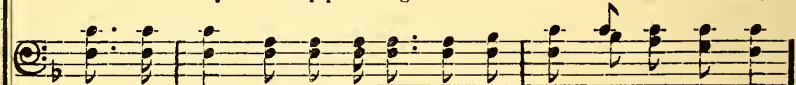
1. At the feast of Bel-shaz-zar and a thou-sand of his lords,
2. See the brave cap-tive, Dan-iel, as he stood be-fore the throng,
3. See the faith, zeal, and cour-age, that would dare to do the right,
4. So our deeds are re-cord-ed—there's a Hand that's writ-ing now.



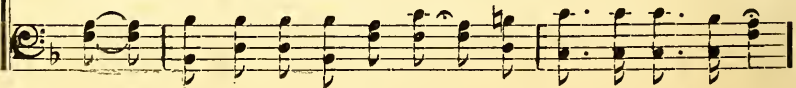
While they drank from gold-en ves-sels, as the Book of Truth re-cords,
 And re-buked the haugh-ty mon-arch for his might-y deeds of wrong,
 Which the Spir-it gave to Dan-iel—this the se-cret of his might;
 Sin-ner, give your heart to Je-sus, to His roy-al man-date bow,



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



They were seiz'd with con-ster-na-tion, 'twas the Hand up-on the wall.
 For the king-dom now was fin-ished—said the Hand up-on the wall.
 He un-der-stood the writ-ing of his God up-on the wall.
 When the sin-ner's con-dem-na-tion will be writ-ten on the wall.



The Handwriting on the Wall.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

'Tis the hand of God on the wall; 'Tis the
writ-ing on the wall,

hand of God on the wall; Shall the record be, "Found wanting," or
writ-ing on the wall;

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

719 In the Cross of Christ.

(Rathbun. 8s. 7s.)

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

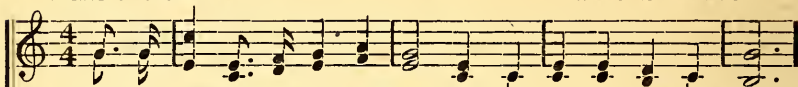
ITHAMAR CONKEY.

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-oy,
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;

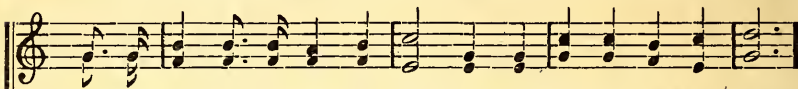
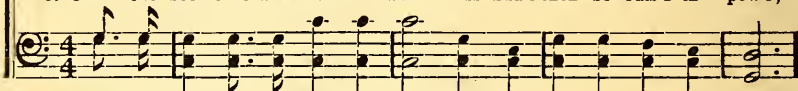
All the light of sa - cred sto-ry, Gath-ers round its head sublime.
Nev-er shall the cross for-sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
From the cross the ra - diance stream-ing, Adds new lus - ter to the day.
Peace is there, that knows no meas-ure, Joys that through all time a-bide.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

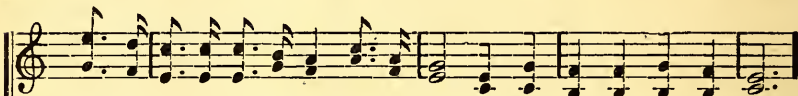
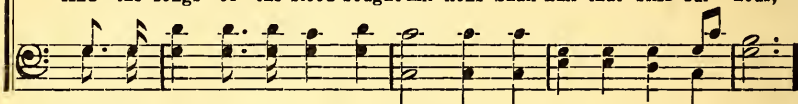
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



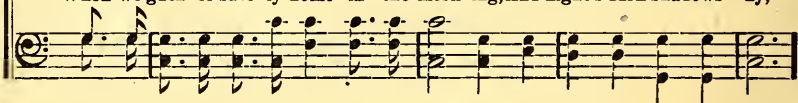
1. When the trump of the great arch-an - gel Its might - y tones shall sound,
2. When He comes in the clouds de - scend - ing, And they who lov'd Him here,
3. O the seed that was sown in weak - ness Shall then be rais'd in pow'r,



And, the end of the world pro - claim - ing, Shall pierce the depths pro - found,
From their graves shall a - wake and praise Him With joy and not with fear,
And the songs of the blood - bought mil - lions Shall hail that blis - sa - ful hour,



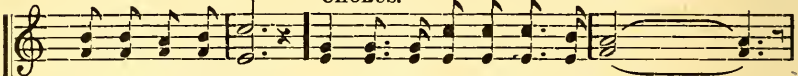
When the Son of man shall come in his glo - ry With all the saints on high,
When the bod - y and the soul are u - nit - ed, And cloth'd no more to die,
When we gath - er safe - ly home in the morn - ing, And night's dark shadows fly,



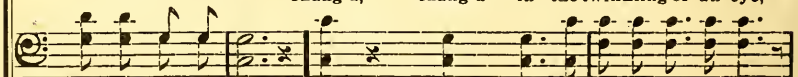
What a shout - ing in the skies from the mul - titudes that rise, Chang'd in the
What a shout - ing there will be when each oth - er's face we see, Chang'd in the
What a shout - ing on the shore when we meet to part no more, Chang'd in the



CHORUS.



twinkling of an eye. Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye,.....
Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye,



In the Twinkling of an Eye.—Concluded.

Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;..... The trumpet shall sound, the
 Chang'd, chang'd in the twinkling of an eye;

dead shall be raised, Chang'd in the twinkling of an eye.....
 in the twinkling of an eye.

721 I am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

WM. McDONALD.

W. G. FISCHER.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
 2. Long my heart has sigh'd for Thee, Long has e - vil reign'd with - in;
 3. Here I give my all to Thee, Friends, and time, and earth - ly store;
 4. In the prom - is - es I trust, Now I feel the blood ap - plied;

FINE.

I am count - ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.
 Je - sus sweet - ly speaks to me, "I will cleanse you from all sin."
 Soul and bod - y Thine to be, Whol - ly Thine for - ev - er - er - more.
 I am pros - trate in the dust, I with Christ am cru - ci - fied.

D.S.—Hum - bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

CHORUS.

D.S.

I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;

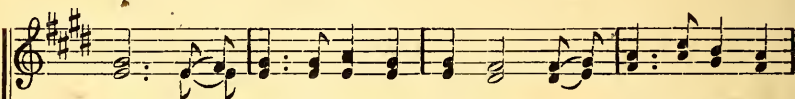
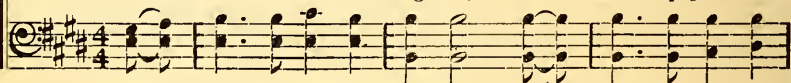
A Little Talk with Jesus.

"Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way?"—LUKE 24: 32.

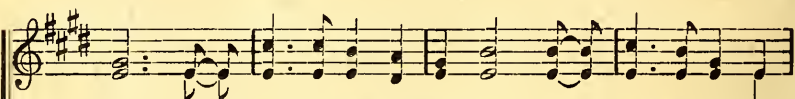
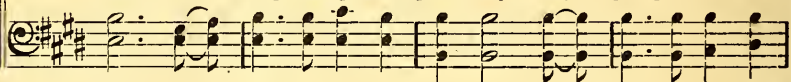
WM. G. FISCHER.



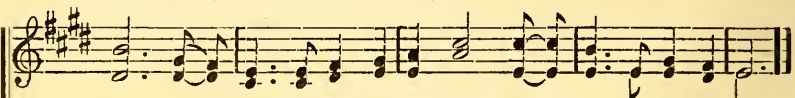
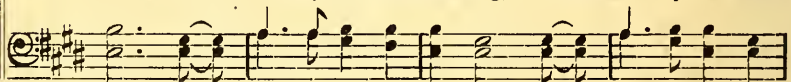
1. A lit - tle talk with Je - sus, How it smooths the rug - ged
 2. Ah, this is what I'm want - ing, His love - ly face to
 3. I can - not live with - out Him, Nor would I if I
 4. So I'll wait a lit - tle long - er, Till His ap - point - ed



road! How it seems to help me on - ward, When I faint be - neath my
 seel And I'm not a - fraid to say it, I know He's want - ing
 could; He is my dai - ly por - tion, My med - i - cine and
 time, And a - long the up - ward path - way My pil - grim feet shall



load! When my heart is crush'd with sor - row, And my eyes with tears are
 me. He gave His life a ran - som To make me all His
 food. He is al - to - geth - er love - ly, None can with Him com -
 climh. There in my Fa - ther's dwell - ing, Where ma - ny man - sions



dim, There is naught can yield me com - fort Like a lit - tle talk with Him.
 own, And He'll ne'er for - get His prom - ise To me, His purchas'd one.
 pare; Chief - est a - mong ten thou - sand, And fair - est of the fair.
 he, I shall sweet - ly talk with Je - sus, And He will talk with me.



Andantino.

1. Pil - grim, tho' la - den with sor - row, Look from the clouds and the gloom;
 2. Here, tho' my heart may be wea - ry, Long with temp - ta - tions op - press'd;
 3. Safe from tempta - tion and tri - al, Safe from all sor - row and woe:

Bright - ly the gleam of the mor - row, Shines on the path to the tomb:
 Here, tho' thy path may be drear - y, Sweet is the prom - ise of rest;
 Safe from the cut - ting de - ni - al, Mer - it oft meets with be - low;

Soon shall thy spir - it a - wak - ing, Gaze on the rap - tures a - bove;
 Rest from thy la - bor for - ev - er; Rest in the man - sions a - bove;
 Safe "as a brand from the burn - ing," Thanks to the Sav - iour a - bove;

Then all its sor - row for - sak - ing, Rest on the bo - som of love.
 Naught shall disturb thee, O nev - er, Safe on the bo - som of love.
 Safe from all trou - bles re - turn - ing, Here, on the bo - som of love.

Rest, Rest, Yes, rest on the bo - som of love.
 Rest on the bo - som of love,
 Rest,

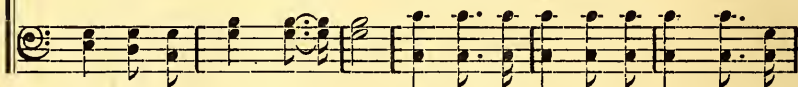
JAS. McGRANAHAN.



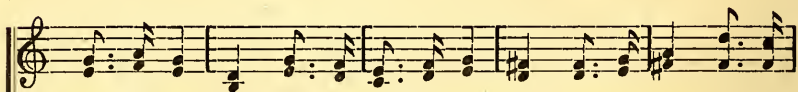
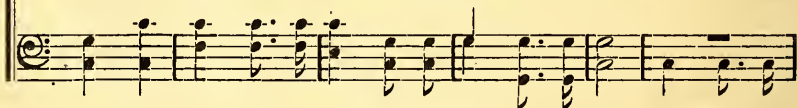
1. Praise ye the Lord all ye moor-lands and mountains, Praise Him a -
 2. Praise ye the Lord all ye winds of the cor - ners, - Up from the
 3. Sing to the Lord all ye kin - dred and na - tions, Tribes and do -



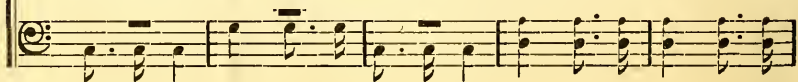
lone all ye ev - er - green hills; Glo - ry to God, shout the bright flow - ing
 glen peal the notes of your song; Praise Him who cheereth the hearts of earth's
 min - ions that peo - ple the world; Where'er the sun sheds his glow - ing car -



fount - ains, Till all the earth with your mel - o - dy fills. Wood - lands and
 mourners, Sing to the Lord, in His praise be ye strong. Praise Him each
 na - tions, There let your standards of praise be unfurled. Shout till the



mead - ow flowers, Bloom of the sum - mer hours, Bend to the winds with your
 bound - ing wave, Des - ert and cliff and cave, Rock and rav - ine where the
 bend - ing sky, Ring - ing, shall send re - ply Back from the farth - er most



Praise Ye the Lord.—Concluded.

an- them's of praise; Sprays of the wa- ter-fall, Chant ye a cor - o - nal,
shad-ows are dim; Wake from your si- lentness, Sing to the wil - derness,
wan- der - ing star; Shout, till your songs of love Peal thro' the air a- bove,

Repeat ff.

Here at the feet of the An - cient of Days,
Praise ye the Lord, pay your hom - age to Him.
Bear - ing your lay to the mount - ains a - far.

725 Victorious Faith.

W. H. BATHURST.

THOS. A. ARNE.

1. O, for a faith that will not shrink, Tho' pressed by ev - ery foe;
2. That will not mur - mur nor complain Be - neath the chastening rod,
3. A faith that shines more bright and clear When tempests rage with - out;
4. That bears, unmoved, the world's dread frown, Nor heeds its scorn - ful smile;

That will not trem - ble on the brink of an - y earth - ly woe.
But, in the hour of grief or pain, Will lean up - on its God.
That when in dan - ger knows no fear, In darkness feels no doubt.
That seas of troub - le can - not drown, Or Sa - tan's arts be - guile.

5 A faith that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And with a pure and heavenly ray
Illumes the dying bed.

6 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, e'en here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood;
 2. Oh! the bless - ed Lord of light, He up - holds me by His might:
 3. I am sweep - ing thro' the gate Where the bless - ed for me wait;
 4. Burst are all my pris - on bars; And I soar be - yond the stars,

I am watch - ing and I'm long - ing while I wait. Soon on
 And His arms en - fold and com - fort while I wait. I am
 Where the wea - ry work - ers rest for - ev - er - more; Where the
 To my Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate. Lo! the

wings of love I'll fly, To my home be - yond the sky,
 lean - ing on His breast, Oh! the sweet - ness of His rest,
 strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won,
 morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the song im - mor - tal wakes,

To my wel - come, as I'm sweep - ing thro' the gate.
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sweep - ing thro' the gate.
 Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be - fore!
 Rob'd in white - ness I am sweep - ing thro' the gate.

REFRAIN.

In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd from ev - 'ry stain I am;

I Am Sweeping Thro' the Gate.—Concluded.

Rit. *Repeat pp.*

Rob'd in white-ness, clad in bright-ness, I am sweeping thro' the gate.

727 More Love to Thee, O Christ.

‘Continue ye in my love.’—JOHN 15: 9.

Mrs. ELIZABETH P. PRENTISS.

W. H. DOANE.

1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
 2. Once earth - ly joy I crav'd, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
 3. Let sor - row do its work, Send grief or pain; Sweet are Thy
 4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whis - per Thy praise, This be the

pray'r I make On bend - ed knee; This is my earn - est plea,
 lone - I seek, Give what is best: This all my pray'r shall be,
 mes - sen - gers, Sweet their re - frain, When they can sing with me,
 part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:

More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!
 More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

A Little While.

"But thou shalt follow me afterwards."—JOHN 13: 36.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. A lit - tle while to walk this wea - ry road; A lit - tle while to.
 2. A lit - tle while to love with earth - ly love, And then we share the
 3. A lit - tle while of storm and wind and rain, And then the shin - ing

bear this heav - y load; Then all our earth - ly pil - grim - age shall cease,
 "full - ness" from a - bove, A lit - tle time of dark - ness and of doubt,
 heav - en we shall gain; A lit - tle time to toss on life's rough sea,

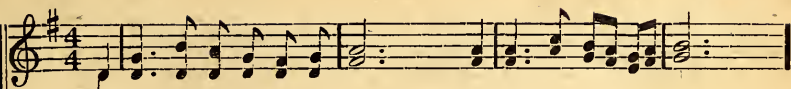
And we shall wear the crown of per - fect peace. A lit - tle toil and
 Then the bright home whose light shall ne'er go out. A lit - tle while we
 Then in that peace - ful home our rest shall be. A lit - tle while! O

sad - ness here be - low, A lit - tle time to watch and plant and sow, Then
 part from those we love, And then we'll meet them in our home a - bove, A
 Sav - iour! make us strong, To bear that lit - tle tho' it oft seems long! Guide

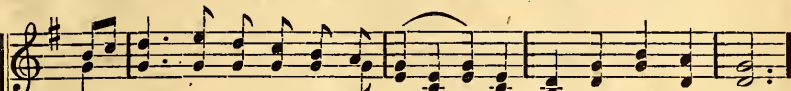
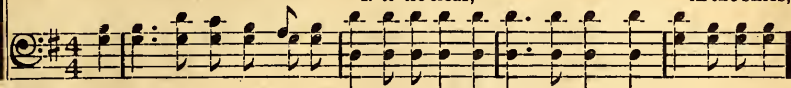
Je - sus calls His la - bor - ers a - way, Where ever - last - ing joy and glad - ness stay.
 lit - tle while we wait with fear oppress'd, Then weary waiting ends in perfect rest.
 Thou our way with Thine own loving hand Till we shall en - ter in the prom - is'd land.

ISAAC WATTS.

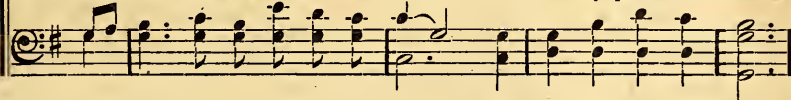
T. C. O'KANE.



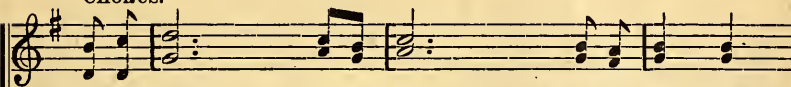
1. When I can read my ti-tle clear, To man-sions in the skies,
 2. Should earth against my soul engage, And fier-y darts be hurl'd,
 3. Let cares like a wild del-uge come, Let storms of sor-row fall—
 4. There I shall bathe my weary soul In seas of heav'n-ly rest,
 1. ti-tle clear, in the skies,



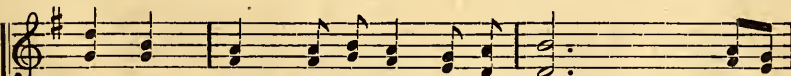
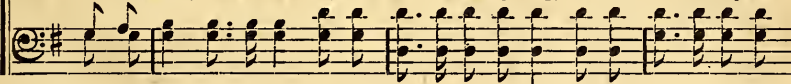
I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear,... And wipe my weep-ing eyes.
 Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage,... And face a frown-ing world.
 So I but safe-ly reach my home,.. My God, my heav'n, my all.
 And not a wave of trou-ble roll.... A-cross my peace-ful breast



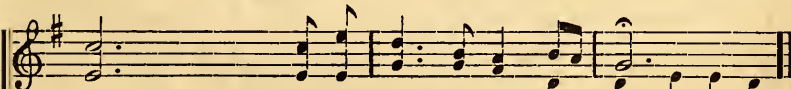
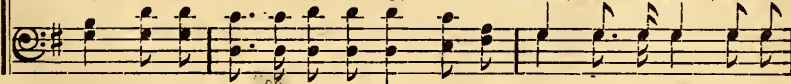
CHORUS.



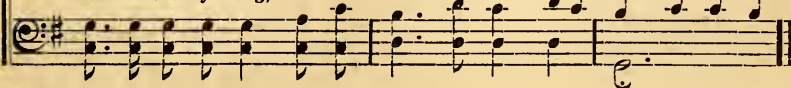
We will stand the storm, We will an-chor
 We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver-y long; We will an-chor by and



by and by, by and by, We will stand the
 by, We will an-chor by and by, We will stand, stand the storm; It will

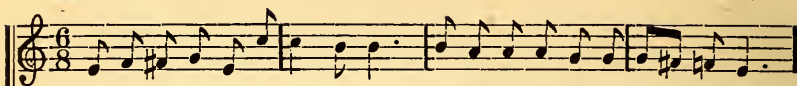


storm, We will an-chor by and by. (by and by.)
 not be ver-y long,

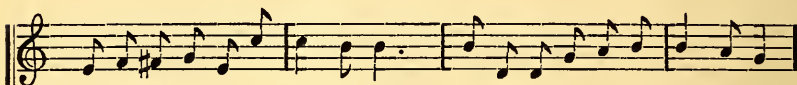
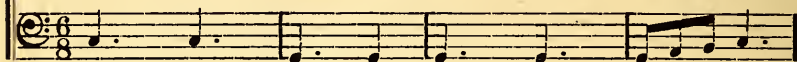


MISS EMILY S. OAKLEY.

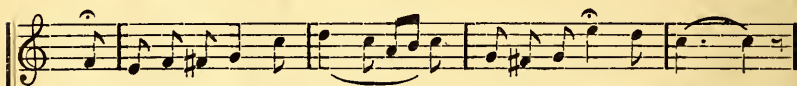
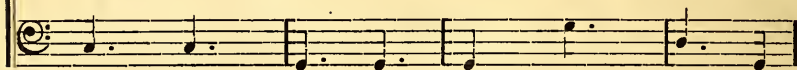
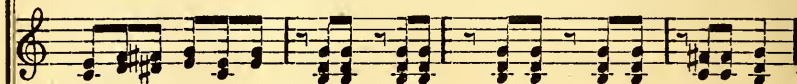
P. P. BLISS.



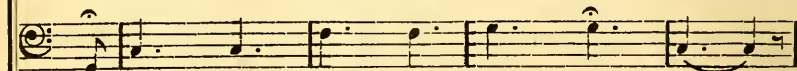
1. Sow-ing the seed by the day-light fair, Sow-ing the seed by the noon-day glare,
2. Sow-ing the seed by the way-side high, Sow-ing the seed on the rocks to die,
3. Sow-ing the seed of a ling'ring pain, Sow-ing the seed of a mad-den'd brain,
4. Sow-ing the seed with an ach-ing heart, Sow-ing the seed while the teardrops start,



Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the sol-ern night;
 Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer-tile soil;
 Sow-ing the seed of a tar-nish'd name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;
 Sow-ing in hope till the reap-ers come Glad-ly to gath-er the har-vest home;



Oh, what shall the harvest be?..... Oh, what shall the harvest be?.....
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?..... Oh, what shall the harvest be?.....
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?..... Oh, what shall the harvest be?.....
 Oh, what shall the harvest be?..... Oh, what shall the harvest be?.....



What Shall the Harvest Be?—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Sown..... in the dark - - ness or sown..... in the

Sown in the darkness or sown in the light, Sown in the dark-ness or

light,..... Sown in our weak - - ness or

sown in the light, Sown in our weakness or sown in our might,

sown..... in our might,..... Gath - er'd in time or e -

Sown in our weakness or sown in our might, Gath - er'd in time or e -

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest be.....

ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - vest, harvest be.

731

A Perfect Heart.

Tune,—Belmont. C. M.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free;
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me.</p> | <p>3 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.</p> |
| <p>2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.</p> | <p>4 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of Love.</p> |

"The Lord direct your hearts into . . . the patient waiting for Christ."—2 THESS. 3: 5.

W. G. IRVIN.

J. H. FILLMORE.

1. I am wait-ing for the morn-ing Of the bless-ed day to dawn,
 2. I am wait-ing; worn and wea-ry With the bat-tle and the strife,
 3. Wait-ing, hop-ing, trust-ing ev-er, For a home of boundless love;
 4. Hop-ing soon to meet the lov'd ones Where the "ma-ny man-sions" be;

When the sor-row and the sad-ness Of this change-ful life are gone.
 Hop-ing when the warfare's o-ver To re-ceive a crown of life.
 Like a pil-grim, Looking for-ward To the land of bliss a-bove.
 List'n-ing for the hap-py wel-come Of my Sav-iour call-ing me.

CHORUS. I am wait - - - ing, on - ly wait-ing,

I am wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing, on - ly wait-ing,

Till this wea - - - ry life is o'er;

Till this wea-ry, wea-ry, wea-ry—Till this wea-ry life is o'er;

On - ly wait - - - ing for my wel-come,

On - ly wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing for my wel-come, for my wel-come

Only Waiting.—Concluded.

From my Sav - iour on the oth - er shore.

733

Why Not To-night ?

ELIZA REED.

IRA D. SANKEY.

1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes a-against the light;
 2. To - mor-row's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long de - lu - ded sight;
 3. The world has noth - ing left to give—It has no new, no pure de - light;
 4. Our bless - ed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls u - nite;

Poor sin - ner, hard - en not thy heart; Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to-night?
 This is the time! oh, then be wise! Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to-night?
 Oh, try the life which Christians live! Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to-night?
 Then be the work of grace be - gun! Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to-night?

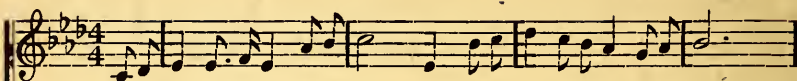
CHORUS.

Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to-night?

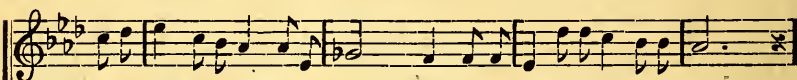
rit......
 Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou wouldst be sav'd—Why not to-night?

F. A. B.

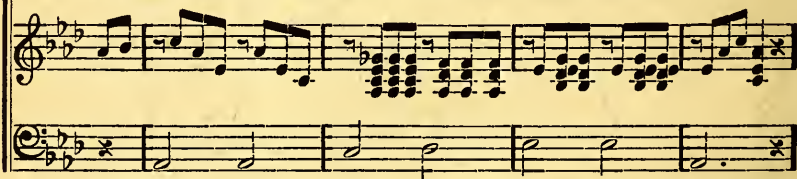
F. A. BLACKMER.



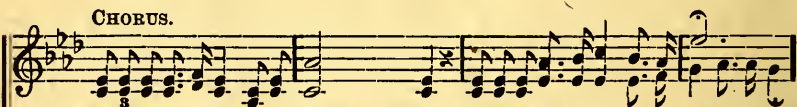
1. When we en-ter the portals of glo - ry, And the great host of ransom'd we see,
2. When we see all the sav'd of the a - ges, Who from cruel death partings are free,
3. When we stand by the beautiful riv - er, Neath the shade of the life-giving tree,
4. When we look on the form that redeemed us, And His glo-ry and majesty see,



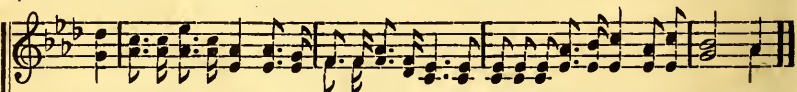
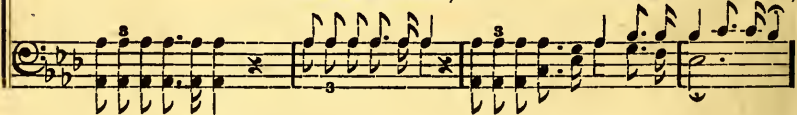
As the numberless sand of the sea - shore, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 Greeting there with a heavenly greet - ing, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 Gazing out o'er the fair land of prom - ise, What a wonderful sight that will be!
 While as King of the saints He is reign - ing, What a wonderful sight that will be!



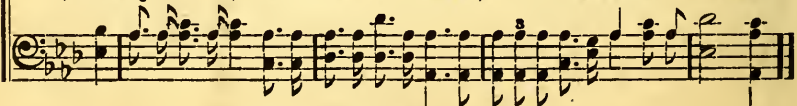
CHORUS.



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

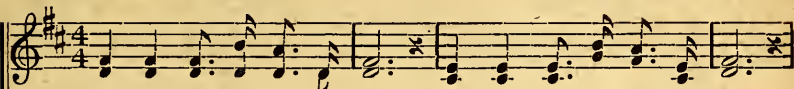


Oh, what a sight 'twill be, When the ransomed host we see, As numberless as the sand of the seashore

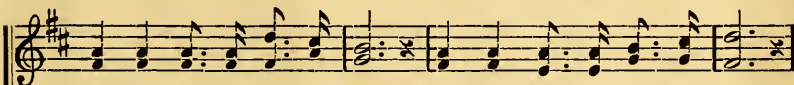
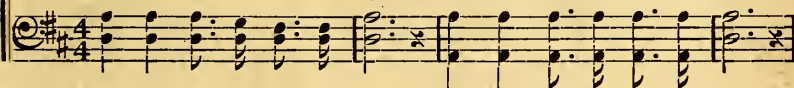


ERANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

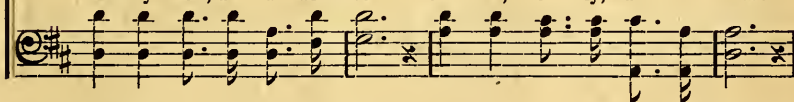
WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



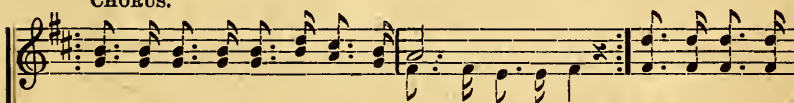
1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with mes - sag - es for Thee;
4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in end - less praise;
5. Take my will, and make it Thine; It shall be no lon - ger mine;
6. Take my love,—my Lord, I pour At Thy feet its treas - ure - store!



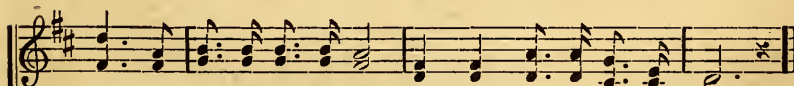
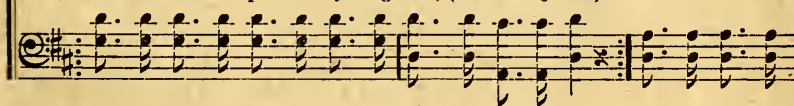
Take my hands, and let them move At the im - pulse of Thy love.
 Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
 Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with - hold.
 Take my in - te - lect, and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.
 Take my heart,—it is Thine own,— It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee!



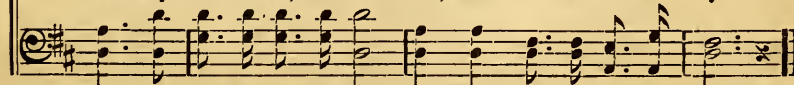
CHORUS.



{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, (the precious blood.) } Lord, I give to
 { Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, (the heal - ing flood.) }

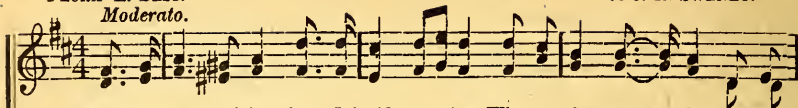


thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence - forth e - ter - nal - ly.

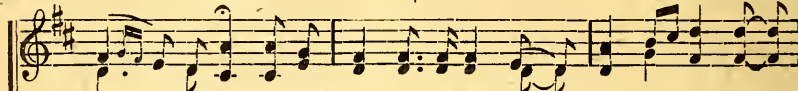
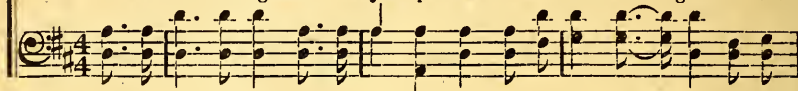


FLORA L. BEST.

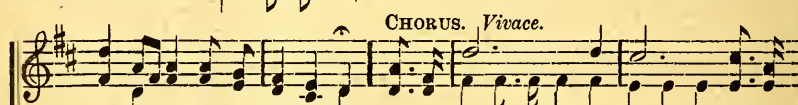
JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

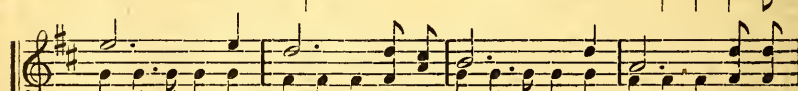
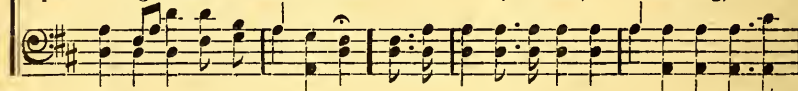
1. There are songs of joy that I lov'd to sing, When my heart was as blithe as a
2. There are strains of home that are dear as life, And I list to them oft 'mid the
3. Can my lips be mute, or my heart be sad, When the gra-cious Mas-ter hath
4. I shall catch the gleam of its jas - per wall When I come to the gloom of the



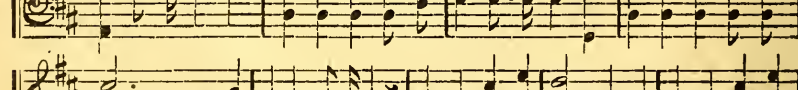
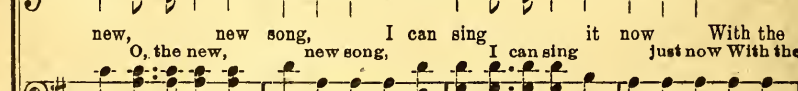
bird in spring; But the song I have learn'd is so full of cheer, That the
 din of strife; But I know of a home that is won-drous fair, And I
 made me glad? When He points where the ma-ny man-sions be, And sweet-
 ev-en-fall, For I know that the shadows, drear-y and dim, Have a

CHORUS. *Vivace.*

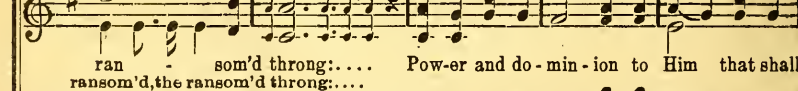
dawn shines out in the darkness drear.
 sing the psalm they are singing there.
 ly says, "There is one for thee"? } O, the new, new song! O, the
 path of light that will lead to Him. } O, the new, new song,



new, new song, I can sing it now With the
 O, the new, new song, I can sing just now With the



ran som'd through:.... Pow-er and do-min-ion to Him that shall
 ransom'd, the ransom'd through:....



The New Song.—Concluded.

reign; that shall reign: Glo - ry and praise to the Lamb that was slain.

737

Take Hold, Hold On.

Advice of an aged colored man to young converts, "Take hold, hold on, hold fast, and never let go!"

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, turn not back in the Christian race Till the prize is won we know;
 2. O, turn not back on life's bat-tle-field, Tho' the world's a might-y foe,
 3. Truth's an-chor firm - ly, sure - ly clasp, As the bil - lows near thee flow,
 4. Though dan-ger threatens or death a - larms, In each ris - ing flood of woe,

Reach up to Christ for a-bound-ing grace, Take hold and nev-er let go!
 God's arms are round thee as a shield, Take hold and nev-er let go!
 God's hand will close o'er thy fee-ble grasp, Take hold and nev-er let go!
 Still cling to God's ev-er-last-ing arms, Take hold and nev-er let go!

CHORUS.

Take hold, hold on, Hold fast and nev-er let go! No
 Take hold, hold on, hold on, hold on!

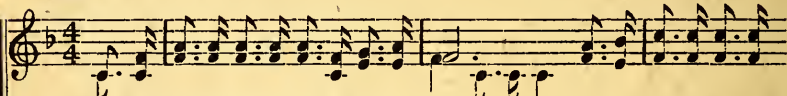
matter how the wind in the tempest may blow, Take hold and nev-er let go!

A Song of Trust.

"For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land, a land of brooks of water, of fountains, and depths that spring out of valleys and hills." "And I will give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope: and she shall sing there."

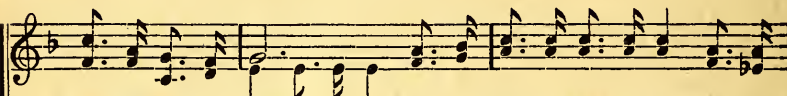
"BEULAH."

GRACE WEISER.



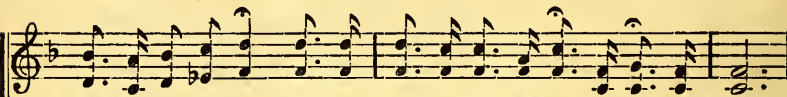
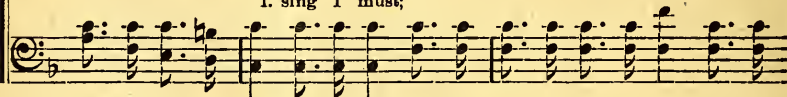
- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1. God has giv-en me a song, a song of trust, | And I sing it all day |
| 2. O, I sing it on the mountain, in the light, | Where the radiance of God's |
| 3. And I sing it in the valley dark and low. | When my heart is crush'd with |
| 4. When I sing it in the desert parch'd and dry, | Living streams begin to |
| 5. For I've cross'd the river Jordan, and I stand | In the blessed land of |

I. song of trust,

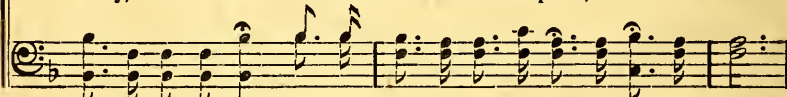


long, for sing I must;	Ev-'ry hour it sweet-er grows, Fills my
sunshine makes all bright;	All my path seems bright and clear, Heav'nly
sor-row, pain, and woe;	Then the shad-ows flee a-way, Like the
flow, a rich sup-ply;	Ver-dure in a-bund-ance grows, Deserts
promise—Beu-lah land:	Trust-ing is like breath-ing here, Just as

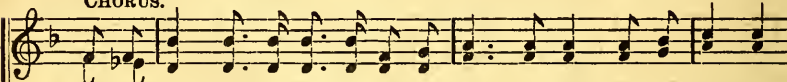
I. sing I must;



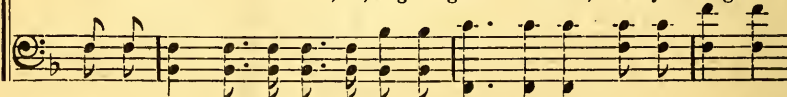
soul with blest re-pose, Just how	rest-ful no one knows but those who trust.
land seems ver-y near: Why, I	al-most then ap-pear to walk by sight.
night when dawns the day; Trust in	God brings light alway, I find it so.
blos-som like a rose, And my	heart with joy o'erflows at God's re-ply.
ea-sy,—doubt and fear Van-ish	in this at-mos-phere, in Beu-lah land.



CHORUS.



Ye who trust in the Lord, Oh, sing a glad re-frain; Raise your songs on



A Song of Trust.—Concluded.

high, His might-y love pro-claim; For His prom-ise is sure, Ye shall

not be put to shame, Ye shall nev-er be confound-ed again: Praise His name!

739

Let Me Die.

FINE.

1. { O God, my heart doth long for Thee, Let me die, let me die; }
 { Now set my soul at lib - er - ty, Let me die, let me die; }
2. { The slay - ing pow'r in me dis - play, Let me die, let me die; }
 { I must be dead from day to day, Let me die, let me die; }

D.C. { My Sav - iour calls, I'm go - ing forth, Let me die, let me die. }
 { Of those who hate the humb - ling cross, Let me die, let me die. }

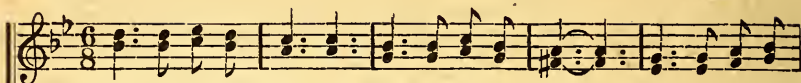
To all the tri - fling things of earth, They're now to me of lit - tle worth:
 Un - to the world and its ap - plause, To all the cus - toms, fashions, laws.

3 My friends may say, "I'll ruined be,"
 Let me die, let me die;
 But all I leave, and follow Thee,
 Let me die, let me die.
 Their arguments will never weigh,
 Nor stand the trying judgment day;
 Help me to cast them all away,
 Let me die, let me die.

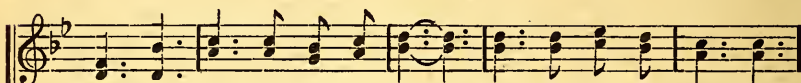
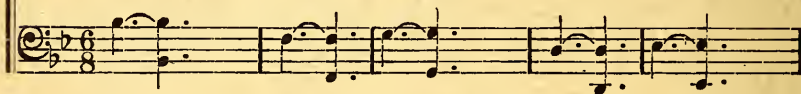
4 O I must die to scoffs and jeers
 Let me die, let me die;
 I must be freed from slavish fears,
 Let me die, let me die.
 So dead that no desire shall rise
 To pass for good, or great, or wise,
 In any but my Saviour's eyes!
 Let me die, let me die.

H. R. P.

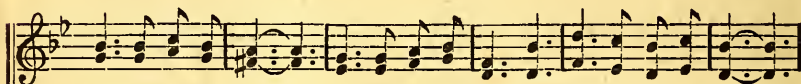
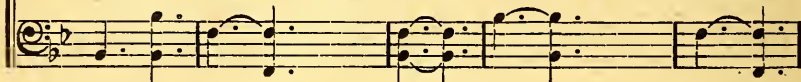
H. R. PALMER.



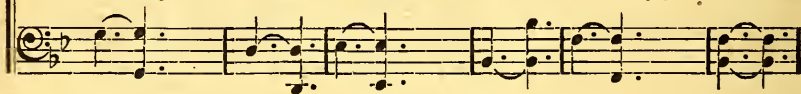
1. Yield not to temp - ta - tion, For yield - ing is sin, Each vic - t'ry will
 2. Shun e - vil com - pan - ions, Bad language dis - dain, God's name hold in
 3. To him that o'er - com - eth, God giv - eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall



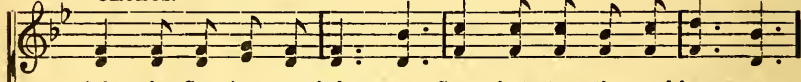
help you some oth - er to win; Fight man - ful - ly on - ward,
 rev - erence, Nor take it in vain; Be tho't - ful and earn - est,
 con - quer, Tho' of - ten cast down; He who is our Sav - iour,



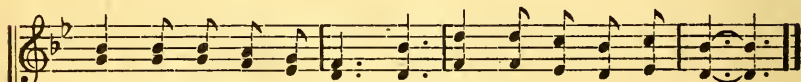
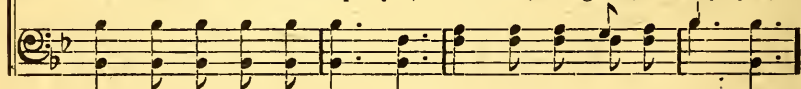
Dark passions sub - due, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.
 Kind - hearted and true, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.
 Our strength will re - new, Look ev - er to Je - sus, He'll car - ry you thro'.



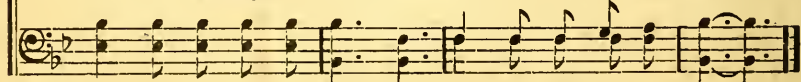
CHORUS.



Ask the Sav - iour to help you, Com - fort, strengthen, and keep you;



He is will - ing to aid you, He will car - ry you thro'.

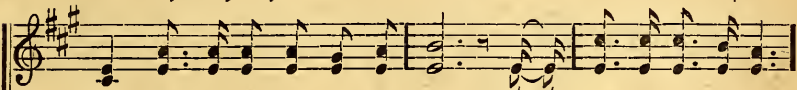


Capt. R. KELSO CARTER.

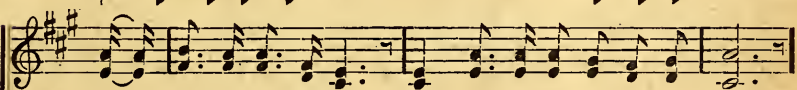
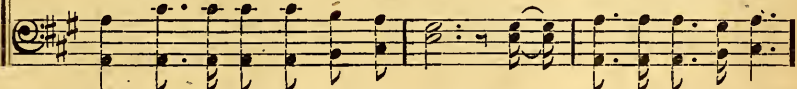
E. E. NICKERSON.



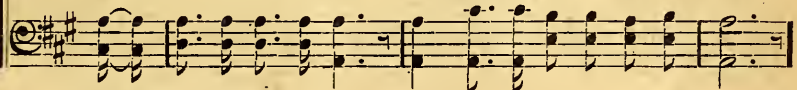
1. Rest to the wea - ry soul And ach - ing breast is given,
 2. For thee, my soul, for thee, These price - less joys were bought,
 3. Come with the ran-somed train, The Sav - iour's prais - es sing,
 4. And soon be - fore His face, We'll praise in light a - bove,



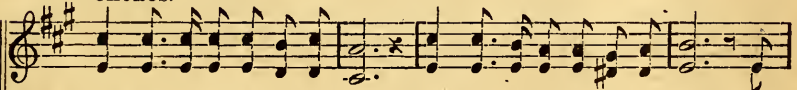
Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Grace makes the wounded whole,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Thine is the mer - cy free,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Re - joice! the Lamb was slain,
 Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow; Tri - um-phant thro' His grace,



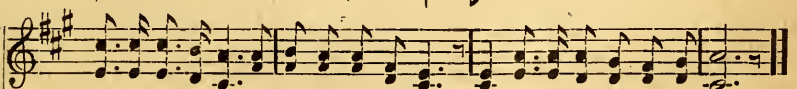
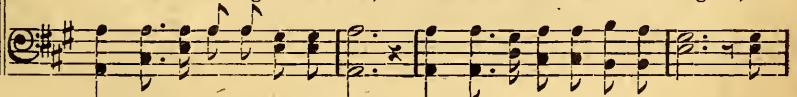
Love . fills our heart with heav'n, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 That Christ to earth has brought, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 A - dore! He reigns a King, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.
 Made per - fect by His love, Down where the liv - ing wa - ters flow.



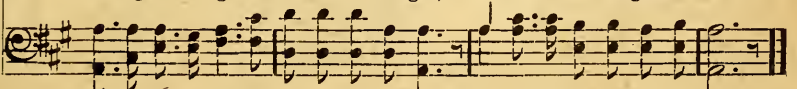
CHORUS.



Down where the living wa-ters flow, Down where the tree of life doth grow, I'm



liv - ing in the light, for Jesus now I fight, Down where the living waters flow.



Over Jordan.

(Read DEUT. II: 31. 8: 7, 8.)

Mrs. M. B. C. SLADE.

J. R. MURRAY.

1. With His dear and lov - ing care, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
 2. Through the rock - y wil - der - ness, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To the
 3. With His strong and mighty hand, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, To that
 4. In the Prom - ised Land to be, Will the Sav - iour lead us on, Till fair

hills and val - leys fair, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, we'll rest our wea - ry feet
 land we shall pos - sess, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, by night the wondrous ray,
 good and pleasant land, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, where vine and ol - ive grow,
 Ca - naan's shore we see, O - ver Jor - dan? Yes, to dwell with Thee, at last,

By the crys - tal wa - ters sweet, When the peace - ful shore we greet,
 Cloud - y pil - lar by the day, They shall guide us on our way,
 And the brooks and foun - tains flow, Thirst nor hun - ger shall we know,
 Guide and lead us, as Thou hast, Till the part - ed wave be passed,

CHORUS.

O - ver Jor - dan. O - ver Jor - dan! O - ver Jor - dan! Yes, we'll

rest our wear - y feet, By the crys - tal wa - ters sweet, O - ver Jor - dan,

Over Jordan.—Concluded.

O - ver Jor - dan, When the peace-ful shore we'll greet, O-ver Jor - dan.

743

Jesus Calls Us.

C. F. ALEXANDER.

WARREN COLLINS.

1. Je - sus calls us o'er the tu - mult Of our life's strange rest-less sea;
2. Je - sus calls us from the wor - ship Of this vain world's gold-en store,
3. In our joys and in our sor - rows, Days of toil and hours of ease,
4. May the blood of Je - sus heal me, And my sins be all for - giv'n;

Day by day His sweet voice soundeth, Say-ing, Dear one, fol-low me.
 From each i - dol that would keep us, Say-ing, Lov'd one, love me more.
 Still He calls in cares and pleas-ures, Chris-tian, love me more than these.
 Ho - ly spir - it, take and seal me, Guide me all the way to heav'n.

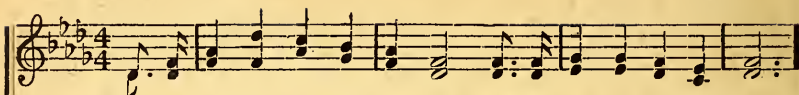
CHORUS.

Fol - low me, Je - sus said, Dear one, learn to fol - low Him;

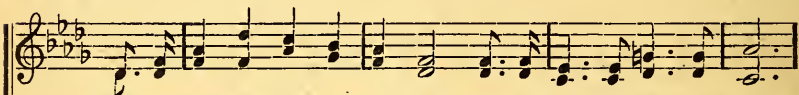
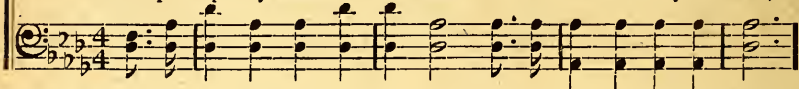
Fol - low Him, that is all, For He'll nev - er let you fall.

MISS JENNIE STOUT.

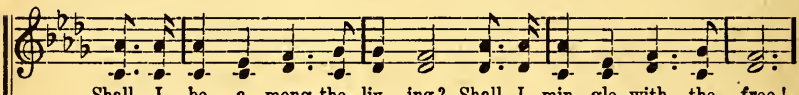
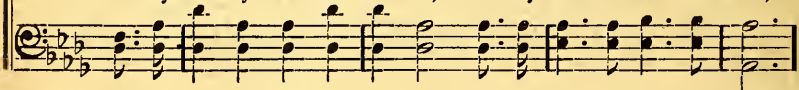
A. A. ARMEN.



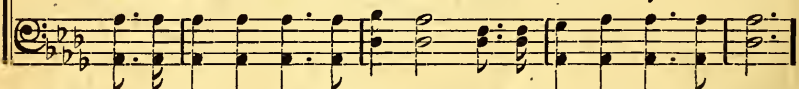
1. Oh, I oft - en sit and pon - der, When the sun is sink - ing low,
2. Shall I be at work for Je - sus, Whilst He leads me by the hand,
3. But per - haps my work for Je - sus Soon in fu - ture may be done,



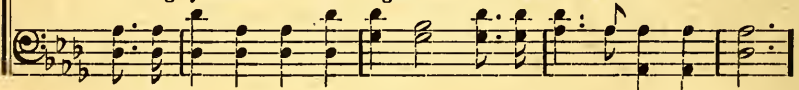
Where shall you - der fu - ture find me: Does but God in heav - en know?
 And to those a - round be say - ing, Come and join His hap - py band?
 All my earth - ly tri - als end - ed, And my crown in heav - en won;



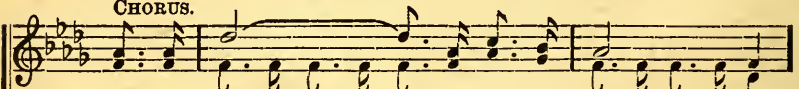
Shall I be a - mong the liv - ing? Shall I min - gle with the free!
 Come, for all things now are rea - dy, Come, His faith - ful fol - l'wer be;
 Then for - ev - er with the ran - somed Thro' e - ter - ni - ty I'd be



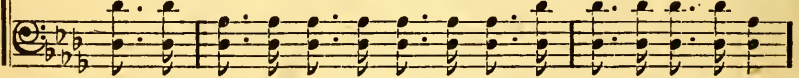
Where - so - e'er my path be lead - ing, Sav - iour, keep my heart with thee.
 Oh, wher - e'er my path be lead - ing, Sav - iour, keep my heart with thee.
 Chant - ing hymns to Him who bought me With His blood shed on the tree.



CHORUS.



Oh, the fu - - - ture lies be - fore me,
 Oh, the fu - ture lies be - fore me, And I know not where I'll be,



The Future.—Concluded.

And I know..... not where I'll be,
Oh, the fu- ture lies be- fore me, And I know not where I'll be,

But wher- e'er..... my path be lead - - ing,
But wher- e'er my path be lead- ing, Sav- iour, keep my heart with Thee,

Sav- iour, keep my heart with Thee.
But wher- e'er my path be lead- ing, Sav- iour, keep my heart with Thee.

745

I Have a Never-Failing Bank.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 I have a never-failing bank,
A more than golden store;
No earthly bank is half so rich—
How then can I be poor?—</p> <p>CHO.—There's a plenty, a plenty, a plenty,
O there's a plenty, in Zion's bank above.</p> <p>2 'Tis when my stock is spent and gone,
And I without a groat,
I'm glad to hasten to my bank,
And beg a little note.</p> <p>3 Sometimes my Banker, smiling, says:
"Why don't you oftener come?
And, when you draw a little note,
Why not a larger sum?"</p> <p>4 Why live so scantily and poor?
Your bank contains a plenty;</p> | <p>Why come and take a one-pound note,
When you might have a twenty?</p> <p>5 Yea, twenty thousand, ten times told,
Is but a trifling sum,
To what your Father has laid up,
Secure in God His Son."</p> <p>6 Since then my Banker is so rich,
I have no cause to borrow;
I'll live upon my cash to-day,
And draw again to-morrow.</p> <p>7 I've been a thousand times before,
And never was rejected;
Sometimes my Banker gives me more
Than asked for or expected.</p> |
|---|---|

H. L.

HALDOR LILLENAS.

1. Stand fast in the Lord and the pow-er of His might, Stand fast, stand
 2. Stand fast in the Lord and the pow-er of His might, Stand fast, stand
 3. Stand fast in the Lord and the pow-er of His might, Stand fast, stand
 Stand fast,

fast! Stand fast in the Lord and bat - tle for the right, Stand fast in the
 fast! Press on, as He calls, by faith and not by sight, Stand fast in the
 fast! Be-neath cloudless sky or in the darkest night, Stand fast in the
 stand fast!

DUET.

Lord, stand fast! In the conflict fiercely waging, 'Gainst the pow'rs of sin en-
 Lord, stand fast! In the time of fierce temptation, You are free from condem-
 Lord, stand fast! In the time of greatest sorrow, From Him comfort you can

Parts.

gag-ing, Tho' the en - e - my be rag - ing, Stand fast in the Lord, stand fast!
 na - tion, If you have God's approba - tion, Stand fast in the Lord, stand fast!
 bor-row, Soon will dawn the bright to-morrow, Stand fast in the Lord, stand fast!

CHORUS.

Stand fast..... un-til the last, Ev-er-more a loy - al sol-dier
 Stand fast un-til the last,

STAND FAST.—Concluded.

be;..... Nev-er yield..... un-til the field.....
stand fast; Nev-er yield the bat-tle-field

Shall ring with glo-rious shouts of vic-to-ry; Stand
of vic-to-ry;

fast..... un-til at last You may lay your arm-or down,
Stand fast un-til at last

And from Christ the Lord, As your great reward, You receive the vic-tor's crown.

No. 747. O SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

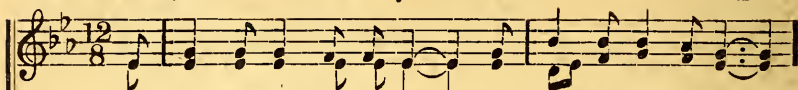
(Key C.)

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1 O bliss of the purified! bliss of the free!
I plunge in the crimson tide opened for
me!
O'er sin and uncleanness exulting I
stand,
And point to the print of the nails in
His hand.</p> <p>CHO.—O sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love,
Sing of His mighty love—
Mighty to save.</p> <p>2 O bliss of the purified, Jesus is mine,
No longer in dread condemnation I
pine;
In conscious salvation I sing of His
grace</p> | <p>Who lifted upon me the smiles of His
face.</p> <p>3 O bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!
No wound hath the soul that His blood
cannot cure;
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly
find rest,
No tears—but may dry them on Jesus'
breast.</p> <p>4 O Jesus the Crucified! Thee will I sing!
My blessed Redeemer! my God, and
my King!
My soul filled with rapture shall shout
o'er the grave,
And triumph in death in the MIGHTY
TO SAVE!</p> |
|---|---|

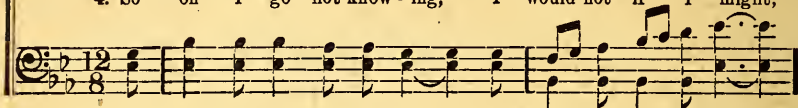
MARY G. BRAINARD.

Words arr. by P. P. BLISS.

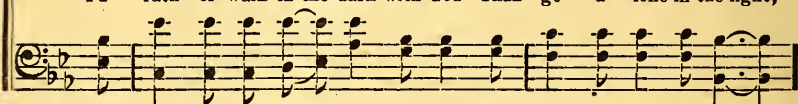
P. P. BLISS.



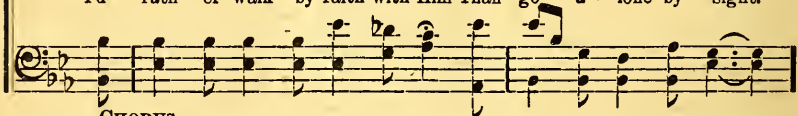
1. I know not what a-waits me, God kind-ly veils mine eyes,
 2. One step I see be-fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,
 3. O bliss-ful lack of wis-dom, 'Tis bless-ed not to know;
 4. So on I go not know-ing, I would not if I might;



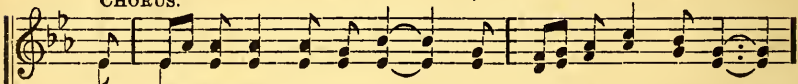
And each step of my on-ward way He makes new scenes to rise;
 The light of heav'n more bright-ly shines, When earth's il-lu-sions flee;
 He holds me with His own right hand, And will not let me go,
 I'd rath-er walk in the dark with God Than go a-lone in the light;



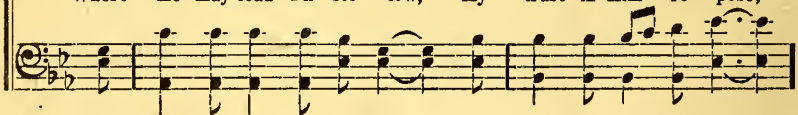
And ev-'ry joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur-prise.
 And sweet-ly through the si-lence, came His lov-ing "Fol-low me."
 And lulls my trou-bled soul to rest In Him who loves me so.
 I'd rath-er walk by faith with Him Than go a-lone by sight.



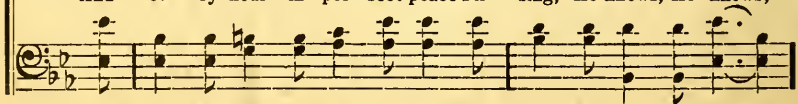
CHORUS.



Where He may lead I'll fol-low, My trust in Him re-bose;



And ev-'ry hour in per-fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows;



He Knows.—Concluded.

And ev - 'ry hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

He knows, He knows, He knows..... He knows.

The image shows two systems of musical notation. The first system consists of a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two flats and a common time signature. The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The lyrics are placed below the treble staff. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment, with the lyrics 'He knows, He knows, He knows..... He knows.' written below the treble staff.

749 We'll be Ready When the Train Comes In.

1 We are soldiers in the blessed war of
Jesus,
We are marching on with a shout and
song,
Tho' the devil tries to bother and deceive
us,
We'll be ready when the train comes in.

CHORUS.—We are sweeping on to claim the
blessed promise,
Of a happy home never more to roam;
Where the sunlight on the hills of end-
less glory,
We'll be ready when the train comes
in.

2 We have come to Mizpah Grove to sing
His praises,
We will sing and pray, every night and
day,

Till poor sinners, leave their sins and
follow Jesus,
We'll be ready when the train comes
in.

3 See the land of Beulah lies so plain before
you,
Of a happy life, free from sin and
strife,
Where are songs of joy, and shouts of
holy rapture,
Oh be ready when the train comes in.

4 Come poor sinners, Jesus offers you a
ransom,
Thro' His blood so dear, He is ever
near,
And the angel throng will shout in joyful
chorus,
If you're ready when the train comes
in.

750

Joy of the Justified.

CHAS. WESLEY.

1 O how happy are they,
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above.
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

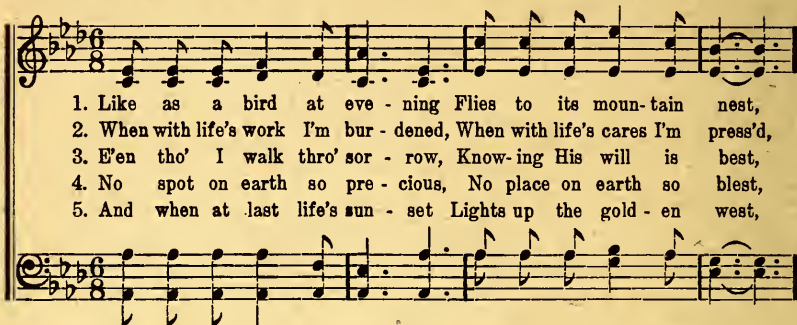
2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received through the blood of the Lamb,
When my heart first believed
What a joy I received,
What a heaven in Jesus' name.

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more.
Than to fall at His feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

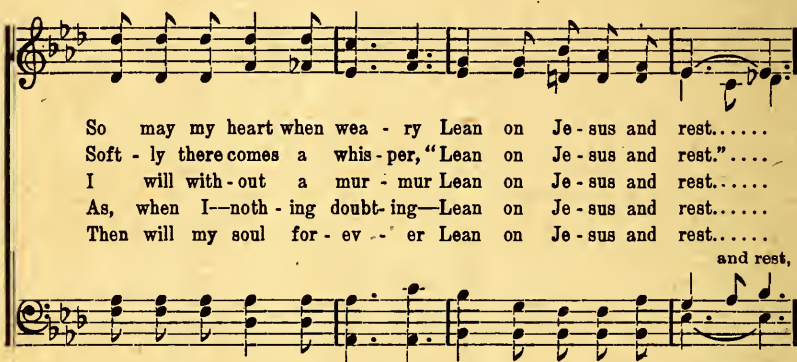
4 O the rapturous height
Of the holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood!
Of my Saviour possessed,
I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr.

J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

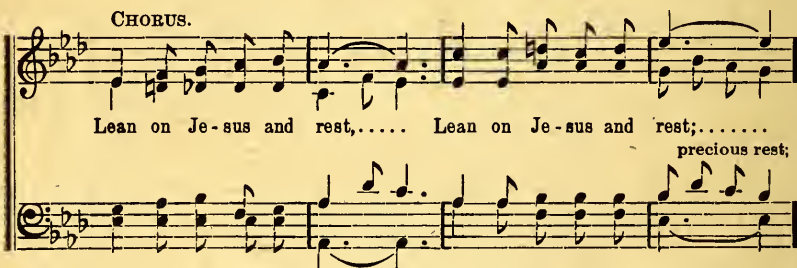


1. Like as a bird at eve - ning Flies to its moun - tain nest,
 2. When with life's work I'm bur - dened, When with life's cares I'm press'd,
 3. E'en tho' I walk thro' sor - row, Know - ing His will is best,
 4. No spot on earth so pre - cious, No place on earth so blest,
 5. And when at last life's sun - set Lights up the gold - en west,

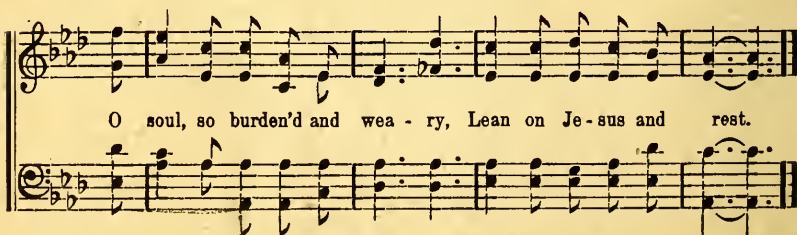


So may my heart when wea - ry Lean on Je - sus and rest.....
 Soft - ly there comes a whis - per, "Lean on Je - sus and rest."....
 I will with - out a mur - mur Lean on Je - sus and rest.....
 As, when I—noth - ing doubt - ing—Lean on Je - sus and rest.....
 Then will my soul for - ev - er Lean on Je - sus and rest.....
 and rest,

CHORUS.



Lean on Je - sus and rest,..... Lean on Je - sus and rest;.....
 precious rest;



O soul, so burden'd and wea - ry, Lean on Je - sus and rest.

752 We're a Happy Pilgrim Band.

- 1 We're a happy pilgrim band,
Sailing to the goodly land,
With a swelling sail we onward sweep;
Though the tempest rages long,
There is one among the throng,
Who will guide the sailor o'er the deep.

CHORUS.—We are sailing o'er the sea,
We are sailing o'er the sea,
We are drifting toward the lea,
We are drifting toward the lea.

- 2 When the mighty billows swell,
With the saved it will be well,
Though the breakers roar upon the lea;
Rolling waves shall not o'erwhelm,
For we've Jesus at the helm,
And He'll guide us safely o'er the sea.
- 3 Though for many ages past
She has braved the stormy blast,
She's the old ship Zion as of yore;
Safe amid the rocks and shoals
She has landed many souls
Safe at home, on Canaan's happy shore.
- 4 Ho! ye sinners here to-day,
There is danger in your way,
By the chart of folly you are misled;
There is danger underneath,
And above a storm of wrath,
And the breakers of destruction are ahead.

753 One Day as I Was Walking.

- 1 One day as I was walking
Along the lonesome road,
My heart was filled with rapture,—
I heard the voice of God.

CHORUS.—Hallelujah, I'm saved! hallelujah,
I'm saved! [I'm saved!
Hallelujah, I'm saved! I'm saved!

- 2 He chose me for His watchman
To stand on Zion's wall,
Saying, Go and preach my gospel,
Glad tidings unto all.
3. The cross is great and heavy,
And I am in my youth;
I'm 'fraid I am not able
To preach the Word of Truth.
- 4 Says Jesus, "Lo, I'm with you,"
In every trying hour;
And though you are deficient,
I am the God of power.
- 5 I took the Gospel trumpet,
And I began to blow;
And if my Lord will help me,
I'll preach where'er I go.
- 6 And when my mission's ended
I'll blow the Trump no more;
I'll join my fellow watchmen
On Canaan's happy shore.
- 7 And when the last loud trumpet
Shall welcome us to come,
We'll bind our sheaves in bundles,
And shout the "Harvest Home."

754 There's a Highway.

- 1 There's a highway for the ransomed,
where the children of the King,
Upon their pilgrim journey triumphantly
may sing,
Of a Saviour who redeemed them, and del-
ivers from all sin.
His blood now makes me clean.

CHORUS.—Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

- His blood now keeps me clean.
- 2 I was pardoned by God's mercy, but at
heart was evil still,
A carnal mind was in me, which resolves
could never kill.
But, blessed be His holy name, He changes
heart and will!
His blood now makes me clean.
- 3 Now, like pebbles in the running brook,
that 'neath the ripples lay,
My heart is sweetly kept from sin each
moment, night and day;
And as faith the conquest gave me, I bid
doubts to go their way,
His blood now makes me clean!
- 4 On the mountain tops of Beulah, or in the
vale below,
Where temptations' wildest hurricanes
their fiercest tempests blow,
In sorrow or in conflict His grace He doth
bestow,
His blood now makes me clean!

755 All Taken Away.

- 1 Did you hear what Jesus said to me?
They're all taken away, away,
Your sins are pardoned and you are free,
They're all taken away.

CHORUS.—They're all taken away, away,
They're all taken away, away,
My sins are all taken away.

- 2 I now believe in Jesus' name,
They're all taken away;
And now His mighty love I claim,
They're all taken away.
- 3 The spirit answers to the blood,
They're all taken away;
And tells me I am born of God,
They're all taken away.
- 4 With confidence I now draw nigh,
They're all taken away;
And Father, Abba, Father, cry,
They're all taken away.
- 5 The blood of Christ avails for me,
They're all taken away;
And sets my soul at liberty,
They're all taken away.
- 6 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath,
They're all taken away;
And sing triumphant over death.
They're all taken away.

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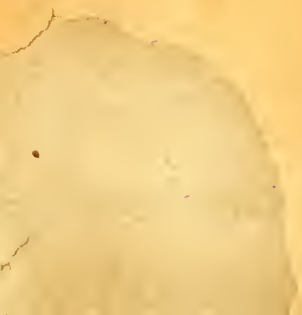
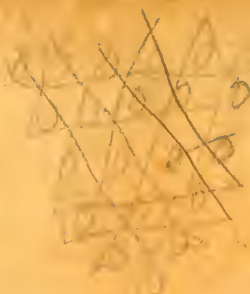
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