

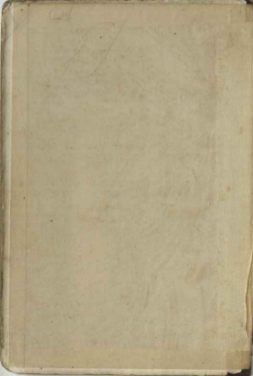
WINDOWS OF HEAVEN



A BOOK OF GOSPEL SONGS
BY

I.S. FIELD.

THE WHARTON & BARRON PUB. CO.
9 W. LEXINGTON ST. BALTIMORE M.D.



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722 N Broadway

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REVISED BY L. S. FIELD.

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1893



NEW EDITION.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN:

HYMNS NEW AND OLD

FOR THE

CHURCH, SUNDAY SCHOOL AND HOME.

COMPILED BY

REV. H. M. WHARTON.

*"Open me mine, with the Lord of hosts; if I will not open the Windows of Heaven
and pour you out a blessing, that there shall not be room enough to receive it."*

REVISED BY I. S. FIELD.

BALTIMORE:

WHARTON & BARRON PUBLISHING COMPANY.

1891.

My dear Mr. Staples
Received of you
the book of
Gospel Hymns
sent me
10/11/86
Wm. H. W.

PREFACE.

This book has been prepared for me and under my supervision. In my opinion, it contains the best collection of Gospel Hymns in existence. Mr. Staples is the author of many books, a distinguished composer, an earnest and devoted Christian. So without hesitation I send it forth among the people, with the prayer that God will open the Windows of Heaven, and pour out rich blessings in their hearts.

H. M. WHARTON.

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

No. 1. OPEN THE WINDOWS OF HEAVEN.

M. C. B.

H. G. STAPLES.

1. O - pen the win-dows of heav - en, Send show-ers of blessing, (1st time),
 2. O - pen the win-dows of heav - en, Look to-ward us as we love
 3. Trusting, we'll try Thee, and prove Thee; All others without Thee is vain;
 4. O - pen the win-dows of heav - en, And bless us for Thy dear Son's sake;

Look on us, Lord, in Thy mer - cy, While trembly be fore Thee we bow,
 Our-ing in heart-felt awe to Thee, We pray Thee our sin-ners to save,
 Earth's greatest pleasurement besting, That love in our in - si - dible gain,
 His blood shed for our red-emption, Our pleas-ure - ly plea we now sing.

Repeat.

Show - us of blessing, Fresh show-ers of blessing we sing,
 Show us, fresh show-ers,

Show - us of bless-ing, For show-ers of blessing we plead,
 Show us, fresh show-ers,

No. 2. SHOWERS OF BLESSING.

E. G. SHAFER.

Andante

1. Lord, I long of show'ring blessing, Thine art wait'ing, fall and true,
 2. Plead me not, O gracious Fa - ther! His fall through my heart may be,
 3. Plead me not, O low - ly Son - of - man! Let me love, and cling to Thee,
 4. Plead me not, O mighty Spir - it! Thou can'st make the blind to see.

Howe'er the blind - y lead us - guide us, Let some droppings fall on us,
 Thine might is better, but the will is Let Thy merc - y fall on us,
 I am long - ing for Thy lov - ing, Whilst thou'rt calling, oh, call me,
 Whoso'er of Je - sus' name is, Speak the word of pow' - er to me.

Chorus

Ev - en us, ev - en us, Let Thy bless - ing fall on us.
 Ev - en us, ev - en us,

Ev - en us, ev - en us, Let Thy bless - ing fall on us.
 Ev - en us, ev - en us.

No. 3. I'M THINE, FOREVER THINE.

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—Cant. 5: 2.

W. W. BENTLEY, by gen.

1. No more my own, Lord Je - sus, Bought with Thy precious blood,
 2. I give the life Thou giv - est, My pre - sent, let - ter, past,
 2. I give the love, the constant Thy good - ness grants to me,
 4. Out - side through to ad - dre, With - in the veil to meet,

I give Thee but Thine own, Lord, That long Thy love withheld,
 My joys, my fears, my sor - rows, My love beyond my last,
 Oh, take and make it meet, Lord, For a - live - ing to Thee,
 And leave the rest - at - tain - ing, From out the sur - ce of rest.

Chorus.

Now faith - ful, firm and all are With light and love di - vine;

Be - lieve with Thee, Lord Je - sus, I'm Thine, for - ev - er Thine.

No. 4. WHAT SHALL OUR RECORD BE?

SOLO AND CHORUS

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by gen.

1. There's a hand that's writ- ing now in The book of life, they say,
 2. And that hand goes writ- ing on, Mak- ing you - a mark on life,
 3. There is no - thing but a - way, Life for us will soon be done,

Ev - ry one that's read or dwell in re - cord - ed these words say,
 Let us give - the world, our friend's, What for us is writ - ten there,
 Can we, fruit - ing - ly, go hence, That a crown of life is ours?

What shall then our re - cord be? Let us - sleep and think I pray!

What shall our Record be.—Concluded.

What shall then our re - cord be, In the coming judgment day?

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

Chorus.
In the coming judgment day, In the coming judgment day.

This system contains the second two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

What shall then our re - cord be, In the coming judgment day.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

No. 5. GLORIA PATRI.

F. L. ARBERGSON.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost,

This system contains the first two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

As it was in the beginning, so - or shall be, World without end. A - men!

This system contains the final two staves of music. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the first staff.

No. 6. JESUS, SAVIOUR, PILOT ME.

(PILOT, 3rd time)

Rev. EDWARD HERRIN.

J. E. GOULD.

1. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver
 2. Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me, O - ver
 3. When at last I near the shore, And the

It's tem - pest - uous sea, Do - lores wave be - fore me
 look the a - gain wild, Doubt - ful wave a - gain Thy
 fear - ful break - ing sea, Twist me and the peer - ful

will hid - ing seek and track - less roam, Chart and
 will, When they say 'at to them "be still" Won - derous
 and, Then, while lean - ing on Thy breast, May I

rom - pish seas from Thee, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me,
 sea - venge of the sea, Je - sus, Sav - iour, pi - lot me,
 heart Thou say to me, "Fear not, I will pi - lot thee!"

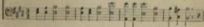
No. 7. SWEETLY RESTING.

MARY D. JAMES.

W. WARREN BENTLEY, by per.



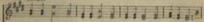
1. In the cell - of Death I'm rest - ing, Safe - ly sheltered I a - hide;
2. Long pursued by sin and Sa - tan, Weary, sad, I long'd for rest;
3. Peace, which passeth understanding, Joy, the world can not re - give;
4. In the cell - of Death I'll hide me, Till the storms of life are past.



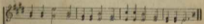
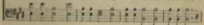
There no fear has storm - toiled me, While within the cell I hid,
 Then I found this love's re - ly shield me, Open'd in my Father's breast,
 Now in Je - sus I am find - ing, In His arms of love I live,
 All re - vers'd in this bliss - ful - age, Heading out the stormy blast.



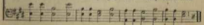
Refrain.



Now I'm rest - ing, sweetly rest - ing, In the cell once made me woe;



Je - sus, Mem - ory Book of A - ges, I will hide my - self in Thee.



No. 8. ONE MORE DAY'S WORK FOR JESUS.

"I would work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 6: 28.

Mrs. ANNA WARDER.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, *lyricist.*

1. One more day's work for Je - sus; One hour of life for me! But leave it to
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus; How glorious is my King! The joy, not
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus; How sweet the work has been, To tell the

news, And Christ is draw - ing; Then you - ter - day to see; His love and
 di - ty, To speak His heav - en; My soul immortal, the wing At the heav -
 en - ry, To show the glo - ry, When Christ's clock on her is! How to do!

Chorus.

Night I'll go all my soul to-night,
 Oh! how Christ is in his light, One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's work for
 mine In His new heart of mine!

Jesus, One more day's work for Jesus, One hour of life for me.

4 One more day's work for Jesus—
 Oh you, a weary day,
 But heaven always clearer,
 And rest comes sweeter,
 At each step of the way!
 And Christ is all—
 Before His face I fall.—*Chorus.*

5 Oh, blessed work of Jesus!
 Oh, rest of Jesus' face!
 There's no more pain,
 My wants are lessened,
 And pain for Him is sweet,
 Loth, if I may,
 I'll serve another day.—*Chorus.*

No. 9. OVER THE BRIDGE.

Wm. E. S. TAYLOR.

T. C. O'NEAL.

1. Over the bridge, the joyful and bridge, There built the city of gold,
 2. Yachts so bright we cannot behold, We see not our wealth and
 3. Over the bridge, the wonderful bridge, White shrouded and silent and dim,
 4. Safe from all pain, or care from all ill, The river of death safely pass'd,

21. On the bank, the holy, beloved, Adorned as a bride for her Lord,
 Faith must illumine with patience and love, The pathway to heaven, and home,
 Ourselves they pass, the loved of the Lord, To dwell in the mansions with Him,
 Between and sin, for us or led by, How sweet must the end be at last!

Chorus.

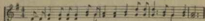
So hast thou conceived of the glory within, These mansions, these palaces thine—

The city of God, the bride of the Lamb, From us, for us or us thine.

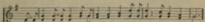
No. 10. HALLELUJAH! BLESS HIS NAME!

J. H. K.

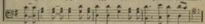
J. H. KRAMER



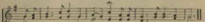
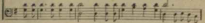
1. A - - - - - sis - - - - - ter, I come, my dear Lord to see, Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah, bless His name!
2. I know that the Lord would not pass me by, Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah, bless His name!
3. Oh, the raptures I felt I can never tell, Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah, bless His name!
4. I'd watch, for to-day yet the Lord may come, Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah, bless His name!



He - - - - - knew my soul and abode with me, Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah, bless His name!
 He knoweth my heart, and He heard my cry, Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah, bless His name!
 For the great relief when my sor-row fell, Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah, bless His name!
 To - - - - - grant me the joy of His happy home, Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah, bless His name!



Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah, oh, the glo - - - - - ry! Jesus be - - - - - lieves me, this I know, Hal - - - - - le - - - - - lu - - - - - jah!



For I feel the blessed pres - - - - - ence That our sin - - - - - ner - - - - - ies did be - - - - - lieve.



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No. 11. ROOM AT THE CROSS:

W. B. E.

Wm. E. Blake, ly. poet.

Duet.

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 - is - des may be made whole, Room at the cross for you;
 Chosen, Room, like Ma - ry, the Vet - ter part, Room at the cross for you.
 Cross, then, oh, cross, then, ye souls who mourn, Room at the cross for you.

Refrain.

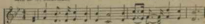
Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you.

Room, room, room at the Cross, Room at the Cross for you.

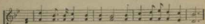
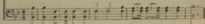
No. 12. THE FIRST GLAD SONG.

Mrs. E. W. CHAPMAN.

CHAS. EDDY, PRINCE.



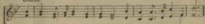
1. Oh, brethren, a long life's journey, The wear - i - nessed is ours,
2. The day we can sit - ly rest - der, What scenes will a - wait us there;
3. Oh what will it be to get - er, To reach the bright Jasper shore;
4. To wear - der in fel - low - ship - der, To love in the crystal stream;



- But o - ver the Jordan des - ert, For on the promised Rivers
 What tempt - tions to - der us a - gain, When entering that land so fair,
 To walk through the shining - er - y, And know that it is our home,
 To stand by the tide - less riv - er, Where towers of the cit - y glow.



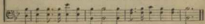
Chorus.



Oh how can we tell the ex - treme, The joy of the first glad song;



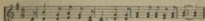
When we shall the pearl - gates - see, And see the bright an - gel throng.



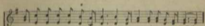
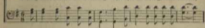
No. 13. NOT FAR FROM THE KINGDOM.

English.

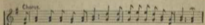
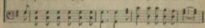
WARREN W. DENTLEY, by per.



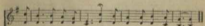
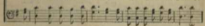
1. Not far, not far from the king - dom, Yet in the shadow of sin,
2. Not far, not far from the gate - way, Where voices whisper and wait,
3. They catch the strains of the sea - an - ah, That float so sweetly a - long,
4. They're in the dark and the dim - my, They're in the night and the cold,



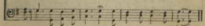
How many are com - ing and go - ing, How few are as - ter - ing in,
 Not hear - ing the an - swer in bold - ly, They linger still at the gate,
 Tho' knowing the song they are sing - ing, Yet join - ing not in the song,
 Tho' He is now singing to lead them to kind - ly us - to the fold.



Not far, Not far from the kingdom, Yet hang - ing still at the gate - way,



O wait not to get near - er, But an - swer while you may.



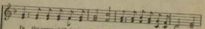
No. 14. DID YOU THINK TO PRAY.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.

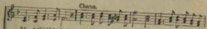
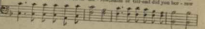
W. G. FERRIS.



1. Ever you left your room this morn- ing Did you think to pray?
2. When you read with great atten- tion Did you think to pray?
3. When your heart was filled with an- ger, Did you think to pray?
4. When you let - tle came up - on you, Did you think to pray?

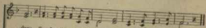
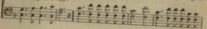


In the name of Christ our Sav- iour, Did you see the living Je - sus,
By His dy - ing love and mer - it Did you claim the Holy Spirit - is
Did you plead for grace, my brother, That you might forgive your - self - or
When your soul was bowed in sin - ners, have of God and did you let - ter

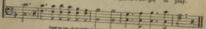


As a shield to-day?
As your guide and way?
Who had cross'd your way?
At the gates to-day?

How praying can be weary, Pray's will change the sight in



day, Oh, when life grows dark and dreary, Don't let get to pray.



No. 15. COME IN AND ABIDE.

Rev. M. H. FITZ, D. D.

Arr. by L. S. FIELDS

Allegro, with expression.

1. Come, O Lord Redeemer! In thy servants' honored guest— Come in, O—
 2. Come, dear Redeemer! We are faint and sore distressed; If Thou wilt
 3. Hail! blessed Jesus, Thou hast heard thy servants' pray's, and hast heard

our - sins, Give us trouble rest. In, the day is dy - ing—
 us - ing We are by - ly slain, Thou dost send us our anguish,
 glow - ing In Thy presence fair. Thou hast seen the very houses

In, the night comes on a - gain And our souls are sigh - ing,
 Then the - gh'at thy pas - sion— We are lost with - out Thee,
 Where the soul - was used to dwell, Thou hast whispered soft - ly,

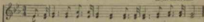
Chorus

Long to see Thy face, } Je - sus—our Man - ter, Come and reign with -
 Haste to us— for in }
 Thy - will shall be well.

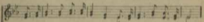
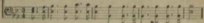
rit. dim.
 in each heart, Deign to be near us. Ser - vants do pray.

No. 16. He That Goeth Forth With Weeping.

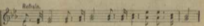
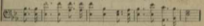
E. G. BRANTON.



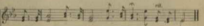
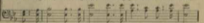
1. He that go-eth forth with weep-ing, bear-ing pre-cious seed in love,
2. Shall down-ward the dew of heav-en, brighten the eyes, as low-ly shall shine,
3. How they seed, he sow-eth seed - y. Let us sow the seed as - say,



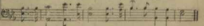
- Sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed,
 Precious fruits will thus be giv-en, Thus an influence all di-vine,
 Be the pre-cept us'er in down-y, Thus shall reap the fruits of joy.



- Sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed in love,



- Sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed, sow-eth seed in love,



No. 17. SAVIOUR OF THE LOST.

F. H. HAYWARD.

J. T. GRAVE.

1. I could not do with-out Thee, O Sav-our of the lost,
 2. I could not do with-out Thee, I can-not stand a lone.

When you - stand here in - deas'd not, At such a moment not,
 I have no strength good - ness, No wis - dom of my own.

Thy right - nous-ness Thy pas - sion, Thy pre - cious blood, must be
 But Thee be - lie - al Sav - our, Let all in all be true.

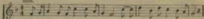
My on - ly hope and com - fort, My glo - ry and my plea -
 And weak - ness will be pre - ce, If both - ing heard on Thee.

No. 18. IS YOUR LIGHT SHINING.

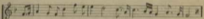
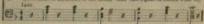
ELIZA M. SHREVEAN.

H. G. STEVENS.

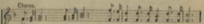
Solo.



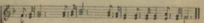
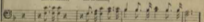
1. Is your light shining brightly, my brother? Thus it cast a broad gleam o'er the wave?
2. Let it shine with a light bright and steady. Let it shine with a light broad and glad.
3. Let your light shine so brightly, my brother, That all eyes may take note of you.
4. Let it shine in the bosom of the fallen, And cast a glad re-illumine with in.



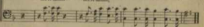
From sin, and from danger, and sorrow. Some your shipwreck'd soul it may save.
It may speak peace and hope to the weary. It may bring joy and rest to the sad.
And glo-ri-ty Je-sus to bear us, By seeing the good that you do.
Christ purchased the weak and the sinful, And died to save them from sin.



Chorus.
Let it shine, let it shine, O'er the waves of the dark, rolling sea;
Let it shine, let it shine,



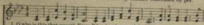
Let it shine, let it shine, So the nations its glo-ry may see.
Let it shine, let it shine,



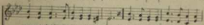
No. 19. MIGHTY TO SAVE.

Words by Rev. E. W. TOWN.

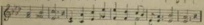
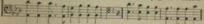
Mus. by HARRY GARLAND, *ly. per.*



1. O who is this that cometh From Eden's righteous plain, With wounded side, with
 2. O why is thine apparel With reeking gore all dyed, Like them that tread the
 3. O, bleeding Lamb, my Saviour, how could I not hear the shout? With every trumpet



trumpets dy'd? O tell me now thy name. "I that saw thy soul's distress, A
 what grief had? O why this bloody tale?" I the wine-press tread alone, "Nought
 now am I but sal-va-tion in my name: I the bloody fight have won, Can



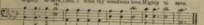
see - you gave; I that speak in righteousness, Mighty to save."
 darkness shined, Of the pen-ple there was none, Mighty to save."
 - spread the grass; Now the year of joy has come, Mighty to save."



Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save, Mighty to save.



Mighty to save, Lord, I trust thy wounds have love, Mighty to save.



No. 20. WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION.

Rev. J. WARR

Rev. E. LOWRY, D. D., by ps.

Andante

1. Come we that love the Lord, and let our joys be known, Join
2. Let them re- spond to sing Who see - us know our God, that
3. The hill of Zi - on yields a thousand in - creased sweets, Har-
4. Then let our songs a - bound, and ev - ery tongue be dry, We're

In a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And
and - dent of the heav'nly King, But still dent of the heav'nly King, May
- now we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, or
marching thro' the heav'nly ground, We're marching thro' the heav'nly ground, To

then we re - ceived the crown, And then we re - ceived the crown,
sing their joys a - bound, My sing their joys a - bound,
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets,
high - er
To high - er mountains high.

then we re - ceived the crown, And then we re - ceived the crown,
Chorus

We're march - ing to Zi - on, From the hill, from the hill Zi - on, We're
We're marching to Zi - on,

march - ing up - ead to Zi - on, The heav'nly city of God,
Zi - on, Zi - on,
Zi - on, Zi - on,

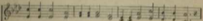
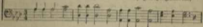
No. 21. I AM SAVED.

Words by Mrs. S. L. CANTONCROSS.

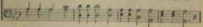
Tune, E. SWINNEY, by per.



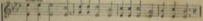
1. I am we'll the Lord hath we'll see, Holy meekness the glorious news!
2. Lord I sing my re - ce - pt - ion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free us - from / guilt us - from / Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered / In to thy great judgment seat,



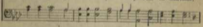
I have seen - of God's salva - tion, And You stand as merciful dove,
 Keep, dear Lord, my soul for - ev - er Under Thy pro - tect - ing eye,
 Un - til each dis - missed us - tion Falls that Lord hath made it whole,
 May I find my name deep written in the re - cords of Thy Son.



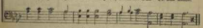
Chorus.



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I re - joice and - wa - tion name,



Glo - ry, glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah! I am we'll be - lie - ve and name,

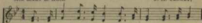


From "Songs of the Soul and Church."

No. 22. HAVE YOU HEARD THE GOOD NEWS.

Mrs. MARY E. KATH.

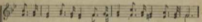
J. H. TRINNEY.



1. Have you heard the good news by the gos - pel proclaim'd?
2. Have you heard that a Poin - til was a - pointed for you?
3. Have you heard of the cross that the son - now'd shall wear?
4. Have you heard the great news that a lon - ge in the air



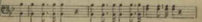
Great joy and salva - tion for all.	O ye starving and poor,
To cleanse you from sin - nee and shame?	And the' strange it may be
The glo - ry is full and com - plete,	When your life work is done
To be patient and faithful in glo - ry?	Give the ten - hour your love.



Je - sus waits at the door! Will you han - der to an - swer His call?
 that the re - sults are free, the joy an - ter in Je - sus - 's name,
 and the vic - to - ry won, Of the host at King Je - sus - 's feet,
 it will bear you a - lone To the man - sion pre - pared up in heav'n.



And just - as - yet there is the heav - - - - - n - - - -
 And just - as - yet there, just a - way there in the heav'n - - - - - land.



Copyright, by J. H. TRINNEY. Sent to you.

Have you Heard the Good News.—Concluded.

land,— From east and west and sinners
 have heard the land, From east and west and sinners

free,— Hap - py an - gels of
 free, or - ar - free,— Hap - py an - gels of light,

light, clothed in gar - ments of white, Freed by
 an - gels of light, clothed in garments of white, garments of white,

wait - ing for you and for us.
 Freed - ly wait - ing, wait - ing for you and for us.

No. 23. SOLDIERS OF THE CROSS.

H. G. SHAFER

1. Ye va-lent and - lions of the cross, Ye keep us pray- ing loud,
 2. All worth-ily please you we'll be- come, When Jesus is appear- ing here,
 3. O what a glo- rious death there'll be When we are try- ed at home,

Though in the world you suf- fer loss, From up to Christ- en's land,
 In Je- sus' strength we'll never take To fight our you-ger stand,
 Our friends- and for us we shall see, And God shall say "well done."

Chorus

Let us not be afraid the world, For we
 Let us not be afraid the world, For we
 See the crown of the world, For we

all have the crown to wear, And the crown will brighten
 all have the crown, we all have the crown to wear, It will only make the crown the

shine, When we have the crown to wear,
 bright or to shine When we have the crown, have the crown to wear.

No. 24. COME, HOLY SPIRIT.

ISAAC WATTS.

(LANLINGTON, C. M.)

THOMAS A. ARNE.

1. Come, Ho - ly Spirit, heav'nly Dove! With
 2. Look! how we gaze - all here be - low, Fond

all thy quick'ning pow'rs. Kin - dle a flame of
 of these trif - ling joys! Our souls can not - ther

us - and love in these cold hearts of ours,
 by our go To reach a - bor - tal joys

3 In vain we trace our former songs;
 In vain we strive to sing;
 Hymns hush on our tongues,
 And our devotion dim.

4 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live
 At this poor dying table—
 Our love so faint, so close to Thee,
 And Thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shall abroad a Nation's Love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

No. 25. HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.

W. A. C.

WILSON & COMPANY, by per.

1. The Lord of love _____ my Shep-herd is _____
 2. My ear-ling and _____ He call-eth by _____
 3. He carries my load, _____ gives di-ty load, _____
 4. He guid-eth me _____ He will not _____

He lead-eth me, _____ He lead-eth me, _____ Where feed-eth
 For His name's sake, _____ for His name's sake, _____ And as-ly
 My heart to cheer, _____ my heart to cheer, _____ No sin-ful
 With hand-out care, _____ with hand-out care, _____ And when my

grow _____ and stream-lets flow, _____ He feed-eth
 lay _____ a lion's road way _____ My path leads
 be _____ to want nor war, _____ Have I to
 know _____ in lion's to bound, _____ I'll praise Him

Chorus.
 me, _____ He lead-eth me, _____
 make, _____ my path leads _____ Dear Shep-herd,
 here, _____ have I to _____
 there, _____ I'll praise Him _____

HEAVENLY SHEPHERD.—Concluded.

keep The wayward sheep In Thy way

Dear sheep—lead keep The wayward sheep,

guid In Thy way guide Till safe with

In Thy way guide, In Thy way guide,

In Thy lowly fold For us—

Till safe with us Thy lowly fold

now I shall a - ble

For us—now I shall a - ble

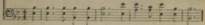
I shall a - ble

No. 26. I NEED THY PARDON, LORD.

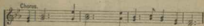
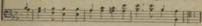
Words and music by W. L. TAYLOR.



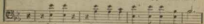
1. I need Thy par - don, Lord, be - cause Thy cross - es I have,
 2. I need Thy par - don, Lord, My sin - ny lips are stained,
 3. I need Thy par - don, Lord, Oh save Thy grace be - stow,



O save Thy sin -ners I do plead O and Thy par - don save,
 Without Thee all is dark and drear, O and the light just save,
 O cleanse my heart and make me pure O and for - give - me save,



Just now, Just now, O and Thy par - don save,



Just now, Just now,

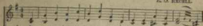


Wash out my sin and make me pure, O and Thy par - don save.

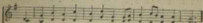
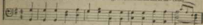


Solo.

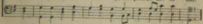
E. O. KYLLA.



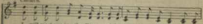
1. Je - ru - sa - lem, my happy home, O how I long for thee!
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most precious to be - hold;
3. Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams My study long has been -
4. How I wish, each dove, some olive of grace, had come to be my rest!



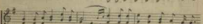
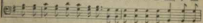
Woe will my sorrows have no end? Thy joys, when shall I see?
 Thy gates are rub - y set with pearl, Thy streets are pav'd with gold,
 Each sparkling stream by the sun's light shines clear, as yet have none
 Whom thou can - give - us - thou art'st break up, And praise thy - art.



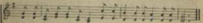
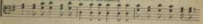
Chorus.



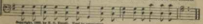
I will meet you in the Cit - y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I will



walk'd in the blood of the Lamb, I will meet you in the Cit - y
 walk'd in the blood, in the blood of the Lamb,



of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I will walk'd in the blood of the Lamb.



No. 28. MASTER THE TEMPEST IS RAGING.

H. E. PALMER.

1. Master, the tempest is rag - ing! The bill-ows are leaping high!
 2. Master, with anguish of spi - rit I bow in my grief to - day,
 3. Master, the ter -ror is a - ter, The al - ti - ments earthly rent,

The sky is overshadowed with blackness, No shelter or help to sight,
 The depths of my soul heart are troubled—Oh, waken and save, I pray!
 Earth's sea in the calm lake is mirrored, And heaven's within my breast,

Canst thou still talk of per - ish? How must that be a - sleep,
 Torments of sin and of sin -ners' wrongs'er my dark - ing soul,
 Lo - ges, O blessed Re - deem - er! Leave me a - lone to weep,

When each moment we meet by in - stead'ring a grave in the sin - ny deep?
 And I per - ish! I per - ish! Dear Master—Oh, hear me, and take me true!
 And with joy I shall make the best bar - ter, And rest on the bliss - ful shore.

Chorus.

The whirlwind the wave shall be - lie They will, Peace, be still!
 Peace, be still! Peace, be still!

By all a. c. persons ever a singer.

Master, the Tempest is Raging.—Concluded.

Whether the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or the sun or earth, or what

we see it be, No we have the vessel on the ship where lies The

Master of a man, and earth, and skies, They all shall evenly -

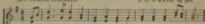
by They will, Peace, be still Peace be still They all shall

evenly - by a - by They will, Peace, peace, be still

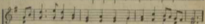
No. 29. ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS.

REV. SAMUEL STEWART.

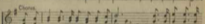
T. C. O'NEAL, by per.



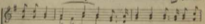
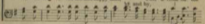
1. On Jordan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wide-ful eye
2. O'er all these widows' heart-of-ghimms, a - ter - nal day!
3. Where shall I reach the happy place, And be the - er - er glad?
4. Filled with de-light, my captives soul, Would have no long - er stay!



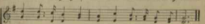
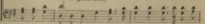
To Canaan's blest and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie,
There God the - son be - er - er reigns, And wait - less night a - way,
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in His ho - ly arms rest?
The' Jordan's waves should run as oil, For - low I'd launch a - way.



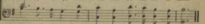
We will sing in the fair and happy land, Just a - way on the



er - er green shore. Sing the song of Ma - ses and the
er - er green shore.



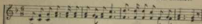
Leads by and by, And dwell with Je - sus er - er - er.



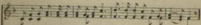
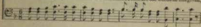
No. 30. WALK IN THE LIGHT.

W. A. C.

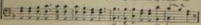
WALTER A. CHERRY.



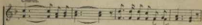
1. List to the voice that is speaking in love, Calling to those that are straying.
2. Walk in the light, it is Jesus who pleads, Earnestly seeking to guide you.
3. Walk in the light, will you hear it and heed, Ye who are struggling and weary?
4. Walk in the light, 'tis the Father's command, There are the words he has given.



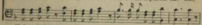
Message of mercy that comes from above, Hear what the Father is say - ing.
 Wanderer blindly in night's gloom and shadow, Bewildered dangers beside you,
 Heavy your burdens and pressing your need, Dark is the night-time and drear y,
 Leading us on to the long promised land, Leading from earth up to heav - en.



Chorus.



Walk . . . in the light . . . Follow the way of the Son - of - man,



Walk in the light, O walk in the light,



Walk . . . in the light . . . Walk in the light for - ev - er.



Walk in the light, O walk in the light,

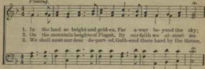
From the "International Lesson System," by J. W.

No. 31. WE'LL GREET THEM.

E. G. S.

E. G. STAPLES

Flowing

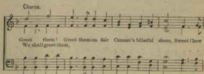


1. In the land so bright and golden, Far away be yond the sky;
 2. On the mountain's highest Pinnac, By our faith we all must see
 3. We shall meet our dear de-part-ed, Faith-ful there laid by the throne,

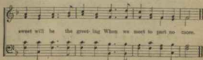


Heads re-ferred from earth by their-then, Shall we greet them by and by?
 That fair land, dear land of prom-ise, Where our souls shall be made free,
 And with us - we joined in one - rest, We shall know us we are known,

Chorus



Greet them? Greet them, fair Con-son's Min-ist'ral done, Sweet I love
 We shall greet them,



sweet will be the greet-ing When we meet to part no more.

No. 32. HEAR THE NEWS.

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL, by jct.

Lento.

1. Hear the news, glad news of Je - sus, His is com - ing now this way.
 2. Hear the news, ye blind men, hear - ye, Je - sus comes your sight to give,
 3. Hear the news, ye deaf and dumb - ye, He the Lord, is now so near,
 4. Hear the news, ye sick and dy - ing, Je - sus comes His power to show.

16. Hail with joy the Lord to - day,
 17. And the thumping now so - nare,
 18. And your soul with love and cheer,
 19. For - low healths you there shall know.

Chorus.

Hear the news, Hear the news, To the farthest corner to - day,
 Hear the news, Hear the news,

Hear the news, Hear the news, Now prepare without de - lay,
 Hear the news, Hear the news,

From the "Sacred Songs of the Bible."

No. 33. WE ARE PILGRIMS OF A DAY.

M. L.

ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

1. We are pil - grims of a Day, Homeward bound, homeward bound,
 2. We are hap - py in the Land, True - thy on, true - thy on,
 3. His and our own here be - low, None will end, none will end,
 4. Work - ing all the way a - long, Best will come, best will come,

Sing - ing on our re - joic - ful way, We are homeward bound,
 Trust - ing in His ho - ly word, We are true - thy on,
 In the land to which we go, Toil and care will end,
 Light - en work with joy's and song, None of our will come.

Chorus.

On - ward, onward all, O ye hap - py pil - grims, For - ward, for - ward,

You - der is our home, We joy - ful - ly, hand in hand, To Go - down's

hap - py land. Come, ye friends and neighbors, A - all join the pil - grims' band.

No. 34. THERE'S A GREAT DAY COMING.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

1. There's a great day coming, A great day coming, There's a
 2. There's a bright day coming, A bright day coming, There's a
 3. There's a sad day coming, A sad day coming, There's a

great day coming by and by, When the saints and the sinners shall be
 bright day coming by and by, But the brightness shall only come to
 sad day coming by and by, When the sinners shall hear the doom. "De-

part of right and left, Are you ready for that day to come?
 them that love the Lord, Are you ready for that day to come?
 part I know ye not," Are you ready for that day to come?

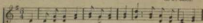
Chorus.

Are you ready? Are you ready? Are you ready for the

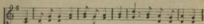
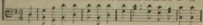
Judgment day? Are you ready? Are you ready? For the Judgment day?

No. 35. SHINING SHORE.

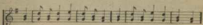
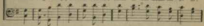
G. F. Root.



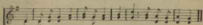
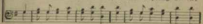
1. My days are glid - ing swift - ly by, And I, a pilgrim stranger,
2. Our solemn King the watchword gave, "Let us - by long be burning;"
3. Should coming days be dark and cold, We will not yield to our - en,
4. Let storms of war in whirlwinds rise, Each word on earth to us - en,



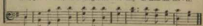
Would not be told them as they fly, These hours of toil and dan - ger,
 We look a - head a - cross the seas, Our dis - tant home dis - cern - ing,
 For hope will stay with courage bold, "There's glo - ry on the mor - row,
 There—bright and pure in the skies, There—in our home for - ev - er;



For now we stand on Jordan's strand, Our friends are passing a - way;



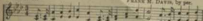
And, just be - fore, the shining shore We may al - most dis - cer - en.



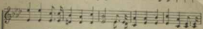
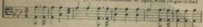
No. 36. IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE?

M. A. K.

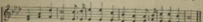
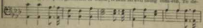
FRANK M. DAVIS, *lyrics*.



1. Lord I care not for riches, neither all - our gold, I would make use of
2. Lord, my sin they are many, Like the number of the sea, Thy blood, oh my
3. Oh! that beautiful oil - y, With its emanations of light, With its glorified



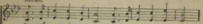
oil - y, I would use for the sick, In the book of Thy kingdom, With the
 for - ever, Is not - it - Christ for me, For Thy promise is written in bright
 - ly says, In your garments of white, Where an evil thing com - eth, To de -



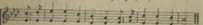
no give us life, Tell me, do not, my salvation, Is my name written there?
 before that glow. "Thy' promise be as written, I will make them like snow."
 equal what is fair, Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?



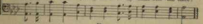
Refrain.



Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?



In the book of Thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?



No. 37. OUR MOTHER'S WAY.

Provided by EL. NATHAN, JR.

JAMES HITCHCOCKMAN, by per.

On repetition.

1. Oh, walk in a lit - tle cot - tage, in the shadowy part of the
 2. If our home be bright and cheer'y if it holds a welcome fire,
 3. Sometimes when our hearts grow heavy, Oh our talk seems very long,
 4. O how oft it comes to pass us, That sweet love - ly - on the wall,

While the twilight touch us soft - ly, Our sweet love - ly - on the wall,
 Open - ing wide its door of greet - ing, To the sun - ny part of the day,
 When our hearts are full of heav - y, And we deem the night all wrong,
 And her sweet - ly seems more precious, As we sit her face, long and

Then the love - ly level ones gather, And in hushed and low - ly tone,
 If we show our Father's love - ty, With the need - y day by day,
 Then we gain a new fresh courage, As once more we rise to say,
 That at last, when evening shadows, Mark the close - ing of life's day,

And each one are full thro' - thro', For the wrong that each had done,
 The love - ly ones are full thro' - thro', "This was an - ce mother's way,"
 Let us do our de - ty heav - y, "This was our dear mother's way,"
 They may feel unable by wait - ing, To go home our mother's way

Refrain.

1. As I was - dead, why this one - ton, At the close - ing of the day,
 2. 1. 1. Gentle walk - er, lov - ing mother - er, (Singing sweet - ly long and true.)

OUR MOTHER'S WAY.—Concluded.

The because they earnestly an - swer, "It was once our mother's way,"
 fast-ing now in peace with Je - sus, Let-ting hearts re-mem-ber you.

No. 38. ABIDE WITH ME.

REV. H. F. LYDE.

Wm. H. Monk.

1. A - bide with me! For bid-der the ar - an - tids, The darkness
 2. Lead to the show-er and life's lit - tle day, Earth's joys give
 3. I need Thy pres-ence ev - ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy
 4. I sit in the, with Thee at hand to bless, Oh have me
 5. Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos-ing eyes, Shine through the

deep - sea - Lead with me a - bide! When all - ar - holly - are
 din, in glo - rious pass - way, Change and do, say - in
 grace can fill the tempter's part? Who, like thy - self, my
 weight, and tears be - lie - ve - none, Where in death's sting? when,
 gleam and point me to the skies, Heaven's morning breaks, and

fall and wonder how they of the help-less, Oh a - bide with me
 all around I see, O Thou who changed not a - bide with me
 guide and stay can be? "Thou' dead and wouldst I not, a - bide with me
 gaze, thy vic - tory? I triumph still, O Thou a - bide with me
 earth's vain shadows flee, In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me

No. 39. I'M RESTING IN THE CRUCIFIED.

F. A. B.

F. A. BLACKNER.

1. The Cru - ci - fixed of Cal - va - ry Has ta - ken all my load of sin;
 2. Was - ty and sad I wonder'd, long Oppress'd with burdens hard to bear;
 3. Oh, what a resting-place is this, And safe - ty for the wear - y soul,
 4. No more from ev - 'ry foe am I, While rest - ing in the cru - ci - fixed:

Has heav'n'd my heart from ev - 'ry sin, And brought the glorious fullness in,
 But when the Cru - ci - fixed I thought, I should no more rest and ad - ore there,
 Where sin's wild waves cannot drown, Tho' seas of threat'ning billows roll
 How in - visible and safe re - treat, And how I ev - 'ry would a - void,

Chorus

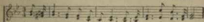
The Cru - ci - fixed of Cal - va - ry, I'm sweetly resting in the Cru - ci - fixed:

No more we rest, and all the time I'm sweetly resting in the Cru - ci - fixed.

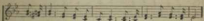
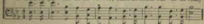
No. 40. LOVE AND GRACE.

L. L. L.

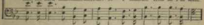
L. I. LAMON.



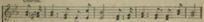
1. Oh! 'Twas love that brought me to Him, And 'tis love that keeps me there;
2. Dark it was be-fore I found Him, And the way I could not see;
3. Oh! how glad to walk with Je-sus! Joy we see - as know be-fore;
4. Now it is by faith I view Him, As I walk the nar-row way;
5. Thus my joy will be for - ev - er, There no clouds will in-ter-vene;



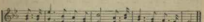
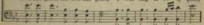
By His grace it was I know Him, Now my Ser-vice dear and true.
 Now the light that shines around Him, As I sit - low, falls on me.
 From our hearts His presence drives us, While we trust Him more and more.
 But He soon will call us to Him, In that bright approaching day -
 And the dark -nesses that surround us - I shall see Him as I'm near.



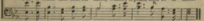
Chorus.



Love and grace, His love and grace, I will sing in ev - 'ry place,



Till I reach that bliss-ful shore, Where 'Tis given Him as - - - - -



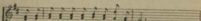
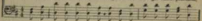
No. 41. WHAT A GATH'RING THAT WILL BE.

J. H. K.

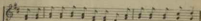
J. H. KIRKMAN.



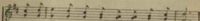
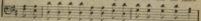
1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd here,
2. When the an - gel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more,
3. At the great and ter - ri - ble judgment, when the Lord shall come to fight,
4. When the golden harps are sounding and the an - gel bands proclaim,



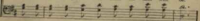
We will greet each oth - er by the crye - tel us, crye - tel us,
 We shall gath - er and the Lord and ransom'd us, glad - ly us,
 When the Lord in all His glo - ry we shall see, we shall see,
 In tel - ephant robes the glorious Je - su - s, Je - su - s.



With the saints and all the low'd ones, then a - wait ing us to come,
 Then to meet a - gain to gath - er, on the bright ce - les - tial shore,
 At the building of our New - town, "Come, ye blessed, to my right,"
 Then to meet and join to sing the song of "We are and the Lamb."



What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be,
 What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be,
 What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be,
 What a gath - 'ring of the faith - ful that will be.



What a Gather'ing That will be.— Concluded.

Chorus.

What a gather'ing . . . 'ring, gather'ing . . . 'ring.

What a gather'ing of the lov'd ones, when we'll meet with our souls in

At the sound'ing of the glo-ri-ous ju - bi - lee, ju - bi - lee!

What a gather'ing . . . 'ring, gather'ing . . . 'ring.

What a gather'ing when the friends of all the dear ones meet each other,

What a gather'ing of the faith - ful that will be!

No. 42. Nothing, Lord, Have I to Bring.

E. G. H.

E. G. STARBUCK

Allegretto

1. Nothing, Lord, have I to bring, This is all my plea: Je - sus is the
 2. All I need, a - lone! no more, Hasten by His de - voted, But my heart
 3. Dear Redeemer, precious Lamb, While I dwell to - day, In con - tin - uous
 4. Write Thy law upon my heart, Stamp Thine image there, Nevermore from

Chorus

regard more than to my own, For - give me sin - ful - ness,
 able and ways, "Be ye as - sum - ed -"
 I would come, Wash my guilt a - way,
 me de - part, Be Thou as - sum - ed

Previous Version

Lord of all, Lord of all, Speak to me, speak to me

speak to me, speak to me, By Thy dy - ing on a
 speak to me, speak to me, By Thy dy - ing

By Thy blood, my sin is
 By Thy precious blood my sin is

No. 43. I AM SHELTERED IN THEE.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

1. I am safe in the Rock that is higher than I, This my refuge thou'
 2. I am safe in the staff that waiteth on for me, From the power of the
 3. I am safe in the Rock, let whate'er or 'twixt, Death and hell have on

storme'er shall be, Tho' my frail bark is tossed on the billows' mad foam,
 tempest I'm free, Tho' my pathway be dark and the storme sweep like sky,
 be-fore to me, I can walk without fear thro' the shadow-y vale,

Chorus.

In I'm sheltered for - ev - er in Thee. Sheltered in Thee,
 For ev - er - by I'm sheltered in Thee.
 For ev - er - by I'm sheltered in Thee. Sheltered in

sheltered in Thee, O God that Rock of A - ge, I am sheltered in Thee!
 Thee, in Thee, A - ge, I am sheltered in Thee!

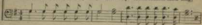
No. 44. NEVERMORE.

Dr. H. BROWN.

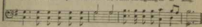
J. H. TERRY.



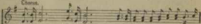
1. This is not my place of rest - ing, Mine's a city yet to come;
2. In it all is light and glo - ry, 'Tis in it dawn's brightest day!
3. There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us By the stream of life a long,



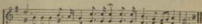
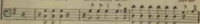
- On - ward to it I am hast - ing On to my a - bo - nal home,
 Ev - 'ry voice of sin's and sin - er, All there we both found a way,
 On the fresh - est pasture fields we, There our fighting is to wage.



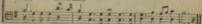
Chorus.



Never - more, never more, never more be sad and woe - ry,
 Never - more, never more, never - more, Never -



Never - more, never - more, never - more be sin - ners' gain,
 Never - more, never - more,



No. 45. ALL TO CHRIST I OWE.

Mrs. E. M. Hall.

J. T. GRAY, ly. pr.

1. I hear the her-ald say, Thy strength indeed is small,
 2. Then down he smote the crown, I'd lay my sword and mail,
 3. When from my dy-ing bed, My re-wardment shall rise,
 4. And when he saw the throne, I stood in His sanc-tu-ary.

Child of weakness, wretched prey, Fled to us they all in all,
 For naught have I to bring, Thy grace must make me whole,
 Then Je - sus paid it all, shall heal the wretched slave,
 By my trans-gressions down, All down at Je - sus feet.

Chorus.

Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;

He had left a crown on stain, He washed me white as snow.

No. 46. HE SAVES TO THE UTTERMOST.

CHAS. I. BYLER.

JAS. H. SWINNEY, by per.

1. I wandered far a-way from the true one, And as vile as a
 2. Rat there in that hole - by Jesus A villain even by
 3. Pally then treated I in Je - sus, And oh, what a

sin - ner could be, I won - der'd if Christ, the Good - ness -
 whis - per'd to me, say - ing, "Christ, the Good - ness -
 joy came to me, My heart was filled with pain -

Wouldn't you a pen - itence like me, I was filled up to the
 To see a pen - itence like that, I shan't stand by your side
 For Jesus' sake pen - itence like me, No longer in dark - ness I'm

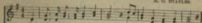
dark - ness, Not a ray of light could I see, And the
 far - ther That was speak - ing so kind to me, I
 walk - ing, For the light is shin - ing on - me, And

thought all of my heart with - out - ness, There's no hope for a sinner like me,
 cried, "I'm the chief of sin - ners, There can't be a pen - itence like me,
 now - as - to sin - ners I'm talk - ing How He saved a pen - itence like me,

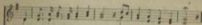
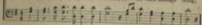
No. 47. SPREAD THE NEWS.

Lena.

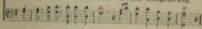
R. G. STEPHENSON.



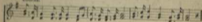
1. Ho man-ri-ded to us, O God; Thy on Thy peo-ple shew;
2. Give light and com-fort to Thine own, And let that light on - bow;
3. Let all the peo-ple praise Thee, Lord; Let all their homage bring.



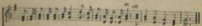
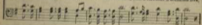
And spread Thy saving truth a - broad, Till all that live, be Thine.
 Till Thy pre-cious blood be known, To earth's re-cess-ful bound.
 From sea to sea, be Thine a - dored, Be done on, Judge and King.



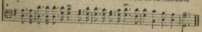
Chorus.



Spread the news far and wide, Across the ocean's wide, Tell a Nation's broadest land,



The glad tidings never abroad, Let us praise with our heart, Our God who rules above.



No. 48. THE BLOOD OF JESUS.

REV. J. B. ARCHBISHOP.

T. C. O'LEARY, by gen.

1. What is it done in crimson dyes? 'Tis the blood of Je - sus,
 2. O where is heal - ing for the soul? In the blood of Je - sus,
 3. O streams of life! O streams of love! Pre - cious blood of Je - sus,

What is it done the world re - dums? 'Tis the blood of Je - sus,
 Where is the low - ly heart made whole? In the blood of Je - sus,
 Pre - pare me for my home a - gain, Cleansing blood of Je - sus,

Yes, Jesus' blood will cleanse such stains, and purge the heart from ev'ry sin,
 There is a balm for ev'ry wound, For all mankind in death a - bound,
 O precious fountain filled with blood, I'll plunge beneath the purple flood,

'Twill make man wholly pure with in— Pre - cious blood of Je - sus,
 A heal - ing stream no depth can sound— 'Tis the blood of Je - sus,
 And the re - leased, restored, re - turned, In the blood of Je - sus,

Chorus.

The blood of Jesus, precious blood! The cleansing blood of Je - sus!
 precious blood.

THE BLOOD OF JESUS.—Concluded.

Flow on these streams of life and love— The blood, the blood of Je - sus!

the blood of love,

No. 49. I DARE NOT IDLE STAND.

Madrigal

JOHN T. GILFE, by per.

1. I dare not i - dle stand, While here on ev'ry hand The
 2. I dare not i - dle stand, While on the shifting sand The
 3. I dare not i - dle stand, While e - ver all the land flour
 4. I dare not i - dle stand, But at my Lord's command, In

where the fields declare the harvest near, A glass - or I would be, And
 some such bright treasure at my feet, beneath some shell's rough side The
 sand - ring would need heavenly help like mine, brighter than lightest gem, In
 love to Him throughout my life's short day, Evening will come at last, Day's

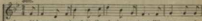
path - or Lord, for Thou, Lord I with empty hands at last ap - pear
 And - all pearl may hide, And I with precious gifts my Lord may meet,
 man - nish - or - a - dore, Earth would a star in Jesus' crown may share,
 In - her all be passed, And rest - or - her - and my love' and so - pray.

No. 50. 'TIS SOME MOTHER'S CHILD.

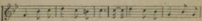
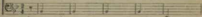
FRANK L. KELLOGG.

L. BALFOUR, ly. gen.

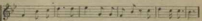
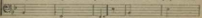
Solo.



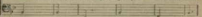
1. At home or a-board, in the ol - dy or-stern, When we - ar - e I
2. And when I see them o'er whose long years have run wild, Whose hair is hoar - y green
3. No man - for how far from the right she hath stray'd, No man - for what
4. No man - for how may woe his footsteps have leav'd, No man - for how
5. That hand hath been pluck'd on her - der - ed breast, That form hath been



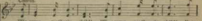
shown in the wide world to meet, A girl that is thorough-bred, a -
 hander'd, whose eye - no one e'er could. He is woe on all hill - top, or
 in - stead she - has - or hath made; No man - for what of - comers
 deep he is sunk on the sea; No man - for how low in his
 woe o'er, those lips have been press'd, That soul hath been pray'd for in



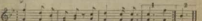
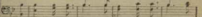
lay that is wild, My heart e'er - on e'er - ly - 'tis some mother's child,
 man all do that, A voice whisp'ers sad - ly - 'tis some mother's child,
 mother'd the part - The' turn let's and out - led, she's some mother's girl,
 stand out of joy - The' gull - y and loneliness, he's some mother's boy,
 unswerv'ing mild, For her sake let's pray - ty with some mother's child.



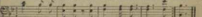
Chorus.



'Tis some mother's child 'Tis some moth - er's child For



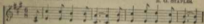
her sake let's pray - ty with some mother's child, For child



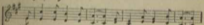
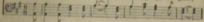
No. 51. NOW THANKS BE UNTO GOD.

Rev. J. B. AYERMAN.

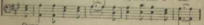
E. G. STAPLES.



1. We thank Thee, O our God, For Christ, Thy blest - ed Son,
2. We thank Thee for Thy grace, Thy mer - cy, peace, and love,
3. We thank Thee for Thy hand, Our sal - ving steps to guide,



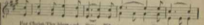
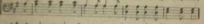
Who on the ill - ed earth Our peace and par - don will
 Be lov - ing - ly be - stow'd, Each ev'ry - day by pen - ing love,
 Oh, nev - er let us stray Our way from Thee a - side.



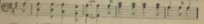
Chorus



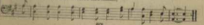
We thank Thee, Lord, and praise Thy name,
 We thank Thee, Lord, and praise Thy name, We thank Thee, Lord, and praise Thy name.



For Christ, Thy blest - ed Son, Who on the cross
 Who on the cross of blood and shame,



of blood and shame, Our peace and par - don will
 Who on the cross of blood and shame,



No. 52. IS IT NOTHING TO YOU?

J. E. H.

J. E. HALL.

1. Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by? That the
 2. Is it nothing to you, that Je - sus is here? That He
 3. Is it nothing to you, that still you re - fuse To ac-

cept of man made down from high! That He shed His own blood
 to give joy to all you with-chose, That He pleads in love
 out of His love His mer - cy to choose? That the harvest may pass

Or death of each chosen, That no one may be saved, who trusts in His name,
 Just would you be lost, And He gives us - us grace to be part,
 With those you de - lay, And the harvest is - gain us' upon us your way.

Chorus.

Is it nothing to you? all ye who pass by, That the

IS IT NOTHING TO YOU? Concluded.

Two lines of musical notation: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Two lines of lyrics: "Two lines of men should not be and die? That he pleads with for you."

Two lines of musical notation: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Two lines of lyrics: "Saying 'come on to me,' Is it nothing to you? Is it nothing to you?"

No. 53. ANGELS HOVERING ROUND.

Two lines of musical notation: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Two lines of lyrics: "1. There are an-gels hover-ing round, There are an-gels hover-ing round,
2. They will carry the tid-ings home, They will carry the tid-ings home."

Two lines of musical notation: a treble clef staff with a melody and a bass clef staff with accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat).

Two lines of lyrics: "There are an-gels hover-ing round, They will carry the tid-ings home.
They are an-gels hover-ing round, They will carry the tid-ings home."

2 To the new Jerusalem, etc.

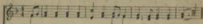
3 And Jesus bids them come, etc.

4 Four thousand are coming home, etc.

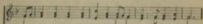
5 There's glory all around, etc.

No. 54. WE'LL WORK TILL JESUS COMES.

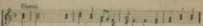
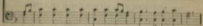
Dr. MILLER.



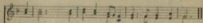
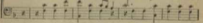
1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the mercies come,
2. No tranquil joys on earth I know, No peace-fid, shall I ring down,
3. To Je - sus Christ I bid - der rest, He leads me round to rest,



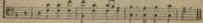
When I shall say my an - swer by, And dwell in peace at home,
This world's a wil - der - ness of sin, This world is not my home,
And here for ever on His breast, And He'll conduct me home,



We'll work all Je - sus comes, We'll work all Je - sus comes,
We'll work all Je - sus comes, We'll work all Je - sus comes,



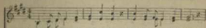
We'll work all Je - sus comes, And we'll be glad and home,
We'll work all Je - sus comes, And we'll be glad and home.



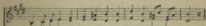
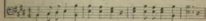
No. 55. THE RIFTED ROCK.

M. G. BRADLEY.

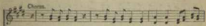
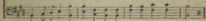
W. F. HEAVE.



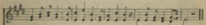
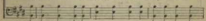
1. No other safe way, Lord, have I, Who can I trust but Thee?
2. The' clouds are round and dark the way, Storms be wild to - ry me,
3. Come stormy wind, come, trumpet-blast, Roll billows of the sea!



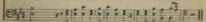
- Oh, be my help - ing - on the Rock That has been chis - led for me.
 Safe from storm, I rest my eyes Till Thou the storm be - st - range.
 I am in - ease with - in the Rock That has been chis - led for me.



- Chorus.*
 The rifted Rock, the rifted Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter
 The rift - ed Rock, the rift - ed Rock, Oh, may it shel - ter



- shel - ter me,
 My hope is on the rift - ed Rock That has been chis - led for me.



No. 56. THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.

H. S. PALMER.

1. The prize is set be-fore us— To win our Lord imparts to!
 2. We sit— low where the host sits— We pasture where His goodness—
 3. Our home is bright as love us, No let-ter there to move us,

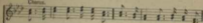
The eye of God is over us, From on high, From on high!
 We praise to Him who pleads with us, From on high, From on high!
 But Christ our Lord to love us, Dwells on high, Dwells on high!

The low-ly tones are fall-ing, While sin is dark, ap-pal-ing, The
 Fur-rough from His eye re-oves, Our hope shall brighten as we, And
 We give our best as-dan-ces, We praise His name for ev-er, His

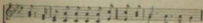
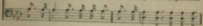
In our joy— My soul— joy— He is high, He is high,
 Faith shall lift us here— as— He is high, He is high,
 pre-cious words can save us— Now— as— His, now— as— His

THE PRIZE IS SET BEFORE US.—Concluded.

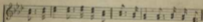
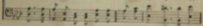
Chorus.



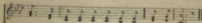
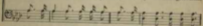
By and by we shall meet Him, by and by we shall greet Him.



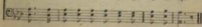
And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, by and by, by and by,



By and by we shall meet Him, by and by we shall greet Him.



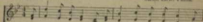
And with Je - sus reign in glo - ry, by and by.



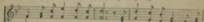
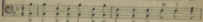
No. 57. Hast Thou Looked for the Star.

Rev. E. C. BLOWERS.

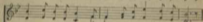
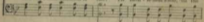
CHOR. EVR. PART.



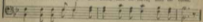
1. O my heart then look'd for the star that shall guide thee To
 2. O my heart then look'd for the star that shall guide thee To
 3. O my heart then look'd for the star that shall guide thee To
 4. O my heart then look'd for the star that shall guide thee To



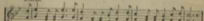
In - me, our Lord, and our King? Go here at the foot of the
 walk in the straight narrow way? The light that shineth of the
 in - born of vir - gy and love? Go forth in the name of the
 Heav - en's best mercies of love? The birth - in - born of the



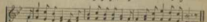
in - born in - born of, His grace - in his - or in sleep,
 in - born in - born of, shall lead to the full - ness of day,
 in - born in - born of, And there shall be trans - mitted a - born,
 in - born in - born of, He - hold, and be - born, and be born.



Chorus.



O look for the light, you'd love it quickly, lest waiting thy guide disappear:



O look for today, we're all who will seek Him, The precious Redeemer in time.



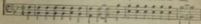
No. 58. THE PRINCE OF MY PEACE.

Rev. W. F. Crafts.

W. G. Fernald, by gen.



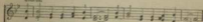
1. I stood all bewildered with wonder, And gaze on the scene of love;
2. I struggled and wrestled to win it, The blessing that setteth me free;
3. He laid His hand on my sad head then, And look'd on me every while when;
4. The Prince of my peace began praising, The light of His face is on me.



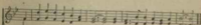
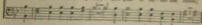
And ever He warms my spirit O'er my pain, like a heaven-ly dove.
 But when I had won'd from my struggles, His grace Jesus gave unto me.
 I thank'd but the love of His goodness, And glory came thrilling my soul.
 But lo! He, he! he! He speaketh: "My peace I will give unto thee."



Chorus.



The cross now and then on my side; The past is on - der the shield;



I'm trusting in Jesus for all, My will is the will of my God.



No. 59. BEYOND THE THINGS THAT PERISH.

Words adapted.

R. G. WELLES.

1. Be - yond the things that per - ish, That with - er in a day,
 2. Through darkness gather 'round me, Through ear - row dim my eye,
 3. Oh God! I'll ev - er praise Thee, For all Thy good - ness past;

Are pleasures for mere lust - ing, Which van - ish like a - way,
 Through hosts of sin not - mitted me, In - dy - em - nite in sigh,
 And ev - er more I'll trust Thee, While life it - self shall last.

They're found alone in love's above, Where Jesus dwells and all in love,
 In greater world there is no pain; To live in life, to die in gain,
 I'll cast my ev - er - y bur - den down, I'll off the cross, take up the cross.

Chorus.

Be - yond this world, Be - yond the ev - er - changing

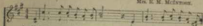
Be - yond this world, Be - yond this world, Be - yond, Be - yond the ev - er

sky ——— beyond,

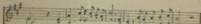
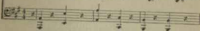
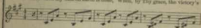
changing sky, Beyond, beyond, beyond this world, Its joys which never die.

No. 60. HE LEADETH ME.

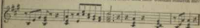
Rev. E. M. McCremon.



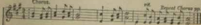
1. He lead - eth me (O, blessed thought! O, words with heav'nly rous'd)
2. Sometimes, 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes, when Satan's banners
3. Led, I would sleep Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er wouldst thou let
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the victory's



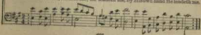
thought! Where'er I do, where'er I be, Still 'th' God's hand that leadeth me!
 Mine, By waters still, o'er troubled sea, Still 'th' His hand that leadeth me!
 Mine— O'ercome whatever let I see, Still 'th' my God that leadeth me!
 Mine, E'en death's cold wave I will not see, Since God thro' Jordan leadeth me!



Chorus.



He leadeth me, leadeth me; He leadeth me, By His own hand He leadeth me.



No. 61. GUIDE ME, SAVIOUR.

E. M. C.

E. MAYNARD-CLARE.

Slow and pathetic.

1. Guide me, Sav - iour, or - or guide me by Thy cross - and
 Let Thy love - der name be ever true, (Chor.)
 2. Guide me, Sav - iour, in life's stormy sea; Guide me at the
 Guide me thro' the even - ing sun - set, (Chor.)

and Thy word,
 ...) Solo - ly guide me, Oh, my Lord! Guide me,
 man of day;
 ...) Guide me all my pil - grim way, Oh, my

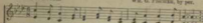
Sav - iour, solo - ly guide me, O'er life's dark and stormy sea; And Thy
 Sav - iour, do not leave me, Lest the tempter should be - guile, But be

ways shall make me hap - py, Sig - ny or - or, Lead in Thou,
 or - or near to save me, Lead - ing on - ward with a smile.

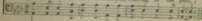
No. 62. WAITING AT THE POOL.

Rev. A. J. HAYES.

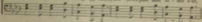
Wm. G. FROSTEN, by per.



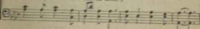
1. { Thousands stand to-day in our view, Waiting at the pool,
 See - ing they will wash in - our view, Waiting at the pool.
 2. { Wash, you filthy y garments wearing, Waiting at the pool,
 Hear'st, your love y see - des hear - ing, Waiting at the pool.
 2. { Thousands come were stand long near you, Waiting at the pool,
 Come their voice - in back to cheer you, Waiting at the pool.



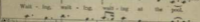
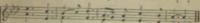
Oh - see stay in left and right, Wash their stained garments white,
 Can it be you, see - or heard, Je - sus long a - go hath stand
 Back from Ca - naan's lap - by shore, See - your pool and in - her o'er,



Love - ing you in seven nights,
 The waters with the night y wind, } Waiting at the pool,
 When they stand in hope no more,



Wait - ing, wait - ing, wait - ing at the pool.



1 Mother leaves the son, the daughter,
 Waiting at the pool,
 Calls to them across the water,
 Waiting at the pool,
 You can never more embrace
 Mother, or behold her face,
 If you keep the leper's place
 Waiting at the pool.

2 Stay in boldly—death may smite you,
 Waiting at the pool,
 Jesus may no more love you,
 Waiting at the pool,
 Faith in your eyes, take her hand,
 Walk with her the better land,
 And no longer doubting stand
 Waiting at the pool.

63. WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR.

1. WATTS.

Arranged by H. SARGENT, Baltimore, Md.

1. When I can read my ti - tle clear in manna in the skies,
 2. Should earth's - ground my soul no - give, and I - ty dawn be
 3. Let manna like a wild dove, come, let a storm of sun - ray fall,
 4. There I shall bath my soul in seas of heavenly rest,

I'll bid farewell to ev - ry sin, and wipe my weep - ing eyes,
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, and see a flow - ing world,
 So I bid ad - i - ty reach my home, My God, my love's my all,
 And not a wave of trouble to fall A - cross my peace - ful breast.

And wipe my weep - ing eyes, And wipe my weep - ing eyes,
 And see a flow - ing world, And see a flow - ing world,
 My God, my love's my all, My God, my love's my all,
 A - cross my peace - ful breast, A - cross my peace - ful breast.

I'll bid farewell to ev - ry sin, and wipe my weep - ing eyes,
 Then I can smile at Sa - tan's rage, and see a flow - ing world,
 So I bid ad - i - ty reach my home, My God, my love's my all,
 And not a wave of trouble to fall A - cross my peace - ful breast,

No. 64. THE FATHER-LAND.

This is a song my Mother used to sing to the days of my childhood. She was a great singer and I know that in heaven they love to hear her sing. You may not like the song, it is very simple, but I love to see her sing. Now being surrounded with people, a friend has written it out from my memory as I heard her sing it nearly thirty years ago.

H. M. WALLACE.

Arr. by FRANK L. ARTHURSON.

1. There is a place where my hope is every day,² My heart and my treasure are there,
 2. There is a place where the angels will, A presence a powerful a - ble,
 3. There is a place where my friends are gone, Whose love and warmth with me
 4. There is a place where I hope to live, When life and its labors are o'er,

Where verdure and blossoms never fade, And fields are eternal - ly fair,
 The joys of that home no tongue can tell, For there is the Palace of God,
 Ex - alt - ed with Christ high on His throne, The King in His beauty they see,
 A land which the Lord true will give, And then I shall never be free.

Chorus

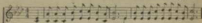
That blessed place is my Father-land, By faith its de-light I see there,

Come let us pray, an - gel - ic band, And walk in its grace to the end.

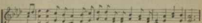
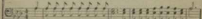
No. 65. I WANT TO BE A WORKER.

L. S.

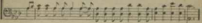
L. BARNES, by per.



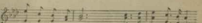
1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust His holy word.
2. I want to be a worker ev'ry day, I want to lead the way in the way.
3. I want to be a worker strong and true, I want to trust in Jesus' precious name.
4. I want to be a worker, help me, Lord, To lead the best and saving to thy word.



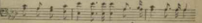
- I want to sing and pray and be busy ev'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord,
That leads to heav'n's above, where all in peace and love, is the kingdom of the Lord.
All who will truly come, shall find a happy home In the kingdom of the Lord,
That points to joys on high, where pleasures never die In the kingdom of the Lord.



Chorus
I will work, I will pray, In the vineyard, in the
I will work and pray, I will work and pray,



vine yard of the Lord, I will work, I will pray,
Of the Lord,



I WANT TO BE A WORKER.—Concluded.

I will be - lieve ev'ry day In the cityard of the Lord.

No. 66. I ONCE WAS A STRANGER.

Slowly, and with great feeling.

H. R. PALMER.

1. I once was a stranger to grave and to God; I knew not my
2. Like leaves from the daughters of Zion that fell, I wept when the
3. When from grace a-wake me, by light from on high, Then be - gal there
4. My heart was all vanished to love the cross sinner; My guilt-y there

danger, I left out my lead, Though friends spoke in rapture of
we have work, a - way the way; Yet thought not that my sin had
about me, I tremble to die; No self was ever by
launched, with boldness I came To drink to the fountain, life.

Chased on the sea; Je - su - val Lord Je - sus was nothing to me.
bathed in the sea; Je - su - val Lord Je - sus was nothing to me.
self could I see; Je - su - val Lord Je - sus my Father's name be
- ght - ing and free; Je - su - val Lord Je - sus was all things to me.

All have thought it wrong to borrow the name "Lord Jesus" instead of the Hebrew word Yehoshua (the Lord of Salvation), which is the origin of the English "Jesus."

Copyright, 1881, by H. R. PALMER.

No. 67. I WOULD NOT LIVE ALWAY.

MELODEON.

1. I would not live al - way, I ask not to stay,
Where chains of sin shroud the - in dark o'er the (Cloud) way.

2. I would not live al - ways, and - some the truth,
When Je - sus has laid, there, I stand not in (Cloud) gloom.

The low he - ad more - up that death on us born,
Then sweet to my soul, all the while we a - rise

As a - rough for his work, full enough for his share,
To lead him to tri - umph de - scend - ing the skies.

Chorus

Home, home, sweet, sweet home, Prepare no more for home, for heaven, my home.

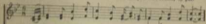
3. Who, who would live alway, away
from his God,
Away from you heaven, that blissful
abode,
Where streets of pleasure flow o'er the
bright glories,
And the mountains of glory eternally
reign.

4. Where the souls of all ages to hallelu -
jah sing,
Their numbers and voices transported
to glory,
While the millions of angels unceas -
ingly call,
And the souls of the Lord in the host
of the soul.

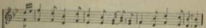
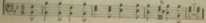
No. 68. THE CROSS AND THE CROWN.

ALLEN.

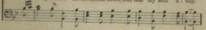
Chorus by I. BALDWIN, by jms.



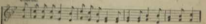
1. Must Je - sus bear the cross a - lone, And all the world go down?
2. How hap - py are the saints a - lone Who cannot count themselves alone!
3. This cross - no sin - ful cross! 'Tis here 'Till death shall set me free!
4. Oh, pre - cious cross! oh, glo - rious cross! Oh, sin - neer this day!



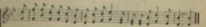
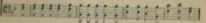
No there's a cross for ev - 'ry one, And there's a crown for us -
But now they taste un - to - glad love, And joy without a doubt,
And then go home by cross to meet, For there's a crown for us,
To us - give from the almighty love, And bear my cross a - way.



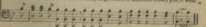
Chorus.



A beautiful crown in heaven to wear For all who bear the cross will bear!



Oh, bear it, my brother and when you get there A beautiful crown you'll wear.



No. 69. THE CHRISTIAN'S "GOOD-NIGHT."

It is said, The early Christians were accustomed to bid their dying friends good-night, as they were that of their awakening on the Resurrection Morning.

SABAS BUCKNEY.

THO. H. BAKER.

1. Sleep on, be - lov - ed, sleep, and take thy rest; Lay
 2. Calm is thy slum - ber on an in - fant's sleep; Bid
 3. Us - til the shad - ows from this earth be cast, Us -

down thy head up - on thy Saviour's breast; We love thee well, but
 thou shalt wake no more to bid and weep; Thine is a per - fect
 rest. He gath - ers us His sheaves at last, Us - til the twilight

is - sue loves thee best— Good - night! Good night! Good night!
 rest, as - sure and deep— Good - night! Good night! Good night!
 gleams in a - sur - pass— Good - night! Good night! Good night!

VERSE, AND A FEW STANZAS.

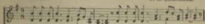
- 4 Until the Easter glory lights the skies,
 Cries the dead in Jesus shall rise,
 And He shall come, but not in lowly guise—
 Good night!
- 5 Until, made beautiful by Love Divine,
 Thou, in the likeness of thy Lord shalt shine,
 And He shall bring that golden crown of thine—
 Good night!
- 6 Only "Good night," beloved— not "Goodwell!"
 A little while, and all His saints shall dwell
 In hallowed union indivisible—
 Good night!
- 7 Until we meet again before His throne,
 Chained in the spectrum unto His glory His own,
 Until we know even as we are known—
 Good night!

Copyright, 1880, by Thomas H. Baker.

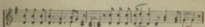
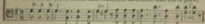
No. 70. AFTER.

L. I. LEWIS.

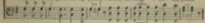
F. A. BLACKNER.



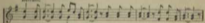
1. After the storm that sweeps the sea, After the drifting to the lee;
2. After the winter long and drear, After the snow-banks of the year;
3. After the long and toilsome day, After the sun's dawn, burning ray;
4. After the toils of life to end, After the work that all have done;
5. After the march of time shall cease, After earth's strife shall end in peace;



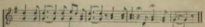
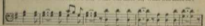
- After the trials and toils are passed, Cometh the joy of home at last.
 After the winter sweet when spring, Cometh the air of welcome spring.
 After the fall or homeward gait, Cometh the night and sweet re-quit.
 After the toils are on the breast, Cometh the long and peaceful rest.
 After the march of the up-year, Cometh the long, or let - and year.



Refrain.



After all that leaves us, What will there be, What will there be?



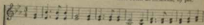
After all that leaves us, After all, or let - al - ty.



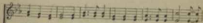
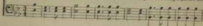
No. 71. A CHILD OF THE KING.

HARRY E. SWELL.

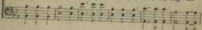
REV. JOHN B. BURNARD, by per.



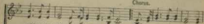
1. My Father is rich in heaven and leads the heavenly the wealth of the
2. My Father's own Son, the Saviour of men, I have wonder'd 'till 'er earth like the
3. I once was an out-cast stranger on earth, A slave by choice, an
4. A sinner as a wretch, why should I care? They've building a palace for



world in His hands! Of rubies and diamonds of all-ye and gold His
 poor-out of men, that now He is reigning for ev-er on high, Will
 of-ten by birth! But I've been a sinner all, my name's written down, An
 sin-ner there! That's called from hence, yet, will I may sing: All

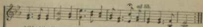
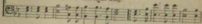


Chorus.

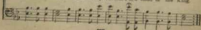


and here are all the best riches instead
 give me a home in heaven by and by
 here to a mansion, a robe and a crown,
 glory to God, I'm a child of the King.

I'm a child of the King, a



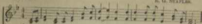
child of the King, With Jesus my Saviour I'm a child of the King.



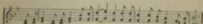
No. 72. THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

E. G. S.

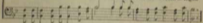
E. G. WEAVER.



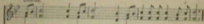
1. I know not the time of His com - ing: The hour of the day is not known;
 2. I know not what duties a - wait me, What work He requires me to do;
 3. I know not but whether the righteous shall come in the day or the night,



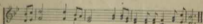
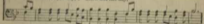
- But I know, that if I am then read - y, I'll not walk the dark valley a - lone.
 But with heart and with hands ever ready I shall strive to be well ingraded true.
 I have faith - with the plan, then heart and I see - I shall enter the "Portals of Light."



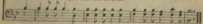
Chorus.



- I know not, I know not, I know not the day nor the year;
 I know not the day, I know not the day.



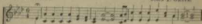
- I know not, I know not, Yet sometime His step I shall hear.
 I know not the day, I know not the year.



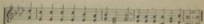
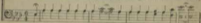
No. 73. MY PEACE I WILL GIVE UNTO THEE.

E. G. STAFFOR

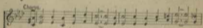
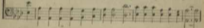
JOHN T. GRAVE



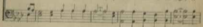
1. To Jesus my loving Redeemer, Whose blood flowed so freely for me,
2. I sought other ways in my folly. I groped in the darkness of night,
3. At last in my weakness, I sought Him, His hand was extended to me,
4. 'Twas Jesus who met me, and found me, I'll cling to His cross while I live,



1. I came in my weakness and blindness—Sweet peace He has given to me.
2. No lamp gleamed across the dark pathway, My eyes they had blinded my sight.
3. I bowed at the cross in submission—His mercy and pardon He gave.
4. His blood freely spilt for redemption, Will prove to a poor sinner grace.



His blood has cleansed me from sin, My name is written on high; A



child by a - doption—I'm led by the man - stars of light in the sky.



No. 74. THE LAND OF REST.

Allegretto

1. How long, O my child of years, Who know'st life also for a goal,
This earth, to whom, to rest my place, I seek my place in heaven.

A man - try for them mortal sight, Yet is, by faith, I see

The land of rest the saints do sight, The land of rest, the

light, which delight, The heaven prepared for us, The heaven prepared for us.

1 O what a blessed hope is ours!
While here on earth we stay,
We gaze upon him, the heavenly power,
And anticipate that day.
We feel the resurrection song,
Our life in Christ renewed,
And with His glorious promise here
Our earthly wants filled.

2 O would the time of heaven hasten,
And let the vessels break,
And let our raptured spirit go
To glory the God we seek,
In rapturous awe we then to gaze,
Who bought the right for us,
And cheer and wonder at His grace,
Through all eternity.

No. 75. JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.

E. A. H.

J. H. TOWN, by gen.

1. Is there a sin-ner a - wait-ing Mor-ry and pur-chen to-day?
 2. Death-on, the sin-ner is wait-ing, Wait-ing to live by the grace,
 3. Yes, He is com-ing to bless you, While is our-ter - tain you here!

Whereas the world-ling we bring Him "Jesus is pass-ing this way!"
 Why not this moment an - swer Him, Trust in His grace and love!
 Com-ing from sin to re - dress you, Ready to save you here!

Com-ing in love and in mer - cy, For-give and please to be - stow,
 He is so tender and gen-erous, He is so near you to - day!
 Can you re - fuse the sal - va - tion Je - sus is of - fer-ing here?

Com-ing to save the poor sin - ner From his heart - sick-ness and sin,
 O - pen your heart to re - ceive Him, While He is pass-ing this way,
 O - pen your heart to ad - mit Him, While He is com-ing so near.

Chorus.

Jesus is pass-ing this way, To - day, To - day,
 Jesus is pass-ing this way, To - day, is pass-ing to-day!

JESUS IS PASSING THIS WAY.—Concluded.

While He is near, O believe Him, O—open your heart to receive Him, For

Je - sus is pass - ing this way ——— is pass - ing this way — in - joy.
this way.

No. 76. Suffering Saviour, Save Me Now.

Words of M. & W. verses by D. B. L.

D. HAYDEN ELLIOT.

1. Soul 'ring for love, with thro' crown, sweat & blood, sinking down; Heavy
2. Precious - but love, this for me, No one worth - y, all for me! Ho - ly
3. Fate would I to Thee be brought, O merciful Lord, Saviour of me, In the
4. Should I stray a - way from Thee, Je - sus with Thee are we not? For a

laden, weary, worn, fainting, dying, reach'd, and born, All for me! all for me!
Je - sus pure and mild, I would be - lieve Thy child, O bless me! Every sin,
Kingdom of Thy grace give Thy sweet'ring child a place, By Thy grace oh, save me,
oh, save me today; I am trusting and will cry, Lord, save me, oh, save me!

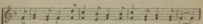
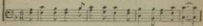
No. 77. JESUS DIED FOR ME.

S. BRIDGES.

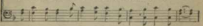
E. G. STEPHENSON.



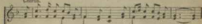
1. Yes-ter, a - mass ago night! I saw Thy face in vision of God,
 2. The trembling earth, the darkened sky, Proclaim the truth a - lone,
 3. So great, so vast a sin - er I see May well my hope re - vive;
 4. Oh, that those words of love - divine Might draw me, Lord, to Thee!



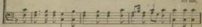
Ex - plor - ing on His cross - ed tree, And well'ring in His blood,
 And with His agonized swe - et - est cry, This is the Son of God,
 If God's own Son, then Heeds and dies, The sin - ner's sake may live,
 Then has my heart - it shall be True - True it shall ev - er be.



Chorus.



Oh, wonder - ful mercy was it be That Je - sus died for me! in me,



For me, for me He died, His blood On my - self Cal - ly - ry.



No. 78. NO OTHER NAME.

Mrs. C. L. SHARPLESS.

T. C. O'KANE, *lyrics*.

1. I am glad of me the way, I shall reach the perfect day; I am
 2. This is all that I can claim, Trust in His redeeming name, In His
 3. I have cast on Him my care, He will all my low desires bear; He will
 4. I am singing as I go, I can no-ly sup-press know; Knowing

Chorus
 me - as faint or fall, Je - sus ev - er hears my call. Oh, the name
 you're to serve and bless, In His per-fect righteousness,
 ev-'ry need sup-ply, He is ev - er watch-ing nigh,
 that the Lord is mine, Fill my soul with joy di-vine. Oh, the

Chorus
 sweet, as dear! Trusting hearts to Him and cheer;
 name, sweet, as dear! Trusting hearts to Him and

Chorus
 In His all my hope I rest, In His pres-ence I am blest.

No. 79. BETTER FAR THAN LIFE TO ME.

PART 2. CHORUS.

CHAS. COPE, PRINCE.

1. Like a vine whose ten - der branches 'round the rock have
 2. In a field an plea - sure waste - y, Thriving under the
 3. In Thy grace - ious love - thy kindness shall my trust - ing
 4. Higher than the hills that cir - cle 'round Thy throne be

In - stead be - long to my heart has found a dwell - ing
 per - me - able, From my eye - it has - ly in - dex
 and a - ble, From the ar - rows of up - pro - sion
 know - a - ble, Deep - er than the mighty ar - rows

In Thy love O Land my King
 To be ad - vance on Thy banner,
 Guarded with us - er - my side,
 In Thy love a - round love.

Chorus
 Day by day,
 Day by day my lips shall

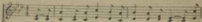
For Thy
 ad - ve, Grate - ful songs of praise to Thee, For Thy
 For Thy

Grate - ful songs of praise to Thee.

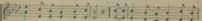
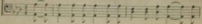
No. 81. CAST YOUR CARE ON JESUS.

M. H. M., "Christian Intelligencer,"

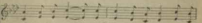
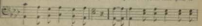
E. G. KELLEY.



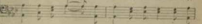
1. Oh, why do you car - ry your bur - den a - lone, That
 2. do not tell all your troubles, He'll give you re - lief, When
 3. When sick, sore or pain should de - trove, He will heal, Or
 4. Then go to Him al - ways what - er - er be - fall, If



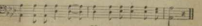
bur - den or bur - y to heav'n? Why can - not the weight be put
 on - er - er on Him you de - pend, This most "Gentle" one - even so
 who gives strength to the weak? For our bur - den who our load will
 sick - ness or our - tres, or care, If pain should de - trove you, or



is - sue and grief, When Je - sus is say - ing in
 spirit - ed with joy, To the wife of the child - ren will
 say - ing - ly, And With His own arm - ouch - ed - me, if
 she, tell Him all, At the feet of the cross kneel by,



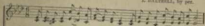
bur - den all heavy, My child, cast on me as - 'ry care!
 say - er - er be - hind, If we - ly in faith they are - care,
 they will not leave And ask His "Why" - then to care,
 break - ing - ly fall, And have as - 'ry bur - den right there.



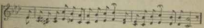
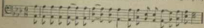
No. 82. NO ROOM IN HEAVEN.

W. G. CHURCH.

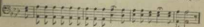
L. EASTMAN, ly. gen.



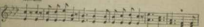
1. How sad it would be, if when they did call, All hopeless and un-fulfill'd,
 2. How sad it would be, the harvest all past, The bright summer days all weary;
 3. Ah, haste then, and fly, while mercy is near, Remember the love that He gave you!



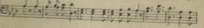
The angel that stands at the beautiful gate, Should answer, No room in heaven,
 To those that the reapers had gather'd of the grain, And left them alone there-
 The love that hath wrought thee in seeking this world, And Jesus now waits to save you.



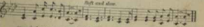
Refrain.



And, sad, and would it be! No room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No



Soft and slow.



room in heaven for thee! No room, no room, No room in heaven for thee



No. 83. BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.

EXORDIAN CHORUS.
Words by JES. FILLMORE BARN.

GEO. A. MERRILL.
Arr. by E. G. STEPHENSON.

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, sowing
2. Sowing in the sun-shine, sowing in the shadow, sowing
3. In, then, or - or sowing, sowing for the Master, Thine

In the sun-shine and the dew-y eve, Waiting for the harvest
with - or sowing, who'er's sowing bread, by and by the harvest,
has sustained our spirit - is all - or sowing, Who'er's sowing's -

and the time of sowing, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
and the harvest, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves,
He will bid us welcome, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

Chorus.

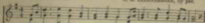
Sowing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come in
Sowing in the sheaves, bringing in the sheaves, We shall come in

sowing, bringing in the sheaves,
sowing, (Chorus) bringing in the sheaves.

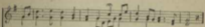
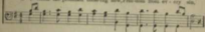
No. 84. THE CRIMSON STREAM.

Rev. J. W. BRIDGES.

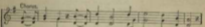
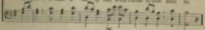
R. B. ELLENBERGER, by per.



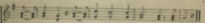
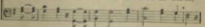
1. I stand be-side the crimson stream, That flows from Calvary's sacred,
2. The blood of Christ's - love will save, From guilt and sin, and care,
3. I claim the promised blessing now, Free-dome from ev-ry sin.



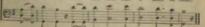
And long to wash a-way all sin, With - in its cleansing font,
 His blood will surely ex-er-cise, When sought in earnest prayer,
 The pow'r to lead a - new, by life, With Christ in God's great love.



Now wash me, now wash me, And cleanse me from sin,



Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.



No. 85. Softly and Tenderly Jesus is Calling.

W. L. T.

W. L. THOMSON.

Very slow

1. Soft - ly and ten - der - ly Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing for
 2. Why should we tar - ry when Je - sus is plead - ing, Plead - ing for
 3. There is now draw - ing, the moment we pass - ing, Pass - ing from
 4. Oh, for the love that has His love given, Love that has

you and for me; for on the path - side He's wait - ing and watch - ing,
 you and for me? Why should we tar - ry and stand out His love - ing,
 you and from me; stand over our guilt er - ring, death be - fore us now - ing,
 you and for me; Though we know that He has now - er - y and you - der,

Chorus

Watch - ing for you and for me, Come home, Come home,
 Search - ing for you and for me,
 Call - ing for you and for me,
 Plead - ing for you and for me, Come home, Come home,

Andante

To who are weary, come home, Home - com - ing, ten - der - ly,

Softly and Tenderly, Etc.—Concluded.

Je - sus is call - ing, Call - ing, O do not cease to love!

No. 86. 'TIS SWEET TO PRAY.

E. A. BAYNE.

G. J. KIRKMAN, CANTOR.

1. To God in heaven above, 'Thou sweet to pray; To God on earth in love,
2. As He is always near, 'Thou sweet to pray; As He will help to cheer,
3. At morning's dawn by light, 'Thou sweet to pray; 'Thou art the evening night.

'Thou sweet to pray, I will upon His name, I do not cease to wait;
'Thou sweet to pray, I know no comfort near; I know His love is true;
'Thou sweet to pray, I know not I am here; I seek not I am true;

Oh, it is heaven to say, 'Thou sweet to pray, Sweet to pray.

No. 87. BY AND BY.

REV. JOHN ARDENSON, D. D.

R. G. STARBUCK.

1. We shall meet beyond the riv - er, by and by, by and by;
 2. We shall strike the harp of glo - ry, by and by, by and by;
 3. Wearing robes of snow-y whiteness, by and by, by and by;

And the dark ones shall be re - ven - ged, by and by, by and by;
 We shall sing redemption's glo - ry, by and by, by and by;
 And with strains of dancing brightness, by and by, by and by;

With the tall - ones journey down, And the glorious lat - ite men,
 And the masses far - er - er - away, shall march in unnumbered train,
 Then, our nation and peo - ple joined, And with glo - ry sing at last,

We shall show forth in the sun, by and by, by and by;
 You - der - er - hat - ing down, by and by, by and by;
 We'll pro - ceed the Kingdom vast, by and by, by and by;

No. 58. HOW FIRM A FOUNDATION.

Arranged.

1. How firm a foundation thy footsteps, of the Lord, is laid for you
 2. In ev - ery one of them, in rock and sand, in pe - ter - or - ty's
 3. Fear not, I am with thee, O be - not dismay'd: I, - I am thy

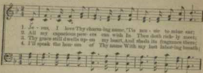
Rock in His ex - cel - lent word: What more can He say, than to
 rule, or a bound - ing in wealth, As lion or a bound, on the
 God, and will still give thee aid. I'll strengthen thee, O ty - ber, and

you He hath said, Ye who sit - te in - on the rock have build
 foundations on the sea, As thy days may diminish shall thy strength ever in -
 crease thou instead, Up - hold by my righteous - ness thy - great head.

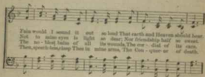
4. When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
 The rivers of sin shall not thee overflow;
 For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
 And misery to thee thy deepest distress.
5. When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
 My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply;
 The flame shall not burn thee, I only design
 Thy dress to consume, and thy gold to refine.
6. Down to the old age all my people shall pass
 My covenant, eternal, unchangeable love,
 And when heavy laden shall their temples be worn,
 Like lambs they shall sit on my bones to be born.
7. The soul that on Jesus doth lean for repose,
 I will not, I will not desert to his face;
 That soul, though all hell should endeavor to snatch,
 I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

No. 89. JESUS, I LOVE THY CHARMING NAME.

REV. PHILIP BROOKS.



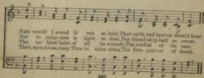
1. Je - sus, I love Thy charming name, Thy love - me to mine eye,
 2. All my expiation pain - ers me with lo - ve, Thy death calls by name,
 3. Thy grace will dwell up on my heart, And death no longer fears,
 4. I'll speak the love - me of Thy name With my last laboring breath.



Fair world, I would it were no land, That earth and Heaven should love,
 Not to mine eye to light no day, No friendship half so sweet,
 The no - blest love of all the world, The cer - tial of its care,
 Then, speak loving Thus to mine eye, The Cer - tial of its death.



That earth and heaven should love,	That earth and heaven should love,
No friendship half so sweet,	No friendship half so sweet,
The cer - tial of its care,	The cer - tial of its care,
The Cer - tial of its death,	The Cer - tial of its death.



Fair world, I would it were no land, That earth and heaven should love,
 Not to mine eye to light no day, No friendship half so sweet,
 The no - blest love of all the world, The cer - tial of its care,
 Then, speak loving Thus to mine eye, The Cer - tial of its death.

No. 90. BELIEVE, AND KEEP ON BELIEVING.

AN. JOHN W. L. BY ED. NATHAN.

JAMES McGRATHIAN, by JON.

1. I believed in that wonderful mercy and grace, believed in the midst of the
 2. I believed in the work of my own elected Lord, believed in redemption or
 2. I believed in the heart that was opened for me, believed in the love flowing
 4. I believed in Christ, as the true living One, believed in His presence on

we are called here, believed in His promise of pardon and peace, I be-
 lieve that Michael, believed in my Father by trusting His word, I be-
 lieve and live, believed that my sinners all called in the name, I be-
 lieve on the throne, believed in His coming in glory full soon, I be-

Chorus
 loved, and I keep on be- lie- ving. Be- lieve and the God - ing way

now or may be, no sign in the world, that was written to show that

all who believe, their salvation may know, believe and keep right on believ- ing

No. 91. BE NOT AFRAID.

MARLYNE FARRINGTON

E. G. STAPLES

1. Tho' the trumpet sug - ar, And the day is just, Tho' the shadows
2. Nothing can be harm - ful, Which the Father sends, E. ven less and
3. In the way we tread, There are mountains high, There must be the
4. How the loving, etc. - etc. Will be our our God, We must trust the

day - ar, And the night falls fast, There is heard a white - er
ar - rar, And the lack of strength, Need not make us fear - ful,
ful - ing, Of the household light, Tho' the darkness be - ter
er - ter, How our God we trust, But to give us more - er,

In the thick'ning shadow, It is I, the Master, Do not be a - fraid,
Troubled or dismayed, When the Lord is our King, Do not be a - fraid,
We must slowly walk, But we hear Christ whisper, Do not be a - fraid,
Lest we be dismayed, Christ the Lord, will whisper, Do not be a - fraid.

Do not be a - fraid, O, do not be a - fraid,
Oh, do not be a - fraid, O, do not be a - fraid.

BE NOT AFRAID.—Concluded.

The 1st
Oh, be not a-fraid, it is I, the Lord, I do not be a-fraid.

No. 92. DO I NOT NEED THEE?

R. G. WALKER
1862

M. L. McPHERSON

1. Do I not need Thee, when I'm in a-need?
2. Do I not need Thee, when I'm in a-need?
3. Do I not need Thee, when I'm in a-need?
4. Do I not need Thee, when I'm in a-need?

To Thy dear
Thy - y
No one to
Come I can

per-haps My heart is in a-need.
How long, do I then stay
How long, do I then stay
in Thy hand my sin is hid.

How much I need Thee,
Oh, how I do need Thee,

I surely know; how precious are Thy love and grace.
The long, long day, how precious are Thy love and grace.

No. 93. BRIGHT CANAAN.

Old Melody

1. To gather us let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 2. If you get there for me do, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 3. Part of my strength the price have won, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 4. Then come with me, father - and friend, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 5. Our songs of Praise shall fill the air, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

To gather us let us sweetly die, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 Then praise the Lord, I'm coming too, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 And I'm resolved to bid - low do, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 The joys of heaven shall never end, I am bound for the land of Canaan,
 While higher still our joys they rise, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

Chorus.

Oh, Ca - naan, bright Ca - naan, I am bound for the land of Ca - naan.

Oh, Canaan, it is my hope to come, I am bound for the land of Canaan.

NO. 94. JESUS IS CALLING.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

THOMAS F. BRONN.

1. Je - sus is call - ing, "Sit - ter, come home,"
 2. Je - sus is call - ing, Will you not come?
 3. Je - sus is call - ing, Why still do - lag?

Ten - der - ly plead - ing, Why lon - ger roam?
 Will you not en - ter While there is room?
 Life and sal - va - tion's Of - fered to - day!

Hear Him, oh, hear Him say, "Long you have strayed a - way,
 And, and would be the late If it should prove too late,
 He - pen - heart, come, be - lieve, Do not the Spirit grieve,

Come, then, oh, come to - day, Sit - ter, come home,
 Why will you lon - ger wait? Sit - ter, come home,
 You should His love re - ceive, Sit - ter, come home.

No. 95. REDEEMED.

Mrs. HARRIET JONES.

D. B. THOMAS.

1. Oh, glad "who - as - er - as," the deed is done, My sins are
 2. I came to my last - hour, His word believed, When He the
 3. Oh, glad "who - as - er - as," the eter - nal tale In love and

you - died that Christ the Son, Of love in pre - cious I
 He - me at once re - ceiv'd, And now His grace - es I
 - - you, in sleep and waking, Oh, come, my lov'd - es, and

me - or had I deem'd I'd, even in the jaws of the soul re - deem'd,
 joy - ful - ly sing, and dwell in the love of my Lord and King,
 bath'd in the stream, and you shall be fill'd with a joy ex - press'd.

Chorus.

Oh, glo - ry to Je - su, my soul is re - deem'd! my soul is re - deem'd!
 Oh, glo - ry to Je - su, my soul is re - deem'd! my soul is re - deem'd!

REDEEMED.—Concluded.

re - deemed? Of love as precious I now - as had dreamed,
my soul is redeemed! Of

Oh, say to - me do - ry, re - deemed!
Oh, say to - me do - ry, my soul is redeemed! my soul is redeemed!

re - deemed! Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, my
my soul is re - deemed! Oh, glo - ry, oh, glo - ry, my

glo - ry, re - deemed! re - deemed.
soul is re - deemed, my soul is re - deemed, my soul is redeemed.

No. 96. O SINNER, HASTE TO JESUS.

REV. GEO. E. TRACY.

E. G. STAPLES.

1. O sinner, haste to Jesus, *come* While mercy waits to welcome home; An
 2. O sinner, *come*, thy soul make known, The Lord of life, thy Saviour own; Oh,
 3. His love is great, as is His grace, Then turn to Him thy fearful face. A
 4. Come, sinner, to the healing fount, The precious, pure, atoning blood, Be

sending prayers to heaven meet; Come, cast thy self at Je - sus' feet,
 trust His word, dispense thy fears, His hand will wipe a-way thy tears.
 look - a cry - thy sin re - move From thee to Him, atoned thine' love,
 cleansed from ev'ry guilt - ty spot - In word, or deed, or sin - ful thought.

Chorus.

O Lamb of God, O Saviour dear, Us to Thy cross I now draw near, Just

as I am, O Lord, save me, Thy promise is my on - ly plea.

No. 97. WAIT, AND MURMUR NOT.

W. H. BELLAMY.

Wm. J. KIMPATRICK.

1. O troubled heart, there is a home beyond the reach of toil and care; A
 2. Yet when he'd been beneath the load, By him's own's, this earthly lot, Look
 3. If in thy path one there are lead, O think who has thee on His brow; If
 4. Tell us, my dove, thy own it be, One sigh calamity pay's for-got; The

home where changes ne'er occur; Who would not fain be resting there?
 up! needs such that bleed a - loke, Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not,
 grief thy sorrowing heart has found, It reached a lo - se - or than thou,
 day of rest will dawn for thee; Wait, meekly wait, and murmur not.

Chorus.

Oh, wait, meek - ly wait, meek - ly wait, and mur - mur not, Oh,

wait, meekly wait, meekly wait, and murmur not; Oh, wait, meekly wait,

Oh, wait, meekly wait, Oh, wait, and mur - mur not, Oh, murmur not.

From "Garden Hymns" by Geo. W. Child, 1870.

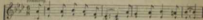
No. 96. BEHOLD WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.

(May be sung as Chorus by using given notes.)

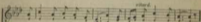
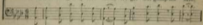
DR. C. E. STANFORD.

W. B. DAVIS, ly. pos.

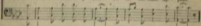
Andante



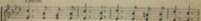
1. Be-hold what man-ner of love The Path - or death he show,
2. As soon He call-eth us now, And walk-eth with His love,
3. We know not what we shall be, In heav'nly joy-ments dead,
4. His love with glo-ry death show, We get but glimpse of love;



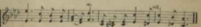
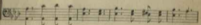
That we who do love His will May in His li - ve give,
His grace shall ex - ce - llate, And guide us home a - gain,
But when His glo-ry ap - pears, In His we'll exult-ly rest,
But this we certain - ly know In us He shall ap - pear.



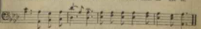
Chorus



Then we shall be like Him, Then we shall be like Him.



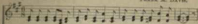
Then we shall be like Him, Then we shall see Him as He is.



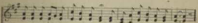
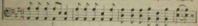
No. 99. JESUS IS HERE.

E. G. STAPLES.

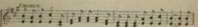
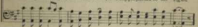
FRANK M. DAVIS.



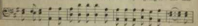
1. Jesus is here oh, what will you do? He knocks at the door of your heart;
2. Jesus is here oh, what will you do? Your heart will grow cold and void;
3. Jesus is here oh, what will you do? Your thro'our can then you be - night;



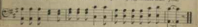
Jesus is here, de - cide if it is right, and let not the Saviour de - part.
While He is waiting, can you re - fuse To - en - ter the door of His fold?
Heal is great danger, almost lost, God help you just now to be - right.



Jesus is here, yes, Jesus is here: Oh, what are you going to - do? His



His blood He gave a ransom to save a poor dying sinner like you.

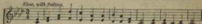


No. 100. PASSING UNDER THE ROD.

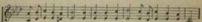
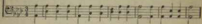
REV. W. T. DEAR

FRANK M. DAVIS, by gen.

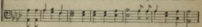
Slow, with feeling.



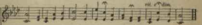
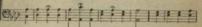
1. When bowed with afflictions and was low below, As on in my way
2. "Mid tri - ble and low - es that fall on me here, When entering the way
3. When weeping I stand o'er the spots of the grave, My friends all depart.



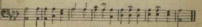
In bright Canaan I go, I hear a sweet voice - "In the voice of my God,
 of Comfort-giving and love, I hear the same voice, the sweet voice of my God,
 and beyond the dark wave, I hear the sweet voice of my Father and God.



— I love thee, I	love thee, pass un - der the	rod, —	} Pass un - der the
— I love thee, I	love thee, pass un - der the	rod, —	
— I love thee, I	love thee, pass un - der the	rod, —	



rod, pass un - der the rod, I love thee, I love thee, pass un - der the rod.



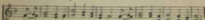
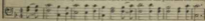
No. 101. HE KNOWETH THE WAY.

London "Christian World."

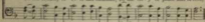
R. G. STAPLES.



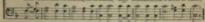
1. I know not—the way is so misty—The joys or the griefs it shall bring;
2. I stand where the two ways are meeting, And know not the right from the wrong;
3. And I know that the way leadeth home ward To the land of the pure and the bright,



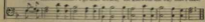
What should I do if I'm hanging the fetters, What shall I do by the roadside shall bring;
No backward finger direct me, No welcome shall be to me in song;
To the country of - or - or fair meadow, To the city of peace and of rest;



But there's One who will journey beside me, Nor to word nor to sign will I bow;
But my guide will ever give me tokens, By will-derives, mountains, or lake
And there shall be leading for darkness, And mountains, life's love to slake;



And this is my answer and reaction—"He knoweth the way that I take,"
What - or - or the darkness about me, "He knoweth the way that I take,"
What matter beside? I go ever onward, "He knoweth the way that I take,"



No. 102. SATISFIED BY AND BY.

ANNIE STEEL.

T. C. O'KANE, by gen.

1. Far from these scenes of night I've searched glo - ri - ous
 2. Fair land! could never find eyes that hold its charms as - plain,
 3. O may the great part live our hearts with ar - dent love,
 4. I've passed, by grace - ous - vine, For Thy bright morning high,

And witness of joy and peace do fight, Unknown to our - ful eyes,
 How would our eyes be long to rise, And dwell on earth no more,
 Till wings of faith, and strong desire, bear us - 'ry thought a - lone,
 Lord, bid our eyes - to rise and join The cho - rus of the sky,

There with the glo - ri - ous, side by side our lives shall side,
 There with the side by side our lives shall side,

We shall be sat - is - fied by and by.

SATISFIED BY AND BY.—Concluded.

By and by, by and by,
 These, these with the glo - ri - ous, holy, and by our Sa - veur's side,
 We shall be sat - is - fied by and by.

No. 103. FOREST. L. M.

C. WHELEY.

CHAPIN.

1. O that my load of sin were gone! O that I could at last be free!
 2. Rest for my soul I long to find, far - from of all, if only Thou art,
 3. Break of the yoke of in - deed sin, and fel - ly set my spir - it free,
 4. Pain would I leave of Thee, my God, Thy light and easy burden give,
 At Je - sus' feet to lay it down! To lay my soul at Jesus' feet!
 Give me Thy work and lowly mind, and stamp Thy image on my heart,
 I can not rest till pure within, till I am wholly lost in Thee,
 The cross, all stain'd with hol - low'd blood, the labors of Thy dy - ing love.

3 I would, but Thou must give the pow'r,
 My heart from every sin release;
 Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
 And fill me with Thy perfect peace.

4 Come, Lord, the sleeping slumber cease,
 Now let Thy chariot wheels delay;
 Appear to my poor heart, appear,
 My God, my Saviour, come away!

No. 104. THAT SWEET OLD STORY.

Arr. by E. G. SHAFER.

Andante

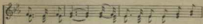
1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Je - sus was
2. Yet still to His footstool in pray'r I may go, And ask for a

love a - mong men, How He call'd to the child Jesus in
share of His love; And if I ever had our - ter - ry

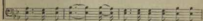
hearts to His old I should like to have been with those that
seek His love, I shall see Him and hear His a - love,

I wish that His hand had been placed on my head His arm had been
In that heav'n - ly place He has gone to you gone, For all who are

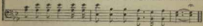
THAT SWEET OLD STORY.—Concluded.



shows a - round me, And that I might have seen His kind
 won't and be - given, And me - by dear chil - dren see

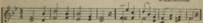


look when He said Let the lit - tle ones come in - to me,
 gather - ing them, For of such is the king - dom of heaven.

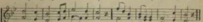
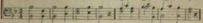


No. 105. LOVE FOR ALL.

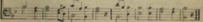
WARRNER.



1. Love for all and can it last? Can I keep it in the east?
 2. I, the dis - a - bu - lous child, Wayward, passionate, and wild,
 3. I, who spread the loving fold, I, who would not be controlled,
 4. See, my Father wait - ing steady, See, He reaches out His hands,



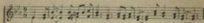
I, who stayed so long a - ge, Stayed so far, and still so late?
 I, who left my Father's house, In the hid - den ways to roam?
 I, who would not hear His call, I, the wil - ful good i - got,
 God be true! I know, I see, Love for me - you, a - ren - tise



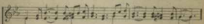
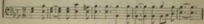
No. 105. HEAR, O HEAR ME.

M. G. PEAPLES.

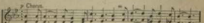
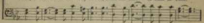
Geo. C. Brown.



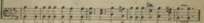
1. Hear, O hear me, lov- ing Ser-vice, When I call up-on Thy name,
2. Can I long or stay far from Thee, Shall I long or walk in sin,
3. Not dis- cer- tain, I am con- fess- ing, That I'm vile, I'd sin- ner be,
4. I am hap- py pro- ceed- ing Ser-vice, Ours, through Christ- I love and see,



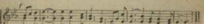
Let me know Thy grace-ful love, Free my soul from guilty shame,
While Thy gen- eral-ly-ty- ing me, And my soul is al-ways within,
Help me cease my thoughtless sin-ning, Let Thy blood cleanse me from sin,
Keep me on - in Thy ser-vice, And me - as still to Thee.



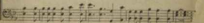
I have heard the wak- ing sin- ny, Of Thy death up on the tree.



I have heard, have heard, Of Thy death, Thy death,



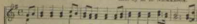
Of Thy ag - on-ny and ter-ri-ble ser-vice, all for me.



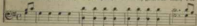
No. 107. AT THE CROSS.

R. KILMER CARTER.

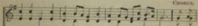
Arr. by E. E. YOUNGSON.



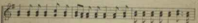
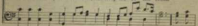
1. O Jesus, Lord, Thy dying love hath pierc'd my conscience's heart; Now
2. A - mid the sight of sin and death Thy light hath fill'd my soul; To
3. I kiss Thy feet, I clasp Thy hand, I touch Thy bleeding side; Oh,
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss; For



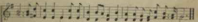
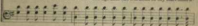
CHORUS.



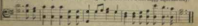
take my life, and let me prove How dear to me Thou art. At the
 me Thy lov - ing voice now with, Thy faith hath made thee whole,
 let me have for - ev - er stand, Where Thou wast cruci - fix'd,
 ev - er let Thy love enfold, And keep me at the cross.



Cross, at the Cross, When I first saw the light, And the burdens of my heart shed a -



way, It was then by faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am happy night and day.



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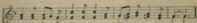
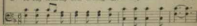
No. 110. SPURN ME NOT.

REV. J. R. MARTIN.

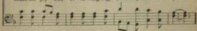
D. K. DOBSON.



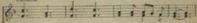
1. Spurn me not, O lov-ing sin-ner, Cast me not a-way;
2. I am sin-ful, vile, un-wor-thy, All un-clean I am;
3. Thou hast died for me a ransom, Shed Thy precious blood;
4. To Thy cross my soul is cling-ing, There my faith is stay'd;



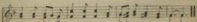
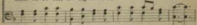
Grant me par-don, life, and fa-vor, For Thy grace I pray.
 Thou art right-eous, pure and ho-ly, Spot-less, per-fect Lamb.
 Thou hast purchas'd full redemp-tion, Bought my peace with God.
 Make me joy-ful, ev-er sing-ing, "Thou my debt hast paid."



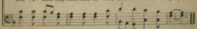
CHORUS.



Je-sus, sin-ner, Cast me not a-way,
 Bless-ed Je-sus, lov-ing sin-ner,



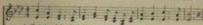
For I seek Thy smile and fa-vor, Hear me while I pray.



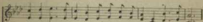
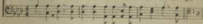
No. III. THE CHRISTIAN'S WORK SONG.

E. G. S.

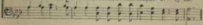
E. G. STARLIN



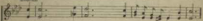
1. Christians, let the fields are what'ring For the harvest of the Lord;
2. The wind, & showers, still press onward, bringing sweetly as we go;
3. Christians, let the dawn be breaking, 't' a clear or bright or day;
4. Work on with the good old sower, Join the war, to let the soil



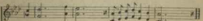
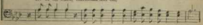
Do not - die, on - ward go - on, Ye shall reap a rich re - ward.
Strong in faith, we need shall triumph, Tho' opposed by many a foe.
Tread not to the chords of sorrow, Ev - er on - ward press your way.
Armed with faith with Christ as leader, Ye shall reap - er - ty the



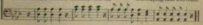
Chorus.



Till on, till on, The time of reaping soon will come,
Ev - er on - ward, Christian till on,



Work on, work on, Soon the reaping time will come,
In - ceas - ing, work on, In - ceas - ing, work on, The reaping time will come.



No. 112. THE TEN VIRGINS.

J. B. MURRAY.

1. Five of them were wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were
 2. Foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were
 3. The foolish had no oil when the Bridegroom came, The foolish had no

wise when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were wise,
 Foolish when the Bridegroom came, Five of them were foolish,
 oil when the Bridegroom came, The foolish had no oil, The

Five of them were wise, Five of them were wise when He came,
 Five of them were foolish, Five of them were foolish when He came,
 foolish had no oil, The foolish had no oil when He came.

Chorus
 O Be-see, O Be-see, O be-see to meet Him when the Bridegroom comes!

THE TEN VIRGINS.—Concluded.

O Be - en, O Be - en, Pre - pare your - self to meet Him when He comes!

- 1 The foolish kept a knocking when the Bridegroom came,
The foolish kept a knocking when the Bridegroom came,
 ? The foolish kept a knocking, ? when He came.
- 2 Go ye out to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes!
Go ye out to meet Him, when the Bridegroom comes!
 ? Go ye out to meet Him, ? when He comes!
- 3 Have your lamps a-burning when the Bridegroom comes,
Have your lamps a-burning when the Bridegroom comes,
 ? Have your lamps a-burning, ? when He comes.

No. 113. TO-DAY.

Dr. L. Mason.

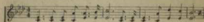
- 1 To - day the her - ald calls, To warn of ev'ning come;
- 2 To - day the her - ald calls, O, hear His voice now;
- 3 To - day the her - ald calls, For ev'ning days;
- 4 The spir - it calls to - day; Told us His power,

O, ye to - night of souls, Why long - er tarry?
With - in these en - er - gies, To Je - sus bow
The stream of jus - tice falls, And death is nigh
O, give Him not a - way; To mor - row's day.

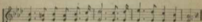
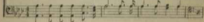
No. 114. LO! HE CALLS YOU.

Mrs. T. M. GRIFPIN.

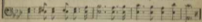
FRANK M. DAVIS.



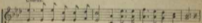
1. Have you ev - er closed your heart, To the Ser - vant's tes - timo - nial?
2. Have you heard how Jesus died? On the cross that you might live.
3. Why in blindness do you wait, Wand'ring far from the light?
4. How the soonest days will go, And the last - est time be past.
5. Oh, the tree that bears no fruit, The rest of - ways remaining green.



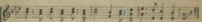
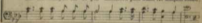
Have you ev - er tak - en part, With the world against His name?
 Have you viewed the crimson tide, Which ev - er - and - so - on can give?
 Laying things which you should hate, Thinking deep - er in - to night,
 They will reap His pleading love, And your hearts be sealed at last.
 For His blood will make the road, And be sanc - ty to last love.



Chorus.



Lo! He calls you for - ev - er - more, Now your wand'ring tempest cease.



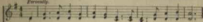
Hear the Master's call - come now - haste, Come re - pent as you are led.



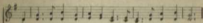
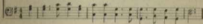
No. 115. THE DAY-SPRING.

R. G. BEAUMAN.

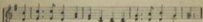
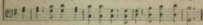
Andante



1. Calm on the falling ear of night Once Israel's rebellious strains,
2. The un-suspecting hills of Palestine heard back the glad re- ply:
3. "Glori- ty to God!" the ascending skies Loud with their anthems ring—



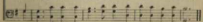
Where wild Je-ru-sa-lem stretches her fair sil-ver-rose and pines,
 And greet, from all their ho-ly heights The day-spring from on high,
 "Peace to the earth, good-will to men, From heav'n's eter-nal King."



Chil-dren glad cheer from courts or bow'ers shed in-vest-gle-ous there,
 O'er the blue depths of Gal-i-lee There comes a ho-lor calm,
 Light on thy hills, Je-ru-sa-lem! The day-herald now is born!



And an-gels with their spark-ing lyres, Make us all on the air,
 And the-ral waves, in ad-mir-ous praise, Hear us best-governed yare,
 And bright on Bethleh'em's joy-ous plains Breaks the first Christmas morn'g.

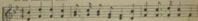


No. 116. TELL IT TO JESUS.

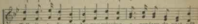
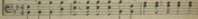
"Tell It to Jesus."—Matt. 14: 26.

J. E. BARKIN, D.D.

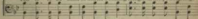
E. S. LORING.



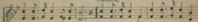
1. Are you wea-ry, are you heart-sick? Tell it to Je-sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks un-hid-den? Tell it to Je-sus,
3. Do you fear the path's ring clouds of sor-row? Tell it to Je-sus,
4. Are you troubled at the thought of dy-ing? Tell it to Je-sus,



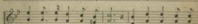
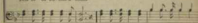
- Tell it to Je-sus. Are you grieving o-ver joys de-part-ed?
 Tell it to Je-sus. Have you sins that to man's eye are hid-den?
 Tell it to Je-sus. Are you anxious what shall be to-mor-row?
 Tell it to Je-sus. For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sighing?



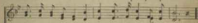
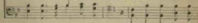
Chorus.



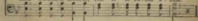
- Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.
 Tell it to Je-sus a-lone.



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



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

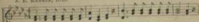


No. 117. GOD BE WITH YOU.

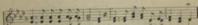
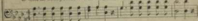
"The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you."—Rom. 16:20

J. E. BARNES, D.D.

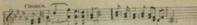
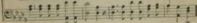
W. G. THOMAS.



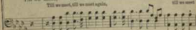
1. God be with you till we meet again, By His arms gently uphold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, With His wings protecting hold you,
3. God be with you till we meet again, When life's path leads us from you,
4. God be with you till we meet again, Thy love's banner leading o'er you,



With His sheep securely fold you, God be with you till we meet a gain,
 And by manna still provide you, God be with you till we meet a gain,
 Put His arms encircling round you, God be with you till we meet a gain,
 His love's banner leading o'er you, God be with you till we meet a gain.



Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus feet,
 Till we meet, till we meet again, Till we meet



Till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet a gain,
 Till we meet, till we meet a gain.

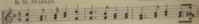


No. 118. LOOK, SINNER, LOOK!

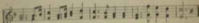
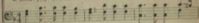
"Look unto me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth."— Isaiah 45: 5.

H. G. WEAVER.

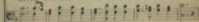
FRANK M. DAVIS.



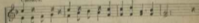
1. Look! 'tis a sin-ple thing to do; Yet fraught with bliss to
2. Look! 'tis the voice of love which speaks And bids the dy- ing
3. Look with the eye of faith to Him Who left His home on
4. Look! yes, 'tis look and live, to all Who care to lift the



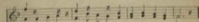
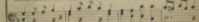
all, It saves the sin-ner from his sin, It rescues from the fall,
 live; To look in faith, ye ends of earth, Will fall not on them give,
 high, And died to save the sin-ner lost (to hold Him, He is high,
 eye, The blind can see, the deaf can hear, The sin-ner need not die.



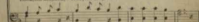
Chorus.



Look, look! the cross is now in view;
 Look, sin-ner, look, look, sin-ner, look! now in view;



Look, look! the message is to you,
 Look, sin-ner, look, look, sin-ner, look!



No. 119. There is a Green Hill far Away.

CHAS. F. ALLEXANDER.

Geo. C. STEWART.

1. There is a green hill far a-way, Without a city wall,
 2. We may not know, we can not tell What pains he had to bear,
 3. He died that we might be happy's, He died to make us good,
 4. There was no city or good enough, To pay the price of sin.

When the dear Lord was cruci - fi - ed, Who died to save us all,
 But we he-lieve it was for us, He long and suf - fered there,
 That we might go at last to heav'n, thro' his pre - cious blood,
 He on - ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

Chorus.

Oh dear - ly, dear - ly love He loved, And we must love Him too,

And trust in His re - demp - ting blood, And by His works to die

No. 120. THE SAVIOUR'S CALL.

E. M. C.

E. M. C. CHORUS, by J. M.

1. Ho! all ye sinners, Come on - to me, I have a feast for
 2. Ho! all ye sinners, Come ye, draw nigh, Come on ye sinners!
 3. Ho! all ye sinners, Wash ye and wash, Come on - to me, here
 4. Ho! all ye sinners, Come ye this way, Come, with the stream flowing
 5. Ho! all ye sinners, Come ye I pray, We'll sing and a-

ye get the feast, Freely it flows, oh, come ye and drink,
 Why will ye die, When ye might drink and thirst no more?
 long need I seek, They need to save and you nothing do,
 by their to-day, The best is stop from you to the drink,
 both here to-day, Come ye, to prove being ye in your heart.

Chorus
 I see that feast, oh, come ye and drink,
 Could drink ye now, ye then let - ing pass,
 When I so much did love for you?
 Oh, will ye come while yet you may drink?
 Come, with the Spirit, drink, and the Lamb.

Ho! all ye

Ho! all ye sinners, I have a feast for
 Ho! all ye sinners, I have a feast for
 Ho! all ye sinners, I have a feast for
 Ho! all ye sinners, I have a feast for

THE SAVIOUR'S CALL. Concluded.

O - pen the door, Come, drink ye free, you, free ly I

But all ye thirst - y, drink ye and live.....

No. 121. THE LAND OF PROMISE.

I like - not you, will you go to the high - lands of her - ary,
Where the streams are - as flow, And the long - ear - ear - ear - ear,
D.C.—And the leaves of the tree's in the land - as are lit - ting,
When the bright morning star's in the land - as are lit - ting.

1 Where the rich golden fruit
Is in bright clusters peeling,
And the deep lakes brim full
Of life's fair tree are budding,
And where life's crystal stream
Is everlastingly flowing,
And the verdure is green,
And eternally growing?

2 He's prepared then a home—
Himself, meet them before it
And invites thee to come—
Himself, with them receive it
Oh come, come, come,
For the table is ready,
And the harvest will soon,
And forever, cease yielding.

No. 122. HIS MIGHTY LOVE.

REV. PHILIP BETHUNE, D.D.

L. S. FISK.

1. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,
 2. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,
 3. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,
 4. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,
 5. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,
 6. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,
 7. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,
 8. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,
 9. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,
 10. Oh, when I think of the love that I see,

1. When I think of the love that I see,
 2. When I think of the love that I see,
 3. When I think of the love that I see,
 4. When I think of the love that I see,
 5. When I think of the love that I see,
 6. When I think of the love that I see,
 7. When I think of the love that I see,
 8. When I think of the love that I see,
 9. When I think of the love that I see,
 10. When I think of the love that I see,

Oh, the love that I see, and the love that I see,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,

the price of the love that I see, and the love that I see,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,
 My soul is full of love, and my heart is full of love,

sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
 sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
 sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
 sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
 sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
 sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
 sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
 sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
 sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,
 sing of His mighty love, sing of His mighty love,

No. 124. IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.

J. E. BAKER, D. D.

J. W. FOSTER.

1. I and a - lone with life's sor - row - r - rise In sight of the
 2. I thought me there of my childhood days, The gray - er of
 2. I thought, I thought of the days of God, I'd wish of us
 2. I heard a voice, like the voice of God, In mem - ber, re -

eyes - and see. And I saw the throne of the star - crown'd one, With
 my mother's face. Of the crimson grave that my life - er gave. The
 all - ty and all - of the throne I'd seek'd where the har - row know'd, And
 - number, my God! Remember thy ways in the fir - st - day days, The

now - er a crown for me; And then the voice of the Judge said, come,
 with I was warned by thee; I said, "Is it then too late, too late,
 I would not let Him in; I thought, I thought of the years I'd made,
 know that these might's have been?" I thought, I thought, and my thoughts run on

Of the Judge on the great white throne; And I saw the
 sheet without need I stand for you? And the Judge, will He
 When I lay at death's dark door - Would He spare my
 Like the tale of a sea - son - er - "Am I in - ter - est in

IN SIGHT OF THE CRYSTAL SEA.—Concluded.

mus - cians'd take their seats,—but none could I call my own.
 say, "I know you not," How e'er I may knock and peer
 till I'm give up the stick, And never then be e'er or
 dead?" by my side I sat, "As well is there e'er to be.

2 It seemed as tho' I woke from slumber,
 How sweet was the light of day!
 Multitudes watched the Sabbath bells
 From towers that were far away,
 I then became to a child,
 And I wept and wept aloud;
 For the Lord had taken my heart of stone,
 And given a heart of flesh.

3 Still all I sit with life's memories,
 And I think of the crystal sea; [rest,
 And I see the thrones of the stars—e'er'd
 I know there's a crown for me; [rest,
 And when the voice of the Judge says,
 Of the Judge on the great white throne,
 There's one I shall call my own. [rest.

No. 125. CAST THY BREAD UPON THE WATERS.

R. G. STAPLES.

Baritone, and in vocal line.

1. Cast thy bread upon the way, ^{Thinking not} 'Tis thrown a-
 Cast thy bread. ^{Thinking not}

way, God himself! ^{with thee shall gather in} again when he turn thy
 God himself!

1 Cast thy bread upon the waters,
 Wholly through the billows roll,
 They has not thou in them talent,
 Truth is spread from pole to pole.

2 Cast thy bread upon the waters:
 Why wilt thou still doubting stand?

Business shall God send the harvest,
 If thou see'st with liberal hand.

3 Give, then, freely of thy substance—
 'For this cause the Lord doth wings,
 Cast thy bread, and tell with patience,
 These shall labor not in vain.

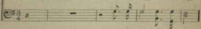
No. 126. SOME SWEET DAY.

ARTHUR W. FRANCK.

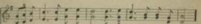
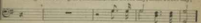
J. F. KEENEY. By job.



1. We shall reach the riv - er - side, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 2. We shall pass in-side the gate, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 3. We shall meet our lost and own, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



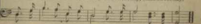
We shall cross the storm-y hills, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Peace and plea-sure for us wait, Some sweet day, some sweet day;
 Gath'ring 'round the great stone door, Some sweet day, some sweet day;



We shall press the sands of gold, While be-fore our eyes un-fold
 We will hear the wondrous strain, Glo-ry to the Lamb that's slain,
 By the tree of life un-fail, Joy and rapt-ure ev-'ry-where;



Heav-en's splendours, yet un-fold, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Christ was dead, but lives a-gain, Some sweet day, some sweet day.
 Oh, the bliss of a-bove there, Some sweet day, some sweet day.



No. 127. GO, BURY THY SORROW.

Slow and with feeling.

E. G. STEPLAN.

1. Go, bur - y thy sor - row, The world hath its share;
 2. Go, tell it to Je - sus, He knoweth thy grief,
 3. Hours given - ing more wear - y With burdens of sin,

Go bur - y it deep - ly, Go, hide it with care,
 Go, tell it to Je - sus, He'll send thee re - lief,
 Now deep - ened the dark - ness, Go, con - sol - e them,

Go, think of it calm - ly, When over - taken by night,
 Go, guid - e us the un - der - shins, No dark - ness thy way,
 Go, bur - y thy sor - row, Let all - ers be hush,

Go, tell it to Je - sus, And all will be right,
 He'll light - en thy la - bor, Go, wear - y our pray,
 Go, give them the un - der - shins Tell Je - sus the rest.

No. 128. SEEKING FOR ME.

E. E. HASTY.

1. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, for Earth - ly joys cease, Born in a man - ger to
 2. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, on Cal - vary's tree, Paid the great debt and my
 3. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, the same as of old, While I did wan - der a -
 4. Je - sus, my Sav - iour, shall come from on high, Sweet in the prom - ise to

at - tend and save; Oh, it was wonderful, meet in His name, seek - ing for me, for
 me, He set free; Oh, it was wonderful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for
 me from the heav - enly and long He hath paid with my soul, Call - ing for me, for
 me, my re - demp - tion; Oh, I shall see Him descend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for

for me, . . . for me, . . .

me, seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me, seek - ing for me;
 me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me, Dy - ing for me;
 me, Call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, Call - ing for me, Call - ing for me;
 me, Com - ing for me, Com - ing for me, Com - ing for me, Com - ing for me;

Oh, it was won - der - ful, meet in His name, seek - ing for me, for
 Oh, it was won - der - ful, how could it be? Dy - ing for me, for
 Greatly and long He hath paid with my soul, Call - ing for me, for
 Oh, I shall see Him descend - ing the sky, Com - ing for me, for

No. 120. WHOSOEVER BELIEVETH.

E. G. REAPLER.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in me, The sin - ner of
 2. Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in me, That this is he
 3. Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in me, Who shall be - lieve in me, That this is he
 4. Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in me, Who shall be - lieve in me, That this is he

all men - who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in me, I'll go to Him now with
 soul - and - body, and - soul - and - body, We see the Christ - en, the
 same who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in me, give Him - the - same who - so - ev - er

this my - self, Je - sus have thou - gh - t, I come to Thee
 name of God - the - Father take thou - gh - t, in a pre - cious word,
 all who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth in me, a - white - cloth - Come from

Chorus.

Who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er, Je - sus that name - ev - er.

Who - so - ev - er, who - so - ev - er, Je - sus that name - ev - er, shall be - lieve.

No. 130. FOR YOU AND FOR ME.

A. B. C.

A. S. DRAKE.

1. Oh, wondrous con - ce - ption, Oh, in - di - vidual! The
 2. That our souls the gates of the rock - cre - ce break! How
 3. Sometimes in our vic - tims we see that bright land! And

has been de - scend - ed to earth, He left the bright mansions of
 glo - ry for mor - tal a - rim, He man - dard its pur - tale, He
 think of the hap - pi - ness! Happy, Where no more of sin - ners shall

glo - ry a - lone, That we might have heav - en - ly bliss, I
 man - dard its glo - ry, And made it the path to the skies, And
 break on the strand, But all shall be peaceful and bliss, And

gilt prin - ce and stranger He wand'ring for - lorn, And look up on
 through His redemption, His man - sion, His own, A - lone man and
 wait - ing to greet us, with look - ing hands, Our bliss of re -

FOR YOU AND FOR ME. Concluded.

and Cal - va - ry) In they'd and in - just - ed and
 me - in - the sea, Thereafter, in the future the
 done - or we see, Where, just on the shore of the

more - ed with those, He and - loved for you and for me,
 gone to you - gone, A man - died for you and for me,
 the - re He stands, In red - emption for you and for me.

No. 131. I WILL ARISE.

M. S. WHEATON, D. D.

Arr. by E. G. STEPHENSON.

1. For the weary roads of sad-ness, Would thy child, why longer roam?
2. Grieve, O cease your vain endeavor still to live on Sinner's doom.
3. Why go on your lonely way-paths long, Why re - sist the gracious call?
4. When you ask Him, wistfully, meekly, Forward gladly on you stand.
5. In His lov - ing arms He'll greet you, By His side will be your place.

Chorus - I will a - rise and go to Je - sus, He will deliver me to His arms,

Chorus

Come! Share's rest, and joy, and gladness, In your Father's lov - ing arms.
 For the burden of sin can nev - er be tak - en - by the weary soul.
 In your Heav'nly Father's dwelling Home! there is enough for all.
 Each there comes, for He will glad - ly Welcome His re - turning child.
 In His spot less arms He'll greet you, He will fill you with his grace.

In the arms of my dear Jesus, O there are ten thousand others.

No. 132. UP YONDER.

"In Thy light shall we see light."—Ps. 139.

MARGARETTA BRONKHORST.

C. MARTIN TOWNE.

1. Tho' our pathway may be drear - y, Yon - der there is light;
 2. Nev - er then dis - pair or woe - ful; On - ly day by day,
 3. Our feet tread the steps be - fore us, Marking all the way;

And a Hand when we are weak - en - ed, Reaching thro' the night,
 As the darkness drifts a - round us, We shall find our way,
 While His watchful care is o'er us, We need nev - er stray.

There are worlds of light up yonder, There is always light up yonder,

In the darkest night; There are worlds of light, If we lift our eyes up yonder.

No. 133. THE LORD'S OUR ROCK.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. The Lord's our rock, in Him we hide, A shelter in the time of storm;
 2. A shade by day & shade by night, A shelter in the time of storm;
 3. The rag'ing storm may rattle us loud, A shelter in the time of storm;
 4. O Rock be thou O Help be thou, A shelter in the time of storm;

No - one what - er - er ill be - falls, A shelter in the time of storm.
 No fear a - fairs no fear of fright, A shelter in the time of storm.
 We'll get - or leave our souls to tempt, A shelter in the time of storm.
 In Thee our help - er - er - er we, A shelter in the time of storm.

Chorus

O Jesus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A wea - ry land a wea - ry land.

O, Jesus is a Rock in a wea - ry land, A shelter in the time of storm.

No. 134. WHEN OUR WAITING.

NOVA E. PARKHILL.

G. E. STEVENS.

1. When our wa-ter, hap-py spi-rits Part their wings to take their flight
 2. When there comes the last un-cloak-ing, Of those si-ent work-ing hands,
 3. When the pain of life have van-ish'd, And the sor-ow or sense of pain,
 4. Oh the peace, the joy, the raptures, That is wait-ing us at home,

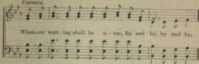
To the up-er shores of heav-ny far a-way, Will the
 Will the heart that yearns for lov'd ones far a-way E'er be
 Fabled in its ten-der arms of rest for aye, All the
 Where the heart for rest shall nev-er breathe a sigh! Oh the

heav-ny light of glo-ry Shed its ray of bright-ness o'er us,
 at home in their yearning, No longer in their wist-ful long-ing,
 old-er friends re-veal us, With the old-er ones that bound us,
 song of bliss that's swelling, Ev-'ry tone in sweet-ly tell-ing,

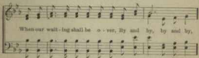
When our wait-ing shall be a-ware by and by,
 And a-fore in strength and heav-ny by and by?
 Shall we dwell in rest and glad-ness by and by?
 We shall meet in love for-ev-er by and by.

When Our Waiting shall be Over.—Concluded.

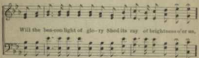
Chorus.



When our wait-ing shall be o-ver, by and by, by and by.



When our wait-ing shall be o-ver, by and by, by and by.



Will the best-est light of glo-ry shed its ray of bright-ness o'er us.



When our wait-ing shall be o-ver by and by, by and by?

No. 135. JESUS WILL SAVE YOU TO-NIGHT.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

THOMAS F. STONE.

1. Ye who are wand'ring in paths ways of sin, Far from the
 2. Mer - cy and par - don is wait - ing for thee, Blessings of
 3. Oh - ly be - lieve in the Christ - the Son, Trust in His

no glo - ri - ous light; List to the Spiri - t that's call - ing to thee,
 peace and in - light, Come weary ones heavy - laden, distressed,
 love and His might, Why not this moment in - volve thee in His Grace?

Chorus

Je - sus will save you to - night, } Je - sus will save you to - night,
 Je - sus will save you to - night, }
 Je - sus will save you to - night, }

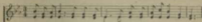
Je - sus will save you to - night, Do not re - ly on the

Spiri - t that calls, Je - sus will save you to - night.

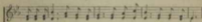
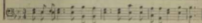
No. 136. WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?

Dr. EMILY'S BROTHER.

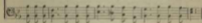
ISA D. HANNEY.



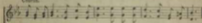
1. O! do not let the Word depart, And close Thine eyes against the light;
2. The morning's sun may cover thee, To hide Thy long do-loud-er night;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no more, no more the light;
4. Our blessed Lord no sin-er name Who wouldst be like their work-worshiper!



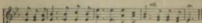
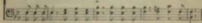
For sinners, banish not your heart; These wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
 This is the time! Oh, then be wise! These wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
 Oh, try the life which Christ has lived! These wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?
 Thus be the work of grace begun! These wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?



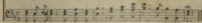
Chorus.



Why not to-night? Why not to-night? These wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?



Why not to-night? Why not to-night? These wouldst be saved—Why not to-night?



No. 137. SAVE THE BOY.

(TEMPERANCE SONG.)

REV. S. C. ELWOODS.

W. WARREN BENTLEY, 19 yrs.

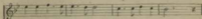
Solo.

1. Once he was so bright and fair, Glad and light and free,
 2. Once he was so brave and true, Honour'd the temple's pore's,
 3. Once he was my on - ly hope, Fount of joy and pride,
 4. Tell him that he's wander'd far, Love can see - or die.

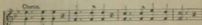
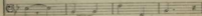
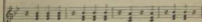
Pray'd my soul with peace and joy, Life was dear to me,
 Once his light he drew by sleep, Till that dreadful hour,
 Then I thought that love might sleep, Held him to my side,
 Lives in hope of his re - turn, Looks with patient eye.

But he took the fi - nal glass, 'Twas a short - ing joy,
 Bright and sparkling was the cup, Soon'd without al - ley,
 But to - day my boy the - same, Home with all the joy,
 Loving hearts have pleaded long, Pray'd for light and joy.

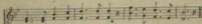
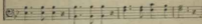
SAVE THE BOY. Concluded.



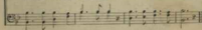
Dream, and in the land of death, Gently lay darling boy,
 Fair the land that rap - tured, My poor wand'ring boy,
 Far in air he's wand'ring now, Save, oh save, the boy,
 Keeping still a web somewhere For the wand'ring boy.



Chorus.
 Save the boy! save the boy! There's willing with joy!



Let - ing hearts be glad - ing now, Save, O save the boy.



No. 138. NOTHING BUT THY GRACE.

DEAR FATHER,

R. S. HARRINGTON.

With words.

1. Je - sus, my dear - est love, hear my cry, have me! save me! or I
 2. Je - sus, my dear - est love, hear my cry, have me! save me! or I
 3. Friend and Holy - est, be my stay, have me! save me! or I
 4. Friend- ing, help - ing, I come to Thee, have me! save me! or I

per - ish; How - ev - er, dear Lord, I hope for more, (because) more than I per - ish.
 per - ish; Waiting, dear Father, in the dust, have me! save me! or I per - ish.
 per - ish; Oustain me, wash my sins a - way, have me! save me! or I per - ish.
 per - ish; In Thy mercy is there room for me? have me! save me! or I per - ish.

Chorus.

O the hope, pre - cious hope, Nothing but Thy grace can save me.

O the hope, pre - cious hope, Nothing but Thy grace can save me.

No. 139. COME TO THE MERCIFUL SAVIOUR.

L. R. FROST.

1. Oh, come to the mer - ci - ful Sav - iour who calls thee, Oh come to the
 2. Oh, come then to Je - sus whose arms are as broad as, To hold His dear
 3. Then come to the Sav - iour whose mercy grows brighter, The long, er you

Lead who for - gives and for - gets, That dark is the lot which we
 still draw in glo - om, we know, Oh come, and your re - lie shall
 look at the depths of His love, Oh Sav - iour, Oh Je - sus, and

with you for falls down, A bright home awaits thee whose sun never
 sets - by his side, and Je - sus will show you the light of His love,
 His arms grow lighter, While thinking of home and the glo - ry a - bove,

Chorus.

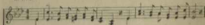
Come home, come home, In dark ness we long - er to roam, The Je - sus who

re - de - m - pt with Him to - day, Oh break us thy bonds, oh come home.

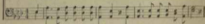
No. 140. WILL YOU COME?

A. B. B.

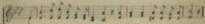
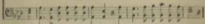
A. E. SHAWVER.



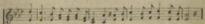
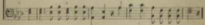
1. Be- yond the shores of death's dark river, There lies a land of beauty fair;
2. Oh, come, Thy harlots gently pleading, From death thy lot would turn away,



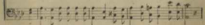
Where thousand souls are praise- ing ever, And all God's gracious mercy show; Oh, come, the spirit's whisper leading, Be- lieve that seek His courts to-day,



What though the path of sin's selfishness lies? It only leads them from thy house, Where songs on golden harps are ringing, And where, through heav'n's radiant bow,



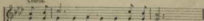
Oh, answer them, the harlots' calls there, Will you come, will you come, will you come? The angels' choirs are sweetly singing, Will you come, will you come, will you come?



WILL YOU COME.—Concluded.

Will you come?
Chorus.

Will you come?

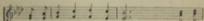


Will you come, come to Je - sus, Will you come?

Will you come?

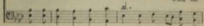


Will you come?

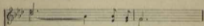


Will you come to Him to - day?

Will you
When the



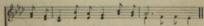
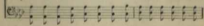
Will you come?



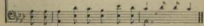
come?

Will you come?

gold - en harps are ring - ing, When the an - gel choirs are singing,



Will you come, will you come, will you come? (Will you come?)



No. 141. HIDE THOU ME.

Fanny J. Cheney.

Rev. E. Lowry, D.D.

1. In Thy shaft, O look of A - ges, Hide Thou me,
 2. From the scorn of sin - ful pleas - ure, Hide Thou me,
 3. In the lone - ly night of sor - row, Hide Thou me,

When the sin - ful temp - er - or, Hide Thou me,
 Thine, my soul's e - ter - nal treas - ure, Hide Thou me,
 Till in glo - ry dawn the mor - row, Hide Thou me,

When the sin - ful sin - ner sees - or From my heart Thy love de -
 When the world its pow'rs is wield - ing, And my heart is al - most
 In the sight of Je - sus's ter - ror, Let Thy in - ter - ce -
 s - ion, Hide me, O Thou look of A - ges, Hide in Thee
 yield - ing, Hide me, O Thou look of A - ges, Hide in Thee
 pit - ier, Hide me, O Thou look of A - ges, Hide in Thee.

From "Hymns and Songs," by Lowry.

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No. 142. THE MISSIONARY ANGEL.

And I saw another angel fly in the midst of heaven, bearing the everlasting gospel to preach unto them that dwell on the earth.—Rev. 14: 6.

REV. M. E. WELLS, D. D.

R. G. STAPLES.

Andante

1. The an - gel is fly - ing, from bright heavenly por - tals Ho
 2. The an - gel is fly - ing, From God and give glo - ry For the
 3. The an - gel is fly - ing, to - hold, the bright an - gel, An
 4. The watchman who stands on the watch-tower of Zi - on, And

speaks us his mission of love, Glad tid - ings its message, to per - suad - ing
 hour of his judgment is come, And tells us to kneel and adore the glad
 message the Lord and the title All na - tions of earth shall receive the mes -
 sages o'er the field of the night, Visions gleaming a - round, like the gleam of a

star - like Of the east that re - maineth in - born, The ti - a - ra of
 the - ty, Now Christ brings the water - life to us, O calls He to
 an - gel, Which tells that a star - like has God, The kingdom that
 is - on, As it leaps from its watch-tower of light— The Word sword of

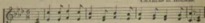
glo - ry an - nounces His hand, As tells the sweet message of life for the dead,
 written by Peter, enfolded To bow to God's mandate, believe and be saved,
 mighty sign, a sign, should become the most kingdom of Jesus the Lord,
 Jesus by the angel sword high, Now flashing its splendor across the dark sky.

A G. privilege glorious to us is given,
 To herald the angel's bliss light,
 To win the poor wanderers of earth back
 to heaven,

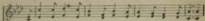
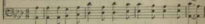
To scatter the truth and the light,
 Till the day of probation forever is o'er,
 And the angel returns to the mission
 above.

No. 143. BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.

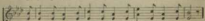
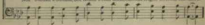
CHARLES B. HERRICK.



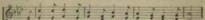
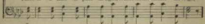
1. There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints inces - sal reign;
2. Sweet fields, beyond the swelling Jordan, stand dressed in liv - ing green;
3. Could we but catch where Moses stood, And view the landscape o'er,--



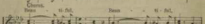
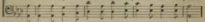
E - ter - nal day ex - ceeds the night, And pleasure has - ile pain,
No to the Jews old Co - stum stand, While Jordan rolled be - tween,
Not Jordan's stream, nor Death's cold bed, should fright us from the shore.



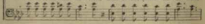
There ex - ce - l - ling spring a - bides, And ev - er fel - ing flowers,
Oh, could we make our double return, These glowing dainties that see,
There is a land of pure de-light, Where saints inces - sal reign,



Death, like a ter - ror sea, divides, That heavenly land from ours,
And on the Co - stum that we love, With us - be - hold - ed eyes,
E - ter - nal day ex - ceeds the night, And pleasure has - ile pain.



Beautiful, beautiful Co - stum, Dear - ti - ful, Dear - ti - ful Co - stum,



BEAUTIFUL CANAAN.—Concluded.

First part of the musical score for 'Beautiful Canaan'. It consists of a vocal line in G major and a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Fair land of Ca - naan, The heav - enly land of rest.

No. 144. JESUS IS MINE.

W. H. SHARR, by gen.

Legato.

Second part of the musical score for 'Jesus is Mine'. It consists of a vocal line in G major and a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

1. Now I have found a friend, Je - sus is mine; Whom love shall
2. Tho' I grow poor and old, Je - sus is mine; He will my
3. When death shall pass a - way, Je - sus is mine; Be the great

Piano accompaniment for the first system of 'Jesus is Mine'. It features a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of chords and simple melodic lines.

Third part of the musical score for 'Jesus is Mine'. It consists of a vocal line in G major and a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

ness or end, Je - sus is mine. Tho' death by joys de - ceases,
 faith up - hold, Je - sus is mine. He shall my woe - ful soul re - deem,
 judgment day, Je - sus is mine. O what a glo - rious thing.

Piano accompaniment for the second system of 'Jesus is Mine'. It features a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of chords and simple melodic lines.

Fourth part of the musical score for 'Jesus is Mine'. It consists of a vocal line in G major and a piano accompaniment in 4/4 time. The vocal line begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano part begins with a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#).

Tho' human friendships cease, Now I have last - ing peace, Je - sus is mine.
 His precious blood is rich, Naught can my hope de - stroy, Je - sus is mine.
 There to behold my King, Oh joyful hope to sing, Je - sus is mine.

Piano accompaniment for the third system of 'Jesus is Mine'. It features a bass clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 4/4 time signature. The music consists of chords and simple melodic lines.

No. 145. OH, LIST TO THE CALL.

LARA E. NEWELL.

C. E. LAMER.

1. Oh, list to the call, He is yearning for thee, Obey Him, and thou
 2. Oh, list to the call, He is pleading for you, His love will prevail,
 3. Oh, list to the call, and in His arms abide, In faith, love, and hope,

all thy sor-row-ful tears; He knows of thy cross, and His
 and His prom-ise is true; He stands at the gate, there to
 or - er walk by His side; Cling close to the Sav-our, He'll

in - it - utes love Will ten - der - ly lead thee to
 wel- come us all, Oh, list to His plead - ing, oh,
 now - or for - ev-er, Led all His dis - ci - ples His

Chorus.

mansions above, Oh, list to the call, He is pleading for all; The
 list to the call,
 love shall partake.

Sav-our is near, Then why should we fear? Oh, list to His call, for the

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OH, LIST TO THE CALL. Concluded.

See how He yearns, He gladly would lead those whose skies are all clear.

No. 146. JESUS, ONLY JESUS.

Mrs. E. M. Hall.

J. T. Grape.

1. Would you had a place of rest? Acquaint thyself with Je - sus;
 Would you had a lov - ing breast? He found alone in Je - sus.
 2. He was tru - ly Ma - ry's Son, Yet we own Him Je - sus;
 He was humble and a - lone, Yet we love Him Je - sus;
 3. Oh, how sweet, when weary days And fe - ver'd nights are o'er,
 Saved by grace, with Him to dwell For - ev - er and for - ev - er.

He's the star on life's dark night, Pointing to a world of light,
 And with Him His church are long, Joining the tri - umphant song.
 Storms may rage, and o - ceans roll, He's the an - chor of the soul,

Where the soul in sweet delight, May ev - er dwell with Je - sus.
 Shall His glo - rious name prolong, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.
 And, while oceans a - gain roll, 'Tis Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

No. 147. 'TIS ONLY THRO' JESUS I LIVE.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLES.

1. Naught can I do that will save My soul from its woe - ter de - spair;
 2. Let me not hear her the thought, That I can do aught that will save
 3. Let me approach thee, O Lord! Through faith in the Cross - and then,
 4. Speak words of grace, re - vive This sad and aching heart in - to Thee;

No word, thought, or action of mine, Believes me when beset with care,
 This sin-burdened heart from its guilt, No way is - by covering the guilt,
 And in Thy compassions and love, O speak them, and let it be done,
 And help us look outward from self, To Je - sus who redeemed the sin.

Chorus

The on - ly one! Je - sus I live, And this shall be my one plan,
 I live,

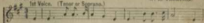
O Father! look down on the cross, And show Thy dear Son pardon me, even me,
 His cross,

No. 148. TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.

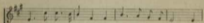
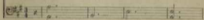
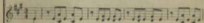
W. L. T.

W. L. THOMPSON.

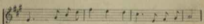
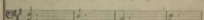
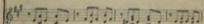
1st Voice. (Tenor or Soprano.)



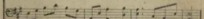
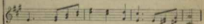
1. O tell me more of Je - sus, Of Him I long to know, Why
2. But why in the under-ling The more that I can tell, Can



did He come from heav - en, To help us here be - lieve? Why
He for - give and love us, When we are all so - bad? Can



did He come from heav - en, To help us here be - lieve?
He for - give and love us, When we are all so - bad?



TELL ME MORE OF JESUS.—Continued.

2d. Verse. (Coprano or Tenor.)

He was
His love

to give and shed - y! By grace and mercy
in all you did - ing. The love - increased in

ground,
love,

He came
He came

to us a Son - born, And
to us a Son - born, He

by
name

His all were blessed,
for you and me,

He came
He came

to us a
to us a

Tell me more of Jesus. - Concluded.

rit.

Tell - me, and by Him all were blessed,
 Tell - me, the name for you and me.

rit.

And by Him all were blessed, and by Him all were blessed,
 The name for you and me, the name for you and me.

First Voice

Second Voice

Chorus. A tempo.

O Je - sus, precious Je - sus, let us love Thee more and more.

Guide me, O my Sav - iour, Guide me to the heav'nly shore.

pp rit.

Guide me to the heav'nly shore.

Guide me, O my Sav - iour, only to the heav'nly shore.

No. 150. STAY THOU BY ME.

FRANCIS J. CROSBY.
Gently, with feeling.

W. H. DAVIS, ly. gen.

1. My way is dark, O far-ther, hear my call, Stay Thou by me;
 2. My way is dark, my steps I may not guide, Stay Thou by me;
 3. My way is dark, but it will not be long, Stay Thou by me;

Thy love is light, O Thou my All in all, Stay Thou by me,
 Reach down Thy hand, and draw me to Thy side, Stay Thou by me,
 Till I shall wake a world the ransomed through, Stay Thou by me,

My way is dark, and I a stran-ger roam,
 No heart like Thine my ev-ry care has known,
 In life, in death, all, all I cling to Thee,

(After last verse.)
 Stay Thou by me, and lead, O lead me home,
 Stay Thou by me, I can not walk a-lone a- lone,
 On earth, in heaven, O Lord, stay Thou by me.

No. 151. FLEE AS A BIRD.

Rev. M. S. P. Davis.

Andante mosso

1. Fly as a bird to your saint - en,
 2. He will protect thee for - ev - er.

Thou shalt see - ry of sin, Go to the dear Saviour
 Wipe us - ry fall - ing tear, He will break thee, O

Lead - us, Where you may wash us in clean,
 us - us, That lead us on - ly there.

FLEE AS A BIRD. Concluded.

Fly, for th'aven - get in soon - then, Call and the favours will
 Reach, then, the heav'n - as by - ing, Spread out the garments in

low - then, He - an - His be - son will hear - then,
 high - ing, Come from your sin - now and cry - ing, The

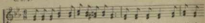
no more strains. *D.C.*

Those who are sin - ny of sin, O them, who are enemy of sin,
 far - less will wipe us - ny less, The favours will wipe us - ny less.

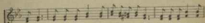
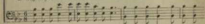
No. 152. WHY DO YOU WAIT.

C. J. F.

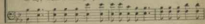
W. H. DUNN, ly. poet.



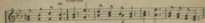
1. Why do you wait? when all things are ready, Ready in Christ, you - bid us
2. Why do you wait? this night is starting, Can you re - sist, or dare you
3. Why do you wait? how every laughing, Tells of the cross where Je - sus
4. Why do you wait? salvation is nearest, Life has risen on, then do not



be you? Je - sus is - cles, O tender compassion, U - gain entrance, what
is - there? X - tis and good. No place before you, Darkness and Light, O
has died. Hide you look up, and by faith behold Him, Points to the blood that
he lay; What if this night your term of probation Close and your soul be

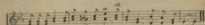


Chorus.

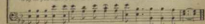


more can He do?
which will you choose?
Dressed from His side?
how - that is - way?

Com - e, come, trust in His Word, Com - e, come, trust in the Lord;



Why do you wait? Come in - the time? Then brother, why not come now?



No. 153. LEAD KINDLY LIGHT.

J. H. NEWMAN.

J. B. DYER.

1. Lead, kindly Light, amid the wintering gloom, Lead Thou me
 2. I was not as - er this, nor pray'd that thou shouldst lead me
 3. So long Thy pow - er hath led me, now it Will lead me

and Thought to dark, and I am far from home, Lead Thou me and
 and I lov'd to follow and see my path, but now Lead Thou me and
 and O'er seas and ice, o'er rocks and waves, till The night is gone,

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
 I lov'd the gar - ish day, and spite of
 And with the morn' there an - gelic be - an

The dis - till' water, nor stop a - mough for me
 Fails when my will, dis - cover let not just year!
 Which I have lov'd long since, and but a - while!

No. 154. WE SHALL MEET THEM BY AND BY.

CHARLES E. SULLER.

1. Where the golden and light fingers, And the sky with glory fills,
 2. From we'll gather at the riv - er, Where the angels watch and wait,
 3. Oh, the glad triumphant greeting, On the bright, eternal shore,

Where the new song there is - - - On the Mount - ter - rae - d hills,
 From we'll sing the new song ev - er, Built within the golden gate,
 And the blessed hope of heav - en - sing, All our loved ones greet below,

There our loved ones gather, waiting, Sacred the golden throne on high,
 Where the nations, sweet ascending, Fill with melody the sky,
 No more failing, no more sadness, Christ, our Father ev - er nigh,

We Shall Meet Them By and By.—Concluded.

Forward for all conquest - ing— We shall meet them by and by,
 Joy and glory we re - ceive— We shall meet them by and by,
 All our mourning turned to gladness— We shall meet them by and by.

Chorus.

Just beyond the golden gate, Free them er - ty sorrow's
 Just beyond the portals,

High, Where there's room for pain's our part - ing,
 Free them er - ty sigh, Where there's room for joy's our part - ing.

We shall meet them by and by, by and by.

No. 155. DARK WAS THE NIGHT.

R. G. S.

R. G. STAPLER.

1. Dark was the night when the Saviour of men Wrothled in prayer;
 2. Laid out on high, with the nails thro' His hands, Pierced by the spear,
 3. Are we in sin - We've done life like a load Crush us to earth?

while the great drops of blood Stood on His brow, as in anguish He knelt,
 while the blood freely flows; Je - sus our Lord with His last dy - ing groans,
 Are we here - downed with grief? O let us pray to our Father in heav'n,

Chorus.

Flour - ing a - lone With His Fa - ther and God,
 Beneath a prayer in his - ter of His Son, } Sweet home of pray'r's,
 He will reach out to all un - derwood to lead

sinners - Saviour and King, Wrothled a - lone till mid - night to late,

DARK WAS THE NIGHT. Concluded.

Thinking this truth great to numbers on high, Thy 't is the gold on gate.

No. 156. REMEMBER ME.

— E. G. STAPLES.

Andante.

1. O Thou from whom all goodness flows, I lift my soul to Thee.
2. When with an un - lay burden'd heart, I seek re - lief of Thee.
3. When let - tle men ob - struct my way, and like I can not see.
4. If for Thy sake up - on my knees, in prayer and shame I lie.
5. When worn with pain, thy cross and grief, Thy be - liee - ble - y - es,

In all my sor - rows, un - blest, woe,
Thy grace - ful - ness, new power in - part,
Oh let my strength be as my day,
I'll lead reproach - and welcome shame,
Great patience, rest and kind re - lief.

O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Andante.

Re - mem - ber me, re - mem - ber me, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

Repeat.

No. 157. When the Mists have cleared away.

ANNE HICKSBY

J. H. ARONSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd by, aghast, from the bosom of the hills,
 2. If we are, in his - some blindness, and we get that we are dead,
 3. When the mists have roll'd by, to leave us, and our Faith no longer has, our

And the consolation, warm and ten - der, Falls in like - an on the hills,
 If we can the law of kind - ness When we struggle to be just,
 Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known,

We may read love's shining let - ter In the rain - bow of the spray,
 Every wing of peace shall see - us All the paths that bid us a - way,
 Let beyond the a - thens numbers, There's the gold on wings of day,

We shall know each other bet - ter When the mists have clear'd a - way,
 When the weary watch is o - ver, And the mists have clear'd a - way,
 Heart to heart we'll be the glad ones, Till the mists have clear'd a - way.

When the Mists have cleared away. Concluded.

Chorus.

We shall know, as we are known, Never more to walk a-
 lone, In the dawn - - - ing of the morn - ing.

lone, In the dawn - - - ing of the morn - ing. When the
 mists have clear'd away, In the dawn - ing of the

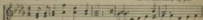
morn - ing. When the mists have clear'd away, In the dawn - ing of the
 morn - ing. When the mists have clear'd away, In the dawn - ing

morn - ing. When the mists have clear'd away.
 When the mists have clear'd away.

No. 158. LET THE SAVIOUR IN!

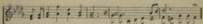
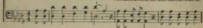
J. B. JOHNSON.

E. G. KRULL, by per



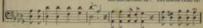
- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| 1. There's a Stranger at the door ; | Let | Him in! |
| 2. O you men in His power bound ; | Let | Him in! |
| 3. Hear you now His lov'ing voice ; | Let | Him in! |
| 4. Now admit the heav'nly Guest ; | Let | Him in! |

Let the Father in! Let the Father in!

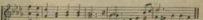


- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----|---------|
| He has been there all the time ; | Let | Him in! |
| If you wish He will do just ; | Let | Him in! |
| Now, oh, now make Him your choice ; | Let | Him in! |
| He will make for you a home ; | Let | Him in! |

Let the Father in! Let the Father in!

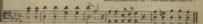


Let Him in, for He is good; Let Him in, The Ho - ly One,
 Let Him in; He is your Friend; And your soul He will de - fend,
 He is stand - ing at the door, Joy to you He will re - store,
 He will speak your sin for - give, And what earth - ties all are there,



- | | | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|---------|
| To see Christ, the Father's Son ; | Let | Him in! |
| He will keep you to the end ; | Let | Him in! |
| And His name you will a - dore ; | Let | Him in! |
| He will take you home to heav'n. | Let | Him in! |

Let the Father in! Let the Father in!



No. 150. MAKE A FRIEND OF JESUS.

E. S. H.

Rev. EDWIN A. HORTMAN, Arr.

1. Brothers, make a friend of Je - sus! Who is kind and true?
 Who is full of rich mes - sages, And of love to you?
 2. Brothers, make a friend of Je - sus, Trust Him day by day,
 And you will be safe by guid - ed in the nar - row way.
 3. Brothers, make a friend of Je - sus, His af - fe - ction pure,
 Rich with ten - der years and con - fort. He - ro will en - dure.

He is the friend of sin - ners; Free - ly He will for - give;
 He is so kind and gen - erous, He will His own de - sires,
 O what a pre - cious bar - ter! O what a friend is He!

Brothers, give your heart to Je - sus, And His grace re - ceive,
 Brothers, if you need a Mes - sias, Make the Lord your friend,
 Trust Him and His love will bless Them, They' - re - ter - ni - ty.

Chorus.

Make

Him your friend,

And He

will de -

Make the Lord your friend? Make the Lord your friend, And He will defend

you He will defend! Trust Him and His love will bless Them, They' - re - ter - ni - ty.

No. 162. JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.

Adapted.

FRANK ABE.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me be Thy be - come
 2. Oth - er self - we have I none, Hang up my body - and soul on
 3. Thee, O Christ, art all I want, More than all in Thee I
 4. Plea - sure gain with Thee is found - Give to me - or all my

By. While the sun - or we are all, While the sea, great still is
 Thee, Leave me, leave me not a - lone, Still my part and soul - fast
 that make the fall - on others the light, Make the dark and lead the
 me. Let the soul - ing stream down, Make me, keep me pure with

pp stringendo *ritard.*
 High, Hide me, O my Ser - vice kids, Till death's door of life is
 me, All my trust on Thee is stayed, All my help from Thee I
 find, Just and be - lie in Thee alone, I am all righteousness
 in Thee of life the fountain art, Free by let me take of

pp stringendo tutto piano.

JESUS, LOVER OF MY SOUL.—Concluded.

The first system of music features a vocal line with a melodic line and lyrics, a guitar accompaniment, and a bass line. The lyrics are: "I will sing Thy praise, O Jesus, my dear Redeemer, with love and joy."

The second system continues the musical piece with the same three parts. The lyrics are: "I will sing Thy praise, O Jesus, my dear Redeemer, with love and joy."

The third system concludes the piece. The lyrics are: "I will sing Thy praise, O Jesus, my dear Redeemer, with love and joy."

No. 103. I NEED THE PRAYERS OF THOSE I LOVE.

J. E. BAKER, D. D.

E. S. LOWERY, by poet

I need the prayers of those I love, I need the sweet, sweet feel- ing,

That wait for me to weep in love, When e'er dear friends are kneel- ing,

A- and life's care I need the pray-ers I
A- and life's care I need the pray-ers I

need the pray-ers I need the pray-ers
I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love,

I need the Prayers of Those I Love.— Concluded.

A - and his's name, I need the prayers, I need the prayers,
 A - and his's name, I need the prayers, I need the prayers.

I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love,
 I need the prayers of those I love, of those I love.

1 Of those I love the prayers I need!
 They know my wants and ailing,
 They know the way to succor,
 For all my faults and failings,
 Oh tender knee,
 Remember me,
 Of those I love the prayers I need!

2 Of those I love, I need the prayers!
 Whose'nt God's throne addressing,
 'Twill keep my feet from sinning,
 'Twill lead to share'nt of blessing,
 Who love me yet,
 Oh, so'er forget,
 Of those I love, I need the prayers!

No. 164. HOW SWEET THE NAME.

JOHN T. GRAFF.

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds, In a be - lie - ver's ear,
 2. It makes the wounded soul - it whole, And calms the troubled heart,
 3. Dear Name, the rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place,
 4. Je - sus, my Shepherd, My love, My Friend, My Prophet, Friend, and King.

It smooths his sorrows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fears,
 'Tis man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wear - y rest,
 My sin - ar - rest - ing room - my shield With boundless stores of grace,
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End, Ar - rest the praise I bring.

No. 165. I HAVE CHRIST, WHAT WANT I MORE?

E. G. REAPLAN.

Allegro

1. In the heart of London sit - ting 'Mid the dwellings of the poor,
 2. He who ledeth them on to bring her something from the world's great store,
 3. Oh, my dear, say be - lieve me now! High and low, and rich and poor.

These bright glad days were mine at first, "I have Christ, what want I more?"
 In my need - less state, she shed my - ing, "I have Christ, what want I more?"
 Can you say with deep thanksgiving, "I have Christ, what want I more?"

By a low - ly dy - ing man, through his agon - y and pain,
 But his wounds will live, the - re - as, I re - pent them o'er and o'er,
 Look a - way from earthly de - sires, All earth's joys will soon be o'er,

Having met our earthly van - ish, "I have Christ, what want I more?"
 And de - light in his love and joy - ing, "I have Christ, what want I more?"
 Rest us all such hearts as claim - eth, "I have Christ, what want I more?"

I HAVE CHRIST, Etc.—Concluded.

Chorus.

I have Christ, what want I more? I have Christ, what want I more?

All earth's joys will soon be o - ver, I have Christ, what want I more?

No. 166. I DO BELIEVE.

1. I - he? and did my Father bleed? And did my Saviour die?
2. Was it for sinners that I had done the ground up on the tree?

U.S. Chorus. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve That Je - sus died for me;

Would He devote that ex - cell - ent head For such a worm as I?
A - tearing pit - y! gross unknown! And love to yield de - grace?

And thro' His blood, His precious blood I shall from sin be free.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>3. Thus might I hide my bleeding face
While His dear cross appears,
Drench'd in my sweat in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.</p> | <p>4. But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away—
"Tis all that I can do.</p> |
|---|--|

No. 167. Speak Gently to thy Brother.

W. S. H.

Rev. Wm. E. Hayward, D. D.

1. They say the world is wicked, And ev'ry thing goes wrong;
 2. The world will soon be tempt'd, To run the slipshod way,

That none are al-ways faithless, And none are true and strong,
 Our hearts will of-ten show us, From God and heav'n a - way,

But oh we need re-mem-ber, That in our light with sin,
 But then we need re-mem-ber, That if we're al-ways true,

If we will help our brother, He may fight through and with,
 And seek to help each oth-er, That Christ will help us too.

Speak Gently, &c.—Concluded.

Chorus.

Speak gen - tly to thy brother, Speak on - ly words of love.

For we must help each oth - er, For all we need is love,

Speak gen - tly: speak gen - tly, Speak on - ly words of love.

For we must help each oth - er, For all we need is love.

No. 108. BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.

E. B. LAYTON.
Adornate.

H. S. FRANCIS.

1. Blessed be the Fountain of blood, To a world of sinners revealed;
2. Thence was the crown that He wore, And the cross He had y e'er come;
3. For thus, I have wander'd from Thee, Often has my heart gone astray;

Blessed be the dear Son of God, On - ly by His stripes we are healed,
Glorious was the sacrifice He bore, But He suf - fer'd not there in vain,
Crimes are do my sins seem to me— Wa - ter can not wash them a way.

That I've wander'd far from Thee till, Bringing in my heart pain and woe,
May I to that Fountain be led, Made to cleanse my soul here below;
Je - sus to that Fountain of Thine, Leading on Thy promise I go;

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, And I shall be white as than snow,
Wash me in the blood that He shed, And I shall be white as than snow,
Cleanse me by Thy washing divine, And I shall be white as than snow.

BLESSED BE THE FOUNTAIN.—Concluded.

Chorus. 117

Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, or than the more, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb.

than the more, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb, or than the more, Wash me in the blood of the Lamb.

Lamb, And I shall be wash-ed than more.

Lamb, of the Lamb, And I shall be wash-ed than more, than more.

No. 160. ROCK OF AGES.

THOMAS HAYWARD.

First. 118

Rock of Ages, cleft for me, Let me hide myself in Thee. Let the water and the blood From Thy wounded side which flow'd, Be of sin the double cure, Cleanse from all uncleanness here.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
 Could my soul no language know,
 Then for sin could not atone,
 Then must I die, and Thou alone,
 In my hand no price I bring,
 Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyes shall close in death,
 When I rise to worlds unknown,
 And behold Thee on Thy throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 170. We shall know Each other There.

G. A. F.

C. A. FRENCH.

1. Shall we know our lov'd ones up - on the oth - er shore?
 2. Shall we know our far - ter up - on the oth - er shore?
 3. Oh, howe'er to know that, up - on the oth - er shore?

Will they come to meet us and greet us as we of yours?
 Can we trust Happen - ing of sad for - ev - er more?
 Free from pain and we - are not our for - ev - er more?

Will they guide us safe - ly with - in the port - y gate?
 Will the bid us on - ly with - in the port - y gate?
 We shall know the lov'd ones with - in the port - y gate?

When we meet up - on the oth - er shore?
 When we meet up - on the oth - er shore?
 When we meet up - on the oth - er shore?

We shall know Each other There.—Concluded.

Chorus

You we'll know as we are known,
 You we'll know as we are known,

When we meet up-on that happy gold-en shore,

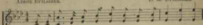
You we'll know as we are known, When we
 You we'll know

meet up-on that happy gold-en shore,
 the gold-en shore,

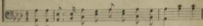
No. 171. SAVE ME LORD.

ALBION EVILASSER.

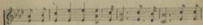
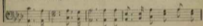
L. M. EVILASSER.



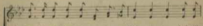
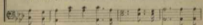
1. Let a poor and weak - y sin - ner To the cross I cling,
2. There is per - sonal peace and par - don For the sin - ners' end,
3. There's a house of man - y mansions That is built on high,



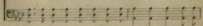
Save me Lord, save me Lord! Nothing great have I to of - fer,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Thy' the cleansing blood of Je - sus,
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Where his cho - ces shall be gath - er'd,



Sought but sin I bring, Save me Lord, save me Lord! Yet I
sin - ners are made whole, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! "Come and
To Him, by and - by, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord! Just a



know He died for sin - ners On the cross Cal - va - ry, And with
drink ye of the Son - ners, That is flow - ing free, "Come in
few more years of hell - ing For the Man - ner here, Just a



SAVE ME LORD.—Concluded.

joy I know His low-ly voice—^f I died for them, I am ever-^fing
 love, for that great love have I come, My love the same, If you value my
 low name pray to be heaven: All the good we meet, Till He bids us

Men of sinners, To Thy arms I fly, Save me Lord, save me Lord,
 Saving, loving, He will change my soul, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord,
 "Come up higher," To that home above, Praise the Lord, praise the Lord.

No. 172. NETTLETON. 8s, 7s, D.

AGAZEL NETTLETON.

1. { Come thou Lord of us-er-y bless-ing, Thine my heart to sing Thy grace; }
 { Whom-er of us-er-y we meet, we sing, Call for songs of loud-est praise; }
 D.C.—Praise the name—I'm glad upon it, Most of Thy re-duc-ing love.

Teach me some new - in-fer-ent - not, sing by - low-ly long-est above;

1 How I value my Redeemer,
 Whom by thy body I ransom;
 And I hope, by Thy good pleasure
 Gladly to arrive at home;
 Jesus might me, when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed His precious blood.

2 O to grace how good a debtor
 Truly I'm constrained to be!
 Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to Thee;
 Praise to worship, Lord, I feel it;
 Praise to know the God I love,
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
 Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 173. ROOM AT THE THRONE OF GRACE.

H. G. WEAVER.

W. F. BRAYN.

And. *Allegro.*

1. Room at the throne of grace, His - side, for them: Let us the
 2. Room at the throne of grace, Why then do - lay? Hark to the
 3. Room at the throne of grace, None and no - longer: Christ, how His

And. p. *Allegro. mf.*

voice which says, Come on - to us: Lay on - thy head down,
 His - love's voice calls them to - day: How do the will - ing men
 see close blood, Oh - with sweet peace: None need to wait by us -

And. p.

No long or wait, Why stands the door so far, Straight to the gate,
 Back to the way: His a - vastness has: That His short stay
 You in the gift, Come to the throne of God, Hide in His will.

Chorus.

Come, how do'st sit - ter, Just as you are, Come to the

throne of grace, were he to appear, to - us to - day: How

ROOM AT THE THRONE, Etc.—Concluded.

mus - ics, he came, the - re, now heed the call, Why will you tarry?

No. 174. CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

Common.

1. There is a fountain hid with blood drawn from Im - man - uel's vein.

And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that foun - tain, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
D.S.—And sin - ners plung'd be - neath that foun - tain, Lose all their guilt - y stains.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
D.S.

1 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Wash'd all my sins away.

2 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the nations' Church of God
Be saved, to all our glory.

4 If'er done by faith I see the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

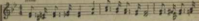
2 There is a hidden, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor sinner's riving tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

No. 175. WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.

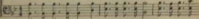
REV. J. ANDERSON.

FRANK L. ANDERSON.

Alto



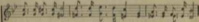
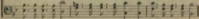
1. In the ark meet - ing, When the Lord appeared, There to meet His
2. New God's chosen - lam - ble, When He will impart. Hear us, O richest
3. Whar - en - er - er Je - sus is a welcome guest, In the heart of



pre - ble, Who His man - date found, Whar - en - er this eye - lid
meetings, In my sin - ful heart, At the door He's knock - ing,
house - hold, There is sweet and rest, Wel - come, bless of sur - vives,

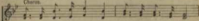
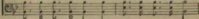



Found a rest - ing place, There were sweetest in - lets Of Jehovah's grace,
Waiting to come in, — Wel - come, Je - sus, welcome, Cleanse my heart from sin,
Show me now Thy grace, Make my heart Thy temple, Thine own a dwelling place.

Chorus

Wel - come, Je - sus, wel - come, Wel - come to my heart,

WELCOME, JESUS, WELCOME.—Concluded.

Make it now Thy dwelling place, And nev - er more de - part.

Make it now Thy dwelling place, And nev - er more de - part.

No. 176. OLD HUNDRED.

L. M.

Isaac Watts.

L. Kierulff.

L. De - fine Je - hovah's ex - cel - lence, To na - tions, low with - out end joy:

Know that the Lord is God a - lone; He can cre - ate, and He de - stroy.

1 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

2 We see His people, we His care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame;
What loving kindness shall we show,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name!

3 Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

By THOMAS KAY, 1831.

AT JESUS' FEET.—Concluded.

Chorus.

At His feet, oh, blessed spot! His
At His feet, oh, bless - ed spot!

love it throughly out, And I will kneel down and rest at the feet of Je - sus.

No. 178. THE LORD'S PRAYER.

1. Our Father, who art in heav'n, hallow'd . . . be Thy name,
2. Give us this day our . . . ful - ly bread,
3. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver . . . us from evil.

The kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth, as it is in heav'n,
And give us our temptations, as we forgive them that trespass a - gainst us,
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever and ever. A - men.

No. 179. Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

Mrs. WILLIAMS.

J. P. KIMPTON.

1. Rocked in the cradle of the deep, I lay the
 2. And with the trust that still is mine, The' stormy

down . . . in peace to sleep; No more I rest upon the
 while . . . wrapped in the folds, Or through the tempest's fiery

waves, For then, O Lord, hasten'to save; I
 breath' thou hast from sleep to wake and death. In

Rocked in the cradle of the deep. Continued.

know them will not slight my call, For them that mark the sparrow's
 a - cain care will not with these, The germ of immor-tal - i -

all! And calm and peaceful in my sleep,
 ty! And calm and peaceful in my sleep,

Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and peaceful in my
 Rocked in the cradle of the deep, And calm and peaceful in my

Rocked in the cradle of the deep. Concluded.

of Milton.

deep. Rocked in the cradle of the deep.
 deep. Rocked in the cradle of the deep.

f *rit.* *dim.*

No. 180. JESUS WILL LET YOU IN.

A. S. K.

A. S. KIRBY.

1. Come to our Fa-ther's home, Come, ere the day is done,
 Tempests are gather-ing fast, Dark seas is run-ning on,
 2. Look at the wear-y way, Look where the feet have trod,
 3. Flank-ing us round our pass, Wand'ring a-way from God,
 4. Dark-er the path-way grows, None will the night-seas cross,
 5. Flare by the light-winged host, Dark-er the tempests blow.

Chorus.

Fly, for the tempest is coming, Sweeping the fields of sin,
 Crash at the portals of mercy, No one will let you in.

4 Fly from the fields of sin,
 Fly for thy life, today,
 Fly to our Father's home,
 Enter the narrow way.

5 None will thy soul find rest,
 Safe from such angry blast,
 None find a perfect peace--
 Save that fleeing fast.

No. 181. WHAT WONDROUS LOVE.

Arr. by D. E. DUNN.

1. What wondrous love is this, - O my soul! O my soul! What
 2. When I was sick - ing down, Sick - ing down, sick - ing down, When
 3. Ye wing - ed ser - aphs, fly! Near the cross, Ye wing - ed ser - aphs, fly
 4. To God and to the Lamb I will sing! I will sing! To

wondrous love is this, - O my soul! What wondrous love is this
 I was sick ing down, Sick - ing down! When I was sick - ing down
 wing - ed seraphs, fly, Near the cross, Ye wing - ed ser - aphs, fly
 God and to the Lamb I will sing! To God and to the Lamb

That raised the Lord of life To bear the dreadful cross For my sake!
 Beneath God's righteous cross, Christ laid a - side His crown For my
 Like one who flows the sky, I'll that a - bo - ve - in - ty With the
 And to the great I Am, While millions join the throng I will

soul, for my soul! To bear the dread - ful cross For my soul!
 soul, for my soul, Christ laid a - side His crown For my soul.
 cross, with the cross, I'll cast a - bo - ve - in - ty With the cross,
 sing, I will sing, While mil - lions join the throng I will sing.

1. Come throngs of God's King, join the praise!
 Come throngs of God's King,
 With laurels and robes sing,
 And praise each noble thing in His praise!

2. Thus while from death we're free we'll sing out
 Thus while from death we're free,
 We'll sing and praise to
 And in eternity we'll sing out!

FAVORITE HYMNS.

No. 102. BETHANY. G. & M.

Key of F \sharp

- 1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That lays me low,
Still all my long days shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dream I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thine angels do
In mercy given;
Angels to lead me
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!
- 4 Oh, if on joyful wing,
Clearing the sky,
Fire, brass, and steel I'd fly,
I'd reach I'd fly,
Still all my long days shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

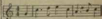
No. 103. HYFLEIGH.



- 1 Did Christ e'er sinners weep?
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tokens of penitential grief
Droop forth from every eye.
- 2 The fruit of God is tears
The wandering angels see;
So thou astonished, if my soul;
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

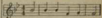
Rev. J. HAYWARD.

No. 104. BOWE. G. M.



- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own His cause,
Or shrink to speak His name?
- 2 Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?
- 3 Are there no foes for me to fear?
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,
Increase my courage, Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by Thy word.

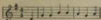
No. 105. LENCE.



- 1 Arise, my soul, arise;
Shake off thy guilty fears,
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Behold the throne my sinners stands,
[My name is written on the book.]
- 2 He ever lives above,
For us to intercede,
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our sins,
And sprinkles out the taints of guilt.
- 3 Five bleeding wounds, He bears,
Enacted on Calvary;
They pierce effectual prayers,
They strongly plead for me;
Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,
Nor let that merciful sinners die.
- 4 To God I'm committed,
His parting voice I hear;
He calls me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Akin, Father, cry

FAVORITE HYMNS.—Continued.

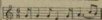
No. 106. COBINATION.



- 1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 2 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Hymns, whose love can ne'er be kept
The wilderness and the gall,
Go, spread your trophies at His feet,
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 4 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

REV. EDWARD PARSONS.

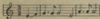
No. 107. I GAVE MY LIFE FOR THEE.



- 1 I gave my life for thee,
My precious blood I shed,
That thou might ransom be,
And awakened from the dead;
I gave, I gave my life for thee,
What hast thou given for me?
- 2 My Father's house of light—
My glory-etched throne,
I left, for earthly night,
For wanderings sad and lone:
I left, I left it all for thee—
Hast thou left ought for me?
- 3 And I have brought to thee,
Down from my home above,
Salvation full and free,
My pardon and my love;
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,
What hast thou brought for me?

No. 108. WORK FOR THE NIGHT.

No. 109. FIDEL O.E.



- 1 Come, lovable stone, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your gifts and love approach,
And make this last resolve.
- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know His courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Prostrate I'll lie before His throne,
And there my gifts receive;
I'll tell Him, I'm a wretch undone
Without His sovereign grace.
- 4 Perhaps He will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.
- 5 I can but perish if I go—
I was resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I trust forever die.

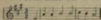
KEY of D.

- 1 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the morning hours;
Work while the dew is sparkling,
Work 'mid springing flowers;
Work when the day grows brighter,
Work in the glowing sun;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming,
Work through the sunny noon;
Fill brightest hours with labor,
And never rest and soon;
Give every flying minute
Something to keep in store;
Work, for the night is coming,
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,
Under the sunset skies,
While their bright stars are glowing,
Work, for the daylight flies;
Work all the last hours hushed,
Fadeth to shine no more;
Work while the night is darkening,
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER.

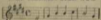
FAVORITE HYMNS.—Concluded.

No. 120. ARISE, O LORD.



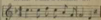
- 1 O for a closer walk with God—
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads us to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blasphemer I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the scornful-looking view
Of Jesus and His word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But they have left no aching void
The world can never fill.
- 4 Hark, O holy Dove, retreat,
Sweet messenger of rest,
I hate the sin that made Thee mourn,
And drives Thee from my breast.

No. 121. THURSDAY EVEN. 3, 4th.



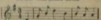
- 1 From Gennesareth's by mountains,
From Galilee's coral strand,
Where Abner's sunny fishermen
Hull down their golden net;
From many an arched cave,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from scow's chain.
- 2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high—
Shall we, to men unlighted,
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation, oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has heard of Moses' name.
- 3 Walk, walk, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole;
Till e'er our ransomed nations
The Lamb for sinners slain
Believer, King, Creator,
In bliss return to reign.

No. 122. WHAT A FRIEND, & C.



- 1 What a friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear;
What a privilege to carry
Everything to God in prayer.
Oh, what peace we often fetch,
Oh, what restfulness we bear—
All because we do not carry
Everything to God in prayer.
- 2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
- 3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Fretless failures, still our refuge,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,
Thou wilt find a refuge there.

No. 123. THE SOLID ROCK.



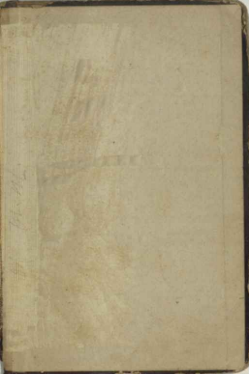
- 1 My hope is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
But wholly lean on Jesus' name;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 2 When darkness seems to veil His face,
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand;
All other ground is sinking sand.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, and blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul given o'er,
He then is all my hope and stay;
On Christ, the solid rock, I stand,
All other ground is sinking sand.

INDEX.

A	No.	C	No.
Abide with Me	39	Calve on the listening ear	113
A child of the King	71	Cast thy bread upon the waters	122
After the storm that sweeps the sea	70	Cast your eyes on Jesus	81
Alas and did my Saviour bleed	106	Christians, let the fields	171
All hail the power of Jesus' name	190	Chattering fountain	174
All to Christ I give	45	Come, blest Redeemer	187
Am I soldier of the Cross	104	Come and sing with Joy	35
Angels hovering 'round	52	Come thou Sinner	172
Are you washed in the blood	149	Come to our Father's house	140
Are you weary	116	Come unto me	5
Arise, my soul, arise	185	Come we that love the Lord	20
A dinner I come	19	Conversion. C. H.	190
At home or abroad	50	D	
At Jesus' feet	177	Dark was the night	151
At the Cross	107	Did Christ's sin sinners weep	183
At the sounding of the trumpet	41	Did you think to pray	14
Aurora. C. H.	100	Do I not read thee	81
B		E	
Beautiful Gossamer	142	Has you left your room	14
Behold what manner of love	88	F	
Believe and keep on believing	90	Far from these scenes of night	180
Be merciful to me, O God	47	Five of them were Jewish	187
Be not afraid	91	Flies as a bird	181
Bethany. A. & S.	102	Forest. L. M.	168
Better than life to me	79	For you and for me	130
Beyond the grieving	109	From Greenland's icy mountains	101
Beyond the shores of death's straits	140	G	
Beyond the things that perish	59	Give us Jesus	149
Blessed be the fountain	103	Gloria Patri	5
Boylston. S. M.	103	Glory be to the Father	5
Bright Gossamer	83	Go, busy thy sorrow	127
Bringing in the sheaves	62	God be with you	187
Brother, make a Friend of Jesus	110	Guide me Saviour	61
Brown. C. H.	104		
By and by	87		

	No.		No.
Hallelujah, bless His name	18	In Thy shaft, O rock of Ages	141
Happy Day	88	I sat alone with life's memories	134
Hast thou looked for the star	87	Is it nothing to you	82
Have you eyes to Jesus	108	Is my name written there	88
Have you ever closed your heart	114	I stand all bewitched	87
Have you heard the good news	91	I stand beside the crimson stream	84
Heart, O love me	138	Is there a sinner waiting	73
Hear the news	38	Is your light shining	78
Heavenly Shepherd	95	I think when I read that sweet story	104
Heaven, C. M.	187	I want to be a worker	65
He is our God	208	I will arise	131
He knoweth the way	101	I would not live alone	87
He loveth me	60		
He moves in the afternoon	48	J	
He that giveth birth with weeping	18	Jesus died for me	77
Hide Thou me	141	Jesus I love thy charming name	88
Ho! all ye thirsty	120	Jesus is calling	94
Holy Jesus	178	Jesus is coming again	89
How firm a foundation	98	Jesus is here	88
How happy every child of grace	74	Jesus is mine	144
How sad it would be	82	Jesus is passing this way	75
How sweet the name	144	Jesus lover of my soul	161
		Jesus my Saviour (title)	94
I		Jesus my Saviour to Bethlehem came	128
I am grieved on the way	78	Jesus, only Jesus	148
I am safe in the rock	43	Jesus will let you in	138
I am saved	31	Jesus will save you to-night	135
I am sheltered in thee	43	Just as I am	148
I believed in God's wonderful mercy	17		
I could not do without thee	37	L	
I dare not lift a hand	68	Lord kindly light	153
I do believe	148	Lenten, C. M.	187
I gave my life for thee	188	Let the Saviour in	137
I have Christ, what want I more	147	Like a Vine whose tender branches	78
I have found a rest complete	178	List to the Voice	38
I hear the Saviour say	45	Let a poor needy sinner	171
I know I live thee better	94	Let he call you	114
I know not the time	72	Look sinner, look	118
I know not the way it so misty	103	Look! 'tis a simple thing	118
I'm resting in the Crucified	38	Lord, I care not for riches	38
I'm thin, however thin	8	Lord, I hear of showers of blessing	8
I need the prayer	163	Love and grace	68
I need thy pardon, Lord	88	Love for all	146
I never was a stranger	98		
In sight of the Crystal sea	124	M	
In the Ark most holy	178	Make a friend of Jesus	138
In the heart of London City	161	Master the tempter is raging	38
In the land so bright	21	Mighty to save	18
In the rock I'm resting	7		

	No.		No.
Missionary hymn. To & fro	181	Over Him, also I love strongly	133
Must Jesus bear the Cross	88	Over the bridge	9
My father is rich	71	O woe is this that cometh	10
My hope is built on nothing less	133	O why do you weep	81
My grace I will give	73	O wondrous compassion	130
My way is dark	180		
My happy home,	37	P	
N		Passing under the rod	180
Naught can I do that will save	147	Praise Him	33
Never leave	183	R	
Never, my God, to Thee	140	Redeemed	95
Nestle's. To & fro (double)	173	Remember me	150
Nevermore	44	Rocked in the cradle of the deep	179
No more my own	3	Rock of Ages	150
No other name	78	Roam at the Cross	11
No other refuge Lord	55	Roam at the throne of grace	173
No room in heaven	82	S	
Not by and by	8	Satisfied by and by	109
Not far from the Kingdom	13	Save me Lord	171
Nothing but thy grace	138	Save the boy	137
Nothing Lord have I to bring	43	Servant of the last	27
Now I have found a friend	144	Seeking for me	139
Now thanks be unto God	51	Shall we know our loved ones	139
O		Showers of blessing	3
O do not let the word depart	136	Shower ye, will you ye	181
Over the weary road of sorrow	134	Softly and tenderly	95
O for a closer walk with God	180	Soldiers of the Cross	93
Oh within a little cottage	37	Some event day	130
O happy day that fixed my choice	96	Sowing in the morning	93
Oh, brethren along life's journey	13	Speak gently to thy brother	147
Oh, glad Whosoever	85	Spread the News	47
Oh, list to the call	145	Spare me not	130
Oh, 'Twas love	45	Stand up, stand up for Jesus	181
O Jesus, Lord, thy dying love	107	Stay Thou by me	130
O land of rest for them we sigh	54	Suffering Servant! save me now	76
O Land thy heavenly grace impart	77	Suffering Servant with thine cross	78
Once he was so bright and fair	137	Sweetly resting	7
One day more	123	T	
On Jordan's stormy banks	39	Tell it to Jesus	118
Open the windows of heaven	1	Tell me more of Jesus	149
O my heart thou looked	37	That sweet old story	104
O never haste to Jesus	98	The angel is flying	142
O tell me more of Jesus	149	The Blood of Jesus	49
O that my load of sin were gone	103	The Christian's work song	111
O thou from whom all goodness flows	150	The crimson stream	94
O troubled heart	97	The Cross and the Crown	96
Our Father who art in heaven	179		
Our Mother's way	37		



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